

SPIRIT COMMUNION

A RECORD

OF

COMMUNICATIONS

From the Spirit-Spheres

WITH

INCONTESTIBLE EVIDENCE OF PERSONAL INDENTITY, PRESENTED TO
THE PUBLIC, WITH EXPLANATORY OBSERVATIONS,

BY

J. B. FERGUSON.

Nashville:

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INTRODUCTION.

THE RECORDS OF COMMUNION with the high-born spirits of another sphere, now presented in the following pages, were made for the most part, without reference to the public. We took them down as worthy of preservation among our private records, and the thought never entered into our mind that they would be spread before the reading world, till we were called upon by our Spirit-monitors to know, whether we would confine such blessed intuitions of divine wisdom and love to our narrow circle, or give them forth to relieve and elevate a common Humanity. We were called to a sense of our responsibilities and privileges by being reminded that we were in danger of undervaluing those benign influences, intended to follow man from his cradle to his grave; that the knowledge of their enjoyment by any would serve to awaken our fellow-mortals to their just appreciation of most blessed privileges, and bring them to a sense of their gifts *as men*, inherited from their God, out of which so many have been cheated by false fears and unlicensed assumptions over their Spiritual Nature; that the most hallowed influences would every where accompany and surround these evidences of Spirit-influx, awakening desires, high and holy, that cannot be satisfied short of the great ultimate of universal good promised and found in the recognition of an eternal destiny: when each shall know that God is the Universal Parent—Man the Universal Brother, and an endless Union and Felicity the Universal End of all rational intelligences. We were fully satisfied, by the most graphic and enlightened evidences, that it was not to destroy or subvert any just conception of the good, useful, or beautiful in human organizations for mutual help; not to dim any exalted recognition of virtue, or virtuous conduct that makes the man and elevates him above the brutal tendencies of a misdirected fleshly nature; but to instil within the fermentations of his thought that which shall cause it to ascend in unison with every holy desire to be benefitted and to benefit others. We believe they will aid man, every man, rationally and charitably to regard the differences between man and man, and break down the despotic sway over

human consciences, which has clouded and deadened their highest sense of right, and deprived many of recognising their true and common paternity in God. To believe that the recognition of the impress of God upon every heart, which Spirit-intercourse invariably invites, will breathe forth any thing but purity and preparative longings for the highest ends of virtuous devotion, is only to reveal, to the heart thus believing, its own traitorous enslavement to an authority that robs us of our highest aims in our estrangement from the fount of life immortal. Like seeks its like with unerring aim, and God recognised in the soul will only lead us to higher and purer knowledge of his purposes and ways.

It is not the interest of one or many we feel in presenting this work; but the interests of all. We do not publish for a class to meet their applause or parry their criticisms, but to serve and awaken all who would rather be true to their nature and their God, than dwell amid the hosannahs of thousands whose praise is as ephemeral as the promptings from whence it flows. It is not the cause or the right of one man or one family, however unspeakably favored, but the great chart of human rights that Spirit-guides seek to protect and perpetuate to all coming generations. Of this we are well assured; and our hearts beat responsive to the inspirations of so noble and glorious an object. Blessed privileges of liberty of thought and sentiment once came forth to this great American family, in all their majesty; and they have decorated our fair heritage with all it can now claim as permanent and hopeful: and it is only in the highest and most solemn exercise of these privileges we have recorded and now publish, what is here presented, believing it will challenge the admiration, and open the fondest hopes of every lover of God and man.

We can but feel—it would be inhuman if we did not deeply feel—for those who have been deprived of that immortal solace we have learned to prize so dear. Such realize no true life. They are but as signets set, to remain in fear and doubt, and perchance in hatred, for ages yet unborn. This solace has more than compensated for every unnatural opposition, unfriendly misrepresentation, physical or mental suffering, we have been called upon to bear, and it has made them as nothing to the rich repast daily spread for our longing desires. Our comfort and our strength may prove a beacon light upon the outer walls of the Temple now opening to all, in the dim distance of the future, and guide their steps amid the darkness of superstition and the countless wrongs of human assumption over the best mental gifts of humanity. And could we but bring to a single soul the joy we feel beneath these genial rays of angelic wisdom, breathing light and liberty into the darkest abodes of sorrow and injury, it would be ample compensation for all of ridicule or derision they may excite in the minds of the unfortunately servile or fearful. It is sufficient apology to any man, feeling the heart of a man, to say we realize what we present as true. We would stand before the world as a man, recognising and desiring its good. This is what we need personally; it is what all need. Do any ask, what is good? We answer, prompted by angelic wisdom, *that which gives character*. To bring forth the long-hidden treasures of the soul in any, is to bless mankind. The soul is the abode of truth, and the opening of its doors

is the freedom and glory of the world. The tainted and cumbrous inheritances of the past, found in dainty books and supercilious institutes, have invaded this sacred retreat till men almost doubt that they have souls, and quite fear to use them except at the beck of self-constituted and selfish authority. We feel that the common interests of man call for these evidences of his native birth and destiny in a Divinity that makes sacred and eternal every natural tie. We would ask, is the measure of man's standard of knowledge so high that he needs no more? We deem it amiss to present additional reasons why we present these records. The wants and necessities of our human brethren cry aloud. We offer them our measure of present supply, and know that it will return to us laden seven-fold.

This Earth—this human form—these Heavens acknowledge an Author. Were we to spend an age philosophising upon their origin, still we would be compelled to call it, God. If the infinitude of creative power placed it here, are not its laws as eternal as its existence? Is the law of Spirit-intercourse, claimed by every form of religion and government that ever honored or disgraced God's heritage of blessing to man, buried and lost? Is there an overruling Providence for good? If so, nothing can be good to us unless it be realized. O, that I had language to express the force and bearing of my own experience of this truth! I can but say, O, God! receive the thanks of a grateful heart for the privileges we enjoy. To Thee, as a token of our gratitude, we give these memorials of our privileges and hopes. Let angel-messengers whisper peace to the troubled heart whenever it ponders over the truths, that have brought to us, in all our imperfect surroundings of language and habits, the sweet consolations of another sphere. May they awaken in each, emotions that shall lead to the clear recognition of the kindred ties that bind them to the departed, and to our common paternity in God. May they help them to feel as men, created capable of recognising their greatest good. And when their God-given faculties, inherited by their birth and not dependent on the forms or ceremonies of human wisdom or infatuation, are elevated, O! then lift them to Thee, above all fear, all doubt, all grief, till by ties of kindred affinity with loved ones departed from fleshly sight, they may realize that though dwellers upon earth, they live in God and He in them!

Many objections have been urged against our investigation of Spiritualism, the most prominent of which we will notice:

I. *The communications are often contradictory.*

This is owing to the imperfect development of mediums. The mind of the medium and that of the Spirit-mind often mingle, and though the distinguishing differences are easily made by discriminating observers, the mixed communication is too often regarded as a pure Spiritual document. We have met no contradictions, though we frequently meet partial statements, that are included in more comprehensive ones. The law of progression will be found here, as everywhere, to be the law of human improvement. There is nothing more common to skeptical, or obstinate or excited minds, than to make partial observations even of the most interesting facts, and draw sweeping conclusions therefrom. We see this every day among both the friends and opponents of

Spirit-communion. Men are too apt to approach Spirits as though they were ghosts of a false imagination. When convinced of this mistake, their next approach is as if they were gods. In neither case are they prepared for just or rational conclusions. Neither the inflation of pride, nor the indifference of sensualism, can receive any truth in its symmetrical proportions. What a supercilious vanity, or a frenzied fanaticism, or a silly contempt would call a contradiction, a more teachable and candid mind would regard as a striking evidence of individuality preserved.

II. *"Spiritualism will destroy the Bible."**

This objection only reveals the lack of faith in the claims made for the Bible, on the part of those who use it. No truth in the Bible can be destroyed. Many false conceptions of its teachings will be exposed by Spiritualism, as many have been exposed by every advance of the human mind. But truth is Eternal and will out-last all blind reverence for what is superstitiously regarded as sacred and divine. The Bible is a collection of Spiritual Communications, as unequal, and as characteristically progressive as the Spiritual illuminations of our times. A false claim for them endangers our reverence for the Book more than any developments of modern Spiritualism. If He who consulted the Spirits of Moses and Elias could say, "Verily I say unto you of all born of woman there has not one arisen equal to John the Baptist, but the least in the kingdom of Heaven shall be greater than he," we may believe him, rather than those who make false claims of infallibility for the imprecations of David or the cruel laws of Moses. The example of Jesus and John in consulting Spirits is of more value upon this subject, upon the acknowledged principles of our oppo-

* Let all whose reverence for a Book—and not for the truth in that Book—hinders their acceptance of the light and consolation of Spirit-intercourse, read attentively the following Scriptures: Gen. iii. 23, 24; xviii. 1—8; xix; xxi. 17; xxviii. 12; xxxii. Exodus iii and iv. Num. xxii and xxiii. Joshua v. Judges vi. vii and xii. Psalms xvi. 10; lxxix. 2, &c. Dan. viii. 16. Isaiah vi. Luke i. 10—12, 26, 27; ii. 9, 10; xxii. 43. Acts vii. 30, 35; xii. 8, 9; xvi. 9; xxiii. 9. 1 Cor. iv. 9; vi. 3; xii. 7. 2. Cor. xii. Gal. iii. 9. Jude 9. Rev. i. 11; iv. 4—10; vii. 1—8, 9; xxii. 9; &c, &c.

Not to burthen the reader with a multiplicity of references, we would remind him that apparitions of angels were represented as having occurred at the gates of Eden; to Abraham, with whom they conversed and ate; to Isaac, Jacob, Hagar, Moses, Balaam, Joshua, Manoah, Gideon, Daniel, Isaiah, Michaiah, Zechariah, and others as recorded in the Scriptures above referred to; while in the New Testament, they announce the birth of John the Baptist, and Jesus, and attend the latter through all his history; deliver Peter from prison; carry Philip some twenty-eight miles to Azotus; protect and warn Paul; and reveal the symbols of the revelation to John. They appeared usually in human form, acknowledged themselves human; were compared to lightning and wind; guided men in ordinary as well as extraordinary affairs, while in the latter case, divine prerogatives were often claimed for them.

Apparitions of the Spirits of the dead are not confined to the Hebrew records. All ancient history is filled with them. Could we separate the real appearances from the frequently extravagant descriptions of too credulous pens, we would doubtless be able to see much that would guide us in our present investigations. But this is a work yet to be accomplished. Meanwhile the impress of God, by the agency of Spiritual intelligence, marks every page of human progress, and will continue to mark and purify it so long as men are born and die.

nents, than every law of the Levitical ritual, and surely the example of Christ may be followed without fear for *any truth*, by his professed followers and especially by those who profess to believe him "*very God*."

III. *Why do Spirits select men of no acknowledged respectability if they wish to improve RESPECTABLE society?*

Answer: Why was Jesus born in a manger; and crucified on a tree by *respectable* society? And has not God in his infinite wisdom ever shamed the false and selfish pretensions of the would-be-great by choosing the base things of this world to confound the mighty?

I do not admit the objection; regard it generally as a supercilious slander, but if true, the above is a sufficient reply. It is to me as a man, and every pure impulse of my heart, a source of unspeakable gratitude that men from every walk in life can be made, and are daily being made, the subjects as well as the objects of holiest illumination and of divine help. Many such rise up against our hypocritical pretensions to a love for all mankind, and condemn us. The highest glory of Spiritual teaching, as yet, is the light it affords to the dark ways of men, the false pretensions of churches have driven away from vernal altars.

IV. *Why do not our Clergy more generally receive its teachings?*

I cannot tell, except that as a class they have never been known to accept of any truth in science, nature or government, until after the battle that brought it into notice was fought and victory secured. There are many honorable and venerable exceptions, but as a class they are the last to move from established opinions however absurd. Neither their approval, nor ours, nor any man's is necessary to establish Spiritualism, only so far as we all may, as men, desire and obtain its benefits. "Have any of the priests believed on him?" is an old question. To all who ask it we would say, Be a man, and commune oftener with your own heart and your God, and you will cease to fear the idle vapor that has attended for ages the monotonous roar of pulpit thunder, against every truth born to bless mankind.

V. *But why are not all mediums? Why is a privilege so satisfying, an influx so inspiring, and a capacity so elevating, confined to the few?*

Answer: All are mediums. Every Spirit born of the Divine Spirit must receive, and does receive, according to the form of its genius, the measure of the powers of its attraction, adaptation, and the use made of its privileges, the influences of that perpetual inspiration, out of which as from an exhaustless fountain, flows every stream that dignifies, purifies, or elevates the individual or the race. The antagonisms of life, springing from a repression of the true instincts of the soul, sometimes almost crush, and quite cloud this divinity within, and then its capacity or privileges are unnoticed, dwarfed or encased in the hard, cold covering of vice and crime. The soul is not free. Too often is it regarded by its possessor, and treated by those who have momentary power over its manifestations, as though it were capable of but one note; and that in praise of the unnatural influences that enslave it.—When man shall regard the diatonic harmony of the scale God has impressed upon it, the dead and monotonous tones it too often utters upon all sub-

jects, will be tuned in a diapason of full, grand and infinitely varied worship and praise.

We claim nothing in the following pages but what we believe open to all. We do not believe the world rests upon our shoulders, no more than upon those of the priests who ascribe every unaccountable phenomenon to the Devil. The attractive forces that sustain all minds, may be recognised by all. A higher development of freedom and patience, will secure a higher degree of illumination than any, however we esteem it, presented in our experience. But no truth, nor true privilege can be enjoyed unless we comply with the conditions by which it would attract and fill the small or large vessels of our souls. The divine Spirit is inherent in the soul of man ; its outflow may be suppressed ; its glorious manhood dwarfed ; its purity and integrity, and its sovereignty over its external and transitory circumstances, prevented ; by its own neglect and by organized aggressions upon its inborn rights ; and thus it may for a time be spoiled of its real life, its only liberty and its sustaining happiness. We say then, confidently, that whoever lives in justice, liberty and love, amid all the varieties of human character, will see and realize every truth, and greater truths, than those presented in these pages. But where we turn the continual inspiration to love and justice into hate and iniquity, we cannot expect the soul to bloom and expand in the atmosphere of its native purity and power.

All men are mediums ; but mediumship has its degrees. The high degrees here presented, with all their attendant difficulties detailed, are intended only to inspire to still higher, as men prepare themselves for Spiritual guests.

VI. *Is it not improbable that high-born Spirits would approach their mortal Brethren through the insignificant media of "raps," "table tipping," &c., &c. ?*

Although we have witnessed most, if not all, the phenomena called physical demonstrations, yet we never regarded them as sources of reliable intelligence. To us they but indicate the presence of Spirits, and invite to that recognition of our powers of soul by which we may hold the communion they seek, in all gentle and peaceful teachings ; in bright and blessed assurances of immortality ; in the opening and refining influences our nature demands ; in expanding our perceptions and conceptions of truth and right, and thus by brightening our own Spirits make them as a clear mirror of heavenly wisdom and love.

A worthy and venerable friend at our elbow, has this moment handed us an answer to the above objection, which we subjoin as fully meeting its supposed difficulty :

"Rappings, table tipplings and other physical manifestations constitute, in some minds, grave objections to the claim made by Spiritualists that these strange and apparently silly, trifling and useless phenomena are brought about by the Spirits of men who, while in the body, were known to be grave, sober-minded, wise, and even haughty. Such idle and insignificant buffoonery and trickery are supposed to be beneath the dignity of such exalted Spirits. They would have scorned such child's play while among us. Why

then, it is asked, do they resort to such means of communing with the friends they formerly loved? Why do they not assume their known forms, walk abroad in the open face of day, and speak out, like men, their messages of Love and Wisdom?

"To such interrogatories, when my own common sense propounds them, I respond:

"Skepticism on this entire subject had rendered more than doubtful every variety of Spiritual manifestation—ghostly and divine.

"Did a departed Spirit desire to communicate with the living and make itself visible, the apparition was pronounced an optical illusion, and the ghost was laid by an emesis, a cathartic, alteratives, stimulants or opiates—or the hapless seer was laughed at and ridiculed as a silly woman, laden with antique and obsolete superstitions, and sent, by the enlightened ones, to read Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology*, and study Abercrombie's *Metaphysics*—by the vulgar he was enlightened by countless and veritable stories of Mr. Smith, who saw a ghost on a moor, all dressed in white, which, on close inspection, proved to be an old white horse; and of Mr. Jones, who followed a Spirit up once till he found it to be only a harmless old goose; and of Mr. Robinson, who verily thought that he saw a spook in the dusk of the evening, which he then and there ascertained to be a quadruped of the bovine species.

"Did the dwellers in the Spirit-land attempt to make themselves known by haunting houses, barns or other buildings, and walking about rooms, dancing, running up and down stairs, making tables crack, opening and shutting doors, and the like, the auditory testifiers to such strange noises were reminded that rats infested houses, and played wondrous pranks by night, and that their excited imagination had conjured up the rest.

"Did such men as Rev. John Wesley aver, gravely and solemnly, that he was cognizant of the fact that an old man and his aged wife had been seen, after their demise, walking together through a lane toward their former home, and enter their house; and that this apparition had been witnessed by numerous sober-minded and intelligent persons; that they had been spoken to, and instructions had been received from them touching the disposition of their former effects and affairs, Mr. Wesley was written a fanatic, and the to-be-pitied victim of an age of superstitious darkness which had passed away to return no more forever.

