

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 13, 1851.

NO. 6.

The Principles of Nature.

INFLUENCE OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY R. P. AMBLER.

Such is the intimate connection established between cause and effect, that the nature of things may be correctly determined by a reference to the legitimate results by which they are followed. It is now a well-settled principle in philosophy that the stream will give evidence of the nature of its fountain, and the fruit will be the true criterion whereby to judge of the quality of the tree. The same principle, also, will hold good when applied to more interior subjects. In judging of the various systems of philosophy and theology which have arisen in the world, we are to gain a perception of their real character, by closely and carefully examining the natural influence which they are designed to exert. It should be known that every religious and philosophical system is possessed of an internal, animating spirit; and perhaps to the outward observer, there is no more accurate or satisfactory mode of arriving at the quality of this spirit, than by entering into an investigation of its visible manifestations. In the light of this principle, I propose to invite attention at this time to the natural and legitimate influence of Spiritual Truth, this being considered in distinction from that which is exerted by more popular systems.

It is sufficiently evident that all the systematized conceptions of men are endowed with some measure of power; and it will be found that this power will precisely correspond with their own internal nature. That system which is gross, cold and lifeless in itself, can never refine, warm and animate the inward soul; and that which is dark, repulsive, and depressing by nature, can never enlighten, attract, and elevate the race. Accordingly we find that the several systems of faith and philosophy which have prevailed among men, being in themselves gross, weak and imperfect, have been utterly inadequate to exert such an influence on the world as to accomplish the exalted ends to which humanity aspires. Let us glance at the cold Materialism which has crept upon the human mind. What has been the natural influence which this system has tended to exert? I answer that it has done nothing to enliven, but everything to depress the energies of man; it has thrown the soul into a deep and dreamless lethargy; it has darkened and perverted the spiritual sense within; it has shut out God—the light and life of the Universe—from view, and has enshrouded the glorious destiny of the spirit with a veil of gloom. Standing as a lifeless statue without pulse or heart, it points ever downwards to the cold earth; the light of Hope goes out within its atmosphere of death, and the sight of Faith grows dim amid its dreary darkness. On the other hand, let us note the influence of the more popular theology. This, it may be seen, has a power that is felt to be but little more congenial than that of the grosser system which it denounces. Laying claim to divine authority, it rules as with a rod of iron over the reason and consciences of men. It points upward towards the Deity, but clothes his character with attributes so dark and repulsive that the pure soul shrinks from the contemplation; it presents to us the imperious necessity of faith, and yet enshrouds its most important doctrines with a mystery which can only awaken perplexing doubts; it calls us to look forward to the future and place our dearest hopes

and treasures there, and yet it pictures a scene so desolate, so repelling and woful in its character, that the benevolent and sensitive mind turns shuddering from the view,—as mingling with the sweet music of heaven and the joyous praises of the saved, are heard the loud wails of deepest anguish that rise from the abyss of woe. Indeed, for long centuries past, this system has darkened and desolated the world. Grief, gloom, and misery, have followed in its train. Like a blighting storm, it has fallen on the joys of life, and the sweet buds of hope have closed and died. Beneath its power the stricken heart has fallen as a broken reed—the worm of melancholy has prayed on the vital energies of man, and even reason has been hurled from its lofty throne to lay prostrate with the mournful wreck of mind. But perhaps even this is not the worst feature in the influence of the old theology. That which we have most to lament in the ministry of this system, is that it has placed an incubus upon the human mind—that it has formed an enclosure within whose walls its adherents must find their largest freedom, and beyond which they may not roam; in short, that it has tended to impede the progress of the world, has stifled all native aspirations for light and truth, and has aimed to fasten the soul down to a stationary point from which it may advance to no higher glory.—It is true that the world has progressed, even under the influence of theological errors; but let us understand that it is not the agency of those errors which has caused this progression, but rather the inherent impulses—the ardent longing for freedom, and the expansive tendencies of the mind which exist in the native constitution of man, and which cannot be suppressed by the greatest mass of superstition, or restricted by any earthly chains. Had it not been, however, for that which is in man—that inherent power which moves on the mighty tide of progression, the world might have stood forever still, or slumbered in darkness until now, beneath the influence of its prevailing doctrines.

Here, then, we have the visible tendencies of gross materialism on the one hand, and the old theology on the other. Both of these systems have professed to be intrinsically good, being recommended, the first by perverted reason, and the latter by a revered authority. But the true question to be settled is, what have these systems actually done to elevate and improve humanity?—and the answer comes in the sighs and groans—in the corruption and misery which so utterly destroy the harmony of the world's music. We are aware that the prevailing modes of thought have had their mission to perform; and it may be that to those who have dwelt in the deeper depths of darkness, they may come in the office of a savior. But at the same time we are persuaded that, in respect to the true enlightenment and cultivation of the soul—the real uplifting and advancement of man in the paths of truth and wisdom, those theological doctrines which represent the extremes of credulity and skepticism, have done but comparatively little for the good of humanity. While the one would inspire and cultivate the religious sentiment in the heart, it at the same time forges the most degrading fetters; while the other aims to free and liberalize the man; to bring him forth from his state of bondage, it likewise brings a moral death to the spirit and stultifies its most holy emotions: and thus with the use of all the approved remedies which the wise have hitherto employed, the world, though advancing, is yet sick to its heart;—there are evils existing in our midst which the old systems can never cure—there are antagonisms, monopolies and disharmonies in society which these have no tendency to remove.—The inquiry, then, now presses upon us whether we shall not

search for some more effectual remedy—whether there are not truths and principles in Nature, coming from the interior sanctuary of the Universe, and flowing from the realms of spiritual existence, whose operation on the human mind and heart may tend more fully to the development of our interior nature.

This leads us directly to consider the natural and legitimate influence of that more recently unfolded system of truth which may be termed the Spiritual or Harmonial Philosophy—a Philosophy which stands upon the firm ground-work of Nature and Reason, and contains within it a prophecy of the most glorious results. In order that we may gain a clear perception of the tendency of this system, or the nature of that power which it is designed to exert, it will be necessary to refer briefly to some of its more prominent teachings. Though this has no prescribed articles of faith by which to restrict the free soarings of the mind, yet the Philosophy to which allusion is made unfolds to the interior being the most attractive and consoling truths. It teaches that the Divine Mind is the great positive, creating and governing Principle in the Universe, which pervades every portion of the material structure of Nature as the soul of one illimitable and eternal body. It teaches that as all things have derived their origin from Spirit, so this, also, is the grand ultimate to which they are now tending; that, by the universal law of progression, the lower forms of matter are undergoing an elevating and refining process, by which a beautiful scale of being is formed which reaches from all inferior gradations up to man; that in the human frame are concentrated the most interior and refined elements of Nature; that these are brought together into such perfect union and order as to form a distinct entity—a soul—a spirit in whose pure depths is reflected the image of the Father, and that this internal being constitutes the real man—the intelligence which bears the impress of immortality, occupying for a season this frail and fleeting temple, but ever ready, through the process of death, to be born into a brighter home. It teaches, likewise, that the world into which the spirit enters, is intimately associated with that in which we now exist. It teaches that death is but a pleasing change which may alter the mode and state of our existence, but can never separate the loved on earth from the loved in heaven; that angels from the realms of light are our companions amid the solitudes of life—that they are with us when sorrow has cast its shadow upon our path, when mourning and desolation have crept into the chambers of the heart, and when impending danger is near to threaten the destruction of our hopes;—and not only so, but as a more glorious truth, it teaches that a direct intercourse, both external and interior, may be established between man and his celestial visitants—that voices from the bright home of heaven may speak to the earth-bound soul, cheering it ever onward in the shining path of truth, leading it ever upward towards the radiance of higher spheres, and bringing it into sweet communion with the creative and all-pervading Spirit. This philosophy teaches, not only that man is destined for immortality, but that he was created for eternal progress; that there is and can be no place of absolute rest, but that acted upon by the influence that descends from the great Center and Vortex of creation, the soul must move ever onward, rising from the depths of its earthly darkness and degradation, and advancing through the ever brightening glories of the celestial spheres. Exalted indeed is the destiny of man when viewed in the light of this harmonious system.—There is no fearful outburst of vindictive wrath—there is no yawning gulf of unending woe—there is no heaven of slothful and sensuous ease, but there is one bright and flowery pathway of unceasing progress, on which the smile of the Infinite rests forever!

