

Beacon Light Publication:::No. 1.

THE
EVANGEL OF THE SPHERES,
AND THE
BATTLE OF BROTHERHOOD,

AS ILLUSTRATED

IN FACTS AND PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE AND
MESSAGES OF LOVE AND UNITY, AND CHARACTER-
ISTIC TOKENS FROM DEPARTED FRIENDS,

GIVEN AT THE

"Beacon Light" Circle, Winchester, N. H.,
MRS. C. D. FRENCH, MEDIUM.

ARRANGED, WITH APPROPRIATE NOTES, EXPLANATIONS, ETC.,

BY D. J. MANDELL.

Designed expressly to illustrate the highest form of Modern Spiritual Communion,
and to answer the question *If these things are spiritual what good will they do?*

"Go on in every Good Thing; help every good work along! Then when you
come to us, you can look back and trace your present footsteps by the streams of
Shining Light which will follow."

Child Spirit, (ORPHA B. FOLLETT,) Private Message.

Price 30 cents. A copy of the work, POSTAGE FREE, may be obtained
through the mail, by enclosing twenty five cents and two three cent postage
stamps, in a post paid letter, directed to SILAS FRENCH, Winchester, N. H., or to
the publisher, as below.

ATHOL (DEPOT) MASS.
D. J. MANDELL, PUBLISHER.
1853.

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1853

PART I.

THE BEACON LIGHT CIRCLE.

ITS MEDIUM AND MANIFESTATIONS.

THE "BEACON LIGHT" CIRCLE, proper, was first established in Winchester, N. H., about the middle of April, 1852. No better guarantee of the excellence of its medium and of the *reality* and exalted character of its spiritual intercourse, need be offered the public, than that which is afforded by the *Messages* which are published in another part of this pamphlet; for so pure and holy is their sentiment—so ennobling and elevating their influence—so simple and yet so grand and angel-like their style, that the "light"—the instruction which they contain—in the appropriate language of one of the spirit communicators*—

Speaketh for itself, from whence it cometh.

But, as in other cases, there are FACTS in connection with the experience of this medium and circle which clearly demonstrate their claim to communion with the spirit world; and it is thought advisable to compile and publish some of the most valuable and convincing of these, by way of introduction to the messages. And here permit me to say, that by *facts*, in this case, we do not mean any occurrence of sounds which are astonishing, nor of sights or movements that are surprising and almost incredible. The mission of this medium and the object and connection of this circle, transcend all demonstrations of a merely physical or material character. Sounds have been given through the medium,

* See Messages of Love and Unity, No. 2, by S. Prescott Fairbanks.

and manifestations of power, exhibiting movements of considerable force and convincing beauty, have been witnessed in connection with her ; but these, as a general thing, are all suspended or set aside, by the spirits, with reference to securing the greatest possible degree of truthfulness and excellence in all communications which are given. One of the earliest communications which was given through the medium (before I became acquainted with her) was on this wise : A friend of hers who was exceedingly anxious to witness astonishing performances on the part of the spirits, had somewhat impatiently waited for some such demonstrations through this medium. He said jocosely to another person that he wanted to "see a table leg twisted off, and the stand fly up to the ceiling," &c. Almost immediately after was given to him a message, as follows :—

Your circle was not intended for powerful manifestations, but for *beautiful communications*.

True to this principle, among the very first of the private communications which I received from FENELON, was this :—

We wish mediums through whom we can communicate, to sit for *truth* rather than for *power* or *tests*.

TRUTH, then ; *facts of truth* ; incidents and illustrations proving a high spiritual connection and demonstrating the actual presence and identity of departed friends and bright and beautiful ministering angels—*these* we have to offer in connection with our messages, to defend and enforce their claims to a spiritual origin. And in this connection I will suggest that we thus present the best possible—the only satisfactory—the loftiest demonstration of the verity of spiritual intercourse and manifestation. Wonderful exhibitions of force and power on the part of spirits—unusual sounds and remarkable movements, appeal more to the *curiosity* than to the *heart*, and are chiefly serviceable in arousing the attention of those who cannot be immediately operated upon by higher agencies ; even the audible voice and visible appearance of a spirit may be attributed, the one to *ventriloquism* and the other to *imagination*, or, a *dream* ; but, when the departed ones return and manifest themselves with unmistakable tokens of their spirit nearness to those they have left behind—announcing themselves freely where, perhaps, they were never known before—uttering their monitions of wisdom and love with that peculiarity of style

and expression which characterized them in the time of their earthly sojourn—conversing familiarly of the past, and showing a knowledge of the past, present and future far beyond the knowledge or convictions of those whom they address, and displaying an interest and affection for their friends and society, even fonder, deeper and mightier than the purest love they ever evinced in time—then, then is the mind convinced; then faith supplants mystery; and whatever the mode of manifestation, or, form of communication, scepticism and incredulity stalk proudly away from the soul, which from henceforth repels them with instinctive disdain, and *Truth*, sublime, all-precious TRUTH takes precedence of all mere wonder-workings and marvels, of whatever magnitude, and is seen to be the absolute *test*, the sole, pre-eminent criterion and vindicator of the life and love of heaven intermingling with the earth—the bright and glowing portal through which man can clearly discern the golden gleams of immortality descending into time.

The very first experience of this medium in spiritual communion, was one of *Truth*—beautiful, heart-inspiring, *prophetic* truth; cheering, indeed, to her in a period of trial and darkness, and most blessed in the successive events of its realization, and in the results of hope and happiness granted to her during the different stages of its fulfillment. The incident occurred nearly or quite, five or six years ago, and was therefore simultaneous with if not previous to the earlier manifestations by the “rappings” through the “Fox” family at Rochester, N. Y.; so that the “Beacon Light” medium sustains the same relation to communications of truth and prophecy, through vision, &c., in the opening of modern manifestations, which the well known Rochester mediums do to the demonstrations by “sounds” and other exhibitions of spiritual force. Indeed, the spirits have repeatedly said that even before that time they were preparing her for the mission in which she has been, since then, engaged. But, the “first experience” before alluded to, will best explain its own character and bearings. It was on this wise:—

In a season of peculiar perplexity and distress, her mind was occupied with many prayers and hopes, and yet with serious misgivings relative to the welfare of a friend in whom she was deeply interested; she was sitting, late at night, in a watchful

and waking mood, and, with many mingled thoughts, meditating on the past, present, and future, when, suddenly appeared in her presence a form, whom she had never before seen, and yet whom she at once knew with that never failing, intuitive recognition which so characteristically distinguishes those whose spiritual sight and sense are opened. It was the *father of that friend in behalf of whom her mind and thoughts were engaged*,—or rather it was the *spirit* of that father, wearing a natural appearance, as in life, and manifesting himself, for the first time, to comfort and counsel those whom he had left behind him and whom he still loved with more than earthly love. Blandly and benignantly addressing her whom he had caused to recognize him though she had never seen or known him in life, he spoke, and said :—

Trust in God. Hope! and still hope on. Restrain your wild grief, and only await patiently the time, and I will again come, and by the aid of that God in whom I bid you confide, will bring back my wandering child—will return him home to truth and duty.

The vision, the promise of the vision, has been, in its most essential and practicable points, strictly fulfilled during the intervening time. That spirit “father” in the subsequent manifestations, has “come again.” His counsels, his cheering words of encouragement and love, have materially assisted his “child” in an upward and onward career of true manhood and vital good will, highly creditable to the individual, himself, and most useful and beneficial to others. To the counsel of the spirit father, has been added that of other noble spirits, and latterly that of the mother who has deceased since the vision above described was given. The last token of kindly care and attention in connection with the case above cited, was furnished at a recent sitting. A spirit, announcing himself as Dr. Adams, appeared in connection with the spirit father and mother and a “prescription,” united to sound advice, presented, as follows :—

Mother wants to tell you what spirits think would be good for you. (Referring to the spirit who announced himself as Dr. Adams, she adds,)—First, your tobacco, you, yourself know is very bad indeed, for you. Your system,—your blood is filled with bad humors. They have fed upon your system till it has become weakened and deranged. I want you to get for yourself some sulphur. Take a spoonful three mornings, then skip three,

Get you valerian; use that freely. Put away your tobacco (the spirit smiles) and take in the room of it, for chewing, the inner bark of white Pine. Do not apply yourself too closely to your work. Be reasonable. We will see to your affairs. Let your mind have a cheerful, active run. We shall be very near you, doing all we can to restore you. Keep up social intercourse with congenial minds. Avoid conflicting arguments. You have done nobly. We will come again, as you need, telling you what next to do. I think you will be immediately benefitted by this course.

It will please all christian and philanthropic minds to perceive, as in the above instance, that spirits can persevere in and pursue successfully, a work of love for years, and brother Trask, of Fitchburg, will doubtless be glad to see that the inhabitants of the brighter world coincide and sympathize with him in his crusade against "tobacco." And I will, in this connection, observe that intemperance, rum-selling and other evils, come in for their full share of spirit animadversion. The following from a noted rumseller, deceased, formerly of Brattleboro', Vt., although short, yet speaks for itself; and many there are who would do well to heed it. His spirit said:—

Tempt not the weak: I was wrong.

For sometime, with the exception of the vision before mentioned, the manifestations through this medium were given entirely by means of the "tippings" and "writing," interspersed, occasionally, with the "raps," and by this mode very many interesting demonstrations were afforded. The intimate friends and acquaintances of the medium, obtained gratifying and satisfactory tokens from their departed kindred, in some cases, eliciting names and facts which were entirely beyond the knowledge of the medium. Strangers, also, were favored, repeatedly, with the most satisfactory exhibitions of the presence and continued love of those whose loss by death they had long deplored, and the spirits of persons whom the medium never knew, in numerous instances introduced themselves to her of their own accord; their identity, &c., having been traced and verified by subsequent enquiry and research. It seems to have been the object of the spirits, at this stage of the manifestations, to afford the medium and her friends such indications of her connection with the spirit world as could not be gainsayed by those who were continually

sneering at the idea of obtaining anything except what was induced by the minds of those present. Indeed, one of the stranger spirits, (whose name was announced as "Thaddeus Baker," and who was afterwards identified by a gentleman of the name of Day, from Chesterfield, N. H.,) said:—

We come, when ye know not, that they may not say—your minds govern.

As many of these incidents will pay for the perusal, I will subjoin some of the most prominent.

The following will illustrate the turn which things sometimes took among friends:—Mr. Benjamin Sabin, of Winchester, an intimate acquaintance of the medium and her family, being desirous of solving the mystery of the manifestations, availed himself of an early opportunity of investigating the matter. It was found, that somehow or other, "the manifestations" would take their own course; and, during the sitting, the company became involved in a maze of doubt and obscurity respecting a *name* which was spelled out for their consideration. The name was that of "Mary Wheelock;" and for a time conjecture ran wild as to who the said Mary Wheelock was. A number of young and middle aged "Wheelock" ladies were guessed over, without any satisfactory results, at all; when, suddenly, the spirit deigned to enlighten them by reannouncing herself as "*Old Gam marm Wheelock*," a cognomen which was at once recognized and cordially responded to, although the more formal name of "Mary" (the true given name of the old lady when living) did not serve to identify her, none present knowing her given name. The "minds" in the circle did not "govern" then!

The following from the pen of Dr. J. W. RUSSELL, Surgeon Dentist, Winchester, N. H., will tell its own story.

WINCHESTER, N. H., March 13, 1853.

MR. MANDELL,

Dear Sir:—Agreeably to your request I give you a brief statement of an incident which took place in the earlier development, (in this place) of the so called spiritual manifestations.

Sometime in the fall of 1851, I called in company with two or three friends at the house of Mr. French, to witness something of the new phenomena which at the time was the subject of considerable interest.

I had often heard and read of the mysterious doings of de-

parted spirits, of their manifesting themselves through various mediums to their friends yet in the flesh, but never before had an opportunity of witnessing any thing of the kind. I had not, like many, however, before investigating, ascribed it to jugglery, witchcraft, &c., neither had I much faith in its originating in the spirit land. I went for the purpose of eliciting truth, and with the hope, if a reality, that I might have unmistakable evidence of the fact. After being seated, the medium with a common light stand took about the centre of the room, lightly placed her hands upon it and asked if any spirits were present that had any thing to communicate. After waiting a few moments the stand tipped in the affirmative; the alphabet was then called over by some one present, and by this means quite a message was spelled out, purporting to come from the spirit of a Mr. Pratt, father to the wife of one of my friends present. This with two or three other messages were thus spelled out, purporting to come from different spirits.

But although everything on the part of the medium seemed to be conducted with the utmost candor and fairness, yet I was unable to get hold of anything that was entirely satisfactory. The spirits that had manifested themselves were unknown to me, consequently I could neither believe nor disbelieve their statements, although they appeared quite rational. I frequently asked the question if there was any spirit present that had anything to communicate to me, but to these questions there was no reply, and had about given up the idea of trying to get anything that would be more satisfactory, and was making preparations to leave, when the medium announced that a spirit was present that had something to communicate to me. We waited for the communication, when "I am happy," was spelled out. I then requested the spirit to spell out his name, when "William Russell" was spelled out. I considered a moment who William Russell was, but could not recollect of ever knowing a person by that name, and told them there must be a mistake about it, as I was sure I had never known a person by that name. Questions were then asked, who he was, where he had lived, &c. The answer was that he was a cousin of mine, and had lived and died in York State. I had several cousins in York State but did not know that any of them had died, nor did I know any of their names.

Some two months after the above took place, while on a visit to Walpole, I inquired if ever I had a cousin by the name of William Russell, and was told that I had one in York State by that name, but that he died a year or two since.

Such are the circumstances relative to the incident you wished to know about, as near as I can recollect. I am fully satisfied that neither the medium nor any one present knew anything of

the matter, and think there could not have been the slightest shade of deception about it.

Respectfully yours,

J. W. RUSSELL.

To the Rev. D. J. MANDELL.

Will our philosophical friends philosophize the above? Tell us what mind ruled in the circle. If the theory of "detached electricity" ("intelligent") does not help them perhaps they may be able to attribute the phenomena to *steam*, as the tea-kettle was probably singing on the stove at the time.

Among strangers, the manifestations frequently occurred on this wise: A gentleman, in the early part of the period of which we are now treating, sought an interview with this medium. He would neither give his name nor the place of his residence. A spirit announced himself as "Jacob Tyrrell," and stated that the gentleman's spirit friends would be ready to communicate with him at a given hour in the afternoon. At the time specified, the manifestations commenced. The gentleman, having *withheld* his *own* name and place of residence, as aforesaid, it was "*tipped*" out at the stand, and the communicating intelligence addressed him as though an old acquaintance. The name of his brother was also given, and that of his mother likewise, together with the year and place of her death and the number of her children. The names given were as follows: the gentleman's name, Ashley Winchester, East Westmoreland, N. H.; his brother's name, Levi; his mother's name, Esther.

Later than the above, a gentleman and lady (Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Clarke) of Glover, Vt., accompanied by Mrs. Clarke's father and mother, (Mr. and Mrs. Glidden) from Canada, together with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hagar, of Hinsdale, N. H., visited this medium with a view of eliciting something demonstrative of spiritual intercourse, if possible. The visitors from Vermont and Canada were entire strangers to the medium, but the invisible communicators were evidently most intimate with all the affairs of which they wished to converse. The stand talked like a loving friend. Every inquiry—even such as were *mentally* made—was answered correctly. Mr. Clarke (who had but recently returned from California,) had repeated to him the last words of his mother, who had died during his absence. Mr. Glidden ob-

tained, promptly, the name of a sister, deceased twenty-five years ago.

Subsequently to this, Mr. Clarke again visited the medium, with his son and brother, all on their way to California. The spirit of his mother again communicated freely—spoke familiarly as in life, and, among other things, in her perfectly natural and motherly discourse, spelt out the names of the younger visitors, *which had been, previously, carefully withheld from the medium and her family* with a view to a more convincing demonstration.

I will here mention that Mrs. Clarke, aforesaid, was an agent in verifying a somewhat mysterious manifestation which was given through this medium. Just previous to Mr. C.'s return from California, the medium was at the house of her brother-in-law, where was visiting a lady from Keene, N. H. In the course of the evening, during a sitting, the medium was requested to go into a dark room, by herself, where would be written out a communication, which, without reading, she was to hand to the visitor from Keene, who was, in turn, without opening it, to give it to the lady in Keene, to whom it was directed. This lady had a brother, who, becoming involved in a somewhat serious difficulty, had fled, none of his friends knew whither. The communication was from the absent person's deceased mother; her name having been previously given; and the object of it was to assure the deserted friends of his safety, and to promise his ultimate return. It stated likewise that he was in California. During her interview with the medium, as specified in another paragraph, Mrs. Clarke confidentially stated that the communication relative to the missing person, was strictly correct; *her husband had seen him in California, and that everything was correct as the message had specified.*

It will be a comfort to the "mind governing" theorists, to know that, in the above instance, a kind of electrical emanation from the brain of the absent husband, *might* have started on the "hop, skip and jump," from California all the way to yankee land, taken possession of a medium *whom he never knew*,—spelt out the name of his mother at a house *with whose locality he was entirely* unacquainted, and given his sister a message *without any knowledge on his own part where she was at the time.* I say that the theorists who cry humbug, mesmerism, &c., in this matter

may find *comfort* in the conviction that the brain electricity *might* cut such capers, but it must be a *marvelous* comfort, over an *explanation* more marvelous than any involved in the spiritual interpretation of the matter.

With reference to the uncalled visitations of "stranger spirits," before alluded to, a few instances will suffice. They generally presented themselves when other subjects were occupying the mind, and usually when the medium was alone, or with none but her family around her.

One announced himself as Peter Thatcher Vose, Esq., of Lancaster, Mass., giving also his age, and date of his departure from earth. The spirit also said that a lady in Winchester, Mrs. Sampson Buffum, would remember him. She did; but some of her friends thought that the name might have been gathered from some *newspaper*. But, I here take the opportunity to remark that the character of the medium is as much above such a reproach, as it is above the despicable meanness of continually suspecting and depreciating others; and the reader has only to connect Mr. Peter Thatcher Vose, Esq., with incidents which have been previously related, and with others that are to follow, to convince him that the said Peter Thatcher Vose, Esq., might in all likelihood, have presented himself, in his spirit-personality to the medium in question. Besides this, how was it about the *name* of Mrs. Buffum, did the newspaper announce her acquaintance with his name?

Another annunciation to this medium, was the name of "Calvin Kingsbury" when living, of Brighton, Mass. This spirit referred to Alonzo Kingsley, a citizen of the town in which the medium resides, as a person who was acquainted with him during his lifetime, which statement Mr. Kingsley ultimately confirmed.*

Another spirit announced itself as "Mrs. Nancy Adams," the deceased wife of "Daniel Adams, M. D.," and representing herself to have resided in Keene, N. H., during her lifetime in the body. As far as we can learn, she is the departed companion of the somewhat well known author of "Adams' Arithmetic." She is a noble spirit, and her counsel and aid, in connection with

* From the above cases, the reader will perceive that there is a *double* test, not only the name of a strange spirit but also the name of a person who would prove its identity.

the work of regeneration and reform alluded to in the narrative of the vision, already given, have been truly invaluable. Her messages have a hopefulness and heartiness—a piquancy, I might say, peculiar to themselves; and should ever this reach the eye of any who were intimately acquainted with her, I think they would find her style characteristically expressive of the mind and heart of the friend they have lost. I venture this remark, not as an assertion, but as a guarantee, founded upon the fact that the messages, given through this medium have, in all cases, a naturalness of style and expression in which each spirit preserves and marks its own individuality, attests its identity, and appeals at once to the conscience and affection, to the responsive memory and recognition of the friend with whom it communicates.

It has been said that the medium herself, composes the messages which she sends forth as coming from spirits. Some have ventured to intimate that I dictate them to her; or as has been observed in at least one instance—"Guess they get 'em up amongst them." This would be a *slander*, were it not, in reality a great compliment, though false; for the charge supposes the medium, together with myself, more than equal to the greatest delineators of human character, in times ancient or modern—capable, not only of guessing the names of numerous individuals, of whom we had never heard—detailing facts in their lives and experience which we never knew, and giving utterance to their most private feelings and most distinctive traits of manner and matter, without the slightest information on the point. It is thought a remarkable feat for a stage actor to imitate some few personages whose history and peculiarities he has studied with the closest scrutiny; but the medium and those connected with her, can, without difficulty, and at a moment's warning, express and delineate the most peculiar phases of the mind and character of almost any number of departed worthies, without a moment's acquaintance. Well, the ideas of some folks will be more wonderful than the spiritual manifestations, in spite of all we can do!

The following I will quote in connection with the preceding facts. On one occasion last summer or fall, the Rev. Mr. Severance, then agent for the Christian Freeman, called on the husband of the medium, on business, and embraced the opportunity

to have an interview with the spirits through her. He apparently, had not much faith in the matter, and a spirit spelt his name, "Aaron Works," and, asserting that he died in Minnieville, Tennessee, and was formerly from Westmoreland, N. H. He gave the following message :—

I died far from home, but the Love of God supported me till met by guardian spirits.

The name or identity of Aaron Works was entirely unknown to any person at the sitting: but subsequent inquiry seemed to show that there probably might have been such a person. I afterwards wrote to Rev. E. H. Lake, of Westmoreland, for information, who replied, that he lived next door to the father of Aaron Works, and gave the following verification of the spirits' communication :—

WESTMORELAND, Feb. 23, 1853.

