

# THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

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

VOL. I.

SPRINGFIELD, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1851.

NO. 22.

## The Principles of Nature.

### CONCERNING THE SPIRIT'S DESTINY.

[FROM THE UNIVERCÆLUM.]

A. J. DAVIS, SIR:—Your letter in answer to mine on the Immortality of the Soul, which appeared in a late number of the *Univercælum*, has given me great consolation; for which, please accept my heartfelt thanks. There is, however, one subject on which I desire more light:—it is this: If the soul, mind, or spirit of man is substance—matter—it appears to me that a time in the future will arrive, when the matter of the earth will all be converted into spirit, or as much of it as shall be capable of becoming spirit. If a part only of the matter composing our earth is capable of being changed into spirit, and will be so changed, to what use will the other part be devoted? If all the matter composing our earth can and will be changed to spirit—that, as it regards our earth, will be the end of inanimate matter. In either case, what and where is the final home, resting-place, or destination of the soul? Lastly, what is the difference or distinction between *Soul, Mind, Spirit, and Matter*? If you can give me as much satisfaction on these points as you have already on the immortality of the soul, you will lay me under an obligation that I never can repay; and if it is not asking too much, I would solicit an answer in the *Univercælum*, by which you will oblige many readers of that periodical in this city, who are seeking light and truth.

Your sincere friend,

St. Louis, Mo.

J. S. FRELIGH.

ESTEEMED INQUIRER:—Your letter came duly to hand: but investigations in a region of thought quite removed from the nature of your inquiries, and outer circumstances over which I had no control, were the causes of the procrastination of my reply. Subsequently to the reception of the above letter, I received another from your hand, containing a repetition of the above inquiries, and a very beautiful Map and View of St. Louis. It is not necessary that I should express my thankfulness and pleasure for the reception of the Map and inquiries, as your knowledge of my mental structure is sufficient to convince you that nothing can afford me more pleasure and satisfaction than expressions of fraternal Love, and independent investigation after truth. You are, I believe, a representative of a very advanced class of individuals in your city,—the result of toleration and free principles. It must be consoling and encouraging to the progressive class of your citizens, to contrast the cold, restrictive, conservative spirit of the founders of your city, the Jesuits, with the comparatively free and republican principles which permit the erection of any church and the preaching of any religion. And exercising the spirit of the enlarged liberty thus conceded to all, you have instituted inquiries which I am pleased to receive and impressed to answer.

I have interpreted and transposed your questions, in order to render them naturally progressive, in the following manner:

1. Will all matter become spirit?
2. To what end will unspiritualized matter be appropriated?
3. What difference is there between *matter* and *spirit*?
4. Are soul, spirit, and mind synonymous, or are they not?
5. Where will the spirit reside?

In approaching a subject so vast and sublime, our minds should be almost totally divested of the impressions and influences of birth and education. We must think upon the questions as one would think who had just entered into this world of life and be-

ing, with all his intellectual and reasoning faculties in a high state of development. This state of simple-mindedness is necessary to a proper reception and understanding of the truth. In *seeking* the truth we must be like untrammelled and unsophisticated infants; but in *understanding* and *applying* the truth, we must be like free-born and highly enlightened men. In this mental condition we will now proceed.

1. *Will all Matter become Spirit?* Answer; No. Because *matter* and *motion*, or *matter* and *mind*, are eternal. We have no grounds or foundation from which to reason, if we attempt to question this fundamental conviction of truth. We must begin to reason (if we desire to reason) in this manner: God and his Body are eternal. There was nothing prior to Deity by which He could have been created; nor was there ever a period in the depths of time when Matter did not exist. God was not created—matter was not created. Any thing that is created contains within itself the elements of change and disorganization. Any thing uncreated is beyond the sphere of change and destruction. I mean that if any thing was created, as theologians believe that matter was created, out of nothing, then *that thing* would contain within its self the elements of returning to a similar state—it would change back to nothing. We must admit that Mind (or God) and Matter (or Nature) are uncreated and eternal.

All we know of creation is simply confined to that unceasing and universal change of atoms which is going on in the vast, immeasurable organization of God, called Nature. Creation, in truth, is simply a change in the *form, position, and influence* of atoms and elements in the Universe in which we reside, and of which we are an important and inseparable portion. A corresponding creation is perpetually going on in our own constitutions. Every element, every fluid, and every substance known in the animal economy, is undergoing some modification or change,—something is, in this sense, constantly being *created* in our bodies.

The food which we eat is analyzed and appropriated by the gastric fluid and the digestive functions; and one portion thereof goes to the formation of bone, another portion to the formation of muscle, another to nerves, another portion creates new veins and arteries; and the most sublimated part goes to the formation or creation of that *spiritual principle* by which the whole system is moved and illuminated. This familiar illustration is sufficient to impress a definite idea of what constitutes creation, and how the atoms, fluids, and elements in universal nature, change and circulate from the center of eternal power to the uttermost manifestations of boundless infinity.

Now to ask if *all* matter will become spirit, would be admitting into the mind the possibility of that which was *uncreated*, ceasing to exist. This question is not consistent with the fundamental grounds of all our reasoning, and therefore the question answers its self in the negative. God is a spirit, and the ultimate of his creation, or the proliferation of his spirit in nature, develops corresponding embodiments, which we term human spirits. Spirit will produce spirit, as a flower will produce a flower.

The question moreover implies the possibility of a *final* termination; and I think your mind was impressed with an idea, that a time will arrive in the future when creation will be complete, that matter will all be distilled into spirit, that human souls will reach their "*final home*," and that universal progression will end. All the matter composing our earth will be refined into spirit, and all the matter which we can see in the form of suns and planets in the boundless firmament will ultimately be converted into spirit, but then there still *remains* a universe of matter—a boundless universe of materials—unspiritualized, and

material, too, *millions* of times lower than the earth in the scale of progress and refinement, or than is the granite rock now beneath the refinement of the human spirit. Therefore to our very limited capacity of comprehension, *all* matter will become spirit; but to the illimitable capacity of the Central Soul, and compared with the inexhaustible materials composing his physical constitution, a *very little portion* of matter will seem thus converted.

