

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.

PHILOSOPHY OF INSPIRATION.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

As we have bodily senses to lay hold on Matter, and supply bodily wants, through which we obtain, naturally, all needed material things, so we have spiritual faculties to lay hold on God, and supply spiritual wants; through them we obtain all needed spiritual things. As we observe the conditions of the body, we have Nature on our side; and as we observe the law of the soul, we have God on our side. He imparts truth to all men who observe these conditions; we have direct access to Him, through Reason, Conscience, and the Religious Sentiment, just as we have direct access to Nature, through the eye, the ear, or the hand. Through these channels, and by means of a law, certain, regular, and universal as gravitation, God inspires men, makes revelation of truth, for is not truth as much a phenomenon of God, as motion of Matter? Therefore if God be omnipresent and omniactive, this inspiration is no miracle, but a regular mode of God's action on conscious Spirit, as gravitation on unconscious Matter. It is not a rare condescension of God, but a universal uplifting of Man. To obtain a knowledge of duty, a man is not sent away, outside of himself to ancient documents, for the only rule of faith and practice; the Word is very nigh him, even in his heart, and by this Word he is to try all documents whatever. Inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is not limited to the few writers claimed by the Jews, Christians, or Mahometans, but is co-extensive with the race. As God fills all space, so all Spirit; as he influences and constrains unconscious and necessitated Matter, so he inspires and helps free and conscious Man.

This theory does not make God limited, partial, or capricious. It exalts Man. While it honors the excellence of a religious genius, of a Moses, or a Jesus, it does not pronounce their character monstrous, as the supernatural, nor fanatical, as the rationalist theory, but natural, human, and beautiful, revealing the perfectibility of mankind. Prayer, whether conscious or spontaneous, a word or a feeling, felt in gratitude or penitence, or joy or resignation—is not a soliloquy of the man, nor a physiological function, nor an address to a deceased man; but a sally into the infinite spiritual world, whence we bring back light and truth. There are windows towards God, as towards the world. There is no intercessor, angel, mediator, between Man and God; for Man can speak and God hear, each for himself. He requires no advocate to plead for men, who need not pray by attorney. Each soul stands close to the omnipresent God; may feel his beautiful presence, and have familiar access to the All-Father; get truth at first hand from its Author. Wisdom, righteousness, love, are the spirit of God in the soul of Man: wherever these are, and just in proportion to their power, there is inspiration from God. Thus God is not the Author of confusion, but concord; Faith and Knowledge, and Revelation, and Reason, tell the same tale, and so legitimate and confirm one another.

God's action on Matter and on Man is perhaps the same thing to Him, though it appears differently to us. But it is plain, from the nature of things, that there can be but one *kind* of inspiration, as of Truth, Faith, or Love: it is the direct and intuitive perception of some truth, either of thought or of sentiment. There can be but one *mode* of inspiration: it is the action of the Highest within the soul, the divine presence imparting light; this

presence, as Truth, Justice, Holiness, Love, infusing itself into the soul, giving it new life; the breathing in of Deity; the income of God to the Soul, in the form of truth through the Reason, of right through the Conscience, of love and faith through the Affections and Religious Sentiment. Is inspiration confined to religious matters alone? Most surely not. Is Newton less inspired than Simon Peter?

Now if the above views be true, there seems no ground for supposing, without historical proof, there are different kinds or modes of inspiration in different persons, nations or ages, in Minos or Moses, in Gentiles or Jews, in the first century or the last. If God be infinitely perfect, He does not change; then His modes of action are perfect and unchangeable. The laws of Mind, like those of Matter, remain immutable and not transcended. As God has left no age nor man destitute, by nature, of Reason, Conscience, Religion, so he leaves none destitute of inspiration. It is, therefore, the light of all our being; the background of all human faculties; the sole means by which we gain a knowledge of what is not seen and felt; the logical condition of all sensual knowledge; our highway to the world of Spirit. Man cannot, more than Matter, exist without God. Inspiration, then, like vision, must be every where the same thing in kind, however it differs in *degree*, from race to race, from man to man. The degree of inspiration must depend on two things: first, on the natural ability, the particular intellectual, moral, and religious endowment, or genius, wherewith each man is furnished by God; and, next on the use each man makes of this endowment. In one word, it depends on the man's *quantity of Being* and his *quantity of Obedience*. Now as men differ widely in their intellectual endowments, and much more widely in the use and development thereof, there must, of course, be various degrees of inspiration, from the lowest sinner up to the highest saint. All men are not by birth capable of the same degree of inspiration; and by culture and acquired character, they are still less capable of it. A man of noble intellect, of deep, rich, benevolent affections, is, by his endowments, capable of more than one less gifted. He that perfectly keeps the soul's law, thus fulfilling the conditions of inspiration, has more than he who keeps it imperfectly; the former must receive all his soul can contain at that stage of his growth. Thus it depends on a man's own will, in great measure, to what extent he will be inspired. The man of humble gifts at first, by faithful obedience, may attain a greater degree than one of larger outfit, who neglects his talent. The Apostles of the New Testament, and the true saints of all countries, are proofs of this. Inspiration, then, is the consequence of a faithful use of our faculties. Each man is its subject; God its source; Truth its only test. But as truth appears in various modes to us, higher and lower, and may be superficially divided, according to our faculties, into truths of the Senses, of the Understanding, of Reason, of Conscience, of the Religious Sentiment, so the perception of truth in the highest mode, that of Reason, Morals, Religion, is the highest inspiration. He, then, that has the most of wisdom, goodness, religion, the most of truth in the highest modes, is the most inspired.

Now, universal infallible inspiration, can, of course, only be the attendant and result of a perfect fulfillment of all the laws of mind, of the moral and the religious nature; and as each man's faculties are limited, it is not possible to men. A foolish man, as such, cannot be inspired to reveal Wisdom; nor a wicked man to reveal Virtue; nor an impious man to reveal Religion. Unto him that hath, more is given. The poet reveals Poetry; the artist, Art; the philosopher, Science; the saint, Religion.

The greater, purer, loftier, more complete the character, so is the inspiration; for he that is true to Conscience, faithful to Reason, obedient to Religion, has not only the strength of his own virtue, wisdom, and piety, but the whole strength of Omnipotence on his side; for Goodness, Truth, and Love, as we conceive them, are not one thing in Man, and another in God, but the same thing in each. Thus Man partakes of the Divine Nature, as the Platonists, Christians, and Mystics call it. By these means the Soul of all flows into the man; what is private, personal, peculiar, ebbs off before that mighty influx from on high. What is universal, absolute, true, speaks out of his lips, in rude, homely utterance, it may be, or in words that burn and sparkle like the lightning's fiery flash.

This inspiration reveals itself in various forms, modified by the country, character, education, peculiarity of him who receives it, just as water takes the form and the color of the cup into which it flows, and must needs mingle with the impurities it chances to meet. Thus Minos and Moses were inspired to make laws; David to pour out his soul in pious strains, deep and sweet as an angel's psalter; Pindar to celebrate virtuous deeds in high heroic song; John the Baptist to denounce sin; Gerson, and Luther, and Bohme, and Fenelon, and Fox, to do each his peculiar work, and stir the world's heart deep, very deep. Plato and Newton, Milton and Isaiah, Leibnitz and Paul, Mozart, Raphael, Phidias, Praxiteles, Orpheus, receive into their various forms the one spirit from God most high. It appears in action not less than speech. The spirit inspires Dorcas to make coats and garments for the poor, no less than Paul to preach the Gospel. As that bold man himself has said, "There are diversities of gift, but the same spirit; diversities of operations, but the same God who worketh all in all." In one man it may appear the iron hardness of reasoning, which breaks through sophistry, and prejudice, the rubbish and diluvial drift of time. In another it is subdued and softened by the flame of affection; the hard iron of the man is melted and becomes a stream of persuasion, sparkling as it runs.

