

# THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

"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 PHILOSOPHY OF PROGRESS.

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

He who has thought at all upon life, in all its changing aspects, has thought to but little purpose if he sees not in every thing the result of progression and the operations of beautiful law. The mere dry details of facts—whether in history, literature, art, science, or religion—are not what they purport to be, facts, any more than the skeleton of a man, with all his bones arranged in their appropriate places, gives you any true idea of a man animated with a soul. Those mere dry matter-of-fact sort of men, as they are sometimes called, such a character as is too apt to pass current among us, the wise and prudent of their own generation, the conservative in your politics and churches, are, as historians, philosophers, artists or divines, but the mere skeleton of what they falsely represent. A man imbued with such a partial character, may walk through the aisles of your cathedral-like woods, but he sees in those grand old forests nothing but material for houses or fire-wood. He sees no philosophy in their growth. The lofty tops of their trees, as may seem to sweep some mystic harp in the sky, discourse no music to his soul. He sees merely the fact that the wind is swaying their boughs. The fountains, as they gush from their rocky cells, come trickling down the hills, moistening the grass and flowers with their spray, discourse not to him of beauty;—he sees merely water in its fall. To such a one the world never appears except in a partial aspect. If a people is struggling for independence, and is unsuccessful, he sees nothing but murder and bloodshed. If men and women, in their philanthropy and in the spirit of their religion, oppose unrighteous laws and sympathise with the oppressed, he sees nothing but rebellion and anarchy,—or if moved by any attempt to assist in the work of reform, he sees in such efforts nothing but confusion and the work of a diseased imagination. He sees not the great links in the chain of being connecting one event with the other, one fact with another, going back through the ages until the chain rests in God, and going forward to the future, there meeting God again in his infinity, and completing the circle.

It is this philosophical and intuitive state of mind to which I have just alluded, that is alone the principle of prophecy, and without which no man is fitted to be a teacher upon any science, in any of its higher walks, or can possibly place a right construction and estimate on things. It is evident what I mean;—unless we first obtain a true position from which we can look out into the world, no matter how clearly we may view the subject on which the mind gazes, or how far we may push our investigations, we cannot place a right estimate upon life, or arrive at any just conclusion as to its meaning.

It is upon this ground, then, that I would predicate the assertion, that it is the saint alone who is sage, and the sage alone who is saint. If there is any infidelity in the world, it is that which separates wisdom from love, or love from wisdom. When it is so, philosophy becomes but a system of falsities, religion but cant or superstition, and culture but learned nonsense. Literature becomes impure, science fragmentary, and all is discord and confusion.

In considering the philosophy of progress, we must begin with the history of man upon this planet. In the spirit of what remarks have already been made, let us commence our investigations. What, then, do you conceive to have been his original state?

Must we not look upon the first population of the globe as un-

developed and uncultured? Doubtless they came into the world with less of impurity and disease than we, but their innocency must have been at first but the dumb innocency of the cattle, and their knowledge have extended over but little of the ground that we now occupy. We must remember, too, the earth was then in as partial a state of culture and development as were the people. It is no mere fiction of the poet that has married man to the earth. In the grand poem of the universe, man and nature advance together, and rhyme in all their relations and possessions. What is the reason that we have not now those monster animals that once inhabited the earth—those monstrous reptiles beneath whose extended ribs a house suitable for human habitation might almost be erected? See here in analogy the reason. Why are the flowers in Italian vales softer and more fragrant than those of ruder climes? Because, from the nature of the flower in its relations to the soil and the dews, rains and sunshine of the skies, on which it breathes its fragrance. It is a well known fact that as civilization extends its gardens and cultivated fields over the earth, where they arise, there the impure weeds and reptiles that have inhabited those regions become extinct, and more beautiful plants, and birds, and animals bask in the sunshine and find shelter in the groves. If we take this same law into the future, and apply it there, how from the earth arises the Heavenly City—the New Jerusalem, of which prophets have sung, and for which saints have waited, and how by the strict rules of logic it necessitates a more glorious future than we can even now imagine, or the mind can now possibly conceive! By imbibing this philosophy, it will enable us in part to restore the history of the past, of which all written records can give us no information, just as we are now enabled to give many of those sublime details of the future, whose history yet remains to be written.

The time was, then, when man who inhabited the earth, and the earth itself, were extremely uncultivated and undeveloped. Now by virtue of the connection that exists between God and man, man received at first assurance of the Divine assistance, and secured to himself the law of progress. Watch how that progress has been developing itself in him, in all the various arts of life, by reason of the capacity and enlargement of the human mind, and the quality of the human will. At first, men lived in the open fields, seeking shelter beneath the trees; then they built the hut—formed associations in clans, tribes, and nations,—and as Architecture has had a gradual origin in this development, so has it been in reference to every thing else. In the same manner has Thought developed itself in all its various fields of investigation and practice. So Religion has triumphed, from step to step, until it now stands before us in all its present divine beauty and promise.

I will not stop to show how the law of mineral crystallization is analogous to the law of progress everywhere. I have made the foregoing remarks merely to make plain the fact, that, while every thing is the result of the Divine Will, every thing is also the result of beautiful law; and I have been anxious to establish this fact, for without it we are not prepared to form a right estimate upon any thing that we read or any thing that we see. Nothing is so beautiful as to see the result and operation of this law, and by its help we see how Prophecy is born with her clear and celestial eye, and how it conducts us into a world more beautiful and real than appeared these lands we inhabit to the eyes of their new discoverers. We may take this doctrine of universal analogy and apply it every where, and we shall find it in every field of investigation, alike the handmaid of Science, and handmaid of Religion. It throws its torch into the past, and all its mysteries are explained—into the future, and to the beautiful temple that arises to gladden the heart and satisfy the soul of the philosopher.

