

# THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

## AND

### HARMONIAL GUIDE.

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

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## The Principles of Nature.

### PHILOSOPHICAL CONCEPTIONS.

LETTER FROM H. G. ATKINSON TO HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The principle of a whole being influenced or leavened by each part, and each part by the whole, will aid us in the explanation of matters otherwise incomprehensible; such as that a portion of the seed of a plant or animal under appropriate circumstances, is developed into a similar plant or animal; and, where individual peculiarities are repeated, the peculiarity often continuing in a latent form, to be reproduced only in a third or fourth generation. For the spontaneous generation of the higher animals and plants, the fitting conditions do not seem to exist now on this globe. Again, the fact that the various influences or appearances of a landscape, or of an object, become evolved in the mind at once, in the form of an individual or general idea, comes under the same class: and again, that somnambules should read the whole influence from a person, and even his entire history, from a touch, or from a bit of hair, or even from such object as a piece of leather touched by the person; or from the influence hanging about another individual, who has been in company with, or otherwise influenced by the person in question. Here we find the principle of memory, and how it is that in such cases as that of the Swiss historian Zschokke, the history of a stranger is brought under review, just as if the memory of one person was transferred to another. Here again we recognize a basis for palmistry and future-seeing;—facts, of course, like all other facts,—medicine, for instance,—affording wide opportunity for imposition, assumption, and folly. How marvelous is the influence of a homœopathic infinitesimal substance as an infection through the whole nervous system! and how complete is the influence of the system on the new matter which we take in to compensate for waste! How marvelous that the habits and memories which age affects, are continually transferred to fresh matter! Men marvel at the contagious, subduing, infusing, or leavening power of mesmerism: as if we were not continually emitting the forces and condition of ourselves! The very throwing of a stone is the transmitting of the power from the arm to the stone, for the hand does not absolutely touch the stone. All your thoughts and your whole condition, and those of thousands of others, may be lying latent in my constitution at this moment, if I had ability to recognize them, as the contagion of disease is carried about by one person, without his being conscious of it, and communicated to another, whom it destroys. And how wondrous those storms of vital force, or other, (so to term it) electric conditions, which produce cholera, scarlet fever, or the potato disease! And what are these diseases? Whence come they, and what are their laws? And why does not the influence affect all equally? And why is one particular species of plant or animal carried off at one time, and other species at another? Those who will not believe unless they have reason, and who object to mesmerism because it does not influence all equally, let them answer this. Men's minds are so beset with "gross materialism;" with their concrete and mechanical notions, that they shrink from the obscure, imponderable agents, and the study of vital action, and the real powers of Nature, as if it were "the night side of Nature," and the sphere of ghosts. Nor will they stoop to consider the kind of evidence required, and the method adapted to a new inquiry. Matteucci, Reichenbach, and others, are now doing for

us some good work in the right direction. Reichenbach's experiments are most usefully made, and most important; but I do not agree with our friend Professor Gregory in supposing that they give any explanation of mesmeric action, beyond what the facts of mesmerism had shown before. We were familiar with the fact that sensitive patients could see flames and other light, and feel influence from people, and magnets, crystals, and other materials, not appreciable by the ordinary sense powers, before these German experiments. We knew that their influence did not exhibit the form of magnetism or electricity. Do not suppose that I am undervaluing the beautiful and varied experiments of Reichenbach. Possibly objections may be raised in regard to some of the effects, on account of a mesmeric influence or contagion imparted to the objects used, or of an influence on the mind of the patient. I do not say it is so; but it seems to be likely. The value of such experiments will be greatly enhanced by a full recognition of such objections. The great point is, as Reichenbach strenuously insists, to have the experiments repeated under various circumstances, and by individuals of different temperaments. I am sorry that Reichenbach has not appreciated the facts of Phenology.

It is to be remarked that rays of light, emanating from one and the same source, but with a different length of path, destroy each other,—produce darkness. Light has the character of being diffused; and yet it passes in straight lines. How is it that we perceive the luminous object in the direction that light comes to the eye, even when bent, as in reflexion; and at the distance the light has traveled that we see an object in the place in which it is, is not understood; and whether we see into space when there is no object before us,—whether we do really see into space when looking at the sky, for instance, any more than we do when we seem to see into darkness on closing our eyes, is to me a question. Sound is heard as in the place from which it comes; and, as happens with light, it indicates direction as well as distance. Why does it not sound all along the passage from the object to the brain? The condition of action in the object must be different from the influence sent forth; and it evolves in the spirit of the brain an action we term sound, which corresponds to the original action in the sounding body, somewhat in the same way as when a sounding body influences another body with a corresponding action or sound. In the same way light seems to put into action the light-condition of other bodies, and enables us to see them, as we hear the responding sounding body. Touch, pain in the muscular sense, &c., convey a knowledge of locality and space also. Sound influences the air and solid bodies; but it seems to me most absurd to suppose that sound is caused by the motion of the air. It is no more so than electricity passing through a wire is caused by the moving wire, though air, as a solid body, may be as essential to the conveyance of sound, as the wire to the conveyance of the electricity. When a gun goes off, I feel no motion of air against my face; and yet the mere sound has broken the window, and caused the frame-work to rattle. Is it not by the subtle spirit pervading all bodies and space that all power and action occur—sound, electricity, heat, light, mind, &c.? Is it not all the energy of nature acting by this spirit? Bacon thought that the spirit evolved from the body is the body of the mind; that as the body is to this spirit, so is this spirit to mind. Newton could not get on without supposing an universal interstellar medium. Our senses do not perceive it; but the facts require it, and reason infers it. The brain does not think; nor does the bell ring; but the spirit does all. The ball does not move; but is moved by the energy let loose by the decomposing of the gun-

powder. Such being the case, you will understand that the sense of sound would be a true impression and correspondence with the action of the body, or spirit-condition of the body without. That the mind sometimes hears sounds from an internal activity or stimulus, only shows a capacity to be impressed in a certain way, as it has been acted upon before. The impression of hearing corresponds with the action or condition heard. Seeing corresponds with what we see. It is as the seal to the impression. As sound corresponds with colors, so much more does the subjective correspond with the objective. The chair is one thing, and what I see as the chair is another, no doubt: but the proportions and the relations in the object and the subject are the same: — as much so, and infinitely more so, than the likeness we take by the sun resembles the object. Seeing is an interaction of the subtle conditions of nature, an exact corresponding of the object and subject. Electro-magnetism, acting on the direction of the polarized ray of light, produces modifications like chemical mixtures. By scratching the surface of a piece of metal, so as to have a given number of lines in a given space, we can cause the same substance to appear any color we please. Heat will produce all the colors from the same substance. Color therefore seems only to represent a particular condition or texture.

Light and sound, out of the sense, of course are but forces, or motions: and the whole universe is, in reality, absolute darkness and solemn universal silence. The subjective corresponds with what light indicates, rather than with light, which is but a medium or form of communication. If I am told that I have no right to infer the objective from the subjective, I reply, "Very well: then you who object must believe only in your own mind, and that only in the impression that is then passing." Idealism forces itself to this position, where I am content to leave it, to meditate how the thought that is past may be a delusion of the present, and how the future may not come. The important thing for us is to ascertain relations and laws; not what things are, or how mind differs from matter. We must consider things as we find them. Light, sound, color, taste, smell, touch, indicate condition: and those conditions, differences or relations indicated are true. This is what we call knowledge; and it is equally important and efficient, whatever may be our opinions in regard to the subject and the object.

There is an electric character in Light; and influences are constantly existing from all bodies irrespective of the light-condition; or the sense to receive a certain amount of force we term ordinary light or seeing. As all influences are but different conditions of the same, and may evolve each, it is no wonder that an electric condition may evolve the mental condition of sight, and produce seeing in the dark. By considering what I have said before in connection with this, *clairvoyance* does not seem quite so unintelligible, to the extent that ordinary sight is intelligible.

Moser's experiment of the influence of objects on mental plates in the dark is very instructive. However, I must not venture on the subject of the different characters of Light. The subject is too wide: but in reply to your question, I may say here that the effect of the electric light being different from common light is shown by a wheel revolving with celerity sufficient to render its spokes invisible. When illuminated by a flash of lightning, it is seen for an instant with all its spokes distinct, as if it were in a state of absolute repose. Your not seeing the comet and the sea is a very interesting fact. I have experienced the same inability on some occasions myself, when the mind seemed to lose its power and concentration, somewhat in the way that it loses a word and cannot recall it. I remember a lady whose mind is not very collected under excitements, at Ascot Races, looking anxiously to see the Emperor of Russia driven past. He drove past, a few yards from us. We had a capital sight of him; but this lady saw nothing. She might as well have been at home. If emotions so blind the sense, how much more do they obscure the understanding? When any interest or prejudice is stronger than the love of truth, truth will suffer. The blindness, both as regards the sense and the mind, often arises from our looking for something different from the

fact. And again, we often invest an object with a form it has not, or evidence with conclusions foregone. How careful we should be to keep the mind steady and clear!