BRO. MANDELL,

Agreeably to your request I called upon the Father of Aaron Works, yesterday, and ascertained the following facts, viz—He is a native of this town—was born 1819—left here for Boston when he was 21. Went to Mc Minieville, Tenn.—died Sept. 15, 1846, in said place. Yours very truly,

E. H. LAKE.

Thus far the manifestations had been through the most common modes, chiefly by the tippings; and during all this period the communications given through this medium were generally, and we might say, invariably as reliable and satisfactory as in the instances above named. In two or three cases, only, were the manifestations unsatisfactory or unreliable in her presence; and then persons who were partial media and of not so well developed conditions as herself, were sitting with her, and the communications were more connected with them than her. It is a singular fact that, under such circumstances, if the persons who were at the table drew back, the communications would at once become correct and regular. *Spirits who are low and untruthful cannot operate through her.* This fact was first certified by the noble spirit who has so long befriended and influenced her, and has been amply tested by subsequent experiment.

But, the time had now arrived for her full development as a medium, and for her entrance upon a sphere of usefulness of the most exalted character, by virtue of a new connection with the

brightest and purest of God's ministering angels, the spirits of Fenelon, Howard, Oberlin, &c. These gave their first communications through her; and as this circumstance is intimately connected with a most interesting portion of my own individual history and private experience, it will be necessary for me to go somewhat into detail in order that the subject be fully understood.

From some inherent quality of mind or character, or from some divine agency operating on my mind, I found myself, even in my earliest boyhood, more interested in things of a moral and religious aspect, than in anything else. The parental nature of God—the self-sacrificing and redeeming love of Jesus—the philanthropic and humanizing greatness of those most noble of all mortals who devoted their whole souls and lives to the promotion of human welfare—these were always more to me than all the material realities or external splendors and pleasures of worldly renown, or, sensual enjoyment. As a natural consequence, I began, early, to write and labor in behalf of those subjects which had an intimate relation to the culture and progress of my race. When not older than thirteen years I was heartily interested in this work; at fifteen was engaged in it “with a will,” and so onward, as time progressed, was more or less busy in promoting, through the various instrumentalities then in vogue, the redemption of society. I had, from the beginning, the strongest possible conviction that *principle* would ultimately triumph throughout the world, and the nations be won to concord and amity; and in consequence of this mere idea I very soon won the reputation of being “rather visionary.”

But, I shortly began to see wherein all means for the reform and amelioration of society were inefficient. I found that the entire order and organization of the public were antagonistical to that *thorough* moral and spiritual growth of the people which was advisable and requisite. I saw that there was not *unity* enough in the *church* to sustain that culture which Christianity demands and to produce those world-wide results which the gospel depicts and predicts; and I, also, perceived that there was not *heart* and *principle* enough, in politics and political management and government, to even *permit*, much less *encourage* and *secure* that advancement of heart-life and action which is so essential to

that far-reaching emancipation of our race which is to be desired and sought for even in the earth. Accordingly, I began to study the subject of a *higher unity*; or rather of the *ultimate and world-wide confederacy of mankind*. I looked upon LOVE—*love of God and man*—as the great *principle of unity*—I found it to be the *basis* of all that is worthy of being *called* unity—the very foundation and corner stone of a conjunction, not only *broad* enough for the world, but also *potent enough* to link earth with heaven. I, accordingly, became ambitious to promote the *unity of love*. I conceived the design and commenced the consideration of plans, &c., as much as fourteen or fifteen years ago. As far back as 1840, I wrote out a private pledge, devoting myself to the work, and assigning my reasons for it. Shortly after I published a brief manifesto of my designs in the “Independent Democrat,” Springfield, Mass., where I then resided. I continued to systemize my work till I developed the love-element into a system of principles, &c., capable of being wrought at once into a Constitution, and carried into effect by neighbors and townsmen, or applied to the public business of states and nations. I published the “White Flag” a year with reference to bringing the movement more directly before the public; and, during the time issued the “*Christian Constitution of the world*,” in which the relations of society, when coöperating in Love, are more or less fully set forth, and adapted to the regulation and action of Districts, Towns, States and Nations. I also, about the same time devised and established in its preliminary organization, an Institute of “Christian Brotherhood,” its design being to carry into effect *gradually* the provisions of the Constitution, aforesaid, and thus by progressive stages to build up that better and purer system of fraternal combination, which will extend down into the heart, reach upward into Heaven, and enfold beneath its broad wings of humanizing and protective kindness, the Universe of man.

When I commenced the work above mentioned, I was perfectly sensible of its magnitude, and knew that I should have to contend with the most cherished prejudices of community, both friends and foes: but I also felt that *something would occur to give the cause a powerful impetus towards its fulfillment*. What it would be I could not exactly tell; but when the *manifestations*

began to talk down everybody's scepticism and to talk up every body's nobler feelings and aspirations, I very soon knew what kind of help I was to have. *Heaven itself*, came speaking in powerful tokens, and audible tones, in behalf of that cause whose object was to unite the world in the exercise of its own holy spirit, and thus win it down to earth. The very first efforts of the spirits, through the "Rappings," evidently indicated it to be their aim and purpose to humanize and harmonize the relations of society and the world. In all circles of which I have ever heard, this is declared to be their object, and in all in which I have ever participated, whether by rappings, movements, writings or impressions, I have had words of encouragement, like these:—

This is a work which God has commenced, and He will not stop until it is completed. Love God, and do good. You must sow, and God will bring the increase.

Persevere in the good cause. You will meet with trouble and disappointments. Those who now think themselves wise, will be found like the foolish virgins. While your lamp is trimmed and burning, theirs will go out.

Words of encouragement like these, I had received for some time, from various quarters. The first two were received, from the circle whence they came before I had visited it. There was, however, a strong conviction on my mind, that something more definite would be furnished me, relative to the prosecution of my cause. My interior impressions were on this wise:—

I had observed that, among all the manifestations of which I had ever heard, no mention had been made of communications from that class of minds who, in life were self-sacrificing laborers in the work of human welfare and regeneration. Fenelon, Howard, etc., are all names which appertain to this noble class of minds, and I felt that they were reserving their communications, till the time when the public mind would be more prepared to take interest in the cause of Unity, and that then, through some medium suitable to their purpose, they would address themselves to me, and urge forward the work of unity, with all the pathos and skill in their power. I entertained the idea that I should receive from them a token, and then, subsequently, an exhortation to press onward, and they would aid me.

This *secret* thought—for, that I might *test* it more thoroughly, I did not impart it to my most intimate friend—this *secret* thought, I say, was remarkably fulfilled, on this wise:—

Last Spring, I received an unexpected invitation to visit Winchester, N. H., in a public capacity, but gave no definite answer to the messenger, in consequence of having arranged, as I thought, to go elsewhere, into Vermont, at the time specified. But, by a singular combination of circumstances, the latter arrangement miscarried, and unexpectedly to myself I went to Winchester at the time proposed. I was almost a total stranger there, and my business had no reference to spiritual manifestations that I was aware of. I was, also, unacquainted with any medium in the place, but I was afterward informed that the spirits had been, all along, advising them that I was coming; and one medium, who lived over a mile out of the village, was directed to go and make my acquaintance, and invite me to his house. On the way to his dwelling, I became acquainted with the husband of her who is now the "Beacon Light" medium, who began telling me of a communication which his wife recently had, made through her, the name signed to which—it was made in writing—they could not make out, and the purport of which they could not exactly understand. I asked to see it, and to my surprise and pleasure, I saw one of the names whose advent I had been waiting so long—that of FENELON.

I told the gentleman that I could read him the riddle, and informed him that I could look upon that communication as nothing less than a *token* which I had been for some time expecting from that, or some kindred spirit with him; and that, if my surmise was correct, I should shortly have another communication, bearing upon a point most important to me. That evening, I had it. The name of ELI THORPE was spelled, and the following communication was made to me:—

Prosecute the work of truth assigned you, with vigor. Be a co-worker in the vineyard of Christ. Unite all your energies. Here is a field for your culture. Helpers we have prepared for you.

Subsequently, the same in substance was reiterated by another name—WM. C. HANSCOM—thus:—

While the day lasts, advance, with all your might, advance the cause of brotherly unity.

And, as if to make the matter still more definite, another message was immediately afterward given me, purporting to be from FENELON, to this effect:—

You say:—"What would you have me to do?" Prosecute the work of redemption with zeal, according to your perception of the right. Worldly honor is nothing. God has made your soul mighty to withstand human malice. Your crown is the golden crown of righteousness, which dims not amid the noon-day of human glory.

Directly after this, the spirits instructed me to take the direction of the circle at Winchester, and commenced, forthwith, a series of long and magnificent communications, advising and encouraging Unity—urging it in a manner at once beautiful and powerful. The circle was christened, by the spirits, "Beacon Light," with reference to its purpose and influence in the direct promotion of the broadest system of fraternity and coöperation.

The spiritual intercourse enjoyed in connection with the "Beacon Light Circle" is of the most delightful character. It embodies the true idea, and is the very type of what communion with the spirit world should be, and is destined *to be*. The medium is in the spiritual state, and the world of immortals is open to her view. The spirits of persons more recently deceased, and less fully developed, are more immediately around her, and give frequent and friendly counsels and tokens to their friends present, or absent; while more distant and *superintending* all, are the spirits of higher circles—the "Philanthropic Circle," as they denominate themselves—who give the longer messages bearing directly upon the great theme of Universal Brotherly Unity.

These "philanthropic" spirits appear to the eyes of the medium as bright, clear and pure as the sunlight of Heaven. They control all the doings of less developed spirits, who wish to communicate, and exercise the most careful watch and guardianship over the medium. If she is weary, they bid her rest. If she is liable to be exhausted by wrong conditions in the circle, or is not, herself, in the right condition for the work, they tell her to *go back*. They hold in check all the pranks to which less developed spirits are liable, when left to themselves. There are no "jerks," no "spasms," no "possession" of the medium, but simply a sympathetic connection of her mind with that of the surrounding intelligences; and all messages are given, at the circle by communion, or personal interview between the medium and spirits, as between friends. Even raps and physical movements are generally interdicted at the circle, that the conditions may be more favorable.

To secure this systematic communion with higher spirits, and to realize their direction and guardian care over the manifestations, the members of the circle are under the necessity of cultivating the most devotional and benevolent frame of mind, and to bring it into the fullest exercise during the sittings. This is the indispensable requisite, and the moral influence of a circle like this, in training the mind and heart to an enduring and unfaltering exercise of the most godlike affections, is inconceivable. Many persons wonder why we are so strict and religious in the order of our circles—why almost any person, whether profane, or well disposed, or not, cannot have as free opportunity as any others. If such individuals would only consider that Christianity—love for God and the human family, was designed and is necessary to elevate the soul to communion with angels and with heaven, their queries would at once cease on this point. Prejudice, scepticism, suspicion, or a scoff or sneer, even if *felt* and not expressed, are but shadows over the soul, which dim the spiritual vision and repel the heavenly messengers of love. A curious carping sceptic, with his flickering feelings of supreme scorn and unbelief, is, as to his relations to the medium and the spirits, like a negro boy in a religious congregation, throwing coal dust into the eyes of speaker and people—he befogs, beclouds and chills the whole moral atmosphere around him, like a wasting icicle or iceberg—the sphere of his influence is as a dismal dungeon redolent with the effluvia of assafoetida and other offensive substances—the spiritual eye is blinded by its presence—the spiritual life is not endurable in its midst. The same principle holds good with persons of a vulgar, embittered, sensual, frivolous, or selfish frame of mind and character; and to those who yet have their first lessons to learn on this subject, I commend the following lines, by a well known poet, TENNYSON:—

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the Man whose Thought would hold
An hour's communion with the Dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too can'st say :
“ *My spirit is at peace with all !* ”

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imagination, calm and fair,
The memory—like a cloudless air,
The conscience—as a sea at rest :

But when the heart is full of din,
 And Doubt beside the portal waits,
 They can but listen at the gates,
 And hear the household jar within!

In Memorium, p. 143.

Since the formation of the circle and quite recently, the spirits have given *their* account of the transactions which preceded and accompanied my introduction to this circle. It was given at a sitting which occurred when I was miles distant and was not aware that any sitting was to be held. It will, with other communications which are published in another part of this book, answer the objection of those who aver that nothing can be obtained except when I am present; and, as it contains a concise statement of the doings and dealings of the spirit world in conducting and arranging my relations to this circle as before described, and as it distinctly verifies my mission in the promotion of the love and unity of society, and declares, explicitly the bright and glorious spirit connection which has long been made with me for the furtherance of this work, I publish it without hesitancy, although it embraces some allusions which are quite personal in reference to myself. The spokesman in this case was the spirit of S. P. (familiarily called "Prescott") Fairbanks. See "Messages of Love and Unity." He says:—

Brothers, I would that there were more here—that brothers Sabin, Howard, Cook, Holton, and the sisters were present—for I come to speak to you on a subject of vital importance—a subject, my brothers, which is lasting, which will be lasting as are the ages of eternity. You have been called upon to act in the material relation for us, spiritual instructors. My all embracing love—that earnest bond of brotherly love which I faintly recognized whilst on earth—the nearness which I felt for those whose souls responded to the blissful strain of all redeeming love, impelled me on in this great renovating work of fraternal, of brotherly love and of human redemption. As soon as I learned what caused the shouts of joy which resounded with thrilling beauty through the upper spheres* I sought the nearest means by which I might bring to you, my brethren the olive branch of love, peace and truth. I met, brother French, your noble father,† whose benign

* Prescott's first salutation from his spirit friends had reference to the work of love which was to be wrought in the earth. See his statement in his message, (No. 2)—Messages of Love and Unity.

† "Brother French" is the husband of the medium. His father died when he was yet a lad. He is a noble spirit, and has been for many years preparing his daughter-in-law as a medium for the most exalted order of spiritual intercourse. See the "vision" recorded in the first part of this book; also, what immediately succeeds the allusion to him in this message.

a "horse laugh," is but a brute salutation; a *grin*, a monkey's argument; and a "snicker," the best and brightest plea of a simpleton. Ye that are wise, be careful that ye do not manifest the spirit and feelings of the unwise and bestial.

From the preceding remarks, and from the "Messages of Love and Unity" presented in another part of this work, it is perceived that the *great* interest of this circle rallies round that work of Christian love and unity in which I have been for many years engaged, and, in which the heavenly forces are now co-operating with me and others. Many additional and beautiful communications, short and long, on this subject, might be given, but space will not permit. But yet, cheering, consoling, convincing and most heavenly tokens from departed friends, to various individuals, in and out of the circle, have been given; also, many messages on subjects in general. Some of the most important and valuable of these will be found in the latter part of the book. A few of the shorter ones, very expressive and touching, I quote in this place.

Mrs. Hannah Pickering, who died last April, the wife of Mr. Samuel Pickering of Winchester, N. H., has given several most excellently sweet tributes of her affection. She is the spirit whose convincing communications through other mediums in distant places have been so satisfactory and delightful to her friends. I will cite one or two of these instances before quoting her messages through this circle.

She died suddenly of the measles. Just previous to her death, a particular friend, Mrs. Edwin Pierce, removed to Greenfield, Mass., and just before her removal, Mrs. Pickering gave her a slight token of remembrance. Mrs. Pierce had not heard of her death, and in ignorance of the event, was preparing to send her by Mr. Pierce, a small gift in return for the parting gift alluded to. It stormed, however, on the day that Mr. Pierce left home, and it not being convenient for Mrs. P. to go out and make a purchase, she deferred sending the present. Mrs. Pickering, however, though no more of earth, was cognizant of her dear friend's intentions, and during the absence of Mr. Pierce, spelt out through a medium, to Mrs. P., who was still ignorant of her death:—

It is well you didn't send it; for I was dead and gone before it could have reached me.

Her friends in Winchester, some of them, had not given much attention to her spirit-intercourse with them ; and, subsequently, through a medium (a little girl) in Northfield, Mass., she gave her name and said :—

I do not visit Winchester often, as my friends do not welcome me there.

Some of her prettiest communications at the Beacon Light circle, are these :—

To her Husband, Mr. Samuel Pickering, she gave the following contributions of her spirit love. Appearing to the unfolded sight of the medium in all the loveliness of her immortality, with a boquet of brilliant flowers in her hand, and using that familiarity of style which characterized her when on earth, she says :—

Sam! Each good act is like to the flowers of earth—each flower bearing its own fragrance as each good act has its just reward.

Again, in the same sweetness of expression :—

Sam! Forbearance and forgiveness, with a holy trust in God, are the noblest, purest, wisest and most godlike acts of man. Cherish these principles, dear, and Hannah will be with you.

Again, to a cherished friend, the wife of Mr. Alvin Starkey of Winchester, N. H., and whom she was accustomed to familiarly call “Starkey,” as in the message, she says :—

Starkey, dear Starkey! You cannot conceive the joy which it gives us to see those whom we love take an interest in this work of earth’s redemption, for Starkey, it is a fact that the redemption of earth from ignorance, error, vice and superstition, though the work may seem vast to you, even beyond your greatest conception, yet will the restoration of earth be the result of the still, small voice of love and truth. Then, Starkey, I say—Hannah Pickering says to you,—Never again doubt that you can and do communicate with those who have past the dark valley to the land of Love and Light celestial.

Connected with another message given by Mrs. Pickering on the same evening as the above, to Mrs. Benjamin Fassett of West Winchester, N. H., a somewhat curious incident occurred, which it is well worth while to mention. An allusion was made in the communication to Mrs. F. to the effect that Mrs. Pickering was glad Mrs. F. did not say as has been contemptuously said, “*Let the spirits take care of themselves.*” Nothing was known

by the circle, generally, as to what was meant by this remark, not even the lady addressed, till, at the close of the circle, a lady remarked that, on that day she called at the house of a friend, who was inclined to attend, but that some one observed, "Let the spirits take care of themselves." The circumstances of the case seem to show that this remark was overheard by Mrs. Pickering's spirit, the person to whom the remark was made, being one whom she, according to her own statement, had frequently impressed to attend this circle. She was probably present, impressing him at the time the remark was uttered, and overhearing it, referred to it in the message spoken of, with a view to giving her friends convincing proof that the spirits of loved ones are around them when least suspected.

The spirit of Lucy Phelps, deceased daughter of Mr. John Phelps of Winchester, N. H., gave a short but highly beautiful and admirable tribute of love to her father and mother as follows:—

Will you believe in God, dear father, for it will be a support to you in your earthly pilgrimage: it will be a lamp to light you when you pass the dark valley of the shadow of death; it will waft you gently onward, till we, your three loving ones, shall greet you with shouts of joy celestial. I hover around you, Father, softly drawing you to us. You have felt at times, that it must be, Lucy was whispering soft assurances of her presence and of the being and love of a Divine Father in your doubting heart. Mother, will you and Sarah take some pains. Sarah, be patient, so that I may write with you to father to tell him the beautiful things that God, whom he almost disowns, has prepared for him.

Mr. Lewis Bolles, likewise of Winchester, was addressed by a departed daughter, Hester Ann, in the following strain of pure and eloquent feeling:

We are all here, father. There is joy in Heaven over this communion. This reunion of mind with kindred mind causes heaven and angels to rejoice; and great, exceeding great is our joy, father, mother, that we can sweep from your minds the dark clouds of doubt, and tell you of that which constitutes the joy of our bright, all-glorious spirit home. Our joy is in knowing that we are all children of one great Infinite Father—that we are all heirs to the rich mercies which He has so abundantly prepared for the enjoyment of his children.

Miss Adeline French was reminded of a mothers' watchful and guardian care, even beyond the grave, by the following short but affectionate communication when she was somewhat exhausted and enfeebled by prolonged and multiplied labors:—

Adeline! Your mother feels worried about you. Get you something to soothe your stomach, and leave off doing any hard work. You must do it, or I do know you will be laid up a long time.

Mr. Daniel Sabin, who died in Winchester, of a prolonged illness, caused by a severe fracture of a lower limb, saluted his affectionate and grieving widow, soon after his departure, with the ensuing token of his continued love and nearness:

I have stood aside with soul overflowing with joy. Think not, my dear one that I am away from you, that I have left or forsaken you, for I have not. I come to you—have been with you—am now with you, to tell you that death has no sting,—that calm and tranquil, serenely happy, I now join with our friends who came before me, in shouting the glad songs of redeeming love. I came to tell you of my brighter, far brighter home; brighter, my dear one, than we had ever conceived of. I beg of you to sorrow not. Death doth not separate spirit from spirit. With gentle whispering I am around you. I am with you and with those whom we have so fondly loved, so tenderly cherished. Then bind up your broken spirit. Gird on the armor of God's love, and I will lead you, by His help, through the devious windings of your earthly pilgrimage—will help to bear you safely across the dark river and land of shadows, to a glorious reunion with one whom we both loved, (an infant child.)

The spirit of HOSEA BALLOU, a truly beloved and noble-hearted father of the Universalist denomination, shortly after his departure, gave me one or two kindly memorials of his spirit regard. The first was unquestionably the earliest utterance of his resurrection voice, and they both breathe the sweet and exalted christian simplicity of his nature, and are peculiarly valuable to me as they heartily re-iterate the warm interest which he took while on earth, in my efforts for the furtherance of love and unity; for it is a fact that he appreciated the importance of the work far more than many of his brethren who were not so wise as he. I remember on one occasion, that he expressed a strong desire for me to labor even more exclusively and devotedly in the cause than I was then able to do. I told him that the time had not then come when I could work successfully. The pub-

lic mind was first to undergo more of a preparation for the movement; and, now, that the preparation is being made by angel influences, he comes, himself an angel, still to urge me on. The two messages are published in separate paragraphs, that they may be distinguished from each other.