Through the open action of this law, aided by the fires with which history has lighted up the by-gone ages, how luminous becomes the past! Not only do we see Greece again in all the pride of her learning and armament—not only does Rome arise with all the glory of her temples and altars—not only do we see the ancient fields restored with the clear starlight above them resting upon the midnight fields, where shepherds are reposing by the flocks; not only does it restore with a more living and vivid hand than that of the painter, those events of which the earth has almost forgotten the history, but it leads us to understand their causes—to see the crystalization of human thought and opinions, their dissolutions and crystalizations again, in their ever continued progress.

I would do injustice to your minds as well as to our subject, were I to omit to mention a seeming contradiction to this clear and logical view of the subject. I say clear and logical, for if we do not admit that every thing is the result of law, as well as the effort of the Divine Will, we deny the connection that God sustains to the earth, and consequently cut every thing off from the law of causation, as God is causation itself,—and thus to say that a thing is *not* which we know *is*, and consequently to exist. We are sometimes, however, told that, as progress lies in a circle, we are ever losing something equal to what we are gaining, and we are pointed to the grand old architecture of the past, to its Plato and Socrates, to the sciences we know to have existed, and of which all traces now are lost!—to those cities of a million temples, to their pyramids and sculpture, whose splendid ruins even now often meet the eye of the traveler, and on which he often sits down to ponder and reflect. But while I admit this law of compensation that always gives when it takes away, and takes away when it gives—these centrifugal and centripetal forces by which the worlds are kept together, and the human mind and human society advance together, I cannot admit the conclusions as just stated. The true meaning of that law from which the conservative draws his conclusions are far different from that hopeless and loveless view which we take of it, and to which he applies it. We may see in this law reasons for hope and trust—the evidence that God never leaves himself without witness of his goodness and long-suffering, the law that brings good out of what was meant for evil, and that ever keeps a door open that leads into Heaven. The law that causes the life to ebb also causes it to flow, but when we apply this analogy to God and the operations of his law, we must remember the impetus that his infinity gives to the rebound of the wave, which is always that of advancement and progression.

How then do I account, do you ask, for that decline in magnificence and wealth of the ancient years?—where the athletic strength of the man—where the grandeur of those ancient temples—where the paintings that adorned their walls, and the sculpture whose shadows rested in those thronged and ancient cities and palaces? Fit questions are these to ask, and it is proper that they should be fully met.

I will not meet them by the assertion that we have them now to exhibit. I admit the superiority of the former over the latter. We cannot show you temples of so much magnificence, gardens so vast, art so grand, or intellect so masculine. The splendor of those days is gone. Where once the young Roman studied, and sought the oracles of the Gods, now creeps the lizard or skulks the midnight assassin. Where once the maiden went forth in the twilight to inhale the sweetness of her garden, now breathes the noxious plant, or lies the desolating lava.

A fitting lesson is this for the moralist, upon which to indite lectures on the feebleness of man, and the mutability of human affairs; but where the moralist stops the philosopher may begin. And now if you ask me how I reconcile this fading splendor with the doctrine of human progression—how this declination in art, and science, and physical strength, with this law of which I have spoken, my answer is at hand, and by it may we learn still higher truths, and be led into still higher fields of investigation.

Why then this fading splendor? Why this declination? Dear friends, Nature in her laws is ever perfect, ever adapting

means to an end. Why is it, when the plant has produced its flower, and the flower its seed, it dies—it passes away?—and what good is subserved by its decay? In the first instance, Nature had no further use for the plant; it had subserved the purpose of its creation—it had lived its little day, exhaled its perfume, hung upon its stem, and died. What of nutriment it possessed passed into the earth, the seed it had dropped in its lowliness had taken root, again to salute the dew in its morning visitation and live over again the brief period of its existence. By this law is secured to the plant its perpetuity, and the perpetual verdure and beauty of the ever varied landscape. Why, then, am I asked, why do nations decline—why are the great temples of antiquity not now in our midst? The answer is plain—they had subserved the purpose of their existence, and were destined to pass away, and what of good they had passed into the ages that next succeeded, or was kept secure in the bosom of that law for future germination and growth.

But even this explanation does not satisfy the advanced student of Nature's laws. We find upon further investigation, that Nature does not advance in a circular, but in a spiral form. An illustration is found in music. The scale begins upon the lowest note and proceeds to the highest, then advancing in a spiral direction, it begins again upon the lowest note and proceeds to the highest. Upon this law proceed all earthly and heavenly harmonies, and by it may we learn of the beginning and termination of all the spheres of existence, from the present up to the bosom of Infinity.

Now it is in this direction that society and nature advance, and it is necessary that all the Past should die, that the Future may have its birth; and as the child begins life anew, and brings with it the accumulated intelligence and advancement of its parents in the germ of its mind and the perfection of its form, so from the Past is born in the Future, in its rudimental germs, a more perfect organization and greater advancement. It, like the child, brings with it also imperfections and impurities which it had imbibed; but as through the perpetual gift of childhood, the tide of God sets through and purifies human souls, so through the perpetuity of the years, by the links that bind one age to the other, do nations advance and are purified.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

### Enjoyments of Old Age.

An aged man with silver hair sitting at the root of a branching oak, that had seen a hundred winters, and was now in the autumn shedding its century leaves, presents a striking subject for the pencil, though we do not remember to have seen it painted. He is looking upward, while the foliage has fallen around to cherish and protect the young acorns, which are destined to perpetuate the race of the patriarch of the forest. But no pallet can set forth the thoughts and feelings of the old man, as he revolves in his mind the various fortunes, gales, soft breezes, fair weather and foul, that have wafted him hither, from his earliest boyhood. In the course of his long wanderings, he has taken deep draughts of pleasure and joy. He has also known full well the bitterness of misfortune in the deprivation of property, or the loss of some who were very dear, perhaps of both. And though when his blood ran hotly through his veins in the prime of manhood, he could enjoy keenly, yet never perhaps has he known a serener and more perfect happiness, than he feels at this moment on the verge of the grave, among the fading foliage of the ancient oak.