2. *To what end will unspiritualized matter be appropriated?*—This question implies the supposition that the process of creation—of progress and development—will ultimately cease, and that *final* arrangements will take place; that every *thing* will have a position and occupation assigned to it, and that eternal fixedness will pervade infinity. But, although this hypothesis is not allowable in our philosophy of everlasting progress, there is an answer to the question. It is this: When the *present* structure of the Universe shall have served so far as it is capable, the purposes of material refinement and spiritual development, and has converted as much matter into human spirits as its innumerable and immeasurable arrangements will perform, then the *refuse* materials will fall back into that “unimaginable ocean of liquid fire,” and a *new* structure will be developed. Before the *present* order of the Universe will change, *more* than what we now term an *Eternity of time* will have passed away. But the change must and will come. And every re-construction of the Universe will be an *infinite improvement* upon the preceding structure. And the ultimate creations or unfoldings of each succeeding structure, will infinitely transcend the developments of those *Universes* which have and will thus sink into the oblivious past. Thus the unspiritualized portion of matter will subserve the purposes of a new creation. And it is thus that the principles of Association, Progression, and Development, exert their united and perpetual influence upon the empire of worlds of which our earth is but a very insignificant portion.

3. *What difference is there between Matter and Spirit?* Almost *all* words which describe the quality of any thing are relative—they have a relative significance. We speak generally from contrast. Indeed, in a Universe like this—so replete with varieties and differences—it is almost impossible to employ any other than relative words to communicate our ideas. The general opinion is, as you are doubtless aware, that spirit is something *entirely* unlike matter. But reason refers us immediately to *this* simple conclusion: that spirit *is* something; and *something* must be substance; or else it would be *nothing*; or else, in plainer language, there could be no such a *thing* as spirit. Receiving reason, then, as our guide to truth, we cannot resist the conviction that spirit *is* substance, and in the absence of a better word, we term *that* substance “matter.” We must not confound the question under consideration with others of a similar character. The question is not respecting the source from which the spirit proceeded, nor the elements and principles involved in its indestructible constitution, but it is, *What difference* is there between matter and spirit?

I answer,—spirit is a word which signifies, in my mind, an organization of matter in the highest state of advancement, refinement, and perfection. Spirit is an indissoluble *unity* of the finest particles of matter. There is as much difference between spirit and electricity as there is between electricity and the common earth; but electricity is matter, and so is spirit. If we were above the plane of material development where spiritual organization takes place, then we would be surrounded with illustrations and analagous processes: but as it is, you will readily perceive that a spirit cannot investigate and comprehend its self, and hence the *obscurity* which gathers around the investigation after we pass a certain point in the attempt to get above and look down upon the spiritual organization. But the *difference* between the *apple* and the appearance and substance of the *tree* which gave it birth and individuality, or between the wild rose and the rocky and mossy substances which gave that rose its nourishment and beauty, is not less strikingly wonderful than the difference which exists between the *matter we see* and the *spirit we feel*. Detach the apple from the tree, and compare it with the form and substance of that tree, and you have a no less

powerful contrast than that which we find when comparing what we *feel* and *know* of spirit with what we can *see* and *handle* of matter. The phenomena of the former are no more understood and appreciated than the phenomena of the latter. Spirit is *organized* and *eternalized* at the highest point to which *gross*, or what is termed inanimate matter, can ascend. Spirit *is*, therefore, matter in the highest state of refinement and organization: and the *difference* consists simply in this: *matter* is *gross*, *inferior*, and *external*—and *spirit* is *refined*, *superior*, and *interior*. The terms *matter* and *spirit* are thus indicative of the *difference* in the condition, form, and influence of the same substance, and nothing more.

4. *Are Soul, Spirit, and Mind synonymous, or are they not?* I am thankful for this question, because no opportunity has presented its self, since the delivery of those lectures which compose the “Revelations,” when an explanation seemed appropriate. And I have not been insensible to the vast amount of obscurity and contradiction which the diversified employment of these terms has produced among those who have struggled to become philosophically metaphysical, and even among those who consider themselves already accomplished reasoners.

Some philosophers, and Swedenborg among the number, consider and affirm that the *soul* is the outermost enveloping medium, that the *spirit* is the intermediate or conjunctive medium, and that the *mind* is the seat or center of the thinking Principle. Thus what I denominate *Life* is sometimes termed *Soul*; what I denominate *sensation*, is sometimes termed *Spirit*, and what I denominate *intelligence* is sometimes termed the *Mind*. Theologians, I believe, do not attempt to discriminate between these progressive states of human individuality. I except, of course, the metaphysical portion of that profession. Now in order to prevent misunderstanding hereafter, at least among those inquiring individuals who read what I have produced or may produce, I cheerfully respond to the question.

1. I consider *motion* the *first* manifestation of mind,—an indication of the *Great Mind* which resides back of, and in, Nature; and a *prophetic* indication of the existence of a *corresponding* mind as an *ultimate* or perfection of Nature.

2. I consider *Life* the *first* development of Motion, and the second indication of Intelligence.

3. I consider *Sensation* the *first* development of Life, and the third indication of future or ultimate Intelligence.

4. I consider *Intelligence* the *highest* development of *Motion*, *Life*, and *Sensation*, and a perfect manifestation of the internal living and unchangeable organization. And when I employ the terms *Soul*, *Spirit*, and *Mind*, I mean the *internal* and *immortal Individual*. When Motion, Life, Sensation, and Intelligence are conjoined and organized, I term that organization a unity of elements and attributes; and these elements and attributes arrange according to their natural order, under the comprehensive terms of *Love* and *Wisdom*—terms which are perfectly expressive of the natural characteristics and legitimate manifestations of those internal principles. Therefore when I use the nouns substantive—*Soul*, *Spirit*, *Mind*, and *Individual*—the thought which suggests their employment, is resting *invariably* upon the inward *Homo*, upon the individual *Oneness*, which is constructed upon those principles which elevate that *oneness* above the plane of change and disorganization.—Hence the question is answered affirmatively—the terms are unqualifiedly synonymous.

5. *Where will the Spirit reside?* This question was suggested in your mind by admitting the supposition that there will be an *end* to matter in the form of worlds; because, if material worlds cease to exist, the mind can not reasonably imagine any local habitation for the myriads of individual souls which would claim a residence somewhere in the solitudes of immensity. And also it seems that your mind was pervaded with an undefined idea that “*final*” destinations will be gained by all souls and every thing. But as matter is eternal and souls progress forever, according to what has been stated in answer to questions on that head, therefore the present interrogatory demands a different answer.