BROTHER MANDELL! You are a younger brother than I, but your soul was enlarged to a noble principle of present progress. * * * * *

I have spoken to you, before, in the cause of the world's salvation;* and now that I realize the true progressive state of man, I would urge you, with a soul glowing with Divine thankfulness, to press on. Go on, right straight along in the beautiful path of human progression, seeking the path of everlasting progression, the beautiful existence of which I did not realize. Still was my God sufficient for my soul.

The tender and artless effusions of children, (cherubs of the spirit land) through this medium and circle, are peculiarly touching and interesting. Some of the choicest of the short messages I give below.

Mr. Warren Cooper of Winchester, N. H., received the following sweet little tribute from his departed daughter, HELEN:—

Father, your little Helen is happy with Jesus, and she loves you too. I come to you often. When you feel me, lift your heart up to Jesus.

ORPHA FOLLETT, a very lovely spirit child of Mr. & Mrs. Russell Follett of Winchester, gave this, among other tokens, to her parents:—

O, how happy I am, and all the time every day, I am just so happy. I wish I could tell my folks how they could see me. Raise your thoughts to Heaven, and let your meditations be on heavenly things. Do! You will, won't you?

The spirit of little ELLA PAIGE, daughter of Mr. Abraham Paige of Boston, Mass., somewhat famed for his Galvanic, curative apparatus, had frequently appeared at our circle, and pointed away, as if to her parents. At last she sent to her mother and father the annexed most sweet and precious memorial of her love. A bright spirit appeared to be assisting her in her effort, and the medium remarked that her "black, bright

* Alluding to a meeting held by him, in Winchester, just previous to his death.

eyes" beamed with joy, and that clapping her hands, ere she began, she said :

I want Mrs. Emerson, (a lady present in the circle) to tell my mother, that her little Ella is not lonely here in this bright home of love. Tell my dear mother that bright spirits do hover around their loving ones whom they have left in the earth. I wish mother to believe what I say. I cannot make her know how hard—how very hard I have tried to speak to her. If she will not doubt me always, I will soon make her know that spirits do come back and speak with their friends. Father ! He will believe this when his heart is ready to receive the truth, and appreciate it.

In my introduction to the above communication I remarked that a bright spirit stood by the little child-spirit, encouraging and assisting. This reminds me of the spirit groupings which are frequently witnessed by this medium. They are very beautiful. Some of them will be given in the latter part of this book, but I insert one here as a general illustration. The medium says :

Another group appears : not very near. The tall gentleman is one. A lady, not very old, seems to be a daughter of the gentleman. Little children are there ; and one gives its name as Mary Ann. There is a *beautiful* little boy, also an infant. A little girl skips round and gives her name as *Abby*. A lady is with them ; she has dark complexion and hair ; is not very tall, and seems to regard that little boy with great fondness. Don't know as it is her child ; the infant is hers. There are three more persons. One an old lady, with a gentleman, not so old. The lady is not very tall. She glides along very smoothly ; has none of the infirmities of old age. A shining light surrounds her, and she seems to attract the others. She has a child with her, and now a great many children cluster around her. She looks so pleased about them. All look up to her, and they all seem to enjoy each other's presence. O ! it is a most beautiful scene. A lady back of her with her head reclining on her hand, seems wrapt in delicious enjoyment, Adeline. Two little children give their names,—Helen and Emma. The old lady's name is Lucy. There is with them a gentleman who has a very strong love, good will and forbearance. Mr. John Butler. One little boy is happy enough.

The brilliant and attractive lady-spirit mentioned in the above description was recognized as Mrs. Lucy Hawkins, a very lofty minded woman, when living, and one who enjoyed communion with the spirit world long before she left the earth, years ago, as her friends now readily testify. And here I am reminded to say another word to those who assert that nothing is seen or obtained but that which some one in the circle knows or thinks of. This is a great mistake. No one in the circle at the time the above grouping was exhibited, could make out who the little children, Helen and Emma were, and it was not till some days afterwards that we ascertained that a son of the above mentioned Mrs. Lucy Hawkins, had lost two children bearing the above names. How much like *home* it appeared—how consonant with the beauty and harmony of heaven, for those sweet little spirits to present themselves to the medium's vision in company with their glorious and glorified grandmother, and a host of kindred spirits, bright and beautiful;—their father a sceptic, on the subject, too, as I am informed.

But such events are not uncommon. As during the period when the manifestations were mostly through the table movements, *stranger* spirits frequently appeared, to bring satisfactory evidence of spiritual presence and manifestation, so now, only more frequently, they make the same convincing appeals to the consciences of earth's children. Among numerous examples which I might refer to, the name of an uncle of my own, whom I had not thought of for a long time, was lately given at a sitting *when I was miles absent*, and neither the medium nor any one else in the vicinity or circle knew any thing about him; and to this I will add the following straight-forward incident and message as another important testimony to the same effect.

At a recent circle the following description was given of a spirit which made his presence manifest to the medium:—

A gentleman, not very dark eyes, but very earnest expression. Considerably tall. Rather broad shouldered. Very erect. Hair not dark. Rather light complexion.

The medium stated that she had never seen him before; and he gave his name as WILLIAM HOLDEN, with the accompanying message:—

It is long, seemingly long, to you since I laid by the fleshly

covering, and put on the robes of immortality. I come, whom ye know not, as a test of assurance to one who is wavering and in doubt. I come, and my work is to give you light, truth and assurance—to tell you that the truth as it is beyond the vale of mortal life, has been almost wholly excluded by erroneous teachings of material theology; from our brothers who are yet dwellers on earth. We, ever watchful of the wants and ways of our loved ones, have silently beheld the direful results of this error—we saw the necessity of making known to earth the beautiful connection which exists between the spiritual and material form of life. We saw, if by any practicable means we could arrest the attention of our still living kindred, that there were minds who would fearlessly throw off this covering of practical error, and step forth in the full strength of heaven's revealed truth, unmindful of the contention of fearfully warring creeds; and, fully conscious of the undying energy of the immortal soul, would assume their full manhood—the likeness of God within them, and help us to bear the priceless gems of spirit communion—of all-redeeming love—of eternal life and unending progress to those who despondingly lament over a man-made pit of endless woe. We saw the determined hatred—the fearful vengeance—the contemptuous ridicule that the weak and blinded bigot would hurl, in his vain efforts to dim this beautiful truth. We saw the sneering of the sceptic and scoffer. We see, too, that there is power in heaven which shall silence those sneers and scoffs and make even these subservient to our work of truth and redemption.

When the above name and message were given, no one in the circle could make out who William Holden was. It was thought that the manifestation was intended for Mrs. Elijah Alexander, of Winchester, N. H., as her maiden name was Holden, and some had the impression that her father's given name was William. But the medium remarked (this conversation was held after the medium had returned to the natural state) that the spirit was that of a *young* man, certainly not thirty years old. All in uncertainty, the circle separated. Elderly persons who had lived neighbors to old Mr. Holden said that the manifestation must be a failure, as they had never known of any William Holden, a young man, connected with that family. At last I went to Mrs. Alexander, myself, to make enquiries. She stated that her father's name was *Jason*,—that she had a *brother* by the name of *William*—that she could not have described him, herself, *as well as the medium had described him*—that he was 21 years old

when he died, and had been dead *forty years*, which, permit me to remark, was before the medium and most persons in the circle were *born*, and so long before, that most of the elder persons in the town were entirely ignorant of everything relating to him. We are not sure but that there was a *teakettle* somewhere about the house where the circle was held that evening; or, if the *steam* philosophy does not suit the *electrical* theorizers, I will remark that some miles off, and some weeks before, a public lecturer had experimented with a galvanic and electric battery, the "*detatched electricity*" from which being "*intelligent*" (see Dr. Taylor,) in all probability gathered round the medium's head inducing that most correct description and name of William Holden, deceased before the medium was born, and unknown to the oldest residents; also dictating that most sensible and christian message. There is nothing like electricity in accounting for these beautiful demonstrations, unless it is, *steam*, which I think will ultimately prove quite as acceptable to the "electrical" folks.

Before I quit this branch of the subject altogether, I must allude to an incident which is of peculiar significance and has created an interest altogether unparalleled.

Of an evening, some months ago, the "Beacon Light" Circle were surprised by the annunciation of two "stranger" spirits, who were introduced by the spirit of S. Prescott Fairbanks, who has been alluded to before, and who, having been a former resident of Winchester, frequently makes similar introductions. These spirits were very bright, and gave their names as JOHN GILL and MATTHEW HENRY. The first thought was, that they might be friends of some one in the circle or neighborhood, but none present had ever heard of such persons. At last it occurred to me that certain eminent commentators of the sacred scriptures bore the names of Gill and Henry, though I was not positive about their given names. I asked if these were the spirits of those two commentators. At once the "raps" (a most unusual circumstance at our circle, as all physical demonstrations are suspended with reference to maintaining the most spiritual and truthful conditions of angelic intercourse,) came upon the stand in a rapid shower, and the commentators, were duly announced. Subsequent research showed us that JOHN GILL was an English Baptist, and MATTHEW HENRY, a minister of the gospel at Chester, England. His work was published as far back as 1760.

JOHN GILL said :—

My present knowledge is directly the reverse of my past views, and I intend to do all that is in my power to destroy the influence of my works, so fragrant with error.

When enquired of what particular feature of his former views he most reprobated, he said :—

I sincerely believed, and proclaimed and upheld the doctrine of an *endless hell*.

MATTHEW HENRY proved to be a *committee* of the spirits in an important examination, to explain the facts connected with which I shall be under the necessity of making the following statement.

Some time last fall, a gentleman with whom I was totally unacquainted, WM. DAVIDSON of Butler, Pennsylvania, wrote me to interest the spirits of the "Beacon Light" circle in an examination of his case. They readily undertook the office, and on the above occasion they made their report through Matthew Henry, as above mentioned, in substance as follows :

"The medium has an earnest desire for truthful communications, but requires to exercise great powers of self-control. He is surrounded by not very well developed spirits. He may become a medium for first class communications. Surrounding influences are very bad. He is too excitable on this subject. He must keep calm. Calmness, trust in God, is in his case needed most."

Without knowing the individual or the circumstances of his case and condition, I sent him the above report. I received his reply in due time, and as I proceed to give the leading facts in the case, as related in his answer, each can judge for himself how accurately they tally with the report, as above given.

He tells me that up to last spring he was a total unbeliever in the existence of spirits. That incited by reports of spiritual manifestations, he tried his hand at it, and succeeded in obtaining responses through himself. That he found everything unreliable—that the influence that was upon him sickened him and affected him spasmodically. That he was "restless, impatient, impulsive, hoping, fearing, believing, doubting, praising, blaming, blessing, cursing the spirits in turn"—as they proved themselves attentive and civil, or haughty and unconcerned—that the spirit controlling him took almost any name at command, but that he finally detected it and found it to be the spirit of a woman whom he knew twenty years before, who was the "most totally depraved woman"

he ever knew, and whom he "both hated and feared." He also adds that since the spirits of the "Beacon Light" Circle took his case in hand, he finds the influence "not the least unpleasant," and more gentle than before, "but growing daily stronger."

The above instance of spiritual intervention will illustrate an important feature in the mission and influence to which the "Beacon Light" Circle is destined. People are everywhere engaging in the work of spiritual intercourse, without any reference to the vital, moral *christian* principles on which it is necessarily based. Hence, many cases are those of spiritual *possession*, instead of intercourse, and some instances of nervous and mental derangement occur. The "Beacon Light" Circle, maintaining itself in the exercise of those conditions and principles which secure the highest spiritual connection, everything like possession, &c., is avoided, and, as is seen in the above instance, persons can be examined, counselled, and benefitted at a great distance, and the disagreeable results connected with ignorant and perverse meddling with this matter, entirely obviated. Through the "Beacon Light" *Brotherhood*, which it is proposed, soon to establish, we are in hopes to make an extensive fraternal and beneficiary connection, not only with other mediums, but, also, with numerous individuals far and wide; so that the manifestations may grow apace into that perfectly truthful and beautiful form which this Circle have peculiarly enjoyed—so that the angels of Love, and the spirits of departed friends may give and send their contributions of affection to those in whom they are interested, no matter how far distant or whether the spirit or person is known to the medium or not, (as for instance the spirit gives its name and message through a medium in New Hampshire or Mass., to some friend in Arkansas or elsewhere,) and so that by the unity of cordial Christian kindness expanding and maintained among the people, in all its beautiful elements and results of friendship, co-operation and regulation, the world may generally mingle together in the sweet relations of concord, amity and peace, and be able to say, as the apostles and early Church once said, and as *we* have long had no hesitation in saying:—

Ye are come with Mount Zion, and unto the City of the living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem; and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven; and to God the Judge of all;

and to the spirits of just men made perfect; and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant; and to the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel. *Heb.* 12 : 24.

We hope none will trouble themselves to consider our aims and expectations, as above expressed, at all visionary or enthusiastic. We simply plant ourselves upon the basis of *vital* christianity, calmly contemplate and labor for those results which the apostle above quoted, declared this same vital christianity had wrought for himself and the primitive disciples. Those, also, who fear excitement, &c., are gently referred back to those facts in the experience of this circle which show that the position we occupy is that which *suspends* excitement even in persons at a distance; and we would respectfully announce to all concerned, that, our object and principles are as *adverse* to excitement as they are to any other moral frippery, such as contemptible scandal, bigotry and malignity. If the people will keep from the exercise of these low principles and passions there will be less fever heat about this and many other subjects.

I cannot better conclude this branch of my subject than by the beautiful effusion presented below. It was sent me by a lady-friend who was not acquainted, that I am aware of, with my intention to issue a book to which it would be so appropriate. She is one whose interior nobility of mind and heart, led her years ago, when nearly all opposed, to justly estimate and appreciate the importance of that cause—the christian relations of society—in which I was engaged. She has my heartiest thanks for the sweet and soul-cheering confidence in that cause, expressed in the Poem; and as I judge it to be her own composition, I have taken the liberty of attaching to it her name.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

BY MRS. SARAH C. NELSON, SUFFIELD, CONN.

“What dost thou there, lone Watcher on the Tower?
Is the Day breaking?—comes the wished for hour?
Tell us the signs and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the Bright Morning dawns upon the land.

“The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;
But now I see on the horizon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge.

“Look forth again, oh Watcher on the Tower—
The People wake, and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full *day light* that they know must shine.

"I see not well—the Morn is cloudy, still ;
There is a radiance on the distant hill—
Even as I watch, the glory seems to glow :
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow.

"And is that all, oh Watcher on the Tower ?
Look forth again, it must be near the hour.
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods, beneath them, on the slopes ?

"A mist enveloped them ; I cannot trace
Their outline ; but the day comes on apace.
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. *The Morning breaks?*

"We thank thee, lonely Watcher on the Tower ;
But look again, and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdest ; many of us die
Ere the day comes ; oh, give them a reply !

"I see the Hill Tops now ; and chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol on my ear ;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
An Ocean gleaming in the light of morn.

"Again, again—oh Watcher on the Tower—
We thirst for *day light*, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the *Free?*

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,
Vivid as Light itself ; and clear and strong ;
As of a lark—young prophet of the Day—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic lay.

"What doth he say, oh Watcher on the Tower ?
Is he a prophet ? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music ? Is his chant sublime
With the full glories of the coming time ?

"He prophesies—his heart is full—his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day ?
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm.

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,
When Right shall rule supreme and vanquish Wrong ?

"He sings of Brotherhood, and Joy and Peace ;
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease ;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind,
Soar as unfettered as its God designed.

"Well done ! thou watcher on the lonely tower !
Is the *Day breaking?* dawns the happy hour ?
We pine to see it. Tell us yet again,
If the broad *daylight* breaks upon the plain ?

"It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly—
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky ;
The mountain tops reflect it calm and clear ;
The plain is yet in shade ; but *Day is near.*

PART II.

MESSAGES OF LOVE AND UNITY.

THE FAITH OF LOVE, AND THE MISSION OF THE LOVING.

From the Spirit of FENELON.

FENELON, the author of this message, needs no introduction to a Christian community. His memory—his untiring philanthropy and devotion to everything good, dwell sweetly in the recesses of every enlightened mind. The style of the message is that of the delicious simplicity, mingled with the grandeur of sublime and affectionate feeling, which distinguishes spirits of the loftier attainments in love and wisdom. I had never seen any of his writings till after this and preceding messages from him had been delivered, but the style of this harmonizes precisely with that of his works published during his lifetime, and the promise of heavenly "Manna" found in the last verse of the poetry contained in the message, seems to have been peculiarly characteristic of him; I having found it in frequent instances in a selection from his writings, and in one case *three times on one page*.

MESSAGE FIRST.

Spirits would speak of the faith which they would give unto you.

Love, first, our God, with constant outpourings of thankfulness for His boundless mercy; then, love thy brother; and if he hate thee, love him still, and let him not go without thy blessing.

Ye may know that all nations shall be united, even as one brotherhood; that our work, though mighty, nevertheless shall be complete. See you not that our Heavenly Father loveth all, even as an earthly parent loveth his children? He has spread all things before you, saying: "Come ye and partake, for ye are my children." He knoweth but one name, which is child; spirits, one—brother;

Then read you in Nature's own Book,
Of that Being so Wondrous and Good ;
Who hath furnished enough, if rightly partook ;
To feed without sparing, the whole brotherhood.

Live in the light of that faith which we give unto you, for, even as the love ye bear one another, so is the spirit of God within you ; and that love shall be a faith unto you, which shall grow brighter and brighter to a glorious reality. For we *know* whereof we confirm you ; that is as your love for one another, even so is your love for God. And, remember, I beseech you, that in the life which the soul liveth, you are rewarded according to the spirit of truth, love, faith and wisdom, which now dwelleth in you ; for as is your *true* love and wisdom, even so shall be your recompense. We will aid you, strengthen you, and lead you, step by step, through the immeasurable fields of progressive wisdom, to that fountain whence gush the waters of Eternal life,—to that joy which hath no sorrow—to that eternity which hath no bound.

While on earth, I sought, and still seek with a mightier than earthly power, to correct, not the *outer* but the *inner* man ; and your mission is to aid us. Then *work*, nothing doubting ; for what we give unto you is *good*, and that which is good can in no wise be *evil*. See that you live not by faith alone, but by works, also. Let not your Beacon Light be a title without a signification. Let the principle of brotherly love unite you in the bonds of brotherhood. If thy brother wrong thee, say to him, and show him, that you love and bless him too. Say to him, " I am thy brother ; why persecutest thou me ? " And if he still choose the path of ignorance and darkness, still give him of thy light and of thy love. Let social wisdom dwell in your midst. Harken to us and ye shall be a light to shine along the highway of error and superstition. See that your light shines steadily and beams brightly. Strive to bring forth good fruits, knowing that the seed of truth which we plant in your hearts, proveth the affinity of the soil to the seed sown therein. The seed which we plant in your hearts is the seed of God's love, which is an ever-directed thankfulness to that Infinite One who pours, and will continue to pour, the streams of love, goodness, wisdom, beauty and grandeur into every living thing, while eternity rolls. We plant in your hearts the seed of brotherhood, that the dreary desert of selfishness

may become, and bloom, an Eden of God's love, wherein dwelleth the love of one for another. Then seek your brother's redemption, and, thereby, your own good. Be faithful; be true to the work we give you to do. See that the sword of truth which we give you, prove more mighty in your hands than the sword of malice:—

For your work is Redemption;
Then spread it abroad!
Ye are helpers of Jesus,
Co-workers with God.

Up! up and be doing!
Your work is begun;—
Work with zeal never tiring,
Till the battle is won,

Then work with a might,
As children of God;—
In Love's Bond unite,
In one brotherhood.

Go upward and onward,
Forever progressing,
With love for your watchword
Untiring, unceasing.

And Manna we'll send you
To strengthen your souls,
While Creed's angry cloud,
Round your heads fiercely rolls.

We have laid for you a foundation sure, steadfast and immutable; we have given you a faith; line upon line and precept upon precept. We now give you another gift—it is a holy, heavenly and spiritual gift—it is from the armory of God's love for your use in the conflict with worldly ignorance and malice, it is the weapon of light, truth and love—it is the gem of brotherly love within the bands of God's love. Take it and enshrine it within your hearts. Keep it untarnished by worldly wrangling and selfishness. Be not indifferent to its worth, but strive with earnestness that your light may shine. Stand erect and unwavering that all may see whence it comes. Be united in the bonds of fraternal love. Be zealous in the work of brotherly redemption. Let no dreamy haze of doubt and ridicule dim the celestial rays of your light. Let no fear for the future disturb your present joy. Take with you to your brother in ignorance, the celestial beams of light, truth and patience. Break the chains which enslave him, with the oil of thy

love. Bid him bathe in the river of life, which is truth, light and love. And if he seeks to deter thee, bid him also to the feast, and we will go with you in your upward and onward course. We will give you a light whose rays shall dim not amid the conflicting elements of worldly strife. Let the rays of your Beacon Light bind you in the bonds of brotherhood. Let it burn clearly, surely and steadily, till earth, seeing her position, shall vibrate and respond to the harmony of Heaven.



FRATERNAL LOVE AND UNITY, THE WORK OF ANGELS AND THE GLITTERING BOND ASSOCIATING HUMANITY AND HEAVEN.

From the spirit of S. P. (Prescott) FAIRBANKS.

S. P. FAIRBANKS, the author of the present message, was a noble-hearted young man, formerly of Winchester, N. H. His spiritual sphere is exalted, and his message is given in connection with the others, not only for its intrinsic merits, but also because some of its beautiful expressions are quoted in the messages which follow.