Such a man, during his long pilgrimage, must have seen much sorrow, for every year, as it scores its passage on our foreheads, at the same time pours another drop of bitter into our enjoyments. Yet he was never less vulnerable to sorrow than now. As he descends into the vale of years, the light of common joy may become dim, and his horizon may be diminished. But his spiritual vision becomes clearer. As he looks up through the naked branches of the old oak spreading over his head, and finds his sight unobstructed by the thick summer foliage that once shut out the sky from his view; now, in his old age, when his hair has grown thin, and his worldly honors have

fallen around him, he can see in the open prospect the firmament of heaven glittering with innumerable hosts of celestial lights. What Ossian sung of the sun, may be said of this ancient man : "The oaks of the mountain shall fall ; the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean shrink and grow again ; the moon herself be lost in heaven ; but thou shalt be forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world shall be dark with tempests ; when the thunder shall roll and lightning fly ; thou shalt look in thy beauty from the clouds, and laugh at the storm."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

## Psychological Department.

### Warnings in Dreams.

No one who believes that consciousness is to survive the death of the body, can doubt that the released spirit will then hold communion with its congeners ; it being the fleshy tabernacles we inhabit which alone disable us from doing so at present. But since the constitution of bodies vary exceedingly, not only in different individuals, but in the same individuals at different times, may we not conceive the possibility of there existing conditions which, by diminishing the obstructions, render this communion practicable within certain limits ? For there certainly are recorded and authentic instances of presentiments and warnings, that with difficulty admit of any other explanation ; and that these admonitions are more frequently received in the state of sleep than of vigilance, rather furnishes an additional argument in favor of the last hypothesis ; for if there be any foundation for the theories above suggested, it is then that, the sensuous functions being in abeyance and the external life thereby shut out from us, the spirit would be most susceptible to the operations of spirit, whether of our deceased friends or of appointed ministers, if such there be. Jung Stilling is of opinion that we must decide from the aim and object of the revelation, whether it be a mere development of the faculty of presentiment, or a case of spiritual intervention ; but this would surely be a very erroneous mode of judging, since the presentiment that foresees a visit may foresee a danger, and show us how to avoid it, as in the following instance :—

A few years ago, Dr. W——, now residing at Glasgow, dreamed that he received a summons to attend a patient at a place some miles from where he was living ; that he started on horseback ; and that, as he was crossing a moor, he saw a bull making furiously at him, whose horns he only escaped by taking refuge on a spot inaccessible to the animal where he waited a long time, till some people, observing his situation, came to his assistance and released him. While at breakfast on the following morning, the summons came ; and, smiling at the odd coincidence, he started on horseback. He was quite ignorant of the road he had to go ; but by-and-by he arrived at the moor, which he recognised, and presently the bull appeared, coming full tilt toward him. But his dream had shown him the place of refuge, for which he instantly made ; and there he spent three or four hours, besieged by the animal, till the country people set him free. Dr. W—— declares that, but for the dream, he should not have known in what direction to run for safety.

A butcher named Bone, residing at Holytown, dreamed a few years since that he was stopped at a particular spot on his way to market, whither he was going on the following day to purchase cattle, by two men in blue clothes who cut his throat. He told the dream to his wife, who laughed at him ; but, as it was repeated two or three times and she saw he was really alarmed, she advised him to join somebody who was going the same road. He accordingly listened till he heard a cart passing his door, and then went out and joined the man, telling him the reason for so doing. When they came to the spot, there actually stood the two men in blue clothes, who, seeing he was not alone, took to their heels and ran.

Now, although the dream was here probably the means of saving Bone's life, there is no reason to suppose that this is a case of supernatural intervention. The phenomenon would be

sufficiently accounted for by the admission of the hypothesis I have suggested, namely, that he was aware of the impending danger in his sleep, and had been able, from some cause unknown to us, to convey the recollection into his waking state.

A circumstance of a similar kind to the above occurred in a well-known family in Scotland, the Rutherfords of E——. A lady dreamed that her aunt, who resided at some distance, was murdered by a black servant. Impressed with the liveliness of the vision, she could not resist going to the house of her relation, where the man she had dreamed of (whom I think she had never before seen) opened the door to her. Upon this, she induced a gentleman to watch in the adjoining room during the night ; and toward morning, hearing a foot upon the stairs, he opened the door and discovered the black servant carrying up a coal-scuttle full of coals, for the purpose, as he said, of lighting his mistress's fire. As this motive did not seem very probable, the coals were examined, and a knife found hidden among them, with which, he afterward confessed, he intended to have murdered his mistress, provided she made any resistance to a design he had formed of robbing her of a large sum of money which he was aware she had that day received.—*Night-side of Nature.*

### Confusion of the Senses.

Some years ago, there was a woman residing in the neighborhood of Lyons, who seemed to have the quality of one sense transferred to another. A very learned physician, a writer in the *Journal de Sante*, gives an account of having visited this woman at Lyons. He says,

"The woman whom I visited, and to whom I presented several sorts of medicines, powders, simples, compounds, and many other substances, which I am convinced she never saw before, told me their several tastes, as nearly, and with as much precision as taste could pronounce. She described them, indeed, with astonishing exactness, and frequently when my own palate was confounded.

Her eyes were next bound with a thick bandage, and I drew from my pockets several sorts of silk ribbands. All those that differed in the original colors, she immediately told me. It was in vain to attempt puzzling her ; she made no mistake ; she passed the ribband merely through her hand, and immediately decided on its peculiar color. She could, in fact, discover the quality of any thing by the touch or taste, as accurately as I could do with my eyes.

The organs of hearing were then closed, as well as the contrivance of stuffing the ears would answer the purpose. I then commenced a conversation with a friend in the apartment, and spoke in almost inaudible whispers. She repeated, with great power of memory, every word of the conversation. In short, I came away a convert ; in other words, I believed what I had seen. A philosopher knows the fallibility of the senses ; but he should know, likewise, that science ought not to reject because it cannot have demonstration."