And now let us consider the influence which this system of spiritual truth is calculated to exert. Behold! it has risen upon the world as the glorious morning sun, scattering light, joy and gladness wherever its beams may reach. It has opened a fountain of happiness in the heart which has been long sealed with the dark impress of woe; it has brought forth those pearls of faith and hope which were buried amid the old rubbish of superstition; it has unfolded that glorious beauty of the soul—revealed that all-radiant world of harmony, to which the divine

emotions of the heart flow forth in one joyous, leaping flood.—In the light of great spiritual truths, everything seems to become more bright and attractive; the earth, clothed in its robes of splendor, appears more beautiful—the birds warble with a sweeter melody—the streams flow with a merrier song—the stars gleam with a softer radiance, and all Nature, moved by the springs of inward life, seems to be expressing one deep, pervading sense of happiness. The threatening ills that hover over this earthly life are perceived to be but the results of eternal laws, by which the spirit is disciplined for a higher sphere; the griefs and sorrows with which the trembling heart is burdened, are seen to be only those weeping clouds which hallow and sanctify the bosom on which they fall; and the tomb—that resting place where the forms of the departed sleep—the urn of tears around which weeping mourners bend to pour the offering of crushed and broken hearts—even that becomes bathed with the clear radiance of heaven, and stands as the gateway to immortal bliss.

Again I remark that, in connection with the spirit of joy which the system of harmonial truth breathes to the heart, it also exerts an elevating influence on the individual. While all philosophy of a material nature tends to encourage the soul in its groveling pursuits, the truth which is baptized in the waters of spiritual life, is ever drawing men upward to higher ends. Amid the darkness and materiality of the present sphere, this appears as an angel of light whose voice can lead us away from all earthly scenes, and enable us to advance to higher stages of perfection. It reveals the frail and delusive character of material things—it shows that the external is but an appearance or shadow of the inward and unseen reality, and then with words of celestial sweetness it lures the soul into the divine sanctuary—that inner world of spiritual existence, where we may come into blessed communion with the great Soul of Nature, and listen to the pure breathings of the bright immortals. Let man only obey that voice, and he shall more truly live. Beneath its winning power, he shall relinquish the vain pursuits of men—he shall seek no more the phantoms of this lower sphere, nor linger in the gloom of ignorance and error, but with a nobler impulse and a higher aim, he shall advance towards the beaming star of truth, rising ever above the polluted atmosphere of earth to the glorious heaven of light and harmony.

But even this is not all. The principles of spiritual truth exert also a purifying and reformatory influence. Unlike the popular theology which appeals only to the lower and grosser sentiments of the mind,—which arouses the wild emotions of fear, and spreads the dark mantle of distrust upon the soul, this system reaches in its influence to the depths of the inner man; and there it purifies the fountains of feeling, regulates the invisible springs of action, and turns the desires and aspirations of the heart towards their proper and legitimate ends. In this we have no need of an angry God or a fabled hell to stay the flooding tide of vice, for far above all the old engines of terror, lies the sweet and entrancing charm of love. The true philosophy seeks not to repel by fear, but to win and attract by its own immortal beauty. In the boundless immensity of Almighty Love—in the sublime order, harmony and perfection of the Universe—in the rising Spheres of light that reach upward to the shining Throne, and in the glorious purposes of the Divinity which are unfolding in the ceaseless progress of man, is revealed a world of thought which enriches the soul with purity; and then, if we need some restraining influence to check the active impulses or change the perverted tendencies of our nature, what mightier power can move the hidden springs of feeling—what holier spell can steal upon the wayward heart, than that which flows from an interior consciousness of the presence of the departed? It is yet to be discovered that the spiritual truth of this age contains within itself the essential principles of all reform; and we should know that this has a work to accomplish—a mission to perform, which no other system can. This is not to confine its influence to the mere outward surface of things—it is not designed to remove merely the visible manifestations of the inward wrong, but it is to reach down to the foundations of society—it is to scatter the darkness of corruption which has so

long brooded over the world—it is to collect and harmonize the disordered elements of mind—it is to unitize the conflicting interests of different classes and professions—it is to break down the partition walls which have been reared to divide sect from sect, and it is to bring this expanded world of ours—this great congregation of human minds and hearts, into one vast and unbroken brotherhood, where light and love and harmony—the essential attributes of heaven—shall meet and dwell forever.

Even now the great light is spreading over land and sea; the blissful morn of earth is fast approaching—the glorious sun of truth is rising upon the benighted world—and while humanity awakens from its long and troubled sleep, upon its heaving breast is poured the radiance of a brighter day. Yes, we see even now the earnest of that great work which the principles of spiritual truth are to accomplish—we feel the presence of that illuminating spirit which is moving over the face of the mental deep, saying, “let there be light.” Shall we not say, then, that a system which is commissioned to exert this joyous, elevating, and reformatory influence upon the world, is indeed heaven-born? And shall we not seek to know, and feel, and realize those truths which come thus like sweet messengers of peace to man? Oh, while the pleasures of the world pall upon the senses—while the treasures on which the heart is fixed are fading from the view, and while the fleeting scenes of earth are growing dark and dim,—let us rest upon those pure and beautiful truths which bear the reflection of their native heaven,—truths which are more priceless than all golden riches—which are more radiant than the gems that deck the monarch’s brow, and which are more exalted, enduring, and eternal in their nature, than the bright stars that glitter in the expanse of heaven.

GENIUS—ITS ORIGIN AND OBJECTS.

BY SAMFSON REED.

The world was always busy; the human heart has always had love of some kind; there has always been fire on the earth. There is something in the inmost principles of an individual, when he begins to exist, which urges him onward; there is something in the center of the character of a nation, to which the people aspire; there is something which gives activity to the mind in all ages, countries, and worlds. This principle of activity is love: it may be the love of good, or of evil; it may manifest itself in saving life or in killing; but it is love.

The difference in the strength and direction of the affections, creates the distinctions in society. Every man has a form of mind peculiar to himself. The mind of the infant contains within itself the first rudiments of all that will be hereafter, and needs nothing but expansion; as the leaves and branches, and fruit of a tree are said to exist in the seed from which it springs. He is bent in a particular direction; and, as some objects are of more value than others, distinctions must exist. What it is that makes a man great, depends upon the state of society: with the savage, it is physical strength; with the civilized, the arts and sciences; in heaven, the perception that love and wisdom are from the Divine.

There prevails an idea in the world, that its great men are more like God than others. This sentiment carries in its bosom sufficient evil to bar the gates of heaven. So far as a person possesses it, either with respect to himself or others, he has no connection with his Maker, no love for his neighbor, no truth in his understanding. This was at the root of heathen idolatry: it was this that made men worship saints and images. It contains within itself the seeds of atheism, and will ultimately make every man insane, by whom it is cherished. The life which circulates in the body, is found to commence in the head; but unless it be traced through the soul up to God, it is merely corporeal, like that of the brutes.

Man has often ascribed to his own power, the effects of the secret operations of divine truth. When the world is immersed in darkness, this is a judgment of the Most High; but the light is the effect of the innate strength of the human intellect.

When the powers of man begin to decay, and approach an apparent dissolution, who cannot see the Divinity? But what foreign aid wants the man who is full of his own strength? God sends the lightning that blasts the tree; but what credulity would ascribe to him the sap, that feeds its branches? The sight of idiotism leads to a train of religious reflections; but the face that is marked with lines of intelligence, is admired for its own inherent beauty. The hand of the Almighty is visible to all in the stroke of death; but few see his face in the smiles of the new-born babe.

The intellectual eye of man is formed to see the light, not to make it; and it is time that, when the causes that cloud the spiritual world are removed, man should rejoice in the truth itself, and not that *he* has found it. More than once, when nothing was required but for a person to stand on this world with his eyes open, has the truth been seized upon as a thing of his own making. When the power of divine truth begins to dispel the darkness, the objects that are first disclosed to our view—whether men of strong understanding, or of exquisite taste, or of deep learning—are called geniuses. Luther, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, stand with the bright side towards us.

There is something which is called genius, that carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. There is an ambition, which hurries a man after truth, and takes away the power of attaining it. There is a desire which is null, a lust which is impotence. There is no understanding so powerful that ambition may not in time bereave it of its last truth, even that two and two are four. Know, then, that genius is divine, not when man thinks that he is God, but when he acknowledges that his powers are from God. Here is the link of the finite with the infinite, of the divine with the human: this is the humility which exalts.

The arts have been taken from nature by human invention; and, as the mind returns to its God, they are in a measure swallowed up in the source from which they came. We see, as they vanish, the standard to which we should refer them. They are not arbitrary, having no foundation except in taste: they are only modified by taste, which varies according to the state of the human mind. Had we a history of music, from the war-song of the savage to the song of angels, it would be a history of the affections that have held dominion over the human heart. Had we a history of architecture, from the first building erected by man to the house not made with hands, we might trace the variations of the beautiful and the grand, alloyed by human contrivance, to where they are lost in beauty and grandeur. Had we a history of poetry, from the first rude effusions to where words make one with things, and language is lost in nature, we should see the state of man in the language of licentious passion, in the songs of chivalry, in the descriptions of heroic valor, in the mysterious wildness of Ossian, till the beauties of nature fall on the heart as softly as the clouds on the summer’s water. The mind, as it wanders from heaven, moulds the arts into its own form, and covers its nakedness. Feelings of all kinds will discover themselves in music, in painting, in poetry; but it is only when the heart is purified from every selfish and worldly passion, that they are created in real beauty; for in their origin they are divine.