"Before the rising sun of science, literature and a superior knowledge of man's five-senses rationality, ghosts had been driven to the obscurity of the negro quarters, or had sought a retreat in the imperfectly developed craniums of a few of the old women of a rapidly-being-forgotten age. If they showed themselves by day, the intellectual beat their brains out with Scott's *Demonology*, and Abercrombie's *Metaphysics*, and Collier's *Phrenology*; and the multitude rehearsed anew the old horse, and goose, and cow tales. If they assailed the dull ear of night by unearthly noises, rats and moaning night-birds solved the mystery, and the ghost was laid forever and aye.

"If history was appealed to to demonstrate that the Spirits of the dead have never ceased, throughout all ages, to manifest themselves, the recorded facts of history were stultified; and the knowing ones would sagely shrug their shoulders and talk about Aladdin's lamp, witches cantering through the air on broomsticks, and people selling themselves to the Prince of darkness by a bond written in their own blood; and if the Spiritual visitations recorded in the Bible were quoted to establish the possibility and verity of intercommunion between the Spirits of the venerated dead and mortals in the body, then the age of miracles has passed by, the volume of divine revelation closed and sealed, and the gates of the Spirit-land shut and locked forever—and the man was held to be a fanatic, or an infidel, or an imposter, who dared to lend a listening ear to even the possibility of holding converse with Spiritual intelligences.

"Theologasters had long taught that the disembodied Spirit was transported to some far off locale and shut up—the saints in a magnificent city called heaven, and the sinners in a doleful dungeon called hell. All possibility of descending from the one, or ascending from the other being cut off by a Divine decree never to be relaxed.

"To attempt to convince the public by the Bible, or by history, or by the old fashioned ghost stories, that the Spirits of the dead even lived, would have but verified the saying of "him who spoke as never man spake,"—"Neither would they believe though one rose from the dead." Modern Swedenborgians had verified this fully. They had only gotten themselves laughed at and ridiculed by the multitudes of all sects, and of no sect, by their asseverations that they held intelligent converse with Moses, David, Isaiah, the Apostles, and others.

"Under these circumstances it became indispensable that our Spirit-brotherhood, if they desired to hold communion with us, should devise some new methods of making themselves known—methods that our philosophy had not fortified our elevated intellectuality against—methods that neither the doctor, the priest, the philosopher, nor "the common people" could stultify. Such are the physical phenomena that have characterised the Spirit-Rappings of the present age. Nosirums cannot reach them—perverted Bible lore they fail to appreciate—mental, moral or natural philosophy they have not studied, and vulgar prejudices fail to alarm them.—Tables, chairs, crockery, carpets and the like are not to be dosed by doctors, nor converted, nor terrified by clergymen, nor reasoned with by philosophers, nor ridiculed by any body. They do not care for drugs, nor theologies, nor rationales, nor public opinion.

"The evident, and by the Spirits avowed, object of these incipient means of making themselves known is to attract attention, to demonstrate the presence of agencies other than unintelligent matter, and to offer to all the highest forms of intellectual and moral intercommunion."^{*}

In the years 1842-3 we prosecuted, in the privacy of family relationships,

^{*} Rev. Robert Smith, of Kentucky.

thorough investigation of what was called Animal Magnetism, in which, under repeated experiments—alone and in the company of respectable witnesses—we fully established the following facts:

First. The possibility of mind acting through the outward senses of other bodies besides its own.

Second. Of its acting apart from its own and all external senses; and of holding communion with disembodied mind.

All who witnessed our experiments were fully satisfied of the truth of our first conclusion, of which they had evidence—solicited and unsought—of a nature and amount that did not admit of a question. Of the second conclusion, myself and the individual through whom our new demonstrations were made, were alone satisfied, for the evidence was of a character that did not admit of a clear or satisfactory statement. Still no sooner did the recent developments of Modern Spiritualism command the popular attention, than every witness to our happy experiments was led to say, “If these things be true, Mrs. F. (the subject of these experiments) is a medium!”

Years had passed away bringing new relations to almost every member of our social circle, and the subject had ceased, in a measure, to occupy our attention. True, I used often to find myself turning back the leaves of my memory to the wonderful developments we had witnessed, and occasionally, when oppressed by any serious event in her own history, or that of those most dear, Mrs. F. would of herself manifest a degree of intuition and precision that would always astonish and some times overwhelm our attention.

These things were spoken of only among our most intimate friends, and by some of us were regarded as promises of future unfoldings, such as we could not definitely describe. I kept a record of them which was opened to a few, or to all who by chance, or taste, claimed my attention to modern or ancient views of the laws of mind.

Under the pleasing reflections they superinduced, I wrote in my portfolio, in the year 1844, and published in the year 1849,* as follows:—“If we may be allowed an opinion, where an opinion is scarcely allowable, we would say that from the invisible world there will be such a manifestation of the saints, that the veil of flesh and sense will be rent away and the connection will be permanent. The cherubim, or “living creatures,” will appear upon the earth. The angels of God will ascend and descend as Jacob saw, and as Jesus promised, and the booths for which Peter asked on the Mount of Glory will be granted to all.”

We confess that our experience and observation so deepened and confirmed our faith in the reality and nearness of Spirit presence, that it gave a character to our ministrations that was marked by all, and led, doubtless, to the strange controversy that grew out of the denunciations of heresy and infidelity, that some ephemeral publications and irregular ministers fulminated against us; in which we openly avowed and defended the positions:

* See Christian Magazine, vol. 2, pp. 206—8, and especially 226.

1. There is a future Spiritual life to all human beings that death cannot destroy.

2. *That future Spiritual life is progressive to all souls.*

But, when the Spiritual manifestations of Rochester and other places were claiming popular attention, we were so occupied in pastoral, editorial and other duties, we passed them by for the most part, and were disposed to regard them as the minglings of fanaticism and imposture. There was one exception to this statement. When attempting, in company with a medical friend, to relieve a case of physical suffering, finding the subject in the state usually called clairvoyant, I asked her in relation to the Rochester manifestations, and received this response—"The manifestations are from Spirits, many of whom lived before the present nations of the earth existed; they are seeking access to the world by the agency of spirits recently departed. This is true and you will find it so."

This remarkable declaration did not pass from my memory; and I made a note of it among my records, but generally I attributed it to a mesmeric reflection of the mind of my friend upon that of the patient. He always protested however that I was mistaken. This was in May, 1849.

Time passed on with its changing influences, and I found myself with its every advance more and more confident of the reality of man's Spiritual relations—so much so indeed that my statements from the pulpit and the press frequently required explanations to my friends. So full, so positive, and so unmistakable were they, that the voluntary opponents to my heresies pronounced me a Spiritualist, and with the usual confidence of men who never doubt their own decisions, stated that I was in correspondence with Spiritual Mediums. This was not true in any sense in which they used the word, and accordingly I replied to their statements as follows, in the November number of the Christian Magazine:

"It is a false assumption that we are in correspondence with 'Spirit-Rappers.' If it were true, it is a matter with which he has no more to do than I have with the books of his library, or methods of his study; but as it is false, and has not even the shadow of foundation in truth, he will readily pardon us for dismissing his sapient animadversions upon what is so far beyond the plane of our observations. Both he and Mr. Campbell know more upon the subject than ever entered into our mind. They speak as if they were able to blend the most perfect accuracy of narrative with a deduction of absolute scientific principles, and give the world a religio-philosophical explanation of modern 'Spirit-Rappings.' They know its spirit-origin—its Satanic nature and Necromantic purposes, while we have never yet been favored with the slightest 'rap.' We hope to examine it, however; but as yet, have not had time. Meanwhile, we would be glad to hear all they have to say on the subject, while we commend to their attention the fact that the Art of Printing, by which they are enlightening us as to its Hadean character, was also once ascribed to Satan, as has been almost every discovery in the power of mind and the laws of matter, for many hundred years! And lest they should hear, by consulting 'mediums,' embodied or

disembodied, human or Satanic, that we also, as well as they, have been among the "Rappers," we now advise them, that up to this date, September 14th, A. D. 1853, we have not witnessed the phenomena, but hope, with their permission, in an expected visit to their more northern and knowing latitudes, in the course of a few days, to take advantage of the time to see the strange sights. Should they hear of our success, or lack of it, they will please inform their readers; but we pray them not to tell it to the Hopkinsville Elfers, nor to the Editor and correspondents of the "Christain Age."—Meanwhile, can they not favor us with the information by which we can readily find the most remarkable "mediums," and especially those by which they were convinced that "Spirit-Rapping" is of the Devil? Any information on this grave subject will be thankfully received, both by us and others, who acknowledge our ignorance of the nature of Necromancy, Witchcraft, and "Spirit-Rappings," but who desire to be ignorant no longer.

J. B. F."

From this it will be seen that we were without one solitary "demonstration" such as had been claimed for and by modern Spiritualists. But we had determined upon the investigation, and confess that we were urged on by more of hope than fear, seeing that sectarian bigotry ever ready to denounce all truth in the incipient stages of its recognition, had uttered its weak and foolish bull against "Spirit-Rapping."

I allude to these things that I may mark my own progress in the details that follow, with reference to place, time and event, and not to create any combative opposition, such as I have from the beginning avoided as alike incompatible with the claims of Humanity and Truth. My subsequent experience and observation are detailed in the following letters and communications, which we now offer to the public as an imperative duty we owe alike to Truth and Right, and to the responsibilities that grow out of privileges we regard as the highest and holiest ever granted to man.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 26, 1854.

Letters

ON SPIRITUAL INVESTIGATIONS.

"SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, OCT. 24, 1853.

MR. W. D. M. :

My Dear Friend—In accordance with my promise, I proceed to present you, in as concise a form as possible, my observations on "spiritual manifestations."

The chief object of my present visit to Ohio, outside of the desire to visit my numerous connections and friends, and some secular business that required my attention, was to secure the privilege of personal observation of these strange phenomena. Much to my disappointment, I was informed, upon my arrival, that the excitement with respect to them had died out, and that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prosecute my designs. So frequently was this fact stated to me, that I had well-nigh given over the search, when, quite unexpectedly, I introduced the subject in the house of a worthy friend, who informed me that himself and his brother were mediums.—They had not been exercised for eighteen months; had just come in from the corn harvest to pay their respects to me; and, though anxious to gratify me, evidently wished I had sought some other gratification. By persuasion, however, they consented, and we sat down seriously to the "table." We had not been seated long until we had the "raps," the "tipping of the stand," and decided charges in their nervous systems. We received, also, responses by the aid of the al-

phabet, and the name of an aged and deceased preacher-companion of mine, was spelled out. The manifesting power answering to this name gave answers to audible and mental questions, somewhat remarkable in their character, but by no means satisfactory as to the degree of intelligence in the replies. There was enough, however, to excite all my powers of inquiry, and to command my most serious attention. I had not thought of the deceased father in Israel; but having loved and honored him in the flesh, had no objection to communing with him in spirit. The afternoon, however, was wearing away, and my friends were expecting me at the house of a relative. I persuaded my friend, the best medium, to accompany me there. We opened the examination again at night, with like results. Spirits that had departed in the room we occupied were said to be present; and among many strange things revealed to us was that I myself would receive unmistakable manifestations shortly, and manifestations of some degree of palpability during the ensuing twenty-four hours. Those who witnessed the proceeding concluded that all we had seen and heard were involuntary effects produced by the medium. We retired to rest, dismissing the subject. Late in the night I awoke from a most delightful dream, when I recognized distinct "raps" upon my right shoulder and breast. Of course I was all attention. Satisfying myself that I was entirely awake, I directed mentally several questions to the rapping power, and received not very remarkable answers.

The subject was more or less dismissed from my mind, and engagements in this place and Cincinnati called me away.

On Saturday morning last, a friend in Cincinnati having procured me tickets to this place by way of Dayton—not the direct route—I was much disappointed in learning that a bridge on the way had been burned down on the night previous, and I would be compelled to reach Springfield by another route, late in the night. At once the thought occurred to me that I might spend the day in my desired investigation. But having but few acquaintances in the city, I failed to find the acknowledged mediums, and most of the day was passed in reading. I arrived in Springfield at ten o'clock at night, and found all my family were gone—save the servants at the house where I

am now writing—to Madison County—not to return for three days. As Sunday passed away, mostly in the company of a brother-in-law, a gentleman called and assured me we could have a meeting, with a medium, at night. The meeting was arranged for my room; and after tea at another house, I returned, and found quite a number gathered, and three mediums present. I mention these particulars, because there was much in this meeting that, to say the least of it, revealed remarkable coincidences. With the exception of one individual—a Methodist clergyman, formerly from Tennessee—I was a total stranger to all present. They neither knew me, nor knew of me. Some of them had come in, they scarcely knew why; and one of the mediums was a total stranger to us all, who came, as he said, under the impression that he “must come to this place to-night.” The coincidences of desire and of unexpected meeting were so remarkable, that but for my knowledge of all that had been done toward the meeting, I would have feared collusion. On this point, however, I was fully satisfied.

The meeting was opened by prayer, at the suggestion of my clerical friend. All the company were professedly religious—one of the mediums a Methodist preacher, and a majority, members of that church.

We were soon seated around a table, and joined in a good old song of Zion, as they said, to produce passivity and harmony of mind. Our clerical medium stated to us, what we had previously heard, that he was a man of embarrassing timidity in the presence of strangers, and had been so all his life. That he enjoyed spiritual communications best alone, and that in company, even when he felt the influence most powerfully, he hesitated to act. We encouraged him, and did all in our power to make him feel at ease. Soon his arm was singularly agitated, and, taking a pencil, he wrote as follows: “You (the spirits addressing him) should do your duty at all times, and under all circumstances. What if you are in the presence of strangers! You are also in the presence of heavenly messengers, who are ever ready to help and assist you. We know the state of your mind. Be passive. We will think; you must write. Say to all who see and look on, God is present by his messengers, and we wish to show that writing may be done intelligibly even by

one who is not willing to do his duty. You can not be made to write now. You are too much excited.—R. F. MILLER.”

This gentleman continued nervously agitated, occasionally wrote, but would not allow us to see his communications. He folded them up carefully and put them in his pocket, and could not be prevailed on to exhibit them. He is an amiable, timid man, of the most respectable character, universally beloved; and, though thought to be demented on this subject by some, he is Auditor of the county, and a man of information. The name to the above communication is that of his son, deceased, with whom, he says, he enjoys daily communion. He gave us his experience in the spiritual phenomena, which was strange enough, but quite a happy one.

Our stranger medium, whom we shall call Mr. S., was all the time nervously agitated. He evidently passed into the state called clairvoyant, when, in a very collected and pleasant manner, he gave us the following, which I took down from his lips:

The Spirits will speak. Mortals are too anxious. We can communicate, but our communications take the cast and coloring of the instrument's mind. The instrument can not always connect the words as we impress them; and a very slight alteration, made by the bias of their mind, causes error instead of truth. We must therefore be cautious. The “truth is mighty and will prevail.” Were we possessed of perfectly passive instruments, we could overpower all minds in the body.

At this moment another medium commenced speaking, who had responded to all said by Mr. S. We will call him Mr. L. He seemed to take up the last remark of Mr. S., and proceeded as follows, in the German language, which was translated for the benefit of all present:

Love in the heart, and a strong desire for wisdom, connected with a going out of the mind toward God, the All-good, unites all present in a chain of sympathy, by which Spirits in the body come in contact with Spirit-minds.—If supreme love of God were in you all, and reverence for his will over you, a perfect chain of sympathy would be established with you and all Spirits throughout the universe, whether in the body or out of the body. Then why will you not submit to his will in the flesh, that your progress may be increased when you leave the body? Why waste so much of your precious time and privilege? Why not progress toward the Great Center of the wisdom and the love Principle? |

We do not know every thing; nor can we do every thing. We do all that can be done with the mediums we influence. Spirits out of the body are

often not much further advanced than those in the body. Many Spirits are, also, unwilling to reach forward. But wherever they do desire to advance toward the great perfection, there are ever those who will assist them. Be cautious. Believe not every Spirit that purports to come from the Spirit-world. Believe no Spirit that bears not the impress of God's character. Spirits out of the body, as well as in it, say, "We are good enough." But you will ask, why do not Spirits out of the body make progress? Because they halt between two opinions. Hence the good Master said, "Why stand you idle at all times?" And you would not come to me, that you might have life. [Mr. L., in the natural state, can not speak German at all.]

Here Mr. L. stopped, and Mr. S. began :

Progression onward and upward! What is progression on earth, if it extend not to the Spirit-worlds? Advanced Spirits look upon mortals with sympathy and pity. They see the vital spark of immortality enter the body, to run its course upon the earth. The infant is taught by the mother, and the mind is bent—for what? For wisdom? Alas! too frequently the reverse. From the training of the mother, the child passes to the tutor; is watched vigilantly, urged on strenuously, and taught to accumulate—what? Earthly treasures. He is urged on to premature manhood; ushered into business, often with constitution destroyed by study, and worn out by vices. The paths of manhood are then strewn by thorns and brambles, and he is ushered through the world to a premature grave—and where is he? Where is the germ of eternal life given of God? It is uncultivated, undeveloped, has made no progress—and where is it? By the laws of nature it is attracted to the lower spheres, there to remain till generation after generation has been born into the earth; until some good Spirit shall be able to recall its existence, not much removed from that of the brute.

A second birth! How often the misconstruction of this word! Think ye not that the death of the body is the birth of the Spirit? Many in the body, when they are permitted to taste the fountain of the waters of life, imagine they have received the second birth. Deceive not thyself, mortal. Every time you taste these heavenly waters you are advanced in the powers of love. God is love. Heaven is love. Heaven is here. Heaven is with you. Its kingdom or rule may be within you. Harmony and love make heaven—hatred and discord, hell. Beware, therefore, of a premature birth into the Spirit-world, and wait not to depart to commence thy development and improvement.

