

# THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

## 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.

#### THE CELESTIAL TELEGRAPH--A REVIEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY V. O. T.

The readers of the Messenger who have not met with this work, have doubtless noticed of late several interesting extracts from it published in this paper. Its revelations do not in all particulars exactly accord with the generally received views of the believers of the new philosophy; but as the cardinal doctrine of our faith is *progression*, we are not supposed obliged to remain fixed and inert in any opinion where subsequent evidence may demand either its modification or relinquishment. To institute a few comparisons, therefore, between some of the prominent features of this work and the new philosophy as set forth by Davis, it may be thought that some points in which the latter is not sufficiently full and explicit, (or in error perhaps, for he does not claim infallibility,) are here elucidated so as to render them somewhat more easy of comprehension.

First point:—In the "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse," the author, in describing the relative velocity with which the spirit traverses space compared with that of terrestrial objects, says: "The steamboat travels faster than the sloop, the locomotive faster than the steamboat, electricity faster than the locomotive, and the human spirit faster than electricity." Again, page 152, James Victor Wilson says, "I have visited worlds upon worlds,—have already gazed and walked upon more planets bedecked with immortal life, than I had believed in being." The point to arrive at here is this: the first illustration leaves it indefinite, as to how much faster the spirit travels than electricity. If it had stated that the former moves as much faster than the latter, as electricity does quicker than the locomotive, then we could have understood how Wilson, who has been in the Second Sphere but some four or five years, could have visited unnumbered worlds; but if we are to infer that the spirit travels only about as much faster than electricity as the steamboat does faster than the sloop or locomotive than the steamboat, then Wilson has not been in the Spirit-world long enough to have passed even from the planets of *one* solar system to those of *another*; for it is well ascertained that *light* would not pass from the nearest fixed star to the sun in a less period than ten years. The question of the velocity with which the spirit moves, purports to be *definitely* answered in the "Celestial Telegraph," which answers, that it is sensible of *no space* whatever; time and space being annihilated to it in its new mode of existence. In this view, therefore, it will be seen that Wilson could have (as he says,) "visited more worlds than he had [while on earth.] believed in being."

Secondly:—the theory that the spirit after being organized, *can not pass through material substances* from the situations we can imagine it might be placed in at times, in its visits to the material world, seems improbable. For unless it actually *foreknows* all contingences that may transpire in the material sphere, we can conceive, I think, that it might enter a dwelling in company with some friend in the body, at night; and by a possibility, be shut in, and the house during the night be burnt to the ground, destroying while asleep its inmates; in which case, if a spirit thus enclosed had not the power to clear the building despite walls and windows, we do not see how it would escape a very uncomfortable time of it at least, even if it did not suffer a second disorganization. But we gather on this head from the work of Ca-

hagnet, that the spirit passes through material substances without obstruction.

Thirdly:—The mooted question between Swedenborgianism and Davis respecting the actual existence immediately subsequent to a life in the body of *evil spirits*. On this point, while the French work eschews outright all idea of a personal Devil or anything like a place of actual suffering hereafter, it is not in precise accordance with, though not perhaps positively and unqualifiedly in opposition to, the representations of Mr Davis. It represents that the most wicked and malicious of the inhabitants of the material sphere are placed immediately subsequent to leaving the body, in a state in which they undergo more or less quickly, according to their degree of sinfulness, a process of purification; but that they are not unhappy in it, and that they emerge from this condition sooner or later, and enter the true heaven or Spirit-land. The weight to be attached to this representation will be subject to some retrenchment of reliance on account of concomitant statements to the effect that, persons upon entering the Spirit-world with strong prejudices in favor of any belief which they have previously cherished to a degree rendering it an "*affection*" with them; being under under no suspicion for a long time that their earthly belief was incorrect, if summoned by a clairvoyant to state what was truth, respecting any point coming within the range of their pre-existent (which would be also their present) faith, would then answer, according to this work, (and with perfect *honesty* too,) not according to what is *really* true, but as they have always while in body been led to *believe* was true. This looks reasonable, and accords with what James Victor Wilson says, when he remarks; "that many who pass from the earth into the Spirit-land, are very *slow* to disrobe their minds of *error*, and such (he adds,) are detained in the first circle until all their *theories* are displaced by truths; their *faith* by knowledge," &c.; and applying the reasoning of this work to itself, we first deduce this inference. France is a Catholic country, and as the spirits summoned by M. Cahagnet and conversed with by his clairvoyants were mostly of the Catholic faith while on earth, it would *still* be their belief, (unless they had investigated *especially* to ascertain what the *real truth* was,) that there was a purgatory for the wicked. Let this, then, go for what it is worth; and let us take some other method for judging on the subject. Progression, the basis on which the superstructure of the Harmonial Philosophy is founded, implies an advancement in spirituality not so *immediate* and *sudden* as to amount to *instantaneous* transformation from ignorance to knowledge or sinfulness to holiness; otherwise we have employed the wrong term to represent the process. Solon, in his communication, page 187, Vol. 1st, Great Harmonia, says, "It is only the *good* who die *sweetly*, for the *troublesome* or *troubled* spirit is sometimes *not quieted*, until it has been for a *considerable length* of time, [this will admit of a condition or experience similar to the one described in the Celestial Telegraph,] removed from the earth, and until it has experienced the subduing and disciplining influences which pervade this divine habitation."—This is all very consistent, but let us bring the subject still nearer home to our own experience and observation. Many of the believers in the new philosophy have either witnessed or heard of failures, contradictions or marked discrepancies in the phenomena of spiritual communication. Still, all these are no certain evidence that there is even for a temporary period after leaving the body, evil spirits. On the other hand, to those most conversant with the various modes of inter-communication between the first and second spheres, they are thoroughly acquainted

with unavoidable impediments enough to render both explicable and reasonable, the necessary occurrence of all the mistakes and failures which are known to have taken place. The magnetic telegraph has proved itself a reliable mode of communication between places remote from each other here on our terrestrial globe. Yet, may it not *fail*, in defect of necessary or required conditions? Let us see: carry your despatch to the office of the operator when the vivid lightning is flashing almost continually from the surcharged cloud that overspreads for the time the darkened sky. You will see the machinery that ordinarily performs its office so faithfully, now jarring, vibrating, singing, and in short, playing the most fantastic capers, that you would think it capable of; and in this deranged state of things, it will no more transmit your intelligence to its required destination, than a human being under the effects of morphine or ardent spirits, could perform his accustomed duties as when free from these influences. Yet this proves no fault of the Telegraph, only a derangement of its required conditions.

But we at last come to a feature in the manifestations of disembodied spirits, which *facts*, with which too many are familiar, will not release us with so easy an explanation.—These are, the destruction of property, tying “mediums” for communication to trees, thrusting their heads and necks under the ropes of bedsteads, and numberless other such performances as render it difficult to explain, if there are indeed no such agencies as “troublesome or troubled spirits, for a considerable length of time after being removed from the earth.” As for there being *permanently* evil or troublesome spirits, it seems the last thing to be thought of; but until it can be unanswerably proved that such irregularities as above mentioned are referable to other and adequate causes, do not, for the sake of obstinately maintaining dogmas, let us stand out upon an issue where reason and experience seem *at present* (at least,) arrayed against us. There are many infelicities incident to our earthly existence which we could wish ourselves free from. If *fire* would only burn when we *desire* it, to subserve some useful end, and not destroy our property unawares, it would free us from much sacrifice and inconvenience; and if *gravitation* would only act for us in accordance with our interests, and not, when we make a misstep in the dark, precipitate us to the ground to the danger of life or limb, it would liberate us from many liabilities to disaster to which we are now exposed; and which we know we shall never, during our *earth-existence*, be exempted from. Could we appreciate light, without a knowledge of its opposite (darkness), in short, could we in our rudimental state, acquaint ourselves with *all* principles which would conduce to our happiness, without being obliged to experience a knowledge of their *opposites*, then we might reasonably expect that *good* could exist without its opposite, (*evil*.) But now how can it be otherwise? *Progression*, as understood in the Harmonial Philosophy, must imply, that if we are advancing constantly *towards* greater degrees of perfection, we are also proceeding *from* a condition less perfect; and as perfection is a condition *never* to be attained, even through an infinite duration, it follows that our *present state* must be, at, as near as we can conceive, an almost *infinite remove* from that of perfection which is forever beyond the reach of but the ONE great ALL in ALL, who alone is perfection in Himself. Can it be surprising, then, that, while so young in our life of eternal advancement, we now border upon regions veiled in comparative darkness? And seeing we could not know the full value of light without contrasting it with this darkness, and seeing that none, even the lowest and vilest can, under the working of the mighty law of progression, remain in darkness long, and as we are not the authors of any principles in the vast machinery of nature, why need we disquiet ourselves at the imperfection around us, which to us is but for a moment, and which can not be changed without destroying the very *necessity* that is required to render the process of *PROGRESSION* possible!

Another point set forth in this work is worthy of consideration. It is the doctrine of an existence *prior* to a live in the body. This theory affords a solution to the question—if the outward, material form in the fetal state is elaborated by the indwelling spirit, what *first* gave the spirit *its* form? Mr.