Science is more fixed. It consists of the laws according to which natural things exist; and these must be either true or false. It is the natural world in the abstract, not in the concrete. But the laws according to which things exist, are from the things themselves, not the opposite. Matter has solidity: solidity makes no part of matter. If, then, the natural world is from God, the abstract properties as dissected and combined, are from him also. If, then, science be from Him who gave the ten commandments, must not a life according to the latter facilitate the acquirement of the former? Can *he* love the works of God who does not love his commandments? It is only necessary that the heart be purified to have science like poetry, its spontaneous growth. Self-love has given rise to many false theories, because a selfish man is disposed to make things differently from what God has made them. Because God is love, nature exists; because God is love, the Bible is poetry. If, then, the love of God

creates the scenery of nature, must not he, whose mind is most open to this love, be most sensible of natural beauties? But in nature, both the sciences and the arts exist embodied.

Science may be learned from ambition; but it must be by the sweat of the brow. The filthy and polluted mind *may* carve beauties from nature with which it has no allegiance: the rose is blasted in the gathering. The olive and the vine had rather live with God than crown the head of him whose love for them is a lust for glory. The man is cursed who would rob nature of her graces, that he may use them to allure the innocent virgin to destruction.

Men say there is an inspiration in genius. The genius of the ancients was the good or evil spirit that attended the man. The moderns speak of the magic touch of the pencil, and of the inspiration of poetry. But this inspiration has been esteemed so unlike religion, that the existence of the one almost supposes the absence of the other. The spirit of God is thought to be a very different thing, when poetry is written, from what it is when the heart is sanctified. What has the inspiration of genius in common with that of the cloister? The one courts the zephyrs; the other flies them. The one is cheerful; the other sad. The one dies; the other writes the epitaph. Would the Muses take the veil? Would they exchange Parnassus for a nunnery? Yet there has been learning, and even poetry, under ground. The yew loves the graveyard; but other trees have grown there.

It needs no uncommon eye to see that the finger of death has rested on the church. Religion and death have, in the human mind, been connected with the same train of associations. The churchyard is the graveyard. The bell, which calls men to worship, is to toll at their funerals, and the garments of the priests are of the color of the hearse and the coffin. Whether we view her in the strange melancholy that sits on her face, in her mad reasonings about truth, or in the occasional convulsions that agitate her limbs, there are symptoms, not of life, but of disease and death. It is not strange, then, that genituses, such as could exist on the earth, should take its flight to the mountains. It may be said, that great men are good men. But what I mean is, that, in the human mind, greatness is one thing, and goodness another; that philosophy is divorced from religion; that truth is separated from its source; that that which is called goodness, is sad, and that which is called genius is proud.

Since things are so, let men take care that the life which is received, be genuine. Let the glow on the cheek spring from the warmth of the heart, and the brightness of the eyes beam from the light of heaven. Let ambition and the love of the world be plucked up by their roots. How can he love his neighbor who desires to be above him? He may love him for a slave; but that is all. Let not the shrouds of death be removed, till the living principle has entered. It was not till Lazarus was raised from the dead, and had received the breath of life, that the Lord said, "Loose him, and let him go."

When the heart is purified from all selfish and worldly affections, then may genius find its seat in the church. As the human mind is cleansed of its lusts, truth will permit and invoke its approach, as the coyness of the virgin subsides into the tender love of the wife. The arts will spring, in full-grown beauty, from Him who is the source of beauty. The harps which have hung on the willows, will sound as sweetly as the first breath of heaven that moved the leaves in the garden of Eden. Can not a man paint better, when he knows that the picture ought not to be worshipped?

Here is no sickly aspiring after fame,—no filthy lust after philosophy, whose very origin is an eternal barrier to the truth. But sentiments will flow from the heart warm as its blood, and speak eloquently; for eloquence is the language of love. There is a union of spirit and nature. The genius of the mind will descend, and unite with the genius of the rivers, the lakes and the woods. Thoughts fall to the earth with power, and make a language out of nature. * * *

The people of the golden age have left us no monuments of genius, no splendid columns, no paintings, no poetry. They possessed nothing which evil passions might not obliterate; and

when their "heavens were rolled together as a scroll," the curtain dropped between the world and their existence.

Science will be full of life, as nature is full of God. She will wring from her locks the dew which was gathered in the wilderness. By science, I mean natural science. The science of the human mind must change with its subject. Locke's mind will not always be the standard of metaphysics. Had we a description of it, in its present state, it would make a very different book from "Locke on the Human Understanding."

The time is not far distant. The cock has crowed. I hear the distant lowing of the cattle, which are grazing on the mountains. "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchmen saith, The morning cometh."—*Æsthetic Papers*.

Voices from the Spirit-World.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

It has now become an established fact with many candid and advanced minds, that the spirit—as in the case of clairvoyance—may become so far elevated above its material organism as to distinctly perceive and converse with the inhabitants of the spiritual world. M. Cahagnet, in his interesting work, has given an account of numerous conversations which were held through the medium of ecstatic somnambulism, with deceased persons. Among the variety of questions and answers which he records, we select the following:—

Does the body alone possess the power of magnetizing? It is in this action but a machine.

What moves this machine? Our soul.

The soul, then, stands for something in the action of magnetism? It is the principal agent in it.

Is it aided in this operation? Yes.

By whom? By beings disengaged from matter.

What is its mode of magnetizing? Prayer to God, and an ardent desire to relieve.

Does it live after the death of its material body? Yes.

Whither does it go? To heaven.

What sensation does it experience when it quits the earth? None; it ascends with all the affections necessary to its new existence, and finds itself placed in heaven.

Is it long before coming acquainted with this new state? It becomes acquainted with it immediately.

Of what form is this heaven?—is it not rather a state of the soul? It is an immense boundless extent, representing accidents of places as on earth. It is a place which can be appreciated only in a desired state.

In what form does the soul live in these places? The human form.

Are its organs, in every respect, similar to those of its material body? Yes.

Is it perfectly happy there? Yes.

Has it any recollection of having inhabited the earth? Yes.

Does it recollect its relations? Yes.

Does it regret the earth? No.

Can it see its relations and friends there? It can only see their spirit.

Can it be of any assistance to them? Yes.

In what way? By wise counselings.

In the state of somnambulism, how do they appear to it? A beautiful blue sky is seen, and in the distance a small luminous point, which draws near, preceding the person, and admits of your seeing this person before you, or at your side.

In what form do they appear? In the corporeal form they had before death.

What is their dress? Such as they wore on earth."

Why rather this than any other? Because in any other they would be less easily known.

In heaven do they wear this dress? No.

How are they attired there? Ordinarily, they have only light

gauze robes of different colors, according to the inclination they have for them; their dress is, as on earth, a matter of taste.

What do they do in heaven? Whatever is best suited to them: children play, grown-up persons study, play music, and promenade;—they do there what they take most pleasure in.

Are they re-united to their family? Yes, those who desire it.

Are they all married there? Yes; when God deems fit.

How long a time do we remain in heaven? An eternity.

Is there day and night, heat and cold? In heaven there is invariably a mild temperature, and a continual day.

Is time reckoned there? No.

And space? Space is not known, inasmuch as we are instantaneously wherever we wish to be.

Are there houses, cities, gardens, temples? There is all that can be desired.

What language is spoken there? That of the thought.

Are angels seen there? Yes.

Angels or spirits—are they the same thing? Angels are more advanced in wisdom than spirits.

Have both inhabited the earth? Yes, all heaven contains has lived upon earth.

Do we, after a certain time, inhabit again the earth? No.

A MESSAGE.

Dictated by a Spirit in the Second Sphere, through the medium of
M. WRIGHT.

We dwell in this sublime abode,

And love each other well,—

There's nought our heavenly peace to mar,

And none of passion's swell.

We love our kindred on the earth,

And oft to them do go—

Though earthly scenes, so dull and dark,

Hide us from those below.

We strive to breathe our voices there,

And try to make it known,

That still we live in peace on high,

And near our Father's throne.

Some pure and loving souls may feel

That we are often near,

Imparting lessons from above,

To banish doubt and fear.

We teach them patience, peace, and love,

We tell them what to do,

That they may also dwell in heaven,

Among themselves below.

And soon this glory must appear,

Of more than mortal birth,

And then shall peace, good will to men,

Be known by all on earth.

Pleasing Communication.

HARTFORD, Sept. 5, 1851.

MR. AMBLER:—The following communication, purporting to come from the spirit of my father, who was a Congregational D. D., in Merrimac, N. H., was given through the medium of my daughter, twelve years of age, who has lately become a medium for writing. I have since received directions from him through the same medium, to publish it in the Spirit Messenger.