I have said that the present structure of the Universe will ul-

timately change, and that a *new* Universe will come forth, and that *new* and *higher* creations will be the inevitable consequence. Now when all worlds of material organization shall have performed their respective missions in the individualization of immortal spirits, and each world shall have disorganized and fallen back into its original vortex of chaos, then where will the Spirit reside? The question comes in naturally here, and here the answer will be best understood, because it is necessary.

After the individual souls leave this planet (and all planets in universal space which yield such organizations of matter), they ascend to the *Second Sphere* of existence. Here *all* individuals undergo an angelic discipline, by which every physical and spiritual deformity is removed, and symmetry reigns throughout the immeasurable empire of holy beings. When all spirits shall have progressed to the *Second Sphere*, the various earths and planets in the Universe, which once swarmed with life and animation, will be depopulated and not a living thing will move upon their surfaces. And so there will be no destruction of life in that period of disorganization, but the earths, and suns, and planets will die—their life will be absorbed by the Divine Spirit. God is Positive—all else is negative. He will expand his inmost capacity and *attract* the glowing elements of His being which permeate the boundless expanse of matter; and all matter which is not organized into spirit, will die and fall into his original condition. But the inhabitants of the *second* sphere will ultimately advance to the *third*, then to the *fourth*, then to the *fifth*, and lastly into the *sixth*; this sixth sphere is as near the great Positive Mind as spirits can ever locally or physically approach. It is greater than all the others. It encircles infinity. It is in the neighborhood of the divine aroma of the Deity; it is warmed and beautified infinitely by His infinite Love, and it is illuminated and rendered unspeakably magnificent by His all-embracing Wisdom. In this ineffable sphere, in different stages of individual progression, will *all* spirits dwell. They will be held together by the attractive emanations of Deity, like the safe protection of an infinite belt, which will embrace the entire sphere in which will reside incalculable multitudes of created and eternalized souls. The Universal Father will thus gather to himself all the images of his creation—all the diversified members of his household; and thus “the house of many mansions” will be completely occupied by the various members of the ingathered family. This may be considered as the home of the spirit; but still greater missions and blessings will determine the paths in which every conjugally united *oneness* will tread—paths strewn with innumerable and immeasurable worlds of beauty and harmony.

When all spirits arrive at the *Sixth Sphere* of existence, and the protecting Love and Wisdom of the Great Positive Mind are thrown tenderly around them; and when not a single atom of life is wandering from home in the fields and forests of immensity; then the Deity *contracts* his inmost capacity, and forthwith the boundless vortex is convulsed with a new manifestation of Motion—Motion transcending all our conceptions, and passing to and fro from center to circumference, like mighty tides of Infinite Power. Now the law of Association or *gravitation* exhibits its influence and tendency in the formation of new suns, new planets, and new earths. The law of progression or *refinement* follows next in order, and manifests its unvarying tendency in the production of new forms of life on those planets; and the law of Development follows next in the train, and exhibits its power in the creation of *new* plants, animals, and human spirits upon every earth prepared to receive and nourish them. Thus God will create a new Universe, and will display different and greater elements and energies therein. And thus new spheres of spiritual existences will be opened. These spheres will be *as much* superior to the present unspeakable glories of the sixth sphere, as the *sixth* sphere is *now* above the *second* sphere, which is next superior to the sphere of earth. When the new and superior Universe is completely unfolded, or when the new heavens and the new earths are developed, the spirits in the *sixth* sphere will be again in the *second* sphere; because the *highest* sphere in the *present* order of the Universe will constitute the *second* sphere in the *new* order which is to be developed. Thus there will be *four* spheres for the spirits and angels at the consumma-

tion of the *new* unfolding, to advance through, as there are now *four* between the *second* sphere and the sixth which we have been considering.

There have already been developed more new Universes, in the manner described, than there are atoms in the earth. And I suppose it is scarcely necessary to state that the human mind is incapable of computing the millions of centuries which are required for even those souls that now inhabit the *Second Sphere*, to progress into the one above it—into the *Third Sphere*. And it would be still more useless to state that as many millions of such eternities as we can possibly conceive of, will roll into the past *ere we begin* to approach that change of Universal relations of which I have spoken.

But I have answered the question. The Spirit will have no “final home;” because, to an immortal being, *rest* would be intolerable,—it would be next to annihilation, and greater than the most perfect concentration of all the miseries of the fabled hell. But the spirit will progress eternally! It will always be in harmony with surrounding circumstances, and thus will always reside in heaven. The same differences will exist in future spheres of life as exist in this world,—I mean those differences which are established by the real *intrinsic* perfection of the constitution, education, and harmony of the individual. But the spirit will walk in those shining paths which angels tread, in opening communications between the celestial inhabitants of celestial spheres and those high-born spirits of our earth. Let us, then, live justly, truly, and purely; because by so doing our position will be commanding and glorious in those numberless spheres where the spirit will reside.

I have, dear sir, given you a faithful record of my impressions in reply to the inquiries contained in your letter. If I have failed in any particular to elucidate the subjects to your satisfaction, I trust you will repeat or re-state your questions, accompanied with those objections or unsatisfactory points which may appear in your mind, and I will cheerfully communicate all the knowledge in my possession for the benefit of those who seek the truth. In the bonds of faith and friendship,

I remain yours, &c.,

A. J. DAVIS.

### The Force of Imagination.

A Lucchese peasant, shooting sparrows, saw his dog attacked by a strange and very ferocious mastiff. He tried to separate the animals, and received a bite from his own dog, which instantly ran off through the fields. The wound was healed in a few days, but the dog was not to be found; and the peasant, after some time, began to feel symptoms of nervous agitation. He conceived that the dog, from his disappearing, was mad, and within a day or two after this idea had struck him, he began to feel symptoms of hydrophobia. They grew hourly more violent; he raved, and had all the evidences of the most violent distemper. As he was lying, with the door open, to let in the last air that he was to breathe, he heard his dog bark. The animal ran up to the bed-side, licked his hand, and frolicked about the room. It was clear that he, at least, was in perfect health. The peasant's mind was relieved at the instant; he got up with renewed strength, dressed himself, plunged his head in a basin of water, and, thus refreshed, walked into the room to his astonished family. The statement is made in a memoir, by Professor Barbantini; and it is not improbable that many attacks of a disease so strongly dependent upon the imagination, might be equally cured by ascertaining the state of the animal by which the bite was given.