You wish to know how our consciousness of continued Identity is to be accounted for, whilst our whole frame (and every organ of the brain among the rest) is incessantly undergoing waste and renewal. The sense of Identity seems to follow as a consequence from the sense of Personality or Individuality. It is a fact of the Memory, presenting similitude, or sameness of impression. Memory is a recurrence of impressions. Habit is a form of memory. Fits are a form of habit, and often have relation to time. To identify myself as an Englishman is a habit of thought. In certain states of the nerves a man may know or believe as a fact that which he no longer has a sense of, or can identify in feeling. The I, which represents the individualism seems to arise from a faculty whose organ is situated near to the conscious sense and the Will, and close beneath Self-esteem and Firmness. "I think; therefore I am," is a conclusion from the conscious sense and the sense of Personality. The organ of Personality is a central organ. And its function a collective sense like the perceptive individuality. Love is this sense of being and personality blending with another existence; two in one. In cases of doubt or divided consciousness, this sense of identity loses its single form, and is usually accompanied by the loss of memory, — the memory of one of the lives or states. Mesmerized persons often speak of themselves as of another individual, and regard, again, this intuitive character as another person, and speak of it as "the voice," &c., telling them so and so. In some cases, the patient may be thrown into several conditions; and in each assume a new and separate identity. As there are different states of magnetism and of light, and as chemical affinity may become electricity, and electricity magnetism, so these brain states, or, as it were, spheres of action, have their changes, each state having an individuality, like a separate existence.

It would be difficult to identify one's self in another bodily form as in a new mental form, even with the help of Memory. I can hardly identify myself with my condition of childhood; nor in a calm moment feel myself to be the same as when under the influence of any passion. It is the same power which, in one state, is love or hate; in another, obstinacy; in another generosity, or the sense of color, &c. I think we shall, in time, trace forms of mind, corresponding with those of light and sound, and material forms, &c. Cosmical inquiries must lead to this, and exhibit the true cardinal forms of nature, with general and fundamental laws, on which the whole depends. — We must examine Nature as a whole, if we would discover the fundamental principles of Nature, and comprehend the analogical bearings of the whole, and why apparently remote things resemble each other. Then, indeed, shall we find that knowledge is power, and poetry, and delight; and be elevated into the noble position of manhood, passing out of all conventionalities into the solemn and glorious path of intelligence and pure reason. The intuitive faculty will then become as an instrument of light to the understanding. \* \* \* \* \*

I think I have explained before, that the renewal of the matter of the brain is a gradual process, and that the new material takes the character of that to which it joins company; — in the same manner in the brain, of course, as in the liver or the lungs. If I can influence another person to think as I think, or to imagine himself a candle, or a wild beast, or to acquire my condition of memory, it is easy to understand that new particles become immediately leavened by the old, and that no change would be perceptible. The new material would evolve wisdom or imbecility, or disease or age, as the case may be. Each organ seems to evolve or induce that spirit-condition which is the basis of its particular faculty: and thus, faculties blend as colors blend, and change with the conditions; or as sounds blend in a general harmony. Each sense faculty is adapted to receive the peculiar influence or impression to which it relates: but the instrumentality or intervention of the external sense does not seem always requisite. The internal faculties appear to be loosened from the sense, and receive impressions direct from

without; to be open to conditions to which the senses were not fitted. It does not seem to be any strain upon reason to suppose this. Few can give an account of the process by which they come at many of their conclusions; any more than the calculating boy Bidder could of the process by which he arrived at his conclusions. *Clairvoyance* or prophecy is no greater step from our ordinary condition than seeing would be to a blind person, who would say, "I could only take up Nature bit by bit before, and put these bits together, and then form but a very imperfect conception: but now I recognize all at once; the distant, as well as that which is near." You set free the inner faculties, and open "the eye of the mind" to the outward influences of the grosser sense; and knowledge flows in unobstructed. You are as one who was blind, but can now see.—The new sense and the old are equally intelligible, and both inexplicable. You cannot explain a process where there is none. The imperfect sense, the blind have a process to explain: but in clear-seeing there is no process but the fact.

I must now reply to your inquiries relating to dying persons.

Your question about the influence of dying persons on those at a distance opens the whole subject of mesmeric action, and the influence of body over body, of the mind on body, and of the body on mind; of the nature of sleep, somnambulism, trance, and *clairvoyance*.—I must confine myself to a few observations.

The influence is usually received by those who have in some way been brought into relation or *rapport* with the dying person: and the influence is generally received during sleep, when the internal senses are freed from the ordinary senses, and qualified to receive direct influences from without. Any change occurring in the condition of those with whom they were held more immediately in relation, (magnetic relation I will call it,) would be felt, and awake attention, just as any change upon our ordinary senses, either when awake or sleeping, arouses attention—as such as a candle going out when one is asleep, or a strange noise occurring, or a familiar one ceasing.

Again, a person dying is often more or less falling into the trance condition—the bodily condition weakening; and the senses either become more acute, or the spirit-condition of the brain has a freer communication, or inter-relation with the universal medium without the dying person. Thinking of the individual impressed may be sometimes a condition of the effect; but this is far from being an universal cause. Persons are held in relation, as it were, by threads, the slightest alteration or loosening of which arrests attention and gives the impression. A somnambule or mesmerized person has much more influence in mesmerizing than a person in the normal state; and many a dying person partakes of this condition. I have known a dying child mesmerize a strong man by a few waves of the hand, the man having previously resisted the influence of powerful mesmerism. Any change in the nervous condition affects others.—I have told you how distinctly I felt the commencement of the mesmeric condition in my patient, as of a slight electric shock; and I have been sensible of each change during the sleep, and of the flowing away of disease. When diseases are dying out they influence others. It is even so with a common cold, which passes away to another. And so, likewise, the state of the dying person influences:—dies off, as it were; disturbs or influences the universal medium, and thus reaches those in whom there was *rapport*, if they be in a fit condition to receive.

Generally, the time most fitted to receive impressions of this nature is in a second sleep. Some persons die in an insensible heavy sleep. I should not think that such a death would be felt like those in which a more trance-like state occurs, or where there is a blazing up and going out at once. In such a case as this last I have no doubt that a sensitive person would see light emitted. Experiments might be made with the sensitive upon dying animals. A trance or fainting fit sometimes impresses persons at a distance in the same way as death, and it is believed that death has occurred.

The presentiment of death is the intuitive faculty influenced by the changing condition, and by the intuitive condition, perhaps, of the dying person. The intuitive sense seems to act often unconsciously: but the same state may become conscious-

ness to another. The foreseeing events, or prophecy, seems to be the least comprehensible form of these singularly interesting phenomena. \* \* \* \* \*

We have yet to learn the relations we bear to each other:—how we may influence each other by our good or ill condition. We have yet to learn that we may not do as well with our own; for our own is others'. The knowledge which mesmerism gives of the influence of body on body, and consequently of mind on mind, will bring about a morality we have not yet dreamed of. And who shall disguise his nature and his acts when we cannot be sure at any moment that we are free from the *clairvoyant* eye of some one who is observing our actions and most secret thoughts, and our whole character and history may be read off at any moment! Few have the faintest idea of the influence these great truths will have upon the morals of men, and upon our notions generally. Yes, there are indeed "more truths in heaven and earth than are" told "of in our philosophy." Men may smile no doubt. But so they did at the railway and the electric telegraph, and gas-lights, and phenology, and the circulation of the blood; and at the news that there were men standing with their feet towards ours; that the stars are worlds; that the earth moves round the sun. Men have smiled, and ridiculed, and blasphemed against every truth as it has been revealed. When will the world learn wisdom by the past, and hope for the future, and be ashamed and humble when it wants knowledge? Only, I think, when the philosophy of Man and Mind, raised from its true basis of material fact, is developed, and admitted as a Science by the world. That men cannot imagine beyond their knowledge, is clear from every new truth being at first considered impossible and unnatural.

Of one thing I am sure,—that we are as yet but on the very threshold of knowledge, and that our social condition is depravity through and through, and from end to end. But the true philosopher will be all patience for the present, and confidence for the future, and never in haste to form institutions in advance of knowledge and the condition of society.—*Investigator*.