Here Mr. L. sung us a most beautiful German song, music and poetry purporting to be composed by a German ancestor, deceased more than a hundred years, for the occasion. The ideas were certainly good—the music very good. What made it remarkable was, that all his acquaintances declared that he knew not, in his natural state, one word of German. I will give you a translation of the song as soon as I have time.

After singing, the Spirit again spoke :

The medium's mind is difficult to impress. He resists our power, owing to his fear of the criticism of superior minds, present. The thoughts he tries to express are the views and experience of many Spirits. We wish to say through him, that whenever you seek spiritual communion you should divest the mind of all prejudice, and fill it with a desire for progress in wisdom. If you come with idle curiosity, your good friends in the Spirit-world leave you to inferior Spirits, who will also have sympathy with you, and perhaps gratify you, but deceive you. It cannot be otherwise. Like loves like. With a good object Spirits every where have sympathy.

Think not that your good friends, at death, go far off. Give up the false idea. Look not to the grave. There is neither father, mother, brother, sister nor friend there. They are around you; and could they express their happiness and their interest in you, you would never look again for them in the dark grave. Your sorrow and grief would pass away.

Bear up under your lot. In every trial you have Spirit-friends who sympathise with you. Many honest men will not receive this truth, because of its simplicity. They will ask for greater manifestations. When they receive these, they will still ask for greater. But remember the weakness of our instruments, and keep good objects before you. Live right, and your eyes will be opened to heavenly visions.

Here Mr. S. said he desired to speak to me. He said :

You are often under spiritual influence. We direct you in many things. In your daily walk and private devotions, we are near you. We whisper things to you contrary to your former convictions, and we see the growth of your mind. We have led you from the beaten path, you think at times, too far. Look not back, we pray you. Fear not. Press onward and upward.

Thus they continued alternately, speaking in German and English, singing and gesticulating, till the evening had grown quite late, when what purported to be the German Spirit sang a parting hymn through the medium, bidding each of us good-night, and assuring us we would meet again.

The whole proceeding was to me strange and remarkable. I was left without doubt as to the clairvoyant power of both; but as to the *spiritual* origin, you will allow me still to suspend the expression of my opinion for a short time.

With assurances of the highest respect, believe me, dear sir, very truly, etc.,

J. B. F.

NASHVILLE, TENN., 10TH NOV., 1854.

W. D. M*.:—

My Dear Friend:—While I remained in Springfield, Ohio, during a period of six weeks, I was regularly engaged in the examination of Spiritual Phenomena, under circumstances every way favorable to a calm and candid investigation. After witnessing, what I have detailed to you in a previous letter, I requested the privilege of investigating what were denominated, "Physical Demonstrations." A meeting was immediately called for that purpose; a large company of ladies and gentlemen, of the highest respectability, were present, and a circle of skeptics and believers surrounded a large dining table, weighing, I suppose, not less than fifty pounds. My attention was directed to a little girl of some fifteen years, perhaps more, very small of her age, who was declared to be the medium of these wonderful appeals to the outward senses. I learned that she was an orphan, and a day laborer in a factory, for her own support and that of an aged grand-mother. She was well known to two of my brothers-in-law, who had accompanied me to the meeting, but who had never witnessed a Spiritual demonstration. They spoke of her kindly; said she had been in their employ; was uncultivated, but worthy of the highest commendation for industry, and kindness to an aged relative; and that they regretted to see her engaged in a work they regarded as deceptive and dangerous. She appeared awkward and timid, when introduced to the company, and evidently manifested a desire to retire from the gaze of so many strange eyes. Her confidence was soon gained, and she took her seat at the table. We had been seated but a few moments, when I discovered a sensible agitation of the table under our hands, which I was ready to ascribe to the unconscious pressure of the party, or some person in the circle. Soon, however, our little "Mary"—the only name of the medium, with which we were favored, evidently passed through a strange transforma-

* The second and third letters of this series, originally published in the "Spiritual Telegraph" of New York, have been mislaid. The facts presented in them, however, are substantially stated above.

tion, that gave regularity to her features, kindness of expression to her countenance, and exquisite grace to her general demeanor. She lifted her hands, as if to catch some invisible influence descending from above, and placed them upon the heads of several persons present, and among the rest, that of Mrs. F. Her eyes were closed, and I was impressed by her entire manner, that she was the most adroit deceiver, or was entirely unconscious of her movements. After completing this pantomimic anointing, she again placed her hands on the table, and the following effects immediately succeeded. The table was thrown suddenly from her and against the persons opposite; it was tipped down on each side and again elevated with a rapidity, almost inconceivable. Our hands were thrown above it by a power we could not appreciate, and several of the party present were made to clap their's above their heads, among whom was one of the most confirmed skeptics present—who has since become a remarkable writing medium. I prescribed several movements of the table which were made, as with the velocity of thought; and loud raps were heard under and upon it, to the astonishment of all present. This character of demonstration was carried on for some twenty or thirty minutes, when "Mary" said, Mr. M. cannot rise from his seat. We examined the gentleman referred to, and found him firmly seated, his feet and chair rivetted to the floor. Several persons, of great physical strength, attempted to remove his chair, and failed. A number of experiments of this kind were repeated and repeatedly examined, by all the scrutinizing powers, our company could command. The company seemed confounded. At length, a Mr. F., a connexion of mine, who was present and an open denouncer of Spiritualism, spoke and said: "If Mary can have that table moved without our or her hands upon it, I will believe." Of course I did not expect that this could be done. Immediately, with graceful gesture, she motioned every person from the table to a distance of not less than four feet. She seemed to examine—eyes still closed—to ascertain that neither human foot nor dress were near it. She sat down in her chair at the table, and was suddenly moved six feet from the table, her chair carried, as it were, by invisible hands. She then remarked that her chair was fastened and could not be

moved. A gentleman attempted to move it, and confirmed her statement. She ordered all to be seated and quiet, with an air of authority, that would have provoked a smile on a less serious occasion, had it not been for the true dignity of her manner. Then pointing to the table, she commanded it to "come." It moved more rapidly than any two men could have moved it, over a rough carpet, no human hand, nor any dynamic power, that we could recognize by the external senses, being near it. She commanded it back again, and it obeyed her order; when the alphabet was called, and a name, which was said to be that of her deceased mother, was distinctly rapped, each rap answering to the letters as she called them. My sceptical connection spoke out and said: "It is enough, I am convinced." I need not describe the effect upon our company, as his honest conviction was theirs, and many who were then present are now avowed believers.

I have since witnessed many similar demonstrations, at my own house and that of others, and could refer to gentlemen who, with me, have heard distinct sounds, made at our request, upon doors, furniture, the floor and ceiling of rooms; have felt them upon their own clothing and persons, and under circumstances that admitted of no doubt.

Allow me to say, however, that these physical demonstrations, we regard as intended to prove the existence and presence of Spiritual intelligences; but that we never rely upon them for satisfactory information, and they seldom occur, perhaps never, in so remarkable a manner as detailed above, when you are engaged in receiving communications through more highly developed—that is, more mentally opened—mediums. You will readily see that a table cannot be made as intelligible a mode, of moral and intellectual communion, as a human mind and its bodily vocal organs, and it should not be expected.—Much of the foolish questioning, such as "fortune telling," &c., that alas! characterise the highest standards of many human desires, we regard, as entirely unreliable and a silly abuse of a knowledge of a presence that might, were the mediums to go forward in their own development, be turned to the loftiest and holiest uses. We have found, also, that where naught else is sought than an idle past-time, in witnessing these un-

mistakable evidences of Spirit-presence, they cease to occur, or occur under such conditions as confuse those seeking them, and almost force them to go forward or abandon their efforts.

You will now allow me to sum up briefly the phenomena I have witnessed, since my investigations began :

First.—I have seen tables and other furniture moved, with and without hands ; heard distinct, and sometimes loud, raps on the ceiling, floor, and furniture of various rooms, which were changed from one locality to another, as doubts arose as to any unobserved causes, to which we would have attributed them but for the transition ; have had them upon my person, clothing, pillow, pulpit, and still have them in almost every serious hour of thought and meditation, and have them near me as I write ; and I find this experience to be that of hundreds who, with me and others, believers and skeptics, have witnessed or realized, all I here state to be true.

Second.—I have heard—in the presence of scores, whose names are at any man's command who may desire them for an honest reference—native Americans, who never spoke a word of German, discourse for hours in that tongue, in prose and poetry, in the presence of native Germans, who pronounced their addresses pure specimens of the power of their language. I see, daily, lengthy essays and books, written under what claims to be Spirit-intelligence, above, far above the capacity and culture of the instruments through whom they are written. There is scarcely a day in which I do not receive such communications ; and if a day passes without it, it is my neglect, not that of the intelligence, that seems ever ready to speak, when a proper medium can be secured. At home and abroad, in the houses of strangers and acquaintances, such mediums have described the age, appearance, time of death and the peculiarities of character of the deceased relatives of persons present, and where they could have had no acquaintance with them, and in many instances, could not have known of their existence or death. I have had meetings of mediums who knew nothing of each other, occur at my house, and elsewhere, without their knowledge, and to which they were brought from a distance of miles, and which seemed as inexplicable to them as to me, until after some effect, for their ben-

effit, was secured by their meeting, and explained by their Spirit-monitors. To prove the identity of Spirit-intelligences, communicating to me through others, they have detailed private conversations held with me during their earth-life; referred to incidents and events of which the mediums could have known nothing; described, accurately, occurrences taking place at a distance of hundreds of miles; answered questions that had been written in my private records for future investigation, months after they had passed from my active memory; stated the state of my investigations of various subjects, with the folly or wisdom, as they regarded it, of my difficulties;—leaving me, on the whole, no choice as to whether I would regard them as what they claimed to be, save that of honest conviction or the most shameless hypocrisy. Allow me to say, therefore, that there is no event of history; no fact in mental philosophy; no conclusions in logical dialectics, more fully and forcibly established, in my convictions, than the following:

I BELIEVE, I KNOW, THAT I HAVE HELD, AND NOW FREQUENTLY HOLD, COMMUNION, INTELLIGIBLE AND IMPROVING, WITH KINDRED AND ELEVATED SPIRITS, WHO HAVE PASSED FROM FLESHLY SIGHT,

You will not be surprised, therefore, at my willingness to risk reputation; the dearest ties of friendship, and prospects of earthly gain and honor, if need be, in the avowal and propagation of this faith, and the results to which it must inevitably lead. God knows, and every intimate friend on earth knows, that I would hesitate, long and seriously, to avow a faith that was doubtful in my own mind, or of doubtful influence for good in my dim foresight, where so much is apparently at stake. I think I may safely appeal to my past life as proof, that the dearest personal and earthly considerations, have often been sacrificed, where it was thought my action would affect the interests or happiness of others. Know, then, that it is from the maturest consideration of duty, and the obligation that every man owes to truth and right, and especially when truth and right are ridiculed and denounced, that I detail to you these results of a long experience and the most serious and solemn investigations of my life. Willingly, I cannot find it in my heart to disappoint a friend or injure an enemy. And with such friends, as in the Providence of God have

surrounded me: who have proved themselves true and enduring when every form of bigotry and animosity were aroused against my position, reputation and influence;—with all this pressure of enmity and friendship upon me, you must know, and all will hereafter know, that nothing but loyalty to conviction and a desire to preserve privileges I have learned to esteem above what men call life or death, could induce me to lay these facts before the world.

If it be asked what good we expect to effect by the statement of these facts, we answer, the spread of truth upon the dearest, purest and holiest relations of man, and the breaking away of the clouds that gather round the mind of man in view of death and futurity, the darkness of which can no where be more distinctly felt than in the asking of such a question. The purity, angelic loveliness and divine holiness that such a faith, if firmly based, must secure, inspires the loyal soul, as with heavenly beatitudes, in the contemplation. Its power to restrain and reform; to soften the hard heart of evil indulgence: to expose the still harder heart of bigotry and religious denunciation; to moisten the eye of criminal effrontry, which the hypocrisies of the world have made stern and fixed; to bring the strong man of selfish apathy, as a child once more in company with his brother-children, at the feet of maternal or sisterly tenderness, whose earthly bodies have long since been entombed; to keep down the unnatural separations of families beneath the manly wisdom and fatherly affection of one who claims all as his, and still needing his care; to turn the scoff of Godless ribaldry into loving faith, and the shame of pulpit curses pronounced upon *human* brethren and by *human* beings, of eternal doom, into blessings of eternal help; to make all, yes all, realize an inner-religion, which worships at the altar of eternal truth and unchangeable love. With such aims and prospects before us, to ask what is the good of general, tangible Spirit-intercourse, is to ask the good of immortality, of Heaven, and of God.

I beg leave to present you a brief reference to the character of the mediumship of the persons through whom most of the communications, that follow, were received. I believe you are personally acquainted with all, and are intimately so with

three. And, sir, it affords me high pleasure, after our long and friendly intercourse, to hail one so candid, so truth-loving and so free to express his convictions, as yourself, as a believer in Spiritual intercourse; and especially, when I remember, that this result is that of personal observation. I could mention a number of ladies and gentlemen, of the highest respectability, who, like yourself, approached the investigation with doubt and distrust, and who are now rejoicing in a faith that finds a response in every intuition of their reason, and every demand of their conscience.

Mr. CHAMPION is both a writing and a speaking medium. He was developed as a speaking medium, very unexpectedly to himself, at my house, as noticed in the communication from an Indian Chief, Sept. 25, 1854. He frequently, by interior vision, sees Spirits; is carried by them through a variety of pleasing and mournful scenes, and seems to live, for a few hours, in the magnificence of the Spirit-state. His experience in this respect would make an interesting volume. The process of death; the re-forming of the Spiritual body after its freedom; its rank and habits; its power and pleasures, are often presented before him; and the effect of beholding their serenity, harmony and elevation swell his heart with gladsome emotions, altogether inexpressible. Most of the communications from him, which I present for your examination, have been given me without solicitation, and on occasions that neither he nor I provided. They seemed accidental, but were evidently arranged by his Spirit-guides.

Mr. C. has been associated with Mr. W. W. FINN, of this city, who has the high honor of first calling his attention to the subject, and to whose zeal, and sacrifices, the cause of Spiritualism in Nashville, is more indebted than to any other man. He is himself a medium, but I have not been favored with any of his communications. For many of these, through Mr. C., I owe him a debt of obligation.

Mrs. FERGUSON is a medium for visions as well as writing. She always sees the Spirit while communicating; whether through herself or others. Frequently, while engaged in her household duties, she receives a request from some Spirit-friend to give forth a communication. In such cases, she sometimes

refuses, and again, after her duties are over, will sit down and in a few moments, pour forth the wishes of her invisible visitants. She often recognizes them while engaged in ordinary conversation with her friends; while visiting among her neighbors; at church, and on the street; and refers to such greetings, only in the sacred privacy of confiding friendship; and then with evident wonder that all do not realize their presence. She sees them come and go; marks their pleasure and disappointment, and were it not for the materialistic skepticism she meets, would, perhaps, never meet an earthly friend without calling attention to a presence near them, they may still cherish in their memory, or may have forgotten. We would delight to give you many of her visions, but have failed to secure her consent. Nothing but the highest sense of Religious duty, and that after repeated admonitions from her Spirit-monitors, could induce her to allow even this brief notice, and the use we make of the communications that follow. There are many others in our possession, which, we yet hope she will consent to give to the public.

Miss AGNES MORRISON was developed under your own observation. She has felt the retarding influence of ridicule, from those who knew nothing of the difficulties attending a development so extraordinary, and those who indulged it, now wonder why she has not advanced more rapidly. She is what we would call a pictorial medium, and presents, at times, the highest psychical and Spiritual truths under symbols most beautiful and impressive. She has never failed to convince all, who have taken the time and pains necessary to an honest investigation. She promises as much as any medium within my knowledge, and I fondly hope you will take her under your protection, and encourage her family to treat all her efforts with affectionate interest. They will be amply repaid, and through her mind will receive light from the Spirit-world, not to be dimmed by their past disappointments, or the heedlessness of committed opponents.

My daughter VIRGINIA both writes and speaks under Spirit impressions. Her manner, voice and language are graceful and appropriate in the extreme, and I only withhold her best communications because they are all connected, and will make a treatise

in themselves. We had no thought of her as a medium till we were advised of her peculiar organization and capacity, from the Spirit-world. She seems not as yet aware of her strange privileges, when in the normal state, and is more interested in what she has been writing or speaking than even the astonished listeners, who witness her happy and impressive transformations.