Inspiration does not destroy the man's freedom; that is left fetterless by obedience. It does not reduce all to one uniform standard, but Habbakuk speaks in his own way, and Hugh de St. Victor in his. The man can obey or not obey; can quench the spirit, or feed it, as he will. Thus Jonah flees from his duty; Calchas will not tell the truth till out of danger; Peter dissembles and lies. Each of these men had schemes of his own, which he would carry out, God willing or not willing. But when the sincere man receives the truth of God into his soul, knowing it as God's truth, then it takes such a hold of him as nothing else can do. It makes the weak strong, the timid brave, men of slow tongue become full of power and persuasion.—There is a new soul in the man, which takes him, as it were, by the hair of the head, and sets him down where the idea he wishes for demands. It takes the man away from the hall of comfort, the society of his friends; makes him austere and lonely; cruel to himself, if need be; sleepless in his vigilance, unfaltering in his toil; never resting from his work. It takes the rose out of the cheek; turns the man in on himself, and gives him more of truth. Then, in a poetic fancy, the man sees visions; has wondrous revelation; every mountain thunders; God burns in every bush; flames out in the crimson cloud; speaks in the wind; descends with every dove; is All in All. The Soul, deep-wrought in its intense struggle, gives outness to its thought, and on the trees and stars, the fields, the floods, the ripe corn for the sickle, on men and women, it sees its burthen writ. The Spirit within constrains the man. It is like wine that hath no vent. He is full of the God. While he muses the fire burns; his bosom will scarce hold his heart. He must speak or he dies, though the earthquake at his word. Timid flesh may resist, and Moses say, I am of slow speech. What of that? The Soul says: Go, and I will be with thy mouth, to quicken thy tardy tongue. Shrinking Jeremiah, effeminate and timid, recoils before the fearful word—"The flesh will quiver when the pincers tear." He says: I cannot speak. I am a child. But the great Soul of All flows into him and says: Say not "I am a child!" for I am with thee. Gird up thy loins like a man, and

speak all that I command thee. Be not afraid at men's faces, for I will make thee a defenced city, a column of steel, and walls of brass. Speak, then, against the whole land of sinners; against the kings thereof, the princes thereof, its people and its priests. They may fight against thee, but they shall not prevail; for I am with thee. Devils tempt the man with terror of defeat and want, with the hopes of selfish ambition. It avails nothing. A "Get-thee-behind-me, Satan," brings angels to help. Then are the man's lips touched with a live coal from the altar of Truth, brought by a seraph's hand. He is baptized with the spirit of fire. His countenance is like lightning. Truth thunders from his tongue—his words eloquent as Persuasion; no terror is terrible; no fear formidable. The peaceful is satisfied to be a man of strife and contention, his hand against every man, to root up and pluck down and destroy, to build with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. He came to bring peace, but he must set a fire, and his soul is straitened till his work be done. Elisha must leave his oxen in the furrow; Amos desert his summer fruit and his friend; and Bohme, and Bunyan, and Fox, and a thousand others, stout-hearted and God-inspired, must go forth of their errand, into the faithless world, to accept the prophet's mission, be stoned, hated, scourged, slain. Resistance is nothing to these men. Over them steel loses its power, and public opprobrium its shame; deadly things do not harm them; they count loss, gain—shame, glory—death, triumph. These are the men who move the world. They have an eye to see its follies—a heart to weep and bleed for its sin.—Filled with a soul as wide as yesterday, to-day, and forever, they pray great prayers for sinful Man. The wild wail of a brother's heart runs through the saddening music of their speech. The destiny of these men is forecast in their birth.—They are doomed to fall on evil times and evil tongues, come when they will come. The Priest and the Levite war with the Prophet and do him to death. They brand his name with infamy; cast his unburied bones into the Gehenna of popular shame; John the Baptist must leave his head in a charger; Socrates die the death; Jesus be nailed to his cross; and Justin, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, and millions of hearts stout as these and as full of God, must mix their last prayers, their admonition, and farewell blessing, with the crackling snap of fagots, the hiss of quivering flesh, the impotent tears of wife and child, and the mad roar of the exulting crowd. Every path where mortal feet now tread secure, has been beaten out of the hard flint by prophets and holy men, who went before us, with bare and bleeding feet, to smooth the way for our reluctant tread. It is the blood of prophets that softens the Alpine rock. Their bones are scattered in all the high places of mankind. But God lays his burdens on no vulgar men. He never leaves their souls a prey. He paints Elysium on their dungeon wall. In the populous chamber of their heart, the light of Faith shines bright, and never dies. For such as are on the side of God there is no cause to fear.

The influence of God in Nature, in its mechanical, vital, or instinctive action, is beautiful. The shapely trees; the corn and the cattle; the dew and the flowers; the bird, the insect; moss and stone; fire and water, and earth and air; the clear blue sky that folds the world in its soft embrace; the light which rides on swift pinions, enchanting all it touches, reposing harmless on an infant's eyelid, after its long passage from the other side of the universe—all these are noble and beautiful; they admonish while they delight us, these silent counselors and sovereign aids. But the inspiration of God in Man, when faithfully obeyed, is nobler and far more beautiful. It is not the passive elegance of unconscious things which we see resulting from Man's voluntary obedience. That might well charm us in nature; in Man we look for more. Here the beauty is intellectual, the beauty of Thought, which comprehends the world and understands its laws; it is moral, the beauty of Virtue, which overcomes the world and lives by its own laws; it is religious, the beauty of Holiness, which rises above the world and lives by the law of the Spirit of Life. A single good man, at one with God, makes the morning and evening sun seem little and very low. It is a higher mode of the Divine Power that appears in him, self-conscious and self-restrained.

Now this, it seems, is the only kind of inspiration which is possible. It is co-extensive with the faithful use of Man's natural powers. Men may call it miraculous, but nothing is more natural; or they may say it is entirely human, for it is the result of Man's use of his faculties. But what is more divine than Wisdom, Goodness, Religion? Are not these the points on which Man and God conjoin? If He is present and active in spirit—such must be the perfect result of the action. No doubt there is a mystery in it, as in sensation, in all the functions of Man. But what then? As a good man has said; "God worketh with us both to will and to do." Reason, Conscience, Religion, meditate between us and God, as the senses between us and matter. Is one more surprising than the other? Is the one to be condemned as *spiritual* mysticism or Pantheism? Then so is the other as *material* mysticism or Pantheism. Alas, we know but in part; our knowledge is circumscribed by our ignorance.

Now it is the belief of all primitive nations that God inspires the wise, the good and the holy. Yes, that He works with Man in every noble work. No doubt their poor conceptions of God degraded the doctrine and ascribed to the Deity what came from their disobedience of his law.

The wisest and holiest men have spoken in the name of God. Minos, Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, Zaleucus, Numa, Mahomet, profess to have received their doctrine straightway from Him. The sacred persons of all nations, from the Druids to the Pope, refer back to his direct inspiration. From this source the Sibylline oracles, the responses at Delphi, the sacred books of all nations, the Vedas and the Bible, alike claim to proceed. Pagans tell us no man was ever great without a divine afflatus falling upon him. Much falsity was mingled with the true doctrine, for that was imperfectly understood, and violence, and folly, and lies were thus ascribed to God. Still the popular belief shows that the human mind turns naturally in this direction.—Each prophet, false or true, in Palestine, Nubia, India, Greece, spoke in the name of God. In this name the apostles of Christ and of Mahomet, the Catholic and the Protestant, went to their work. A good man feels that Justice, Goodness, Truth, are immutable, not dependent on himself; that certain convictions come by a law over which he has no control. There they stand—he can not alter though he may refuse to obey them. Some have considered themselves bare tools in the hand of God; they did and said they knew not what, thus charging their follies and sins on God most high. Others, going to a greater degree of insanity, have confounded God with themselves, declaring that they were God. But even if likeness were perfect, it is not identity. Not a ray from the primal light falls on Man. No doubt there have been men of a high degree of inspiration, in all countries; the founders of the various religions of the world. But they have been limited in their gifts, and their use of them. The doctrine they taught had somewhat national, temporal, even personal in it; and so was not the Absolute Religion. No man is so great as human nature, nor can one finite being feed forever all his brethren. So their doctrines were limited in extent and duration.