### Psychological Phenomenon.

Capt James Riley, whose narrative of his sufferings in Africa is well known to the mass of our readers, after returning to America became a resident of Ohio. Some time after, he was attacked by a cerebral affection, which apparently resulted in death. Stimulants being applied, he was restored to consciousness. He afterwards related to his family that it seemed to him that he had gone out of the body, and held intercourse with spiritual beings. Among other important information, he stated that he would return into the body, travel again, and visit France and Africa. This last announcement was the subject of great anticipations. They also told him that he would live many years. All these predictions were verified. He did not go to Africa, and visited France to consult the surgeon. His family carefully avoided alluding to the prediction of his death ; it was, however, as he had been told, that he died at sea in 1851, just thirteen years from the time the prediction was given.—*Buchanan's Journal.*

## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

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## THE ANALOGY OF NATURE.

The mind that is accustomed to perceive and trace the harmonies of the Universe, cannot fail to discover a nice and beautiful analogy between the operations of the outward world and the developments of the spiritual. We have frequent occasion to observe that the same laws and principles which are manifested in the organization and government of external substances, are exhibited also, to a certain extent, in the moral and spiritual economy of God. The various formations and processes which are constantly going on in the material world, bear a certain resemblance to the divine arrangements in respect to the internal growth and improvement of man. Hence, from Nature in its gross, material forms, we are enabled to conceive, as the substance from the shadow, those deep things of God which belong to the development of the human spirit. When we look forth on the glories of the spring-time and observe the growth and development of vegetable forms, we learn that, in a similar manner, and by the action of similar laws, the beauties of our moral nature will be unfolded, and the plants of righteousness and purity will spring forth in the hearts of men.

It is our purpose, in the present article, to illustrate the analogy which is thus furnished in Nature in relation to the ultimate development of the spiritual graces in the approaching spring-time of humanity.

In the first place, it is observable that the different forms of vegetation are caused to be unfolded from the germs which are first implanted in the earth. None of the varied products of Nature could be generated without the prior existence of the germ from which they spring. This must first be imbedded in the earth—the elements of vegetable life must be at work in its bosom, ere those beautiful and attractive forms could be created which delight the eye and gladden the heart of man. Thus the proud oak springs from the little acorn—the graceful flower arises from the germ of the plant, and from the small seed which is planted in due season, the eyes of the husbandman are greeted with the golden harvest. It is by a similar principle that the moral fruits of our being are to be unfolded. The germ of these fruits is already implanted in the human heart. Deeply imbedded in our nature are noble and generous principles;—far away in the recesses of the mind exist the elements of holiness; down in the deep well-springs of the soul are pure and beautiful thoughts, lofty aspirations and holy desires; and from these germs of righteousness thus implanted within, the heavenly and life-giving fruits of the spirit will be unfolded in the inward being.

If we turn our eye again to the domain of Nature, we shall discover that nothing here is produced in a moment. All things have a certain time allotted them in which to grow, expand, and become perfected. The verdure that decorates the earth, the plants that rise upon its surface, and the flowers that bloom in their vernal beauty, are all governed by the law of progressive development. A view of this fact may afford us an insight into the principles of the divine economy. The elements of the spiritual being are not to be developed instantaneously; but, like every thing in the material world, require an appropriate season for their growth, and are brought forth in a gradual and progressive way. It is not in accordance with the ways of God to interpose his power and change his creatures in a moment. The elements of purity which are implanted in the soul must be brought forth in the human character through the agency of that divine law of progress to which all things are subject. It is important that this particular should be borne in mind, so that instead of manifesting an impatience to behold the results of human development instantaneously attained, we may remember

that, according to the analogy of nature, the divine purposes are unfolded in a gradual manner, and the ultimate perfection of the plants of the spirit must be the result of a progressive growth.

Again, it is to be remarked that the earth does not yield its fruits in a partial manner. If we look around on the expanse of creation, when the breath of Spring has awakened the plants and flowers, we shall find that these beauties are impartially bestowed and universally exhibited. The hill-top and the vale—the mountain and the plain, are alike clothed with the rich verdure and flowery wreaths of the spring-time. We do not find that one portion of land alone is filled with the beauty of the reviving year, while other portions manifest no signs of returning life—that there are only certain fertilized spots of ground on which the fruits of the earth are permitted to flourish, but we find that the entire face of Nature, within the wide circle of our vision, presents one beautiful scene of animation and joy. Now we are to observe that it is in a similar manner that the divine elements of the soul are to be brought forth and perfected. In this result there can be no limitation. The germs of purity and holiness being implanted in the heart of all humanity, it is rational to suppose that their fruits shall be equally extensive. Thus in every soul the ripened plants of righteousness shall arise. No scenes of barrenness or desolation shall then be found in the blooming garden of earth, but in all its wide extent shall be seen the sweet fruits of holiness, and the flowers of celestial purity.

Still again, we notice that in all the operations of nature there is no chance-work nor variation. Every thing here goes on with the certainty and precision of invariable law. Thus when the cold and desolation of winter has passed away—when its rude winds and chilling frosts are succeeded by the mild zephyrs of spring, there is a certainty that the forms of vegetation will appear in the freshness and beauty of reviving nature. By the same sure and invariable law, the germs of spiritual life will be unfolded in the soul. Principles are constantly at work to attain the promised end, which operate with a precision that admits of no failure. It is true that the present prospect may appear dark and cheerless—corruption and iniquity in all their repulsive forms may prevail in the world, and yet amid all this, the final result referred to is made as certain, as that the earth will bring forth its bud when the frosts and snows of winter shall have passed away. We look with confident expectation to the coming spring, even though dreary cold and desolation may be around us; and we are reminded that it is with the same certainty that the glorious spring-time of the soul shall come, when the immortal plants of righteousness and peace shall rise and bloom in everlasting life.

We cannot here refrain from calling the attention of the reader to the beautiful and attractive scene which this result unfolds to the spiritual view. A beauty corresponding with that presented in the works of creation, appears in the perfected development of the soul. We delight to behold the fair and graceful forms in the expanse of Nature—to gaze on the green plants and blooming flowers that deck the handiwork of God;—how glorious, then, to see the plants of righteousness and peace springing up throughout the broad bosom of humanity, and to view the flowers of holiness and purity cheering the wide waste of sin and death! In anticipation of this desirable consummation, let us carefully cultivate and improve the garden of our hearts, that it may bring forth abundantly those heavenly fruits whose germs are there inherently implanted. May we cultivate with an anxious care those holy powers and divine affections which constitute the intrinsic elements of our being. Let us cherish the flowers of the spirit—those flowers that never die,—which no rude wind or chilling frost may wither, but which, when death and sin have passed away, shall flourish in immortal bloom.