MESSAGE SECOND.

Brethren, I speak to you in the still, small voice of spiritual love. I left you in darkness and ignorance, in trials and sorrow; but I now come to you in the dawning of a new light, and bid you welcome to the truth as it is in Heaven; for I say to you old things are passing away, and earth must, ere long, submit to the harbinger of heaven. Then build you, brothers all, a new faith, on the foundation of God's love, wherein dwelleth a love one for another. Look not to the livery of your old creed and sect, but let your livery be the clear, steady principle of love. Throw its influence into every thought, word and action of your character and conduct. You profess to live under the banner of liberty, but the chains of sectarian bigotry are more galling to your souls than papal bondage.

Brethren, I beg you to awake to the truth of spiritual progress, for the tide of progression shall dissolve and sweep into oblivion the chains of error, bigotry and superstition, which now enslave mankind. The principles of light, love and truth, which

we give unto you, shall shine forth, and the glory of God uniting all, shall pervade immensity.

I would now describe to you the unutterable joy which thrilled my spirit nature, as I awoke to consciousness, knowing, feeling that I had passed through what you term the valley of the shadow of death, but was still cognizant of my weeping sister, tender parents, loving brotherhood, and mourning friends, to whom my spirit presence was unknown. O, what beautiful serenity, what delightful harmony, filled and wrapt my spirit, as I received the joyful welcome of her who had enjoyed the boon of God's love,* whilst I was yet a doubting wanderer on earth. Glorified spirits welcomed me with the delightful harmony of PRESCOTT,—“*God is Love*”; and accompanied by these angelic beings, mid strains of celestial harmony, I went onward and upward, through beauty and grandeur, which earth hath not language to describe. Bright beings, sweet angels, told me of the mission of love that was given them to do; and I, with all zeal, according to my knowledge, united in the work of the earth's redemption. Though bathing in the glories of Divine love, I was not forgetful of those loved ones who were still groping mid outer darkness. I returned to the scenes of my earthly pilgrimage to assure you, brethren, of a joyful home, and that death doth not separate the immortal household of God. And if you would be fitted for the enjoyment of this home, strive to inculcate that serene, peaceful, beautiful, vital religion whose principle is love, not for thyself, but for thy brother. Seek in his good thy own joy, and then shall you enjoy the blessings of Heaven.

I speak again to you, brethren. I speak more plainly that you need not fail to understand that, as you love one another, and prove your love in each word and action of your life,—as is the sincerity of this love, so is your bond of union in the household of God, where dwelleth love, life and wisdom in all their purity and bliss. It is the small acts of kindness, love and self-sacrifice, in the every day walks of your life, that strengthen this bond of union with God's household, making it to shine with celestial brightness and proving your place mid the progressive joys of Heaven. Then let the spirit of brotherly love dwell always in your hearts. Entwine yourselves with the golden, jewelled chain of fraternal

* His wife, who entered the Spirit-land a year before him.

love. And, brethren, O, be not unmindful—be not forgetful, but recognize your spiritual relations toward each other. Be firm, be constant. If you are derided and scoffed at, be calm and serene; yield not to momentary indignation, or harsh upbraidings. If they plait for your head the crown of materialism with the rankling thorns of envy, malice and selfishness, yield not to anger; remember this is the work appointed you to do.

Brethren, peril not the reputation of your brotherhood—your Beacon-light, or the holy principles we give unto you, by giving utterance to momentary anger, or reproachful insult. Yet dissemble not, nor compromise; but be open, be candid, be conscientious, be independent, be “despised and neglected of men,” rather than to withhold your light, or to modify it, in the least, to popular error or prejudice. Be willing to bear reproach and contempt in the cause of the world’s redemption; remembering that Reformation cometh never without persecution; knowing it is the joy of angels to work.

Brethren, your place is trying,—your number small. Yet if you stand firm in the bonds of Love, Light, and Truth, you are mighty to conquer the error of nations.

Then, enrol yourselves in the cause of earth’s Redemption, nor stand ye waiting here till the day is far spent. If the world call this visionary imagination, show them, by your works, that it issues from a Divine Fountain,—that like sweet and heavenly music, it steals in upon the darkened mind to soothe and still, with its loving accents, and to sweep into oblivion the discordant howl of sectarian bigotry.

Then, brothers, stand boldly forth; press onward with the armor of Love, Light and Truth, accompanied by Meekness, Self-Sacrifice and Patience, and you need not fear the Host of Darkness and Error.

If you would be respected, and have the Holy Precepts which we give ever to you respected, obey them, and thereby respect yourselves.

Then stand steadily, brethren, hold fast to the Truth; your light speaketh for itself from whence it comes. Already have its rays pierced the darkness of creed-bound selfishness. Then go steadily on, pursue your way. Your Progress, your Light, and the final triumph of our Cause, depend upon the steady consciousness with which you pursue the work here assigned you. Then

work, brothers, work, but each for his brother. Strive for Self Government. Let this be your motto, *Kindness, Self-Sacrifice and Patience*. And, O, strive to be united in purpose. If you would be followers of Him who came into the world to bear witness to the Truth, be faithful to the interests of your brotherhood, faithful to the interest of your Beacon Light, faithful to the interests of the cause with which we entrust you, and, brethren, faithful to the Household of God; for I have assured you of a joyful home. If you would be worthy,—be diligent, be active, be persevering, be united; for “in our Father’s House are many Mansions.” The streams of salvation run gently before you; the path of celestial brightness is open for you; kind friends, bright angels, celestial guardians are beckoning you onward. Then, brethren, I charge you, tarry not by the way, but lay hold of the Tree of Life, whose fruit is Immortality,—and “whose leaves are for the healing of the nations;” and, finally, brethren, prove yourselves “Children of the Resurrection.”



THE UNITY OF LOVE A TREASURE-HOUSE OF JOY AND BLISS.

From the spirit of JOHN HOWARD.

HOWARD’S name, like that of Fenelon, needs no laudatory introduction from me. His practical, ever active, laborious and self-sacrificing love for his race, is well known by his recorded deeds. The subjoined Message will be found to breathe his spirit fully and purely.

MESSAGE THIRD.

My brethren in the bonds of Spiritual Love and Progress, in the work of human redemption; my brethren in the Bonds of God’s Household, Co-workers in the Kingdom of our Father—I address you by these endearing Titles, that you may feel the watchful care and guardianship we have over you. You are all seeking the hidden treasure of happiness. It lies spread around you on every hand. Nature, the Throne of our Father, is teeming with its richest treasures. You have each an inner being filled with an inexhaustible source of divine enjoyment. The treasures of Love, Light and Truth, of Peace, Joy and celestial

Brightness, are waiting to be developed within you. I say to you, the germ of immortal happiness is in each one of you. It needs but proper culture, a right developement to harmonize your souls, and open your inner vision to a perception of your spiritual homes. You are under the guardianship of tender, loving friends, the immediate guardianship of a noble parent* who has wrought diligently in the cause of Truth—under the special guardianship of philanthropic spirits who are drawn towards you by an affinity of long duration.† The all-animating voice of God, the sweet influence of His Loving Spirit speaks to you through us, to press on in the work of Human Redemption. The sweet smile of His approbation makes your path radiant with Love, Light and Truth. Spirits are watching eagerly over every act. Then go on, for much dependeth on you. I beseech of you that each feel the holy responsibility that resteth on you; for we have set you a Light upon the foundation laid by others. You have stood nobly up to the work, but your race is but just begun. Let upward and onward be your watchword—for I say to you there is a crown—a crown of bright and peerless glory awaiting those who sow in the Redemption of mankind. Then be active, be persevering—these treasures are not fitted for the enjoyment of the ignorant, selfish, indolent and undeserving. Let not the glittering toys of earth allure you back—let not self-interest, love of approbation—the sneer of superstition, the scorn of prejudice, the contempt of bigotry, neither riches, nor honor, nor popular favor dim your light, nor deter you from your work.

Then, I say to you, brethren, unite yourselves in the bonds of celestial Love, calling forth all your energies in the cause of spiritual developement, spiritual progress, and Heaven-sent truth.—If you would be co-workers and helpers in the cause of Truth, let the holy principles we give you shine predominant in your hearts, lives and actions. Be active, gird on your whole strength, and run with patience the race appointed you. It is a beautiful race, that of doing good to thy brother. Great indeed is the responsibility which resteth on you, for ignorance is around you; selfish, malicious, vicious bigotry invadeth your borders. Doubt and ridicule seek to throw their dark mantle around you, and dim the

* The Medium's Husband's father—a noble spirit.

† See facts connected with the spiritual experience of D. J. M. in his introduction to the medium, &c., Part 1st.

rays of your Beacon Light. But learn you to "overcome evil with good." Enlist your whole sympathies as the untiring friends and guides of the weak, doubting and selfish-erring. Call forth the noblest, purest principles of your natures. Drink deep from the fount of God's Love, and go ye about doing good. And in making others happy, you shall find the reward for your trials and sorrows.

If your brother is in need, relieve him; if he deny the being of our great Infinite Father, God; if he is selfish, malicious, envious, then, indeed, he has the greatest claims upon you; *for he is your brother*. If he turn from you still, and, all ungrateful, ridicule your love and kindness, do him good, for in his weakness he needs your support; and still remember, *he is your brother*.—If he scorn your light, your wisdom, and your love, prove to him it is from God by your acts of love, your words of kindness, humility, meekness and forbearance. Do this, brethren, and all doubt, all ridicule, and all scepticism shall be swept from around you, leaving you steadfast and immovable upon the Rock of Everlasting Truth.

THE RELATIVE POSITION OF ANGELS AND MEN IN THE LABOR AND UNITY OF CHRISTIAN LOVE.

From the spirit of OBERLIN.

OBERLIN, like Fenelon and Howard, was one of the world's distinguished Philanthropists, and devoted himself with eminent success, to the conversion and civilization of a miserably poor and degraded people in the French Alps.

MESSAGE FOURTH.

I draw near you beholding that the work of angels has broken the dark cloud of superstition and Error, which once enveloped your hearts—beholding that you are ready and longing for the Light and Truth from circles of angelic Purity—ready to receive the beautiful truth of eternal progress; and we, as faithful guardians, come to you with outstretched arms, and hearts glowing with celestial Love. We have given you a bright, a heavenly and a holy Faith, which is love for one another, wherein dwelleth love for God. We would now speak to you of your *relative*

positions. We are drawn to you by one whom we gently influenced to your midst,* one who has learned that Man was made to love his brother—(his brother man)—to love as Jesus loved—to love as human progress absolutely requires—and again are we drawn to you by one† who so joyfully turned from contemplating the dark abyss of utter annihilation—one who with constant outpouring of thankfulness, received the holy greeting—the beautiful truth, that “the soul liveth in Heaven”—one who has been an earnest, active co-operator in our cause—one whose heart we behold expand with Love in contemplating the spirit nature. And, again, we are drawn to you by a circle of loving brethren, on whose hearts are inscribed the beautiful emblems of God’s endless, boundless love and progress—and we are enabled to address you through the untiring zeal and perpetual activity of a noble Brother‡—a lofty spirit—a guardian parent :—also by the passive gentleness of one who has long had silent communion with the sweet soothers of earthly sorrow. We, ministering spirits, have brought you together to unfold through you the elements of true spiritual love and progress. We would mould you and temper you in the harmony of Heaven. We would bind you in the bonds of Human Brotherhood—in the bonds of unity and love. We have given you a *faith* which can never grow dim. It is the beautiful faith of Love—of brotherly Love—of Heavenly Love—it is the immutable order of infinite wisdom—it is that faith which can alone bring the whole human Brotherhood into the path of heavenward progress, it is the immovable faith of a blessed God.—Then, brothers, receive it, for we breathe it into your hearts from the circles of angelic purity. Accept it, brethren, for we, bright embassies of Heaven, hover around you, eager to catch each gentle word and kindly smile—each little act of kindness, forbearance and love, and bear them glittering gems, to deck your crowns of immortal life. We give you this holy, this beautiful faith. We beseech you to receive it,—to grasp the realities of spiritual Life,—to lay hold of the outpourings of truth and love from the circles

* Another allusion to the incident in my personal experience alluded to in Part first, by which Fenelon and his angel coadjutors first introduced themselves to me through the medium. The subsequent allusion to my character and enterprise, as Heaven understands them, I certainly am not ashamed of. D. J. M.

† The Medium’s Husband. See message of Prescott Fairbanks, in Part 1st.

‡ The Father-in-Law of the medium—a spirit—who has influenced her from the first.

of angelic wisdom. We bid you treasure it. Let it sink deep into your hearts ; and, ponder well its celestial worth, for we have brought you together, seeing in you the proper elements for an association of true, spiritual life,—seeing the germ of love ready to expand in your hearts,—that it needed but the unity of feeling—the association, the bond of love to render you firm and steadfast.

Then unite in the bond of harmony and love, of human Brotherhood—take you the beautiful gift of an angel Brother—“ the golden jewelled chain of fraternal Love” *—take his holy gift and twine it around you and let it bind you soul to soul, in the bonds of Christian love and fellowship.

Stand ye firm, one for the other, striving to overcome all selfishness and malice. Let not the glittering links of that holy gift become soiled or corroded by the blackening rust of envy, jealousy or distrust, but let your words be words of gentleness and love, your acts be tender tokens of affection one for the other, and, in doing this you need fear no evil. The bitterness of the outer world entereth not the circle of Love.

Brethren, suffer not one link of this circling chain to be severed, but press on with vigor—with energy—with determination and zeal. Look not back to count the cost of what you have already done. We say to you—press on ! for we, the toilers of Heaven, invite you to work. We bid you stand firm, unfaltering, immoveable on the towers of light, truth and spiritual progress, that our brethren in darkness and ignorance may know that the gate of love is ever open to receive them.

My name when a dweller in a material form, was OBERLIN.

THE RELATIONS OF BROTHERHOOD IN THE BONDS OF LOVE AND UNITY.

From the spirit of ELI THORPE.

ELI THORPE, was a young man, formerly of Athol, Mass. He was preparing himself as a Missionary to the Heathen, at the time he died, and his affectionate, self-sacrificing disposition entitles him to a close affinity with spirits like those

* See Message No. 2, (Prescott Fairbanks,) several allusions to his beautiful expressions are made by the loftier spirits.

of Fenelon, Howard, Oberlin, &c. I was totally unacquainted with his name up to the time that I received the first communication from him, as mentioned in Part 1st.

MESSAGE FIFTH.

I desire to speak to you of the importance of your relations towards each other as Brothers, as members of the one great household of God ; to give you a just sense of the beauty of spiritual communion and progress—of the necessity of a spiritual Brotherhood to the prosperity of your cause of light and truth ; to speak of the right cultivation of your moral sentiments and religious affections toward each other, in which consisteth love for God, who hath given you that beautiful gem—the Immortal spirit. We wish you to realize that the departure of a brother from earth, doth not destroy his feelings of affinity for his kindred ; and on this assurance we would build the basis of that light, truth and wisdom, we have given and shall give unto you. We would bid you kindle this new light in your hearts, for it is a beautiful light,—a glorious truth ; it tells you that not one brother—not one of earth's wanderers are beyond the circle of the human Brotherhood ; it tells you of the boundless, endless love of God. Kindred spirits have given you a faith more reverent than man's faith. It is the faith of God—the efficiency of Redeeming Love, answering the most expansive affections of the soul, the widest sympathies, the holiest prayers—the loftiest, purest aspirations of human desire.

In *view* of this faith and its blessings, brethren, I would speak to you ; for therein lieth the strength of your Brotherhood. I would bid you look deep into your hearts and ponder well, if earth—if all her varied scenes gives such calm, such holy joy as you here realize,—here, where heart meets heart, where sympathy responds to sympathy—where soul greets soul, where you each are a glittering link—an immortal link in the chain of spiritual communion ; whose fastening link reaches far up to the presence of heaven-purified Immortals,—to the spheres of angelic bliss.

Then, Brethren, having pondered this well, here form your bond of love, harmony and spiritual Brotherhood. Here recognize—here organize—and here dedicate your foundation, that those around may know that you have a foundation whereon you

rest,—which foundation is love, each for his brother. And *prove* this bond of love and harmony, in your gentle welcome, your kindly words—and gentle greeting, as you gather together with beings of angelic beauty around you—as you gather together to receive the truth from Heaven,—the unfoldings of Divine love, which gently descend to awaken the sympathies of your inner beings,—to call forth your spirit-aspirations to the truth of endless love and progress.

In making this bond, let it consist of the silken threads of love, each for his brother; then entwine yourselves with the priceless gift of that angel Brother*—the “Golden-jewelled chain of fraternal love”—of love for all mankind—of love for the whole human brotherhood. Then, brethren, having done these things, you will realize the truthfulness—the goodness—the sacredness—the holiness and the beauty of spiritual communion and progress—you will feel the strength which angels can give—you will feel the power of holy Inspiration—the gentle breathings of Divine love—the presence of the blest Immortals accompanying you.—In every temptation you will be strong to resist evil, you will feel that we, the “bright embassies of love”† hover around you to help you onward and upward to our own bright home of undimmed purity and bliss.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRUMPET CALL TO BROTHERHOOD.

From the spirit of JOHN MURRAY.

JOHN MURRAY, was unquestionably, the noblest, truest-hearted and most trustful of modern Missionaries and Evangelists, leading on in the world's Redemption with an unflinching purpose, a fearless and purely self-sacrificing spirit, and a high and holy trust in God, limitless and all embracing, and sufficient for the whole human family. His name, like that of Fenelon, Howard, Oberlin, &c. was first announced at the “Beacon Light” Circle in behalf of the cause of Unity, and I have his testimony that he also impressed the Message through John M. Spear, but imperfectly, on account of unfavorable conditions. Those who remember John Murray, when living, will probably find this Message perfectly natural and characteristic of his style.

* PRESCOTT FAIRBANKS. See his message (No. 2, of this series.)

† OBERLIN'S Message. 4 of this series.

MESSAGE SIXTH.

I desire to speak to you, brethren, in the work of human Redemption, in the cause of God's unending love and progress—to you co-workers—whom we *call upon* as such—to speak to you in the cause of truth and love. Your hearts are open to a degree of the beauty of spiritual communion; yet you do not, nor can you fully realize its Heaven-giving strength, until you become subject to the principles of that faith which is Love—love for one another. And as one who knows the arduous task you undertake—its trials and discouragements, I come to you to *urge you on*. Go on brethren, loving and forgiving. Let not envy, jealousy, malice or revenge cast their dark shadow over your spirits, but let "*onward in Love*"* be your watchword. Then will the noblest aspirations of your souls arise to commingle and draw towards you the Heaven-purified Immortals of bliss. We will aid and support you—we who dwell, far beyond your conception, in the realms of boundless Love—in the boundless sphere of celestial love. We will comfort—will assist you—will watch over you, with eyes that slumber not.

Then *go on* brethren—on with your whole strength! Away with your doubts and fears. We will give you Heaven-born strength to resist the evils of human society, with a courage which shall never falter. Remember the work in which I stood forth alone,—*almost* alone—a stranger in a strange land. Ministering spirits forsook me not, God lifted up the light of his radiant countenance upon me. He conducted me on, through all the struggles and vicissitudes with which I was called to contend; and God guided, heaven guarded—and led me on and brought me safely to this port of rest above. And how much more glorious, brethren, is the cause in which we, the immortals of bliss, call on you for your unflinching aid, that we, the Harpers of glory, may let mortals know, through you, the glittering link which binds the earthly to the heavenly,—the mortal to the Immortal; that we may show you (and can you doubt it—is there one here doubts it)—the road in human progress.

Again, I would say to you, brethren, *fear not!* for God aideth—Heaven conducteth. We have brought you together that you

* An extract from a short message given at the Circle.

may here commence an organization, such as will, ere long, extend its harmonizing influence wide throughout the rudimental sphere. We have made this our work in this place, by bringing the right spirits together—first a medium who has long been subject to our influence—to the influence of a zealous parent,* who has wrought diligently that his loved ones may see the light from his own home—with one to defend her and whom we wish to develop—who fears not the scoff of the malicious, selfish bigot—but whose heart yearns for the truth—for the glad tidings of love from the spirit land. Your Circle is composed, link by link, of those whose affinities draw around you the higher intelligences of the spirit home,—whose hearts aspire to the love and harmony of Heaven, who long to feel the sweet breathings of angelic purity in their midst.

Then, brethren, be willing co-operators with us and those whom we are raising up around you, in the cause of truth—of human progress and human redemption. For we will show you, beyond man's outer state, how to reach the wants of his immortal soul.

But, brethren, let me beg of you to seek to *avoid all misunderstanding one with another*. Turn a deaf ear to those spirits, who, when your baser passions are aroused, are drawn towards you, and will, by their mischievous influence, lead you on, making you the victims of the direful principles of envy, malice, jealousy and revenge. Seek constantly and studiously, to avoid those things. Enthroned the spirit of love in your hearts. Let it reign sovereign in every thought, word and act. Then will all your powers be in harmony with Heaven; then will the blessings of rest, peace and joy be yours; then will you behold the flowers of regenerated humanity, unfolded and springing up around you.