Now this inspiration is limited to no sect, age, or nation. It is as wide as the world, and common as God. It is not given to a few men, in the infancy of mankind, to monopolize inspiration and bar God out of the soul. You and I are not born in the dotage and decay of the world. The stars are beautiful as in their prime; "the most ancient heavens are fresh and strong;" the bird merry as ever at his clear heart. God is still every where in nature, at the line, the pole, in a mountain or a moss. Wherever a heart beats with love; where Faith and Reason utter their oracles, there also is God, as formerly in the heart of seers and prophets. Neither Gerizim nor Jerusalem, nor the soil that Jesus blessed, so holy as the good man's heart; nothing so full of God. This inspiration is not given to the learned alone, not to the great and wise, but to every faithful child of God. The world is close to the body; God closer to the Soul, not only without but within, for the all-pervading current flows into each. The clear sky bends over each man, little or great; let him uncover his head, there is nothing between him and infinite space.

So the ocean of God encircles all men; uncover the soul of its sensuality, selfishness, sin, there is nothing between it and God, who flows into the man as light into the air. Certain as the open eye drinks in the light, do the pure in heart see God, and he that lives truly feels him as a presence not to be put by.

But this is a doctrine of experience as much as of abstract reasoning. Every man who has ever prayed—prayed with the mind, prayed with the heart, greatly and strong, knows the truth of this doctrine, welcomed by pious souls. There are hours—and they come to all men—when the hand of destiny seems heavy upon us; when the thought of time misspent; the pang of affection misplaced or ill-required; the experience of man's worse nature and the sense of our own degradation, come over us. In the outward and inward trials, we know not which way to turn. The heart faints, and is ready to perish. Then in the deep silence of the soul, when the man turns inward to God, light, comfort, peace, dawn on him. His troubles—they are but a dew-drop on his sandal. His enmities or jealousies, hopes, fears, honors, disgraces, all the undeserved mishaps of life, are lost to the view—diminished, and then hid in the mists of the valley he has left behind and below him. Resolution comes over him with its vigorous wing; Truth is as clear as noon; the soul in faith rushes to its God. The mystery is at an end.

It is no vulgar superstition to say men are inspired in such times. They are the seed-time of life. Then we live whole years through in a few moments; and afterwards, as we journey on in life, cold and dusty, and travel-worn, and faint, we look to that moment as a point of light; the remembrance of it comes over us like the music of our homes heard in a distant land. Like Elisha in the fable, we go long years in the strength thereof. It travels with us, a great wakening light, a pillar of fire in the darkness, to guide us through the lonely pilgrimage of life. These hours of inspiration, like the flower of the aloe tree, may be rare, but are yet the celestial blossoming of Man; the result of the past, the prophecy of the future. They are not numerous to any man. Happy is he that has ten such in a year, yes, in a life-time.

Now to many men who have but once felt this—when heaven lay about them in their infancy, before the world was too much with them, and they laid waste their powers, getting and spending—when they look back upon it, across the dreary gulf, where Honor, Virtue, Religion, have made shipwreck and perished with their youth, it seems visionary, a shadow, dream-like, unreal. They count it a phantom of their inexperience; the vision of a child's fancy, raw and unused to the world. Now they are wiser. They cease to believe in inspiration. They can only credit the saying of the priests, that long ago there were inspired men, but none now; that you and I must bow our faces to the dust, groping like the blind-worm and the beetle—not to turn our eyes to the broad, free heaven; that we cannot walk by the great central and celestial light that God made to guide all that come into the world, but only by the farthing-candle of tradition, poor and flickering light which we get of the priest, which casts strange and fearful shadows around us as we walk, that "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind." Alas for us, if this be all.

But can it be so? Has infinity laid aside its omnipotence, retreating to some little corner of space? No. The grass grows as green; the birds chirp as gaily; the sun shines as warm; the moon and the stars walk in their pure beauty, sublime as before; morning and evening have lost none of their loveliness; not a jewel has fallen from the diadem of light. God is still there; ever present in Matter, else it were not; else the serpent of Fate would coil him about the All of things; would crush it in his remorseless grasp, and the hour of ruin strike creation's knell.

Can it be, then, as so many tell us, that God, transcending time and space, immanent in Matter, has forsaken Man; retreated from the Shekinah in the Holy of Holies, to the court of the Gentiles; that now He will stretch forth no aid, but leave his tottering child to wander on, amid the palpable obscure, eyeless and fatherless, without a path, with no guide but his feeble brother's words and works; groping after God if haply he may

find him; and learning at last, that he is but a God afar off, to be approached only by mediators and attorneys, not face to face, as before. Can it be that Thought shall fly through the heaven, his pinion glittering in the ray of every star, burnished by a million suns, and then come drooping back, with ruffled plume and flagging wing, and eye that once looked undazzled on the sun, now spiritless and cold—come back to tell us God is no Father—that He veils his face and will not look upon his child, his erring child! No more can this be true. Conscience is still God-with-us; a prayer is as deep as ever of old; Reason as true; Religion as blessed. Faith still remains the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Love is yet mighty to cast out fear. The soul still searches the depths of God; the pure in heart see him. The substance of the Infinite is not yet exhausted, nor the well of life drunk dry. The Father is near us as ever, else Reason were a traitor, Morality a hollow form, Religion a mockery, and Love a hideous lie. Now, as in the days of Adam, Moses, Jesus, he that is faithful to Reason, Conscience, and Religion, will, through them, receive inspiration to guide him through all his pilgrimage.—*Discourses on Religion.*

True Dignity.

"How many vegetate in idle life,
A worthless hero! Earth's listless cumber;
Born only to consume her liberal fruits:
How many live in pleasure, seeking still
To gratify poor self, nor caring ought
For good or ill beyond."

Others seem to live for no better purpose than to be weights upon the wheel of progress and enterprise, and to vex society with crime and deeds of malevolence. There appear to be multitudes of such thronging our sea-board cities and otherwise peaceful metropolitan marts and towns of the great West. Their errand to our globe appears to be the most difficult object to scan, unless to play the thief, plague society with their presence, and to grace ultimately the cloisters of our county and state prisons. Such are, notwithstanding their high pretensions often, indeed not the true dignitaries, the blessings and benefactors of human society whom we would humbly commend.

Some men apparently aim very high—and by the way it is noble to set a high standard of true excellence—but they do this only as a mere pretence. They desire commendation without being worthy of it—they would be esteemed as gold when in fact they are but mere dross in the scale. Such sometimes assume the air of the sage, the profundity of the philosopher, or the dignity of the divine. Let not, gentle reader, such deceive thee with their prepossessions, or assumed meritoriousness. To such we address ourselves from our humble position in society.

"Look thou from the mountain summit,
On the human world below;
Fathoming with mental plummet,
Depth of soul from height of brow?"

Please to look once more from your Alpine highness and behold those forsooth far below thee, soaring on the wings of their native excellence and vigor, far, far above thee with joyous pinions.

Wealth and emolument confer no real merit, neither is true dignity to be sought among the proud, opulent and would-be-great of the earth. It is mind, morals, and true rectitude, after all is said, that really makes the man of worth and excellence, and shapes the character of earth's true noblemen. Not grace, then, of manner, nor beauty, nor "blood royalty," nor wit, nor fashion, nor all the blandishments of art and wealth, can impart to any true moral dignity. It lies and flourishes above and beyond all these. It is not locked up in the impenetrable recesses of the heart. It is a principle that lives in the affections and blooms in the life of every man who in truth "does justly, loves mercy, and walks humbly with God." Here, in the best and strictest sense, is the true standard of the dignity of man.

To descend, therefore, in the scale of this just equilibrium of

moral worth, is but to leave the highest round of human attainment. While, then, an intellectual man is a noble being, an honest man is a nobler still, while a christian is the noblest of all. Thus by these delightful gradations man ascends towards God, and at length becomes allied to angels and heavenly spirits.