I hope, Sir, it is not necessary for me to say to you, that much that purports to come from the Spiritual world, we regard as the unburthening of the mind of the medium, under a Spiritual impulse indeed, but as merely preparatory to a more perfect impression from that source. When the control becomes perfect, and only then, should we expect communications, such as the controlling power, desires. Upon this subject, Spirits have frequently admonished us of what our own good sense did teach, or should have taught us. Indeed, they say, we can not imagine the insufferable sorrow they feel when misunderstood, or when their imparted knowledge is misjudged and abused. Mediums, in such cases, usually lose their privileges. A mass of undigested writing, half prose and half poetry, is often presented to the world as pure spiritual teaching, consisting of almost every form of ignorance, sectarianism and duplicity, while every person concerned, was admonished of its true nature and should have stated their admonitions to the public. It is on this account we publish many imperfect documents in the Records that follow, that the reader may see under what circumstances they are delivered, and be able, in his own progress, not to allow self-deception. We believe it will be found, that the Spiritual teaching of this age, presents a more harmonious uniformity, than can be claimed for that of any religious sect in Christendom; and, that too, in the infancy of its movement, and from every variety and diversity of temperament, culture and character of the persons, used as mediums. But while we state this undoubted truth, the difficulties represented above, should not be lost sight of, if we would go forward to the highest forms of wise and considerate discrimination. We have found that the least anxiety manifested by the persons witnessing; the most perfect quiet and composure of mind, nay I would more truthfully say, the greatest amount

of calm aspiration of mind, after the pure, the good, the eternal; the least said to the medium, in the normal state, as to what you desire, and a willingness to learn before we assume to teach and guide, are the conditions upon which we have received the most satisfactory evidences, and inspiring truths. So well satisfied are we, by every sense of our bodies and faculty of our minds, that spiritual intelligences do commune with us, that we deem every thing objectionable that would excite, or make anxious the mind of the medium, fearing, that in that anxiety, the intelligence communicating, may so mingle with the desires of the instrument, that we cannot distinguish between them. You will find no difficulty in this respect, if you will keep the mind of the medium free from anxiety, your own or that of others. In a word, we know of but one condition of perfect mediumship; a condition easily remembered but not so readily complied with. That is: we should neither aid nor resist the influence brought to bear upon the medium. We and the medium should be sufficiently free from our fleshly or personal anxiety, to be willing to receive first, and afterwards judge of what we had received. Or, I might say, you will always find that this intelligence is regulated by the laws of mind; and the conditions necessary to any and all mental improvement, must be observed; and in the exact degree of that observance, will be the degree of advancement by all concerned. We get what we seek, when we are prepared to receive it. A due consideration of the laws of the mind, and the conditions of all mental experience will satisfactorily explain all of folly or disappointment, that attends the approaches of men to this high form of intellectual and moral improvement. Let no medium suppose, that he or she can be perfect, in more than one type of development, at the same time. When you seek physical demonstrations, do not expect intellectual; or when receiving intellectual thought and love, ask not to see a table turned, or a man suspended in the air; for although the one may be seen, and the other realized, you need never expect them through the same mediumship.

To the honest objector, we would offer a suggestion. Spiritual Communication is a divine institution or appointment, or the foundation of every Religion in this land is baseless,—

The Bible is a collection of Spiritual communications, made through human angels, extending over a history of thousands of years. If its claims, in this respect, be true, Spiritual Communications must be the result of *Eternal Law*: the Law of God, respecting the unfolding and perfection of mind. We are not surprised to find, therefore, Spiritual communion marking the tablets of every age, reaching over the unsearchable Past, and antedating all reliable history. Its altars stand, or moulder, in silent eloquence, upon the hill-tops of every land. Not a sacred book of any people, that does not recognize it. Ever since death removed human beings from external vision, Spirits have returned to influence and help those left behind. Hence, we find impressible persons, through whom Spirit-messages of Wisdom and Love, have been received among all nations, and in all ages. All along the line of the Centuries, we see Spiritual light, striving to enter the institutions of the world. Avarice and selfish assumption first denounce its mediums, then flatter, and alas! too often bribe them, into the shameless purposes that characterise the superstition and tyranny of every clime. Now the den of Lions opens to a Daniel, and then he is seated among the nobles of the realm. Now, Joseph is a dreamer in prison, and then, Viceroy of mighty Egypt. Now, Paul and Barnabas are mobbed by a rabble, and then, worshipped as gods. Now, Anaxagoras is followed by the most powerful Athenians as a Philosopher, and then, persecuted and driven into exile, for impiety to the reigning divinity. Now, Socrates is honored as a Moral Philosopher, the wisest of men; then, ridiculed in a comedy, for magical arts, and then doomed to drink the hemlock. Now, Pilgrim Fathers profess inspiration to assert their rights as religious men, and then, burn witches for similar claims. "But wisdom is justified of her children," and the eternal laws of mind and matter make themselves known to all who desire to obey them. Except, sir, in periods of great and general corruption, such as have usually preceded some tremendous revolution in society, and the downfall of some world-encumbering State, whose vice has long exerted an unrestrained power, and whose hypocrisy walks unblushingly upon the high places of the earth, the mass of mankind,

never are Sadducees; never doubt of "angel or Spirit." The reasoning head, and the feeling heart, everywhere admit that our claims to the sensual world are but temporary; that we belong, essentially, to a higher world, from which we have a divine birth, and towards which, through new scenes of development, unfolding new powers of action and enjoyment, we are pressing toward that perfection and purity we call God—more in adoration than in comprehension. Our Spiritual affinities are in everything proclaimed. The order and regularity of the Universe; the wonders and beauties of Nature, find a response in every uncorrupted and cleansed heart, which utters its faith by day and by night. Faintly it is heard amid the monstrous creations of Oriental Mythology, and its light steals through the veil of error and fable, that swell the soul of the Occidental hunter and warrior. The elegant and graceful forms of Grecian art proclaim it, and the rude Pagoda of Indus hides it not beneath its gorgeous trappings. It flowed in streams of honeyed eloquence from the lips of him, for whom the city of Minerva mingled her darkest cup. It breathed from the Tusculan retreat of Cicero, and was proclaimed by Aurelius from the throne of the world. It was brought to light from the darkness of Judean superstitions, by the return of the Holy Nazarene to the vision of hundreds of his friends. It is the Wisdom of the Old Testament and the Faith of the New.

But if it still be asked, how it is possible for Spirits to return, I answer, by the same method through which they leave the world. How do they leave? Let the skeptic answer. If it be asked how can they converse, we answer, how can men converse on earth, thousands of miles apart, by an earthly Telegraph? Are we told, by the medium of Electricity? You have then our answer. And we would press the enquiry by asking, if men, by the knowledge of an Eternal Principle of Nature, can daguerreotype a human countenance upon a metallic plate, think you it must be impossible, for Spirit-friends to stamp an idea, a thought, a sentence, a book, upon a human intellect? And which is the most reasonable, to suppose that God, in the constitution of his universe, left no means of communication for his children, or that he has given to all the agencies of reciprocal approach and friendship? Yours, &c., J. B. F.

Spiritual Communications.

COMMUNICATION I.

THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF MISS AGNES MORRISON'S MIND—A SWEET-TEMPERED
GIRL OF FOURTEEN YEARS.

I see a magnificent Cathedral; enclosed by large and well-proportioned trees, arranged in avenues. A stream flows near it. Numerous crowds are thronging the avenues, having crossed the stream to reach it. They lift up their voices in lofty strains of worship and praise. A mighty man has arisen to address them. I would that I could repeat his words, but this is impossible. He seems to say: "The Spirits are mighty and will accomplish their work. We come here to worship our Universal Father. We all inherit from his unbounded goodness this happy Spirit-land. We must try and help the people in the rudimental world to do as God willeth. There are many of them who believe us not. We should not press them too strongly but give them our blissful knowledge by degrees. We will after a while have it so that all may commune with us as though they were of us. Meanwhile, we must relieve their midnight ignorance and make them better. They will then rejoice with us. There are many who go by Death to the dark Spirit-land. We are called to teach them also how to relieve their ignorance, and open their souls to holier climes. There will a time come when all will be happy together. Then will even our joy be increased.

[Supposing the scene to be intended as an allegory, I asked what was its meaning. We received a reply:]

The stream is the stream of earthly life. The Church is the Home of the Spirit. The trees are the lessons of Beauty and Wisdom. The peaceful animals that recline in the shade are the dispositions we should cherish. The teacher typifies our sources of knowledge, and the songs our felicity and triumph. If now you will listen you shall hear the song:

Beauty is a beam of light
That gathers o'er the blooming flower,
It gilds both field and mountain height——"

Here we could get no more and the medium arose.
Meryville, Ky., July 24, 1854.

COMMUNICATION II.

THROUGH AGNES.

I see a towering mount covered over by animals of all descriptions. It is festooned with vines and blooming with flowers. A broad river flows by its side and winds around its base, presenting every variety of cascade and cataract, before moving on into a wide and undulating valley. The sweetest strains of music, pour forth from myriad voices, accompanied by innumerable instruments, while hosts of happy Spirits move to the melodious notes, in offices of duty and ecstasies of love. I heard a strain which I cannot repeat, but it was something like—

Happy Spirits come away,
Why should ye stay
Where all the day
You feel life's bitter sorrow.
O, come ! let us go
Where purest blossoms grow,
And little children ever bring
Their voice of daily song;
The time shall not be long,
Come, come away !

Meryville, Ky., July 25, 1854.

AGAIN THROUGH AGNES.

I see a mighty man. He stands upon a lofty mountain and says, "Peace be unto you."

There is a time for all things. The day shall come when all shall see joy every where. Yes; joy every where.

"O'er all the lands that God has made."

No one can know the happiness you will then see. There will yet be men everywhere to teach what awaits you in the Spirit-land.

[I asked his name. She said she saw many names on rolls and flags, but could give the letters of only one, which she gave, one by one,

"PAUL THE APOSTLE."

She was not aware that the letters spelled the name till I told her. I understood this as a scene presented by her guardian Spirit for our instruction.]

Meryville, Ky., July 23, 1854.

COMMUNICATION III.

THROUGH MRS. J. B. FERGUSON.

At 12 o'clock, while a company of four persons, including Mrs. F., were conversing, she said, "If you will all leave the room, I will make a communication, from a Spirit now present, to Mr. Ferguson." I was lying down at the time, but readily consented. When alone, her countenance assumed a very happy expression and she exclaimed:

"O, that I could give you what I see, as I see it; but it is impossible. I will do the best I can to tell you what she desires to communicate."

[I did not even suspect what Spirit she referred to, and knew not till we had proceeded through most of the communication. She commenced as from the Spirit:]

I died while in the bloom of youthful womanhood. The germ was crushed within me ere it was fully opened. I desired to live much longer, and would have lived had my early training been more perfect. Say, therefore, to those who have the care of my children, Train them up so as to secure robust, healthy constitutions. From me they inherit very delicate ones. When I departed, I desired to live. But no sooner did I give up my frail tenement than a bright, happy and glorious world opened to my enraptured vision. I am now with congenial friends and relations, and am held upward toward mansions of Eternal Progression. I would not return if I could. My friends here are far more numerous and beneficial to me than the loved ones, left, but for a short time, behind. They strengthen the native nobleness of my nature, and help my strongest desire for the perfect and everlasting.

I wish to say that no earthly skill could have saved me. My frame was too frail. Cast no reflection upon any one. All was done that could be done. My time had come. No power on earth could have held me then. I see the happiness of some disturbed by an opposite thought. It is unjust and should not be indulged.

[Here the medium said, "She wishes to say more, but I cannot get it. I see the wonderful enlargement of her mind. How happy to die so pure, so noble in our purposes. The brightness dazzles me. I cannot see for brightness." Again, after a few moments she said:]

To you, O my brother, I would say, your calling is one recognized by high-born Spirits. Many, many, many Spirits surround you daily. Be true to your position, and fear not the face of misguided and time-serving mortals. I desired much to see you when dying; but could not. But no sooner did I enter the Spirit-state than I saw you and your exalted mission. Your life must continue in devotion to the true interests of mankind. Your mind will be directed day by day as your duties open.— Follow your intuitions. Consult not with flesh and blood.— Be careful, however, to discriminate between the false and the true. Could you see the bright and rewarding Future that stretches out before you, you would never fail in courage. The elevation of thought, and all the noble capacities of our nature,

that ignorance and human servility have smothered, in alas ! how many, will yet be opened to all, where all is Love. Your position will undergo some changes. No more. At another time I will say much.

[Again the medium expressed her incapacity to reflect the full spirit and words of the communication. Some minutes afterwards she resumed.]

Say to my Father and Mother, I love them devotedly.— I would communicate to them but influences hinder.

Tell my uncle WILLIAM to submit more willingly to Spiritual influences. If he will, his mind will open as he scarcely expects. He will be relieved. Tell him to love me although gone from earthly sight."

[Again the medium said a bright light overshadowed her, and she exclaimed, "How incapable I am of telling what she wishes."]

Spiritualism will comfort him. He will yet see and know what but a few years since he feared was a dream: that the immortal life is a reality. He has a noble mind. I see it now. But can communicate no more. The time is fixed when I will visit you again.

N. M. FERGUSON."

Mrs. N. M. FERGUSON died a few months since. She was an amiable woman, of good mind and pure instincts. I loved her from her childhood. In the above communication she states three facts that were not known to either the medium or myself: Tho thought of some of her friends that her disease ought to have been cured, her desire to see me when dying, and the state of her uncle's unbelief. I have since verified them.

COMMUNICATION IV.

THROUGH MR. CHAMPION.

There is much to benefit and interest you yet to come. I cannot express all I desire. The mental state of the medium will not admit of it. You have done your work faithfully and

satisfactorily, but not without a hazard of future earthly prospects. Therefore let your mind be stayed, notwithstanding the appalling stroke that bids fair to overwhelm the most cherished anticipations of future good. I can but admire the facility and felicity that has so intimately interwoven themselves around these manifestations of the Godlike in man. This great work will go on.

[Another Spirit here said, "It is so, and will result in unspeakable good."]

The eventful stream of Life is interspersed with many besetting currents, by which means we are deprived of our most earnest endeavors. These besetting currents are ever averse to all that could animate the heart.

Think it not strange that many attempts are in vain, by which means is destroyed that affinity of mind and effectiveness of influence, which would characterize these manifestations. Greater currents mingling with the smaller currents will unquestionably divert the influences thus mingling from the desired ends.

Man stands upon a broad and extended plain. The horizon may be blackened and clouded o'er with the chilly frosts of adversity. He may behold, on yonder cloud-capped peak, the chilly mantle, beneath whose folds is encased a germ immortal. When more prosperous hours shall dispel its cold-clad folds, we may behold interspersed, from base to summit, the evidences that man too plainly imprints upon the pages of his destiny. It comes forth in geniality of soul, but it comes forth from sterility.

The penetrating rays of enlightened culture may dispel and disrobe this horrid monster of its vice, ignorance and superstition, when and where we may behold man, the God of man, or God in man. But then, persons less favored of productive porportions, mainly absorb whatever is near them, in the shades of their memory to weep o'er their depravity. But when this divine plumage of Brotherly Love shall encircle all men, what shall we behold? No diversity. This manna, from Heaven's bounteous field, moves with the gentle zephyrs of Peace, not perceptible by the short comings and frailties of mankind. So is humanity. Do you apply this?" [I said, "I do not."]

One isolated expression, which may more fully display what is deemed subservient to the best and dearest interests of Humanity, we will give: That is, all tends as desired. Though apparently not as comprehensible and satisfactory as many could desire. It is not the deepest current that runs most rapidly; but upon its bosom may float the greatest burthen. It is not necessary always to express your faith.

This expression is what I have endeavored to avoid unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly. I would be understood as presenting the best and most successful mode of attack. It is not valor that always crowns the brow of the hero of many a well fought field.

Discretion places you upon a mountain, where, at every rill, man may quench his parched nature, to gather strength, to inhale at last, victories emblazoned in liquid fire, upon the azure vaults of Heaven.

We would ever advise and counsel the best and most effective means. Therefore think it not strange that we withhold an expression that might destroy that equilibrium of forces that tends to bring all to the desired end. An expression of all you know, and an undue application might not work as effectively as could be desired. No two can discern at unequal distances with the same precision. Whenever and wherever it may be essential to the great moral army of Progression, then and there shall they behold the star that shall ne'er be dimmed by the infatuation of its votaries, or the obstinacy of the enemies of Spiritualism.

Speak of moral progress, and the great ends to be attained by man; moral elevation; freedom of thought and sentiment; the light of Reason and Justice, that proclaims universal peace to all men—not circumscribed by differences immaterial or otherwise. If God created all, he is the common Parent, and mankind is one universal Brotherhood. Their heritage is one and the same—not circumscribed nor bound.

Yes; this is what we would have impressed and deeply imbibed. This is what is meant by Discretion.

[I here asked, how a murderer could be proved a Brother.]

How will you prove that humanity is frail?

When day approaches, we behold the light, whose com-

mencement bears hence, the sable mantle of night. Day has come." ["Why not proclaim it?"] You may, proclaim it when the meridian proclaims sufficient warmth and vitality to sustain the soul.

I desire to give what may be productive of that oneness of feeling and sentiment that should ever prevail where Truth ascends, as all intervenings are but the products of false imaginations.

I have desired to express, in more feeling and affectionate terms, what lays in the depths of the Future. We have re-proved; nay censured. These we should ever regard as the emblems of affection, not obscured by the passing cloud of impulse. No. But the reflective rays of candor. Not shielded by what may best suit the vitiated desires of mortals. We feel and bear a lively conception of what has transpired; and, hereafter, we can and will present all in our capacity to forward and shield in the great and indomitable struggle that is pending. These expressions, we present, not in the cold severity of ordinary acceptance. No! I would farther add:

You have doubtless observed a disavowal and a repugnance to what would tend to a reasonable acceptance. This has sprung from unseen causes; but not less essential. This must still be adhered to, to some extent. Sirs, one shadow shall encircle humanity. Still, nearer and nearer dawns the day to your vision when one and the same shall be recognized.

Truth is eternal and shall never die. Humanity must learn to wait.

The gentle dew and the spattering rain descend to invigorate and beautify God's foot-stool. One avalanche would drown all. So is man. He may bear great burdens. But greater still would crush him to the earth. I have expressed myself understandingly in order that we may ever feel, that though apparently chilly and diverse currents are interspersed, yet all tends to the desired end.

Man, though free, is not entirely the arbiter of his own desires or inclinations. Still we would not call it Destiny that rules him.

Let not your memory become dim over the sad recollections

of the Past, but contemplate the Future, whose brilliancy shall never dim its lustre by Time's besetting tide.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 5, 1854.