### Transformation of the Caterpillar.

We must remember that, like the embryo of a plant in the seed, or the rudiments of a leaf or flower in the bud, the various parts of the butterfly have been pre-existent even in the caterpillar; and when these are arrived at their full maturity within their chrysalis cover, then approaches the crisis of emergence. At this period there takes place a violent agitation in the fluids of the insect, by which they are driven from the internal vessels into all the tubes and nervures of the wings, which being at the same time filled with air from the windpipe, increase considerably in size. This, added to the restless motion of the legs, soon enables the imprisoned creature to burst its enshrouding skin, which, flying open at the back, discloses the head and shoulder of the butterfly. Being then soon released entirely, it stands for a while, motionless, on the broken fragments of its late prison — its wings damp and drooping, small and crumpled; but distended by the fresh supply of air, inhaled through the spiracles, they expand so rapidly, that in the space of a few minutes their dimensions are increased five-fold!

Nothing can be more curious and interesting than to watch this marvelous expansion; and as the crumpled membrane of the wing grows smooth, to discern, emerging slowly from a chaos of mingled hues, the clearness of pattern and brilliancy of color which bespeak it finished. As we gaze with admiration on this process of perfection, we seem to have gained admission for the moment into one of Nature's studios, and to be tracing the progress of her unrivalled pencil, while employed (under the guidance of her Divine Master) on the last touches of what have been justly considered as her favorite miniatures. In half an hour the pictured pinions are complete.

Directly after emergence, the wings are thick, and capable of great extension by stretching, but not so after full expansion; neither do butterflies or other winged insects ever grow, when they have once attained their perfect form.



## Voices from the Spirit-World.

## "COME THIS WAY, FATHER."

[The following incident which is taken from the Waterville Mail is one of peculiar and touching interest. It teaches that, though no outward sound may fall upon the ear, yet silent voices, lingering in the still air, may whisper from the home of the departed.—Ed.]

During a short visit to the sea-shore of our state, some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed one bright afternoon, that we should make up a party, and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going farther, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly we left them, and proceeded some six miles farther. We remained out much longer than we intended, and as night approached a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until we finally distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard through the thick fog, and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy calling, "Come this way, father!—steer straight for me—I'm here waiting for you!" We steered for that sound, and soon my little boy leaped into my arms with joy, saying, "I knew you would hear me, father!" and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in the fog, and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice, calling from the bright shore, "Come this way, father!—steer straight for me!" When oppressed with sadness, I take my way to our quiet cemetery; still, as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence—"Come this way, father, I'm waiting for thee!"

I remember a voice  
Which one guided my way  
When, lost on the sea,  
Fog-enshrouded I lay;  
'Twas the voice of a child,  
As he stood on the shore—  
It sounded out clear  
O'er the dark billows' roar—  
"Come this way, my father!  
Here safe on the shore  
I am waiting for thee!"

I remember that voice  
Midst rocks and through breakers  
And high-dashing spray;  
How sweet to my heart  
Did it sound from the shore,  
As it echoed out clear  
O'er the dark billows' roar—  
"Come this way, my father!—  
Steer straight for me;  
Here safe on the shore  
I am waiting for thee!"

I remember my joy  
When I held to my breast  
The form of that dear one,  
And soothed it to rest;  
For the tones of my child—  
"I called you, dear father,

And knew you would hear  
The voice of your darling  
Far o'er the dark sea,  
While safe on the shore  
I was waiting for thee!"

That voice now is hushed  
Which then guided my way;  
The form I then pressed  
Is now mingling with clay;  
But the tones of my child  
Still sound in my ear—  
"I am calling you father!—  
O, can you not hear  
The voice of your darling  
As you toss on life's sea?  
For on a bright shore  
I am waiting for thee!"

I remember that voice;  
In many a lone hour  
It speaks to my heart  
With fresh beauty and power,  
And still echoes far out  
Over life's troubled wave,  
And sounds from loved lips  
That lie in the grave—  
"Come this way, my father!  
O, steer straight for me!  
Here safely in Heaven  
I am waiting for thee."

## VISION OF THE SPIRIT-LAND, BY AN ANCIENT.

Plutarch, in his works, has preserved a most remarkable vision of the world of spirits, which may tend, in some measure, to illustrate the ideas which the ancient Greeks formed of it. It is as follows:

Thespesios of Soli, lived at first very prodigally and profigately; but afterward, when he had spent all his property, necessity induced him to have recourse to the basest methods for a subsistence. There was nothing, however vile, which he abstained from, if it only brought him in money; and thus he again amassed a considerable sum, but fell at the same time into the worst repute for his villany. That which contributed the most to this, was a prediction of the god Amphilochus: for having applied to this deity to know whether he would spend the rest of his life in a better manner, he received for answer, "that he would never mend till he died." And so it really happened, in a certain sense, for not long afterwards he fell down from an eminence upon his neck, and though he received no wound, yet he died in consequence of the fall. But three days afterward when he was about to be interred, he received strength, and came to himself. A wonderful change now took place in his conduct, for the Cilicians know no one who at that time was more conscientious in business, devout toward God, terrible to his foes, or faithful to his friends; so that those who associated with him wished to learn the cause of this change; justly supposing that such an alteration of conduct, from the greatest baseness to sentiments so noble, could not have come of itself. And so it really was, as he himself related to Protogenus, and other judicious friends.

When his rational soul left his body, he felt like a pilot hurled out of his vessel into the depths of the sea. He then raised himself up, and his whole being seemed on a sudden to breathe and to look about it on every side, as if the soul had been all eye. He saw nothing of the previous objects; but beheld the enormous stars at an immense distance from one another, endowed with admirable radiance, and uttering wonderful sounds; while his soul glided gently and easily along, borne by a stream of light in every direction. In his narrative, he passed over what he saw besides, and merely said, that he perceived the

souls of those who were just departed, rising up from the earth; they formed a luminous kind of bubble, and when this burst, the soul placidly came forth, glorious, and in human form. The souls, however, had not all the same motion; some soared upward with wonderful ease, and instantaneously ascended to the heights above: others whirled about like spindles; sometimes rising upward, and sometimes sinking downward, having a mixed and disturbed motion. He was unacquainted with the most of them, but recognized two or three of his relatives. He drew near to them, and wished to speak with them, but they did not hear him, for they were not wholly themselves, but in a state of insensibility, and avoiding every touch, they turned around, first alone in a circle, then, as they met with others in a similar condition, they moved about with them in all directions, emitting indistinct tones like rejoicing mixed with lamentation. Others again appeared in the heights above him, shining brilliantly, and affectionately uniting with each other, but fleeing the restless souls above described. In this place he also saw the soul of another of his relatives, but not very perceptibly, for it had died while a child. The latter, however, approaching him, said, "Welcome, Thespesios!" On his answering that his name was not Thespesios, but Aradaios, it replied, "It is true thou didst formerly bear that name, but henceforth thou art called Thespesios. Thou art, however, not yet dead, but by a particular providence of the gods art come hither in thy rational spirit; but thou hast left the other soul as an anchor in the body. At present and in future, be it a sign by which thou mayest distinguish thyself from those that are really dead, that the souls of the deceased no longer cast a shadow, and are able to look steadfastly at the light without being dazzled."

On this, the soul in question conducted Thespesios through all parts of the other world, and explained to him the mysterious dealings and government of Divine Justice; why many are punished in this life, while others are not; and also showed him every species of punishment to which the wicked are subject hereafter. He viewed every thing with holy awe; and after beholding all this as a spectator, he was at length seized with dreadful horror when on the point of departing, for a female form of wondrous size and appearance, laid hold of him just as he was going to hasten away, and said, "Come hither, in order that thou mayest the better remember every thing!" And with that she drew forth a burning rod such as the painters use, when another hindered her, and delivered him; while he, as if suddenly impelled forward by a violent gale of wind, sank back at once into his body, and came to life again at the place of interment."

### A Mother's Message.

We are kindly permitted to publish the following communication which was recently given through Mr. Gordon while in the mesmeric state to Mr. C. Bannon, residing in this place:—

I have come to communicate through Henry. Thou art visited again, my Son. Thy mother is present with thee. I have come to cheer, not to make thee sad, for we are happy and would make thee so. Thou hast been faithful to thy calling, and it rejoices me to see thee seeking for higher truths. My Son, the glorious abodes of Heaven are full of harmony, and the bright circles which I have visited, fill my spirit with divine love. There is much for thee to learn. You are but in the germ. Strive to enrich thy spirit, for earth is not thy abiding place, and thou canst not take with thee other than treasures of a progressed mind. Strive to lay up treasures in Heaven, where, if you are faithful, you shall earn bright crowns of immortality. Thou knowest, my Son, full well the frailty of thy earthly being; therefore I enjoin thee to seek for knowledge of things above. Tell thy companion we desire her to go with thee—she is thy congenial companion, and will dwell with thee in the spheres above. The light of truth will illuminate thy pathway. Let ever its radiance shine upon thy mind and direct thy feet. All are the children of one Father and are fast advancing towards that glorious mansion where peace and harmony are perfected, where God's love, which is universal, is felt and known

throughout the heavenly circles, where all join in praise to our Heavenly Father, and where ye also shall join with us. I must now leave thee—yet I will often be near and impress thy mind with a mother's love and watchfulness.