But the reverse of all this we find in the downward scale. Most commonly men descend from moral greatness and intellectual renown by degrees; some, however, precipitate themselves. There is not perhaps a more melancholy sight on earth than a great mind in ruin or a fallen soul! Heaven assist us to ascend with a sure and steady step the acclivity of human greatness and to soar continually upwards and onwards, not only towards an earthly but a heavenly goal! The true dignity of man is an object worth seeking, a good worth attaining. For in the light we have been viewing it, it comprehends all intellectual and moral excellence.

"Oh what a glorious being were man
Knew he but his own powers, and, knowing, give them
Room for their growth and spread!"

Kenosha Telegraph.

Voices from the Spirit-World.

HYMN OF REJOICING.

The following lines in substance were apparently dictated by a spirit, though the medium of a lady in Philadelphia.

See, the glorious light is breaking
O'er the streamlet, hill and plain,
From his slumber man is waking,
Rising forth to life again.
No more shall he slumber
And waste without number,
The moments that God
On him hath bestowed.

Man has ever been progressing,
From his early birth till now,
While before him, onward pressing,
Earthly creatures humbly bow.
Ever thus will it be,
For the spirits can see
The great Power above
Work all things in love.

The time has come when man shall see
Brightness dawning on the earth,
For now the time has come when we
Bring him joys of heavenly birth.
Hark to the angel choir,
Which doth of thee require
To fulfill thy part,
With submissive heart.

From our brighter home descending
Listen to the heavenly tones,
Which in music sweet are blending
With the songs of earthly ones.
We will teach thee of God
But not speak of his rod,—
We wish but to prove
The beauties of love.

When our mighty truths proclaiming
Love shall sound throughout the sky,
From their fears all souls reclaiming,
None shall from their Maker fly.
Only love is the theme,
Which on us can beam
Those smiles of pure joy
That know no alloy

By our Father's pleasure coming,
We will bring thee smiles of love,—
In a glorious cause we're working,
Lifting man to God above.
Approaching with pleasure,
We bring thee a treasure
Which with thee shall stay
Through the endless day.

Will not men, our voices heeding,
Haste with us to join their hands,—
Forming circles—ever feeding
On the love of angel-bands?
O soon they will meet us,
And gladly will greet us,
For then they will rise
With us to the skies.

Message from a Companion.

The communication which we here insert, was addressed to Mr. G. F. Redstone, of Newtown Conn., by his wife in the Spirit-land. It was received through the medium of Mr. Gordon, while in the Springfield Cemetery, under circumstances which rendered it peculiarly satisfactory:—

"My husband dear, go on—go on. Your mission is a glorious one when viewed in its proper light, and you shall receive much joy if you are faithful to your calling. I have approached you at this time and place, because your mind was in a condition to be approached. You have thought and spoken of me, and knew not that I was present. I am often with you, and manifest myself to you. Often are you made aware of my presence by impression and gentle touches upon your person. Yes, it is I who has caused you to think of me and the Spirit-land. In the silent hours of night I gently approach thee, and strive to raise the veil which hangs over you, so that your spirit may catch a glimpse of the beauty and harmony of this our home in the celestial spheres. I have roved over fields and glens—have viewed silvery streamlets, shining lakes, and the most lovely groves. I cannot enable you to comprehend the beauties which I behold always. We have to communicate to you through the organs of clay, which are not perfect, and therefore it is with great difficulty that we can cause you to understand and realize our relationship to the earth. Though I am freed from the earthly body, yet we are not separated—no, not separated; for we are bound together by those strong cords of love which can never be broken. Those cords are but extended—lengthened out, and we shall meet again when the spirit shall take its flight for this land of rest. The earthly eye can behold only the things of earth, but the spirit, when freed from its material organs, can perceive without obstruction. There are no narrow limits as on earth, to restrict the view of the free spirit. Oh that the inhabitants of earth could behold the glories of this celestial home!

Whisperings of the Departed.

It is a beautiful truth that everything in all Nature has a voice. There are silent though eloquent whisperings flowing ever from the earth and sky. The dull ear of man may not hear their sound while the sense of the soul is closed; but let the powers within be quickened into action, and let the glories of the inner universe be known,—then shall he listen to the entrancing melody that fills the sanctuary of creation. So when the interior senses are opened and the soul rises toward heaven upon the wing of prayer, there are low, musical whisperings stealing from the beautiful Land—sweet tones of departed loved ones, which fall, like gentle dew, upon the worn and weary heart. Let us therefore listen that we may hear; so that when the dark hour shall come, celestial voices may bring us words of comfort.

R. P. A.

There is no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Psychological Department.

Singular Verification of a Dream.

A letter from Hamburg contains the following curious story relative to the verification of a dream. It appears that a locksmith's apprentice, one morning lately, informed his master (Claude Soller) that on the previous night he dreamed that he had been assassinated on the road to Bergsdorff, a little town at about two hours' distance from Hamburg. The master laughed at the young man's credulity, and, to prove that he himself had little faith in dreams, insisted upon sending him to Bergsdorff with one hundred and forty six dollars, which he owed to his brother-in-law, who resided in the town. The apprentice, after in vain imploring his master to change his intention, was compelled to set out at about 11 o'clock. On arriving at the village of Billwaerder, half-way between Hamburg and Bergsdorff, he recollected his dream with terror; but perceiving the bailie of the village at a little distance, talking to some of his workmen, he accosted him, and acquainted him with his singular dream, at the same time requesting that, as he had money about his person, one of his workmen might be allowed to accompany him for protection across a small wood which lay in his way.—The bailie smiled, and, in obedience to his orders, one of his men set out with the young apprentice. The next day, the corpse of the latter was conveyed by some peasants to the bailie, along with a reaping-hook which had been found by his side, and with which the throat of the murdered youth had been cut. The bailie immediately recognized the instrument as one which he had on the previous day given to the workman who had served as the apprentice's guide, for the purpose of pruning some willows. The workman was apprehended, and, on being confronted with the body of his victim, made a full confession of his crime, adding that the recital of the dream had alone prompted him to commit the horrible act. The assassin, who is thirty-five years of age, is a native of Billwaerder, and, previously to the perpetration of the murder, had always borne an irreproachable character.—*Continental Newspaper.*

Witch Mania.

There is a form of malady, well known to medical men, where, with or without apparent bodily derangement, the mind becomes strangely prone to delusion or deceit, where the powers of invention, too, seem often to be multiplied a hundred fold; so that the most improbable stories, the most impossible sensations and maladies are related or simulated by the patient. That "hysteria," for so we name this disease, was as frequent in former days as it is now, there can be no doubt; and so constantly did those thus affected simulate the supposed symptoms of demoniacal possession, that witchcraft came to be considered almost the exclusive property of the fair sex, while the aged men of the community escaped unaccused, and, consequently, unhurt. One of the most singular characteristics of hysteria is the faculty of imitation developed by this disease. A girl is seized with an epileptic, or it may be merely an hysterical fit in a public school, and forthwith many others of her companions are affected in like manner. The same was the case in the convents in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A hysterical nun or novice exhibited the phenomena of hysteria, her fellow nuns gathered around her, and retired perchance to their cells, deeply impressed and terrified at the strange scene they had witnessed. Pondering over the case and its possible causes, the all-prevailing idea of witchcraft and of demoniacal possession had, perhaps, ere the morning came, fixed itself in the minds of many of the community; the subject was soon openly discussed, and possession by the devil once agreed upon, it only remains to point out the author of the mischief. Soon some hapless nun or lay sister, or dependent on the charity of the convent, became an object of suspicion; and, once suspected, her every action was watched and canvassed, till the feeling broke forth in a general accusation.—*Dublin Review.*

MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER 27, 1851.

NOTES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER THREE.

When one considers the vastness of the universe — that vastness that loses itself as it is swallowed up in the thought of Infinity, and when one considers the Infinity of Love, from which all came and to which all tend, what is there too wonderful to believe? It is not wonderful that we are to live again, having now an existence, and from the necessities of our being, Love seems to compel such a conclusion. The wonder would be, if any where, that we ever had an existence. But the thought of the Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, by which all things subsist, makes all things clear and all things possible.