COMMUNICATION V.

THROUGH MRS. FERGUSON FROM THE SPIRIT OF O. P. PARKER, WHO DIED AT ST. LOUIS, MO., AUG. 5, 1854.

I died young; yes, in the morning of life. Like a fresh flower my Spirit was transplanted to a more genial clime; and I can heartily say, Glory to my Redeemer! who has provided for all the exigencies of human experience. As my hour of departure drew near, I looked inwardly and beheld three Spirits near me. They came still nearer, and O, the glory they brought to my sinking soul! My father, my grand-father and grand-mother. O, that hour! What new wonders opened to me then! They spoke me Peace as I felt the struggles of a wearying dissolution. They showed me that the time of my departure had really come. They remained with me till my Spirit was freed. With them I lingered over my dying bed and heard Mr. *** remark: "Thus died all this young man's hopes, talents and promise." I replied, prompted by my new Spirit-companions, but he did not hear me, No; all of promise I possessed is ready now to be carried where it shall have more free, and full, and happy development. And my companions took up my words and said: Where friend shall meet friend, and brother brother, and add to that ever-gathering congregation that shall yet make one long severed Brotherhood.

I remained near my body until it was interred. Then they took me, hand-in-hand, and led me to a grand enclosure planted with trees, that Heavenly eyes only can appreciate. This they called the First Sphere. The Spirits there seemed happy, but not so happy as many I have since seen. I remained here till—but we do not count time as you do—say a

very short time. Then we passed to another Sphere, where I met still larger numbers of still happier Spirits, upon a glorious stadium, hedged in with evergreens. Here bands were associated in close-bound affinity, who sang, and taught, and chanted the high notes of Knowledge and Love, and blessed each other together. Still a light of inviting brightness beckoned me higher. My three companions led me onward to the Third Sphere. We passed bright circles till we came to the Third, where I was at once met and welcomed by a number of friends. Here I was told to remain, which my inclination responded to, and my three friends left me with a sweet but short adieu. A noble-looking and benevolent one then came to me and gave me instructions, the nature of which I would love to impart to you, and I will do so when I can more accurately impress your mind. He turned my eyes backward over the Sphere we had passed, and while I was joyously contemplating my rapid way, my companions returned to carry me to still brighter and more beautiful circles—that is, more advanced. Spirits hold their places according to their advancement. They accompanied me to these circles that I might know that I had progressed in Spiritual knowledge, more than any Spirit chained to earth can imagine. There they opened up to me the sight of the Heavenly mansions. The words of my Saviour were vividly brought to my mind, and their grand Spiritual meaning was never so full before me: “In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.” When I had viewed these I was taken back again to the third circle of the Third Sphere, where I will have to remain but a short time. My companions now bid me God-speed: told me to progress, and said we four may yet inherit the same Spiritual Mansion together. They promised often to visit me and tender me their counsel. The higher ever visit the lower to encourage them to press towards the eternal, in rapid progression. Let me say to you, there can be no perfect happiness, till the whole world of Spirits shall be encircled in one band of eternal Brotherhood.

My dear Cousin: You doubt that the Spirit now communicating is your relative, and you ask for the evidence of identi-

ty. I will give it, so that you cannot doubt. Did I not tell you, before my departure, that I had triumphed over all sexual temptations? You know I told you.

[I replied, I remembered a strange conversation with him on that subject, but could not tell where or when it took place.]

It was between your house and Bosley's Spring, immediately after crossing the little bridge, as we were ascending the hill. You know what you thought. You thought it might be so, but you doubted me. I told you I had preserved a pure life. Many temptations in profligate cities and private walks had been set before me, but I triumphed over them all. I overcame and have my reward. You have desired some evidence by which to know me. I give you this and you cannot doubt that I am your cousin. If you object to the nature of the reference, remember you desired something that would remove all doubt.

I need not tell you that I love you and all connected with you. With you I had a home of Peace, such as I never had realized on earth. With you I found congenial associations, and it was like severing my heart-strings when I gave them up. You did not desire it—that I knew—but you consented because you hoped my happiness and usefulness would be promoted.

But you shall have other evidence. My books I ordered to be sold to defray my funeral expenses; but it was not done. I am afraid, too, that there will be some flaw picked in my Life Policy, and if so I wish you to order my books sold to pay my debts, and if they fail, do not fail from any delicacy of feeling, to write my Mother, and she will have all properly settled. The policy now is in the hands of Mr. HITCHCOCK.

To show you further that I am he, I will remind you of the bill you paid Mr. HOUGH. The medium, I know and you know, knows nothing of that. I disliked, in your condition, pressed as I knew you were with your own obligations, to have you add that to your many kindnesses to me. You must pay yourself.

[To this I replied, "You owe me nothing. I did no more than you would have done under like circumstances." He answered:]

Yes; it must be so. You and your children need it.—*You must have it*; and more you ought to have. You were my friend in a strange land. “A stranger and—(you sick)—you took me in.” You have won to yourself many Spirits you have similarly served in huts of wretchedness, where no eye witnessed your ready relief, and I see them hovering around you. They will ever be interested in your progression, and they long to satisfy your longing for Spiritual knowledge, and do satisfy it to some extent.

One more evidence. You remember what I said of THEODORE PARKER. You will recollect I told you often he was nearer the truth than any one. I do not think so now. As it regards his teachings, preachings and writings, I have changed. I have reviewed his works. He is too harsh in his expressions. His ideas are nearer the truth than his Spirit. He desires to head a party. Partyism is not of Christ—not of God—not of Humanity. Peace on Earth—Freedom of thought. Let all judge as they have capacity. Judge ye of Spiritual teachings and take courage.”

[“What do you think of A. J. DAVIS?” we asked.]

So far as he comes under Spiritual communion he is correct. He has great Clairvoyant powers. He has been chosen by the Spirits as a great Spiritual Teacher. No man can tell the length, and breadth, and depth of Spiritual Intercourse. He can throw himself afar off, into Spiritual communion, and return to instruct the wisest of the Human Race.

Your own views are wonderfully correct when contrasted with those around you. But your opinions will somewhat change. I often thought you more satisfactory than any teacher I had met—more than even THEODORE PARKER. Now I know it. But never, never, accept the temptations to human ambition your position will daily expose you to. It is that which brings a man to naught. Place yourself under the influence of holy Spirits. You have done right in making known your views. This brings you nearer to Spiritual power. You have placed yourself where you can do what you please in Spiritualism. Look upward and progress.

A. C——, rest assured, will receive a bigot’s reward. Partyism cannot prosper. Avarice and pride cannot. He

started a more conscientious, better man than he will end. And in so doing he will loose a part of his reward. I say a part, for I cannot see the whole.

Do you remember your dream last night. I was near you all day and tried to impress you. I wished to show you that I had no evil feelings towards *** my enemy, as you remember him to have been. No hatred, no malice, no envy here towards even the worst of mankind. Love, mercy, benevolence and charity towards all. You dreamed that *** extracted a sound tooth for you and wiped away the blood with his own kerchief, which was dark—unwilling to soil yours which was white. That tooth represented me as your friend, dear as a tooth to the body. The blood your suffering on my account. His handkerchief received it all which foreshadows an event that will come upon him and his family. Remember I have told you. Do not forget this. I have withdrawn all feeling against him and every human being. But I tell you this, that you may know it is your cousin-friend, now communicating.

To my friend, W——— M———, I would say, Let me address you as one desiring to come into close Spiritual communion with you. Did you not hear a loud rap upon your ward-robe, and on your floor on last Wednesday night? Did it not arouse you from your sleep?

I would address you as regards my indebtedness to you, but I can see you would not like it. But I have ordered my friends in St. Louis to attend to that matter. O, that I could have spoken a word to you before I departed, to tell you how your many kind favors had cheered my heart. I found you a stranger but more than a brother. I know now that you loved me because I appreciated you. I still admire your noble benevolence and charity. You, my dear sir, have cheered many a desponding heart. You have helped forward many a soul that would have wept many bitter tears in the straits of poverty. "God ever loveth a cheerful giver." Your means and advice have been contributed to build up man as man, and for so doing, already, you are repaid ten fold. Your mind and heart are clear before me. You will not thank me for saying, both are noble. Here is a word for your mother, as the medium is be-

coming fatigued. She will soon receive a communication through a departed brother—not a fleshly brother. I could say much to her. O, the joy and brightness of this land. Take courage, my good mother, (if you will allow me so to call you.) Take courage in your Spirit. Believe more in Spirit-communion. It will prove a balmly pillow to your head. [I can't see the word, said the medium. I'll spell it. She spelled—letter for letter—Benevolent heart.] There are many blessings in store for your kindnesses. Your house has been the refuge for those who needed friends. I see many an anxious Spirit-eye watching over you. You have gladdened many a heart, that has entered our happy land and they await your coming. Again I say, Take courage! Believe and progress in Spiritual knowledge. This thou lackest. I do not mean that thou lackest Religion but the bright proofs of its goodness and glory. You doubt. You sometimes fear, almost to trembling. Be calm; be hopeful, and you will feel the Spirits of the departed are interested in your highest welfare. To you, my sister-mother, a word more. I see you sometimes think your days are well-nigh numbered. But I also see there is work yet for you to do. The world cannot give you up. How could it give up one so useful, and one who will take delight in doing what must soon be done, by all, who love truth more than the praise of the ignorant and misguided.

VIRGINIA will yet be a remarkable medium. But you must expect most from her in your own house. Her soul is pure and hopeful. She needs Spiritual training. Her Spirit is easily impressed. Her pure nature will be used for Spiritual instructions that will confound all unbelief.

I have many things to say to my sister-cousin. But you must wait. Keep her mind in training. Many visions are opened to her, but she is hindered by thinking them her own imagination. This stops her progress. When alone, we try to impress her. But we find her constitution too frail to bear much at this time. O, the brightness of this glorious abode! Your weak imagination could neither imagine nor anticipate what you often see. Why shrink and startle at the approach of Death? It is as though our Spirits were advancing from a dark and gloomy dungeon into the glorious sunshine. Do

not sorrow for my early departure. Bright, bright is my future.

But before I close this, I must say to those I have left behind, God has designed us for longer life than I lived. Violations of the laws of Nature; inherited disease from our parents, brings upon man premature death. God does not will it, as many suppose. But he provides for it when it must follow. By living longer on earth we would make much more rapid advances in this state. That is, our experiences on earth would help us readily to appreciate what otherwise we have to be taught. This, I say, therefore, "Be prudent. Live out all your days."

I will ever visit and love my earth-friends. Love and cherish me, and I can commune with you more easily. Never forget your Spirit-friends; for in so doing you will lose their influence. I see my presence will be appreciated. Therefore I can take possession of those who will place themselves under and desire a Spiritual communion.

And now have your minds open for a brighter day, when all mankind will receive Spiritual light, leading to the union of nations and individuals, both for this life and the one to come. *More Union* is the cry of the Spirits—*MORE UNION*. How deficient are all Christian bodies in a rational and an improving union. When now I view them from my Spirit-home, my soul almost sinks within me at the shameless hypocrisy of their professed love for all mankind. "Put down the Heresy," is their foolish and often brutal cry. They know not what they call Heresy. If they did they would cry, "Build it up! Build it up!!"

The medium is fatigued and I must not weary her. By so doing I might injure her health. Adieu! Adieu!! my dear Cousin. Preach! but I can say no more. Peace! Peace!!

Meryville, Ky., Aug. 6, 1854.

[Truth and candor require me to state that the evidence of identity, presented by the above communication, was overwhelming. At the time it was received the only account we had respecting his death was a brief telegraphic despatch.—We have since had every particular confirmed, and I will also add that his statement respecting my privileges in Spiritual-

ism, which at the time I did not and could not understand, is now literal truth, as scarcely a day has since passed, in which I have not received, from every variety of mediumship, clear and inspiring Spirit-communications, enabling me to bear an amount of care, and perform labors, I would then have regarded insupportable.

His Life Policy, to which he refers, was, from some neglect, without an endorsement of the payment of his premiums, which fact was not known to any of us till six weeks after his death. It was allowed, however, by the generous justice of the Company, without difficulty; and without the knowledge, on their part, of this fact.

At the time Mr. P. gave us the Spiritual communication, I supposed the Policy to be in the hands of Mr. W. MERIWETHER, of Ky., for whose security it was issued. In the last conversation with respect to it with Mr. P. in life, he informed me it was his intention to leave it with Mr. M., and, on his way to St. Louis, he stopped in Kentucky for that purpose. I mention these facts, and leave them to make their impression, which no honest mind can resist.

It should, also, be stated, that at the same moment, upon my return to Nashville from Kentucky, where the above was received, some eleven days after the death of Mr. P., when I handed it to Mr. M. C. C. Church, he handed me letters from St. Louis, detailing the circumstances of his death, and the state of his effects, confirming the particulars given from the Spirit-world. Of course no language could express our gratification at the incontrovertible evidence of the reality of our intercourse with the Spirit of our worthy relative. There are no less than eleven distinct particulars stated in the communication, which could not have been stated, under the circumstances, by any other than the Spirit of our cousin-friend.]

COMMUNICATION VI.

Present, Mr. M. C. C. Church, Mr. H. B. Champion, Mrs. Ferguson, daughter Virginia, and self.

This meeting had been appointed by the Spirit of Dr. C. MERIWETHER, through Virginia.

To a settled impression, not expressed however, upon my mind, that our company were not harmonious, each medium resisting the influence, hoping the other would yield to it, and feeling that the heat of the room was too great to proceed, Mr. CHAMPION wrote.

Not at all. We will give you what is deemed necessary for this occasion.

I cannot express the degree of pleasure it affords me to be present with you this evening. It is said where only a few are gathered together, there shall go forth reflections not measured by time or space. Who shall tell the application of the truth. It stands not in the dim distance of the future. It will soon be robed in the redolent splendor of its own nature before the eyes of all mankind.

I would desire to be free in the expression of thought and sentiment, and renew those kindred affinities that ever exist where true happiness entwines itself around the tendrils of early years. But this can only be realized in death, whose sweet embrace acknowledges one kindred in all; not bereft of the sweet consolations of ministering angel-friends.

I have often desired to communicate with you all, in our far-off home, in language whose gentle cadence would steal sweetly over your hearts; not in tones of reproach, nor in solemn mocking to the ends to be obtained by all.

Affectionate Sister: Hear a word from an ardently devoted brother. I come to invite both one and all to the fairer abodes, not made by man, but decorated with the great moral precepts that illuminate the dark and dreary wastes of Time! I cannot say all you would desire. But remember, affectionately, the impressive lesson, that in Life we are in Death; and know that Death is no chilly monster to tighten the cords that sever our

most cherished anticipations of the Future. Oh! no. In the semblance of love and purity we may behold fairer estates in which we shall yet recognize that oneness of feeling and sentiment that should ever connect us with our equals and fellows. Not in earth, nor beyond it merely, but throughout that endless destiny that awaits all living.

No metamorphosis of the human heart can be so distorted as to present that loathsome aspect which prevents our beholding death as the connection with higher and brighter prospects. In Life, we say, Death. There is no death; no such hypothesis; no such reasonable definition or construction. It belongs not to man to die. When we behold the rising sun, shall we anticipate darkness? No! It is averse to every recognized principle of existence.

But I cannot now express fully what I desire. I cannot with that vividness that would mark distinctly my meaning. In the dark and lonely hours of solitude, when Nature speaks within the breast; that frail tenement in which the mortal recognizes that existence that bears us on to what we are wont to contemplate as the immense and immeasurable adaptation to the longings of the humanity, we all bear in the form, we little think that kindred affinities, unbounded by time and unmeasured by space, waft our dearest thoughts to realms more pure, whose shrill notes are heard beneath the parting embrace of time and the separations of loved ones on earth.

I would communicate much, but circumstances and time forbid. Rest assured these visitations are not in vain. They come from one who sympathises and feels for the lot of those whose kindred affinities ever beat in responsive throbs. Therefore, I would say, Adieu! more again!

JAMES MARK, JR.

[Mr. MARK, the brother of Mrs. FERGUSON, died two years since, in Madison county, Ohio. He once resided as a boy in our family, and all were much attached to him. Mr. C. did not know that Mrs. F. had a brother living or dead.]

We held a very interesting conversation upon the above; in which our most delicate thoughts, as to its purpose and meaning, were responded to; but the responses should not be recorded with pen and ink.]

It was then asked—

1. Does it injure Mrs. F. to write?

Answer.—Not much. She is constitutionally susceptible to impression. The effects upon her may be visible but not permanent.

2. What would aid her to come more fully under your influence?

Ans.—Quiet and repose are the greatest essentials. Influences from others in the circle are detrimental to her health; but even these can be made available. By centering the electrical current, in those more susceptible of spiritual influx, which may be done by any conductor of electricity diagonally placed, so as to form the positive and negative in every instance; her health would be promoted.

[The Spirit of Dr. CHANNING then addressed me.]

You need, sir, composure of mind, if you would have all your wishes gratified. You need it unmistakably. Quietude of mind, under any and all events that present themselves to your mature deliberation. Man can only realize the pure and native elements of his soul when it is abstracted from the grosser elements of his body. All communication should be free. Never restrained, nor forced, as undue evidence of this still marks and mars our most cherished desires. In this they fail to appeal to the understanding in a manner that would be productive of the greatest good. When we are abstracted from the grosser considerations of life, we are well prepared to entertain those spiritual affinities, that ever urge us on to higher and nobler ends. Man is the arbiter of his own desires, and not unfrequently precipitates his noblest treasures. Spiritual communion is born of God, and is as legitimate as the breath we breathe. Because the diamond may be obscured it does not detract from its brilliancy. Its nativity is the clodded earth, and once beheld, it decks the soul in living fire to illuminate the pathway of life.