## Psychological Department.

### SPIRITUAL MONITION.

"I was," said Mr. St. S——, of S——, "the son of a man who had no fortune but his business, in which he was ultimately successful. At first, however, his means being narrow, he was perhaps too anxious and inclined to parsimony; so that when my mother, careful housewife as she was, asked him for money, the demand generally led to a quarrel. This occasioned her great uneasiness, and having mentioned this characteristic of her husband to her father, the old man advised her to get a second key made to the money-chest, unknown to her husband, considering this expedient allowable and even preferable to the destruction of their conjugal felicity, and feeling satisfied that she would make no ill use of the power possessed. My mother followed his advice, very much to the advantage of all parties; and nobody suspected the existence of this second key except myself, whom she had admitted into her confidence.

"Two-and-twenty years my parents lived happily together, when I, being at the time about eighteen hours' journey from home, received a letter from my father informing me that she was ill—that he hoped for her speedy amendment—but that if she grew worse he would send a horse to fetch me home to see her. I was extremely busy at that time, and therefore waited for further intelligence; and as several days elapsed without any reaching me, I trusted my mother was convalescent. One night, feeling myself unwell, I had lain down on the bed with my clothes on to take a little rest. It was between 11 and 12 o'clock, and I had not been asleep, when some one knocked at the door, and my mother entered, dressed as she usually was. She saluted me, and said: 'We shall see each other no more in this world: but I have an injunction to give you. I have given that key to R—— (meaning a servant we then had,) and she will remit it to you. Keep it carefully, or throw it into the water, but never let your father see it—it would trouble him. Farewell, and walk virtuously through life.' And with these words she turned and quitted the room by the door, as she had entered it. I immediately arose, called up my people, expressed my apprehension that my mother was dead, and, without further delay, started for home. As I approached the house, R——, the maid, came out and informed me that my mother had expired between the hours of 11 and 12 on the preceding night. As there was another person present at the moment, she said nothing further to me, but she took an early opportunity of remitting me the key, saying that my mother had given it to her just before she expired, desiring her to place it in my hands, with an injunction that I should keep it carefully, or fling it into the water, so that my father might never know anything about it. I took the key, kept it for some years, and at length threw it into the Lahn."—*Dr. Kerner.*

### Singular Sleep.

About a month ago, the daughter of a citizen of Napanoch, Ulster County, N. Y., fell into a deep sleep, at about mid-day, without any previous monition, lasting an unusual time; and since then recurrent attacks have followed at intervals, one of which, apparently profound slumber, lasted within a few hours or six days! During all this period of sleep, about a wine-glass of milk was all the nutriment which could be administered. Every effort to arouse her from these torpors fails, save with a remarkable exception. The voice of a former pastor of the church at N. appears to arouse consciousness, and, with some exertion on his part, the spell is broken for a time. The case seems to baffle all medical skill thus far. The girl is about fifteen years of age.

## MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER 20, 1851.

## NOTES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER TWO.

In tracing the universality of law, we must never forget the infinite nature of the Divine Will. Can God, then, consistent with his perfect law, influence us at certain periods in what has been called an especial manner, by fixing His intention upon us, and so fitting and preparing us for some especial purpose, to do some particular work? The infinite nature of the Divine Will seems so to instruct us, in connection with the fact of the Divine Wisdom and Love, but the vastness, the fixedness, and the universality of Law seems to contradict it, so limited is sometimes the sphere of our intellect;—even as from the imperfection of our sight we cannot always discern the sphericity of the earth, which, from the position we occupy, generally appears to the eye as a vast plain, while at the same time it is a ball swinging in the air.

The spirit is the thing, the body but the form; hence as the body cannot be greater than the soul, of which it is an outbirth, so the result of a deed cannot of itself be greater than the spirit in which the deed was performed, or a man's life be more perfect than his thought or his will.

Being is before knowledge or action; so birth is temporarily before education.

Progression is an universal law; hence the progress of the individual and the race, and all the races, and the people of all the earths is identical, just as it is in the motion of the stars—say those which belong to the constellation in which we dwell. Each star has its motion around its sun, and each system of stars around its sun, and that sun around another still, and so on through the universality of earths and suns, and systems of suns. Hence we can never, not even for a moment, remain in the same position, and universal progression and development is the law of the universe.

Justice is before pity. Let all mankind deal justly, one with the other, and the facts that now call for our pity would gradually be diminished, and finally disappear.

Is there a Divine Providence by which our lives may be led? Blessed is the thought that brings this conviction home to the soul. Let us see how it may be born. By the laws that govern the soul, and from the facts drawn from the Divine Wisdom and Love, which must every where manifest themselves in the law of Use, man must receive from the Parent-Fountain as much and as fast as he is capable of making subserve the law of Use. Now let his will be ever open to Divine receptivity, and his mind in harmony with the Divine Wisdom, and he will be continually in conjunction with the Father, and the Divine Providence will ever attend him in all his thoughts, and ways, and deeds. We have but to open the gates of the soul, and the King of Glory will come in.

What is the philosophy of contentment? A constant enjoyment of all our faculties—a fulfillment of our true and natural desires—the completion of our being, or the knowledge that the perfect law of Providence has its growth in our souls, and is being perfected in our lives.

What a beautiful mechanism, as well as will, is there in religious science. This we may in part see in the law of obedience,

and in the philosophy of the Divine benediction. In mechanics, the success of a machine is seen in the adaptedness of its different parts, the harmony of its arrangements, &c. If a screw is out of order, the success of the whole is endangered. So is it in the external order of society, or in the facts of individual experience—the true success of each depends upon the harmony of its arrangements or of the faculties of the individual, as it is only by a true form that wisdom and love can flow into it and be made co-operative of true Use.

The senses and faculties are so many avenues through which God flows into the soul, and every sense and every faculty are channels through which different qualities of the Divine Wisdom and Love are received. Now the philosophy of a harmonic character is seen in having all these channels orderly opened, that the soul may truly appropriate to its use all that it may need to realize the perfection of its being.

That which we are, we generally receive. We give seeds to birds, flowers to the bride, beautiful gifts to the beautiful, and holy gifts for the altar. Thus the generous-hearted call in play our generosity, the scornful excite our scorn, the selfish our selfishness, &c. Thus we generally pass for what we are, and what we do to others, that we generally receive.

We must not be over anxious to strip the veil that hides the unseen from our gaze. Were the glories of that land to be suddenly exposed to our view, it would overpower the mind and produce mental blindness, just as it was with the blind man when suddenly his sight was opened to him, and the glory of the landscape was for the first time orb'd on his eye,—the sight was too great for him, and it resulted in insanity. The mind must become accustomed to spiritual light as well as to natural light, in order to produce healthy results and true consequences.

Whenever it is necessary to use self-denial (and it often is in the state of society in which we dwell), do so willingly, joyously; and when you lay the cross upon your shoulders, you will feel a spirit bearing you up, cross and all, and making the path in which you tread beautiful, and your journey pleasant.

The love of God, the royal love of the soul, the love of truth, the perfection of wisdom and beauty, an atonement with the laws by which the Divine Wisdom and Love manifest themselves, a state of receptivity by which alone a true life can be manifested through us, the love of man, the heavenly procedure of the soul which ever accompanies the true love of the Father (for if we love the Father we must love his children—our brethren);—these will ever produce a rest, of which Nature in the serenity of its repose is but a type, and secure to the soul the means of true culture and advancement. Be these the Divine benediction.

There is a naturalness in religious truth, and consequently in religious experience, which we should never forget, otherwise our religious views will be erroneous, and our religious experience lead us astray. Repentance in religion is like repentance in any thing else,—it is a heavy sorrow for the wrong we have committed, accompanied by a firm and healthy conviction and intention of bringing our lives into true order. Faith in God, in heaven, in immortality, finds its analogy in any kind of faith of which we may know or feel. Only when it has reference to the Supreme Being and to matters pertaining to the soul, has it a higher significance and a deeper meaning.

The assurance of a Father's favor, the facts of conversion as felt in human experience, are but the result of a soul at peace with itself, by being in a state of healthy conviction and of true receptivity, in which only the soul has the assurance of its divine origin and the true royalty of its descent, and in which it only can feel how truly we are all children of the supreme and ever-blessed Father.