We come to you—we whisper to you in accents of thrilling Love. We tell you of our own bright home—of its harmony and joy where no note of discord mars the ever-swelling anthem of love. Angel voices breathe gently on your hearts, to awaken your heaven-born thoughts and bid you behold the Divine in the human—to bid you contemplate the goodness and beauty of God, in the loveliness of human love. We come to you with earnest pleadings, with voices of sweetness, and breathe with thrills of

* The Father-in-Law of the medium (a spirit) alluded to in a previous message.

love, ineffable, into your hearts of hearts, our own joyful knowledge, bidding you turn from the errors and vanities of earth, and listen to the soft and gentle music of Immortal love, which steals in soothing harmony upon your souls, telling you that ye are the Temples of God which are eternal and destined for the Heavens.

Therefore, brethren, love not the world, nor the things of the world ; but love *man*—love GOD—love man's *immortal soul*, and seek with all zeal, all energy and might, to bear it with you,—to *come yourselves* upward and onward, bearing this, the noblest offering to an infinite God.

Go on, brethren, imparting and practising in the knowledge which we give unto you—assisting one another in the path of light, truth and wisdom. Though you meet with discouragements on every side—though no ray of light greet you from the darkness of the outer world, yet falter not, fear not, but declare the truth ; yes ! declare the truth, though all men be against you.

Ridicule, bigotry, scepticism, sectarianism, selfishness and malicious revenge will pour their wrath upon your devoted heads ; yet, fear not ! man's opposition shall, itself, become subservient to the cause of light, truth and wisdom. And sin, error and ignorance shall be consumed by the truth, which is as a furnace of fire.

But, remember, brethren, to keep in constant exercise, all your powers of self-control, patiently bearing the cross, that you may win, for *yourselves*—for the *whole human brotherhood*, the CROWN OF LIGHT AND TRUTH, knowing that by your love, charity and good will toward man, you prove the image of God which is in you. Then strive, with a firm concentratedness of all your powers, for his pure and holy love. Strive that your light may shine forth, for it comes from a fountain of Divine intelligence and goodness. Strive for the spirit of brotherly love, for it proves your bond of Union in the household of God. It is that which shall designate your place mid the circling joys of Heaven.

Then fear not to proclaim the truth, that we, the bright messengers of Immortal love, who have passed the Jordan of death—who in starry beauty range through the bright circles of the spirit-home—who walk by the glad river of life, and drink from the fountain of truth, who bask in the unclouded sunlight of Immortal love and wisdom, have come to you, to tell you, of the hideous forms of error which are so fondly cherished in the bosom

of the human family—to tell you that the grim, ghastly tyrant CREED must fall—to tell you that this dark, man make monster of selfishness and materialism must lose his hold upon the free born soul of man. To tell you that the engine of eternal terror, endless woe, shall no longer depress the human brotherhood. For long ages have the inhabitants of the spirit world, lamented to behold that beautiful gift—the Immortal mind of man—buried mid the groveling passions of selfishness and error,—lamented to behold the creed-bound church, withering and depressing the noblest, the most godlike energies of his aspiring soul, cramping it within the narrow, galling shackles of sectarian bondage,—we have lamented to behold that germ, the soul, that spark of Divine essence which fills and pervades every bosom of the human family—that beautiful germ of Immortal life, which endureth from everlasting to everlasting,—withered, crushed and oppressed by the debasing, depressing bond of fear—we have labored that we might find means whereby to arrest the attention of man, and rouse his sunken, deadened energies to the aspiring after the truths—the immortal truths, from his eternal home, in the upper spheres. We have established the important fact that there is unknown, unseen intelligence. We have opened the avenues to many souls which had become closed and stagnated, loathsome and irreverent, even to the disowning of the Infinite Father of all. Yes, thus debased and degraded had they become by the continued despotism of theological creeds—the continual wrangling of theological tyrants; and we, the bright intelligences from that city whose builder and maker is God, we, those unseen agents have come, have broken the clouds of darkness and error which had so long hung undisturbed over the material world. We have given you facts and tests, such as can, in no reasonable way, be attributed to material agency. We have given you a faith, so sweet, so holy, so pure, so filled with love and joy, that it could not have originated on earth. We have given you instructions, which, if followed, will prepare you for harmony, joy and rest—will prepare you for a glorious re-union with those celestial beings who ever hover, lovingly around the unemancipated spirits of those whom we love—of those who have tasted not the joys of the second birth. And, O, ye sons of earth! ye friends who linger behind, will you appreciate our efforts? Will you not spiritualize your minds? Will you

not open the dark recesses of your souls, that the breathings of angelic love may enter and purify your spirits. For, brethren, know you not, this is the commencement of the new heaven which is foretold you? Then, I say to you, cease not your struggles! Reach onward and upward. Go on, brethren; yes go on; falter not. To you, the co-operators with us in the cause of light and truth, of human progress and human redemption, I desire to say, be of good cheer! Fear not, though the frowns and the scoffs of ignorance and ridicule cross your path. Live in the full light of that faith which is love. Pour your full knowledge upon them. Let the principles of love govern each word and act, and then go on; their airy arguments will soon give place to our sweet and gentle messages of truth and love.

Again, I say, brethren, be of good cheer. We, the bright messengers of Immortal love, will ever attend you, though you pass through the deep waters, yet, fear no evil. We will not leave nor forsake you. We, your attending guardians, will go with you, —will clear the way before you, will impart to you strength that you need not falter. Then cease not your struggles, for error is gasping with fearful, dying energy—is making its last, direful onset in your midst. A re-action must come, before which false standards shall shake and tremblingly release their hold.

PART III.

CHARACTERISTIC TOKENS FROM DEPARTED FRIENDS.

A FAMILIAR TALK WITH FRIENDS ABOUT FRIENDS, AND ON MATTERS AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

From the spirit of MISS FINIS COOK.

The spirit, author of this message left the rudimental sphere but a few months ago. Like some of the ensuing messages, this was given when I was not present, and is, like all the rest, distinguished by the peculiarities of style which characterized the author, when living, and there is no doubt but that it is purposely made so to be more convincing.

MESSAGE FIRST.

I wish Frind, John, and shouldn't care if all of them, Tom and Frank was here. You know, Silas, that I didn't believe anything about this, and I don't know as I was so much to blame, for it seemed so dreadful droll for you to see and talk with spirits when I couldn't; and you know, Sile, that I never had much faith in what folks said, unless I see it myself; and when I did know anything, I always tried to have other folks believe it too. And, Dolly and Silas, I shall do all I can to make folks believe what I know now is true. Tell young John that there is something more than Mesmerism, in this. It's a fact. Tell him I have seen Adeline and little Adda.* I saw them and tried to tell before I left the earth. I saw mother and saw her kiss Frind. O! If I could only talk as some can, what strange things, what good things, what beautiful things

* A wife and child in the spirit world.

would I tell you. I shall get so as to talk better, and with Sally's help and Mr. Varey's, I'll tell you a great many things. Do let Frind come to the circle. She is the best-good, kind sister that ever was. O! how I love her—love them all! This is true, and O, how I wish I had realized it when with them. And O, how I did want you and Algina and Adeline should come to see me, so as to talk with you. I thought hard of you. I don't feel so, now. But don't never stay away from any one again; it is not right with your faith. To Frank and John, and all of them, I say:—Do good! I shall speak to them again.

THE INTERCHANGE OF MATERNAL CARE AND GUARDIANSHIP BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

From the spirit of MRS. MARY CHENEY.

To understand, fully, the intention and bearing of this truly beautiful message, the reader should be aware, that the "Luther" spoken of in the message, was the husband of Mary, ere she left the earth, and that "Elizabeth" is his second wife. "Mary" left behind her a child who is named "Clifford," (though this name was not known to any one in the circle till after the message was given,) and "Elizabeth" has buried a child, which is represented as being borne in "Mary's" spirit arms, while she thanks "Elizabeth" for the watchful care exercised over the dear one she had left behind.

MESSAGE SECOND.

Do not, dear Luther and Elizabeth, doubt me now; for I come bearing with me this spotless pledge of unsullied purity. I come to assure you it received from me the warm and ardent embrace—the welcoming smile of a spirit mother. Tell Elizabeth I cherish it till she comes, and faithfully will I watch, with eye intent on its eternal progress, each unfolding development. Tell her, I draw near and view with joy her endeavors to guide and guard my own darling boy in paths of honor and true rectitude. My Clifford! the sweetest babe that ever mother saw. (She smiles—expresses great trust.) Guide him and guard him, Luther and Elizabeth. Teach him—O, do—the heart-felt truth that a mother's eye, in Heaven, views him. Teach him that! It will be a safeguard, such as earth cannot bestow. Elizabeth will you tell him, so. Luther, Mary asks it. (Very earnest.)

THE QUAKER GRANDMOTHER'S MATRONLY ENCOURAGEMENT AND COUNSEL.

From the spirit of MRS. BEULAH SABIN.

MESSAGE THIRD.

Simeon, my child! Wouldst thou be guided by the holy laws of High Heaven, turn thou thy heart from contemplating the ways of weak and erring humanity, and incline thou thy ear to wisdom's voice. Shouldst thou need strength, we (old Mr. Sabin and others appear) freely impart it to thee, my child. From our bright home hast thou been called upon. A light from the brightness of the Infinite One is handed down and poured in cheering rays along thy pathway. A voice, clear, deep and strong hath called to thee, bidding thee, *bidding thee* arouse thy energies, and come forth to the conflict with wrong. Then gird on thy whole strength, my child, and firmly tread the path before thee. We have set a lamp to light thy way that thou need'st not turn aside. God speed thee on, then, my child. Thy heart, soul and spirit are too lofty, too noble, too godlike to cringe, bow and yield to the smile of the fawning sycophant.

MILLERISM AND ITS SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE.

From the spirit of LEONORA M. FOLLETT.

A millerite believer up to the time she died: her fellow believers asserted that her body would "go up" before it reached the grave.

MESSAGE FOURTH.

I have been intending to speak with you, brother Russell and sister Algena. I come to tell you no idle or light and frivolous story as was once my way; but to bring you, dear brother and sister, blissful tidings of our Divine Father's unending and impartial goodness and love, and of our present happiness. I would lead you, my dear brother, in the smooth and gently ascending path of progressive love. I am near you; and your sister has no holier, no more lovely, more pleasing employment, no greater joy than in watching over you, helping to de-

velop your nobler, more godlike nature. Perhaps though unknown to you (although I hardly think it is,) I have, since Algena's earnest and tender request, been much with you, guarding you from more uncongenial and harsher influences.

As it regards my views when I passed from earth, they were clouded, Russell, yet, nevertheless were true ; that is, the *understanding* was clouded—the *fact*, was truth, as you now see. 'Twas merely a misconstruction. A material fire was implied in our faith, where a spiritual conflagration is now intended. The truth which pours in such beautifully brightening rays, shedding its mellow luster on scenes which were before dark to you—this truth I say, Russell, is that *flame of fire* which was to consume, and is to consume the world—mark you, the worldly part, the low groveling, sensual ideas and errors of mankind—*these* are to be, and are being consumed by the fire of truth. And our expected *ascension*, Russell, which was so unkindly and sneeringly received, was merely a misunderstanding. The ascension was true, of itself, as you will, Silas, Russell, and Algena, I think, agree with me ; for here is instant proof ; the mind, the soul, the spirit, as you here, behold, ascends, and fond and loving friends, watchful guardians and smiling angels descend through the opening heavens, and greet the ascending one with sweet smiles of tender assurance—breathe into that spirit the truths of Heaven—truths such as blinded man conceived not of. The bright inhabitants of our beautiful home have commenced the work of Regeneration in earnest, and others, better qualified than myself, are watching with such intense fondness as you, dear friends cannot realize, every step of yours in this great work of progression. I will speak to you, again Russell and Algena. I will be faithful in the discharge of my duty. I will not impress, but soothingly draw and soothingly influence.

THE UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND'S FAITHFUL REPARATION AND FRIENDLY COUNSEL.

From the spirit of SETH WILLARD.

The individual from whom came the annexed communication, was in earth, notorious for his infidelity to his wife and to his moral relations toward his family. His message breathes the aspirations of a spirit, struggling, yet determined to

soar aloft in the shining path of progress and of Heaven, and well illustrates the redeeming efficiency of the resurrection, and the beautiful mission and influence of angels and spirits, in their relations and works one toward another. And I appeal to all, if this spirit, in thus delivering himself and in endeavoring to counsel and guide others in a better way than he himself followed on earth, is not doing infinitely better and glorifying God far more than he could possibly do if shut up in a pit of interminable perdition from whence there is no escape.

MESSAGE FIFTH.

I have spoken before this ; and I would now, again speak to you, my brothers, in the flesh. I behold you toiling and struggling under the weight of material influences, subject to the same vexations which I, myself was heir to ; but I behold that you, like myself, stoop not, to the same bitter follies. I come to tell you that here I behold around me, ascending and descending spirits, who, winging their shining way, through the bright circles of our eternal home, come to us whose spirits are deprest by past misgivings, and, sweetly smiling, beckon us on to the purer joys of the upper spheres. But, brothers, the mission I bear to you, is to tell you that my present withered, crushed, weakened and enfeebled spirit hath not strength to soar aloft along the shining road of celestial progress. I speak to you, to my brethren of earth, bidding you take heed and trample not upon the priceless gem of pure affection, however dim the casket.* See to it, brothers, that you truly prize the gem. I behold around me, beautiful beings, beings whose purity I do not, cannot possess. My spirit was dwarfed with the excess of animal passions. Those absorbed my spiritual nature—those drank, dried and quenched the life-giving stream of God's love and God's image within my heart,—they swept like the withering, burning, scorching simoom of the desert across my spiritual nature, and trampled its purest aspirations in the dust. I see the shining, circling, beautiful path before me, I am gaining strength, but yet, I am tottering weakly along ; and I now come to bid you strengthen every noble faculty, every pure and holy thought. Let your words and acts be those of gentleness and peace. Let true love, undimmed by revolting excess, be your motto and your guide.

* The wife whom he dishonored, when on earth, was not remarkable for her beauty.

THE CLOUD SPIRIT'S VICTORY AND DISENTHRALMENT.

From the spirit of ABNER ORCUTT.

The person from whose spirit this message emanated, was, when upon the terrestrial plane of life, a confirmed toper, and consequently, on account of an entire neglect of spiritual culture, was feeble and dark, in the elements of his spiritual nature and strength, when he entered the resurrection state. His words of counsel to others—his becoming brighter and brighter as he spoke for the welfare of his fellow beings,—displays in living characters, the true principle of spiritual life and progress, both here and hereafter. The person whose spirit accompanied him, and who still lingers amid his clouds, as stated in the note below, was Cyrus Crowle, formerly of Winchester, N. H. His moral state when living, was, if anything, lower than that of Orcutt.

MESSAGE SIXTH.

French, there is no disguising folly and vice. When you step from the shore of Time to that of eternity, each little act and word serve as a lamp to your feet, or a dark cloud to involve you in an envelope of misty weakness. Each word and act bears its impress on the undying soul. My mission to earth is to bear witness to those who still tread the thorny path of material selfishness—my mission is to tell them, if they would lay up a treasure to everlasting life, they must, disrobing themselves of all selfishness, all low, groveling, sensual impurities, gird on the armor of true brotherly love for one another; for I wish to tell you that my views of mortal life are changed. I now see where I might have laid hold of that heavenly prize which dimmeth never. I now see, and O, how infirm, how blinded was I, that I saw not before, that eternal progression might be and should be commenced, whilst in the earth-school of rudimental instruction. I wish to urge it upon the attention of our brothers of earth, that, if they would enjoy the sunlight of Heaven, if they would be prepared for a glorious transition, then must they commence the work of love, patience and good will to their brother man, *upon Earth*. My place is necessarily humble, yet far greater my joy than did my material senses conceive. It is with you as with us—every little act of goodness—every tender admonition of love—every tear of compassion—every smile of sympathy, wafts your spirit a step further in the road of spiritual progression.* It is so

* Here the Medium remarked that the spirit communicating, grew brighter as he talked, and the brighter spirits, above and around him smiled upon him in

with me now. This very work of love and good will, of truth and joy, wafts me along, and sheds a pure and grateful joy around me, as I seek in your good, my own recompense.

This work is in its infancy; but you have beautifully purified instructors, and, French, always remember to have the feelings of holy reverence in your hearts and spirits, borne up on the wings of faithful, trusting prayer. Have these feelings, this prayer, your sympathies united by this holy, purified aspiration and the sweet blending of harmonious music, and then you need fear no low, frivolous communications.



A SPIRITUAL LESSON FROM A SPIRIT COUNSELOR.

From the spirit of MRS. NANCY ADAMS.

The author of this message is the spirit alluded to in Part 1st, as that of the wife of Adams the Arithmetician, (probably.) This is one of the numerous tokens of kindness and counsel addressed by her to the husband of the "Beacon Light" Medium. A peculiar circumstance alluded to in the message, is suitably explained in an accompanying note.

MESSAGE SEVENTH.

My charge, since my last address to you I have been gaining strong ascendancy over many material points in your character. I assisted your father in attracting your attention when you waywardly remarked that you must labor on the appointed Sabbath. It was delightful to us, my charge, to behold your ready acquiescence to our request. Our object was two-fold, that thou shouldst not labor and that thou shouldst hear for thyself, and hearing, judge in reason that which report would have misrepresented to

his brightening effort for the good of others. The dark spirit who came with him was apparently not so willing to yield himself to the good influence around him, and at this point began to retire, the clouds of his own undeveloped feelings gathering round him and shutting him out from the view of the medium. A bright spirit, however, apparently a sister, followed him and spoke to him, thus showing in a truly beautiful aspect, the moral and *holy* guardianship, which the spirits, of light and love, exert over those who are still involved in the glooms of ignorance and inertness.

you.* This you will acknowledge was both good and wise. As it regards your work of progress, I bid you onward. God speed you. Incline your ear to my voice. I saw a shadow cloud your mind. It was a false shade, unfounded in truth. I came; breathed my soothing influence around you; you quickly caught that influence, and we together swept the dark shadow from your path. I have been with you much since. Gird on, my charge, your whole strength. Onward in the light of that faith which tarries not, mid gloomy forebodings. Onward! yea, brothers, the weight of error shall rest upon those who seek to retard your work of love. Let your emblems be the shining gems of love—love for those weak and erring brothers. Let it be forbearance; meekly bearing with their infirmities. Let it be long-suffering and patience. Let it be truth. And, if they disdain it because it is simple, tell them you feel for them; for the highest work of God—the highest circle in heaven's Divine abode is supreme simplicity. If they disdain the advocate of truth, tell them, I will here borrow a little for their instruction:—

Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The immortal years of God are hers!
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.

THE SPIRIT HUSBAND'S GUARDIAN LOVE AND CHARGE.

From the spirit of RODNEY WILSON.

The spirit from whom emanated this Message, addresses his former companion upon the earth. After his death she took a second husband, by whom she had a child, called Belle. This child was taken away by sickness, and in presenting

* The occurrence referred to here is quite convincing and interesting, when understood in all its bearings. The writer of this note, of a certain Sabbath, was intending to speak on the practical relations of Christianity as applied to the health, well-being and general interest of the people, in the Christian system of the public, and the Love, Unity of States and Nations. The subject embraced the most vital elements of Brotherhood, and embodied some points which were *new*, and therefore offensive to a certain class of minds, who, like a mill horse, cannot bear to look beyond their own circle of thought and feeling. The spirits foresaw that the subject would be *misrepresented*. They therefore wished the husband of the medium to judge for himself. But he, not feeling exactly right, had concluded to stay at home that day. They therefore *rapped* around him till they attracted his attention; then directed him through the medium's assistance, to be sure and go to Church that day, and afterward gave the explanation which is embodied, as above, in this message.

himself in his spirit personality to the eyes of the medium, the first husband leads by the hand the beautiful pledge of his former companion's second marriage, and smilingly asserts his guardianship over it.

MESSAGE EIGHTH.

Mary Ann ! I have charge of your little Belle (smiles upon her.) Did I not claim the beautiful office, others, perhaps, more holy, would take the beautiful responsibility. I would tell you, Mary Ann, while in my power, of the perfect joy which thrills my spirit nature, when I behold you engaged in seeking that light which is now being revealed to mankind. Time will not permit of my expressing the half of my desires ; but a few charges have I now to give you.

Mary Ann, I charge you to reason with yourself—reason from that parent nature implanted so firmly in your heart, whether God, who is Father of all, will cast a part of his children aside, into that fearful Pit—that dark abyss and roaring flame of endless fire which a man-made theory has taught you to be in waiting for the disobedient of earth. I charge you—reason, step aside, for a time,—withdraw yourself from the influence of error—dark as midnight darkness, that the rays from my own—from *our* own (a lady and oldish gent, step in and smile,) home may penetrate the scales which have been so firmly adhering to you and obscuring your spiritual vision.

One more charge have I—this little one, which you so fondly cherished, is now, in my keeping—in the keeping also of our great Infinite Father. And, Mary Ann, by this pledge of purity, I charge you, be faithful to lead ours in the ways of light and truth. Teach them that no fearful day of everlasting punishment awaiteth them, but teach them that each act brings its just reward at the time in which that act is being committed. Teach them that the holy guardians of Heaven are *forever* by them ; not only the eye of a *Heavenly* Father, but the eye of their *own loving parent* is at most times upon them. Tell my dear children to live, knowing that they are in the presence of those bright ones, who are robed in the spotless robes of Immortality.

Mary Ann, free yourself from error. That creed of Hell, is false, and all things in nature proclaim it false. It is delusion. It is ignorance, and its reign will soon cease. I come to you

again. Meantime, seek the light, for it shall be given. I influence you in many things. Try earnestly to discern my spirit's presence. I can scarce leave, yet others wait.

THE SPIRIT SON'S RENUNCIATION.

From the spirit of MARSHAL EMERSON.