R. P. A.

If we gaze directly at the sun in its unclouded brightness, we shall become blinded and dazzled by its beams; so if we seek at once, without preparation, to arrive at the original source of truth, we shall be less enlightened and more bewildered than when we are content to enjoy its reflected light in the temple of Nature.

### TRUTH AND ERROR.

We live in a curious world, containing a mixture of the bitter with the sweet. The race here is not always in favor of the swift, nor the battle with the strong; and even Truth is so much mixed up with error, that for a time it seems buried beneath the mass of superstition and corruption with which humanity is overwhelmed. The voice of Error is constantly misdirecting. She points to the paths leading to discord and unhappiness, presenting a fleeting vision, which is ever flitting before us and beckoning onward—a vision fair to look upon, but which bears in its nature the evidences of *deceit*. To carry out her purposes, she appeals to our passions and our self-interests, arrays man against man, and builds up the strong walls of sectarianism to encompass her blinded votaries. Error attacks with a strong hand, and like a furious tempest, carrying terror and desolation in its path, is her onward course. Individuals in high places, infatuated by the false inducements she holds out, bow before her and yield submission to her authority, but her promises, like the mirage in the desert, ever recede at our advance.

The greatest enemy of Error is Truth—sweet, gentle Truth. Her countenance beams with love, and her course, like the still flowing stream, is ever onward. She points to bright and flowery paths, and, leading the way, beckons forward to virtue and happiness. A bright vision which knows no deceit is given by this angel, Truth. If we press forward toward the goal before us, and reach it unscathed by the insidious attacks of Error, then will the angels sweetly smile, and great will be our reward. The still, small voice of Truth is even now commencing to revolutionize our fair earth. Error, like a warrior hemmed in by his foes on all sides, is desperately engaging in this last great struggle which must eventually prove unsuccessful. In the words of a gifted brother, "Truth is mighty and will prevail." Locked up for ages in bigotry and superstition, she is now bursting her bonds asunder, and Science and Reason join hands with her in emancipating our race.

On the field of battle, in the dark dungeons of our prisons, in the loathsome haunts of poverty, in the sectarian strife so bitter, in our hospitals—those hot-beds of experiment on suffering humanity, in the oppression of the poor by the rich,—Error rejoices, but Truth weeps. All hail that blessed day when Truth shall forever triumph over Error. That day is fast approaching, and millions will hail the ushering in of that glorious epoch with shouts of joy. The sword will then be exchanged for the plowshare; the oppressed will go free; brother will meet brother in the sweet exchange of thought; the scales will fall from their eyes, and the light of heaven will shed its genial warmth into their souls. No longer shall they wander in darkness without a light to guide their steps; and sectarian strife will be among the things which have passed away. By living in accordance with the laws of Nature, a vast amount of the ills which flesh is heir to will have vanished, and thus the services of a numerous class will be employed in a different and more useful way.

In our apparent strength and knowledge, behold our weakness and comparative ignorance. In ages long since past, mighty nations existed, far advanced in the arts and sciences. Error, which banished light and gave darkness in its stead, drew a curtain over the then existing state of affairs, and they have been banished from the memory of man. The dark ages were a reign of Error. She marched triumphant throughout the land. But Truth, aided by Science, is now in the ascendant, and we begin to lift the curtain which has so long concealed the glories of our destiny, to discover that we are once more growing into light and knowledge.

A new light is dawning upon us;—our guardian angels, with voices from the Spirit-land, tell us of immortal truths. In the sphere in which we now dwell, Error has thrown her subtle influences about us, leading us captive by her winning smiles; but there, Truth is over and around all—her mantle is of ample dimensions to shield all who come beneath its folds. Angels rejoice that a communication is now opened from earth to the Spirit-world; let us rejoice also, with exceeding great joy. The votaries of Error may crowd her halls, and her emissaries may

endeavor to undermine and eradicate such startling truths as now begin to crowd thicker and faster upon us, but Truth will continue to slowly and steadily pursue her onward course, and angels will bless all who lend her a helping hand.

G. E. B.

### Spiritual Messages.

The ensuing communications from friends in the Spirit-world, were received through the medium of a lady, whose name we omit, residing in the city of Hartford. The first was addressed to the medium by the spirit of an aunt, in a time of earthly trial. It is as follows:—

"My dear, I want to speak to you of the beauties of the Spirit-land: I find that you need something to raise your spirits. The contemplation of spiritual intercourse will give you great comfort.

Think of the glorious inhabitants of the Second Sphere surrounding you;—let bright scenes in prospect animate you. Fear not, though all others falter. Let the light of Truth ever brighten your pathway—let its life-giving influences ever support you.

Look upward, and behold the white-robed angels who are ever ready to bear messages of love and wisdom to the inhabitants of earth. Rejoice with us that a way is opened for spiritual communications, and that soon a heavenly influence will take the place of strife and discord."

The message which follows was received by the medium from one who formerly sustained to her the relation of Sabbath School Teacher:—

"My friend, I remember you with interest and affection. The mind expands as it becomes more advanced;—it takes a more comprehensive view of things; it perceives more clearly the beauties, rich and varied, surrounding earth and heaven. The mind soars upward in its aspirations, and beholds new beauties and new truths which shine upon it in auroral splendor. Deep—deep—are the beauties of the Spirit-home. The longing soul is here satisfied, and can drink on and drink forever. The Spirit-home hath many mansions. The things of earth are of but little consequence, dear friend. The frail body is but the encasement of the spirit and will soon decay; and then the freed spirit will rejoice in its freedom like the birds of the air."