Davis sets forth the proposition that the “*spirit* as a *cause*, develops the *body* as an *effect*.” But if all matter is progressive and tending towards its ultimate, (spirit;) it would seem a retrogression for the *effect*, (spirit,) to be the author of its *cause*, (the development of the body.) But if the body as a cause, developed the spirit as an effect or ultimate, (as the highest sublimation of matter;) then we could see no necessity for a prior existence in which the spirit is assumed to have existed; but upon the ground that the spirit is the cause of the body’s formation, it necessarily supposes it in existence *somewhere* and *somehow* previous to its being called to perform the office of developing the material form. But there are other points belonging to this doctrine which are utterly irreconcilable with all ideas of reason and consistency. It assumes that all spirits in the universe were created at the *same time* and *alike*, as respects their mental and moral capabilities; but that in their material life this advantage of equality is lost, in consequence of the modifying influences of birth and education; but that finally, in our third life, we fully remember all the particulars of both the first and second. The objections to this three-fold existence, it will be seen, are these. If there was any *design* in creating all equal at first, it is manifest that here and hereafter, the diversity of condition in which spirits exist, has rendered this primeval equality of intuity; and if the future life restores to the remembrance of the spirit a perfect consciousness of this equality, the infinite varieties of situation which will appear hereafter, will, in no wise, conduce to the pleasure of those who may then be conscious of occupying inferior conditions. What Swedenborg is represented as saying, that our sun is not a material globe, but an emanation from the great Central, Spiritual Sun, is a question that we forbear to discuss, as we have no tangible data upon which to institute an inquiry upon the subject. But on the whole, this work is one of deep interest, and as it comes to us from another country, and still accords so *fully* with all the main features of the doctrines of immortality and the Spirit-world as developed to us through the various instrumentalities in our own land, we can not but hope it will be universally read, as it must certainly go far towards strengthening and corroborating the already firm, calm and delightful assurance we have, that we live to live again in happier realms, than it is now given us to conceive of; and that there is nothing dark, cheerless and forbidding, in the mere *passing event* which releases us from bondage and conducts us thither.

Poughkeepsie, Sept. 15th.

### Formation of Dew.

The air contains at all times more or less of moisture, though in a state so rarified as to be imperceptible. To prove this, it is only necessary in a summer’s day to fill a glass with cold water, when, dry as the atmosphere may seem, its moisture will be condensed, and made visible, in the form of small pellucid drops upon the outside of the glass below that of the surrounding atmosphere. On this principle distillation is conducted; and in the same manner dew is formed. No sooner does the sun sink toward the horizon, than the blades of grass which clothe the earth’s surface give out the heat they have been receiving during the day, and consequently they become so much colder than the atmosphere, that they condense in the form of dew part of the rarified moisture immediately surrounding them. Dew, being thus formed, is, of course, more abundant before and after rains, when the atmosphere is moistest. Calm and clear nights are essential, also, for the copious deposition of dew; for then the glassy blades emit their heat freely, and it is dispersed through the atmosphere without any equivalent return. On the contrary, however, if the night be cloudy, then the clouds, by abstracting the heat from the atmosphere, contribute, in some degree, to keep its temperature on a level with that of the glassy blades, and thus so nearly equalize the two that but little dew is deposited. If, in addition to clouds a high wind is blowing, no dew will be formed; for then the temperature of the grass is prevented from sinking by the agitation of the air continually bringing a warmer current to succeed the colder, by which it is surrounded; or, it may be, that the night winds, being general-

ly cool, so rapidly reduce the air's temperature as to bring it below that of the grass.

As substances differ in their power of losing their heat, so do they differ in their attraction for dew. On grass, swan's down and other filamentous substances, which readily part with their heat, dew copiously condenses. The mechanical condition of objects likewise affects the formation of dew, as shavings attract it more than wood. Dew is more plentifully deposited on meadow grounds than on ploughed lands; and cultivated soils are refreshed with abundance of dew, while barren rocks and sandy deserts, not needing, do not receive the genial moisture. Indeed, every plant possesses, according to its kind, the power of condensing as much dew as is necessary for its peculiar and individual exigences. Thus, not even a dew-drop seems to have been formed by the blind action of chance, but is gathered together by the hand of Infinite Wisdom for a definite and benevolent end.

## PHILOSOPHY OF THE HAIR.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

Six weeks ago I made what I consider to be a *new* discovery. It refers especially to the *health, comfort and convenience* of the male, and, in order to be generally adopted, requires the approbative taste of the female. However, be this as it may, I respectfully submit the matter to the consideration of your many and estimable readers, and consent to lend an open ear to the calm pronouncement of any number of oppositional reasons.

I begin by affirming the perfect righteousness of Nature's Laws on the ground that they originated in the very bosom of Holiness itself; and that the constitution of Nature is equally perfect—full of means adapted to ends—full of wise designs and harmonious proportions—and universally actuated and controlled by the omnipotent principles of cause and effect. In the developments and accomplishments of the grand scheme of creation there are no mere *chance* productions, though there are many *incidentalisms* connected with the general system of creation—such, for example, as the growth of warts on the human body, or fungus excrescences visible on the surface of trees. The reason why I term these things *incidentalisms*, is this: they do not uniformly appear on these bodies, which would not be the case if they were essential, in any manner, to the proper development of the human organism or to that of trees; while, on the other hand, those things which are essential to the welfare of these structural creations are uniformly visible upon, or connected with, them. Now, Mr. Editor, among the many invariable characteristics of the human form is the *growth of hair upon the face and head*. Of course, this peculiarity is more or less prominent with different temperaments and races of men. But it matters not how parsimonious or abundant the *capillary* developments of the face and head may be, it is nevertheless an evident ordination of the righteous Author of nature's laws that those developments should remain, harmoniously and neatly cultivated, on the bosom of their native soil.

Believing so, I think it to be a *sin* against light and knowledge to persist in perpetuating the barbarous custom of shaving either the head or the face. It is an evident transgression of nature's laws; and I dare not question the *wisdom and righteousness* of these laws, because I believe in the perfect omniscience and holiness of the Eternal Mind.

But, Mr. Editor, this is not the *new discovery* to which I alluded. For the conviction has very probably come home to your own mind—especially while undergoing the *shaving* process—that there is more of *barbarism* than civilization in the deed; but my discovery refers particularly to the *ends* which the *beard and hair* subserve in the human economy. That the *capillaceous* (or hairy) developments on the human body are the almost universal characteristics of the organism, is a very plain fact; and that the Creator had some *wise design* in causing it to grow on various portions of the body is also a plain matter of probability; but to be able to read this wise design aright, and thus to strengthen faith with knowledge, is to convert taste into duty and supposi-

tion into principle. And he who can see the *reason* why God has placed the beard on the face and the hair on the head, is no longer in a state to consult the rules of capricious custom, or to ask the public to sanction this or that; because his mind is conscientiously sustained by *knowledge*, and he forthwith sees his duty as inseparably connected with a righteous principle. If I see satisfactory *reasons* for the growth and existence of hair on the human body, and also that I have been constantly violating the *will* of Deity by *shaving off from my face* what he designed *should appear and remain* upon it, then I feel myself at liberty to consult neither taste nor popular custom, but to obey *His will* to the full extent of the knowledge in my possession.

But let us come to the point. The question is, why has Deity placed the hair on the head and the beard on the face? Upon examination (conducted in accordance with an *interior* method for which I am known) I discovered that hair is simply the *continuation* of a system of capillary nerves and vessels; that is to say, it was a wise design on the part of the Creator to provide certain portions of the human economy with a *capillaceous* substance which should subserve the purpose of not only protecting the parts from a too sudden contact with the external atmosphere, but also to conduct away from those parts the superabundant *ether* or volatile gases which accumulate in them. The human body is wonderful—especially on the ground that there is such a harmonious combination of beauty, strength, and utility—all concentrated and condensed into the smallest possible compass, with a very fair material and much lightness. Now I perceive that the *nervous systems*, which are indispensable to certain functions in the head, and, likewise, to certain functions in the eyes and throat, are constructed so exquisitely fine and delicate that, unless they have something more than the mere *cuticle* or skin of the body to protect them, they would soon lose much of their delicacy, and, at the same time, do much towards deranging the equilibrium of the parts. Therefore, to prevent all this disorder, the Deity has given to these nervous systems the tendency to create their own protection. Hence the capillaceous system of nerves in the head ultimate themselves in hair on the external surface; those nerves which commence in the eyes ramify downward into the upper lip, and there give rise to what is commonly termed the *mustache*; and those nerves which commence in the neck and originate from four ganglionic centres situated on either side of the bronchial organism, proceed outwardly and ramify externally into what is generally termed the *beard*. Every hair is an extended nervous fibre; and it depends very much upon the temperament of an individual whether the hair is abundant; but its growth is the true rule of its utility. The *arterial* temperament possesses these nervous systems in great abundance; hence a luxurious growth of hair. And I find that those nerves which originate in the surrounding coating of the eye, and which ramify, in the *male* organism, in the mustache on the upper lip, run under the muscles of the cheeks, in the females, and have much to do in controlling the phenomena of blushing. You will acknowledge, I suppose, Mr. Editor, the truth of the saying, that ladies are more capable of blushing than gentlemen; for the former possess, deeply buried in the muscles of the cheek, the same capillaceous nervous system which in the latter has ultimated itself in the mustache. Besides this, I find that these nerves which in the male give rise to the beard upon the angles of the face and underneath the chin, run downward in the female and ultimate themselves into *mamma* organization—there controlling the *lacteous* secretions.—Hence the female needs no beard. But the male *does* need it; therefore he possesses it, and he must be no transgressor of Nature's laws.