### Spirit and Form.

Spirit is the essence or being, in contradiction to the form, or appearance. Thus man's spirit is used as something different and distinct from his body or form. So the spirit of a law is distinct from its letter or form—the spirit, or meaning, or idea of a book from its language—the spirit of a mind, or liquor, from its body, or liquidity, the Eternal Spirit of Nature, from Nature itself, the flowing, plastic, created form of the Spirit.

## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

APOLLOS MUNN AND R. P. AMBLER, EDITORS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JANUARY 4, 1851.

## THE PARTING SCENE.

There are very few in this world who have not been called by the stern laws of nature to witness the dying struggles of some near and dear friend, linked to them by ties of near relationship, or enshrined in their bosoms and held sacred by a fervent and pure affection. The grave, insatiate in its demands, has robbed nearly every one whom it has spared, of some fond being on whom his eye rested with joy, whose presence gilded the gloomy pathway of life with the sunlight of happiness, and into whose congenial heart he poured the inward treasures of his own spirit. They have seen the flower fade, the flesh waste, and the eye become lusterless. They have watched with deep anxiety the progress of the disease, which has palsied the fair form and destroyed the strength of that much loved friend; and when the last respiration—the last sign of animation has departed, oh, how it wrings the heart to realize that *the spark of life has fled FOREVER!* We gaze into the grave, and take the **LAST LOOK** at the earthly remains of that cherished idol. We can listen no more to his voice breathing eloquence and cheerfulness; we can no longer gaze upon his eyes sparkling with affection and intelligence; we shall meet him no more at the social circle or the quiet fireside. His bodily form has gone **FOREVER!**

We once knew a mother, a kind, indulgent mother, who had an only son, the hope and stay of her declining years. He was an exemplary son, dutiful, affectionate and kind. Yet one thing seemed wanting to complete the happiness of that mother. She had been educated in that antiquated and heathenish doctrine of sectarianism, which consigns all unbelievers in the teachings of the Church, to a hell of endless torments, "prepared for the devil and his angels," and that son was a free thinker, and of course, an *unbeliever* in the sacred fables of his mother. Time rolled on. The son grew up to the verge of manhood, manifesting in his character all those virtues which emanate from a pure heart as naturally as pure streams flow from an uncorrupted fountain. As if to illustrate the uncertainty of life in the body, however, this young man in the midst of his usefulness, in the strength and pride of his manhood, was stricken down by a fever and died in a few weeks after the attack. We witnessed his burial. Bending over his grave, and taking the *last fond look* was that sectarian mother—and as the lid closed which shut out her gaze upon that loved face forever, she uttered a groan which pierced a hundred hearts! It was that deep and solemn expression of anguish which the soul can only feel when despair has seized it. By her *faith* she knew that her son must be *writhing in the torments of hell*—but by her *nature* she could not feel reconciled to such a revengeful act of Deity! That mother still lives, **BUT HER FAITH IS CHANGED.** The light of the New and Harmonial Philosophy, has gently penetrated her heart and rendered it luminous with hope. She now finds sources of consolation in many fountains; once she was confined to a single rill!

We know of no scene in the drama of life more painful than that of friends parting with friends at the grave, where the future envelops the mind like a dark funeral pall. Whether we are doubters of the immortality of the soul, or believers in the heathen's hell—it is all the same. We part with our friends without a just conception of their destiny—and the doubts and anxieties which prey upon the sensitive bosom will bereave it of peace and happiness. The Harmonial Philosophy, with its truths and explanations, prepares a chart of the spirit-home—a home radiant with unspeakable joys and teeming with intelligence and animation. There is no *hell* in the future. The most vindictive hell that the human imagination can dream of, will not compare with that *actual hell*—that *realization of torture*, which

an organized Church created in the bosom of that mother, by erecting in her mind the false belief that her unconverted son was numbered with the damned! It is not strange that our insane hospitals are filled with deluded victims of religious excitement, so long as such unnatural, monstrous and heathenish doctrines are preached for *stated salaries*, in ten thousand pulpits scattered over the land! But we see a glimmering of light—the star of **REASON** is sending its rays from the horizon—and may God grant for the sake of humanity that it may soon reach the zenith, and dispel, as if by magic, the cloudy delusions of priestcraft! Too long has the world suffered from pious frauds—too long has humanity been scourged by a false theology. We shall hail with joyous anticipation the time when every church shall be converted into a lecture-room, and every Bible class changed to a school of science. Then the race will make rapid strides in the march of progress, breaking down in its course all selfish and sectarian barriers, and soon the world will realize the universal brotherhood of the human family—the fact that the interest of one is the interest of all—and the necessity of **PERFECT UNITY**, which will be the result or consequence, of a practical acknowledgment of the great truth that **WE ARE ALL CHILDREN OF ONE FATHER, GOD!**

A. M.

## OUR LESSON.

Man is created in the *image* of his Maker. This term has a deeper and more important signification than is popularly attached to it. The *image* is but the type or creature of the internal spirit or soul; therefore if we are in the *image* of the Creator, the meaning is, that in the degree the image corresponds, we possess a corresponding soul or spirit. This leads us to further and profitable reflection. God, we believe, is supremely happy. **How?** By the exercise of his nature. How is that nature exercised? By doing good to all beneath him. Thus from chaos the earth has grown to a globe of beauty, and man from a germ seemingly totally depraved, is gradually growing in moral and intellectual power. The love of the Parent has done all this. That love has entered into and filled all Nature from its inception, and it is gradually lifting and developing all things to correspond with its own beauty and excellence. It will some day make the earth to bloom over its whole surface as a garden. The ice of the poles will be melted under its influence into streams of sparkling beauty, and the heat of the tropics will be modified to a pleasing and healthful temperature. This is inevitable, in the development of all things through the love of which we have spoken, into the complete and harmonious truth of its own nature. And it is doing for man what it is doing for grosser nature. He is being lifted nearer and nearer to the Divine Parent through the attractive influence of this love, and consequently, is becoming more and more developed in Divine attributes. But as he is in the *image*, so he possesses correspondingly the *nature* of the Divine Parent, and as he through that nature is a receptacle of this modifying and developing power, so we conclude must his happiness be attained as is that of the Parent, by doing good to all beneath him. The Parent exercises *love* to all beneath him;—by *love* we mean to express all virtue,—the principle which attracts towards and thereby fills with its own nature. He knows no condition—no degrees—vice, wickedness, ignorance, wealth, poverty, are terms which with him have no signification, but equally upon all does his love attend, and for all it is silently but surely doing its blessed work. That then is our lesson. We are to fill ourselves with a love corresponding with His, and we are to go forth possessed of that love, and shed its light upon all within the circle of our influence. God judges not, He condemns not—but steadily forever onward through eternity circles all things higher and higher, through the attractive force of his love; and thus should it be with us. We should neither judge nor condemn, but forever seek through the love of our natures to modify, develop and lift up the grosser elements by which we are surrounded—and as by the perfect love of his nature, exercised upon all things beneath him, God is perfectly happy, so shall we enjoy his happiness, as we exercise the attributes of his nature. S.