S. H. L.



## WHO ARE THE INFIDELS?

Much has been said and written, since the commencement of the Christian era, in regard to Infidelity. The terms "Infidel" and "Infidelity" have been hurled back and forth by sectarists with unsparing hands. Almost every sect has been denounced as "infidel," and in turn has branded others with the same epithet. Charges innumerable have been rung upon these words, in order to frighten and intimidate those who wish to test the truthfulness of doctrines before they embrace them. And thus it frequently happens that persons, of the most irreplicable lives and Christ-like characters, are made a by-word and a reproach among men, because they believe or disbelieve certain doctrines, and have sense and moral courage enough to reject as false some of the foolish notions of a superstitious age. But the time has gone by when men are to be frightened by such bugbear names. Men *will* think for themselves,—*will* believe what they please, and the cry of "infidel" can no longer intimidate, though sounded by a whole multitude.

The word "infidel" literally means "unfaithful." So that, whoever is unfaithful in any respect to the great duties that devolve upon him as an intelligent, moral being, is an infidel in that respect. A person may be unfaithful to God—to himself—to his family—to the community—to his profession or avocation, or to a thousand other things, and therefore in each one of these respects he may be an infidel. How few, therefore, who are not infidels in some one particular! It is clearly evident, then, that infidelity relates to practice as well as to belief. In fact, I think a practical infidelity is worse than that of unbelief. By this I mean, that the neglect, on the part of a professed Christian, to do the deeds of Christianity, is worse than to disbelieve the doctrines of Christianity; and therefore I esteem the unfaithful Christian a greater infidel than the unbelieving Gentile.

The most effectual denial of Christ is that which comes from one who professes to be his disciple, and yet tramples under foot the great principles and doctrines he taught. If this is not unfaithfulness—infidelity—I do not know what is. The Jews, who rejected and crucified Christ, were certainly no worse, if so bad men, as those who now profess to believe in Christ as the Messiah, and yet disregard his precepts and crucify him daily in their hearts. As practical Christianity is more valuable than theoretical, so practical infidelity is worse than theoretical, or the infidelity of unbelief. And the sooner this matter is generally understood, the better it will be for the cause of truth and righteousness.

It is, however, as I have intimated, no uncommon thing to hear some of our most useful and benevolent citizens branded as infidels. And why? Simply because they do not give their assent to the absurd dogmas of some sect or party. Perhaps because they do not believe in the supernatural character of what are called the miracles of Christ;—or because they reject as false some doctrine others consider true. And yet these persons who are stigmatized as infidels, are more kind, benevolent and Christ-like in their intercourse with their fellow-men than those who anathematize them. In all their dealings, they are honest and just, neighborly and philanthropic—ready to assist and prompt to relieve the sufferings of others, while those who accuse them of infidelity are frequently selfish and unprincipled, dishonest and unjust, and practically set at naught almost every high and holy precept of Christ. Now, according to my ideas of things, these last are more really infidels than the first. As it is not a man's *belief* but his *life*, his *character* that makes a Christian, so it is not a man's *disbelief*, but his *life*,—his *conduct* that makes an infidel.

Those individuals, who, on religious matters, are in advance of the times in which they live, are generally called infidels. Hence when liberal Christians first began to avow their doctrines, they were called infidels by those from whom they separated. And now we find some liberal Christians joining with those, who for years have denounced them, and still do, as infidels, and are calling those infidels who have outgrown the notions of, and think they possess more truth than, the so called liberal Christians.

It is painful to think that in this age of progress, the cry of infidelity should be raised to deter men from expressing the honest convictions of the heart. There seems to be a great lack of the Christian spirit when persons must thus be branded because their *reason*, given them by their Creator, commands them to reject certain dogmas, long held sacred by others, while at the same time they imitate Jesus in their daily walk and conversation. Our calling a man an infidel does not make him so. He may after all, be a truer Christian, practically, than we who claim so much for ourselves. Is not a hypocritical professor a baser man than an honest unbeliever? If the term "infidel" belongs exclusively to any particular class, is it not to those who call themselves Christians, and are yet, in their lives, unfaithful to God and man? But little reliance can be put upon names. They are the mere shadows of things. The name cannot change the character of the individual. Brass is brass though a multitude should call it gold. It matters not by what names men call themselves, or in what lively they are clad, if they profess one thing and yet do another. How at the tribunal of Heaven can they escape the condemnation of unfaithful stewards?

May it be written, then, in indelible remembrance upon the minds of all, that the infidelity of disobedience to the commands and laws of God and to the precepts of Christ, if not the latest, is certainly the worst form of infidelity. And therefore I would say to all—"Beware of infidelity." Do not blindly and wilfully reject the *TRUTH*. But above all, beware of *practical* infidelity. Do not selfishly and unholy reject the *spirit* and the *essence* of Christianity, by living *SELFISH* and *UNHOLY* LIVES.

G. F. C.

Warwick, Mass. Sept. 10, 1851.

## Modern Skepticism.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7, 1851.

MR. EDITOR:—The letters of Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson, on Man's Nature and Development, now being published in the Boston Investigator, present a very marked illustration of the *Ultima Thule* of sensuous reasoning, when relying upon the world's present possessions of fact and experience in the fields of science and philosophy. Mr. Atkinson is one of that at present numerous class who have candidly followed truth "where'er she leads the way," and who have, as a natural consequence, been led to repudiate the popular superstitions of the age in regard to the worship of a Book, the observance of a Day, and the condemnation of a race. Any one, with but a common normal prevision, can see, that if a man candidly and sincerely study the natural sciences as far as the world generally has at present received them, he will end in becoming just what Mr. Atkinson now is, a skeptic, and that, too, in the worst sense of the word—a skeptic in the existence of the soul as an organized spirit even here, and a most decided skeptic as to its existence hereafter. In all that the world has received as true in natural science, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to demonstrate to the sensuous reasoner the immortality of the soul.—Such men can see nothing in all the wide fields of philosophical investigation, upon which to rest a conviction that the soul is independent of the body, and at death will escape from it and still exist perfect in all its parts, wanting nothing. But it is to just such minds, candid and sincere, that the evidences which we in this country now enjoy, will come like refreshing waters in an arid desert. They will say, when fact added to fact and testimony to testimony forces them to believe, "this is what reason has always demanded, a sensuous demonstration of the future life, and behold! she has at last received it—we are sincere—we cannot help but believe!"

According to the principles which skeptics themselves profess, and according to the motto of their organ in this country, namely, "Hear all sides, then decide," they must inevitably, if they are true to their professions, and carry their investigations as far as they find new facts to examine, become convinced of the immortality of the soul, or at least the existence of the soul after the dissolution of the body. For the facts are of such a na-

ture that continued, persevering, and candid investigation, cannot but bring to minds endowed with ordinary capacity, a solid and satisfactory belief in this great truth. The writers in the Investigator are placed upon their good behavior, for they must now surrender either their principles or their skepticism; we have too good an opinion of them to think for a moment that they will part with the former, and therefore the natural inference is, if they do investigate they must believe. And the same will be true of Mr. Atkinson and the host of skeptical minds in England, Germany, France, and all Europe, when time and the extension of the spiritual phenomena to that quarter of the world shall have given them an opportunity to investigate for themselves. The prevalence of this skeptical state of mind in those countries, shows that the people there are prepared for these truths, their minds having been divested of all respect for the time-honored superstitions of the world. There are many marked examples in this country, of public men who have gone through the same state of mind that Mr. Atkinson's letters disclose, and who have continued in a course of candid investigation, until they have been compelled to receive the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, upon evidence too tangible and conclusive to be resisted.

In contemplating Nature according to the conclusions of such men as Atkinson and Dr. Elliotson of London, the mind is painfully impressed with a sense of incompleteness; for if death and the grave are the portion and destiny of man, we cannot but look upon all the diversified operations of Nature as labor in vain,—as a great ado about nothing. Enough that we are in possession of facts which go to establish a different, and far more reasonable conclusion,—one that places the spirit of man in harmony with Nature, and reconciles the ways of God to man.

H.

### VIEWS OF RELIGION.

Are the notions at present generally advanced by the so called evangelical teachers, and as generally received by the great body of church members, and, perhaps I may add, by the great mass of unthinking members of the community at large, true or false? This is a subject of no small importance, as it has an obvious bearing on our most vital interests, and is therefore worthy a candid investigation.

The majority of people seem to suppose, in accordance with popular teachings, that they can obtain or receive religion in a certain mysterious manner, as something which exists externally to themselves, and hence their great aim appears to be, to find what they consider of such vast importance to their welfare. In this course they are encouraged and urged on by ministerial advice. "Get religion" is the burden of many pulpit orations, and when a person has obtained this, he is supposed to be eternally saved.

It would be interesting to learn from whence arose this particular notion concerning religion. The Bible, from which modern religionists profess to derive their instructions on this point, and which they look upon as infallible, appears to teach no such lessons. It invariably speaks of religion as something which we are to *do*, rather than to *receive*; as an active and not as a passive principle; as something naturally inherent in our nature, rather than that which may be found in the external.—Neither, judging from that volume, is religion any mystery; for what can be more simple than visiting the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world?