W. E. C.

August 24th, 1854.

[This address was exceedingly appropriate, and its admonitions will be found of great service to any who seek the higher forms of Spiritual Intercourse.]

COMMUNICATION VII.

THROUGH MRS. FERGUSON.

How we desire to communicate with you, but we find the mind of the medium hard to impress. Did I not say to you in life I would come to you again? I will be with you and your house. I have just come from a large assembly of Spirits. We meet in immense congregations. We, ourselves, undergo spiritual training, as much necessary as physical training, in your sphere. But our advancement is much more rapid than you can possibly imagine. We desire to come near and communicate this morning, as it regards our spirit-home. Its brightness, beauty, and glory transcend the loftiest earthly imagination. But I cannot impress your mind so as to attempt a description. We are constantly urged by the higher Spirits to press onward. The lower seldom desire to visit the higher. I have again received a visit from my three companions. They have opened to me many mysteries. They have carried me to those moving congregations, referred to above, where we receive necessary instruction. Here, I see many, advancing with great rapidity, while others remain almost stationary. Still all advancement is more rapid here than with you.

I would present to you a shoreless ocean—but I cannot impress you.

Could my relatives view each other as I view them from my spirit-home, they would soon learn to meet in love, and the more advanced would instruct the less advanced, and all feel pure sympathy together. I would speak to them all, Peace! Comfort!! and Progression!!! They must be true to each other, or they cannot inherit the higher spheres together. I refer now to my relatives in New York.

How many a rude savage have I met here, whose condition is far more advanced, than many, who made large boasts of their position and advantages in your sphere. We are advanced here according to the use we have made of our opportunities yonder. Do not forget this intuitive principle.

Once more I will attempt a description. You see an im-

mense temple. It is the antitype of all that is good and great in your life. But the sight confuses you. I will desist.

My duty will be to visit the lower spheres, and help others upward. It is my inclination and pleasure, and in so doing, I will advance my own Spirit. But without more harmony in your mind, I can say but few words more. The letter you received from my mother yesterday, prevented my communicating further. I did not like it. It manifested too much anxiety for my worldly effects. I hope you know how to apologize for it, when you remember the situation and troubles of my mother. I do not desire her to settle my business. She cannot attend to it as I wish. I have matters in St. Louis that you would appreciate, but she will not, without your aid.

[Here there was a manifest desire to say more, but the medium said her own thoughts were too active to allow him to proceed. We paused awhile, and I asked the following questions:

1. "Do you believe in the Christian Religion?"

Answer.—What, my dear sir, is the Christian Religion? It is a poor Religion for humanity, that frail, selfish mortals have exhibited, for nearly two thousand years. It is on account of a failure to understand and apply the eternal truths of Religion, that Spirits are now engaged, so unanimously, in giving forth their divine teachings. Rest assured, the day is at hand when all shall receive spiritual light.

2. "Do you believe in the Divinity of Christ?"

Answer.—He was Divine as a Teacher.

3. "Do you believe in the Atonement?"

Answer.—I do not.

4. "Do you believe in a personal Devil?"

Answer.—No. But there are many devils.

5. "What do you mean by Devils?"

Answer.—Misguided men, who make their nature antagonistic to its proper elements and purposes.

6. "Have you not met Orthodox Divines?"

Answer.—Many. Many of them, too, are far above me many below. Their elevation has grown out of their sincerity, not their orthodoxy. As they have improved their talents, so have they and all advanced.

7. "What ought to be done with such men as * * and * * *,"

&c."—[Men who had manifested a very bitter opposition to our progress.]

Answer.—Let them alone. Nothing can be done for them now. Their characters are too corrupt. It was of such men I drew the comparison between the Savage and the professed Christian. They violate, knowingly, almost every law of their nature. O! such conduct. It grieves me to see it.

8. "Can they succeed?"

Answer.—No. Their day is short; much shorter than they expect.

9. "Can I do them good?"

Answer.—My Dear Sir, they would crucify you if they could. They can hinder you from benefiting some whose minds you might have elevated to pure aspirations. This is all they can do.

10. "Would you have me stay in Nashville?"

Answer.—Mr. CHAMPION will tell you.

11. "Would you have me make my New England tour?"

Answer. Do so by all means, were it not for the peculiar situation of your church, and the people who attend it. Better not till next year. Your enemies will do all in their power in your absence. Remember they are birds of night. You have no idea how active they become when you are absent but for a few days. You should remain another year, and you will be able to go wherever your inclination and the higher spirits direct. If you leave, the Church will certainly go down.

Now they say of you, "He has gone to Spirit Rapping." But, sir, the very thought makes them tremble. All their persecution will do good. It builds up all who know the truth in spiritual power.

Peace be with you. All is well. We will guide, comfort and protect.

Look at a small whirl-wind, rapidly passing round and round, gathering up a few sticks and much dust. Notice, all falls to the ground. So with the movement of your enemies. They cannot harm where angels protect.

Commune often with the Spirits. Place yourself under direct spiritual influence. Read and meditate upon spiritual things.

The medium now can write what I wish. I wish to console my mother. I will give a communication for her.

O. P. PARKER.

[Here we received a very appropriate and beautiful letter to his mother, which was sent as he directed. It detailed an incident in his and her life, by which to prove to her his identity. I have not heard from her in reply.]

August 24th, 1854.

COMMUNICATION VIII.

THROUGH MRS. FERGUSON.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—This is the first time I have endeavored to give you a written communication since my departure. I have been trying to impress the medium freely this morning, both as it regards earthly and spiritual progression, but I can give you but a short communication, which I intend merely as an introduction. I promised you in life to come to you and make myself known. I will do so and address you as it regards my earth-life, but not fully now.

Let me tell you we must live so as to be able to communicate with the departed at any time. Our presence must be appreciated, or we can impress but little. I have been with you frequently, and have endeavored to make myself known by raps.

In the midst of Life we are surrounded by many cares and perplexities. It is necessary to unite our affections to a more perfect knowledge of pure and spiritual things. Our cares teach us that the things of this life are frail, and must, therefore, pass away. They show us the importance of being devoted there, as much as possible to spiritual things. Therefore, make use of the high and noble privileges granted to you and yours.

Our next communication will relate to how we should live in your life, so as to inherit the high and noble teachings of ours. Let me assure you, that the one now communicating, has gone

through many reverses in life, and could have done better, had his early training been more fortunate.

Never alarm man's reason in order to teach him the things of this life. When the excitement passes, it leaves the human mind far worse than it found it.

A short, but peaceful communication this morning. We will meet you again, when we can influence the mind of the medium.

At present, I desire to subscribe my name, as an ardent, devoted friend.

PETER W. MARTIN.

I then asked the following questions :

1. "Have you met your brother, George W. Martin?"

Answer.—Yes, often.

2. "Mrs. Branch?"

Answer.—We were with her at the time of her departure.

3. "Your Father?"

Answer.—We often meet.

4. "My friend, Mr. Parker?"

Answer.—He has visited me.

There are many things I would love to say to my dear family, but they are not yet prepared to receive them. Therefore, I prefer to communicate to those who are best prepared for it. If you will keep the medium's mind composed, let me assure you, you will receive what will elevate man's noblest aspirations. I will be able, to tell you what is best for the mind of man, that he may be elevated and improved. I will now say I will often be with you.

Ever thy friend, adieu!

P. W. M.

September 12th, 1854.

COMMUNICATION IX.

THROUGH MRS. FERGUSON.

"I feel unusually happy," said the medium.

The subject we propose to discuss with you this morning, is the all-important subject of close spiritual communion. We desire to expose, somewhat, the errors of men in the earth-life.

We, in this earth-life, must mix and mingle with all the creatures of God, both good and evil, to be able to tender whatever of counsel or encouragement we possess. We have a right to communicate respecting both conditions, seeing we have personally passed through a severe training in life. We have suffered much from a lack of wise training, and, therefore, can best appreciate what is good for man. Man must be so educated as to discriminate between right and wrong. He must learn how to throw off the imperfect, in order to come in close connection with the pure and perfect.

There are many who believe in spiritual communion, but fear to express it. They fear also, it would do away with the inspiration of the Bible. They would learn, on the contrary, to discriminate between the perfect and imperfect of that Divine Volume. They would see the distinct traces of the mind of God, and the imperfect impressions of the mind of man. This fear holds many back.

Man is the creature of God. God has created in man, a nature, which desires the pure and immortal life. He has it within his mortal body. It cannot die. And in proportion as he overcomes the trials and imperfections of his life, his immortal spirit goes on to enlarge itself beyond any thing he can imagine. You know not how spirits in our state are held back in their onward progression, owing to the abuse of their gifts in yours. Therefore we come to those we can best influence that they may point out the wrong and instruct others.

We desire to expose, and put down the incorrect views of fleshly mortals. Therefore, we must be modest in our efforts, or we may fail of our most cherished ends. We desire to build up the pure; which can only come from an enlightened, purified and discriminating spirit. Our dispositions are naturally pure. Man makes them otherwise by misdirection. We would teach them to overcome. If their sin be that of drunkenness, we would say overcome every desire for ardent spirits. It is the curse of man, though a blessing when properly used. We would say, man should never place himself where he is likely to be overcome. You know not the power that rests in man, to make himself the noble workmanship of the eternal I AM. I mean he can almost make himself as a God in this life, by

overcoming evil. O, could we make ourselves rightly understood and appreciated, how would we enlighten and build up this people. We could then communicate as of old.

If you wish to make your communications more pointed, you should ask questions. Nothing would be more delightful to our spirit-minds than to see we have made ourselves understood by man. Whenever we fail in that, we fail in our most cherished aspirations. We have seen many return, to the old systems, with sorrow. It will be some time before we can so develop the medium as to utter what would be satisfactory to your enlightened aspirations. Mediumship has its degrees. The atmosphere around you has a great deal to do with our communications. We need spirit atmosphere. Therefore, when you have a thought not congenial with your spirit nature, cast it to the swine. It is only fit to be consumed, as all imperfect things will sooner or later be. When we see any discouragement in your mind, rest assured it must effect the mind of the medium as well as the spirit's. We seek, we try to impress in every way it is possible to impress. Man must wait—he must be patient. We cannot cast out the impure and implant the pure, without working miracles. Therefore, our communications must be pure, or must be kept back.

[The last paragraph was in answer to questions as to the indirectness of spiritual teaching.]

You have kept back communications by asking questions that you ought to have decided in your own mind. Your true nature did decide, but your false nature would not accept the decision. Such influences must be overcome. You ought not to ask a question you could decide by your own christian nature.

The medium has been so often interrupted, it would be wrong to continue. With assurances of happy remembrances, and pure ardent attachment, I remain in hope of visiting you again.

P. W. MARTIN.

[Dr. MARTIN was a physician of Nashville, to whom I was often indebted for kind professional services. A few months before his death, he asked me for a candid opinion as to the probability of his recovery. I informed him that I believed him on the verge of dissolution. He at once said: "If I die

before you, and it is possible, you shall hear from me from the spirit world." This was our last conversation, and occurred before my investigations of modern spirit-manifestations. It should also be recorded, that his excellent widow, in the above and subsequent communications made in her presence, received such assurances of his identity and continued interest in the welfare of his family, as left her without doubt, and gave unspeakable consolation.]

MR. H. B. CHAMPION AS A MEDIUM.

It is known to the Spiritualists and many others of Nashville, that Mr. CHAMPION has been developed, in the past two years, as one of the most remarkable mediums of the age. The nature of his development will be fully presented in a volume now preparing under the direction of the Spirit of Dr. CHANNING. The volume referred to is a commentary upon the Bible, critical and expository, and is regarded by all who have examined it, as a volume worthy of the highest commendation. He has already reached some one thousand six hundred pages, and it will be published so soon as the Spirit communicating it shall direct.

Mr. C. was some two years since informed that he was a medium, at a time when he regarded the pretension of Spiritualists as an unmitigated imposture. He makes no pretension to literature—had not read the Bible for fifteen years, and scarcely ever looked into any book. When he received a communication from the Spirit of Dr. CHANNING, he did not know that such a man had ever lived. Under his influence, he frequently sent me, contrary to his own desires, for we were strangers to each other, but by an almost irresistible impulse, communications, criticisms upon my sermons, and details of my investigations of various metaphysical and theological subjects, conceived in a comprehensiveness of idea, a beauty and force of style, and an appropriateness of application, that would compare with any documents ancient or modern. Of

course I sought him, and to my astonishment found him able to converse with me, when under spirit direction, so as to appropriately and forcibly answer questions, and offer criticisms upon treatises he had never seen nor heard. I have held interviews for hours at a time, without uttering a syllable, writing my questions at one table in a room, and receiving answers from him at another in the presence of the most respectable witnesses, that left me without a shadow of doubt as to the reality of his claims. Questions as to why he was selected—for he had been unfortunate in business, and lay under the censure of many, whether justly or unjustly, it was not for me to say—were answered with a force that no honest mind could resist, of which answers he knows nothing to this day. I could publish a small volume of communications received from him, but as the great work upon which he is engaged, will be given to the public, it is not necessary. The following, as making a part of my records, is presented as worthy of the attention of all honest and candid men. I ought also to say, that Mr. C. will write in two hours, more than any ordinary clerk can copy in two days. I regard him as the most remarkable psychological phenomenon of the age.

In what follows, I sought Dr. CHANNING through Mr. CHAMPION, upon Spiritual training, a subject to which he had frequently called my attention :

COMMUNICATION X.

THROUGH MR. CHAMPION.

I wish you to state or write pointedly, what you desire, and let it be expressed audibly and distinctly. No man is prepared to impart to others unless candid in his desires and honest in the great end to be attained. Let me say, dear sir, you have passed the Rubicon, and now are prepared to explore more lofty and extended eras. Consequently, it is not to satisfy any peculiar notion you may entertain, but a consciousness that truth

is mighty and will stand the test of time, and adorn the man, in his noblest nature in the semblance of his God. Your investigations, hereafter, are desired to be of that character that shall bespeak a due regard to what may be presented, bereft of many peculiar notions that may be entertained, and at best, of a speculative nature, recognizing no fixed principle or extended basis. Various degrees of culture, not unfrequently, present various aspects in different views. Consequently, let not any opinions entertained, invade. But understand me as ever advocating the supremacy of thought as the intuitive impress of the Infinite One. And whenever I am requested, I will do ample justice to one and all that may be presented to your reflections.

Your questions, you will please state :

[1. What am I to understand by spiritual training, so far as I am personally concerned in view of the great end of spirit manifestations ?]

He answered :

Spiritual training may be understood as encompassing a variety of aspects—all equally momentous in their bearing ; for the great ultimate of Life is Death, so called, by which man is born anew to more extended views of his being. Spiritual training is that which leads man to acknowledge that affinity which exists between the departed and those of earth. Shall we regard this as a definition bereft of an application? No!

First. Man should ever endeavor to inculcate the lessons of private judgment, and it is but vain and idle to expect to realize a great moral truth, bereft of this prerequisite of divine parentage. Next: Present and suggest to the many who look to you for direction, what will add to the advancement of man as man, and this can only be made visible by that great and infallible monitor, born of God. It will speak, when judiciously applied, beyond the terrific fires of a Sinai, or the lamentations of an expiring God, o'er the perverseness of humanity. I would have you understand this as a great religious truth; equally applicable to all, but not in the sense of bondage to any. I might adopt a better word, and say a Heaven-exalted truth for it brings man in communion with his God and his Heaven.

Spiritual training occupies the nearest and dearest relations of life. We believe, we hope, we know that life is immortal. We see these evidences scattered broadcast over the earth, and who can say it is in vain? Then gently whisper around those who are seeking light, sweet sentences that would impart growth and vigor to the young, and let not the parental fondness obscure the greatest end, which is the emolument of the Heaven-born principles, that urge us on the illimitable sea of progress, not dimmed by time, but made sacred by every relation of life. Then give the timely admonitions to those who need aid, and become the Exemplar of the Theosis, not yet explored by those whose affections are apt to be blasted in the zenith of their glory.

Spiritual training is of vast moment to those whose desires lead them to commune with the departed. You are not aware what has brought this mighty subject to your calm and discriminating reflection. I will say to you, it demands a recognition, and let it be observed wherever and whenever we find it essential to inculcate these Heaven-born truths; that inevitable effects must follow the abuse of any great truth. One star does not illuminate the great galaxy that spans all space. But a multiplicity re-echoes the sweet music that instils the ineffable glory of God. Otherwise we might say, one star pervades the midnight darkness when peace is bereft of its endearing consolations. One may fall in your midst. That one would blacken the brightest hopes and anticipations of the future. One maniac would display all the horror that could be depicted upon the broad expanse of space. An accumulation of sorrow could make it no worse. Then let us pursue our investigations and affinities, with a due regard to what controls the Spiritual spheres. Are you ready to infer that this is foreboding ill. Not to such an extent as you suppose. But, sir, after our most cherished desires and hard earned endeavors to reach this people for their eternal good, shall it be in vain? Let gentleness, and kindness, and sweetness of expression ever guide us in our convictions and expressions of truth. For without the promptings and guidance of the great principle of *Love to all*, no man can find the advantages of Truth. Spiritual training will lead to this, as your own intuitions and love of God have taught you.