Kenosha, Wis., Dec. 14, 1850.

## REFLECTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

There are periods in the term of human life, when it seems especially appropriate for man to review his course, and contemplate his position, progress and duty. As the weary traveler pauses in his journey, views the scenes by which he is surrounded, and notes the difficulties and dangers of his way, so it is well for the pilgrim of time to occasionally rest in his course and reflect how he is spending his years. No period appears to be more suitable for such reflection than the opening of a New Year, since, according to the method in which time is measured, this naturally represents the commencement of a new era in our existence upon the earth.

Standing thus, as it were, upon the threshold of the Future, we delight to bestow a lingering glance on the departed Past. Here is the receptacle of life's changing scenes—the repository of all that we have enjoyed or suffered, all that we have thought or felt. To every one there is a past—to all there is a time to look back upon, whose sacred scenes of joy and sorrow, pleasure and grief, are brought again to the vision of Memory. There is a melancholy pleasure in reviewing the events of by-gone years, and gazing upon the lights and shadows which have diversified the path of life. Like beautiful dreams lingering in the soul, those scenes come back to the eye of Fancy, and in them we seem to live again the life which has passed away. The aged pilgrim loves to reflect on the flowery spring-time of youth, when joy sprang up pure and glowing in the heart, and life was replete with bliss, and hope and promise. Well he remembers how in childish glee he sported in the bright sunshine, how he reared in his untutored mind the airy castles of imagination, and formed with hopeful visions of the future, the plans and purposes of life. The past to him is fraught with a pleasing, mournful interest, and he turns and weeps, as he thinks that those remembered scenes of happiness can actually return no more. Another class of associations is presented to the mourner, as he reviews the trials embosomed in the Past. Fresh in his faithful memory is the scene of darkness, grief and despair. He views again the weary watching, the painful anxiety, the consuming care;—he sees how the breath departed from the dear form, how the light went out from the eye, how the lips ceased to speak, and how the cold, dark grave closed over the loved; and then he remembers what deep and thrilling anguish spread through every fiber of his soul, and how dread and crushing was the sense of loneliness that crept upon him, as he sighed over his buried hopes and wept amid the desolation of cherished joys. Thus in glancing at the events of the Past, we meet with varied, changing scenes, as side by side with bright hours of bliss, sweet moments of pleasure, and glowing ecstasies of delight, we behold the mournful shade of woe, the bitter tears of grief, and the dark visitations of sorrow.

But, turning from the contemplation of by-gone times, we are forcibly reminded of the claims and duties of the Present. This, it will be understood, is that with which we are most immediately connected. The Past, though we may delight to remember its events and linger over its dreamlike scenes, is irretrievable; and while we learn wisdom from its lessons of instruction, we can never enjoy or improve the hours that have flown forever. The Present is emphatically the appointed sphere of duty and action. It is here we live, and move and have a being. Whatever is to be purposed—whatever is to be accomplished, must be done in the Present. *Now* upon the threshold of *To-day*, and *now continually*, as the stream of life flows on, is the time to resolve and do. We are not to rest satisfied with the attainments of the Past, or gaze in idleness on the bright visions of the Future, but are rather to engage earnestly in the work of the Present, embodying the pure aspirations of the soul in godlike action—beginning with renewed determination to improve in moral character, to approach more nearly the elevated standard of duty, to throw off the chain of sinful habit and perverted appetites, and dwell in more intimate communion with the good and true.

In this connection it is well that we should bear in mind the rapid flight of those precious hours, which are the appointed sea-

sons of our earthly labor. As we are engrossed in the secular affairs of life, Time, which knows no pause, is ever passing in hurried flight. How swift is the passage of each flying moment! We breathe, and it is gone; we speak, and *now* is with the Past. So hour after hour, day after day, year after year, carries us swiftly on—to Eternity. How soon does the prattling child on its mother's knee reach the years of blooming youth! How soon does youth arrive at the broad stage of manhood! How soon does manhood enter the declining path of age, and become the sleeping tenant of the Tomb! Who can grasp the shadows of the Past? Who can stop a single moment in its flight? Who can stay the mighty stream of time? Gone—gone—is ever ticking from the clock, and lo! those precious moments return not again. Thus fleetingly, as "a tale that is told," passes away our earthly life. Scene after scene is moving rapidly before us—lights and shadows, joy and sorrow are flitting across the soul, while the beautiful visions which earth has given, are fast fading with the flight of years.

The question which we are now to answer, is whether the periods of our existence here are to pass thus swiftly by, while we make no earnest effort to improve them as we ought—whether the tale of our life shall draw near to its end, while we yet remain uninstructed in its teachings. Shall we not make a wise improvement of every flying moment, and derive instruction from every changing event, ever learning to worship God more purely, and to serve our fellows more effectively? Thus may we enjoy the meed of present happiness, and when our years shall have drawn near to eternity, we may look back with sweet remembrance on the scenes which are closing forever.

B. P. A.

## Letter from the West.

KENOSHA, WISCONSIN, DEC. 14, 1850.