If, then, we draw our instructions from the teachings of that book, as well as from Nature and Reason, I think we should not err in our course of conduct, in reference to this matter.—These plainly teach that within our own spiritual constitutions, we possess certain principles that incline us to gratitude, love, benevolence, and kindred virtues; and that these principles are religious in their nature and tendency. They do not come from abroad, but they are part and parcel of our own being. Certainly they may be quickened and impelled to more active exercise by external circumstances, but are not created by them.

Now let us in all charity examine for a moment the effect which "getting religion" has upon its subjects. I once heard an individual remark as follows:—"I have known the inhabitants of a little village, in which there was no church, no prevailing religious opinions, no predominant religious sect, and there universal harmony reigned. Brotherly kindness and love seemed to be the actuating principle in all the dealings of its inhabitants with each other. But no sooner did church steeples begin to tower above their heads, and the people begin to get religion and frequent these churches, as holy places, and band themselves together to sustain them, than envyings, strife, bickerings, and want of unity, prevailed. Parties rose, and exclusiveness became the order of the day. Ambition to outdo every other church in numbers and wealth, soon seemed to be the leading desire of the members of each church. And so on through the whole catalogue of selfish motives and actions which so divide the great human family into sects and parties. And," he added, "I never knew it otherwise; but always the more churches and religionists in a place, the less unity and harmony."

Now, reader, is not this too true? Consult your own experience and observation in this matter. And is such the legitimate result of "pure religion and undefiled,"—of that religion which "bridleth the tongue," and which should cause men to love their neighbors as themselves? If it is, is the community bettered by its prevalence, and is it worth while to be at much trouble to obtain it?

F. M. E.

### Extracts from Correspondence.

A female friend whose mind seems to have entered into the sphere of spiritual light, expresses her emotions as follows:—"I rejoice that a new era has dawned upon the world, that the loved departed can visit again their kindred here, and communicate glad tidings to the sad and stricken ones of earth. Is it not joyous to believe that we can hold converse with our friends who have passed away? I delight to know that those dear ones are near me—I love to think that my sainted mother still watches over her child—that she still feels an interest in my welfare, and prompts me to virtue and goodness. Often have I imagined that she was with me, and again have I looked up to some bright star fancying that she might perchance dwell there; but now, methinks I hear her speak to me, and her messages are so beautiful and pure—so characteristic of herself, that I feel it is her spirit whose voice I hear, encouraging me to live for God and humanity. Through this influence a new life has dawned upon me, and though the way at times seems dark, yet bright visions from the Spirit-land break upon the soul, and I am strengthened with faith in those ministering angels, who lovingly guide us into all truth."

Another friend, who manifests a lively interest in the cause of harmonial truth, makes the following pointed reference to a certain class of individuals:—"Some minds are so constituted as to be forever looking out for errors and evils. They desire the reputation of being exceedingly sharp as critics, and to find fault appears to them a matter requiring superior wisdom. The universe may be spread out before them in all its stupendous magnificence—its blazing stars and rolling worlds, and beautiful harmonies; the earth may be clothed with flowers and verdure, and rivers may run over it rejoicing, and hills, and valleys, and mountains may adorn it;—but these wonderfully-wise minds prefer to bend their heads downward to the dust, and be satisfied with the husks and cobwebs which their superior acuteness enables them to discover. *Evil eyes see evil things.*"

☞ We trust it will be generally borne in mind that the terms on which the Messenger is furnished to subscribers, require *advance payment*. The present enlarged size of the paper renders it necessary that this matter should be properly considered, and, furthermore, that every exertion should be made on the part of subscribers to increase our list. Only let there be a general and united action in these respects, and a glorious work can be done.



## Poetry.

## MORNING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY J. B. WEBB.

Faintly fall the crimson rays of morn,  
Faintly on the shades of night;  
And the breeze o'er fields of scented corn  
Freshens on its early flight:  
From her nest the wildly-warbling lark  
Springs to greet the rosy sky;  
Trills her song where yet all hushed and dark,  
Rustling wood and meadow lie.

Slowly o'er the dew-besprinkled grass  
Skirts the thickly-folded mist;  
Touched with tints of ever-changing flame,—  
By the rising sunbeams kissed:  
Now begin the bleating flocks to stray  
All the daisied hills among;  
While the blooming milkmaid hails the day,  
With a clear and cheerful song.

Brightly colored in the eastern sky  
Floods of glory fast descend,  
Clothing hills with robe of golden dye—  
Trembling in the misty glen:  
Now the earth with glistening verdure clad,  
Memnon-like lifts up her voice;  
Myriad songsters wake the valleys glad,  
And the lowing herds rejoice.

Gently swelling on the passing breeze  
Comes the murmur of the stream;  
Tales of fresh and far-off fields it breathes,  
Far and bright as fairies' dream:  
Blissful hour through clovered vales to roam,  
When a cooling sweetness strays;  
And the wild flowers, decked in dewy bloom,  
Sparkle in the morning's blaze.

In the green and freshly-scented vale  
Shepherds wake the rural song,  
Breathing sweetly of some, love-lorn tale,  
As they guide their flocks along.  
O'er the lawn the roses blushing fair,  
Steeped in dew more brightly bloom,—  
Gently bending to th' embracing air,  
As it steals their sweet perfume.

Swarms the hamlet now with life anew,—  
Rosy youth and manhood's prime,  
Maidens fair whose eyes of lustrous hue  
Bright as yonder orient shine.  
Blithely o'er the hills the harvest train  
With joke and laugh their footsteps wend;  
When odors waft from fields of ripening grain,  
And tinkling rills their waters blend.

Health is sporting in the morning air—  
Goddess of the sparkling eye,  
Clothed in robes of coloring rare,  
Caught from yonder blushing sky;  
Softly mantling o'er her youthful cheek,  
Life's emparpling currents stray;—  
Who would find her, then, must earnest seek,  
Early at the rising day.

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;  
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed with tears.

## LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY S. H. LLOYD.

Thou lovely spot, what visions rise,  
And come at thy behest?  
Thou little flower Wachusett wears  
Upon his mountain breast.

Each fragrant path that winds thy hills,  
Each pleasant grove I see;  
Each scented field and pearly rill,  
Each well-remembered tree:—

My little cot that nestled there,  
Behind its verdant screen,—  
Its little fences painted white,  
And shutters painted green!

The church that on the hill is set,  
Whose aisles my foot-steps knew;  
The lip, the heart, that strove to speak  
The Beautiful and True;—

Each joy I nursed within my heart,  
That like a blossom grew;—  
Each tear that in my weakness came,  
I well remember too.

'T was there I saw the Future dawn,  
The Past roll up her scroll,  
Until thy name became to me  
The Patmos of my soul.

O lovely spot, what visions rise,  
And come at thy behest?  
Thou little flower Wachusett wears  
Upon his mountain breast.

“Not lost, but gone before.”

Blest thought! and O how sweet  
To hear thy spirit from the heavenly shore  
That strain of angel music still repeat:  
“Not lost, but gone before!”

Thou art not lost to us, and heaven has now  
One angel more!  
Death sealed it on thy cold but radiant brow;  
“Not lost, but gone before!”

Lost! who could dream the thought,  
That saw the look thy dying features wore?  
That look, that heavenly smile has taught  
“Not lost, but gone before!”

'T is not for thee,—O not for thee we weep!  
But ah! with loneliness our hearts are sore,—  
E'en while we read where thy dead relics sleep,  
“Not lost, but gone before.”

“Not lost, but gone before!”  
An angel whispers where the record lies;  
“Not lost, but gone before!”  
A choir of angels answered from the skies.

Farewell, sweet spirit! may thy memory teach  
Our trusting hearts to wait till time is o'er,  
Then shall we, grateful, own in angel-speech:  
“Not lost, but gone before!”

## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE STRICKEN ONE.

BY ALMIRA AGUSTA.

"Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream."

We went up—and up—and up—until we arrived at the head of six flights of stairs. My little friend opened a door softly and assumed a very sad expression, as she pointed to a gray-haired old man in the corner, who was looking very solemn and thoughtful.

"He has encountered the temptation of prosperity," said she, "and braved the storms of adversity. He has seen the mother and nine children cut down by the scythe of death, and his last earthly hope is fading away."

"How is it with the child?" inquired my little friend, as we entered.

"She is dead," said the grandfather.

"And when did she die?" asked my friend.

"Last night."