Too prompt and effective measures, when the attention is first arrested by Spiritual influx, not unfrequently moves a tremendous revolution. Never let your friends be influenced by more than one Spirit. I mean at any one sitting. It is better at all times they should be influenced by but one. But not unfrequently, Spirits press to speak to those most dear. Man, in such cases, too frequently errs; why, his life is one succession of errors. And shall we lose those affinities that are strong in death? Let me appeal to your highest reason. Consequently let no communication be allowed that swerves from your convictions of truth. Man makes a link in an extended chain, that binds him to eternity. Shall we mark this link by link? And what are the reflections drawn from a mutual observance of this fact? These links of kindred affinities encompass an endless extent, but not always that oneness that regards a common destiny.

2. Do you mean that Mrs. F. can confine herself to the influence of any Spirit she pleases?

I have desired to impress the necessity of a strict observance of this in Mr. CHAMPION. It is but seldom that one is delegated to fill so high a mission. Think you it is all that I esteem it? These truths, now dawning upon the world, will be reconnoitered through the coming ages. They will stand as the flickering light that burst upon the midnight darkness of the nineteenth century. But I have wandered from a pointed expression. That is, you must confine all Spirits to a specified time, and in no instance admit a transgression. I speak to you timely warnings and important truths. I will not now refer you to what has deceived the mind of many and laid waste the fondest affections of their hearts. If you desire pointed and lofty appeals, confine your investigations within one source of investigation: for all is born of the same legitimate end, and like will seek its like.

We would have Mrs. F. confined to one Spirit.

3. Would you select the Spirit?

This is devolving on me an unpleasant task.

4. How would Mr. PARKER's answer? I would select Dr. C. M. for VIRGINIA.

A good and noble selection. Should you desire my aid you shall have it in her training.

Affinities are matured by time. Consequently, the first named, being a new acquaintance, I cannot speak so readily as of the last. I feel bound honestly, to speak my convictions, of persons as well as things.

2. Do Spirits communicate through more than one, with equal advantage?

I would hazard nothing in saying they could not. It is extremely difficult to find persons sufficiently susceptible to give that tone and sentiment that is desired for the great ends had in view. The mental organism of persons is as varied as their faces. You readily see the obstacles to be overcome. For it is impossible to pour liquids through different avenues and not have them tainted by the contact.

6. Must Mrs. F. select her Spirit-monitor?

I could not say, but feel confidence in the benefit of such a result. You will find it essential to ward off many who will intrude. Ever treat such with becoming reverence and dignity, for their desires are but the out-pourings of honest hearts, interested in the improvement of mortals. But in accomplishing a great design we must adhere to a justness of proportions, that will admit of pleasant and pleasing observance to all, whether in the form or out of it.

7. Is it possible for me to become a medium?

Not without great difficulty.

8. Is it desirable?

Not at present, I assure you. My dear Sir, you have honorable employment enough for any man.

9. Shall we attempt to convince all who enquire?

Here one word of caution. Let us not savor too much of that which may tend to bring an unjust decree upon our own ends. Otherwise, purity of heart and sentiment may clothe in language that fails to meet its desired end. Consistency, thou art a jewel of the richest hues, not always judiciously applied or rightly understood. Do you apply my meaning? No more.

10. Do you allude physical purity?

Not altogether.

11. Do you mean to avoid anger, irritability, &c?

That is what should ever elevate us above the servile dog, that crawls beneath the breath of man's divining.

If time reveals and circumstances control, I will be heard. You need not fear for me. Immense forms of opposition, such as ever appal worth and labor, are gathering. Stand like the sturdy oak in nature's forest. Dark clouds may hover o'er thee; the gilded lightnings may encircle thy brow, but they shall only adorn it with richest sapphire, and ennoble the soul. Fear it not. It is but a luminous foreboding to excite curiosity. Nothing more.

12. Will Dr. C. present us the subjects he would have us examine?

I would desire first to hear from you, more explicitly, on subjects infinitely important to us both.

Were we to differ on this momentous subject, the Paternity of man, for from this springs the relations of life, we could not advance together. Let us commence at the base, then the superstructure, when reared, will be an ornament to its architect. It is impossible to measure distinctly, what I mean, as it encompasses an immensity in its design. Consequently, were I to suggest or present themes of thought to your people, I would not take such broad and comprehensive views, till their acquaintance would more familiarize their conceptions of man's relations.

Under this head, I will present what I think appropriate, hereafter. First of all is Law—its application and design; but first bring man to a knowledge of a true life. This is what they most need to be thoroughly instructed in. Do not understand me as disclaiming, or desiring to enforce, an acknowledgement. Only the design and ends of Humanity must be benefitted thereby. Doctrinal subjects, supposed by your opponents to be weighty in their bearing, should be suffered to repose beneath the shades that dim the memory with their perversity.

W. E. CHANNING.

Not fully comprehending the Doctor's meaning, I sought Mr. CHAMPION again, and submitted the following questions on a leaf of paper before me, which the medium did not see, nor

has he seen it to this day, when I received the following pointed and grand replies. I have placed the questions immediately preceding the answers, for the sake of perspicuity :

1. In your communication to me on Spiritual Training, to what do you refer when you say, you would have me "recognize a fixed principle and an extended basis" ?

The *principle* of self-government; the *basis* that underlays all the achievements of man's desires, interwoven, as they ever are, with the results to be obtained. In other words: Those results that must ever flow from such momentous causes. These achievements are the results of the first-named specification. I have told you this basis is broad and extended.' It would require space and time to do it ample justice. But remember never to draw any other than rational conclusions.

2. How am I to prepare myself to recognize the affinity existing between myself and the departed ?

By high and holy communion with the inner man; that its *infinite semblance* may partake of that infinite source, only known as the God in man.

If you would add health and vigor to a plant, that its branches may be refulgent with light and life, you should ever prune it to the root. Disencumber yourself of the mass that may deaden your highest hopes and purest desires. Then gently apply yourself to Spiritual communion, and its benefits must follow.

I would have you understand me as saying, Cast off the grosser considerations of Time, when you come to drink of the Elixir of Eternal Life; for it is not Time, but Eternity, that then calls for your purest thoughts; and ever know that the purest thought is often fermented beneath the darkest abodes, whose affections would otherwise chill the holiest desires and brightest hopes of Humanity. When so purified, let the gentle messengers of Peace enter, that they may partake of the bounteous repast, provided by God, for man's eternal destiny. You cannot expect two adhesives to be equally congenial. Consequently, I would say, Prepare, prepare for Spiritual guests. Do you ask how? Would you have me specify?

Yes, by all means.

We stand upon the brow of a high and majestic eminence,

whose heights but bow in token of the majestic heavens that overshadow its tremendous base. A retrospective view presents every variety of aspect. We behold, far in the dim distance of the Future, the miraculous stream of Eternity. We say miraculous, because it is fraught with every diversity of imagery. We behold, upon its bosom, the cloud and the sunshine of life. But our attention is arrested by the approach of many a frail barque, burdened with the cares and toils, and tumultuous misgivings, that have clouded the brow and sickened the heart with its lamentable dangers. They have been borne on amid storms and tempests, but have at last one, but one solitary hour of repose, beneath the umbrageous boughs of a sacred decree, inhaled, it may be, from Heaven. But mark its intangible evidences, written upon the human heart. They cast but one sad glimpse to the future and behold the tumultuous ocean of life, rocked amid the endless desires of man, in horror and despair. Man boldly looks forward, and what presents itself to his dim vision of the Future? The mighty palisade of human rearing towers amid the heavens. Its height and depth soars beyond the comprehension of man. We now behold him, as it were; just emerging from the dark and gloomy aspect, that clothed the future with the desert waste of his own imaginings. Now shall he go forward? Yes; but, step by step, he ascends to greater heights; and each successive step but measures the descent that awaits a wrong conception of his end. O, how important that we should look down from this extended elevation and point, unerringly, the means by which he may ascend to that oneness of purpose, which shall redound to his moral and intellectual elevation, from which he may never recede, if inculcated by lessons of soberness and truth.

It is by degrees, and not by any measured view, that man must recognize his all. When we bring man to the level of his nature—not corrupt, for that is a fallacy—then he will stand in the full stature of a man. Then he will look, with an eye single to truth, that will brighten his perceptive faculties. He will behold the grand ends of his being and the steps of his ascent. Who so able to apply this as yourself, or the one who has suffered for the want of such appliance? In other words, Man will behold the dim labarynth of the past, and regret

their immensity, and mourn their enormity. He beholds at one view, from this elevation, more than he would ever see, endowed with his own wiles and infatuations from the base of this extended eminence, in an Eternity to come.

Thus have we passed over the saddened and desolating realizations of mankind. We, now, will turn our mind to higher and holier aspirations. We bury, in the shades of the past, all the view, that has marred our peace, and look beyond; for it all tends to an end not realized by man. Yonder is extended, before our view an elevation ascending, as it were, to the heavens. It is interspersed with delightful groves and murmuring streams, whose crystalised semblance bespeaks the native purity of the soul. Its rugged heights have failed from our view, and we leave them behind to seek more congenial climes. Its alluvial soil and aroral plains, but bespeak God's best gifts to man. But there is no ascent so great, that one mis-step may not precipitate to unknown chasms below. Its links all flow in one unbroken chain to God, from whence they came. Shall not man, then, face his foe? Be true to himself and his God?

I have made this impress, that it may present a figure worthy of your contemplation. Then let it sink deep into the profundity of thy highest ends. Let not the cloud dim. Oh, no! For some gentle zephyr, wafted by holy hands, will dispell its darkness, and behold what comes forth? A meteor of endearing grandeur and redolent splendor to warm the once doubting and icy heart-throb, frozen by the countless wrongs of man to his fellow-man. For all shall yet see the gentle stream, whose gurgling dew will yet add balm to the suffering soul, and give growth to its most ardent achievements. Let not thy heart and mind be troubled, for great good is at hand. Believe in the mercy of God, not measured by frail humanity.

3. What do you mean by an infallible monitor, born of God?

The intuitive impress of God upon the heart of man. Many, very many, say this is fallacious. They know not themselves; how can they know their God?

Many declarations, in my communications, suggesting many others may appear not as satisfactory as might be desired.—But you fully perceive my purpose. I cannot, in all and every

instance, give you my meaning. Consequently, you must charitably, draw your own conclusions in that discrimination you have inherited as a man. I refer to this, that many expressions must go unheeded, and at the time may appear inexplicable.

4. Please briefly point out the evidences of man's immortality, which you say, are scattered broad cast over the earth?

I could not give you what you most ardently desire, without consuming days, for the subject is vast and broad. I might present one evidence, and still another would present itself requiring time and labor.

The greatest evidence of man's immortality, is here: He is the head of creation. Point to one thing in Nature that does not make up the great measure of its design. Then ask, What is the design of man? To die and be the least of all?

I would speak of the communion you enjoy, but it will be as the gentle zephyr to the tornado.

5. How can I become an exemplar of the Theosis to others, if not a medium?

Your higher nature will teach you more, if consulted in simplicity and truth, than many lengthy communications, on that point.

6. What do you mean by an abuse of Spiritual communion?

Its abuses are varied. I would have you never consult Spiritual Intelligences only in hope of benefit.

7. To whom do you refer when you say, "One may fall in our midst"? Who is in danger of becoming a maniac?

Those remarks are admonitions to be truly observed. I had no special reference, only desired to admonish in time. It is not necessary to remind you that what would seriously affect some, would destroy others.

8. To what do you refer as controlling the Spiritual Spheres?

Love to all mankind. That is the immutable principle that must bind in harmony and union this extended universe. Then will God be God in the Heart of Humanity.

9. To what do you refer when you speak of hearing from me on subjects of infinite importance to us both?

I mean a full expression of what is deemed vital to the inte-

rests of mankind. Should I suggest or present, when I would point in blood, the impressive fact: Exercise your Reason and be a Man? Oh, no! Were I, sir, to do it, I would forestall the highest and loftiest ends that man should ever attain. We may feel our way over a precipitous flight where haste would endanger our safety, and exhaust our nature. Consequently, man should learn, yes learn, and when he has learned all he is ready to depart.

10. What do you mean by an acknowledgement?

Conscious wrong, to our highest nature. You must understand me. I would have you understand me as saying, that there are differences which I would have you fully understand, before, could feel at liberty to present what I might deem essential to the moral growth of man. I mean that consciousness of intuitive impress that enables man to behold one error upon an error, or a wrong conception of what we deem right.

11. What do you mean by Law?

Well, sir: Law is a principle, that should and must be observed to instil thought, and administer, equally, to the general good of all. I mean, sir, that without law we do not, cannot exist. It is the highest principle known to man. And he must exercise the capacity God has given him to partake of its benefits, unerringly. I would have you understand that the vote of a multitude does not make a law, only in form. Here we recognise a "Higher Law," if you please: the unerring law of God; that which has impressed its semblance upon the human page. Can you strike at a deeper principle? When man errs, he must obey the Law of his Nature to be a better man. It is the Law of God. Majorities nor minorities make it just. All law is sacred. This, whether proclaimed or inherited. Talk of Law here, and Law there—Law, sir, is everywhere. It is not law because it may conform to certain conceptions of its bearing. No; any and every vital principle, that redounds to the improvement of man, is sacred. Go to Palestine or Judea? Go to your soul and your God. Its adulterations are unnumbered, and bespeak their impress throughout the endless ages of time. Law is a broad principle. Every man is interested in its requirements, and has inherited its impress. W. E. C.

September 19, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XII.

THE ETERNITY OF PUNISHMENT.

“Oh! Religion! What a sad picture dost thou present! Thou recordest a fable in the blood of martyrs, whose recital has frozen the fountains of love and truth. Were those fountains fully opened, they would flood the world with the tears of angels, to sweep from existence the bigotry and supersition of a degenerate race. Upon every breeze is now borne the voice that heralds the eternal misery of man. Were this true, it must destroy all faith in the existence of God, and leave the world to the fate of accident and chance. Were this true, the sublime and harmonious doctrines, now dawning upon your minds, would find no response in human bosoms, and would pass away, leaving all nature to mourn or sink into chaos. Reason will teach all, that God is justice, truth, and love. In this divine character, created he man. He placed within him those passions, which are as strong as life—which are a part of his life. Now can you believe that the Divine Wisdom, that made man, can look calmly on and see his own work and image, which he pronounced good, consigned to that eternity of woe, which your theologians herald as the gospel of grace? It is a libel upon Nature, and Nature’s God. Ten thousand Sons would come into the world, were it necessary, to save one single soul from a fate so blasphemous and God-dishonoring.

Theologians teach the destruction of God’s own handiwork. They tell you that the heart of man is by nature desperately wicked. It does require the exercise of charity for the weakness of these would-be Apostles of truth and love, to hear from them such self-evident fallacies. Their foundation is wrong; the superstructure must be. Do they admit that God is the Creator? Did he create the nature of man corrupt? If so, is he not the author of that corruption? They also teach that the Creator has not provided to complete his work. He has not done enough for man; or otherwise he has left undone that which should be done to secure the happiness of man. This also is a gross fallacy and absurdity; that any

mind capable of a single degree of comparison should be ashamed to perpetrate. Does it not see that all who assume this, make themselves superior to Deity, and would stand up as master workmen above their own God? A being who has power to originate and not power to perfect, is not God, but some mere semblance of divinity, a false imagination has placed upon the throne of the universe. Away with the thought!—disgraceful to your intellect, that God—the infinite God, has commenced a work he cannot finish, and needs you to assist him in the completion of that which consigns untold millions of his offsprings to eternal woe or eternal annihilation! The illumination of thought now rising upon your minds, will prove a whirlwind, to sweep from the earth all such selfish imaginings, which have mystified almost every conception of right; and left problematical even the height and depth of Omnipotence. True, with many, the dark confines of the grave can do only what the mighty power of thought will do for others in advance of the change of vision that awaits their confusion there. But let these evidences of thought mark your every step as men, and they will decorate your nature for the most glorious destiny.

God, in his immutable justice, cannot and will not consign man to an eternity of woe. As man violates the laws of nature, so does he violate the laws of God, and, in proportion to his acts, he must reap the reward he so justly merits. In proportion as he transgresses, he suffers. Your reason will assure you, that justice demands this course; and all men are accordingly impressed with their duty to a greater or less extent, as they open their capacity. The terrors of a Hell are a dark and idle fiction of equally dark and perverted intellects. Give all heed to the great and glorious illustrations of God's goodness, and spiritual illumination will dispel this horrible libel upon the nature of man and the purposes of God.

We would desire to open the vaults of Heaven, that an avalanche of spiritual light might descend upon the understandings of all men, that they might be capable of judging aright, and improving those great and exalted privileges which it is their honor to portray to the understandings of those who would gladly receive the truth. Oh! persevere in this God-like un-

dertaking, and you shall be more than compensated with peace of conscience, and all that tends to make life pleasant. You may now go on with perfect confidence, as you shall be sustained in promulgating the truth to a misguided people.

This is from one who has taught and preached in life what he but little understood. With your spiritual perceptions renewed, you may be bold, and have no fear, as one who speaks from the eternity of life will guide and direct you. So cheer up, and let this radiant influence ever guide you, as it will afford you that consolation which none but spiritual instruction can impart. I will say more to you when you feel disposed, and lead you along in the path of progression. Sir, lift up your head in full confidence of the visitation of spiritual protection and progression. Let calmness and reflection, prudence and discretion be your support, and fear no harm.

I have heralded the destiny of man in life, and now I hail, with delight and satisfaction, the dawning of an era of liberty of conscience and liberty of thought. Man is no longer to be led; but he is to walk forth in the open day.

The greatest virtue that dwells in the human heart is pity. The tears that flow from the bosom which heaves and throbs in sympathy for the cares and misfortunes of others, are as the morning star, whose lustre will only be dimmed by the reflection of its own brightness.