A life of disobedience and wrong actions, is a life of continual pain, intricacies, doubt, skepticism, and trouble. "Wisdom's ways" alone "are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

In some degree God leaves every man to himself to find his way through life and to develop his own being. It is in this way: no two lives are exactly parallel. By the varying and different circumstances that attend every man's life, he must occupy, in a degree, a different sphere in life from that of any other. Yet every where may God be found. His Infinity is not an entanglement in which for the soul to lose itself, but its continual assurance of His presence, and the thought that fixes His palace-dwelling in the soul.

What a sphere of action is there for the individual at home! In the ordinary sphere of domestic life, how extended that sphere, how important our actions! It is not so much in a few great things that we do that our lives are made truly important, or our lives are made valuable, but in the constant performance of little duties, which performance gives the soul its true direction and goes to make up the sum of human happiness.

It is not the value of the thing itself we have obtained, or the pecuniary reward of our labor that determines the value of life, but the meaning we have derived from it, and the culture and development that have been produced by the service.

Wrong and error can never become immortal, no matter how colossal they may grow. Truth and Right alone have the germs and requisites of immortality.

The pure in heart alone can see God, because God is the infinitely Pure, and only like can speak to like; consequently it is alone in accordance with our degree of purity, that we possess the means and facilities of making ourselves acquainted with Him, and living lives in conformity with his character.

It is not in the power of our thoughts to hold all the truth of the Divine Wisdom and Love they mean to express. They however serve as resting-places and observatories of the soul, in which it finds rest and obtains strength and development to continue its investigations.

No work of our lives is ever complete, except the completeness of a part, as that of a flower, a rock, a star, or a tree.

How orderly in life is the opening and the unfolding of the affections. First the Paternal and Fraternal Love, then the Conjugal Love, of which the love of children forms a part, then

the true Love of God, the Father—the Love of all Loves,—then that of Universal Love. It is thus in fulfilling all our duties in their time and order, that we fulfill our destiny and that the soul finds its true law of progression and development.

In all things, for the Love of God and the Hope of Heaven, let us be patient. Who is it that rules the worlds, by whom all things exist and to whom all things tend? Who is it, whose rule extends beyond the light of all worlds, whose Will is one in all worlds, whose light comes trembling to each throughout the infinity of his empire, whose Will is obeyed in all earths and in all Heavens? The mighty God, the Wonderful, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Before such mighty thoughts what Soul cannot be patient? Let them ever visit us in the hour of our distress and gloom.

Notwithstanding the apparent fixedness of Law, we must never forget that the Divine Will is behind all, and is the executive power, by which Law has its birth and by which all things subsist. Until this thought is enthroned in the Soul, we can form no true conception of God,—our Religion will be tinctured with skepticism, our Philosophy be mechanical, and our vision dark and dim. Not until this thought is fully developed and has met and put down all obstacles and antagonisms, can the true Love of God be born in the Soul and can we know the Father. We must give a personality to Will even in respect to ourselves, and the seat of it is ever enthroned in the very center of our being. Do we not possess a sense of freedom? Does it not give to all the faculties their play and freedom, and must not the Supreme Being possess an infinite sense of its realization as He alone possesses an infinite Will?

If we wish to obtain a thing, we seek for it; it is the way by which alone we can expect to obtain it. What, then, is prayer? The heavenly desire and expression of the Soul by which it expresses and seeks to supply some wants for which it feels a need. Our desires are expressed in a two-fold way;—by the expression of our want, the sincerity of our desire to obtain it, and work, by which we expect to obtain it. Prayer, then, fulfills the law of receptivity by opening a way through which the blessing may come, and Thought and Work are the messengers who bring it to the Soul. The mere words of prayer are nothing, as they may exist without the soul animating them, so as to give them life, as there may be fissures in the rocky lips of a mountain, without there being the cool waters of a fountain flowing through them.

There can be no holy births, until we recognize the Religion of Love, which is the offspring of ideas of true marriage. That alone saves the marriage institution from degeneracy and the lowest sensualism, and lifts us up into the sunlight of God's beneficence and his all-wise Providence.

We are all voyagers of life. Each bark love-freighted and each borne upon the wave, is desiring to reach some land of fruit or gold, or some haven of rest. Slowly and slowly it winds its way down the stream of time till it is lost to the sight, and then it pursues its way, viewless to our eyes, though more real than the vapors that tend towards the sky, or the winds that traverse the earth. Fellow-voyagers, let the white sails of the soul be set, to catch the pure breezes that come to impel us on; let the silken flag of love be unfurled before all eyes; let Faith preside at the helm, and soon the soft light that shall bathe the soul in its virgin visitations and the sweet music that shall entrance our ears, and the messenger birds that shall hover over, shall betoken that the land is near, and that "all is well."

The Love and Worship of God—the sublime privilege and self-necessitated obligation of the soul! How natural—how beautiful—how elevating!—the conditions, means and result of a true Life. When we gaze on some stupendous work of Nature, how it excites our awe!—when upon the worlds that glitter above us and which we know to be multiplied to infinity, how

the mind is absorbed in the thought and in its divine contemplations, until it is lost in wonder. But when it comprehends the fact that He who made them is our Father, how then the soul goes up in expressions of purest and ecstatic love, and mingles with them the notes of praises and thanksgivings. From the benignant care that flows to us through the Divine Love and Wisdom, is gratitude born within us. From the relations that exist between us and Him, we learn our duties and self-imposed obligations. His infinite perfections inspire our confidence and make us humble. His infinite goodness calls forth our repentance for our wrongs and misdemeanors. His infinite loveliness calls forth our attractions towards a life in conformity with his beautiful Law, and all mingled together in the soul and married to the boundless thought of His infinity, constrains the soul to Worship, and all as the natural result of the Life that flows from the comprehension of the nature of His Being and the thoughts that are thus born to the soul. If these things were not so, we would be but motes floating idly in the sunbeams, and comprehending not the beautiful and mighty truths of our being.

Be meek, be humble, be self-denying, be long-suffering, be patient. They are the offspring of a true Life, and they alone justify the name of wisdom. Be meek, for without it, God has on true life in the Soul. Be humble,—how the boundless thought of the Infinite teaches it to us. Be self-denying, see a reason for it in the fall in Paradise, behold it crowned upon the cross. See how its existence in Christ, manifests the true Humanity of Religion. Be long-suffering, for it is like oil upon the troubled waters; it is the true conservative principle of action, the preserver of the sweetness of the soul, the soul's true bravery! Be patient, it is rest in action, the result of a deep-seated confidence in the Almighty, and the offspring in the soul of the true marriage of Love and Wisdom.

S. H. L.

INTERESTING OCCURRENCE.

During the early part of the month of August just passed, Mr. J. Tiffany, whose residence is in Cleveland, Ohio, was visiting the city of Pittsburgh, for the purpose of assisting in the promulgation of truth and knowledge, by means of public lectures. While there, a telegraphic despatch was sent to him from home, giving notice that his little daughter Isabel, an interesting babe of eighteen months, was dangerously sick. Accordingly he returned home immediately, and watched with painful anxiety for one week beside the bed of his sick child. At the end of this time, little Isabel was gathered into the society of disembodied spirits and angels; and it is worthy of notice that, during the time in which the friends of the family were "laying out" the deceased body in which the spirit had resided, the spirit-rappings were frequently heard near the corpse, and these tokens of the presence of invisible companions were continued occasionally up to the time of burial.

Not many days after the funeral of his child, Bro. Tiffany again left home to resume his work of lecturing upon Spiritual Science. On the twenty-ninth of August, the writer of this article met with him in the city of Cincinnati. He showed me a picture of little Isabel taken by a Daguerrean artist after her death. This picture is truly one of the beautiful things of earth. On the evening of the same day, as friend Tiffany, a few other persons, and myself were seated near a table, (Margaretta and Catharine Fox being also present,) little Isabel announced herself to her father, and gave him this message:—

"Tell dear ma I am watching over her. Tell her the sounds which she hears upon her pillow at night are made by me."