But let us ask what injury does it do the organism to shave the *mustache* and *beard* from off the face? I reply, that, in accordance with the principles of physiology, the *sclerotic* (or hard) coating of the eye, as also its external or *serous* membrane, are protected and saved from dryness, weakness, and irritation by allowing the hair to *remain* upon the upper lip. Both the diseases known as *ophthalmia* and *amarosis* are traceable, in most cases, not to the exposure of the eyes, but to the exposure of the nerves of the upper lip, to the changes and vicissitudes of the atmos-



phere. Men are more subject to these complaints than women; this fact is very significant. Furthermore, many diseases of the head, throat and lungs, are prevented by wearing the beard. The shaving away of this protection is frequently the cause of bronchitis, chronic catarrhs and pulmonary irritation. It was once—indeed it is now—esteemed as *very improper* for clergymen and similar officials to wear the hair on the face, which God has caused to grow there. Therefore, they *shave* constantly, and wear smooth faces; but what is the consequence? Why, they are all affected, more or less, with catarrhs, bronchial disorders, and weak, dry, husky voices. These things admonish them to *cease* violating the laws of health and nature; but *custom* bears rule and the people *love* to have it so!

Now, Mr. Editor, you will readily understand that I believe it to be every man's duty to obey the laws of nature—just as faithfully in the wearing of the *mustache and beard* as in obeying any other known physiological law of his being. As fast as we know what Truth is, we should embrace it and obey its dictations. He who desires to be righteous must do *right* in all things. It may be considered just as wrong to *cut* the hair as to shave it off, but this is a mistake. The design of the hair is to *protect* the nerves of the head, eyes and throat; this object may be accomplished, and yet the individual should cultivate rules of *taste, propriety, and cleanliness* in the style of trimming and manner of wearing all the hair with which nature has adorned his organism. No matter whether you have *little or much*, nor whether it be black, red, white or intermixed, it is still beautiful and proper, for God lives in Nature. The system of shaving is very barbarous—it originated in Rome when the barbarians invaded the Empire,—it is a perpetuated and time-sanctified stratagem, which a few monks originated—and, without designing the least disrespect to the dignitaries of the *shaving* profession, I cannot but regard the custom as a useless and pre-eminently barbarous one—calculated to produce disease and to render *fashionable* a constant violation of the plainest principles of physiology.—*Hartford Times*.

### Position of Woman.

The principal function of woman upon the earth, is a spiritual one. In attempting to make her materially useful, her high moral action is too often destroyed. As man exalts woman, he elevates himself; as he draws her down to him, he degrades both irretrievably. The German peasant, by dragging his wife into the fields, to face the storm, and to bear loads, and to toil with the band, like himself, has extinguished in his home that fireside altar at which his spirit might have offered the self-redeeming sacrifices of love and adoration. The humiliating change is marked in the alteration undergone by the outward form. That swarthy visage, those hardened and coarsened limbs, that free, rough stride, that independence upon man's protection and a defense—what fitness in all this is there for the tenderness of humanizing love—what capacity to be to a man a representative and token of divinity?

Chivalry, in the classes upon which it acted, did an infinite deal to hasten the growth of European civilization. It made the rough stalk flower into softness, and beauty, and fragrance, even in the winter of rudeness and violence. The misfortune was, that its influence worked only on the surface of society, and struck not into the interior depths. It was only the highly-educated, high-toned, imaginative and sensitive race of people who became susceptible to its power; and the objects of its interest were ladies, not women. It was to rank, in inseparable connection with sex—it was to high-born and gentle dames, only—and not to womanhood in itself—that its devotions were paid.—But here, in America, has sprung forth a new chivalry—broader in its basis—more energetic in its qualities—more universal in its sympathies. It is a social agency, educating men into fitness for the great responsibilities which the public lays upon them. It abates the wrath of popular passion. It takes from interest its sordidness. It makes ambition a generous and gentle thing. It tames the savageness of our "fierce democratic."

The elder chivalry was called the "Glory of Europe;" we may hail this as the "Safety of America."—*Home Journal*.

WATER.—Water, wherever we see it, is full of use, and beauty and glory. From the dew that distills upon the rose leaf, to the ocean that heaves its vast tides around the world, it is a perpetual wonder and delight. In the dawn of creation, the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. Water makes the beauty of our silvery clouds and golden sunsets; it spans the heavens with the hues of the rainbow; it dances to the earth in April showers; it murmurs in brooks, and thunders in cataracts; it waters the earth in rivers, and bears our navies on the rolling seas.

## Voices from the Spirit-World.

### Doctrine of the Atonement.

The following communication was rapped out in the presence of Miss Susan K. Daggett, a medium about nineteen years of age, and daughter of Mr. N. E. Daggett, residing four miles west of Elgin. The communication purports to be indited by the late Rev. Dr. Hart, while in this life a Unitarian minister, residing in the State of New Hampshire—now an angel of a higher sphere:

O! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God—for who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counsellor. How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out. To us there is but one God—the Father—not a God vindictive and unjust; sternly exacting the blood of his innocent Son to appease his wrath against the rebellious children of men, to expiate their guilt, and to satisfy the demand of Divine law and justice; but one God—the Father—and as a heavenly parent of his human offspring, ever loving, merciful, and forgiving—ever yearning over his erring children, and instructing them by precept and example, and offering them peace and pardon through the overflowing fountain of his free, rich, and unpurchased grace. We well know that the popular doctrine of atonement is dear to those who believe it, because it appears to them the only mode provided by Divine wisdom and mercy by which man can receive pardon for sins, and reconciliation with God—and the impugners of this doctrine are looked upon with peculiar displeasure, as the greatest obstacle of a sinner's hope. Let those who can find hope and comfort in such a doctrine, enjoy those blessings; to us it will afford no hope, no comfort—because it appears plainly inconsistent with all that revelation teaches of the essential love, the perfect justice, and abounding grace of God. It is inconsistent with his essential love. There is no attribute that shines forth with such effulgence in the Gospel of Christ, as the love of God. The doctrine of vicarious atonement is inconsistent with the divine justice.—You have not, nor can have any notion of what constitutes justice, in the character and government of God; except from the perception of justice you have from the constitution of your own moral nature. Now every perception of justice which God has communicated to you, teaches you the injustice of making the innocent suffer for the guilty. The doctrine of vicarious atonement is inconsistent with the abounding grace of God. According to that doctrine, God cannot forgive sins without an equivalent being given and received in the infinite sufferings and perfect merits of his Eternal Son. If that doctrine is true, then is grace no more grace. To us there is but one God—the Father—and as the heavenly parent of all his human offspring, opening his arms to the embrace of all, encircling all within the provisions of his grace, and preparing all by the moral and religious discipline to which he subjects them for ultimate and perfect re-union with himself. God cannot be the benignant Father of some, and the cruel Tyrant of others. He is the merciful Parent of all, through adversity and prosperity, through sorrow and suffering—through even vice and crime, and sin—and through the consequences of all these,

and conducting them to himself, to heaven in the enjoyment of endless happiness and holiness.—*Kane County Democrat.*

### Spiritual Instructions.

We are pleased to insert the following instructions from departed friends, which were received through interior influx by a lady residing in Hartford, Conn. The first message was imparted to the medium while seated by the deserted tenement of a brother's child :—

"My children dear : The tender plant will wither and decay when touched by the chilling frost. The unfolding of the bud, in its primeval beauty, will become more beautiful, as it expands into a rich and fragrant rose. The chilling frost may touch the exterior, but the interior, unseen by the outer sense, is beautiful and unmolested. The short period of existence on earth should be regarded as the vestibule that all must enter, before becoming an inhabitant of the inner temple. The busy cares and the confusion and turmoil of earth-life are soon over. It is not well for the spirit to be bowed down with the cares of earth. Listen to voices from the Spirit-land, and may they soothe all who are in trouble. These voices will soon be hailed with delight by the inhabitants of the earth, and they will rejoice in the divine and soothing influence imparted to them, and will no longer doubt the reality of a spiritual existence."

The message here annexed was addressed to a sister by her brother in the Spirit-world:

"Let the powers of the mind be well directed, and adverse circumstances will be regarded in their true character. There will no longer be a necessity to look for happiness beyond the boundary of one's own breast; for when peace becomes enthroned there, it will reign monarch of all.

Let wisdom govern with absolute sway,  
And the light will grow brighter, as life wears away,  
No longer be troubled, for all will be well  
With those who are happy, and in Harmony dwell.  
The rough winds of winter will then be the same  
As the mild breeze of summer—no sorrow or pain  
Can disturb the freed spirit who reposes in love,  
And has confidence holy in powers above."