BROTHERS :

I am in the receipt of the Spirit Messenger, and judging from the feelings of pleasure and satisfaction with which I peruse it, I feel authorized, not in the mere spirit of compliment, but of truth, to call it an interesting and valuable sheet. In this, to you, far-off land, there are matters occurring which it will doubtless gratify you and your readers to learn. It will of course not surprise you to know, that the spirit of anxious inquiry—the desire for "light, more light"—which is manifesting itself "down east," is also at work here; for God's truths descend as the showers from Heaven, and wherever there are hearts susceptible to the influence, there of course will the flowers and fruits be found. The great spiritual magnet that is unfolding all things to correspond with its own nature, and attracting all things to its own blissful centre, of course can know no geographical obstructions, nor distinctions of condition or color in its operations. Some two years since an association grew up in this little city which we call, as the most appropriate designation we could find, the "Excelsior Association." Recognizing fully, in the physical and spiritual world, the law of *progress*, the object of our association is to school ourselves to receive all the benefits of that divine law. The flower, by instinct, unfolds its petals to the blessed sun and rain, but man closes all the avenues of his soul to the expanding power of the spiritual influences which forever surround him, and are ready to bless him. Our labor is to do away this false and injurious condition. Of course, with such an object, we could not be connected with any existing creed or sect; nor indeed could we be a sect or have a creed of our own. We consider the end we seek to be attained only by opening the soul to light from every avenue—discarding every thing which crusts the heart, and renders it impervious to the blessed influences which descend as heavenly dews from the spiritual Centre. Every thing sectarian, every thing uncharitable, we seek to put away and avoid. We recognize the whole human family as children of the same God—as brethren—and like the Parent we judge not and condemn not, but simply seek to displace the error of earth by instilling the truth of heaven. We know if we wish to render ourselves happy we must work—and we know we must work truthfully, and to do this, we know further, that we must work as God works—and

He, we perceive, lifts up and develops all things by the attractions of his virtues, expressed in the term *Love*. So we seek to labor, and although the fruits are slow to develop themselves, we feel that we rest on a basis of truth, and we know that labor on that basis is not and cannot be lost.

Our meetings are on the Sabbath—twice a day—where any brother or sister who has ought to say of benefit, has full freedom to express him or herself. We have neither Reverends, deacons, nor elders—nor stated preaching—nor *form* of worship—nor creeds. We are all brethren, occupying, in the *desire* to do good, the same position, and in the *ability* to do it, the position marked by our capacities.

Of course, the subject of the new spiritual demonstrations has not escaped our attention and study. We have discussed it much, and most of us are satisfied that such demonstrations exist, because whilst the testimony is abundant, it corresponds with our views of the laws governing the spiritual in the different spheres.

Some of us have heard and witnessed these demonstrations. I have heard them in the presence of the Fox family, and recently have heard them through the medium of another family in a neighboring city. On the latter occasion they were marked and powerful. Not only were the "rappings" apparent in all degrees of loudness, but I saw a table and a lounge moved repeatedly by the invisible agents. Had I time I could recount many more phenomena occurring here and elsewhere, but I must reserve them for another occasion.

Thus are these new spiritual demonstrations spreading, and I doubt not that under the law which developed them, they will continue to spread until their mission shall be accomplished.

Fraternally yours, c. l. s.

#### Intercourse with Spirits.

Blessed indeed are those in this sphere, who are enabled to receive communications from friends and relatives in the spirit world—from those pure, bright spirits, whose mission is love, and whose object is to do good. Great must be the rejoicing among those heavenly messengers to know that an era has at length arrived in which our interior, spiritual wants can be supplied, and we can drink deeply of that Fountain whose streams are inexhaustible. As an infant when first born into this world depends upon those more advanced for its existence and growth, so is it when the mind is first introduced into the sphere of interior light. In this our spiritual infancy, the soul looks to a higher source; and if we are freed from bigotry and from the infections of Sectarism—that plague spot in this beautiful earth, then we shall approximate towards a condition to receive the truth and reject the error, and then can we drink in from those who have gone before us to a more glorious sphere, that spiritual knowledge which is destined to produce a universal change among mankind. With what joy do we receive the manifestations of the presence of the departed! How much pleasure it affords us to know that they are happy, that they love us, watch over us, and are truly our guardian angels!

In this city, as elsewhere, we can witness these manifestations at various places. Among the number, Mr. Sunderland's residence, at 27 Elliot St. in this city (his family having moved from Charlestown), appears to attract crowds of persons to attend the *sittings*, as they are termed; also at the residence of Mr. A. B. Case, No. 5 Garland Street, the manifestations have been very attractive. Both of these places I have visited. At Mr. Sunderland's I saw a table move in three different directions, and to various questions put at both of these places, the responses by rapping were very distinct. The spirit of my little son has visited me several times within a few weeks at my residence, and has manifested himself too clearly to be mistaken. A few days since I attended a sitting at Mr. Case's; the circle was formed, and after a number of questions had been asked, and answers given by rapping, one of the company, an elderly lady, asked if the spirit of her former husband was present. *Answer*—rap, rap, rap. To several other questions, as to whether he was happy, &c., &c., answers were given in the affirmative by raps.

Then she asked the question, "Husband, did you, on the night that I was published to my present husband, seventeen years ago, call to me three times?" *Answer*—rap, rap, rap, very loud and distinct. *Question*—"Had you a communication to make at that time?" *Ans.*—affirmative. *Ques.*—"Will you communicate to me soon," &c., &c. *Answer*, as before. Upon questioning this lady, she related to us the facts of the case, which were substantially as above, that seventeen years ago she heard very distinctly her former husband call to her three times.

I had quite a number of questions to ask relating to the writings of A. J. Davis, the mission of the Spiritual Philosopher, and the Spirit Messenger, works which I find so much pleasure in reading. The answers were prompt, and it seemed as though the spirits were desirous of impressing upon my mind the truthfulness of all these works, and the important mission they are destined to fulfil. Your little Messenger, ever welcome, the spirits say will prosper—that it has its mission in unison with others. May it be as successful to its proprietors as its perusal is a pleasure to its readers.

Respectfully yours,

G. E. H.

Boston, Dec., 1850.

#### A CARD.

Having enjoyed a favorable opportunity for investigating the phenomena of spiritual manifestations, as made in the presence of Mr. Gordon, the undersigned take pleasure in stating that in these manifestations the most complete and satisfactory evidence was presented of the presence and power of the invisible departed. From our acquaintance with Mr. Gordon as a medium, we have reason to believe that, so far as the sounds and manifestations are concerned, his integrity is unimpeachable, and that he would not knowingly or consciously deceive the public. It may be stated, however, as a circumstance which seems to have been the cause of some misapprehension, that the individual referred to is highly susceptible to the magnetic power of spirits, and that under the influence of an impression which he is unable to resist, he occasionally endeavors to perform the very action which he perceives to be in the mind of the spirit. Of this peculiarity we were made fully aware at the commencement of our investigations, and throughout the whole have been unable to discover any evidences of deception or even *secretiveness*, with regard to the assistance which he sometimes undesignedly renders the spirits in being acted upon by their influence.