She also told us that two sisters with herself were present and produced sounds at the time the friends were attending to her body after death, and also that she had, on the night after her departure, made sounds upon the bosom of her father while he was sleeping:—and those sounds were heard by the mother several times during the night upon the breast of the father, while he slept. To me this was an occasion of deep interest. I shall not soon forget the impressions of that evening,—the tears of joy

sparkling in the brilliant eye of that father, and the sweet little angel-child, through audible sounds, conveying messages of love and kindness from the spiritual to the external world. Volumes might be written upon such a touching theme, and yet I will only annex the following beautiful poetic effusion, which had its origin in this event, and will very appropriately find connection in this narrative, and in this place. Bro. Tiffany was sitting alone in a private room; his eye was resting upon the likeness of Isabel, as it is preserved in the Daguerrean picture, and under the inspiration thus afforded, he took his pen and gave vent to the deep emotions of his heart thus:—

"O come, thou blessed little spirit,
Speak to this gloomy heart of mine;
Thou hast a voice, O let me hear it,
There is a light, O let it shine
Upon this gloomy heart of mine.

Thou lovedst me well when thou wast living,
In the sweet form which now I see;
Those eyes, those lips were ever giving
Pledges of holy love to me,
Through the sweet form which now I see.

I watched thy bed long hours to save thee—
Long hours before thou bad'st farewell,
But 't was in vain, the God who gave thee,
Recalled thee home with him to dwell,
And so thou bad'st us all farewell.

I could not weep because thou left me,
I could not mourn to let thee go,
I knew, although my God bereft me
Of one on whom I doted so,
That it was well to let thee go.

I trusted thou wouldst visit me,
And speak in tones that I could hear;
That when I questioned, "Is it thee?"
Thou wouldst respond, "Yes, Father dear,
It is thy Bella's voice you hear."

Come touch me, Bella, O let me feel it,
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow;
My heart is wounded, that will heal it,
If I can feel the pressure now
Of thy soft hand upon my brow.

There, my sweet child, now thou art near me,
I feel the pressure of thy hand;
Now do I know that thou canst hear me,
Now do I know that thou canst stand
And soothe my brow with thy soft hand.

Now, my dear child, be often near me,
And calm the tumult in my breast;
My Spirit-Father then will hear me,
And let thee on my bosom rest,
And that will soothe my aching breast."

Perhaps in justice to Bro. Tiffany, I should add that the responsibility of presenting this effusion of his affectionate heart to the public, rests entirely upon myself, he having, at my own request, kindly furnished me with a copy of the same, yet granting me no leave to make it public. Yet I am certain that he will as kindly pardon this liberty, for I feel assured that the above poem is too touching and beautiful to "blush unseen."

Harveysburgh, Warren Co., Ohio.

V. N.

☞ Bro. D. G.—, of Cincinnati is informed that his note, with enclosed remittance, is received. He has our warmest thanks for his expressions of fraternal kindness;—they shall be cherished in the dark hours of our pilgrimage, and enliven each drooping hope. May thy blessing return upon thee, brother, and on all the host of laborers in this mighty cause.

Yearnings of a Truth-Seeker.

We were pleased to receive the annexed communication from one who gives evidence of an earnest and aspiring mind. The illuminations which he seeks may be obtained from the interesting and unceasing developments of the present era. In regard to the "sensations" to which he refers, we may say that they are experienced by many individuals, and are dependent on certain electrical conditions of the system, which will be attained in the natural process of refinement.—Ed.

ASHFIELD, MASS., Sept. 11, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—Presuming from the position you occupy as an editor, that you are free to receive communications in regard to the great subjects of which your paper is an exponent, I am urged to thrust this letter before you in order to elicit some illuminations that may serve to light me onward in my companionless course.

In me "anxiety is not yet effaced," and I am striving under many uncongenial circumstances to reach the immutable goal of Truth.

On the 103d page of Mr. Davis' "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse" (mail edition), reference is made to spiritual communications which some individuals receive by *sensations* rather than sounds. I wish to know whether any persons within your knowledge are subject to this phenomenon, and if so, by what process of discipline it may be developed.

I have been seeking long and ardently for manifestations in my own case, as well as that of others, and so far, I am led to think have failed. But I am not yet a disbeliever, for the yearning spirit will not let me rest. Though I find no companions who will co-operate in such investigations, still I press forward, and let such be my apology for writing you; for life without congeniality is chill and withering.

Cut off as I am from access to Harmonial Circles and those alleged media through whom, dream-like, I hear of strange whisperings of peace, and joy, and good-will from the Spirit-land, I cannot but feel myself isolated from this new field of inquiry upon some desert island around which are murmurings of strange music, and toward which are wafted upon the waves from the surrounding fields of action cheering words of social reform and mental elevation for all men, but in which fields, circumstances have thus far not allowed me any important labor.

So sordid do we become by artificial culture—so thoroughly does the chaotic state of society impress the mind at large with the importance of the acquirement of gain, that few find time or need for spirit-culture. And if we apply our faculties to calm inquiries that elevate the spirit to a purer world, the misdirected multitude browbeat such favorite endeavors, and point us out as idle dreamers. But must the real, the richest, the worthiest, the highest element of man be neglected and sacrificed to the physical and perishing?

Worthy but unaided efforts in the investigation of new and untried principles, are too often crushed by the very material state of the popular mind, frozen with the cold sneers of those who plod on in the old beaten paths, so wern that "fools cannot err" as to the course, but go with them *en masse*.

The inquirer is too often branded as an enthusiast, for favoring the modern belief in spiritual manifestations, that strange "error" which they themselves acknowledge "leans to virtue's side." But if the unseen real has actually permeated, as it were, the gross visible world, and has been manifested and recognized by the truth-loving who have advanced from the multitude toward that unseen real, then let us press onward, analyze, investigate—for it may be that here is a positive, palpable proof of immortality, progression, and spiritual being, which, aside from this, in all earth's annals, have never yet been demonstrated.

Yours respectfully,

J. B. L.

☞ When the light of hope is extinguished and the way is dark and dreary, let us remember that there is a light above the clouds which is never dimmed, and that even amid the relics of the storm is arched the bow of promise.

Heavenly Tidings.

It is with pleasure that we give place to an expression of emotion like the following, which illustrates so beautifully the longings of the stricken heart and the satisfying nature of spiritual truth:—

LITTLE VALLEY, Sept. 10, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—The Spirit Messenger continues to visit me, and I must in truth say that I can enjoy no greater satisfaction than to sit and read the soul-stirring messages it contains. Among five or six other papers that I read, the Messenger is the most welcome,—because it announces the introduction of an enlightening and beautiful Philosophy, and because it brings news from the land of spirits. Were our friends residing in some distant country, how eager we should be to receive tidings of their welfare; and should we obtain a friendly epistle from their hands, how many times would we peruse it to learn their condition and the state of things around them. But far more eagerly do we grasp at tidings from those we loved, that have gone before us to the Spirit Land.

I am now alone in the world. My angel-wife departed not quite two years since, and my only child survived its mother about six months. I had no desire to live in this cold world when my all had gone. But now hope springs up in my sorrow-stricken breast, that my Mary will, before my great change, commune with me in my lonely hours. She assured me while she yet lingered in the body that, were it permitted, she would come to me again. O may she come, and guide me to truth and wisdom.

H. W.

Important Announcement.