And the old man pressed his hand against his forehead, and turned his head away mournfully—for he could say nothing more. A strange awe crept over me as he pronounced these last words, my heart beat quick and I felt my firmness give way. No wonder that the large tears gathered in the old man's dim eyes,—no wonder that he pronounced the grim messenger cruel, unmerciful, pitiless,—no wonder, for he had culled the fairest bud,—plucked the sweetest flower that ever bloomed in love's garden.

We entered the little bed-room where lay the beautiful dead. Its soft, flaxen curls fell upon the pillow its head so gently pressed, while the blue orbs from which the light had faded, looked soft and motionless, veiled by the drooping lids. So calm, so quiet, so holy was the scene, that the dread of death passed away, and I fancied we were in the presence of angels. I thought I saw them fold the little child in their snowy wings, and as they bore her on—and on—and on, I fancied I could almost hear the flute-like music of their golden harps.

Again we were at the old man's side; we mingled our sympathies with his—we talked of that peaceful happiness which the world has not to bestow. Tears run down the seams of his venerable face, and moistened his large blue eye, as gazing upward, he remarked—

"There rests my consolation, and there do I hope to find a heaven for my sorrow-stricken soul."

"The world," remarked I, "warps our sorrows to give them more acuteness,—but religion tempers their edge and soothes their sharpness."

"Ah! yes," replied the old man, "the Lord tempers the winds to the shorn lamb."

After a moment's pause, in which the freshness of his grief passed away, I ventured to remark—

"A life checkered with so many diversities must be alike profitable and interesting."

"Alas!" sighed he, "I look back upon the tenor of my life with repentance; as a recollection of the past frowns upon me, I blush at my conduct,—the consciousness of my great offenses has drawn many a prayer from this withered heart."

The associations into which I was led, may palliate, but cannot excuse my follies. I was the son of parents whose fortune enabled them to command all the luxuries of life. They were too much engrossed with their power, wealth, and grandeur, to take care of their son's education. Accordingly I was entrusted to the care of servants—I was taught to respect the follies of mankind—to pay due regard to the opinions of the world, and to place a high value on accomplishments that would facilitate my introduction into fashionable life. I was flattered and caressed for my beauty of face and symmetry of form, which, together with a pleasing forwardness of disposition and a certain degree of spirit and assurance, enabled me to make what is termed 'a good figure in the world.' At twenty I was left an

orphan; at twenty-one I came into possession of my fortune. Prudence is rarely found in the situation I was then in, and for five succeeding years I rushed on to follies I should blush to name.

About this time I became enamored of the daughter of a military officer. Her father favored my passion, and Emily became my happy bride. She had just arrived at that period when the flippancy of girlhood is succeeded by the sprightliness of womanhood. The elegance of her air and manner commanded universal respect and admiration. Her voice was soft and musical as the sweet notes of the shepherd's pipe; her beauty was of the soft, pensive cast, agreeing with the poetic beauty of her mind, while her romantic mode of life added a new feature to her charms. Nothing seemed in my estimation too magnificent for my peerless bride; every luxury of nature and art which wealth could obtain, adorned our mansion. The mornings we usually spent in sporting, riding, or such like amusements,—the evenings in perusing plays, romances and novels, with little variation, and our nights were dissipated at the theatre, assemblies, concerts and card parties. Thus we lived on, allured by the phantom pleasure, with little anxiety about things to come, when our minds were suddenly fixed upon the insecurity of all human acquisitions, and the variability of fortune.

Yes, that fatal night, when gayety and splendor dazzled our senses, when wine inflamed our brains, and excited our imaginations, when the whirl of the dance and the sound of music allured by their fascinating charms, the votary of pleasure fell."

Again the tears started to the old man's eye, his fortitude began to fail, his cheek grew pale, his lip quivered, as looking upward, he exclaimed:

"Merciful God! canst thou forgive a wretch like me?"

There is a certain dignity in sorrow which restrains the beholder. We insensibly drew back our breath, afraid to break the pause. Soon the confusion of his mind began to subside, and he resumed his story.

"At twelve o'clock on the day preceding that awful night, my insatiable expired. I was too busy in preparation for the ball to bestow attention on other affairs, and my policy remained unrenewed. Imagine then my horror when in the midst of the banquet a cry of fire rang from every quarter. In an instant all was dismay, consternation, confusion.

"Every one for himself!" bellowed a hoarse voice.

"No time for preparation!" cried another, who had rushed into the midst of us.

Our guests hurried unprepared into the street, and many of them were obliged to find their way home on foot, the coachmen taking advantage of the confusion, had deserted their posts.

I ran from room to room endeavoring to gather my family about me; five children rushed to my arms, my wife soon followed, and with all a mother's solicitude throbbing in her bosom, cried—

"Good God! where are my babes?"

In my desperation I was about to plunge into the flames which were creeping through every crevice and bursting forth from every direction, but was prevented by a friend, who declared—

"It is too late, the fire has done its work."

Thus perished my four children on that fatal night. Never can I forget the agony of that moment. I could have laid down and died too, but God gave me strength to live—to live to see distress added to misfortune.

Scarcely had we quitted the spot before the whole mass fell in one heap of ruins. My wife and daughters looked on in despair. There, cried I, in the agony of my spirit, lies buried in those smouldering ashes, our pride and our children. Alas! I cannot describe the torturing anguish that rent our heaving breasts;—I tremble at the thought. My wife and daughters were forced from the scene—persuasion could not move them.

The week following this calamity, the factory in which I had invested a considerable sum of money, turned bankrupt. Many of my debtors refused to pay—because I could not prove my demands—my books and papers having been destroyed by the fire.

Loss upon loss followed, until I was reduced to perfect dependence. My former friends abandoned me to my fate, or if they came near, it was only to remind me of better days. I now began to look about for some means to support my family. After trying several methods, which proved unsuccessful, I happened one day into a bakery to buy a loaf of bread. The woman who waited on the customers, inquired if I had found employment, calling me by name, which was a matter of surprise to me; the neighborhood was obscure, and I felt quite secure from recognition.

'I used,' said she, 'to work for your wife, and was sorry to hear of your misfortune. If I could be of service to you in any way, it would gladden my heart.'

I looked into her face, I saw nothing of triumph, her countenance was full of feeling, tears moistened her eyes. I would have thanked her, but my voice could not utter my thoughts. I attempted again, and the third time as before, my feelings choked my utterance. I was ashamed of my want of self-possession, and, without knowing what I did, rushed into the street and made the best of my way home. The struggle between pride and poverty was severe. Oh, how I wished myself dead; but my poor wife and children—I must live for them. At the moment I took up a book which lay on the table, and began to shuffle the leaves. It was the Bible;—I had not looked at it for many long days—perhaps since my childhood—my eye fell upon the passage—

'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.'

I read it over and over many times, it seemed to inspire me with courage—brought strength and energy of purpose, and I determined to bear my misfortune with patience. The next morning I went to the store, and fearing my opportunity was lost, entered hesitatingly. The woman looked glad to see me;—I attempted an apology, but she quickly interrupted me:

'Oh, sir, never mind, I saw how it all was. Fortitude—fortitude—Mr. —, that's what we all need in this world of changes; only persevere and all will come out right.'

It is curious to observe how the nature of an occupation is changed by the persons employed,—mine was that of driving the cart. My employers often observed that I brought them much trade by my respectful attention to their customers. In all my intercourse, I endeavored to maintain the gentleman, and I must say, the kind attention of my customers softened the severity of misfortune, and deprived this disagreeable employment of its humiliating sting.

Comfort again visited our little circle, and joy beamed in our countenances. My wife seemed happy and my daughters cheerful. But happiness is not of long duration; the bloom upon my daughter's cheek began to fade,—soon she was laid upon a sick bed—every art was used to recover her, but it was of no use; we bore her to her silent resting-place.

Scarcely had the freshness of our grief passed away, before another—until four beautiful daughters lay beneath the waving branches of the hollow oak.

My wife and only remaining child grew pale; I began to suspect that all was not right—that our house contained some secret infection. I summoned the health officers, who examined the premises and found, under the basement in which our family usually sat, and where my daughters lodged at night, a pond of putrid water, kept supplied by filthy drippings from the adjoining tenement. We immediately vacated the premises for one more healthy; but my wife continued to decline gradually; the angel spun her winding sheet before our eyes, yet we scarcely perceived it. One morning she appeared more feeble than usual; I sat by her side and held her tender hand in mine.

'Charles,' said she, 'I am going to leave you, but I go to join that blessed company above, where I trust we shall meet again. May He who is my hope comfort you when I am gone, and bind up your wounded heart.'

A faint color reddened her cheek—her eye brightened into a smile—it fixed into a gaze—it closed forever.

Those only who have seen the object of their undying affection buried beneath the cold sod can judge of my affliction. But I looked towards him who struck the blow; beyond the rod I

saw the hand of a Father. In the days of one's calamity what a solace is religion; when every earthly source is dried up, we can look to that stream of living waters which flows from the throne of God.'