### Psychological Department.

#### TRIAL OF THE FRENCH MIRACLE WORKER.

Rose Tamisier, the female arrested on a charge of having, by a pretended miracle at St. Saturnin, near Apt, committed what the law calls "an outrage on objects of religious worship," was brought to trial a few days ago before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Carpentras. She was extremely pale, and her features bore the mark of mysticism. Her bearing was modest, and she was dressed in black, with a nun's cap. Her age is thirty-three. The court was crowded to excess, and the famous bleeding picture was placed behind the judges. It was proved by several witnesses that Rose had always pretended to possess the power of working miracles. To one witness she once showed a letter which she said had been written by a person who could neither read nor write, and that person, she declared, had been miraculously endowed with the faculty of writing in consequence of her prayers. To another witness she asserted that she had, on a particular occasion, been surrounded with a great light from Heaven at Cadenet. To a third, she said that she had once, when in the Convent of Salons, planted a cabbage by the command of Heaven, and that in a few days it grew to such a vast size that all the persons in the convent were able to make a dinner of it. The cure of Saignon deposed that he had known Rose Temisier for fifteen years, and had always noticed in her a marked tendency to piety and mysticism.

In August, 1850, she told him that she had miraculously received the sacrament in the parish church; and on going to the tabernacle of the altar he found that the consecrated wafer had disappeared. On two subsequent occasions the consecrated wafer again vanished, and Rose pretended that she had again miraculously communicated.

He therefore removed the key of the tabernacle, and forbade her to approach the altar; he also directed his *vicaire* to say mass at the principal altar; but nevertheless the consecrated wafer was again taken away, and he could not discover that any second key to the tabernacle existed.

On going to the church one morning, he was surprised to find the tabernacle open, two candles on the altar lighted, and Rose prostrate on the ground. In answer to his questions, she said that the candles had become lighted of themselves, that the tabernacle had voluntarily opened, that she had felt herself fixed to the ground at some distance from the altar, and that the consecrated wafer had then advanced slowly to her mouth.

About the same time she pretended to have marks of a miraculous character on her breast, and to prove this she produced her linen, which bore sometimes stains representing the Virgin Mary, and, at others, a crown of thorns. He took measures to ascertain whether she had not so marked her linen, but without success. One day, before celebrating mass, he ordered Rose to place a piece of clean linen to her breast, and not to leave the church without his permission. When the mass was over, he called her to the vestry and made her produce the linen; to his astonishment it bore the image of the Virgin. By direction of the Archbishop, he directed her to pray to God that the marks on her breast might be removed; and a few days after they disappeared. The *vicaire* of Saignon, after deposing to the repeated disappearance of the consecrated wafer, stated that in the month of October last, he had to say mass one morning at five o'clock, and expressed to Rose the fear that he might not awake in time. Rose answered, "I will have you awakened." The next morning he was aroused from his sleep by three blows struck on his night table, and at the same time he heard distant music. A moment after the clock struck five. The next day he said to Rose, "you forgot to awaken me?" She answered, "I had you awakened by my guardian angel!"

The witness added that another miracle ascribed to Rose was, that she had caused buttons to be sent to him, in a strange way, to repair his coat. The fact was, that he had found the buttons in his apartment, and that no one could tell how they came there. But he attached no importance to that fact, and considered it a joke. M. Massie, a land-owner at Saignon, said that the *vicaire* had called him an atheist and an infidel, for not believing in the reality of Rose's miracles, and had announced to him that still more extraordinary things would soon be witnessed. Madame Ferriere, a sister of the order of the Presentation de la Marie, called in religion Sister Sainte-Leonarde, stated that she witnessed some of Rose's miracles, and had not believed in them. She had warned her to be prudent in her conduct.—Several other witnesses then deposed that Rose had made extraordinary statements to them; had pretended to be in frequent communication with the Holy Virgin; to have peculiar marks on her breast, &c. One said that an intimate friend of Rose had assured her that one day, as two females were passing the church of St. Saturnin, they felt themselves irresistibly attracted to the interior; and, on kneeling before a picture, saw blood flow from it. At this stage of the evidence the tribunal adjourned. The foregoing details are copied from *Galvani's Messenger*, and the Paris correspondence in the *Daily News* states that the trial has suddenly come to an end, the tribunal having declared itself incompetent.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

### Presentiment of Death.

A singular circumstance occurred at Norfolk, Va., on Saturday the 16th inst. A Mr. C. H. Gherkin, well known at that place as a Professor of Music, went to an undertaker, during the forenoon, and, though apparently in excellent health, ordered his coffin, stating that he felt an unmistakable presentiment that he would die in the afternoon. The undertaker, regarding it as a jest, took no further notice of the matter, and in a short time forgot all about the affair. Mr. Gherkin, after leaving the establishment, went home, was shortly afterwards taken sick, and at an early hour in the evening, was a corpse. The matter is altogether inexplicable, as Mr. G. appeared in excellent health, and was not subject to aberrations of intellect.

## MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OCTOBER 4, 1851.

## A SPIRITUAL PROBLEM.

OLDTOWN, MD., Sept. 5, 1851.

BROTHER AMBLER:—I find there is a good deal said about truthful, reliable, and well developed mediums. These are terms which I do not fully understand. In the "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse," page 114, a spirit says, "Spirits are joyfully seeking truthful mediums." Again, on page 124, Mr. D. says, "It is a thing greatly to be desired, that the harmonical circles develop truthful and impressible mediums." I had thought that a *truthful* medium was one who would not dissemble—that would not practice deception by imitating the manifestations;—I had thought that a *good* medium was one through whom the spirits could communicate freely and easily; and that a *well-developed* medium was the same. But since we began to have manifestations in our own family, I have been forced to think differently. The spirits communicate to us by placing the medium's finger upon the different letters of the alphabet, which they can do nearly as fast as we can write. They can cause her to use a pen or pencil, and trace out letters or figures very correctly. Indeed she seems to be in complete sympathetic connection with the spirits. They seem to move any muscle with the greatest ease, and then, again, completely disable her—deprive her of all power to move—cause her to experience any kind of physical sensations, so that at one moment she will be sick, faint and feeble, with very difficult respiration, and the next healthy, strong, and energetic. At times, also, they seem to excite the various mental faculties, such as hope, fear, courage, &c., and at other times cause her to think and speak.

I am aware that most persons would expect something of importance to be communicated through an individual who can be affected so easily. But as yet the communications have generally been of a very trivial character, and frequently false and contradictory. At times the spirits will represent themselves as some of our distant friends and relations, the death of whom we had not heard—converse in a very intelligent manner—tell when, where, and how they died, and speak of their present enjoyments in the Spirit-world. But in a few days we would learn that these friends were still living in the body. Again, they would tell us that some of our distant friends were on their way to see us, and would arrive at our house at a certain time. They, however, failed to come. But the spirits would tell us that something had happened to our friend which prevented his coming—that he was sick at a certain house on the road—that we must hasten to go and see him; then when we went to the house named, we could neither find him nor hear of him, on which the unseen would tell us that we had mistaken the place, and that it was another house, and when we had gone there, they would continue to give similar directions, sending us somewhere else,—and finally when we had given up all hopes of finding him, we would be told that he was dead, and that we had passed by him (his spirit) repeatedly in our search without observing him. Then the communicating spirit would represent itself as the friend we had just been in search of—tell us his experience, &c. But in a few days afterwards we learned that he was still living.

Now here is a problem I cannot solve, but am very anxious to have it done—to understand the mystery. Mr. Davis says—"To my mind, the real causes of contradictory communications are neither beyond the earth's inhabitants, nor difficult to explain." But his explanation is not satisfactory to my mind. I cannot admit that these contradictions emanate from sympathetic spirits, who confirm that which we ardently and positively desire, inasmuch as they communicate that which is unasked for, unthought of, undesired;—indeed that which we do not wish to hear, much less believe—the death of a near and dear friend and relative, which statement, after all, turns out to be untrue.

Again, they have assured individuals that they should not live but a few weeks or days, even naming the day of the month on which they were to die,—all of which thus far has proved incorrect. Now what can be the object of all this?—what its utility? Is it to demonstrate to sensuous minds the truth of immortality?—to prove to us that our friends are not dead? At first it might seem so. The spirit, apparently for the purpose of convincing us that it is *really* our friend that speaks, will remind us of some trifling circumstance that we had forgotten (and perhaps he had forgotten too) which we are satisfied no one knew anything about, excepting him and ourselves. But under the circumstances related, shall we rely upon any thing that the spirits may tell us, until it is proved to be truth? How are we to know that it is our departed friends that speak, when they communicate to us thus? These circumstances can only prove to me that there is some intelligence that is perfectly familiar with the history of our lives, aye, with our most inward thoughts and affections. Then what is the use of a test-word, sound, or motion, as the signal of a friend? If we know the sign ourselves, the communicating spirit knows it also, and can produce the signal if he choose to.

I have long since abandoned the idea that there is any thing absolutely *evil* in the universe. Hence I do not believe in the doctrine of evil spirits. But I am inclined to the opinion that there are undeveloped, gross, and immoral spirits, who, when they have the opportunity, trouble mankind. I have thought it might be, that for some reason we have been permitted to get in communication with such; or, that we may have been troubled thus for the purpose of correcting us of some faults,—so that *the cause of these contradictions may lie with us*. But whatever the cause may be, we cannot learn it from the spirits through the medium of my sister. Indeed, for the last few weeks, the communications have ceased entirely. Yet they continue to operate on her daily. They affect her in a variety of ways, giving very eccentric motions to her limbs, putting her into a magnetic sleep, often closing her eyes in the waking state, turning the eyeballs upwards, or to one side, and holding them rigidly in that position for some time. If we solicit any communications, they will show us that they can communicate if they will, and seemingly tantalize us by causing the medium to assume strange attitudes, perform comic gestures, &c.