We have the satisfaction of announcing to our readers at this time, that an arrangement has been recently effected with Mrs. Frances H. Green, to become associated in this enterprise as assistant editress of the Messenger. This lady has long enjoyed an extensive reputation as a powerful and popular writer in the several departments of prose and poetry. Endowed by nature with a keen appreciation of the beautiful, united with the creative powers of genius, and actuated in all her labors by the most noble and generous impulses, she has attained to an elevated position among the pioneers of the age, from which she is destined to wield an important influence on the interests of society. Without any exaggeration of her merits, and without flattery to herself as an individual, it may be said that no writer of her sex possesses greater versatility of talent, or manifests in her productions a higher degree of literary taste and refinement.—In behalf of our readers, we cordially welcome Mrs. Green to her new position; and ever would bespeak for her that sympathy and interest which she so richly deserves and which she cannot fail to receive. With her assistance we shall endeavor to make the Messenger a bright star in the literary firmament; and, in return, we only ask that our friends in all places will make suitable exertions to multiply its readers.

R. P. A.

An Apology.

A disappointment occurred to our subscribers last week in not receiving their paper, which seems to require some explanation. The circumstances which occasioned this disappointment were simply these: the paper being somewhat delayed beyond the usual time of publication, it was thought advisable to hasten the operation by making use of a power press, which being somewhat out of order rendered the impressions exceedingly imperfect; so that, in our anxiety to do justice to our patrons, we have waited to have the number reprinted, believing that they would prefer to incur the attendant delay rather than receive copies that were badly printed. Our subscribers, therefore, will be furnished with the paper of last week in connection with the present number; and we trust they will accept this apology for an occurrence, which, while it causes regret on our part, merely shows that accidents will occasionally happen, even among well-conducted newspapers, as well as in the best regulated families.—[Ed.]

Poetry.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ; those severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but dim funeral tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! what seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken,
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, tho' unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with rapture wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child :

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest ;

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

ANGELS' VISITS.

BY MARY S. BRYANT.

Say not that angels' visits are few and far between,
For spirits bright are with us through all life's varying scene ;
In grief and joy, in weal and woe, they ever linger near,
When the eye is lit with joyousness, and when 't is dimmed with tears.

They're near when joy around our path, her magic radiance
flings,
And every lightly passing hour, new hope, new pleasure brings,

And when the breast is filled with woe, and bitter tear-drops
start,
Their holy presence sheds a balm of peace around the heart.

I often feel their presence, my fainting soul to cheer,
Though all unseen by mortal eyes, I know that they are near ;
And when the twilight shadows fall, and evening zephyrs blow,
I seem to hear the breathing of their music soft and low.

I cannot think it fancy,—there is a voice within,
Which says that angels bright are near, to keep me free from
sin ;
And O, it is a blissful thought that forms of heavenly light,
Are ever gliding round our way, though hidden from our sight.
Portland Transcript.

HYMNS.

Written for and sung at the funeral of Rev. Wm. H. Kinsley,
September 9th, 1851. Mr. Kinsley was a firm believer in the
nearness of the spiritual world, and the possibility and fact of
spiritual communications. He was a faithful and fervent man,
and at the time of his death, the Pastor of the first Congrega-
tional Church in the town of Mendon, Mass.

I.

With folded hearts and solemn tread,
These temple-gates, O God, we press,
For one who hast this people led,
Has left his flock now shepherdless.

From dust we came, to dust we go,—
The body frail in which we dwell,
But for the soul we never toll
In measured stroke this village bell.

The path is dark to mortal sight,
That guides the spirit on its way,
But who can see the vapors rise
That viewless pierce the molten ray ?

All space is Thine, all time to Thee
In true and sweet obedience roll,
Then unto Thee, in whom is lost
All space and time, we leave the soul.

We walk by faith and not by sight,
Thy boundless love is all our stay,
In that we trust,—the more we trust,
The darker seems our pilgrim way.

II.

O who can tell what glories now
Attend our brother on his way,—
Or how embalming on his brow,
The winged hours now pass away.

For little know the roots that lie
Beneath their dark and prisoned earth,
Of all the sweets that fill the sky,
And e'en the fruit they gave to birth.

But leaves are real, and life is more,
The leaf, the fruit, exist for all !
And Faith is echo from the shore,
When on that Land our spirits call.

And as the winds that kiss the flowers,
Unto their roots their thoughts impart ;—
So every thought that fills those bowers,
Has here an echo in the heart.

S. H. L.

There is a grandeur in the soul that dares
To live out all the life God lit within.

Miscellaneous Department.

MEMORIES OF THE DEPARTED.

BY GEO. LIPPARD.

The tears come into my eyes when the snow falls. For it was in the time of the falling snow that she died. A dreary morning, cold and desolate, with sleet pattering on the window pane, and snow upon the frozen ground. The tower of the church, which you could see from the window of the death-chamber, rose drearily, and alone into a leaden sky. And I can see her now, by the light which came but dimly through the half-drawn curtains. That face, stricken by death, those eyes, raised yearningly to Heaven and filled with light that shone upon them from the Better World, those cold, thin hands, clasped over the shrunken breast—I can see her now, even as she looked in the moment before she died. O, if you had all the power of expression that language, in its sublimest flights, affords, you could not paint the agony and the rapture of that Dying Face. She knew us all—knew that she was the last of many whom we had given to the grave—she called us by name, and told us how hard it was to part from us, and in the same breath (a quick, gasping breath, for she was struggling between Time and Eternity,) she told us how good it was to go home. We watched her as she died. One moment her eyes were all light—the next they were filmy and cold. And I can remember now how I went forth from that death-room, leaving her upon her death-bed even as the Life had just passed from her lips. How I hurried out into the cold and felt it good to feel the sleet upon my face, and drink of the winter air with delight. How I went to work, and amid the care and clamor of work, endeavored to drown the thoughts of her who all the while lay cold and beautiful in my Home, attired for coffin and grave yard, her thin, white hands folded on her shroud. And I can remember how I came home at night, and went into my room and wrote—still cherishing a latent thought that she was not dead, but only waiting for me in the next room—waiting for me to come and read to her what I had written. And when I had written—I remember it yet—I rose up and took the manuscript in my hand, and placed that hand upon the door which led into the next room—her room. I had forgotten that she was dead. It had been my custom to read to her what I had written—and I had unconsciously fallen into the old habit. My hand was upon the door—then, and not till then, did the truth rush on me, that she was not sitting in her chair awaiting me, but that she was laid upon her bed, with her dead hands on her dead bosom. That she was dead! The thought, I say, rushed upon me, it crushed me back against the wall like a blow from a strong arm—and for a long time held me there—choked and gasping, without the power to frame a word.

And I can remember how we took her forth, on that last day of the year, when the sun was out and the snow glistened in his beams, and a blue sky was over the wintry earth—how we took her forth and laid her in the grave, amid the graves of her people, and heard the rattling of the frozen clods upon her coffin lid.

And also do I remember how for days and weeks and months after she was gone, (I cannot say dead) I would come home at evening, and expect as I opened the door, to find her there, as of old. And how, when I opened the door and saw her place vacant, the truth would rush upon and crush me afresh—just as though she had only died a moment before.

This is why the tears come into my eyes when the snow falls. And when I sit in my room, and look out upon the leaden sky and new fallen snow, I see her dying face again. And turning from the scene without, I look within. I see the book in which she wrote her name the day before she died—I see the picture which she with her own hands fixed against the wall—I see the door which opens into the next room, and through its panels I can see her sitting there—waiting for me to come and read to her.

But for all this I feel—I know—that she is not dead.

For I can see her, young and beautiful, sitting by calm waters in the other Land, and in her hands she holds a Child whose soul has just escaped from clay to God.

And I know that they are there together—the Sister who died in winter and the Child who died in autumn. And I know that I shall meet them—yonder.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

I am now alone in my chamber. The family have long since retired. I have heard their steps die away, and the doors clap too after them. The murmur of voices and the peal of remote laughter no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.

I have sat by the window and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing one by one from the distant village; and the moon, rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowy lawns, silvered over and imperfectly lighted by streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick coming fancies" concerning those spiritual beings which

"—— Walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Are there indeed such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the early fathers that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the bodies' existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet, the attention involuntarily yields to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion, and its prevalence in all ages and countries, even among newly discovered nations that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and instinctive beliefs, to which if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be eradicated, as it is a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration.* Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul; its mysterious connection with the body, or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist: but whence it came, and when it entered into us, and how it is retained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation, and contradictory theories. If, then, we are thus ignorant of this spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or deny its powers and operations, when released from its fleshly prison-house?