With a firm faith in the reality of spiritual manifestations, and the joyful hope of a future and more glorious life, we subscribe ourselves,

MEMBERS OF THE SPRINGFIELD HARMONIAL CIRCLE.

☞ A correspondent writing from Old Town, Maryland, pens the following remarks: "When quite young I was taught that the days of old were much better days than these, because men of inspiration lived then, miracles were wrought, and revelations were received from the spirit-world. Having these impressions I often lamented my fate, regretting that I had not lived in the days of Christ, the patriarchs and prophets. But the spiritual philosophy has taught me better things. In place of the gloom and despondency which brooded over my mind, I now experience joy, peace and consolation not to be described. My doubts and fears are changed to an unbroken faith, and a blessed hope of immortality."

☞ Some of our readers may have been informed of the fact that Mrs. Mettler, the clairvoyant, has recently suffered with a severe attack of illness. It gives us pleasure to state that she has now recovered, and is enjoying, not only the blessing of health, but the privilege of spiritual communion through the medium of impressions flowing from the Second Sphere.

R. P. A.

☞ The expressive tokens of regard from our friends in Green Point, L. I. are gratefully acknowledged. We trust that their exertions for the diffusion of truthful and harmonial principles will be followed by a suitable reward.

## Poetry.

## GLIMPSSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.—No. 1.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,  
BY S. H. LLOYD.

## THE THRESHOLD.

What mists are these that hang before my eye,  
And hide me from the faces that I love?  
What form is this that to my side draws nigh,  
And hovers o'er me like some phantom dove?  
My recollection reels, and through my brain  
Each wandering thought like orphaned children seems,  
While 'round my form I hear a sound like rain,  
For so the angels' steps appear in dreams.

What light is this that gilds this open'ning morn?  
What sweet robed train now waits around my side?  
And why this waiting for the day's young dawn?—  
This seeming waiting for a soul's sweet bride?  
A form I see from out this blessed throng,  
As now she pillows me upon her breast,  
My Guardian-One, whose harp shall tune my song,  
Who loving me attends me to my rest.

And this is Death, that once so much I feared,—  
Disrobing of the mantle that I wore,  
And these the forms that all my life have cheered,  
Now bearing me where all of death is o'er.  
With sweet discourse they chain my list'ning ear,  
And tell me now of this sweet land I see,  
Till into pearls they crystalize each tear,  
And all I feel is one vast melody.

But yet, O earth, again I turn to thee,  
As now with clearer vision, I behold  
Each loving form that still doth cling to me,  
Whose aching hearts leave all their griefs untold.  
I go, for like the Autumn leaves, the wind  
Has gently loosed upon each bending bough,  
Have griefs around this heart of mine entwined  
And loosed the hold my life has felt till now.

Yet not in sorrowing my spirit greets  
The forms that bear me through these clouds away,  
But as the chrysalis its summons meets,  
O'er flowering fields to greet the new-born day;—  
I go, but in that Land, to us so near,  
As near the flower is to its budding stem,  
I too will linger 'round my loved ones here,  
And 'round their couch in triumph wait for them.

## Blessings of To-Day.

O bright presence of To-day, let me wrestle with thee, gracious  
angel,  
I will not let thee go, except thou bless me; bless me, then, To-  
day:  
O sweet garden of To-day, let me gather of thee, precious Eden,  
I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life To-day:  
O true temple of To-day, let me worship in thee, glorious Zion;  
I find none other place nor time than where I am To-day:  
O living rescue of To-day, let me run unto thee, ark of  
refuge;  
I see none other hope nor chance, but standeth in To-day:  
O rich banquet of To-day, let me feast upon thee, saving  
manna;  
I have none other food nor store, but daily bread To-day!

Trupper.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## Dream of a New Year's Night.

An old man stood at his window, on a new year's midnight, and cast a look of long despair up to the immovable, ever-blooming heavens, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, whereon was now no one so sleepless and so joyless as he. Near by him stood his grave covered with the snows of age, not the garlands of youth, and he, from all life's riches brought with him nothing but error, sin and disease; a decayed body and a desolate soul; a heart full of passion, and an age full of remorse. The fair days of his youth wandered now like ghosts around him, and carried him back once more to that bright morning when first his father placed him upon the parting ways of life, whose right leads through the sunny path of virtue to a fair, peaceful land, full of light and blissfulness, and thronged with angels—and whose left conducts down to the mole-hills of vice—to dreary caverns full of down-drooping poisons, creeping serpents, and black, sultry vapors.

Oh, how those serpents coiled round his bosom, and those poison drops hung upon his tongue, and he knew not where he was. Senseless, and with inexpressible grief, he looked to heaven and exclaimed: "Give me back again my youth, O, my father; place, place me once more upon that parting way, that I again may choose my path to life."

But his father and his youth were far away. He beheld vapors dancing over the fens, and soon sinking extinguished in the grave-yard before him. "Those," said he, "are emblems of my days of folly." He saw a star shoot from the sky and glimmering as it fell disappeared upon the earth—"Such am I," said his bleeding heart, and the tooth of the serpent, Remorse, fanged itself more deeply than ever into his wounds.

His excited fancy pictured night-wanderers fitting across the tombs; the wind-mill flung aloft its threatening arms, and from among those empty charnel houses one remaining corpse wrapped slowly its winding-sheet around it.

In the midst of his agony, the music for the new year streamed suddenly down from the tower, like a distant church song. Moved to deeper sadness, he looked around the horizon, and over the fair earth, and he thought upon the friends of his youth, who, now happier and better than he, were teachers upon the earth, fathers of happy children and blessed men, and he exclaimed, "I might, like you, on this first night have slumbered with dry eyes, had I so willed it. I might have been happy, had I, my most dear parents, but observed your new year's wishes and instructions."

In feverish remembrance of the time of his youth it arose before him, as arose that corpse within its shroud of the charnel house. By mysterious powers, which at such time imagine spirits and look into the future, it grew to a living youth, whose countenance soon changed from its bloom to haggardness and death.

He could no longer look upon it. He closed his eyes. A thousand hot tears streamed downward, vanishing in the snows. Comfortless and senseless he could but in feeble speech sigh forth—"Come but again, O, Youth, come again."

AND IT CAME AGAIN! In that fearful new year's night, then, he had only dreamed. He was yet a young man. His errors alone had been no dream. But he thanked his God, that he, yet young, might turn back from the filthy ways of wickedness, into that sunny path that leads to the pure home of bliss.