Notwithstanding we have been thus tantalized, we have received some very elevating thoughts and precepts—have been counselled, admonished, and encouraged for our good.

Now I greatly desire to learn the realities of the inner life—of the Spirit-world, and if possible, to obtain a *truthful* medium. I hope you and your numerous correspondents will help me to solve the mystery, and direct me how to proceed to obtain truth.

Most truly yours,

G. B. MC L.

## Remarks.

The problem presented by our correspondent in the above communication, is one demanding serious attention, inasmuch as it serves to reveal some of the important peculiarities of spiritual existence which have been almost entirely overlooked in the popular conceptions. While we are assured from principles which are eternal as the Deity, that there is and can be no spirits which are inherently and absolutely *evil*, we are at the same time persuaded by facts which cannot be set aside, that there are spiritual beings who remain for a considerable length of time in the lower grades of development, and who manifest in their intercourse with men the eccentric and angular movements of their undeveloped faculties. To make this matter more clearly understood, it should be remarked that there are doubtless many spirits who are yet in the sphere of *self-love*—whose wisdom-principle is not expanded, and who are yet, in respect to their interior growth, *spiritual infants*. When, therefore, from any cause we come in communication with spirits of this nature, we cannot reasonably expect to receive instruction from them, but may anticipate that they will derive amusement and gratification from us—leading us at times, perhaps, into ludicrous mistakes and temporary difficulties, not for the purpose of accomplishing



an evil, malignant design, but merely to gratify a perverted self-love. On the ground which is here assumed, the reasonableness of which may be judged by others, we find but little difficulty in solving the problem presented by our correspondent. Indeed, the proper solution, as it seems to us, is contained in the important fact which has been previously suggested, that the unmastered spirit does not, immediately on its departure from the body, attain to the full perfection of its nature, but will manifest for a time the apparent imbecility, distorted fancies, and selfish desires, which inevitably result from an imperfect and inharmonious organization. We may rejoice, however, in the assurance that what is now imperfect and apparently evil, must go on towards perfection; and that the beautiful flower of the spirit, though crushed and blighted by the cold winds of earth, will revive and bloom in unfolding beauty, beneath the radiance of celestial spheres.—Ed.

### INCONSISTENCIES OF THEOLOGY.

One of the most attractive features of the old theology, and the accomplishment of which constitutes the sole aim of the new philosophy, is the doctrine of a future millenium. Long and wordy prayers are offered for this happy and glorious consummation, but let an individual or an association of persons but make the first *movement* in an approximation towards bringing it to pass, by the formation of industrial societies for the mutual benefit of its members, moral reform associations, or by rectifying any irregularities which are found to exist in society, and he must look out for a hue and cry of "fanaticism," "removing the old land marks," "ultraism,"—in short a whole Dictionary of denunciatory synonyms is hurled at once towards the audacious innovator, for endeavoring to accomplish, *what?*—Just what ministers and laymen have always been praying for.

Newspaper sonnets, pulpit discourses, social conversations, all teem with the theme of departed friends hovering around their earthly relatives; yea, even the authoritative Dr. Dick says, "For aught we know there may be some medium through which it [the spirit] holds a *direct communication* with the *material universe*." But, undertake to prove from reliable evidence that all this is *true*—bring forward the unimpeachable testimony of responsible witnesses who have had *undoubted evidence* that they have communicated directly with their friends in the invisible world; yea, say to these spinners of an ideal theory, "what you poetize, preach and talk about is *true*, we have *demonstrated* it;" and you must be prepared for a storm of sectarian opposition to every part and parcel of the *same theory* which these mythological disciples have forever before been harping about as being at least highly probable. This disposition to deny in *practice* what they hold in *theory*, in the old theology, is so far from being a fiction, that even a minister of a church at H—, in a recent work on theological subjects, says—aluding to the course of some professors of religion :—"They come before God in confession of sin so extravagant, so wide of their own consciousness, that if a fellow-man were to charge upon them what they confess, they would be *morally offended*."

Mythology, too, has theoretically a hell, into which all whose religious belief does not square with the letter of a given creed, must inevitably be plunged, to writhe in eternal suffering; but let the veriest wretch that ever walked the earth die in the full tide of his sins, and mark ye, his friends, who may be the staunchest supporters of the hell-doctrine in *theory*, are *far enough* from believing that *he*, their deceased relation, has gone there. No—it is always for some wicked neighbor; for somebody who has not shared their sympathies, that this hot place is especially designed.

Again, Theology teaches that Christ is to come to judge the world. This it proclaims as a fact, without prescribing any definite time; but let a Father Miller rise up and say, "I have proved from the *book* when this event is to take place," and hear the air rend with the cry of "imposter," "poor old infatuated imbecile." They will not allow the fulfillment of what they solemnly profess *will be*, and what may take place to-morrow for aught they know to the contrary. This is the language of no hyperbolic,

exaggerated representation, but is simply an unquestionable truth; and what are we to think of any part of a religion which is ever betraying its own skepticism and insincerity, at what it outwardly professes? Does it really and truly accept *any thing* which it avows faith in? Does it, with unwavering confidence, even place faith in a happy and blissful immortality for any one? Let the doubt and distrust with which death is contemplated under the hopes afforded by the old theology, answer.

It seems evident from the developments of our subject so far, that whatever theology intends or contemplates, it is equally determined shall never be effected or realized. Save a few isolated virtues in it scattered here and there, like the oases of the arid desert, it is but one broad, desolate waste of indistinguishable error and confusion, over which, uncertain, fearful, and dissatisfied, its unwilling votaries tread, hoping in the end for the best, but deeply apprehensive of the worst. Oh benevolence, sympathy, compassion!—since first you breathed into life for the sorrowing and despondent your benign and gladsome smiles, never yet it seems was there a subject so dependent on your aid to soothe, to cheer and to enlighten, as the lone and disconsolate pilgrim of life, who walks with a feeble and tottering step towards the goal of the Unknown, with but the dim, lurid, rayless light of a mythological faith to guide him onward to his destiny. But the dawn of a blessed, though long-delayed hope, at length has arisen;—its advancing light shall dissipate all doubt, darkness, and uncertainty of a life to come, and joy, love, and peace, in undisturbed and harmonious concord, shall forever reign.

c. o. r.

### EVIDENCE OF THE FUTURE LIFE.

WALNUT HILLS, Ohio, Sept. 13, 1851.

BRO. AMBLER:—If there is one faculty of the human mind, for which I feel more devoutly thankful than any other, it is the ability we possess to investigate every subject that has a claim upon our candid consideration. The destiny of the human race—the science of spiritual existence, and the relation of the present to the future being, are subjects of no secondary importance. The greatness, the grandeur, and the glory of an unending existence, in a succession of spheres of increasing light and knowledge—developing the fountain of enjoyment, deepening and widening with the progress of ceaseless ages, is the highest theme to which the minds of men or angels can aspire. What are we to know of a future existence? And how are we to know it, except it be by the faculties common to the family of man? What do we know of human existence, in the natural world? It begins with a thought—the generated thought receives a generated form—that form is developed in helpless infancy, which nestles awhile upon its mother's breast, drawing its life from hers, its affection from the inspiring fondness of her smile, and its intelligence from her instructing voice. O how sweet and lovely are these early developments!—unsullied affection and almost angel purity, until they begin to come in contact with the poisonous influence of corrupt society! We see the child with his sports—the youth with buoyant hope—the young man with towering ambition—the mighty mind of middle age grappling with still more mighty themes—the man of cares, tottering upon the declivity of earthly life, who, unappreciated and with but little confidence in all around him, but just begins to feel that "he springeth up like a flower and is cut down."—Lo! the beauty fades from his cheeks, his sparkling eye becomes dim, the once plump and ruddy countenance is deeply furrowed, the shining locks turn coarse and gray, his hand trembles and refuses to obey the promptings of his heart, his limbs refuse longer to support his feeble frame—he gathers up his feet upon his bed, and says "farewell!" as his closing eye shuts out the last solitary tear. And the history of the bright-eyed grandchild who places the evergreen upon the coffin lid, is but a repetition of his who sleeps beneath it.

This much we know of human existence. These things we see and hear—these things we thus learn; but what do we know of a future existence? Of what avail is it to me, that somebody lived eighteen hundred years ago who said, "because I live

ye shall live also," unless at the same time I am furnished with some sensible evidence that I shall live when my natural body is dead?

We now know something of a future existence, because our friends have returned to us from the Spirit-world; and with them we have "taken sweet counsel" indeed. They have told us things that none others this side of heaven could tell—things that are true. The fact, as well as the philosophy of a future existence, has been demonstrated to us through the medium of all of our senses; therefore we can but believe. Indeed I very much doubt whether it is possible for any to disbelieve this great truth, under such manifestations as are now being made in our midst, unless they are wilfully determined to shut their eyes against the light, and stop their ears from hearing the truth.