The author of this message, was a well known citizen of Springfield, Mass., and died last Winter. He was a sincere christian, but an opposer of spiritualism on account of its puerilities. The Sabbath after his death he made his spiritual presence known to his father when in church. The father said—a more glorious sight he never beheld. He alludes to this, in the message, also to his former prejudices.

MESSAGE NINTH.

You, father, are well aware that I, while an inhabitant of earth's sphere, most strenuously and decidedly opposed the subject of spiritualism; and it is scarcely a wonder to me, now, that I did so; for it was presented to me in disgusting, if not in revolting shape. I wish to say to my friends, generally, that there is a great mixture of spiritualism and materialism; and I now as strenuously insist upon your taking reason, reverence and nature for your guide; and giving this a candid, reflective, thorough investigation,—I as strenuously insist upon this method now—yes more strenuously than I once opposed it. To you, my dear father, I come. My resolve when leaving earth was strong. My desires—my aspirations, high and earnest; and determined was I, when I realized that the shadows of death were fast closing around me, to seek all the aid of heaven, should I reach that blissful port; (and I doubted not; my faith was firm and unwavering in the Infinite God, as I calmly resigned my spirit to his hand,) I was resolved to try all means in my power to reveal to earth the supposed deception. But quick, after willingly resigning my spirit into the hands of Him who gave it—quick, I say, came floating before my awakened vision bright forms which brought with them the unmistakable reality of spiritual presence and spiritual communion. My mind grasped quick as thought the whole beautiful truth; and O, father, O, mother,

Sarah Ann, grandmother and Levi, would I could tell you the thrilling joy that bore me along—that bound all bleeding wounds with fond assurance of constant guardianship and recognition. Would I could tell you, father, mother and my fond friends, all, how quickly I conceived the plan—how bright and swift the aid that came to help me on in giving you, my father, undeniable testimony of spirit presence. I'll come again, speaking to my dear wife, and to those two bright ones of our love.



THE SPIRIT WIFE'S SWEET SYMPATHY AND GRATITUDE.

From the spirit of MRS. PHEBE FRENCH.

When living, wife of Mr. Orrin French, Glover, Vt., brother of Silas French, the medium's husband.

MESSAGE TENTH.

Brother Silas, and sisters Adeline and Algena! I have frequently sought an opportunity of speaking to you a few words. I would, if I could, tell you how cheering it is to us, your friends of the spirit band, when we look down from our blissful homes and behold you so rapidly advancing. I come to add my mite to cheer you on.

Silas! how glad I should be if you could only see the thankfulness of my dear Orrin's heart—if you could only see each other's love and thankfulness as we behold it,—as we here see each other. O! how happy it would make you, and us, too. We should be happy because your joy would be so abundantly increased.

Let me thank you for dear Orrin, as a return for your goodness—you are rewarded precisely in accordance with the law—the great law of cause and effect. Your aim for right and truth, your generosity in nobly sacrificing your time and attention in this cause, to the good of others, has drawn around you guardians of surpassing loveliness and purity, with one whose energy and zeal far outstrips your own. And this, brother Silas, is not your only reward! You are placing yourself in affinity with those whose soothing influence will be greater—far greater gain—more lasting riches

than earth, with all her treasures could confer. Tire not, then, brother, press on in all that is renovating, ennobling and elevating. Your present work will be to you a crown of glory which can never grow dim. My sympathy leads me to plead for Orrin—dear Orrin. He is alone. He looks around him and his spirit giveth back the answer—"This is indeed a wilderness of darkness. I've caught the streams of living light. I have drank from the fountain of Phebe's undying love—and Oh! my soul cannot tarry longer—I cannot, I cannot, I cannot any longer drink from, or dwell mid the bitter, loathsome pools of selfish materialism!" Such, brother Silas, are my dear Orrin's feelings,—his thoughts as I read them. He has caught a light from a home which to him, ere I spoke was unreal—was visionary—was a hollow sound—a country from whence there had sounded, for him, no welcoming recognition. And now, Silas, this is his light—his joy—his future hope, yes his certain knowledge: and, do bear with his ardor.



THE CHILD SPIRIT'S PRETTY LITTLE STORY.

From the spirit of ORPHA B. FOLLETT.

The author of this message, is the departed daughter of Mr. Russell Follett, of Winchester, N. H., mentioned in the introduction, and from whom was extracted the motto on the title page. (In selecting from her a motto so appropriate, I have almost fulfilled the Scriptural prophecy "*And a little child shall lead them.*") This message is given with much of the sweet simplicity of style, which characterized her childhood on earth, and is designed to fulfill a promise to her parents, that she should tell them "O, the prettiest little story they ever heard."

MESSAGE ELEVENTH.

Mother, I am a going to tell how happy I was when I died, and did not have to leave you, mother. Father told me about Jesus, but Orpha had had sweeter, happier thoughts than you could say, Father. When I used to go away alone, to rest, they used to come, with sweet, soft singing little voices, and whisper. They told me such happy things, that I did not want to stay, only I knew, mother and father, how you loved Orpha; so I liked to be alone, because you loved me so it drew my little heart to-

wards you, away from those soft-singing ones. I was willing and ready to die, Mother, only Orpha could not bear to see you cry. When Orpha was just a going to come here, mother, you said "poor little thing, it seems as though she thought strange and hard that she has to suffer so much!"—but Grandma came: I did not feel afraid, mother. She bent right over me—she said "sweet little Orpha, I will take care of you! You will be with your grandma and your folks too." I did not think then how strange it was, nor that there did never any one come back, so as we could see them. I did not think anything about it. Grandma told me she would stay by the side of me, and it would not hurt Orpha to die. I reached out my little arms for grandma to take me, but father put his head down to Orpha. I did not want to come back to be so sick any more. After grandma came I did not feel so sick, but I kept going up and down a little, and little, and such sweet music, mother! I did think then you all heard it, but grandma said, since, you did not. I wanted you should, because I knew if you did you would know that Orpha was happy. Why, mother, I did not, I could not feel bad about dying, for there had been so much to show Orpha how good and kind God was, that I used to love every little flower because that sweet little voice was always whispering, *God loves you and made this for you*. I used to, always, be thinking about such things, mother: and, mother, I felt a want of some sweet companion to think so too. After they sung that sweet soft music, Orpha rested; and when I woke, grandma held me, and aunt Amy was bending over me. She said, "This is Algena's sweet little girl!" She told me to come a little while with her; and, mother, we passed right along through the room, and out, when we went up, up, up. Aunt Amy and grandma bore me till I saw some shining lights coming towards us. Aunt Amy says—"Listen, Orpha." I did, and, O! Mother! Mother!! the music came so beautiful, and that band was so shining with joy, that it bore me along; and they drew me to them. They met us, and swiftly placing their snowy pinions beneath me they bore me on, till another shining band appeared, who had garlands of such beautiful flowers upon their heads. One brought one; and it was Charley,* and he placed it on Orpha's head. Then they all sung the

* A cousin, in the spirit land.

WELCOME for your little Orpha. It was—

Come, bright bud of promise,
To the Bowers which never fade.

And, mother, we rested here.

(This message was not fully completed on account of the illness of the medium. Should a second Edition of this work be published, we may hereafter give it in full.)

THE SPIRIT FATHER'S GOOD NATURED SPEECH.

From the spirit of JOSHUA COOK.

The spirit communicating this Message, has given several tokens to his children, but had promised what he called a "speech." This fulfills his promise. A young girl (spirit) appeared in the distance, to whose nearer approach the circle was not at that present moment in a favorable condition, as she was a *bright spirit*. The first sentence of the Message is an allusion to her.

MESSAGE TWELFTH.

Abel! It's Minerva's sister. I calculated to talk with you, Abel, and Everson, to make a kind of a speech, boys, (looks very good natured) telling you of the great difference we find when looking over (the old lady is with him now, and two old gents, one a brother, quite large,) and comparing what were our expectations whilst with you, and what we now find to be the reality of things. Time honored error has so completely blinded the minds of earth that they dare not, Abel, step aside from the beaten path of error, let it be ever so dark and gloomy—ever so inconsistent and ridiculous. Why, boys! I supposed that all of my children would, at once, listen with real joy, never doubting that the voice which was calling to them was from our spirit home. I thought, when proof after proof was brought, that then they would all believe the joyful tidings and try to profit by our experience. But, Everson and Abel, I will tell you—and if the rest don't want to believe, they must wait till they can't deny any longer. I will tell you that old things, (old errors I mean,) are passing away, and there comes, slowly, but surely, dawning upon your path, the day in which the truth of immortality and immortal life is being brought to earth in such astounding testimony, as her sons, though wrapped in error's darkest cloud, cannot overcome. We are busy bringing to you first one fact and then an-

other. We make it our joy to work for you, to relieve you from the weight of error and darkness which so sadly depresses the free-born—yes, Abel, *free-born* souls of man. And, now, Emerson and Abel, I want you to go on in all that is good, working for, not your own—not self alone, but for your brother's good, and then, will you bear within you true evidence that the spirit of God dwelleth in you.

We find here, that when on earth, we were sadly mistaken in judging man by the forms and ceremonies which he professed and followed, declaring himself the chosen of God. Now, my brothers of earth, I tell you, you are *all* chosen—all children—all equal as to the goodness and mercy of God. Your acts and lives speak for themselves how great and rich a portion you will each inherit. You record for yourselves, upon the book of life eternal—you write upon that page, which is the spirit of man—your right of membership, or your heirship, be it high up 'mid the circling spheres of love and wisdom, or, nearer to your present sphere, (i. e. the rudimental sphere,) 'mid the circles of selfish love.

Then, brothers, all, go on! Strive to gain a place 'mid those brighter circles of harmony and joy. Commence the work, *now*. We'll bring our aid. We'll help you along to battle with the determined doubt and defiance (seems to be very decided) which is being arrayed in fearful numbers against our cause. Go on, unitedly, pursuing the path which we have opened for you. Fear not! Strength shall be given you.

AFFECTIONATE TESTIMONIAL OF THE DEPARTED WIFE.

From the spirit of HANNAH STARKEY.

The lady from whose immortalised nature this Message emanated, was the wife of Mr. John Starkey, then of Baldwinville, Mass. She left the earth some three or four years ago. Ere she passed away, her spiritual vision was opened, and she discoursed frequently with her brother in the spirit Land, and had a clear preception of a multitude of spirits around her. She gathered from her interviews with them that some great thing was to happen in a few years; and, in brief, she distinctly foreshadowed and predicted, on her dying bed, the spiritual demonstrations which are now so powerfully arousing the attention of the community.

MESSAGE THIRTEENTH.

John, you will recognize Hannah! I have long sought an opportunity of speaking to you. I know that in your heart, you will welcome me. I come to you, dear John, to speak to you words of encouragement—to bid you place (she looks rather solemn) high your trust—to build your hopes on things beyond the power of material influences. I wish to tell you that we keep constant, loving, earnest and tender watch over you. We are, daily, with you—we would tell you of the bright joys that are ours—would tell you, too, of our employments, John—would tell you of the brightly dawning day that even now sheds a flickering light across your path—would tell you that I come—that Hannah comes to greet you and to explain to you the beautiful vision which so wrapt my senses ere I left the material house—ere I parted from your fond embrace. That vision was but a light which accompanies all to a greater or less extent in their transition from the mortal to the immortal state. It was William* who so kindly opened for me the bright joys that were in waiting for me. He gave me this light to cheer me, John, in my parting hours with you—that I might breathe into your heart, with my own peculiar earnestness, the truth that a brighter day was just ready to burst, with cheering rays, upon the children of error. I come to add my mite to the bright testimonials which are so often given you—to tell you that our joys are those of imparting good unto one another. Our employments, John, are similar, in a certain degree, to the more elevated and intellectual pursuits of your sphere. Time and distance are to us in great measure removed. My pursuit is one congenial with my nature—that (she smiles,) of loving and being loved—of doing good and receiving nought but acts of kindly regard. My home is harmony, (how little you can appreciate the term,) refined. Our mission to earth is to endeavor to instill into your minds the spirit of love, peace and good will which so completely fills our bright and joyful home. Would you could appreciate our motives. Would you could realize that you are now, each one of you, living on your eternity of life. Would that you considered that every act,

* The occurrence of this name will well illustrate the *naturalness* of the Beacon Light Medium's communications. She knew not the name of Mrs. Starkey's brother.

however trivial, has a marked importance on your immortal destiny. We come, and great will be our endeavors, unwearied our trials, unceasing our devotion, until we have aroused you all to the importance of the work assigned us and you—that of establishing God's will upon earth.

Then, John, place high your trust; I say, *high* upon infinite God, and call forth all the noble powers—the Godlike faculties within you, and work for us (she smiles and seems to think that will be an inducement) work *with* us—work for those brothers who are blinded, weak and erring, who crush the free-born soul of man with the frowning image of a Father's revengeful wrath. Work, John! Hannah wishes you to aid them. Do all you can to show them the truth, that God is a Father abounding in love—that He casteth not one aside. Work for them, John; pitiful is their condition.

I trust to have frequent opportunities of addressing you. I shall not leave you, John.

THE SUICIDE FATHER'S RESTORATION AND PATERNAL MISSION.

From the spirit of JOHN FOLLET.

The individual, from whose spirit was received the annexed communication, came to the termination of his earthly existence by his own hand. His person was correctly described, though he died some forty years ago, probably when the medium was a mere infant, if not before she was born, and none, but his particular friend could recall his looks. His message embodies an important moral.

MESSAGE FOURTEENTH.

I would have spoken before this—would have spoken to Lydia.* But to you, my children, will I now speak. And, O, my beloved ones, doubt me not when I fondly assure you that a father has watched over you with an eye of earnest love, influencing you in all things, as much as was in my power, to enable you to avoid the rugged path which, looking back, seems to me as a fearful dream. Will you, my children, listen to me whilst I point for you, the road in human progress. Will you seek to catch the soft influence of my spirit's presence, whilst I draw lovingly near you, to breathe into your souls the truths of love Divine.

* His widow still living.

I ushered myself, uncalled, into the scenes of Immortality ; but a Father's love hath provided all things—made all things ready for the reception of even an offending child. To you all, I say, improve your present existence. Study well in the rudimental sphere, the laws of Nature, which are God's laws,—seek to live in accordance with those laws, and with gratitude wait the time when your Father calls you home.

This, children, is the work of those who have advanced far along the shining road of spirit progress. This, my children, is a gift—a light, which, had it lit *my* pathway, then should I have tarried my time with you.

But placing myself as I did, mid the realities of spiritual life,—becoming aware of the close proximity of the spiritual and material sphere, I saw, at once, that a Father's guardianship might still be extended over those whom I had left to mourn my abrupt departure. This is a work which I, from this shining home, have watched with intense eagerness. I have often drawn near to you, children, trying to influence you, endeavoring to arouse, in your hearts, an interest which should lead you to a candid investigation of this subject which is arousing with mighty energy, the dormant faculties of man. We come to you, though you feel us not—we are around you. The purer, the more holy your convictions and associations, the more immediate our presence, the more closely do we approach.

Then, my children, raise high your thoughts. Gird on the armor of true Christian love, and nobly stem the tide of contending doubt which sweeps with fierce ferocity, in your very midst. We come with words of gentle love, such as, if pure and holy, I'll impart to you, my children, teaching and aiding you to withstand the fiercely burning wildfire of contempt and ridicule, which seeks to smother your free-born aspirations, which seeks to whirl you, headlong, into that fearful abyss of utter annihilation—which, ere we came, had fast hold upon the minds of earth, bearing them down—that they need not—could not rise to the whole stature of perfect manhood. Children, “onward in love.” Tell 'Liphalet to heed his father's voice and spurn him not. Tell him it becomes the man to seek to *know himself*. Tell him, I will still hover near him, though he spurn me, yet will I love him.—Tell him he was not made in vain, but for a noble, exalted, ascending, and stil ascending, progressing and continually progres-

sing home mid the high circles of Infinite love. O, tell him to study the book of God, and deny not that which he cannot, in his present state of determined doubt comprehend. Tell him, a voice will call him, which he cannot spurn; but now, the work would be useless, and the toilers of Heaven work diligently, unweariedly. They slumber not and they work not in vain.

I come again to speak to Lydia.

THE AGED FATHER'S SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE AND MISSION.

From the spirit of ALFRED SABIN.

Mr. Sabin was quite infirm for some time before he died, which will explain some allusions in his Message. He also labors to say some things in that peculiar style of expression which characterized him in life, and of which the medium knew nothing. The passage commencing with "Zounds!" is an instance of this kind.

MESSAGE FIFTEENTH.

I have spoken before, and have been intending to tell you of some things which may be interesting to those I have left. I had not things arranged, (for it needs arrangement here, as when with you,) and I cannot speak, at once, so readily to express my feelings as some there are; but being now prepared, I am desirous to speak to my children, and tell them of the goodness and happiness of my spirit home—to tell them of our nearness to those who still live, in the cares and sorrows of earth—to tell you, *dear children*, of my thoughts when I found myself still existing, though robbed, by what I once termed the grim messenger, of my earthly tenement of pain, sickness and anguish.

For a time, I was unconscious of all things around me; but, soon, there came a slowly dawning thought—a consciousness, as though waking from a pleasant sleep. I felt filled with health, strength and vigor. I knew the life, the joy, the buoyancy of youth. All pain, anguish and tremulousness were gone. My newly awakened senses were rapt in the sweetness of angelic music. I thought—*whence cometh this—and where am I?* I was filled with amazement. Soon, Augustus, Almira,* and oth-

* A son and daughter-in-law who passed through the golden gate before him.

ers, most beautiful to behold, came to greet me and bid me welcome to the bliss of their angelic home. I understood not the change. I felt that they had come to us again. I looked for you, children. I was soon drawn towards you. Not till then did I realize that your sorrow—that *her* sorrow—was because that I was to you no more. I saw her who had so tenderly administered to my impatient wants. I saw the forgiveness come pouring from her tender heart. O, it was beautiful to witness. Again, I turned, and there beheld my decaying, consuming, earthly tabernacle, whose proper place was alone in the earth. Whilst contemplating that worthless tenement, sweet voices wooed me and won me, saying—"Even such is death, which so tries the hearts of those we love." And I inwardly exclaimed—"Zounds! How mistaken is mankind! How wrong they take everything! How little they understand things,—and, when suffering the effects of their own wrong, how ungratefully lay it to our kind, indulgent Father, God!" And with what an outpouring of grateful joy, did I listen to Almira, as she told me I was now in the outer court of Heaven, where, with kind and sympathising friends and guardians, forever around me, I might watch over those still lingering behind,—might go onward and upward, seeking Him who was the "resurrection and the life." They beckoned me onward, and I went, to enter a divine abode, where beauty, joy and peace reigns, undisturbed by the sickness and feebleness of old age with its attendant disquietudes. Friends greeted me with a heavenly welcome, and our loved ones, who had long enjoyed the spirit birth, sang for me the welcoming strain of "Father, thy sufferings are o'er!" With Almira and Augustus I entered my beautiful habitation prepared for me, prepared for all by the abundant love of our Divine Father, God. Almira told me of the work of Earth's redemption which was about to commence. She said, as I desired, I might watch over you, my loved ones. She told me of the glorious time coming, when I might impart to you of the wisdom from Heaven; and I now tell you,—doubt not that this cometh from a father. I tell you concerning many things—concerning the endless progress of the immortal soul—concerning the boundless love of our Supreme Father. Mankind are involved in almost impenetrable doubt and darkness. But I urge you, my children, to seek the light as it is here given you,—to live in

accordance with the precepts of love and unison which you here receive; for others of diviner power than myself have spoken and will speak to you. Then, I urge you, to be united as brethren, not doubting that you are now proving, by your acts of love, kindness and charity, your place in this world of undisturbed harmony, where anguish is unknown, where despair cometh never—neither sorrow nor sighing.

Then strive to live in the bonds of brotherly love. Encourage it by all your acts. Strive for a pure love and unison of your hearts with each other. Then, with a heart filled with holy, heavenly trust in God, the light from our home will shine upon your earthly pilgrimage, and tender memories of past good will come welling up to light your pathway to a re-union with a fond parent, who will meet you and lead you to the presence of him whom you now mourn—in whom you have all so tenderly watched over.* We, bright messengers, have hovered around his bed of anguish. We swept the gathering clouds from the grave which he saw ready to embrace him. We bound the spirit-wounds of separation and death. We breathed sweet words of hope and trust—of peace and joy and heavenly re-union—of unending communion into his grief-worn mind. We took him gently and led him safely home where the golden day of light and life celestial burst upon his wondering view. We sang for him the welcoming strain of the spirit's birth, which woke his heaven-born spirit to a sense of life divine. We now come—we all come—to tell you that the soul is deathless—to tell you that you are now in but the beginning of your existence—to say to you that you are living mid the lights and shades of material and spiritual life—to say to you that you have food for your spirits which we knew not—to bid you turn not from the light of God, given you, through us, from the fountain of eternal life—to say to you, Betsey,† that you, surely, will not turn from me, when a father comes to you with messages of love and gladness, to drive away the dark clouds of superstitious creeds, which envelop your spirit—that truth, love and gladness may shine in upon your wandering soul, and bring you consolation in the hour of your sorrow.

* A son, Daniel Sabin, who had passed away, but a short time previously to this Message, and from whom a communication will be found in the first part of this work.

† A daughter, who is sceptical on spiritual communication.

THE DROWNED HUSBAND'S RESUSCITATION AND RESTORATION.

From the spirit of PAUL WILLARD, JR.