Another communication which may be properly annexed to the foregoing, was given through the same medium by a young man in the Spirit-world to a brother in this sphere:—

"My dear brother; I am near you often, very often. Our days of childhood and youth have passed away—other scenes have also passed. Let those scenes fraught with pain be forgotten, dear brother. There are many things I would like to have you forget. Think of me as a spirit freed from bondage now. The influences surrounding the Spirit-home are far more congenial than the atmosphere of earth; for here we have no unholy influences to turn us away from good and truth. Oh, my brother, such an influence as is felt in the Spirit-world, fills the soul with harmony."

From the foregoing communications it appears as a conspicuous truth, that the spirits which have passed from the body constitute the same identical individuals that they were here,—have a distinct recollection of all the scenes and associations in which they mingled in this life, but at the same time are exalted to an immeasurably higher plane of thought and feeling, in which position they are relieved from all the impure and unfavorable influences by which they were surrounded on the earth.

H. P.

### Small Beginnings and Great Ends.

Let us leave the high walls and dusty thoroughfares, cities, and wander forth in the fields. Here we may inhale the invigorating air, contemplate the beautiful scenery, and in the great panorama of Nature. Following the rippling in its meandering course through meadows filled with flowers, we will turn our steps towards its source. Wonderful results from small beginnings! So with all things:—

seed, then the blade, then the full-formed stalk bearing fruit, or the lofty tree whose towering branches brave the tempest's ire.

As with things material, so with things spiritual. The mists so long enveloping our spiritual vision are beginning to be dissipated by the rays of the great central Sun. Little by little they are passing away, and we begin to get a glimpse of that future which awaits us. The first angel-voices coming to us, may be compared to the source of the beautiful brook; soon it will become a mighty river, and ere long, too, we may hope for a nearer communion with the Spirit-land, when mighty hosts of angels will hail with joy the regeneration of the human family.

G. H. L.

### Views of Death.

In view of the superior light which is now bursting upon the world and illuminating our minds, by means of which we are enabled to see more clearly the things that are to come, it appears to me that it would be highly useful to so change the language with which we have been wont to express certain events in life, that the idea conveyed thereby may be more in accordance with our views and the superior instructions we are daily receiving. I here refer particularly to the "change" which must pass upon all mortals, previous to putting on the immortal robe, known familiarly as Death.

The old theology—the last rays of whose setting day now faintly illumine the western sky, and whose light compared with the day that is now making the East all luminous, was but as the flickering beams of some distant star, has clothed the last moments of the spirit's imprisonment in the gloomy language of annihilation, all pregnant with fearful forebodings of evil, and expressive only of an uncertain leap in the dark. With such views of Death as has usually been entertained, what more appropriate expression could be employed to convey the popular idea on this subject, than "the passage of a dark and dreary valley," or "a plunge into the waves of an unknown sea," and with what other feeling could men engage in the last rites due to mortality, than with that of fearful gloom and soul-chilling dread? Such has been the spirit of their faith made manifest in their acts.

But to us, on whom the light of a glorious future is now bursting, and whose ears are catching the sweet sounds of angelic voices; to us, to whom it is given to know by incontrovertible evidence that though we are sown in a natural body, we shall be raised in a spiritual body, that though we part on earth, we shall meet again in a higher Sphere, and together pursue Eternity's progressive march toward the great Central Mind;—to us, I say, it belongs to speak of death as a happy and desirable change—a change which consists in laying off this cumbrous earthly tabernacle, by which the spirit—the man—bursts from the prison bars which have bound it to earth, and is enabled to gratify all those lofty aspirations which have served as beacon lights amid earth's rugged paths, now basking forever in the clear sunlight of Truth and Love.

If we could be the means of producing a change in the views of our brethren on this subject; if we could inspire that realizing faith by which, instead of shrinking back with dread at the approach of Death, they could be led to embrace it as the happiest moment of earth, looking beyond the last breath of this life for the first breath of a new and higher existence; if we could accomplish this work, we should do much towards elevating the race above a mere earthly existence, and preparing them to become the recipients of the diviner life.

Newtown, Conn.

D. J. N.

### Remarkable Sounds.

The writer of this article has observed at intervals, for the two past years or more, a peculiar low, rumbling noise, resembling the distant sound of a heavily-loaded wagon rolling on hard and rocky ground; or at other times like the low sounds of a distant watermill in motion, or, still again, like the bass notes of a large organ when heard from a distance. I make these sev-

eral comparisons because the sounds are not always alike. They are heard at all times of the day, but more distinctly in the evening, from eight to twelve o'clock, and in some locations more distinctly than in others. These sounds have been heard much of the time during the period mentioned above, but not every day nor at all times of the day. They have been observed in several different parts of the country and by different individuals, and are heard alike in hill or valley locations—in an enclosed room, or in the open atmosphere. At times the sounds continue for two or three minutes, then cease or break suddenly, and in a second or two begin again. At other times they appear to be broken every few seconds; but whenever they are heard distinctly they can generally be distinguished for hours, and only cease gradually. This subject has been presented to a clairvoyant for investigation, who says: "The sounds are electrical, and are produced by the electricity which is generated in the central portion of the earth coming in contact with the electricity that pervades the atmosphere above and around the earth." I had noticed something of this phenomenon years before, but did not then discover that it continued a large portion of the time, as is proved by more recent observation.

G. H. L.

### New Manifestations of Spiritual Presence.

The principle of progression seems to be manifested no less in spiritual developments than in the growth of material forms. From the mysterious sounds and sensuous demonstrations which have startled the world, the evidences of spiritual presence are being gradually elevated to higher modes of manifestation, and are thus satisfying the more exalted aspirations of the refined soul. Among the most interesting recent developments, is one related in the following account, which should be credited to the Sunday Times:—

The erudite Buffalo professors must bestir themselves if they wish to keep up with the age, and give us satisfactory explanations of all pretended spiritual phenomena.

It is barely possible that there are people in the world who can believe that the Rochester knockings were produced by the knee-joints of the Misses Fox; the moving of chairs and tables, and all such physical demonstrations, may be accounted for by psychological hallucination or adroitly concealed machinery; but the new manifestations require some other hypothesis.