There is one thing that seems very strange—almost unaccountable viz.: that those who make it their business to preach the doctrine of eternal life, and "convert sinners from the error of their ways," and are always pointing to that "better time coming," when divine truth shall be more clear, and spiritual manifestations more convincing—that such should utterly refuse to look at the phenomena attendant upon these spiritual developments, is strange indeed. Yet this fact is susceptible of explanation. The doctrine of a future existence was faintly developed by the Jews; yet they not only opposed, but persecuted and crucified Jesus Christ, whose business it was to develop the same doctrine more clearly. Christ also predicted that at a future time, others should do still greater things; and if those greater things should now be done, who would be more likely to pronounce the participators in them, "blasphemous," than those whose teachings have not come up to the teachings of Christ?

Should opportunity offer, I may furnish you with some remarks at a future time, relative to the affairs of the friends of spiritual progression in this section.

E. J.

### Nature and Reason.

RANDOLPH, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—It seems a self-evident truth that the study of Nature and her laws, as exhibited in the visible universe, while eminently calculated to strengthen and develop the understanding, at the same time contributes largely to the cultivation of those principles and sentiments, which are the only sure foundation of a life of harmony and virtue. I cannot resist the daily increasing conviction, that a belief in creeds neither mends the manners, nor improves the heart. On the contrary, we are made intrinsically better, only in proportion as we perceive and duly appreciate our obligations, as men, neighbors, or citizens. The precepts of the New Testament are none the more beautiful, nor the more practical, because recorded *there*. Nor are they the less truthful or obligatory, though divorced from all "inspired" books or systems. The truth of morality is *universal* truth, and can no more be detached from Nature and made available to certain believers only, than the light streaming from the radiant mid-day sun, can be bottled up for the express use and benefit of *believers in Astronomy*. How unreasonable, therefore, that clergymen and others should inculcate the sentiment, that a practice of all the virtues can avail nothing if unconnected with "saving faith!"

I am led to these reflections, by the unsparing manner of our clergy in denouncing that class of individuals styled "infidel." There is no language too severe, no epithets too coarse for their use, when they become excited on the subject of skepticism. It is amusing—if one can be amused at so sad a spectacle—to witness the spleen and fear they manifest when the craft is in danger. I pity the clergy;—if there is any class of people in society "unfortunately situated," they are. I pity the cause, and I pity its supporters, when resort is had to ridicule and scorn, instead of argument and reason. But it is quite plain that the fashion of inducing unreflecting minds to adopt, or reject systems of belief, is fast getting out of date, to be supplanted, I hope, by habits of thought, self-knowledge, and independence of mind.

Two Sabbaths since, at the Presbyterian Church in this place, we were treated to a feast of Mosaic Cosmogony, in which the assertion was violently thrust and insisted upon, with a show of reason, that the account of the Creation by Moses is consistent with all known science and philosophy. In the course of the artfully-arranged argument, it was said that the Mosaic days were not days of twenty-four hours, but long periods, or ages,—therefore the Bible harmonized with Geology. But the speaker forgot to tell us that this construction, allowing it to harmonize with Geology, does not harmonize with any thing else; as, accordingly, upon the third day, or age, we have the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit, with all the phenomena of vegetable life, ages before the creation of the sun, moon and stars! Strange it is that one who has given the best of his life to learning the art of preaching, and reconciling Bible with Science, should be unable to detect in himself so violent a distortion of reason. The same individual, on the same occasion, prayed with an earnestness seldom equaled, that the "deluded by false philosophy" might be brought to a knowledge of divine Truth. I have heard of "absurdity run mad," and if this is not what is meant by that expression, I know not how to designate it.

If clergymen cannot demonstrate the dogmas of religion, they had better cease preaching them, and turn their attention to things that can be demonstrated. Surely they can inculcate the principles of Nature, and these are every where capable of proof. The legitimate business of a clergyman is one of the most useful in society; and, instead of prostituting his talents and powers to narrow and unworthy purposes, as he evidently does, he should ever be the reliable oracle of Truth and Reason. Instead of shutting himself up in his study six days in the week, to be the better able to outrage reason and common sense on the seventh, he might labor to benefit man by bringing him in communion with the sublime truths of Universal Nature.

With a fervent desire for the success of your Messenger,

I am truly yours,

J. M. S.

### Our New Arrangement.

In accordance with the announcement given last week, we expect to have the pleasure soon of introducing to our readers Mrs. Frances H. Green, the well-known and talented writer, as assistant editress of this journal. This lady, in her connection with the Messenger, will enrich its columns with many beautiful and choice productions of prose and poetry, which cannot fail to greatly enhance its value. Among other matters of interest, she proposes to publish in this paper, with the copy-right secured, several romantic and thrilling tales, which, while they call forth the most brilliant efforts of mind, will be designed to illustrate some of the important principles involved in the New Philosophy. In short, it is our design to impart to this journal a literary merit and intrinsic interest which shall render it attractive to a large mass of mind in this country, as the desire by which we are constantly moved, is to make the Messenger a truly worthy exponent of the sublime and beautiful principles to which it is devoted. Now all that we need to fully accomplish this object is *pecuniary means*. Having sacrificed a large sum during the past year, and our present expenses being much greater than was anticipated, we are, unfortunately, wanting the resources which would be adequate to the real wants of such a paper. If these could in any way be furnished, either by special contributions or the more general efforts of the friends, the enterprise in which we are engaged would attain a speedy triumph—our bark would soon pass far beyond the dashing surge, and float out upon the bosom of a tranquil sea.—Ed.

Many of our friends in distant places, are making inquiries in relation to the condition and prospects of the Messenger. In answer we would say that, though our subscription list is larger now than at any previous period, yet, on account of increased expenses, we shall need the special and united efforts of all the friends of the paper, to maintain its present size and secure its regular appearance.



## Poetry.

## TO MY ANGEL MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY ELISHA THAYER.

Thou art gone, my dear mother, but still thou art near me,  
To guide my frail bark o'er this life's stormy sea,  
And in all my afflictions and sorrows to cheer me,  
With hope that from sadness I soon shall be free.

Thou art still my dear mother, for so will I greet thee,  
Although a bright angel in heaven above;  
On the verge of mortality, there I shall meet thee,  
And there I'll reveal the extent of my love.

In the bright Spirit-land I will meet thee, dear mother,  
When sickness, and pain, and my labors are o'er,  
And my father and sister, and long-absent brother,—  
With joy I will hail them, to part never more.

In a song of thanksgiving we'll mingle our voices,  
In praise of the Being Supreme and Divine!  
In whose presence each angelic seraph rejoices—  
While all the bright legions in harmony join.

For all thy good precepts I thank thee, dear mother,  
In childhood and youth, as my guide to the tomb,  
So that when I exchange this sad state for another,  
With joy I may pass to my heavenly home.

And now, my dear mother, *these hopes I will cherish,*  
(For soon I shall know it, as now I am known),  
That, when this frail body shall crumble and perish,  
A portion far better will then be my own.

Dedham, Sept. 25, 1851.

## Care of the Angels.

A GEM FROM AN ENGLISH POET.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
That may compassion of their evils move?  
There is, else much more wretched were the case  
Of men than beasts; but O! th' exceeding grace  
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,  
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succor us that succor want!  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skies like flying pursuivant  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,  
And all for love and nothing for reward;  
O! why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

Spenser.

## Glory.

What is glory? What is fame?  
The echo of a long-lost name;  
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk,  
The shadow of an arrant naught;  
A flower that blossoms for a day,  
Dying next to-morrow;  
A stream that hurries on its way,  
Singing of sorrow.

Motherwell.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## DETAIL OF ACTUAL OCCURRENCES

AT A LATE WESTERN REVIVAL MEETING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY AN ILLINOISIAN.

"Miss W., the Rev. Mr. I. desires an introduction to you."

The lady thus addressed looked up with an air of surprise, which, however, the speaker did not notice, but immediately proceeded to present to her an energetic-looking white-haired man, with a protruding lip and pendulous cheeks.

"Miss W., the Rev. Mr. I."

Hardly had the introduction thus taken place, when Mr. I. started forward, clenched the lady by her hand and arm, and, bending down his face till it almost touched hers, fixed his little black eye keenly upon her, and then with a most affectedly solemn and deep-toned utterance, growled forth:

"Miss W., do you believe in Jesus?"

Miss W.'s first act was a movement to free her arm, and an effort to turn her face from the reverend gentleman; but as she would not stoop to any unladylike struggle, these things were not to be effected. He held her arm as in a vice. His face followed hers as it turned: and his proximity to her was so close that she was unavoidably forced to inhale his breath—a breath which, from some physical cause, was so excessively offensive as to oppress her with a loathing almost amounting to nausea.

"Young woman, do you believe in Jesus?"

As he repeated his question, Mr. I. elevated his voice. The congregation, who were just passing out of the house, arrested their steps. The Rev. Mr. S., who by introducing his friend Miss W., as above stated, had placed her in this conspicuous and annoying position, hastened away, and stood a little without the door. Mr. O., another reverend gentleman, turned with the people, as in anticipation of some interesting scene.

"But you open too abruptly," remonstrates the reader. "Where are these persons, and who are they?"

Dear reader, I am about to relate a conversation which occurred on the twentieth of last month, within the walls of an Illinois prairie school-house, where three ministers of the New School, or Congregationalist Church, were holding a "protracted meeting," for the purpose of proselyting the families of the neighboring farmers, and thus forming a society of their particular sect in that location.