Paul Willard, the younger, was drowned in the spring of 1852, during the celebrated freshet of the Ashuelot River, at Winchester, N. H. He was crossing the river on a raft, to examine the state of the highway. His companions, who knew how to swim, deserted him, and his delineation of his feelings at the time, and subsequently, till he sunk in the flood, must be considered a masterpiece of pathos, as that of his resurrection, is of power and beauty. In commencing his message, he takes his infant (spirit) child from the hand of a companion spirit (his brother's wife, who with the child was taken away before his departure,) and smilingly turning to his wife, (who was present in the circle,) addresses her with reference to it in the first clause of the Message.

MESSAGE SIXTEENTH.

Nancy! This is ours. I come to you, my dear wife—my loving companion through many of Earth's bitter sorrows,—I come to you, my sorrowing one. Yes! Paul speaks to you, saying,—Be not cast down—be of good cheer, for death hath no sting. It hath no power,—it doth not separate the loved from the loving.

I need not recount to you, or again call vividly, to your mind, my sudden, and to you, painful departure; yet, would I, taking up the bond of sympathy which so beautifully entwined our hearts, give you a brief description of my one, all painful, and the next all joyful moments, when I saw the slender hold which I had upon what I then called life—when I saw that the companions of that hazardous journey had forsaken me—when I felt that nothing, save that frail plank divided we from eternity—then, Nancy—then I cast my longing, aching soul—with a fearful leap it sprang—upward—vainly to scan the future. 'Twas but a breath when the cherished idols of my heart arose to my view. Memory of them called me back from that fruitless effort. Quicker than thought, and seemingly with more than human power, I sprang to grasp the only seeming aid, whereby I might restore myself to those whose hearts I knew would bleed—whose home must be made desolate, should that frail bough elude my grasp. I sprang; and the cold waters received me. I rose!—I shrieked! But aid, I felt there was none—none save God, in whom I trusted. My last thoughts were of you, my precious family. I besought God with such a prayer as words cannot utter, to be with you, and then, I feebly tried to know the future; but quick

I felt—"I am lost! I cannot, I cannot,"—was the last. The cold waters covered me, and, for brief space, I knew nought. But, quickly, sensation returned. I felt that fond friends were around me. My thoughts were that aid had come, and life (with you) would still be mine. But I was roused. I met the gaze of, not you whom I had felt, but of those who had gone before. Feebly dawned the thought, and slowly did I realize that I had crossed the cold Gulf of death.

Many gathered around me. Many from whom we had parted. Some companions I recognized mid others who come to welcome me. Your father, Nancy, bright and beautiful, was here for me to behold. He came (he appears now—John Follett) he bore in his arms, our babe. He says—"your treasures are not *all* behind!"

I received this bright and smiling pledge of love, and, filled with pleasing wonder, turned to gaze on scenes around me. My soul was rapt in wandering extacy. I thought, this sure is not death. But my kindred, long dwellers of the spirit spheres, welcomed me. I knew by a newly aroused sense, within me, those whom my material eyes had never beheld. But eager to welcome me was Prescott, who, approaching in transcendant loveliness through the unshaded glory of the bright spheres of Eternity, desired me to look before me, and looking, I beheld approach me on bright pinions of angel love, winging their way through the clear depths of ether, a glorious band of spirits whose ethereal forms were robed in robes of snowy whiteness, surrounded with gold and azure beams of light. It was beautiful to behold, as hand in hand they approached me, softly turning the mystic harmony of spirit melody, intense as they sweetly welcomed me from the cold waters of death; and then they softly touched their golden lyres to the spirit—welcome of—"Thus dawns for you the Morn of life eternal and progressive."

Friends gathered around me. They told me the bright joys beyond; how step by step, higher and higher up—on and still further on—forever gleaning new strength and knowledge—ascending and continually ascending, I might go, with nothing to depress or mar the new-born soul. O, my loved ones, could I describe to you the joy that filled my soul to overflowing! Yet, mid this joy, there rose a thought of those dearly cherished ones from whom I had parted. And Prescott told me that the bond which

bound us was not severed,—that he would, in time, conduct me where I might, myself, witness the truth of his statement, and, accordingly, he came and led me back to where I witnessed your heart-rending despair, my dear one—your bitter sorrow, my loved ones. Then flashed vividly to my mind, the truth—“This is indeed, communion!”

O, what perfect happiness—what eternal thanksgiving filled and pervaded my whole nature! What light—what ecstasy—what joy was mine! I could behold my loved ones! And earnestly did I attempt to avail myself of means to soothe your bitter sorrows, and tell you of the joyful intelligence which I have now given you.

(William,)—(a son.) As a father, ever loving, and ever watchful, I followed *him*, striving, yes, and influencing. I gave to him the first recognition. I have yet to speak again to him. I told him things concerning which there was not a shadow of mistake.* I will explain those things, will speak of my present enjoyments and pursuits to my friends. Meantime, my dear Nancy, weep no more for me. Mourn not my absence; for I am with you daily. I keep silent watch by you and ours. Let this be instilled into the minds of my dear children, that a father, or some bright spirit of guardian love, is forever silently witnessing each act and way. Use all your efforts to make them fully realize this soul-purifying truth, for who would sin while knowing that the watchful eye of a guardian angel was viewing them with love intense?

THE FAVORITE SON'S SPIRITUAL RESTORATION AND APPEAL.

From the spirit of LUTHER ALEXANDER.

The author of this message, when in the Earth's sphere, was a noble hearted young man, and a truly devoted son to his widowed mother. His only great fault, was the “social glass,” his addictedness to which, was doubtless influenced by circumstances to which he feelingly alludes in the message. His

* The position of his body was announced through the medium, and the friends were assured that it would float ashore and be recovered. A report came that the body was seen to rise in the place described, and a short time after, it was found some little distance below.

mother's creed was not sufficiently broad to concede to her his salvation, yet her heart "taking, hold of the promises," yearned for his immortal welfare; and nothing can exceed the pathos of his description of her feelings, as standing by his cold and rigid body, she yielded herself to the *hope* of his redemption and happiness. His resurrection experience is worthy the attention of all.

MESSAGE SEVENTEENTH.

This event fills me with joy unspeakable; to thus be enabled to speak to you—to assure you, my ever-loving mother,* that Luther lives and is blessed—to assure you that this is no idle fancy arising from superstitious weakness, but the bountiful gift of an ever indulgent Father to his children—a Father who ordereth all things in harmony with his unchanging law of love. There are many things of which I desire to speak, but first, will I speak of my departure from earth. When I felt that the solemn change drew near, my spirit was filled with, not fearful, but uncertain doubts as to my future destiny. I thought the last link which bound me to you, my tenderest, dearest ones, was dissolving. I felt that my lamp of life must go out, and all the ardent warmth of your glowing bosoms could never more rekindle it. I felt—I saw, that mispent had been some precious moments:—'twas then that I beheld, and, O, with sorrow, the cold distrust that had crept unconsciously into my bosom. I realized the cold bitterness with which I turned from the tender entreaties of a generous brother, who would have wooed and won me back to honor's path—who did not, willingly, forsake nor leave me to walk the rugged road of vice. I felt, I saw, the sharp pangs which had wrung your heart, my mother. I felt the lonely hours I might have spared you. I saw the evil influences which had operated upon me. I felt there was one power which might have saved me, but even that was turned into a sharp thorn of disappointment which embittered the remainder of life, which threw me unloved, upon the cold world to be caught in its alluring snares. All these things and much more passed in quick succession through my mind, yet they did not sink my soul; for just as hope would have faltered and faith grown dim, my senses were rapt in a low murmur, as of many waters. But soon I was aroused. My room was filled with a light which I knew was not

* His mother was present, for the first time at the circle.

of earth. There came a band of angels, in robes of snowy whiteness, their brows of spotless purity bedecked with shining gems of love; each held in hand a shining harp; and then burst the soft tones of spirit melody, softer, yes softer, mother, than Eolian lyre, or sweetest notes, fresh from the budding bowers of Spring, upon my enraptured ears. I strove to call into action my dying energies to break the spell which wrapt my spirit—to say to you—“It is well with Luther;” but, quick, appeared ’mid this smiling throng, a glorious spirit, whose countenance beamed with joy undimmed. This angel band greeted him with the voiceless harmony of seraphic love. I felt drawn toward him. All things were bright with beauty around me. No pain was mine. He came gently to me. I met the ardent, earnest, loving, holy gaze of a *father*. He lowered his angel pinions, placed them softly beneath me, and lovingly whispered “Luther, fear not, I am with thee! You are past the dark valley. We will bear you where the heart’s pure love is undimmed by earthly sorrow, or disappointment.” Then burst forth the full, deep-toned harmony of this angel band, in glory to God who *saveth us all!**

I beheld, in speechless wonder, all this spirit loveliness, and leaning on the arm of him who wooed and won my new-born soul, I turned to view the house from whence I had fled, the indwelling spirit. My soul was filled with thankfulness and joy, and I thought, Oh, how beautiful,—how beautiful is death! How hath man clothed it in false terror. How little do they realize its joy. Else why so reluctantly linger on the shadowy brink of earth?

I then beheld the struggle in your parent heart, mother! I see you felt that your faith could not save your Luther. But with a mother’s eagerness you sought each little act of goodness. With a mother’s love you singled them out and placed them together. I saw you weigh them in the balance with your faith, which gave poor comfort to your bleeding heart, and tearful eye. And, then, forgetful of all else, save your child, you bridged for me the gulf which creed and false doctrine had formed, and let me pass, in your mind, to the presence of those whom the love of

* Great emphasis was placed, by the spirit, on this italicized clause, with reference, undoubtedly, to a correction of the mother’s want of faith in the redemption of all.

of God had saved. And this, mother, was nature, which is always true to herself. It was that spark of Divine love which God has implanted in every parent's heart. It will not permit one's own offspring to perish. It is so with every parent. Their child, at least is saved. And true, indeed, it is that beautiful bond of union which circles through every heart, binding us all in one brotherhood, in one household, and God the Father. Look, again, mother! It is the beautiful type of God's divine love for every one of his children—for the whole human family. A love which saveth, even as an earthly parent, *every one* of his own offspring.

Now, mother, is not this beautiful? Compare it, mother, Luther says—compare it with the wrecks of endless woe.

I saw the doubts that education and false doctrine held closely before your face. I scarce realized that my presence to you was unknown, and I sought to soothe those doubts and banish that dreadful error. Many things—many bygone mysteries were made clear to me. But my guardians told me the time was not yet, when you could realize our spirit presence. But that, in due time, your attention would be aroused to the reasonableness of this holy communion—that, ere long, the minds on earth, would endeavor to satisfy their inward longing after the destiny of their immortal souls. That, even then, the clouds of ignorance and creed-bound superstition—that direful veil, was being slowly withdrawn. They told me that even then there were those in your midst who would behold ministering spirits—the spirits of those loved ones, gone before, hovering near, bright guardians of love—connecting links between God and man.

My father bade me to follow him, and I was conducted through mighty spheres, to a circle which my earthly career had placed me in affinity with. I met many whom I knew whilst in the earthly form, who were resting where the impurities of human society could reach them no more. My guardians told me of brighter joys beyond; and I then asked:—"Where is that hell with which earthly sectarianism is so rife?" There came forward one whom I had often beheld, with lofty mein, yet smiling gentleness. He said, pointing down,—“Thou hast tasted the pains of hell, Luther. Thou hast come up from out of the pit of darkness and despair; and thou canst not retrograde. This

smiling one bade me work in hope and faith, saying :—" Out of hope cometh reality." He told me the time was near at hand, for brighter intelligences had been at work, developing science after science ; learning earth wherein one mind might govern another. Having established this fact, they were now ready to proclaim to earth the truth of Heaven. And the time has come when error, ignorance and false theory of theological tyrants would not dare lift their hands to suppress, by violent measures, those through whom we might speak, declaring the falseness of their standard and proclaiming the truth—the holy truth, pertaining to immortal life.

The day has now arrived ; and, mother, error cannot with all its power, stop the onward progress of this Heaven-revealed truth. We have come to minister to your wants. And mother, brother, will you not listen ?



THE METHODIST BROTHER'S EXHORTATION AND EXPOSITION.

From the spirit of REV. ELIAS MARBLE.

The main object of this Message seems to be, to answer the question, " What good will the manifestations do ? " The author of this message was, when on earth, a preacher of the Methodist connection : a christian man, and if I am rightly informed, was somewhat unjustly expelled from his membership on account of taking sides against AVERY, of Maria Connell notoriety.

MESSAGE EIGHTEENTH.

My brothers, in this work of progress, I address myself to you, because that the eyes of mine kindred are sealed—their ears are deaf unto the truth. The voice of love—pure, holy, heavenly love, hath not reached their hearts. Though I speak to them, yet would they not heed mine call. But ye, who have entered the path of progress,—listen ye, and gently bear the glad tidings to them. Do it in all love and meekness—in humility and forbearance, for we come to you—we come to all, would they receive us, to disrobe the minds of Earth of the covering of darkness, ignorance, superstition and bigotry, in which creed and false theory have so closely, so firmly wrapped the aspiring soul of man.

We come to dispel the dark clouds of Error and delusion, and to sweep all creeds before us, that they may, no longer, depress the immortally aspiring soul of man.

I come to withdraw my former declarations of a yawning gulf and fiery waves, and to present to the longing, despairing minds of earth, the holy—the heavenly garments of Eternal life—of freedom and progressive happiness.

We come to tell you of the misery and wretchedness of Earth. We come to tell, 'tis ignorance alone, which causes this wretchedness.

Spirits from their bright home, where all is bliss, behold the wretchedness, desolation and woe of the children of earth. I have beheld my work of wrong—viewed it in its various bearings, and I now, behold its results. And in view of this, my error, I prayed God speed the time when we should be enabled to penetrate the clouds of darkness which surrounded you, with streams of living light.

Spirits beheld this mass of human woe. They beheld error fast doing its work, that of setting man against his brother man. A false and fearful theory was withering, crushing the very well-springs of life and hope in the human soul. And they beheld minds innumerable,—who dare not own it—to whom immortality was but a passing dream.

No spirit of truth and love went gently forth to waft them on to good. No faith and hope inspired them to love. Spirits beheld this struggling mass of living woe, and with pitying hearts, they seized upon this means to tell their brethren in darkness, that high up in Heaven, were their loved ones—were angels beholding them and working for their relief,—sympathizing with them in their sorrows and trials,—that every flight through the bright fields of glory is a mission of love—a work for human Redemption—that their kindred, whom they fondly remember, are hovering near them, eager to bestow the unfading gift of life Eternal and progressive joy,—that their loved ones, whose silvery harp-strings echo through the Empyrean arches of the spirit-land, are toiling for the relief of their brethren of earth.

We come to tell you that we behold the minds of earth, and see them bleeding from every pore. No balm of love is there to bind the wounds of selfishness—no chord of sympathy to unite the bro-

ken household in one beautiful family, corresponding with the bright angelic circles of the upper spheres. Many there are, on earth, who doubt our presence. Many who boldly defy our power. Many there are, who professing a belief in spiritual presence and communion, with their spiritual developements compressed—*depressed*—by material influences, make the astounding, *momentous and astounding* enquiry—"If this comes from our departed friends, what good results can follow?"

Beloved brothers of earth! will you listen, and listening, endeavor to comprehend, to realize, to regard and fulfill the laws which we bring for your advancement. Will you listen whilst I tell—whilst *we* tell you (Mr. Thompson and others, Geo. Ripley among them)—what is our mission to earth, and what shall be its fulfillment?

We come to penetrate the dark clouds of sectarianism with the radiant beams of life and truth. We come to fulfill the word of prophecy. We come to tell you, that you—we—are all children of one Infinite Father, whose laws are those of perfect harmony and love. We come to tell you that as you live together in the bonds of peace—of fraternal love, so are you, yourselves, advancing to a higher plane of developement, and better preparing yourselves for your entrance into the joys of the spirit home.

We behold the minds of earth filled with selfishness and error. We come—this is our mission—to purify those minds with the oil of love and truth. We come to make you know, feel and realize that you are not of earth, and tending downward, continually downward to earth again, but that as you live in peace and love—in trust and confidence with one another, so are you circling upward in the road of spiritual progress. We come, and you shall realize that you are all members of one household—all brothers and sisters, destined for a higher plane of development—a brighter, a more exalted state of existence—a home, where earth's influences mar not your spirit aspirations—a home in the regions of celestial purity, far up in the upper spheres. We come to tell you, to make you realize, that as you labor one for the other's good, as you labor for your brother's joy, so will you find your own advancement in the road of heavenly progress.

These words may reach those to whom, when weak, and erring within the vale of flesh, I addressed myself. If so, I ask them,

I ask you all,—do you now see what good can result from this ? If not, then are you blinded indeed.

To those who listened to me, whilst, in material form, I spake visibly to their outer senses, I ask them—will you not now give heed to my voice, when I come, with a spirit overflowing in love, to tell you that our Father hath prepared a home for every child of the human family. To tell you there is no fearful hell awaiting you. But yet, do I tell you that each act, bears its impress on the immortal spirit. It's traced there in letters of living light, such as cannot be withheld from view. And those characters denote for you, each, your place mid the shining spheres of Heaven's high, arching, progressive and still forever, continually progressing joys.

To you whom we have called upon to aid us in this our mission on earth—to you who profess to be led by the soft influence of ministering spirits,—to you to whom, with the soft, dove-like voices of angelic sweetness, we whisper, of you we would ask—why stand ye waiting here ? Will you not take up the cross and win for those weaker brethren who dare not struggle for themselves—who are still sailing mid the conflicting elements of time-worn creed and false theology. Will you not place the helmet of truth upon your brows, and gird on the shield of brotherly love, and gain the crown of peace, joy and harmony—of God's will upon earth ? Will you not help us to *establish* his will—to fulfill the prayers—which as hath been said,* are a solemn mockery, without the most distant attempt to a fulfillment, or the remotest idea of the accomplishment ? Will you not aid and assist us while we toil for those ? Will you not toil with us, for they are like to the tempest tossed mariner, without sail, oar, or compass, battling the mountain billows. They are like him, contending against the mighty power of truth, which power, with your aid shall stretch far and wide, till it softly embraces them, and they peacefully float along, scarce conscious of the giant strength which bears them into the bosom of a Father's unbounded love,—into the ocean of eternal progress.

* See latter part of the next Message, which in point of time was delivered previously to this.

THE CALVINISTIC CLERGYMAN'S SPIRITUAL RE-CANTATION.

From the spirit of REV. JOHN THOMPSON.

This Message purports to emanate from the former pastor of the Orthodox Cong. Church of Winchester, N. H. Those who were acquainted with him say that it has very much of his style about it, and it claims to be a retraction of the heathenish dogmas which he proclaimed, under the name of Christianity, when on earth.

MESSAGE NINETEENTH.

I come again, and see that what I desire to say to you will be received in the spirit of true christian love and progress. I have before this spoken to you; yet I cannot impart to you the one half of that which I would tell you, nor can I, in brief space eradicate or explain all my past errors. But I come with true joy, to bear testimony to the truth as it is in Heaven. I am the more desirous to speak that I may bear witness to those errors, which I entertained while sojourning in the earthly form. But, most of all, do I wish to say to those, who were my people, that the doctrine—the faith and creed which I upheld—which I taught, and in which I believed, when I passed to the spirit land, did not accord with things as they are in Heaven. And, could I again return to the earthly form, or, could I again address myself to the material senses of my wandering flock, my teachings should be a perfect contrast of those fearful doctrines of retributive judgement and condemnation, which once emanated from my lips. Could I again return, in material form, to your midst, I would sweep into oblivion those hideous forms of error and direful judgment with which I thought to gain the salvation of the human soul. I taught many things which I would now revoke. I taught that one's salvation, or, change of heart might be *instantaneous*; which is an error. I taught that one might pass from the lowest regions of sin and despair, immediately to the full sunlight of celestial love. This is error. It is a work which may be commenced instantly; yet is it a work of progress which will require ages of eternity to accomplish. The salvation of one's soul is ceasing to do evil and learning to do good.

I taught my charge to worship God for fear of His wrath. I

taught them to worship him for fear of a dreadful judgement. I taught them to serve him because his eye was ever upon them, and he would punish them for neglect, by casting them into a fiery Hell ; and I now come to correct those errors—to tell you that fear is not in harmony with love. We all join in proclaiming that “ God is Love,” and fear has no harmony with love. And what is not harmonious cannot be of God, or Heaven. That day of fearful judgment which is so firmly believed—which shed a dark and chilling shadow around so many hearts—that direful day accompanies them in every hour of their progressive existence. It is the judgment of cause and effect, corresponding to the fixed and immutable laws of God, instead of a fiery Hell prepared for the devil and his angels. This hideous form of judgment, or damnation, I taught my people to be a characteristic of our Merciful God. I taught them that, for long ages of eternity he would, with pleasure, behold his children rolling and shrieking mid the fiery elements of his wrath, thereby robbing him of those holy attributes of love and Mercy ; making him to appear incapable of that love and sympathy which I, myself, felt for them. Making the creature more merciful than the Creator.