The highest degrees of spiritual intercourse are now carried on by music and audible language. First there is heard low harmonious breathings, like the hum of insects. It increases, until it resembles the softest chords of the Æolian harp. Growing louder, it pervades the room with a full burst of the most delicious music, as of the sweetest voices and instruments. Then are distinguished the words of the song, more or less plainly, until at last the unseen choir leave the room, and the sounds recede, growing more and more distant, until they are lost.

The first manifestation of this kind, of which we have evidence that in any other case we should consider perfectly reliable, occurred in the city of Troy a few weeks ago, under the following impressive circumstances. It was in an intelligent family, who were all thoroughly sceptical in regard to spiritual manifestations. One day they assembled around the death-bed of a beloved member. Just as she drew her last breath, and her features were setting into the rigidity of the tomb, every person present heard this low breathing, as of angels' harps. Had it been one person, it might have been an illusion of the imagination; but it was an entire family. The sounds increased, swelling into a harmony, whose only name was heavenly. It continued full, and sweet, and strong, as one can conceive of angelic spirits making, for about a half an hour, when it passed from the room, and gradually faded in the distance, seeming to accompany the released soul in its heavenward flight.

Since that time these musical sounds have been frequently repeated in that family, and they are also heard in several places in this city and Brooklyn. I have not heard them, but I have this account from entirely honest, and, I should think, entirely reliable sources.

## Poetry.

## MESSAGES TO HEAVEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,  
BY O. S. WAIT.

It is not true that death cuts off all communication between us and our loved ones. What mourner has not often heard within his soul sweet words of consolation, really felt to be whispers of the dear departed one? And when the spirit of a friend is leaving earth, it is but natural for us to desire to send messages of our affection by that friend to those already in the Second Sphere.

A friend upon her sick couch lies,  
Her form is wasted, worn, and wan,  
From struggle with her soul, as tries  
Its fluttering pinions to be gone.

That struggle yet may longer be,  
E'er earth, unwilling, gives her up—  
E'er we must drain the misery  
That fills Bereavement's bitter cup.

But it will end—we all know how—  
For the immortal soul at length  
Doth always conquer, always bow,  
At last the body's utmost strength.

No bulb may prison long its flower,  
No clay long hold the soul divine,—  
And ah! we cannot tell what hour  
We must the loved to Death resign.

But what is best, we feel God knows;  
Therefore we would not call back here  
E'en dearest ones, when his act shows  
They have outgrown earth's grosser sphere.

But oh! glad thought to mourning man!  
Whatever's pure will always be:  
And real friendship, earth began,  
Will live and grow eternally.

Affections that are spirit-born  
Can perish no more than the soul,  
And friends who have before us gone,  
*Do love us still;—let this console.*

And should our suffering one soon be  
By God's kind angel earthly riven,  
We yet may hope, may know that she  
Will not forget us, though in Heaven!

But she will seek our loved ones there,  
Who passed yet earlier to the skies,  
And, to fulfill our earnest prayer,  
Will tell—while smile their spirit-eyes—

Our messages of deathless love,  
Our strivings in the path of good,  
Our yearnings toward their bright Above,  
Our speech-exhausting gratitude,—

Our thanks to God for what we are,  
For all that's taken, all that's given,  
Glad faith more fixed than any star—  
*That friends on earth meet love in Heaven!*

Rockwell, Illinois

## Miscellaneous Department.

## MIRZA.

BY CARLETON BRYMOUR M'KEE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 304.]

For a long time I was successful in accumulating wealth and honors. I enjoyed many seasons of festivity. The people still came to do me homage, the Sultan still favored me with his confidence. Even my enemies deemed me almost too securely placed for their designs to avail; but the sad evil was in my own heart—the danger was in my own failing.

The brightness of summer was around my palace. I had retired from the city to enjoy the breezes and the landscape—to exchange the toil of government for the complete relaxation of ease. I had become fatigued more and more with my duties, and had become so much enamored of my pleasures, that I delegated my power to another, determined to spend a season of enjoyment untrammelled by the cares of rule.

My flocks and herds grazed far off on an extended plain; my servants reaped the ripe harvest from many fields, and plucked the full-grown fruit from many orchards and vineyards. My dwelling place was gorgeous—the most superb carpets of Persian loom covered the floors of noble halls—the heat of summer was changed to a balmy coolness by the sparkling waters of gushing fountains—flowers of exquisite perfume, in vases of extraordinary beauty, saluted the eye and diffused odors most exquisite through every chamber. Gold and silver, with precious stones in profusion, glittered in every apartment. Couches of luxurious softness invited the limbs to repose, while the rarest sweets allured the appetite.

Superadded to all these, I was the favorite of my sovereign, and my mandate might sway the destinies of multitudes. Mighty men bowed before me, courtiers flattered, soldiers guarded my progress, and slaves obeyed my every wish. Truly I was great in the eyes of others, and exalted in my own fancy.

Even when I gazed upon the vastness and splendor of my domain, an unfortunate being came to beg that I would restore him to a home from which he had been unjustly driven. Once he had been powerful, prosperous and honored. Now he was but a poor, pitiable, imploring creature, who knelt before a fellow-man to beseech his compassion. I might have pondered on his fate, and thought of my own possible destiny. But I had no thought of a future like his, and I felt my heart fill with confidence and presumption; and, scarcely deigning attention, I heard the man urge his plea with an unheeding ear. I rejected the lowly petition, and as the suppliant wept, from the bitterness of his spirit, I commanded my household slaves to thrust him out.

"Unjust, unjust, unjust!" he shrieked, as they cast him forth to wander in wretchedness,—a homeless, miserable, disappointed being! Ah! yes, it was very unjust, thus to blight his hopes, and to heap one more to his many wrongs.

Yet I went to rest at my accustomed hour, almost forgetting that there existed aught else than plenty and pleasure in the world. The wronged and the oppressed were forgotten, for prosperity had chilled me into selfishness. I slept on my luxurious couch, and dreamed of honor, and wealth, and glory.