Turn back with him, young reader, if thou standest upon his erring way. This fearful dream may be thy teacher in coming years. But remember, if borne down with sadness, thou shouldst hereafter exclaim, "Come back again, O, beautiful youth,"—it will not come.—*Jean Paul.*

A bright and beautiful bird is Hope; it comes to us 'mid the darkness, and sings the sweetest song when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone soul is weary and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest notes, and tightens again the slender fibers of our hearts that Grief has been tearing away.

### Imagery of Life.

The imagery of Life! The beautiful phantasies which exist ever bright and golden in the penetralia of the heart, or like birds of enchanting plumage are continually alighting at its magical threshold, to smooth their weary pinions so often dipped in the sea of Memory, how beautiful—how enchanting! They roam through the remembered sky of Youth, and bring back to us the beauty and the song of that happy time, when Hope awoke at the red breaking of the morning, and every object of nature reflected upon the glowing retina of the heart, some image of joy and splendor. They bear back the olive branch of Peace from the distant shore of Infancy. They come to us with the mild visiting of the morn and the evening breeze, and descending into the fine chambers of the heart, there form for us a bower of happiness,

"Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathings."

Happy then is he who in the crowded palaces of Commerce can hear the din of the great world and the hum of the passing multitudes with the delightful consciousness that in his heart there exists beautiful denizens who will certainly, when his toil is ended, awake from their quiet slumber, and fetch for him the choicest blooms of Remembrance. Happy! thrice happy he! who can return to the sweet shades of his household trees, and feel the stronger at heart for his encounter with the haughty world. For him the green leaves have an eloquence, and the evening birds, and the azure sky, and the beautiful stars of night. He is in possession of a treasure which can never be filched from him. His eye is the telescope of a well-regulated imagination, and his heart a beautiful empire, in which a train of lively imagery holds undisputed dwelling. Approach, ye unto whose candid cheeks the heated flag-stones of the dusty mart have given the sallow and the searing tinge—come with me to his dwelling! We need not look for it in the narrow lane where, amid magnificent piles of brick, the plodding and the gain-living shut themselves out from the beautiful world—you will not find it there, for he is fond of a pure and a quiet atmosphere. While the wrinkled *millionaire* of the city turns his unquiet head upon the pillow, as the hoarse curse of the gambler floats out into the holy hush of night, he is lulled to refreshing slumber by the music of his household elms. There amid their tall ranks we shall find his home, just far enough remote from the city to render the hum of its busy thousands dreamy and sea-like. He is one of those who find true happiness in the Poetry of Life. Knowing both how to appreciate its excellence and profit by its influence, his heart is in perpetual harmony with the green world around him, and the azure sky above him. The falling leaf, the burning star, and the eloquent wind—these are the ministers from whom he draws instruction more persuasive than a thousand homilies from the pulpit. Cast your eye into the basket of the mendicant who passes his gate. Is it ever empty? Do the seeds of selfishness germinate in his bosom? Nay; the sunlight which ripens and the winds which wave his golden harvests—the summer rains which bring freshness to the earth and gladness to the dark green forests—these in their own peculiar language have taught him benevolence; and deeply in the generous climate of his heart it wells, a perpetual fountain, reflecting in its bosom the glory and the quietude of heaven, and diffusing in the atmosphere of the world the balm and the melody of Paradise.—*New Yorker*.

### Poetry.

A smile, a tear, a glory, a longing after the things of eternity! It lives in all created existence, in man and every object that surrounds him. There is a poetry in the gentle influence of love and affection, in the quiet brooding of his soul over the memory of early years, and in the thoughts of that glory that chains our spirits to the gates of paradise. There is poetry, too, in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning, and stars; its cadence is heard in the thunder and the cataract, its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand-voiced harp of the wind, the rivulet, and forests, and the cloud and sky

go floating over us, to the music of its melodies. There's not a moonlight ray that comes down upon the stream or hill, not a breeze falling from its pure air, thrown to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through the midnight rains its mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring, not a cloud bathing itself like an angel vision in the rose-bushes of autumn twilight, nor a rock glowing in the star-light, as if dreaming of the Edenland—but it is full of the beautiful influence of poetry. It is the soul of being. The earth and heaven are quickened by its spirit; and the great deeps, in tempest and in calm, are but its accents and mysterious workings.—*Prattice*.

### Youth and Manhood.

Of what is poetical in ordinary life, hope and memory constitute the principal elements:

"Till youth's delicious dream is o'er,  
Sanguine with hope we look before,  
The future good to find:  
In age, when error charms no more,  
For bliss we look behind."

"When I am a man," is the poetry of childhood, "When I was a child," is the poetry of age. Man lives in the present time as a point between that which is gone by and that which is to come, and in the present scene as the centre of what is around him:

"Bliss in possession will not last,  
Remembered joys are never past;  
At once the fountain, stream and sea,  
They were, they are, and yet shall be."

### Recollections.

Time mellows ideas as it mellows wine. Things in themselves indifferent, acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance nor feeling, rise up to our memory dignified at the same time and endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends, so objects to which when present we gave but little attention, are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind, the ties which they had in the heart are drawn still closer, and we recall them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects at the immediate time are unable to excite. The hum of a little tune, to which in our infancy we have often listened; the course of a brook, which in our childhood we have frequently traced; the ruins of an ancient building, which we remember almost entire; these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures, the business, the ambition, of the present moment, fade and disappear. Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than moral to the mind. Of this tender power which remembrance has over us, several uses might be made; this divinity of memory, did we worship it aright, might lend its aid to our happiness as well as our virtue.

☞ The BOOKS and CHART of Mr. Davis, comprising all the works on the HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY that have been published, can be had at our office, and forwarded by express or otherwise, to any part of the Union. PRICE—REVELATIONS \$2; GREAT HARMONIA, Vol. 1, \$1.25; CHART, exhibiting an outline of the Progressive History and approaching destiny of the Race, \$1.50; PHILOSOPHY OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCES, \$0.15.

TERMS.—The SPIRIT MESSENGER will be issued every Saturday, by Munn & Amsler, from their office in Elm Street, a few rods west of the Post Office, 2d story in Byers' building, directly under the office of the Hampden Post. Price of subscription \$2 per annum, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10, six copies will be forwarded.

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