The good man's countenance glowed with faith and love, hope beamed in his eye and animated his decayed features. My little friend dropped the tear which had been gathering in her eye, her heart was full of compassion. For my own part, as the old man's voice paused a moment, and his half-closed eyes were lifted up devoutly to heaven, I could not help thinking now, when his heart is pressed down with sorrow, what a solace to pour out the burden of his soul into the ear of Him, on whose power awaits life and death—happiness and misery.

'Only one was left to cheer the solitude of my life'—continued the old man;—'"she was a lovely child—beautiful, gay and witty. Her lively familiarity rendered our little circle cheerful to the stranger and the friend. She was admired by many: one only had power to win her heart. They were married; happiness brightened on their pathway. I sympathized in their joys, and felt renewed life and vigor. By degrees the sorrows of my heart softened into a tender recollection of the past, my thoughts began to fix on new objects and bright anticipations,—but alas!—

'Soon fades the rose; once passed the fragrant hour,  
The loiterer finds a bramble for a flower.'

Lieutenant W— was ordered to T—s. He had just arrived at his post, when he was taken sick with the prevailing fever, and died. This was a sore trial to me—it almost broke my heart; but my poor daughter!—

'She left only one—little Emily?' inquired I, anxious to relieve the afflicted man, by breaking the pause.

'One,' said he, "and she too has gone to heaven." Then in a voice touchingly pathetic, he repeated—

"'Soon, soon thy little feet have trod  
The skyward path, the seraph's road,  
That led thee back from man to God.'"

A tenderness comes over my spirit as I relate this story, as when we parted from the old man. Truly it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.—*White Flag.*

### Use of the Passions.

The passions are in morals what motion is in physics; they create, preserve, and animate; and without them, all would be silence and death. Avarice guides men across the deserts of the ocean; pride covers the earth with trophies, and mausoleums, and pyramids: love turns men from their savage rudeness; ambition shakes the very foundations of kingdoms. By the love of glory, weak nations swell into magnitude and strength. Whatever there is of terrible, whatever there is of beautiful in human events, all that shakes the world to and fro, and is remembered while thought and flesh cling together—all these have their origin from the passions. As it is only in storms, and when their coming waters are driven up into the air, and we catch a sight of the depths of the sea, so it is only in the season of perturbation that we have a glimpse of the real internal nature of man. It is then only that the might of these eruptions shaking his frame, dissipate all the feeble coverings of opinion, and rend in pieces that cobweb veil with which fashion hides the feeling of the heart. It is then only that Nature speaks her genuine feelings and, as at the last night of Troy, when Venus illumined the darkness, Æneas saw the gods themselves at work—so may we, when the blaze of passion is flung upon man's nature, mark in him the signs of a celestial origin, and tremble at the invisible agent of God.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

Can he whose soul yearns for the immortality of Heaven, ever be given up to despair here? Beyond tumultuous billows, and over mountains wrapped in gloom, is there not a light stirring to cheer the pilgrim and the wayfarer?



## THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

BY E. W. C. GREENE.

I gazed upon her yesterday for the last time, as she lay couch-  
ed in white, enrobed for the bridal couch of the Grave! There  
were few around her then, and very few whose hearts melted  
into tears, as they stood gazing upon her for the last time. They  
had not known her or her history—they had not seen her as I  
had seen her, in her earlier years—a being bright and beautiful  
as an angel, with a spirit all too pure for earth. They had not  
seen the father and the mother, the sisters and the brothers of  
that girl, droop and fall like leaves around her path.

When I first met her it was in the summer-time. It was an  
early day in June. The grass had grown green and high, wav-  
ing like a beautiful lake, as the wind through lofty trees rushed  
over its placid surface. The sea, and sky, and birds, and flow-  
ers, all lent enchantment to the scene, where that girl of sixteen  
summers danced upon the beautiful sward, her dark eyes glanc-  
ing upon the admiring youths who mingled with the festive par-  
ty. She was then guileless. She had never mingled with the  
world, nor known its cares, its vexations, and its sorrows. She  
deemed every thing and every body good and pure, and dream-  
ed not even that one human soul might be unhappy.

I met her afterward, often, and mingled in her joyousness.  
We grew up together, and she seemed to me always like an an-  
gel-visitant to earth. But that was many, many years ago,  
when not a cloud had crossed the sunshine of her heart.

I had noticed often the affection, which she never concealed,  
for Herbert—. I had watched her mild eyes as they follow-  
ed him from place to place, the quiet glow which stole gently  
over her cheeks as he pressed her hand in his, and the warmth  
which indicated her feelings as she spoke. And I knew that  
love like hers but very few may feel.

Herbert was the only son of one of the rich men of the city  
in which they both resided, and in form and person was alto-  
gether such a man as to command admiration. His mind, too,  
was well stored with information on all subjects, and his con-  
versation and manners were entertaining and impassioned. It  
was no wonder that Mary loved him as she did—it was no won-  
der that her eyes followed him, that her cheeks glowed, that her  
feelings warmed when he stood beside her.

One by one, as I have said, she followed her kindred to the  
grave—and at nineteen she stood alone to battle with the world  
and its ills. With a brave, good heart she joined the Sisterhood  
of Toil, and worked bravely with her hands from early morn-  
ing till late at night. As time wore on the visits of her soul's idol  
became less frequent,—as time rolled on, she still toiled with  
her needle, perhaps with less cheerfulness than before—though  
her heart was as pure, and her eyes as bright as ever.

I followed that girl through all the mazes of her life—I fol-  
lowed her long after "her own beloved" had sought the side of  
others, less fair and beautiful,—others, whose families in wealth  
were far above poor Mary. She saw this—she remembered the  
many vows of constancy which had fallen sweetly on her ear  
and leaped into the innermost recesses of her heart. She never  
murmured, but still worked on, sixteen hours daily, for bread  
and the simplest articles of dress.

The Toiler's fate in a great city is fully equal to the bigot's  
hell. Robbed of the fruits of their labor—denied the comforts  
and enjoyments of a quiet home—forced to work, work, work,  
without hope, and in the darkest despair, their life presents a  
continued struggle between virtue and vice—ending at last  
either on the gallows, in the prison, or on the consumptive's  
lingering bed. Oh! ye who prate of the chains of southern  
slavery,—ye who shout for negro freedom, and against the  
wrongs inflicted on that injured race, I would have you come  
with me to the great city and walk through its living hells, its  
human slavery, worse than the veriest Egyptian bondage. I  
would have you walk among the poor of the great city—I would  
have you see white men and white women reeling in drunken-  
ness, steeped in debaucheries of all kinds, profaning the name  
of the living God, and ridiculing the name of Jesus, who preach-

ed "the gospel to the poor." I would show you more than this.  
White men and women, pure, virtuous, and undefiled, robbed of  
even the right to toil, stretched upon dying beds, and denied  
even of the solace of ministerial, medical, and human aid—  
breathing their last breath without a human soul to whisper a  
word of hope in their ears. Then I would show you the mil-  
lions of dollars that are expended annually by missionary and  
tract societies, to convert the heathens of a far-off country—the  
millions that are expended annually in behalf of the negroes of  
the south—and then I would show you that not one word have  
these christian sympathizers with the heathen and the negro for  
the white men and white women—the workers of the great city.  
More than this. I would show you that every appeal made  
upon their benevolent natures in behalf of white humanity as  
well as black, is received with sneering and rejected with in-  
sult.

I would take you to the employer of the broken-hearted Mary  
—whose idol was lost to her when she was forced to work—  
whose heart withered up within her, with her silent grief—whose  
health was impaired by continued toil—and I would show you a  
type of that class who rob the poor workers to give to mission-  
aries and to benefit the negroes—I would show you the room  
where I saw that pure and spotless girl work and work, and die  
—and I would ask you there if the humanity which prompts us  
to wrong one portion of our sisters and brothers to benefit ano-  
ther is not a lie, and unholy in the sight of that God who created  
of one blood, "all nations of the earth!"

\* \* \* \* \*

We buried Mary yesterday,—Mary—the broken-hearted,  
over-worked, yet noble-souled Mary—who could suffer wrong  
because of her poverty, yet who could look into the windows of  
Heaven with a spirit longing to quit its earthly prison, and dwell  
in the World Unknown—far, far up yonder. And I thought, as  
I stood beside her open grave, that though her idol may have  
wealth, and her employer what this world terms religion, the  
Great spirit might yet repay them for the unquenchable agony  
which drove that good girl to the grave of the Broken-Hearted.  
—*Waukesha Democrat.*

☞ The young should be spared from sorrow as much as  
possible. Never dim the sunshine of hope and joy so as to  
leave them without even the memory of its glory.

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