This was the sixth day of the meeting, and the first time Miss W., who resided some miles distant, had attended it. Miss W. is one who does not believe with this sect, nor any other sect. Having investigated for herself, and exercised her reason, she has arrived at conclusions quite beyond those of the popular theology; yet she does not therefore condemn the Church. She believes every error—but undeveloped truth—has its use; and every institution has its mission, and is suited, so long as Heaven permits its existence, to the wants of some soul. She feels deeply interested in all which in *any degree* directs man's thoughts towards Heaven. She says in the present low stage of progress to which most minds have attained, she believes that were it not for the Church, few would lift their souls from the debasing pursuits of mere earthly objects. Therefore she occasionally countenances these sectarian meetings by her presence.

The Rev. Mr. S. is a remarkably kind, warm-hearted man. He and Mr. O. are alike well aware of Miss W.'s difference from them in opinion, but still they have ever manifested towards her, as a lady of acknowledged intelligence and worth, the greatest friendship and respect.

Not long ago, the spirit of one to whom Miss W. was ardently attached by the strong cords of a mutual love, suddenly left the body; and on the occasion of his funeral, and in compliance with her earnest request, the Rev. Mr. S., who officiated then, prayed as he never before prayed at such a time,—he prayed that the spirit of her lover might be permitted to commune with and console her. For this act of concession to her wishes, Miss W.

cherished towards Mr. S. a lively gratitude—a gratitude not diminished by the fact that she had since joyfully felt that this prayer had not been denied.

For the Rev. Mr. O., he scarcely appears in this narrative, but yet I will mention that he is one whose manner and expressed sentiments are, when he avoids doctrinal points—which he generally does—most truly christian-like and amiable. He has a face, too, so eminently spiritual and benignant in its expression, that one is reminded, when gazing thereon, of one's ideal of the "beloved disciple." And not a few wonder how it is that such a man should believe in the existence of a partial vindictive God and of an eternal hell.

Perhaps it is owing to her knowledge of what these two clergymen have, by their influence out of the pulpit, effected in their respective communities, which causes Miss W. to look upon the old theology as a lower good, rather than a positive evil.

The Rev. Mr. I. is lately from New York. His whole bearing evinces that he esteems the people here inferior, and unworthy of respect—while he as evidently appears to think his own opinion on any subject, a close approach to infallibility. His manner, towards his colleagues even, Mr. S. and Mr. O., was assuming and dictatorial.

On the morning to which I referred, Mr. I. had addressed the audience. It was the first time Miss W. had ever seen him,—and she could not then listen to his discourse—could not witness his theatrical attitudes and flourishes—behold how he would occasionally tightly close his eyes till a tear was forced, then open them widely upon the audience while it ran down his cheek,—she could not hear his appeals to the selfish fear of punishment as motives to duty—nor his occasional unbecoming levity—nor his angry-toned denunciations against the audience as vile sinners—nor his slurs on the female sex—nor the boasting style in which he spoke of the many souls he had saved—nor the hearty intonation with which, in declaring the punishment due to a convicted murderer, he exclaimed, "Hang him! hang him!" without feeling, despite the evident scholarship and talent he displayed, that her whole soul recoiled from him as from a compound of arrogance, self-conceit, vulgarity, trickery, and cruelty. She felt that the influence of such a preacher could not be favorable to the growth of man's higher, purer nature, and her heart filled with pain.

When in the course of his discourse, Mr. S. weeps, as he sometimes does, the hearer feels that the emotion of the speaker is real; but one is not thus impressed while witnessing the tears of Mr. I.

It is an axiom with Miss W., that there is *something* capable of awakening pleasure to be found in the most disagreeable, had one but patience to seek, and penetration to discover it. Therefore, as she sat upright there on the rude benches of that old prairie school-house, and with folded arms listened intently to the speaker, she kept fairly torturing herself all the while, in the effort to like some point in Mr. I. And she rejoiced not a little over one passage wherein he dwelt eloquently on the beauties of nature—of this world, in which God in his beneficence had placed man. Also she kept telling herself, "His mind is broken by age; I must find excuses for him." His movements were quick and energetic, however, and he appeared to have none of the infirmities of age; and in her desire to testify as charitably as possible respecting him, she came to the conclusion before the speaker had closed, that when afterwards questioned, she could conscientiously declare, at least, that he was "interesting."

After the congregation was dismissed, Miss W. turned to exchange friendly greetings with those around her—for in our prairie neighborhood every one knows every body. And Miss W. has been heard to say that when she looks round upon our rustic assemblies, and "sees all looking so clever and comfortable, she often wishes that it would be perfectly proper for her to get up, pass around among the benches, shake hands with all the men and women, and kiss all their babies!"

Mr. S. and Mr. O. both advanced down the aisle to exchange salutations with Miss W. And as she was conversing with the latter, and had nearly reached the door, outside of which, the

brother who had accompanied her to church had already disappeared, and was now talking with some of the groups of men which always stand for a while after service around a country meeting-house,—as she was thus engaged, Mr. S. drew near a second time, and addressed her with the opening words of this narrative.

Miss W. has ever been averse to express her theological views to those differing widely from her in opinion. She does not like to shock people's prejudices without some good can thereby be effected, and she has not the vanity to think she can change those who in their belief are already fixed. Besides, she likes not to subject her feelings to the insult of having it insinuated that she can not possibly have any love to God or man, simply because she regards not the first as a being to be feared and flattered like some powerful and vindictive fiend, nor looks upon the latter as a creature hopelessly depraved.

When Mr. I. thus forcibly detained her, and repeated his question, as before stated, Miss W., with her usual charity, reflected, "He is an old man and has not tact enough to see how he offends, or he would release me." And then, imposing on her disgusted soul patience, she quietly replied:

"Yes, I believe in Jesus."

Perhaps it was in the absence of all solemnity in his voice—but certainly something rendered Mr. I. evidently dissatisfied with this reply to a question he had put in his most awe-inspiring manner, and which he by no means expected would have been answered in a tone so entirely unembarrassed; and he quickly and sharply rejoined—

"But do you place your hopes of salvation on him?"

Removing her face as far as possible from the increasingly offensive breath that was filling her nostrils, Miss W. replied in an earnest voice—

"But I do not believe in Jesus the way you do. I have just listened to your discourse, and I know we differ most hopelessly; therefore 'tis useless to prolong this interview;" and again she made a vain effort to free her arm.

"Don't believe the way I do!" And raising his bushy eyebrows, Mr. I. glanced around, as if to secure the attention of the people; then elevating his voice yet more, while he again fixed his gaze upon his prisoner, he indignantly added: "Whoever heard of such a thing! You say you believe in Jesus—thus taking to yourself the title of Christian,—and yet you expect to have your soul saved in some way different from that of all other Christians. I should like to have you describe your new way."

"It is useless for us to converse," repeated Miss W. "We disagree entirely; and I have no wish to remain longer."

"Oh, I won't hold you here; but——"

"But you are holding me," laughed the lady, looking down upon her imprisoned arm.

Partially releasing his grasp, Mr. I. added with a sneer—

"But if you have any ideas of Jesus, why do you hesitate to give them? Or is it that you have no opinions after all?"

"I did not wish to horrify him by the expression of sentiments he deems heretical," thought Miss W. to herself, "but there seems no alternative." And then, in a dignified manner, she said to Mr. I.:

"I told you it was useless for us to converse; and when I assure you that, as regards your most essential point, viz: the divinity of Christ, I have no faith in it, you will yourself perceive 'tis folly for us to exchange farther words on the subject. Good morning." And, bowing, the lady would have gone.

But Mr. I. still grasped her arm. He looked greatly shocked.

"Not believe in the divinity of Christ! Why!—you're lost then! Don't you know you'll go to hell unless you believe?"

"I don't credit the existence of a hell," calmly replied the lady. "And if I did it would make no difference. I cannot believe contrary to my convictions."

"Not believe in the divinity of Christ? Why, you can't expect to join the heavenly company then."

"Not your species of heavenly company, certainly," replied

Miss. W., with a smile; for since her earnest entreaties effected nought, she thus tried to get rid of her arrogant questioner, by treating the subject lightly.

"Ah! you would get to heaven by some back way, I suppose then. Since you don't believe in redemption through the blood of Christ, I should like to know what song you calculate to sing when you get in your way. Since you don't believe as other christians do, I suppose you calculate to have a little box all by yourself up there."

Such familiarity of tone and manner in speaking of Heaven, shocked Miss W., and with great solemnity of feeling, she replied:

"Of course I know not what may be my occupation in another sphere of existence. We are told, men may not conceive its joys. I think it but our duty while here to follow our spirit's highest promptings, and trust our futurity confidently to the benign wisdom of our Maker."

Here Mr. I. dropped Miss W.'s arm, and in a more respectful tone inquired:

"Do you think your heart has ever been changed?"

"Yes; I think I have higher impulses and clearer views than formerly."

"Do you ever pray?"

"Yes indeed."

"But you do not feel any gratitude to God that Christ lived?"

"Yes I do. I love to contemplate Christ's character; and I feel grateful to God for his life, as I do for the lives of all great and glorious examples of excellence."

"But still you do not attribute the change you say there is in you to Jesus, and praying, you do not thank Jesus?"