DEAR SON:—How can I describe the resurrection of the spirit! How sublime! how beautiful! The first thing I recollected was awakening from a stupor, as it seemed. I then beheld my parents, all-gloriously arrayed in white, and my angel-wife awaiting to conduct me to the Spirit-land. Below were weeping chil-

dren;—but they conducted me away with a band of music far more sweet than mortals can conceive. Oh, what a glorious band are we! Here love and harmony forever reign, reason is not lost, and we have no sectarian views,—for I found myself in the wrong. O rejoice with us that dark error is being brought to light, and men are learning to use their reason. A glorious era is dawning upon you—the promised time is come, and truth, pure and undefiled will stand, and superstition and error, which have proved the ruin of man's earthly happiness, shall not always last, for our glorious Father will not suffer truth to be overthrown. O shout for joy and realize this sublime era!

From your Guardian Father,

Psychological Department.

MYSTERIOUS INTERVENTION.

Dr. Kerner relates that a canon of a catholic cathedral, of somewhat dissipated habits, on coming home one evening, saw a light in his bedroom. When the maid opened the door, she started back with surprise, while he inquired why she had left a candle burning up stairs; upon which she declared that he had come home just before, and gone to his room, and she had been wondering at his unusual silence. On ascending to his chamber, he saw himself sitting in the arm-chair. The figure rose, passed him, and went out at the room-door. He was extremely alarmed, expecting his death was at hand. He, however, lived many years afterward, but the influence on his moral character was very beneficial.

Not long since, a professor, I think of theology, at a college at Berlin, addressed his class, saying that, instead of his usual lecture, he should relate to them a circumstance which, the preceding evening, had occurred to himself, believing the effects would be no less salutary.

He then told them that, as he was going home the last evening, he had seen his own image, or double, on the other side of the street. He looked away, and tried to avoid it, but, finding it still accompanied him, he took a short cut home, in hopes of getting rid of it, wherein he succeeded till he came opposite his own house, when he saw it at the door.

It rang, the maid opened, it entered, she handed it a candle, and, as the professor stood in amazement on the other side of the street, he saw the light passing the windows, as it wound its way up to his own chamber. He then crossed over and rang; the servant was naturally dreadfully alarmed on seeing him, but without waiting to explain, he ascended the stairs. Just as he reached his own chamber, he heard a loud crash, and, on opening the door, they found no one there, but the ceiling had fallen in, and his life was thus saved. The servant corroborated this statement to the students; and a minister, now attached to one of the Scotch churches, was present when the professor told his tale. Without admitting the doctrine of protecting spirits, it is difficult to account for these latter circumstances.

A very interesting case of an apparent friendly intervention, occurred to the celebrated Dr. A—T—, of Edinburgh. He was sitting up late one night, reading in his study, when he heard a foot in the passage, and knowing the family were, or ought to be, all in bed, he rose and looked out to ascertain who it was, but, seeing nobody, he sat down again. Presently the sound recurred, and he was sure there was somebody, though he could not see him. The foot, however, evidently ascended the stairs, and he followed it, till it led him to the nursery door, which he opened, and found the furniture was on fire; and thus, but for this kind office of his good angel, his children would have been burned in their beds.—*Night-side of Nature.*

Living, as do many, with the soul shut up within the house of the body—with the spiritual powers unexercised and undeveloped, it is impossible to fathom the mysteries of our being, or perceive the glories of our higher life.

MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER 13, 1851.

SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

[We take the liberty of extracting the following article from the Truth-Seeker, which will be recognized as the expression of one of our valued correspondents, in relation to a subject of superior interest.]

The reluctance of the people to believe in spiritual life and spiritual intercourse, is the effect of the false teachings of modern theology. The public mind has been educated to its present position from the pulpit and religious press. They teach the fundamental error of the immateriality of the soul or spirit, and in earlier times and more systematic creeds, taught that death was a sleep that lasted until the resurrection of these mortal bodies, in which the restored senses could again see, hear and feel the reward or punishment due at death for the past conduct. But the people, more than the teachers, have learned too much from nature and science to longer believe the doctrine of a bodily resurrection, and preachers have mostly ceased to teach it, but still continue to teach the first grand error of the two, which were originally inseparable, and which ought now to go together to oblivion. Most candid minds, in attempting to reason from this teaching, are led to doubt the truth of eternal life, and hence there are thousands of infidels in the churches, and the public mind has become skeptical on all manifestations of spiritual life. They reason thus—a spirit is *immaterial*, which is synonymous with nothing, and hence it can have no form, for matter alone can have form—it can make no sounds nor move material substances, for God alone (or the devil) can make sounds, or move matter. (A little while ago, and the rain-bow, the lightning, and the eclipse, were the immediate work of God.) If after death we have neither form, power nor identity, how can we manifest our identity to our living friends? Suppose, instead of this great error, we were taught that the soul or spirit of every human being was a living form of highly refined matter, of an eternal and perpetual existence, wearing this mortal body only for a season, and then escaping from it as the butterfly does from its germinal case, only to live on *here*, not way off in some remote region, as indefinite as the immaterial world—how differently then would the mind reason upon the subject of eternal life and spiritual intercourse. With such premises fixed in the mind, we should at once say, it is not *unnatural*, or very wonderful that some law should be discovered by and through which these spirits out of this gross covering should be able to communicate with those in it, nor would it be very surprising that the law had not been discovered sooner—at least not more so than that the telegraph was not sooner discovered. We should be more surprised to find that spirits in this shell were *unwilling* to listen to, or receive, or believe in communications from their friends out of it. Another great error in the theological teachings, and embraced equally by infidels is, that the mind or soul is the *effect* and not the *cause* of organization. They do indeed teach that there is a special interposition of God by which *after* the formation of the body (as in Adam) the breath of life—which is what they term the soul—is breathed into the form at birth, and out of it at death, returning to God, who is everywhere, but, as it is immaterial, it is nowhere. This especial interference does not at all conflict with the fundamental point at issue, for the spirit or mind, or “breath of life,” is the effect only in the body as an identity, beginning, as in Adam, after the formation of the body. This is the strongest hold of the infidel, and the public mind has been brought to it by the teachings of the pulpit and press—more indirectly than directly, it is true, but nevertheless firmly and pointedly. They could not trace that God through nature's laws, first from the *spiritual* germ, a being that

as naturally clothed itself in this rude body as does the insect with the chrysalis shell to pass its transition to the butterfly—teaching that the soul, being a highly refined material substance, is in its germinal state in the infant, in its rudimental in the body, and perfected in subsequent spheres, in harmony, symmetry, and beauty, by and through the immutable laws of nature, without any especial interposition of God in any stage of its progress. If so, how natural it would be to suppose that at some period of our progress there would be laws discovered, by and through which higher and more progressive spheres might communicate with, teach, guide, and lead those below. There are many other points in which the clergy and theological teachers are reprehensible for the skepticism and cold conservatism of the age. Heavy is the responsibility resting on them, and important the duty to divest themselves of these errors and teach eternal life, the rewards of the good and true, &c.—teach truths from nature's book, which has no errors of translation, although it may have of commentators. How ample is the field, and how bountiful the harvest! Few close students of nature can be found doubting the immortality of the soul, the doctrine of eternal life, or, on examination, the intercourse of spirits in and out of the body. These conclusions we easily attain if we start on a true basis. Let us see:—there is *no space*—the universe of God is full of matter, in infinite degrees of refinement—hence *space* has no meaning unless it be to compare refined matter with grosser forms, and then it is absurd. There is no inert matter; *all* matter is in constant and eternal motion, being developed by the Divine Mind into forms and re-forms perpetually. The mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms of earth, not having reached intelligence or developed to the image of God, are formed, deformed and reformed perpetually, refining and struggling to unfold man, or intelligence, which is at length reached, and man possessing intelligence and power is produced in the germ, being in his attributes in the image of God, who is the moulder of all forms in matter, by and through the laws of nature. Man being the image of Deity, or in other words possessing intelligence, design and power, has power to and absolutely does become a living and perpetual form or identity, capable of eternal progress in himself, and able to use or mould surrounding matter, more gross than his own being, into forms, and hence becomes a co-worker with Deity in the universe of matter. In his early life, or infancy and childhood, he is unable to endure the contact of surrounding matter, and must be protected by a warm room and warm clothes. By and by he becomes hardened, and is able to bear the contact on his face, hands, feet, and even whole body, of the cold atmosphere or pelting storm, which at first would have destroyed the earthly shell, and sent the spirit prematurely into another sphere there to develop itself. So of the spirit—in its early time it is not prepared for that ethereal, breathing, highly refined matter, and contact of and association with spirits; hence it must be clothed with a gross body of earthy, animal matter for a season, in which to fit and prepare itself for a higher and more refined sphere of life and labor. It is unnatural to suppose this life unnecessary, or our early death desirable—a harmony with nature and her laws is the true road to happiness or heaven. Now is it absurd to suppose that intelligent beings who have been encased in these bodies, and are now out, can communicate by some means with their friends who have not yet escaped from the shell? Many say, no—but why has it not been done before? Perhaps it has in a few instances—the Bible is not wanting in instances, a prominent one of which is in relation to Paul and Silas. But why so few?—why so few truly spiritually-minded men?—why so few who have real and truthful conceptions of spirit-life? When the public mind shall be developed truthfully and harmoniously with nature and science, even these whys will cease to be a query. Slowly does man develop universal happiness—slowly does he develop science—slowly does he bring out the beauties and excellencies of the earth—why? Slowly does his body grow: why not grow like a rush, or mature like a cat? Why does the child know less than the cat or dog at six months old? All these are nature's laws and workings—so are the times, places and modes of communication between spirits in and out of the body. It will cease