I had been long wrapped in slumber, when I fancied I heard a voice whisper, "Unjust—unjust—unjust!" I shuddered, and the visions of my sleep changed. I imagined myself disgraced, overthrown, spoiled of my all! I thought myself wandering away from those I loved, from the scenes of my grandeur and power, without a follower, without a friend. And I thought the winds were howling fearfully, as I pursued my way over rugged, rocky, untrodden places. It seemed very dark—the massy clouds assumed threatening shapes, and screaming forest birds flew by me like evil spirits, mocking my misery. No human being approached, no welcome habitation offered shelter to my weary frame. I felt inexpressibly desolate. It appeared as if I had been left alone on earth, without a home. And ever and anon

I heard the startling whisper, borne on the stormy winds—"Unjust—unjust—unjust."

Chilled with terror I awoke from my dreams. All was calm around me; the birds were sweetly trilling their notes among the trees and flowers; the moon was pouring a shadowy effulgence around, and I heard no note of human turmoil or suffering. I was glad to learn that all was a dream which had awakened the horrors of my soul, and I lay but a few moments till the serenity of everything about my palace soothed me into a gentle repose, that was not broken till the dawn of a lovely day.

When I arose once more to revel in power, in pleasure, in honor, I recollected my vision of the night; and as the thought crossed my mind, it for a moment disturbed my self-possession by its gloomy intrusion.

But we feel far differently when in full possession of our powers, and standing beneath the sunbeams, from what we do when stretched forth to sleep in the silence and solemnity of night. So after a momentary feeling of dismay, I smiled at my own fearful imaginings and comforted myself that it was a mere dream, a fancy, baseless and unreal, and now an ideality of the past.

Had my heart been willing, I might have learned a happy lesson from my dream. I might have thought of the blessings which follow the just, and the curses which attend the path of the oppressor and the ruler who forgets his duty to the Everlasting Monarch, in neglecting to give Him glory and to shed blessings upon his own fellow-beings.

Nevertheless, but a very short time passed until I had obliterated the recollection of my unwelcome vision. I went on in the same round of gaiety as before, only removing farther and farther every feeling of compunction for my departure from the right.

The time at length came when haughty men who had been surpassed before by me, discovered that I had failed in my administration, that I had forgotten or neglected the wisdom of the worthy and the just, and that the province where I ruled was again in a state of half-suppressed insurrection.

"Now," thought they, "we will crush this rash being who has mounted into power above those who have ever been true to the glory and stability of the throne. Now shall he feel that his audacity has been over-reached, and that he who provokes the noble and the brave must fall before their wrath!"

So they set them to their work, and busied themselves with the accumulation of proofs against me. Their malice was successful—not because they could affect me by false accusation, but because I myself was my own enemy. Powerless had been their hatred had I been good—worthless their strategies had I been wise.

Treacherously my foes accused me before the Sultan, and although he would have scorned their attempts against me had their accusations been false, yet when they laid before him the truth of the matter, he thought fit to make inquiry.

Having appointed men of known integrity to examine the people over whom he had set me as a ruler, he was astounded to discover that I had been unworthy of my trust. No less astonished was I to find the realities which surrounded me. My adulators threw off their masks of deception, my false friends laughed scornfully, when I called them to assist me with their counsel, my people upbraided me with squandering the treasures which had been extracted from their toil.

I was summoned before the monarch. His wrath was strong against me, and he would hear no defense. What defense could I make? I had abused his confidence, I had caused renewed disorders in his empire, I had made it a reproach to those by whose power I had risen, that they had favored one like me. Deeply conscious of the evil I had done, I was silent before my judge and my accusers.

I was very sad, and would fain have been Mirza, the husbandman, once more. I had tested my own strength, and found it naught but weakness; I had tested the applause of men, and found it naught but vanity.

The punishment meet for one who had been guilty of what my foes charged against me, was death. But my pomp and honor,

my sudden ascent and mighty influence, had stung these envious beings. Now, when they had brought me down from my high elevation, their revenge longed not to see me die, but rather desired that I might live in disgrace, filled with sorrow and remorse. Affecting, then, the semblance of forgiveness and compassion, they petitioned the Sultan to spare my life. But for the honor of the throne and the admonition of all like evil-minded, they declared it to be just that I should be condemned to labor among the vilest bondmen, in the dungeons of the capital.

They obtained the desire of their petition. Degraded, insulted, overwhelmed with derision, I was cast in among a band of miserable beings, whose chains clanked amid the gloomy walls of prison towers, which reared themselves on the confines of the imperial city.

Closely confined here, toiling without respite in the day, guarded as I wept, or uneasily slumbered through the night—there seemed no hope for me. Long this continued, and they fancied that I was totally prostrated. Yet it was not so. In the darkness and in the light, as I toiled and as I rested, my soul longed for freedom. I kept well my own imaginings, and at length they ceased to watch me as vigilantly as had been their wont. Moreover, I won the sympathies of the soldiers who guarded me; and, at length, events conspired to afford me a chance of escape.

In the gloom of night I made good my retreat from the citadel wherein I had been held, and in the guise of an officer effected my egress from the city. Every moment, however, I fancied as I hastened along a deserted road, the guards were following me, and the least noise filled me with apprehension.

For hours I traversed on my way from bondage, alternate hopes and fears sweeping over my breast. Hunger, thirst, weariness, and shame, at length gathered all their terrors before me. The moon went down, and all was dark. I roamed from the highway to a deserted plain. A storm came upon me, but as its fury broke forth, I reached a widow's dwelling, where I received a heartfelt welcome. The tempest continuing to rage fearfully, I determined to try and bury my griefs in a temporary oblivion. So I lay down to take some rest, almost hoping to sink there in my last slumber.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

LOVE—a passion which has caused the change of empires—a passion which has inspired heroism and subdued avarice—a passion which he who never felt never was happy; and he who laughs at never deserves to feel.

The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine, are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer.

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