This insinuation that Christ, whom she esteemed a mere man, was the Infinite Fountain from which all good influences originated, filled Miss W. with a lofty indignation. Then she felt as if standing before some tribunal, with the privilege of giving her testimony in favor of the existence of the true God. For the first time during this interview, she did not regret that she was forced into it; and with elevated form, and in tones almost sublime, she replied:

"No—I attribute it to God! And I thank God!"

For an instant Mr. I. said nothing. Miss W. turned to leave, supposing the interview at an end. But Mr. I. caught her arm, and again arrested her steps. All the arrogance of his manner had returned upon him:

"Then if you don't believe in the Trinity, you don't believe what Paul says—hey?"

Miss W. felt quite vexed by his insulting tone:

"Well, I don't believe Paul, then," she exclaimed in a sort of desperation, making at the same time another vain effort to free her arm.

"Then you don't believe in the Bible?" exclaimed her persecutor, in tones greatly expressive of horror.

A sort of resignation to her fate, came over Miss W., and her voice was calm, yet earnest, as she replied:

"I do not believe it in the way you do. I have told you repeatedly we agreed in nothing. Not that I do not think there is much truth in the Bible. I find a great deal there that is to me a study and a delight. But I think there is also much evil in it. And I consider it a species of blasphemy to call such a compilation 'God's Book!'"

Mr. I.'s red face fairly blazed; his black eyes flashed fire, and in a voice loud and taunting, while a contemptuous sneer curled his features, he cried:

"Ah—indeed! You have made great discoveries in theology! You're a new star that's arisen!"

Miss W. stood in his tightening grasp, silent and pale. She appeared surprised at the audacity of this man, who went on unchecked:

"You must get rid of these infidel notions, Miss! Why! why! you are one of the *accursed* ones!" he added in deep denunciatory tones.

Miss W. roused herself. Her lips parted in a smile, which seemed that of resignation, while she half-coaxingly said:

"Well, why not let me alone then? I know you think I am accursed. I told you we did not agree. I am sure," she added, "that you think I am on the headlong road to hell." And she laughed.

The poor girl was beginning to feel quite ill and nervous.

"Young woman, don't laugh! don't laugh!" exclaimed Mr. I., very solemnly.

Then changing his manner, and releasing her arm, he continued, in a most pathetic tone of voice, and in broken sentences:

"Don't talk so? You hurt my feelings; you grieve me—indeed you grieve me."

For the instant Miss W. thought he was grieved; and while the tears gushed from her eyes, proving the sincerity of her regret, she quickly and earnestly exclaimed:

"Oh, I am so sorry I hurt your feelings!" She sobbed convulsively, then violently strove to suppress her agitation, for at a glance at Mr. I.'s now changed countenance, she felt herself duped. She saw that on witnessing her emotion, an air of satisfaction spread over his face. She felt convinced too, on reflection, that the violence of his anger was incompatible with the grief he had expressed, and she was mortified that she had afforded him the triumph of causing her to weep. She hastily retreated down the aisle. Mr. I. closely followed, declaring all the time to her unheeding ears how earnestly he desired to save her soul.

A young man sprang within the door-way. He was white and trembling with passion. Placing Miss W.'s hand under his arm, he flashed a glance full of indignation upon the face of Mr. I., while he exclaimed in short, stern words:

"I did not know before, sister, your feelings were being thus outraged. Let us go."

But Mr. I. grasped the lady's arm again. The young man saw the movement, and instantly raised his clenched hand for the purpose of horning the old man back. But the sight of his grey hairs restrained him; and for a moment his doubled fist remained threateningly in mid air.

Mr. I. saw the impulse of the indignant brother, and releasing his hold, hastily retreated some steps, and was silent.

"Such conduct as yours sir—holding a lady up in this manner to be publicly stared at and commented upon—I consider infamous!" With this fiercely uttered rebuke, the brother conducted his sister from the house.

Mr. I. drew a long breath; then looked around on the people and said:

"She's an infidel, aint she?"

None replied.

"Let us go," exclaimed a voice; and almost immediately the spot was deserted. \* \* \* \* \*

The mild Mr. O. afterwards stated, that "it much distressed him to see Miss W. thus uncourtously handled." But still it seems he dared not interpose. Is not this, reader, the very spirit of that Jesuitism which the Protestants are so ready to denounce—which holds that friendship, courtesy, principle, all must be sacrificed when they stand in the way of making proselytes?

The father of Miss W. had never, with her, been able to see that good was any longer existent in the Church as an institution. He always denounced it; and deemed the clergy and their influence to be almost invariably corrupt. He was deeply incensed when he heard of this attack on his daughter, and declared the interview must have been a contrived plan between the ministers. Miss W. thought too highly of Mr. S. to suppose him other than unsuspecting of Mr. I.'s motive in requesting an introduction. But still, in order to afford him an opportunity of clearing himself from this unworthy imputation, as also to express her disapprobation of Mr. I.'s conduct, she penned the following note:

August 20th, 1851.

REV. MR. S., Dear Sir:—After services this morning, you introduced Mr. I. to me as your friend. This individual abruptly questioned me on what he considers religion. Though I repeatedly declined conversing with him on the subject—because



knowing how hopelessly we differed—he yet perseveringly importuned me to declare my views. On my partially doing so, he straightway, in an open and public manner, used towards me language, I could not but feel to be grossly abusive and insulting. With great ungenerosity, he endeavored to agitate me by every possible means;—at one time moving me to tears, by pathetically assuring me I grieved him by expressing views he all the while knew I most unwillingly gave him, and again rudely scoffing at me for these my conscientious opinions.

I thought the days when a private individual could be dragged before a self-elected ecclesiastical tribunal, and for opinion's sake be denounced thereby as "infidel," and "accursed," had passed! It remained for your friend to teach me I had too highly rated the advancement of the age! I hope, however, for the honor of the ministerial profession, that these, to say the least, rude measures adopted by Mr. I. in my case, form an exception to your general rules of procedure.

I now address you because I desire to be informed, first—if it was at *your suggestion* your friend thus attacked me; and also whether you approve of the tenor of his remarks. If you *do* approve, I grieve to say your character has all along been wholly misinterpreted by one who has ever heretofore considered it an honor to subscribe herself, with sincere esteem,

Your friend, ——— W. ———

Miss W. whose health is far from ever being robust, was for a few days quite prostrated by the effect of this interview on her excitable nervous system. Her indignant father called at the school-house to see the ministers, but Mr. S. only was there. To him he thus, in no very qualified manner, addressed himself:

"Had a *layman* so addressed my daughter, you would have come forward and protected her, instead of skulking one side as you did. But because the old ruffian is a *clergyman*, you permitted him to blackguard as he chose! Such a man as he, is doing a vast injury in society, sir! And so are you; and so are the whole race of the clergy. They should be swept from the face of the earth! I wished to meet this man, I, here, for I came to demand that an apology be made my daughter—an apology as public as the assault!"

"Oh, Mr. W.," Mr. S. deprecatingly replied, "Mr. I. *meant* well. You'd better let the matter slide."

Seven days after, Mr. S. accidentally met Miss W. He hastened to introduce the subject, by saying, "I intend replying to your note—but it is a matter which requires much deliberation, and I have been postponing it till more at leisure."

"The two questions in my note appear to me very simple," thought Miss W. But she perceived that Mr. S. seemed anxious and uneasy. And her heart prompted her to be generous enough to release him from the evident task of replying, so she said:

"As you have thus delayed this matter, I conclude it is because conscious that you cannot satisfy me without censuring the conduct of your friend. You feel that to answer my note would be somewhat embarrassing. Believing this to be your situation, my real regard for you prompts me to recall my request, and release you from the obligation of replying at all."

"Oh yes—I intend to reply still," stammered forth Mr. S.

"I wrote to you last week," continued Miss W., "not merely to give you an opportunity of explaining yourself, but because I think we owe it as a duty to our race far more than to our individual selves, *always to remonstrate against wrong* whenever we meet it. But believe me, sir, I think it none the less our duty to *forgive that wrong, be it righted or not.*"

September 12, 1851.

Women's ignorance of their duties, and the abuse which they make of their power, deprive them of the most beautiful and precious of their advantages, that of being useful.

Be wise—for in gaining wisdom you also gain an eminence from which no shaft of jealousy and malice can reach you.

He that will sell his fame, will sell the public interest.

### Strength of a Kind Word.

Some people are very apt to use harsh, angry words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loud, swear and storm, though after all they are laughed at; their orders are forgotten, and their ill-temper only is remembered.

How strong is a kind word! It will do what the harsh word or even a blow cannot do, it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders.

Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they know not what you say, can tell when you say a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him. The man was of an ill-temper, and beat the horse, the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not, or would not go in the right way. Another man who was in the cart, went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head and fixed his large eyes upon the man as though he would say, "I will do anything for you because you are so kind to me," and bending his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane and trotted on briskly as though the load was a plaything. Oh, how strong is a kind word!

### The Sword and the Pen.

The sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had not been long out of use. The rust was rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go—they were of blood. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off.

"Thou art right," said the sword, "I am a bad neighbor."

"I fear thee not," replied the pen; "I am more powerful than thou art, but love not thy society."

"I exterminate," said the sword.

"And I perpetuate," answered the pen—"where are thy victories if I record them not? Even where thou shalt one day be, in the lake of Oblivion."

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great,  
The pen is mightier than the sword."

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AND

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