to be a mystery by-and-by; its novelty will cease, the public mind will cease to be excited, and the candid, truthful student of God and Nature will find the cause and effect, the law and result, and the spiritual intercourse will become a science in the development of man and mind, as are phrenology, magnetism, clairvoyance, &c., which were once new, and hoisted as humbugs by the ignorant and deluded. Truth is mighty, science eternal, and man immortal. So teach Nature and Revelation.

Ceresco, Wis., July, 1851.

W. C.

WHAT IS THE REASON?

Why do people not think? Why do they not investigate?—The answer to these interrogations, we apprehend, is fully embodied in a remark by Mr. Davis, contained in his “Philosophy of Special Providences.” He says that “so long as an individual is persuaded that the earth is the centre of creation, and its inhabitants the particular children of the Creator, it is impossible for him to raise his thoughts to the contemplation of any greater conception of the Deity and his universe, than that which this circumscribed and contracted limit affords.” The writers of the Bible entertained this idea in its most radical sense. Thus David thought, when he said, “the sun to rule the day, the moon and the stars to rule the night.” Think of this. The measurement of time for the universe taken from the earth! Sir Wm. Herschel concluded that the star Vega, had a diameter thirty-eight times that of the sun; and that its solid contents were fifty-four thousand, eight hundred and seventy-two times greater,—yet the Hebrew king dreamt not but that this mighty centre of another solar system, was, together with all the other stars which bestud the realms of infinity, made “to rule” the “night side” of this little atom on which we move, which is so diminutive that, from the eight planet, Neptune, it can not be seen by the naked eye! Think of this proposition once more. This little floating speck, called by its inhabitants “Earth,” forms by its diurnal motion the *chronometer of the universe!* Were it so, indeed, the bitterest opponent, who looks with the most stoical, sovereign contempt upon the idea of spiritual communication, should see in this *capitol of universal empire*, (the earth) a sufficient attraction to draw hither every spirit and angel of immensity. What! spirits incarnate travel hundreds of thousands of miles on earth to visit a waterfall, a battle field; and disembodied spirits not wish to frequent the “centre of creation?”

There are not less than six thousand Nebulæ known to Astronomers; some of these are so remote as to require upwards of sixty thousand years for light, traveling at a velocity of twelve millions of miles per minute, to reach the earth. The telescope resolves many of them into stars, each of which, it is supposed, may equal in magnitude our sun; and if the same relation exists between these nebulous suns that does between our own luminary and the stars of the first magnitude, their distance from each other would require ten years for light to pass from one to another; yet the apparent size of some of these “island universes” appears, when viewed through a telescope of high power, not to cover an area larger than a quarter of a dollar. Reader, are we to suppose that this inconceivable expanse of matter, in the form of unnumbered suns, planets and satellites, was made simply to “rule our nights?” The Bible affirms that the sun and moon “stood still” at the command of Joshua. We once asked a clergyman, who was true to the letter of this book’s teaching, how this could be, seeing that, as respects the earth’s diurnal motion, the sun did not stir, and the moon’s orbital motion was the opposite of its apparent diurnal course in the heavens? He thought a moment, then replied: “It is true, just as it is recorded; it *did* stand still, (speaking of the sun,) for it does not move.” We think it is apparent, that the reason why people do not investigate to ascertain whether all of truth is now known in theology as well as in science, is because “the earth is looked upon as the centre of creation;” and Deity as a great king of the Ahasuerus kind, seated upon a huge throne with septre in hand, while the “Son,” (or “Intercessor,”) is thought a kind of Esther, who approaches the

imperial Monarch to pacify his “wrath” towards earth’s “fallen” children; for it is taught that, “God out of Christ, is a consuming fire.” The “Devil,” who is thought a Being of infinite evil, and under the control of the Being of infinite good, can only do what he is “permitted” by the latter; to obtain this permission, Diabolus not being allowed, on account of his known reputation and unsightly anatomical conformation, to approach the throne of the good Being, is supposed at his own instigation to attempt the commission of all possible evil in his power; but now and then is brought to a stand still, by the fiat of Him of whom it is thought the word goes forth to the arch fiend; “thus far and no father:” permitting only the commission of such wickedness as He in his infinite wisdom may see fit to suffer. This picture of the present mythological theology, might be ramified almost to immensity, but the heart sickens at the thought of it; yet, to those who analyze the ingredients of this system, they will perceive that the mind is scarcely capable of depicting fully its true deformity. The truth is, the supporters of it are not themselves aware of the heterogeneous mass of discordant elements of which it is composed; and it is not until they are driven back fully upon it by an analysis of reasonable investigation, that they come to realize the depth and breadth of its fallacy and unsoundness.

The fault of this system is not chargeable upon the writers of the Bible;—they honestly set forth all the truth, both moral and scientific, which the light of their times and their own individual attainments made them acquainted with. Neither is its perpetuation now to be imputed to that portion of community whose affectional predispositions, together with a want of due power for individual investigation, renders them passive to the sway of more positive minds. It is to those whose reasoning capabilities give them the power of deducing more rational conclusions from the infallible data furnished in the principles of Nature; to those, whom, in matters of business, jurisprudence, and political economy, the smallest measure of common sense, the abundance of which renders them mentally distinguished, enables to discern instantly, the tendency, nature and probable issue of all that comes under the ken of their every-day affairs and observations. Such are those of whom the world have a right to expect better examples than timidly to cover before the sneer of the inexorable bigot or the cold assumptive materialist. A Roman emperor could wish that all the heads of his subjects were on the shoulders of but one individual that he might the more easily dispatch them all at one blow; we could wish nothing any more analogous to this inhuman desire, than that the firm, upright, and persevering character of many truth-loving and truth-disseminating friends of the new philosophy, were more universally represented among the class of minds generally, who are capable of apprehending or appreciating this divine treasure. If there are any errors which some of the followers of our faith may have fallen into, we think they may be, first; a love of novelty and the marvelous, incited principally by the phenomena of spiritual communication, to the omission of carrying out fully and practically in their daily walks, the fruits of our religion; and secondly, a feeling of isolated, self-enjoyment of it, without a sufficient desire to impart it to others. These derelictions we must carefully avoid; our example will win those who are incapable of reasoning the subject out in all its relations and bearings for themselves; and our precept, (together with our example,) those who think, judge and act for themselves. In imitation, then, of one of earth’s loveliest, and, as to the wants of humanity, most faithful children, let us ever be ready and willing to be found, “going about, doing good.”

V. C. T.

Poughkeepsie, Sept. 1st, 1851.

☞ The spirit of beauty must be born within the soul, before an individual can properly appreciate the loveliness of external objects. To him who has cultivated only the lower faculties of his being, the glories of the universe are perceived only in the most superficial manner, while to the spiritually-minded, in whom the inward senses are unfolded, all Nature is seen as the embodiment of a beautiful and divine spirit.

R. P. A.

THE RESURRECTION.

It is with pleasure that we present the following beautiful extract from a discourse delivered by Mr. Coddington, at Lockport, Ill. Sentiments of so consoling and elevating a nature, cannot but bless and improve humanity:—

This life, then, is man's chrysalis state, developing wings for celestial flight. It is the germ in the ground, preparing to rise above the earth, to look upon the sun and light, and feel the blessedness of vernal showers—the swelling bud expanding into the flower, to drink dew by the silent star-light, to open its petals to the morning sun, and shed its moisture and sweet odors in the waste and thirsty places of the universe.

Then let no one be sad who has arrived at the summer of his years, and marks signs of decay and death stealing upon the house of his outer tabernacle. These are kind, monitory voices, assuring him that the soul is losing her hold on the material and sensuous, and preparing for flight to her Spirit-home. Nature develops the body, the body the soul, and when she is completed and entire, she is born into a higher sphere, where all right and noble tendencies shall expand and develop under fairer skies and more genial suns.