I taught them that in a great book, at God’s right hand, was kept, by his recording angel, their solemn account of good or evil ; and that, at some far off day of judgment, their account would be reckoned and the final result would stand thus.—Death and Hell, or Life Eternal. And I now tell them that that great book is *with them*. Its pages are *in their own souls*, and they are, *themselves*, the keepers. It is their developements for good or evil which will not permit them greater enjoyment, let them be in spiritual or material state, than they deserve. In short, I taught many errors, great errors. I taught all that terror could suggest to warn mankind from that Hell which ignorance, error, superstition, creed and theology had formed. So many and so vast—so perfectly inconsistent were my teachings, that I do not deem it worth this precious opportunity to enumerate them all. It is chilling and fearful for me now—yes, fearful to my spirit, to look back upon my work of wrong ; yet, with a heart, soul and spirit overflowing with joy and gladness for this glorious gift from an all-merciful God, whereby I may retract my errors and proclaim the truth, I come to communicate to my kindred brother man. And

I now tell you that in the teachings of endless misery—of eternal woe—of a fiery Hell—of a day of future judgment—of God's eternal damnation to a part of his household—in those teachings there is not a shadow of truth. No, not a shadow! I now, from a personal knowledge of the truth as it is in Heaven, with joy unbounded, declare to you, that those teachings are false; *false*;—yes, false and fatal too! fatal to a true love of God—a true conception of His mercy, wisdom and goodness—His forgiveness and long-suffering. And, O, my people, will you not listen—will you not hear, when I come, so holy in purpose, and would so sweetly tell you of the glad tidings of great joy. Will you not hear me—will you not believe me? For the veil has fallen, and I behold the truth as it is in Heaven. The scales are fallen from mine eyes, and O, how sweetly broke the light of *all redeeming* love, upon my blinded mind; and now, oh, mankind, O, ye wanderers in darkness; will you not give heed! Will you not believe me when I tell you,—this is a voice from Heaven? It is a voice which shall grow deeper and deeper, stronger and still more strong—mighty and far more mighty. It is a voice which all your creeds and bigotry—your scoffs and ridicule—your superstition and ignorance, cannot resist. It is a voice which shall overthrow all the man-made theories which error has ever invented. Yes! My brothers, and it is a voice which shall regenerate the world.

Then will you not listen while angel-whispers of Heavenly love descend gently into the silent chambers of your souls? Will you not listen, yea, and give heed, and believe, when we tell you that praising God, consists not in formal ceremony, but, in the gentle, cheerful, winning smile, the kind and tender word, the soothing act of kindness and love to thy brother man. Will you not believe when I say to you, that we are all members of one great household, and God, the Father Infinite. Will you not give heed, that you live in the bonds of love. Yes, that you live in the *bonds of brotherly love*; and in unity of heart and principle; for this our work. This is the mission of angels. It is the work of those who slumber not in their mission of love. They have undertaken the work of earth's redemption, and error, with all her darkness, ignorance, scepticism, sectarianism and superstition—her fearful dogmas and false theologies, hath not power to with-

stand this Heaven-sent influence. It is not for the purpose of disturbing the sensitive minds of those who were educated in error, that we come; but to hold up to their view, in such a manner as they shall see, the loathsomeness of those dogmas, in which they employ that engine of a fearful Hell, as an incentive whereby to enforce their superstitious authority.

Spirits more advanced than myself, saw the necessity of immediate action in this place, and availing themselves of the untiring diligence of a fond and noble parent,* these silent ministers of mercy have been at work. They have done much to remove the darkness from your minds. But, greater, far greater, is the work, which, with your aid, we shall accomplish. We are always, some one of us, around you, and there is not one of you here who has not been influenced by the silent watchfulness—the watchful love of some guardian spirit. More 'are being drawn to your midst. Then O, ye helpers—ye who see the light from my bright home, do let me impress it upon your minds how much, how very much, depends upon you each, individually, and unitedly. Be active, be energetic, be persevering and untiring; for the night is far spent and the day is at hand.

Though some have seemingly enveloped themselves anew in the robes of error, ignorance and darkness, yet I say, to you, "Fear not!" Brighter will be the light to them as they catch the first glimmering ray. Look to your own ways, alone, for everywhere around you are mankind coming forth and making the enquiry "From whence cometh this light?" The free born soul of man will yet rise, and, disdaining the iron fetters of false, man-made creed, will proudly shake off those shackles and spurn them disdainfully, from his presence. The darkness and ignorance which have accumulated—which I, myself wrought sedulously to uphold—which have so long hung like a funeral pall over you, is slowly and, with silent mutterings, surely retiring, and those who are now its teachers, will ere long blush to own it.

Then brethren, be firm in love and good will to one another, to all. Cast your thoughts far around you on every side. Behold the vastness—the importance of your work. Do let the spirit of forgiveness—of brotherly love and kindness, govern you in every

* The father-in-law of the medium, a spirit alluded to in previous messages.

word, thought and action, remembering that each deed leaves its impress upon the immortal soul.

Then call forth your noblest, your holiest, your purest and most godlike natures, doing all that you can, to aid us in this work of human redemption. See to it, (he smiles,) that your "Beacon Light" be as a lighthouse to the tempest tossed upon the waves of fearful error and false theology. Let it attract and guide them to the port of light, love and progressive wisdom. And O, ye co-workers with us, the toilers of heaven, strive to maintain our spirit of peace and harmony. Be ye faithful to one another, speaking, and thinking no evil, one of another; bearing patiently with the infirmities of your brother man. Let the knowledge which we give unto you, shine forth unobscured by earthly wrangling or discord. See to it that you prove worthy of the exalted name given you. Let each act and word be, itself, a "Beacon Light." So shall those glittering gems of love and truth bedeck your crowns of immortal life.

And, now, ye helpers, I bid you bear this light to my flock. Tell them *it is* from me. I would have spoken to them through mediums of corresponding views with theirs; but for the time being, only for the time being—have they thwarted our purpose. What they will not receive in their midst, must come outside of them. Tell them I bid them doubt no longer, but go to work and strictly analyze their long cherished doctrines. Compare them with every goodness of God as spread out in Nature before them. His gifts reach not only the just, but the unjust. Tell them to stretch forth their arms, ready to receive the whole human brotherhood. For, swift on the wings of angel love, is being borne to earth, the truth. Tell them to receive these renovating assurances of divine love—these heart garlands, so fragrant with the blossoms of undying affection—these messages of angelic worth, so radiant with the gems of truth. Tell them to drink *deep* from the sparkling streams of spirit love, which issues fresh from the fount of blessedness. Tell them to receive and appreciate those tokens of inexhaustable love and forbearance that their sight may become clearer to discern the glories of immortality.

I will, myself, ask them—Will you not, oh, my people, receive

the heaven-born truths which ministering spirits, come, gently gliding through the etherial groves of yon azure canopy—come with noiseless tread and winning sweetness, to breathe into your hearts? Will you not have a knowledge—a truth—a faith, rooted and grounded in love? Or will you reject the proffered gift of angels! The gift which has cost the unabated labor of ages.

I say, will you accept and appreciate this gift; or will you reject it, and still grovel mid darkness and error, and shrink from the truth and light of heaven.

If you will not give heed and accept this light,—this gift, then never again give utterance to that holy prayer of, Father, “thy will be done on Earth as it is done in Heaven!”

If you will not, yourselves, open your hearts to receive the whole human brotherhood, thereby developing the spirit of love in yourselves.—Yourselves commencing the great fundamental essential principles of God’s love and God’s will upon earth, then never again utter that prayer; for ’tis nought save a hypocritical form—a ceremony—a wordy invocation which finds no sympathy with the glorified spirits of the upper spheres. But oh, my people, I will beg of you, listen to my voice, and through me the voice of God. Listen to your loved ones of the spirit band. Give heed and investigate; for we come to tell you of the home of the immortal soul, where every breath which sweeps the spirit lyre, is harmony and love. Then listen to us, and have a *living faith*. Obey us when we bid you be ONE even as *Christ and the Father are one*. Be one in unity and love.

And again, O, my flock, I bid you investigate! Be thankful and glorify God for this light. Join in the full work—in the glad shout of *all* redeeming and progressive love. And we, who have passed the golden portals of eternal day, will, waiting, catch the soft sounding Anthem, and bear it high through the mighty spheres which circle the everlasting concave of Him who is Father of all—to angels who will prolong the silvery note, till the celestials, descending, catch the thrilling extacy of love, and strike anew their sweet sounding lyres—till the flaming armies of cherubic joy, mingling their strains, shall give back the full-toned diapason of sublimest melody in—*Glory to God who hath given us power over ignorance, darkness and error!*

PART IV.

THE FATHER'S LEGACY; QUICK TIME, MARCH, &c.

THE FATHER'S LEGACY.

From the spirit of SILAS FRENCH.

This Message, and the two shorter ones that follow, are published separately from the rest, because they refer to things of a general interest, which are alluded to throughout the Book.

"The Father's Legacy," which is first in order, is from the Medium's husband's father, the "noble spirit" who is so frequently referred to, in the various messages throughout the Book, and who has for years, been striving to develop the medium and to bring her into connection with the purer and brighter spirits of the higher spheres. He left his children no worldly patrimony, when he passed away from earth, and hence he entitles the blessing of spirit communion which he has brought them, with its accompanying gift of "Good will to men," *his legacy*: and no bequest could be more invaluable.

MESSAGE.

I have labored earnestly, my children—my brothers—in this cause. I have sought, by every endeavor, to teach you—to make you fully aware that there is a home—a house of many mansions, which is "eternal and in the Heavens," awaiting you. I have sought to inspire you all with a certainty that "the soul liveth in Heaven;" and more than this have I done; I have come bearing to you, my children, a legacy of priceless worth,—that ye stumble not, come I. The legacy which I bring, is pure and holy—it is heavenly, my children; and supremely bright. Then take it and place it within your hearts—it is this, "GOOD WILL TO ALL." Enshrine it there, my children. It will be a shining light to conduct you through the winding path of earth's pilgrimage. Yes, and if you place the priceless gem within your hearts—if you remove all that will tarnish and cause it to grow dim, then children will it conduct you unto the mount of love, light

and wisdom. It will lead you in the road of true spiritual progress, unto the mount of brotherly love and harmony.

This work is ours ; and the strength which has sustained your father through the trials and labors which he has encountered in preparing this gift for you—that strength will sustain us all till the work be accomplished. This tower of truth stands not alone. Fast and still faster are they rising. Sentinels are placed at every post. Watchmen there are for every tower. The towers will we arrange ; and let not neither a sentinel, nor a watchman falter. For, on these towers, firm and unwavering, united and blended, responding in brotherly sympathy, and still responding, *will we build a STRUCTURE* whose lofty dome shall reach far—far ! my children, and my brothers, up, connecting you with Heaven's bright host. The harmony of Heaven, gently descending, shall strengthen that structure, making it so firm in God's will, so perfect and complete in harmony, love and good will, (which is God's will,) that the waves of error, in all their powerful array of bigotry, superstition, selfishness, sectarianism and earthly darkness, shall not cause even a vibration, as those waves, receding, roll slowly back, having gained that light by just rebounding against the towers of true brotherly love, heavenly wisdom and harmony.

That structure I tell you—(and I know that the works of Christ failed not nor passed away, neither shall ours.) I tell you that on these towers shall be erected that structure. And, my children, will you, lifting high your hearts, respond in heavenly sympathy, with a fathers's spirit. Will you take hold of this work. Will you reward my endeavors, by being firm and unwavering, stedfast and eager in the pursuit of all that is good—holy—all that is calculated to unite and blend in harmony, for ever progressive, the whole household of our Father, God. Will you seek to raise the down-trodden of earth ?

Brothers ! we appeal to you. We call on you. Rapid is the movement now being made. We've raised the towers,—We've posted the sentinels—We have placed a watchman on each tower, and that watchman shall guard and guide the sentinels against the furious onset, which will soon be made to dethrone and thrust you from the battlements of truth. The war-cry, in fiercest characters will rage ! the war-cry of priesthood itself, will be sounded,

—in numbers harsh as earth hath ever witnessed. Yes, fierce will be the onset, but few there are whom we have chosen as our sentinels, that will falter. We have endeavored to give you assurances, such as should remove all your doubts. And not here alone, have we given those testimonies. Firm are the spirits, which will coöperate with you in this, our glorious cause. They will arouse, they are aroused; and with mutual love, shall they unite in this great work of human redemption.

Then, children, a father bids you onward. Brothers, onward! not a voice would urge you on to wrong. But, in that which is holy,—is heavenly and divine, ye need not fear. Then onward, that the pean shout of a ransomed race, may, with hearts overflowing in gladness, chant your dirge, as you slowly recede from the shores of time; and, entering on the boundless scenes of eternal life and progress, you shall, yourselves, mingling in the brighter scenes of Heaven's purity and joy behold your "Beacon Light," still shedding its beauteous rays around those who still linger behind you. Children! one thing would I with you. A father says—*To consecrate, is holy.**

* A reference is here made to the "consecrations," (so called,) of mediums, through the instrumentality of John M. Spear. The object, undoubtedly, was, to endorse those "consecrations," although in some one or two instances, circumstances, apparently trivial, were connected with them, owing, probably to the want of right conditions in the medium, or among the spectators.

QUICK TIME, MARCH.

Quick Time,—Forward March!

"Hail Columbia!" rapped out with remarkable power, and repeated with increasing volume through the entire sitting, was the first salutation which the writer of these notes, (Mr. Mandell,) had from the spirit land. I at first, could not conceive what it all meant, but, finally, concluded that it was designed, perhaps, to remind me of the presence of my Grandfather on the mother's side, who was a soldier in the Revolution. But since I found that the spirit world had been arranging for me an office and a work as a "warrior," in the "Battle of Brotherhood," and the cause of *christian freedom* for the entire race of man, (see various facts and messages throughout the book,) I begin to see what that majestic salutation of "Hail Columbia," meant. The following messages from my grandfather and father, to "march on"—to go forward, fearlessly "from conquering to conquer," *threw much light on the subject.*

GRANDFATHER'S MESSAGE.

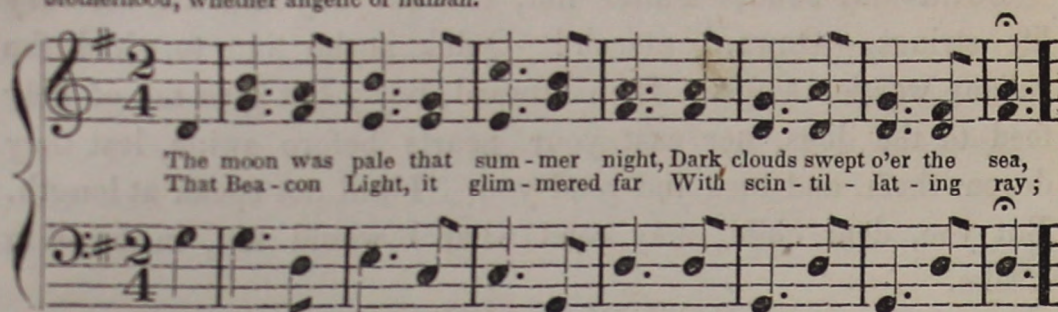
David—my child,—Falter not, though they lacerate the very life strings. Onward march! Quick is the time to which the valiant warrior steps. Then onward, boy; but give not of holy food to the dogs, nor cast your pearls before swine, lest they devour them, and turn and rend you. I will not speak at length. But you, dear child, may read what I would say, in the 37th Psalm.

FATHER'S MESSAGE.

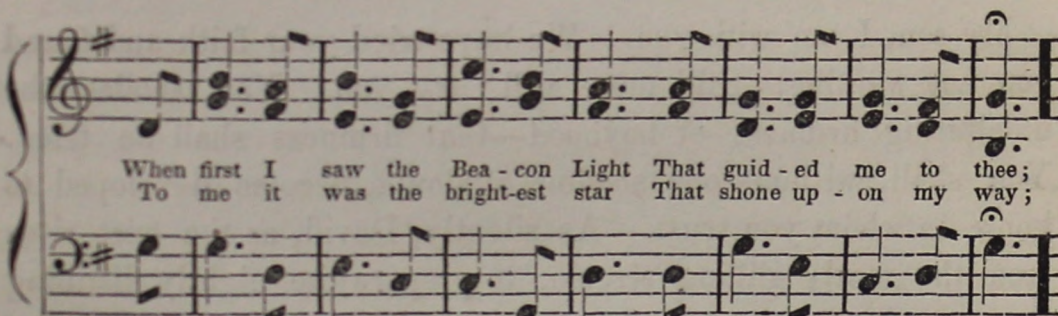
My son, I am with you. We have tried your faith and found you not wanting. Still more will I try you. You recollect the unfaltering firmness of boyhood—that firmness shall be tried. You shall, without one shadow of doubt, become developed to know in whom you trust. As silently, David, as the mist rises from the gently gliding stream, to prepare the nightly distilling dew, so silently have we (many spirits) been twining and circling around you, my dear son, the golden links of spiritual influence. Whispering in syren tones of watchful love, drawing you and leading you on to the work in which you are now engaged. We bid you call up all your most elevated powers, and trusting unwaveringly in God, we bid you—*bid you* beloved son, bear manfully the infirmities of your brother man. Keep the image of God, within you, untarnished by one blinding, blackening thought. Keep it unmarred—let it not grow dim; and thou shalt have strength to pursue thy onward way. Think not that flame of brotherly love which burns with such unwavering brightness on your spirit-shrine, is unappreciated. Think it not, though no trumpet voice of fame has sounded forth your noble mission on earth. We, the silent witnesses of Heaven, are around you; and hearts there are among you, brothers, who long for the cheering light of progressive wisdom and truth in their midst. Then, press on. You shall not be forsaken. The mission of ministering spirits to earth, was, and is, to commence a work—a harmony—a unity of soul—a household bond uniting all the children of earth in one harmonious family, that you shall bear one another's burdens as ye journey onward. That is our mission; and where we find hearts, souls, whose purity of purpose desires the will of God upon earth, there—there, my son, do we commence the work.

SONG OF THE "BEACON LIGHT."

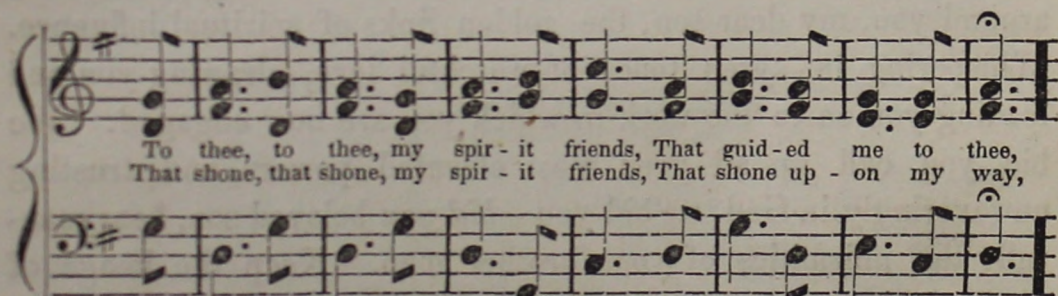
The first three verses of this song, with the exception of the spiritual chorus, are by C. H. CRISWELL, and were selected from the "*American Union*." The last three verses and the chorus, with the music, are by D. J. MANDELL, and are by him affectionately dedicated to his guardian spirit, FENELON, and to all his coadjutors in the work of human redemption and brotherhood, whether angelic or human.



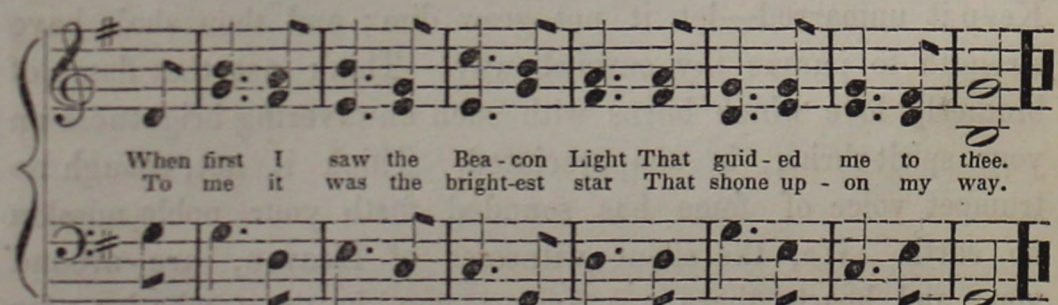
The moon was pale that sum-mer night, Dark clouds swept o'er the sea,
That Bea-con Light, it glim-mered far With scin-til-lat-ing ray;



When first I saw the Bea-con Light That guid-ed me to thee;
To me it was the bright-est star That shone up-on my way;



To thee, to thee, my spir-it friends, That guid-ed me to thee,
That shone, that shone, my spir-it friends, That shone up-on my way,



When first I saw the Bea-con Light That guid-ed me to thee.
To me it was the bright-est star That shone up-on my way.

The moon went down that summer night,
The stars grew pale to me;
But still I saw the Beacon Light
That guided me to thee;
To thee, to thee, my spirit friends,
That guided me to thee;
But still I saw the Beacon Light
That guided me to thee.

O'er boisterous waves, through storm and
That light yet cheers my way; [haze,
And nought can dim its beauteous blaze
Till glows the golden day.
The day, the day, my spirit friends,
Till glows the golden day;
And nought can dim its beauteous blaze
Till glows the golden day.

Then boldly, by this Beacon Light,
My struggling bark I'll steer,
Till o'er the world and through the night
The Sun of Love shines clear.
The Sun, the Sun, my spirit friends,
The Sun of Love shines clear;
Till o'er the world and through the night
The Sun of Love shines clear.

And when, at last, the earth doth rest
Beneath the smile of God,
Forever on in all things blest,
We'll range through his abode;
We'll range, we'll range, my spirit friends,
We'll range through his abode;
Forever on, in all things blest,
We'll range through his abode.

ERRATA. Sing the quaver, last note but one in the base, on D. (sol) instead of E. (la) as printed.