Everything connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made," we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. It is more the manner in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been enveloped, and there is none, in the whole circle of

*This remark, as will be seen, was made without reference to the demonstrations of the present time, and serves to show how little men realized in the past that what they then regarded as crude fancies might become the brightest and most tangible realities.—[Ed.

visionary creeds, that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of mortal separation.

What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare?—that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours?—that beauty and innocence, which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves into those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearments? A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect, even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honored were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

It would take away, too, from that loneliness and destitution, which we are apt to feel more and more as we get on through our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily, on the journey, have one by one dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, or revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

There are departed beings that I have loved as I never again shall love in this world; that have loved me as I never again shall be beloved. If such beings do even retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.—*W. Irving.*

The Forest Funeral.

She was fair, with tresses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly, but looking up, she smiled, spoke to her father, who then turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strains of the Eolian.

You may imagine the answer startled me, and with a very few words to this like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, rich, melodious voice.

"Father, I am cold, lie down beside me," and the old man laid down by his dying child, and she twined her arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreary voice, "dear father, dear father!"

"My child," said the old man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it, father—and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father; the voices of angels calling from afar in the still and solemn night time, and they call me. Her voice, father—O, I heard it then!"

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaks in tones most heavenly!"

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile—but a cold calm smile! But I am cold, cold. Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely. Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God!"

Sabbath evening came, and a slow procession wound through the forest to the little school-house. There, with simple rights, the clergyman performed his duty and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, and they

stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot, and the stars were bright before I left, for I always had an idea a grave-yard was the nearest place to heaven on earth; and with old Thomas Brown, I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for, even as we pass through the place of God on earth, so must we pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Economy of Virtue.

No writer in this country relates an incident more beautifully, or more to the point, than the Hon. Horace Mann. The following is an instance:

"I once knew a young man, who on removing from the country to the city, was introduced to a very respectable circle of persons about his own age, who were in the habit of meeting periodically, for the nominal purpose, at least, of conversation and social improvement. But any looker-on at their symposium, might not have been uncharitable had he supposed that the supper, the wine, and the cigars constituted the principal attraction.

He became one of their number, and for a time enjoyed the hilarity, and shared the expenses of the entertainments; but at last rebuked by his conscience for this mode of spending his time and money, he quietly withdrew from the club, though without abandoning his intimacy with its members. Through one of their number, he learned the average cost of their suppers, and taking an equal sum from his own scantily filled purse, he laid it aside as a fund of charity.

At the end of a single season, he found himself in possession of a hundred dollars, wholly made up of sums saved from genteel dissipation. This amount he took to a poor, but most exemplary family, consisting of a widow and several small children, all of whom were struggling as if for life, against a series of adverse circumstances, to maintain a show of respectability, and to provide the means of attending the public school.

The bestowment of this sum upon the disheartened mother and the fatherless children together with the sympathy and counsel that accompanied it, seemed to put a new heart in the bosom of them all. It proved the turning point in their fortunes. Some small debts were paid, the necessary school books, and a few articles of domestic clothing were obtained, the children sprang forward in their studies, equaling or outstripping all competitors; and at the present time they are all among the most respectable, exemplary, and useful citizens in the State. Now, it would be to suppose myself, not among men, but among fiends, were I to ask the question, as if doubtful of the answer, which of these young men extracted the greatest amount of happiness from his hundred dollars! Nor can such charity fail to benefit him who gives as much as him who receives."

Fame.

Life begins with a flood of hope, and each new day adds something to expectation. Full of the many things that may be done to build a fortune or to make a name, Youth ponders, musing upon the great and brilliant themes Nature and Art afford—and what new art 'twere possible to add—ponders, doubts, and scare knows which to choose, since all invite—all themes, all arts, all sciences. At length a road is taken, and with hasty steps he travels on his way. Shouting he runs, and running, and stretching forth his hands, he strives to seize the crown, but though as near as ever he cannot reach it. Fame's temple stands in the same place, and the goddess waves the palm just over him, as before; but still there is something to be done. Again he shouts. Again he runs.

But though he is many a league and many a thought upon his way, strange to say, the palm is not so bright as it was; the temple, now he finds, is on a hill, the goddess in the clouds, and O, the miles grow longer as he goes. Still, on he dies, growing older as he runs, and wiser, and better. But, alas! his strength is waning fast. To get his breath, he stops, and stopping, looks behind. The road is white with dead men's bones. Honor, Virtue, Peace, Charity, Mercy, all—all lie scattered on the

way. He shudders as he looks, and wonders what good spirit led him safe, for now he learns that Fame bestows her favors not upon the godly, but the successful. Again, in sorrow, he turns to gaze upon the crown. 'Tis gone! While he mused, another took it, and he sees him feasting with the Pagans in the temple.

The Language of Flowers.

The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purple rose a figure of unfelt love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion-flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen; peace from the olive branch; immortality from immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rose-mary; the victory of the spirit by palm; modesty by the blue fragrant violet; compassion by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not; natural honesty and fidelity by the oak-leaf; unassumingness by the corn-flower, (the cyane;) and the auriculas, "how friendly they look upon us with their child-like eyes." Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus, silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow; sadness, by the angelica; shuddering, by the aspen; melancholy by the cypress; desire of meeting again, by the starwort; the night smelling rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus Nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us, and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men are able to do.

A Secret for being Happy.

An Italian bishop who had traveled through many difficulties without repining—had been much opposed without manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his being always so happy, replied:—"It consists in a single thing, and that is, in making a right use of my eyes." His friend, in surprise, begged him to explain his meaning. "In whatsoever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business is to get there. I then look down upon earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad in the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself. And thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever have to murmur, or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit is to be always happy."

A Cheerful Heart.

It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. These gild the apartments, but reach not the heart. A neatness, order, and a cheerful heart make home the sweet paradise it is often found to be. There is joy as real by the cottage fireside as in the splendid saloons of wealth and refinement. The elegancies of life are not to be despised. They are to be received with gratitude. But their possession does not insure happiness. The sources of true joy are not so shallow. The cheerful heart, like the Kaleidoscope, causes the most discordant materials to arrange themselves in harmony and beauty.

Double Dealing.

No interest is worth securing at the expense of one's character for truth. They who rely on stratagem and double dealing to accomplish what cannot be effected by honest means, may have success for a time, but, "in the upshot and issue of things" (to borrow a phrase from Bishop Butler), their lies will overthrow them, and the overthrow will be final. In the highway of truth there are no pitfalls. He who falls in this road will rise again; yea, God will reach down from Heaven his own Almighty arm and lift him up; but he who stumbles in the by-paths of hypocrisy and falsehood, falls to rise no more.

Gems of Thought.

No precedent can give sanction to injustice.

People seldom learn economy till they have little left to exercise it on.

There is an alchemy in *manner* which can convert every thing into gold.

The man who follows a good example must of course be behind it.

Those who are honest *because it is the best policy*, are half way to being rogues.

In every art the most difficult thing to preserve is natural grace.

Silence may be the sullen mood of an evil temper, or the lofty endurance of a martyr.

What is fame but one loud spontaneous blast from a myriad of penny trumpets.

The world is populous with good and useful men, though their forms are in the keeping of the grave.

The want of leisure is often only the want of inclination.

There is a vile audacity which knows fear only from a bodily cause—none from the awe of shame.

To conciliate is so infinitely more agreeable than to offend, it is worth some sacrifice of individual will.

Holidays—the elysium of our boyhood; perhaps the only one of our life.

Dress—external gentility, frequently used to disguise internal vulgarity.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in her keeping.

It is wrong to wish for death, and worse to have occasion to fear it.

Be at peace with all mankind, but at war with their vices.

Never give way to passion if thou wouldst be happy.

As charity covers, so modesty prevents a multitude of sins.

Never put implicit faith in a man who has once deceived you.

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