A funeral should be a season of subdued and hallowed joy. It is no time to sit by the streams of Babylon—to hang harps upon the willows. Away with the cypress, the sad bewailings, the haggard look, the awful tones and the gloomy words of the ghostly priest. Rule out of mind the *King of Terrors*, the cold, damp tomb, the desolate feeling that you have lost a treasure.

When a natural body dies from the earth, a spiritual body is born into heaven.

Hang, if you please, the hymenial altar with cypress; bewail, if you will, the nuptials of your first-born; but let joy and gladness rule the hour when your darling experiences the celestial birth.

Could the father, the mother, the child, the husband, the wife, the lover who has lost the dear one, and stands freezingly gazing into the cold grave just receiving the lifeless form of his dead, or experiences the *horrid thrill* of agony, as he hears the hollow sound which the first clod makes upon the coffin-lid—could, I say, the friend have his spiritual eye unsealed, and could he gaze just above him, upon the beauteous physical body of the loved-one, *his own* (but oh how much more beautiful!), attended by other celestial beings, and could he at the same time realize that by cultivating all good and beautiful affections, the departed shall be able to communicate to him divine thoughts, sweet solace, pure associations even here, and soon shall lead him through the fields of light and glory to his sweet instructor, how would his sad bewailing be turned into a chastened joy! Alas! how unbelieving, how unspiritual, how earthly we are!

This doctrine is full of consolation to the unfortunate in this life. Let me say to the *honest poor*—Struggle manfully against the frowns of fortune; learn the truth, do the truth; the battle will soon be over,—the wealthy fashion-seekers, whose lachets you are now hardly permitted to unloose, will soon be at your feet, begging for instruction touching the fashions of the Spirit-land, and how they shall attain your social position in that land of the blessed. Then shall you sweetly and condescendingly instruct them that are teachable.

The declining shall soon be in perfect health; the weakly strong; the deformed symmetrical and beautiful.

To the unequally yoked:—Ill-assorted marriages are a fruitful source of crushing woe to many—yes, too many. It is one thing that makes this a vale of *unavailing* tears. Let such bear their lot as they best can. Much is due to the sacredness of the marriage institution. Much is its due, and much has it received. Its altars smoke with the blood of crushed hearts. Those divine, strong, unfathomable human affections, which must love another self, and be loved by him, are planted in the human breast by Almighty God. They may in instances be *disappointed*, *lacerated*, *crushed*, here, but they shall have full scope and a perfectly adapted object upon which to fix themselves in the

Spirit-land. We shall be known as we know; we shall be understood as we understand; we shall be appreciated as we appreciate; we shall be loved as we love. The great and blessed law of spiritual affinity shall adjust our celestial unions, shall arrange all our social intercourse.

In conclusion, then, let me say that motives high as heaven and priceless as the happiness of the human soul, should prompt us to ceaseless efforts to cultivate the truthful, the natural, the harmonious, the absolute, the divine.

Nature and Revelation.

God is unchangeable—"the same yesterday, to day, and forever." He is "without variableness or the shadow of turning," and again, "God cannot lie," which doubtless means, in its universal and unlimited sense, that He cannot act contrary to his own nature—cannot alter certain laws fixed and immutably established in the nature and constitution of things.

Every actor must act either from his internal will or from external force, superior to his power of resistance. Now the constitutional laws in all nature were established by the Creator, and if He is eternally unchangeable, He can have no will or inclination at any subsequent period of time, differing from what He had at any previous period; therefore He can have no inclination or necessity ever to violate or suspend those laws; because He is supreme in power, consequently no external cause can operate to force Him to act against his own will.

If the above reasoning be correct, wherever, whenever, and however God manifests himself, these manifestations must correspond to, and be consistent with, his manifestations in all other places, under all other circumstances, and at all other times.

Now He is said to have manifested himself in two ways—by Nature and Revelation—which must of course be in harmony with each other. If they do not harmonize, they cannot both be the manifestations of the same unchangeable Being. That short-sighted mortals do not comprehend them aright and understand them alike, militates not a particle against the above statement; and when discrepancies *seem* apparent, it would, methinks, denote far greater wisdom and humility on the part of weak, erring man, to acknowledge that the fault lay in his own lack of judgment and perception, rather than to attribute it to a contrariety of action in the Great Actor.

God manifests himself directly and primarily through Nature, consequently no failure or fortune could hinder, or prevent the execution of His original design. Nature is, therefore, a perfect record of God's truths.

In what are called the scriptural revelations, God speaks indirectly and secondarily through fallible men;—of course there is a possibility of mistake; no matter if it be a bare possibility, it is enough to weaken the confidence of any thinking man in their infallibility, compared with that of Nature. Besides, when we take into the account the numberless translations, revisions, modifications and changes which the Scriptures have undergone in the hands and at the instigation of men not even inspired, how little reliability must they possess in comparison with the Great Book of Nature, which page by page, comes fresh from the hands of its Omniscent Author.

And no one can mistake the meaning of this book. "Whoso runneth may read" and understand it, without note or comment, while volumes of commentaries have not made the Scriptures so plain as to prevent interminable disputes thereon. Concerning them there are as many opinions as people, while concerning Nature there can be but one. Now let the unprejudiced judgment decide to which of these we should give the preference, as being most reliable and truthful, concerning the character, attributes, disposition, and intentions of Deity. F. M. B.

In our notice of the "Shekinah," a few weeks since, we should have mentioned that it can be obtained by addressing the publishers, S. B. Brittan and C. S. Middlebrook, at Bridgeport, Conn. Price two dollars per annum.

Poetry.

EXTEMPORE VERSES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY STELLA.

PART FIRST.

Lo! the blessed ones appear!
 They come in the clouds of heaven!
 To the view of the gifted seer,
 How beautiful the vision!

But we, so slow to learn,
 Reject their gentle words,
 Still failing to discern
 The joy which each affords.

From the broad burst of light
 That blazes forth to view,
 We turn our mental sight,
 And earth's low cares pursue.

Before our blinded eyes,
 We place the volume old,
 Nor mark the opening skies,
 That flame like burnished gold.

Inexplicable pages,
 Why should we turn to you—
 The work of vanish'd ages?—
 When full before our view,

In Deity's hand-writing,
 The universe is spread?
 A volume, how inviting!
 Where all who will may read.

PART SECOND.

Fair Nature's ample volume,
 Oh! may I learn of thee!
 Inscribed on every column
 Are words of Deity.

The golden sun-light streaming
 Among the leaf-clad trees,
 The diamond dew-drops gleaming,
 The gently-fanning breeze,

The verdant hills outspreading,
 The arching sky above,
 From morn till eve are shedding
 An atmosphere of love.

Aromal flowers floating,
 Though viewless, on the air,
 Are not the less denoting
 That life and love are there.

The life-breath of the flowers,
 The freshness of the sod,
 The lightning's flash, the showers,—
 All testify of God.

PART THIRD.

The great I Am, who reigneth,
 In wisdom and in might,
 Impelleth and restraineth
 The planets in the flight.

All worlds, in perfect order
 Their destinies fulfill,
 To space's utmost border,
 Obedient to His will.

This sand-grain of creation—
 This atom-world of ours,
 Owns no abiding station,
 In wide Creation's bowers.

Warned by the Father's breath,
 Encouraged by his smile,
 Ere long we dream in death
 Of Plato's happy isle.

Columbus, Ohio, July, 1851.

THE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

BY LILLA LORTON.

The summer has come, my darling,
 With her banners brightly blue,
 With her beautiful smile and balmy breath,
 Earth's pleasures to renew.
 She has dressed each graceful tree, darling,
 In robes of the densest green,
 And her orient light is brightening
 Our river's dark blue sheen.

Her tones of melody, my darling,
 Are gushing on the air,
 But they cannot soothe my weary soul,
 Or lift my weight of care.
 Oh the earth is very fair, dearest,
 As bright as a fairy dream,
 And the soft, low voices of the birds,
 Like thrilling anthems seem.

But my trembling eyelids close, darling,
 And starts the burning tear,
 For I think upon the little time
 Since you sat beside me here.
 And I seem to feel around my neck
 Your white arms closely cling,
 And oh the rapture and the bliss—
 Such fleeting fancies bring!

I remember when the spring, darling,
 First came to warm the earth,
 When the cowslip and the violet
 Were starting into birth,—
 When all upon the earth seemed bursting
 Into joyousness and light,
 My sunshine only seemed to darken,
 And vanish into night.

And I'm sitting by your grave, darling,
 The grave of all my joy,
 But I feel that what I loved so well
 The grave cannot destroy.
 And I'm thinking of thy sweet farewell,
 So hopeful, yet so sad,
 While I feel your place is by the throne,
 In light and glory clad.

So I wipe my tears away, darling,
 And look with trust above,
 Although my lonely heart seems breaking,
 I miss so much thy love.
 Death's angel will not tarry long,
 I soon shall be with thee,
 And receive for all my darkness here—
 Sunshine eternally.

Star-Spangled Banner.

Pleasant words sound sweet to all—
 The poor, the rich, the high,
 And to the lowly oft repress
 The rising heartfelt sigh.

Miscellaneous Department.

A DREAM—AN ALLEGORY.

BY GEORGE S. RAYMOND.

I was in a magnificent ship, homeward bound from India. For many long weary years I had been a wanderer upon the earth. I had traversed the burning deserts of Zaquebar, Barbary, and Abyssinia. I had been a dweller among the semi-barbarous hordes of the Caucasus, and with them mingled in the fierce strife against the Russian autocrat. I had battled with the terrible tornado of the Indian Ocean, and breathed the spice-laden breezes of the beautiful Ethiopian Archipelago. And I was now once more about to visit my native land, my childhood's home.

Ever since leaving India we had been favored with fine fair winds, and our passage thus far, had been unusually speedy. But as we drew up with the equator, the fine south-east trade winds gradually died away, until finally it felt stark calm.

* * * * *

Wearied and half impatient at the long continuation of calms and light baffling winds, I had early sought my couch, in order to forget in oblivious slumber, the dull leaden moments of reality. But I courted sleep in vain. The drowsy god, as if in mockery of my impatience, hovered around me, but would not be won.

For a long time I lay there, in the still dark hours of the night, lost in a labyrinth of morbid imagination. Incidents of the past, long gone by, came up in marshalled array, clothed in the varied garb of sorrow or pleasure, joy or deep regret. Gliding on from the misty regions of the past, I paused to contemplate the present; and from the dull, unspeculating present, I fell off into the bright fascinating dream-land of the future.

How long I remained lost in this pleasing train of thought, which the prospects of the future called into being, I know not; but at length I slept, and in my sleep I dreamed. My waking thoughts seemed to have conjured up from the dark recesses of the immaterial world, the geniuses of the three stages of existence, the past, present and future; and the magician Sleep, presented them to my view.

In my dreams, I was journeying along a road which I seemed to understand terminated at the most remote bounds of earth. How long I had followed this path I know not; yet I was aware that I had pursued the same course for many years. The road, as I passed along, presented a most singular appearance. One while, it was a broad, beaten way, smooth and beautifully green, lined on either side with every variety of flowers, and from the boughs which overhung the margin of the way, depended the most luscious fruits.

Again the road led through a slough, or stagnant pool of filthy mud and putrid water, with a narrow passage through the middle, composed of rough, uncouth-looking rocks, placed along so that any one with great care and courage, might pass the pool, by stepping from one of these stones to another.

A little further on, the road became so narrow and choked up with briars and thorns, and was so filled up with rocks and other obstacles, that it seemed impossible for any one to pass it.

There were thousands of travelers, who, like myself, were journeying along this road. They were of all ages and both sexes, and appeared to belong to all classes of society. What I thought very strange was, this army of pilgrims were all going the same way as myself. Some few of this crowd of wayfarers seemed to be always joyous and happy; while a great many were sad and merry at intervals, and, as I thought, gave way to these sudden bursts of exultation or grief without any apparent cause.

There was another portion of my fellow-travelers who were constantly sad and gloomy, and who seemed to pass on utterly regardless of the many cheering words of comfort and encouragement, which their merry friends were continually whispering

to them. What appeared very strange to me was, that the joyous, happy portion of the great multitude of pilgrims, although they were continually stopping to gather the beautiful flowers, and golden fruits with which the wayside abounded, still progressed just as fast along the road, as those who were happy only at intervals, and who only plucked the fruits and flowers during their happy moments. And what was still more singular, they rather outstripped those who were always unhappy, and never for a moment paused to admire the magnificent flowers or fruits, or halted in their pilgrimage to pluck either.

Although we were all going the same way, and were very sociable and communicative, yet all the time, each seemed to be utterly ignorant of the object and destination of all around him. As I approached the stagnant pool with the stepping-stones, I was much amused as I watched the effect produced upon my fellow-pilgrims, by the difficulties which they must necessarily encounter in crossing. I noticed particularly, that many of those who had all along been so careless and happy, now lost all courage, and stood there trembling and irresolute, fearing to make the attempt to cross the slough; while a great many of those whom I had seen so moody and sad, now assumed a cool, determined aspect, and boldly entered upon the dangerous path, with a calm, determined air. Others again, of this class, appeared to be wholly overcome by the dangers of the crossing, and sank down in absolute despair.

But those who seemed to encounter the difficulties and dangers of the precarious passage with the most unconcern, were those whom I had noticed were gay and serious at intervals. On arriving at the rocky pass, these two opposites of their nature seemed blended, and gave to their countenances a calm, fixed air of determination, and they went on, fearlessly leaping from rock to rock, seemingly unconscious of danger.

Of this number, I observed that very few ever fell or missed their footing, but almost always landed in safety on the other side, while the others were continually stumbling, and many of them losing their strength, or missing the stones in their leaps, fell into the filthy slime and mud of the pool, where many of them floundered about, and in their desperate efforts to regain their footing, only sunk themselves deeper and deeper in the mire, until they finally disappeared altogether beneath the surface.

Others again, putting forth all their energies, would extricate themselves from the foul slime, and stagger along for a short distance, only to fall the second time into the filthy pond. Again would they succeed in gaining the track, only to plunge into the slough deeper than before, until finally, becoming totally exhausted, they fell, and sunk without an effort to save themselves.

Again I observed a few, who after having fallen into the slough, drew themselves out with the greatest ease, and continuing to watch them, I noticed that these rarely fell the second time, but went cautiously on, carefully stepping from stone to stone, until they finally gained the opposite shore in safety.

I was about to venture upon the critical passage, when my attention was arrested by the approach of three very singular appearing females whom I had not before noticed. They all seemed to have fixed their eyes upon me at the same moment, and were now directing their steps towards where I stood.

The one who came first was tall and majestic in her air and gait, and in appearance she was much older than her two companions. She wore a singular expression of mingled pain and pleasure, joy and grief, upon her sad and pleasing countenance. The strange female wore a flowing robe of some delicate fabric, in which all the colors of nature were so delicately blended, that its hue varied and changed with every flash of sunlight—at one moment showing dark and somber as the cavern's gloom, then pale and sickly as the seared leaf of autumn, and anon glittering in all the effulgence of a beautiful rainbow.

She was attended by a venerable-looking old man who carried a huge volume in which he continued to write with great rapidity, as she advanced. And, following close upon the footsteps of the females, came a number of mischievous-

looking imps, some of whom appeared quite pleasing in their manners, while others wore the expression of fiends incarnate.

The female paused full in front of me, and after having eyed me for a moment with a look of mingled love and pity, she thus addressed me :

"Mortal, behold the Genius of the Past ! Since the earliest period of thy existence, I have ever faithfully followed thy every footstep. Constantly attended by my trusty secretary, Memory, every action of thy past life has been recorded in my eternal book of recollection ; serving at times to guide and direct thy future course, by reminding thee of the past. The road which thou pursuest is the path of life. The broad, sunny way which thou hast left behind, and which thou hast seen bordered with fruit and beautiful flowers, is the innocent time of childhood. The dark foul pool which lies before you, and into which you have seen so many sink, is vice. The narrow, rocky way leading through this dreadful slough, is the path of virtue. And the steep, rugged acclivity which rises yonder on the other side of the slough of vice, is the hill of science ; and beyond it are the broad, happy fields of religion and contentment.

Mortal, go boldly forward ! linger not by the way ; but let your heart be strong, and your footing secure. Tread firmly upon the rocks of virtue, and fear not the dark pool of vice. Go ; and take with you the blessings of the past, and remember that he who would win must labor for the prize. Go, mortal ! and know that God and Memory record your every action."

The Genius left me, and the others now advanced. I observed that the one who came first resembled in features the Past, although she was much younger and slighter in person, and she wore upon her intelligent countenance an almost imperceptible shade of melancholy. She also wore a robe composed of gossamer materials, and like that of the Past, it was resplendent with every color under heaven. Yet it was not like the first, blended into one harmonious whole, but like the gaudy butterfly, it was a vivid contrast of blue and gold, somber, gloomy black and purest white.

The Genius appeared to be a very active, mercurial personage, and little disposed to romance. She was oddly enough attended, being gallanted by no less redoubtable an esquire than *old Father Time* himself. As they drew near, I thought that the old reaper looked rather hard at me, and grasped his scythe somewhat menacingly. But at a glance from the Genius, the old graybeard relaxed his grip on his mowing machine, and drew up his old wrinkled phiz into what he intended for a most gracious smile.

The Genius, in a low, musical voice thus addressed me :

"Mortal, I am the Present ! Listen to me, and heed my advice, so shall ye be happy. Your brothers and sisters I have long known, and for their sakes I love you, whom I have never seen until this moment. Mortal ! live for me ; enjoy the present. The past thou canst not recall ; and to regret what you can never meet again were worse than idle.

Of the future you have no assurance. No—where is he that can warrant you one moment of the future ? Then heed not the past ; think not upon an uncertain future—but live for me. Live to enjoy all the blessings that I am able to bestow."

I felt somewhat indignant that the Genius should have spoken so slightly of my late preceptor ; yet I was so fascinated by her charms, that I was just on the point of yielding to the syren, when I caught a glimpse of old Time, sharpening his murderous scythe, with a quick, nervous jerk of his skeleton arm, which made me tremble. I turned to look for the other female, but she was gone !

My heart sank within me. To fly I dared not, across that horrid pool. The track was difficult enough with all my coolness ; but now, under my present excitement, to cross in safety were a miracle. At the moment when I thought that all was over, I caught sight of the *unknown Genius*. She was standing upon the farthest extremity of the rocky path, smiling sweetly upon me, and gracefully beckoning me towards her. Her mantle of celestial blue glanced in the sunlight, like the ethereal, star-lit

vault of heaven. I wished to fly towards her, but dared not ; for the Genius of the Present, so lately all smiles, now scowled a horrid frown, and old Time leered upon me, with his glaring, terrible eyes, and flourished his keen, bright instrument of death. It was a moment to me fraught with intense anguish.

There was but one hope, and that a mad one. It was the hope of beating Time at his own calling, in a foot-race across that frightful slough, and over that dangerous pathway. It was a desperate chance ; for allowing that I did not miss my footing, in my rapid, headlong flight, and plunge into the putrid, stagnant pool, it was certain, almost—that the ruthless old murderer would overtake me in my flight, and shear me in two without ceremony. It was a desperate chance, and yet I dared it. I had collected all the energy of my nature, and said, mentally—

"Now, trembling victim, prove thy speed,
For ne'er had mortal man such need."

At the instant that I was about to dart away, Time, as if anticipating my thoughts, sprang towards me, whirling his glittering scythe in fiery circles round his ghastly head, was about to sacrifice me as an offering to the slighted affections of the Genius of the Present. Upraised was that hideous arm and dreadful scythe. But the blow fell not. In the last gasp of my despair, a form of more than mortal beauty stepped between the slayer and his victim. A form of such seraphic sweetness that my very heart seemed on fire. Clothed in a robe of purest white, she bore upon her left arm a dazzling shield, upon which was inlaid in letters of virgin gold, the word *HOPE*, the title of the goddess who was now my guardian angel !

Bearing in her right hand a ponderous anchor, Hope opposed her bright shield to the sharp scythe of time, and dealing the old graybeard a blow with her iron weapon, which sent him reeling backwards, she seized my hand and gently whispered, "Come !" Like the wind we flew along the rugged way, across the fatal slough. Fall I could not ; for Hope bore me up, and the glorious Genius of the Future smiled sweetly before me, and gracefully beckoned me on. Fall, I dared not ; for close following on our track, came swift Time with his vengeful scythe. Hastening forward, I would have flung myself into the arms of the beautiful Genius of the Future ; but when she saw me safe, she glided away before me, towards the hill of science, still beckoning me on.

Old Time overtook me soon after I reached the solid ground beyond the slough ; but his anger was lost in admiration of my speed. We parted very good friends ; Time to return to his patroness, the Present ; and I, attended by Hope, to follow on after the glorious Genius, whom I had secretly sworn to love and live for. How soon I might have overtaken her, I know not ;—for at this moment I awoke.—*Waverly Magazine*.

A Picture in the Room.

Mr. Hazlitt has said somewhere of the portrait of a beautiful female with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhandsome action would be impossible in its presence. Most men of any refinement of soul must have felt the truth and force of this sentiment. And therefore we have often thought that the picture of the beloved mother or devoted wife, hung up in the room where we spend our leisure hours, must certainly exert a mighty influence upon the feelings and thoughts. Cowper's picture of his mother was a living presence, whose speaking countenance and beaming eye appealed, as no living mortal could, to his inmost soul, and stirred its profoundest depths. But what is it that gives power to the inanimate resemblances of loved and departed ones ? Their virtues, their moral graces and excellencies, as remembered by the affectionate survivor. It may seem an odd thought, but we cannot help suggesting it to every female reader—to every sister, wife and mother—that it is a worthy ambition for each of them to labor to be, both now and when dead, that "picture in the house" before which vice shall stand abased, confounded, and in whose presence every virtuous and manly

heart shall glow with every honorable and lofty sentiment, and be irresistibly urged to the love of goodness and truth.

Apologues from the Chaldee.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SERPENT.

A wise man one day asked the serpent, "Of what advantage is it to thee to deprive men of life? The lion kills and devours his prey; the tiger, the wolf, and other fierce beasts do the same, in order to satisfy their hunger; but thou bitest thine innocent victims, and sheddest mortal poison into their veins, without reaping any benefit from their death, save the cruel satisfaction of destroying."

"Why askest thou *me* this question?" rejoined the reptile. "Ask, rather, the slanderer among thy own race, what pleasure he finds in poisoning unto death those who have never injured him."

THE WORM AND THE FLY.

The worm and the fly one day had a dispute; the fly despised the worm, and said, "All the earth is my free heritage; I enter the palace of kings, rest on their heads and eat at their tables. I fly whithersoever I choose, and feed on the most dainty sweets, while thou, crawling and abject, canst not rise one inch from the ground."

"I cannot fly, it is true," replied the worm, "and yet I am everywhere; in earth, in water, in the bodies of both men and beast; and if thou boastest of feeding on man's daintiest food, I feed on man himself."

THE MAN AND THE VINE.

In one of the early years after the creation of the world, man began to plant a vine, and Satan saw it, and drew near. "What plantest thou, son of the earth?" said the prince of demons.

"A vine!" replied the man.

"What are the properties of this tree?"

"Oh, its fruit is pleasant to look at, and delicious to the taste; from it is produced a precious liquid which fills the heart with joy."

"Well, since wine makes glad the heart of man, I will help thee to plant this tree."

So saying, the demon brought a lamb and slew it, then a lion, then an ape, and last of all a pig, killing each in succession, and moistening the roots of the vine with the blood.

Thence it has happened ever since, that when a man drinks a small portion of wine, he becomes gentle and caressing as a lamb; after a little more, strong and bold as a lion; when he drinks still more, he remembers an ape in his folly and absurd and mischievous actions; but when he has swallowed the liquid to excess, he is like a pig wallowing in the mire.

THE BEGGAR AND THE LEPER.

A poor beggar, overwhelmed with want and misery, resolved one day to drown himself. Arriving at the brink of the river, he was about to throw himself in, when a leper, who was passing, asked him to point out the dwelling of a certain physician, who might perhaps be able to cure him.

"Brother," said the beggar, "you had better follow my example, and thus speedily deliver yourself from your malady."

"No," replied the leper, "I wish to recover; I am by no means tired of life."

A wise man, who was passing by and heard the dialogue, then said:

"My friends, if you each persist in your first resolution, you ought to exchange your modes of action. Let the leper plunge frequently into the water and he may be cured; while you, poor man, may commit suicide in the speediest and most certain manner possible, by putting yourself into the hands of a physician."

There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.

Gems of Thought.

A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition.

True charity consists in the performance of every duty of life, from the love of justice.

If a straw, said Dryden, can be made the instrument of happiness, he is a wise man who does not despise it.

The poet's soul should be like the ocean, able to carry navies, but yielding to the touch of a finger.

Somebody says that politeness is like a cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

Good temper is like a sunny day—it sheds a brightness over every thing. It is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude.

There is no fear of knowing too much, though there is great fear in practising too little. The most doing man shall be the most knowing one.

The love of the beautiful and the true, like the dew-drop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and limpid in the inmost shrine of the heart.

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

The reason that most people cast their eyes upon the follies of others, is that they may not have to perceive their own.

We discover great beauty in those who are not beautiful, if they possess genuine truthfulness, simplicity, and sincerity.

Good breeding is a guard upon the tongue; the misfortune is, that we put it on and off with our fine clothes and visiting faces, and do not wear it where wanted—at home!

The first steps that introduce us to the enchanted garden of love are so full of pleasure, the first prospects so charming, that every one is wishing to recall them to his memory. Each party seeks a preference above the other; each has loved sooner, more devotedly; and each, in this contest, would rather be conquered than conquer.

THE SPIRIT HARP; a Gift presenting the poetical beauties of the Harmonial Philosophy. Compiled by Maria F. Chandler. This work is now ready to be offered to the public, and should be in the hands of all who are interested in the poetry of Spiritual Truth. Price of pamphlet form, twenty-five cents. Circles, Agents, and Publishers will be supplied at a liberal discount.

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.