The mighty cataract of public opinion will surge on upon the mighty billows of time, until it shall encompass all nations, and all tongues shall sound the loud cymbal of man's redemption from the thralldom of bigotry and superstition. This is not a mere idle fancy. It is of Divine meaning. All appeals made to man's reason should receive that consideration which should be used by mankind in the investigation of every reasonable subject. Oh! then, why not give that attention to matters of immortal interest—as the weal or woe of all rational men must depend on peace of conscience, or dissatisfaction as regards their welfare.

It is the desire of Spirits to impress their friends with their duty. The existence of man is intended for happiness in this life, and the life to come. It is to be sadly lamented that so few duly appreciate the privileges by which they are surrounded.

Let your end and aim be to improve the all-important investigation now opened, and your efforts will be crowned with success.

I ask, could you consistently with justice to yourself, and injustice to your Creator, come to the conclusion that creation is a matter of chance? Look at the dark and trying scenes that attend many from the cradle to the grave. The heart of him who is ever with the unfortunate, beats in sympathy for those whose lots have been cast upon the sad and desolate places of earth. Justice to them is due. This if rightly understood, will fully explain that portion of the Bible which truthfully states that God chasteneth those whom he loves.

It is for the misfortunes of those who bleed at every pore, and who have met with the scorn of a cold and selfish world, that we feel. We tell them they will be permitted to receive and enjoy, that life of progression, which has no end. Nature owes much to some, and shall they be deprived of receiving their due—their immortal life? As they have received but little at her hand, she requires but little of them. God, in justice to himself and his creatures, could do no less. He could not, in justice, create man for a day, and then blot him from the records of eternity, or consign him to unending woe. Nature has done much for many, and from many is much due, and all must work in harmony, and upon the page of justice must her balance be made.

You are told that the rain descends upon the just and the unjust. True. You are also told that a just God reserves to himself the punishment of his creatures, which is not true. If such were the case, Divine Power would go hand in hand with the selfishness, bigotry, and superstition of the present day. It is desired to be distinctly understood upon this important matter, nature is debtor to many, and many to her are debtors. It is in the scale of justice alone that all can receive that which Nature and Nature's God destined for man to inherit. In proportion to man's circumstances in life, and as he misapplies the blessings by which he has been surrounded, so must the natural consequences result therefrom.

I speak to you in the simplest strain I can command, for here we must be understood, or not one step can be taken forward.

God has created man that he may receive the advantages of this life, and the life to come. Upon him rests the responsibility of his weal or woe; but his woe cannot be eternal—no, or folly would rejoice over wisdom, and evil over good.

Man is a progressive being, whose image, as he progresses, reflects more and more of the image of God. The spheres of existence after death are progressive. So be satisfied, as reason will teach you that God's justice will not permit his creatures to inherit anything but justice. Of the enjoyments of this life no man can have a full realising sense, except as he receives it from those who are now reaping the rewards of eternity. In proportion to capacity, so do all men reap pleasures forevermore. Do they desire to commune with Seraphs of another sphere?—If so, let their hearts flow out in love to all. The barren and desolate places of their minds shall yet rejoice and bloom, and the bands of superstition, that have long manacled their noblest powers, shall be rent asunder. Could the tears be gathered up of those, whose happiness has been marred by the false theories of their fellow men, they would deluge the records of human perversity.

This may truly be said to be an age of light and reason, for truth shall dispel darkness and error from the land. The germ of love and truth has long been crushed beneath the towering mountain of sectarianism, bigotry and superstition; but their base is fast giving way, and they shall not withstand these floods of light and reason, whose torrents are now rushing from the summit to the base of humanity's temple. Erroneous impressions have been imbibed by thousands, from the cradle to the grave; but from beneath the tender vine shall come forth the mighty tree of life, whose boughs shall shelter all minds from the heat of misguided philanthropy, as well as protect them from the cold, chilly winds that often pierce the minds of those who have the soul to declare their opinions without fear or favor.

God never designed man's faculties to lie dormant, and thus waste his best gifts. If so, why place within man the power to exercise will and mind, if he did not intend him to use them for the promotion of his own happiness, and the happiness of his fellow men. If such were his purpose, you would fully sus-

tain the position assumed by many, that they are decreed of Heaven, to warn a dying people to flee from the terror of an angry God.

There is buried beneath the so called mystery of spiritual influence, a flood of light which will cause all men to rejoice as at the dawning of a new day—the rising of a new sun, whose effulgence will permit all men to behold the truth. Yes, upon the ocean of time, alone, can be traced the fearful results of misguided reason. As the frail barque of life is launched upon the sea of time, so is it borne on the strong current of popular opinion, which fills every channel of thought; and as that frail barque progresses, unless it be prepared to withstand the conflicting commotions of the troubled waters of life, which are but momentary, it will soon have to sail with a fleet, whose ballast is superstition, whose chart is incomprehensible, whose sail is ever filled with the strong current of popular delusions.

It is a mind of no ordinary character, which is able to withstand the baneful influence by which it is surrounded at the present day, as upon every hand is teemed forth the pleasures of Heaven and the horrors of Hell, to bribe man to deny his brother and his God.

Ye sons and daughters of the Pilgrim Fathers, do you boast of your liberty? Liberty of what? Of conscience? No. Of thought, and the free exercise of your own reason, which is the greatest gift of God to man? No. Desecrate not the sweet name of Liberty, which is recorded in blood, by those who desired to bequeath to posterity a legacy as endless as eternity, and as boundless as Omnipotence.

What enormous errors are brought to bear in the present day, to lead man from the proper exercise of his reason! Need I say that men tremble through mere excitement of their animal nature? Need I say that it is through fear of an endless life of misery? Who, who, I say, will stand upon the fabric that nature has erected, and give full and free consent that the light and knowledge that God has given him may sweep on untrammelled in the boundless realms of spiritual life? It is not the love of God that fills these temples of error, from day to day, with an endless throng; but it is fear of realizing those fictions which are so vividly painted as to deceive the unsuspecting.

What merit is due for the observance of any rite which the force of circumstances may consummate?

It is not to raise brother against brother, nor father against son, that these great and sublime messages are conveyed to the understandings of all men; but it is to bring man to a true estimate of his moral and intellectual responsibility. God has created man and endowed him with reason and those intellectual faculties which will enable him to discriminate between error and truth. Nature has done much for man; and as he transgresses her laws, and misapplies her teachings, so will he reap that reward he so justly merits. Spiritualism has not the tendency to subvert *true* Christianity, It is for the enlightenment and universal good of all men that these great and sublime theories are addressed to their reason. Truth alone will subvert error, and show us what true Christianity is; nor will it rob her of any of those virtues which should adorn her; nor will it disarm her of all those great and moral precepts which are universally taught, but, alas! not practised.

True, this is an age of enlightenment. The shadows which have so long shrouded the intellects of men, will be dissipated and the bands of superstition, which have so perfectly enslaved them, will be burst assunder. It is not for the advancement of a party creed nor sect that these great, moral teachings are addressed to man, but it is for the universal brotherhood of man, that all may attain that destiny that Nature and Nature's God designed for men to enjoy. It is to suppress the misconceived opinions and erroneous teachings of the present age, for the universal enlightenment of all men. It is to suppress the wild fanatical notions of those who would consign men to an eternity of woe that these manifestations are made. Then heed their teachings, as they will take strong hold upon the temple of Sodom, which will be rent assunder, as from the canopy of Heaven. The light of truth and reason shall flash upon the human understanding.

Great is the responsibility, resting upon those who would teach man his duty, and hold themselves as the stars by which all should be guided, while, at the same time, they are sowing the seeds of death in their path. Oh! how many death-beds have they made a hell; and how many dens of vice and pol-

lution have they desecrated with their presence, God's immutable justice will hold men to a strict account for the misery and ruin which have followed in the train of their hypocrisy. They would strangle the better feelings of man's nature, with the fumes arising from a hell prepared by a just God for the punishment of his creatures. Alas! they are too truly "Hell-hounds" upon the track of a morality, whose actions are recorded in the blossoms and flowers, that grow upon the graves of thousands who had been left to the cares of a cold and heartless world*. They have made sad and desolate, the hearth of the widow and orphan, and exacted their mite to sustain a life of vice and profligacy—desecrating their own reason, and binding that of others, as with cords of bribery and selfish mistrust. May Heaven pity them when they see the work of their hands, and are called upon to change it.

W. E. C.

RENEWED INVESTIGATIONS, CRITICISMS, &C.

After my investigations in Ohio, I was surprised, one day, at the reception of the following communication from Mr. CHAMERON, with whom, at the time, I had no personal acquaintance, and had only heard of him through the medium of statements calculated to arouse my prejudices against any thing that would emanate from his instrumentality. Upon enquiry, I learned that he was without the intellectual culture indicated in the letter below. It seemed strange, that he should have divined my difficulties in an investigation of which he could have known nothing; which was not known, indeed, so far as any satisfactory results were concerned, to my most intimate companions in the city. I sought him, as detailed in another part of these records, and found, to my astonishment, that he could and did quote whole chapters of the Bible, and critically examine every phrase, fact and bearing of each verse without the book before him; that he could and did the same with the ancient classics

*Matt. 23:14. Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye devour widow's houses, and for a pretence make long prayers, therefore ye shall receive the greater condemnation.

of Greece, Rome and the Primitive Church ; and that when not under the influence of what purported to be the Spirit of Dr. CHANNING, he could not converse intelligibly upon either. Indeed, he did not know their names, much less their statements and opinions. I do not hesitate to make these statements, because there are numbers of respectable men, who know them to be true, and to their truth would be willing to make the most solemn asseverations. Beside, the evidence is open to all who will take the pains, impartially, to investigate it.

NASHVILLE, MARCH 7, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR :

In addressing you, so unexpectedly to yourself, we would desire to be prompt and fully understood, which is extremely difficult, as one event ultimately calls in question some successive link in the great moral network of Eternity, but a true discrimination must silence all the reverses, that may appear inadmissible and intangible, in your investigations. As the darkest hour precedes the approaching light, so may we expect to behold the evidences of biased judgment, until the natural day of reason shall approach. When that day is ascendant in any mind, the real and unreal will be beside each other, for the mountain and the mole-hill are here. The gurgling brook, and engulfing maelstrom, are distinguishable ; and none need fear, for the true characteristic of Spiritual impress will speak in tones of thunder upon the adamant heart, and leave the true impress of man's inadvertancy, in the regal banquets of knowledge. He who expects to behold the Divinity of God, by outward evidences, will find such anticipation vain : they will fade from the memory as the reflective rays of the declining sun ; for the gem is encased in the temple of thought, and those off-shoots of Divinity, that now becloud, are but the adulterations of the original, and bear the impressive evidences of man's ingenuity.

We speak of forms and foibles, to complete the moral finale of infinitude, or creative power, that speaks Peace to the troubled waters of man's Divining. Should you feel disposed to regard the evidences now presented to your mature deliberation, they will illuminate the horizon of moral asperity that pervades the world.

The signet of departed good bears its impress upon the stars of the meridian, that shall soon o'ershadow the blasted anticipations of man's desires.

The crumbling edifices of mortal rearing must soon receive that destiny that ever awaits all error.

Truth is triumphant and shall stand, though the heavens and the earth were to pass away. Be not appalled at the approach of a crisis that shall shake the Christian world. It shall be the dawning of a new light, not reflected in power, but reared in the flowing fields of God's bounty to man, which is the Spirit of truth, foreshadowing the ultimate destiny of all.

I would desire to add additional evidences of the approaching storm, but let it suffice, that a crisis is fast approaching, when the domain of God shall not blush at the depravity and insidiousness of those who profess to reflect the evidences of God's will to man. No prophetic vision can span the chasm.

We shall soon behold the eruptive influence of free thought, imprinted upon the dome of nature's paradise—truth immortal. Does this inspire one thought? If so, give it place, that it may vegetate, and it will be found not in vain; for man is the inheriter of God, and reflects the Divinity of his author; but the chilly winds of adversity, encircled by the avarice of a soul-sacrificing desire, which must be quenched upon the misfortune of his brother, have buried this paternity. Still it exists, though unknown, in a reasonable acceptation of true knowledge. No man can behold what is presented to his understanding at this day, and envy the peace and quiet that pervades the moral discipline of the world. Need we say, there are sufficient evidences of what is to follow this moral *finale* of departed hope from the breast of man?

I cannot add all you desire. It would be inadmissible to do so, as the time is fast approaching when even what you know will be called in question. Do not venture to assail too earnestly, for these evidences will add new and brighter anticipations of future progress.

I would desire to instruct all in the true estimate of these manifestations. But alone, and alone only, can we behold what would be most desirable for our good. I have written this that you may understand me, not without hoping it may

prove available, and well divined to meet the emergency of others.

You should observe the evident progress that has been made with satisfaction ; and the universality of these teachings, will yet add additional weight, as they proceed. Why not be alike encouraged, at the bounteous repast that will soon be prepared for the good of man ? Your history is marking an enviable day, that will ascend beyond your brightest anticipations. So let this suffice, for the future will picture these characteristics, in letters of living fire, upon the dawning era, that shall bespeak universal good to all men.

I cannot make these evidences plainer at present. You may fail to comprehend my meaning, but time will suffice to add the rest, that will impart strength and vigor to these developments. You should use all commendable zeal in propagating these Spiritual evidences, and they will return to you laden four-fold. They are not as unreal as many seem to think. Oh, no ! They are but the true characteristics of nature speaking through the soul, which is the man of God, so to speak, literally, for it is the divine essence in man. Should you behold all that tends to awaken an unusual interest, you would be no silent watcher o'er the result that must follow these divine revealments. Therefore, let your heart be cheered, for all will be well in time, whose consummate end is not far distant, when we may behold the crater, that has slumbered for centuries, beneath the burning lava of superstitious inheritances, that have been bequeathed to man.

These evidences of man's immortality will gladden the heart, and blot the desert waste from the divine legacy of time, to delude man.

O, then, labor to promote the desired end, that we may behold the reflective orb of thought ascending, blended with eternal destiny, triumphant in the heavens. How could we expect to prove the destiny of man, if we fail to approve and apply these evidences of universal good, that are at our command, for the propagation of the proof of immortality ?

Why not then embrace, with ardor, all that may commend itself to your understanding ? When duly considered, we may behold the events of miraculous intuition, which have been im-

printed on every page of the primitive era, again, before the world. Such evidences will not be in vain. They will appeal to the grosser considerations, as it may be the only method of awakening many from the normal lethargy that pervades their Spiritual horizon.

I could desire that they were more universally enjoyed ; but the adverse influences that retard our manifestations are momentous, and present an unusual interest, such as ever clothes every mystery, that does not approach the ordinary understanding of man.

There are equally interesting circumstances, intimately interwoven in these developments, which could with propriety, add much to your progress ; but the affinities existing are so counter to the legitimate end desired, we falter to undertake to give that instruction, which would require an analysis, of the component parts or portions that pervade the moral developments of man. But if you desire, you may behold the advanced end so ardently sought. I desire to be understood, in presenting a positive and negative principle, that would be more conducive to Spiritual influx on human culture, which you should recognise in your efforts at your own fire-side. The properties and affinities existing between Spirits in and out of form, offer a subject, that would require time, not allotted to me now, to guide the intuition of thought, and the prevalence of Spiritual or atmospherical inhalation, in order to help you to receive the benefits to be desired from such investigations ; and, without a mature consideration, all that could be transmitted, would fail to add one ray of light in addition to what you now have.

If time and opportunity allow, I will then make such suggestions as may be productive of good. Till then I must defer any further expressions on this point, as time is of avail to forward the great lever upon which rests the highest and sublimest evidences of approaching good to man. I cannot leave without hoping these evidences are not in vain, and shall be always ready to sanction, where sanction is due, and equally free to condemn, when and where it may be merited. With these assurances, let us endeavor to behold the true existence of man, in a divine life.

Yours truly,

H. B. CHAMPION.

P. S. This purports to come from W. E. CHANNING in an-

swer, as he says, to your interrogatories, made in your private investigations.

H. E. C.

To Rev. J. B. FERGUSON,
Nashville.

OBSERVATIONS ON DIVINE REVELATIONS.

THROUGH MR. CHAMPION.

MY DEAR SIR :

Is humanity the same extant? is Divinity the common parentage of all? is Divine will reflected in the sunshine and in the breeze, whose various engulfings invested man with the resplendent orb of thought? or is no law immutable, but adapted to suit the exigences of the times? are these the considerations upon which is based the immortality of man?

Pause well; here is involved more than an Eternity of words could utter. All truth is eternal in Divinity. Eternal justice is the pre-requisite of power, and no fire-brand of man's igniting, perched upon the ignominious standard of popular theology, can scorch it black. Its refinings will be the fruit of one universal brotherhood.

What is man, the man of God? The spirit of infinite power expanded in the heart. Its melodious sounds re-echo in the bosom of the Infinite One. No semblance of these truths can instil with the true instincts of nature. Its parentage is Divine, and in the semblance of truth it couches o'er its orphanage.

You, sir, as a man, should not be, to be, unless the inherited right had breathed forth the inspiration it contains. The temple of man is but the temple of God. Its decorations may ill time with its exalted occupant; but, sir, the dark midnight is illuminated by the returning joys of the coming day. The silent watches of night but instil into our meditations, the realizing influences of the returning morn. So with man, the lord of the mansion on high, which is the kindred estimate of Divinity, the

soul, the all of time, inhaling power, to sweep from the troubled stream of life its supercilious embargoes. It is not my purpose to define the so-called Christian system of ethics, to win man to God. O, no! The blasted aspirations of the past but plainly foreshadow such to be impolitic, at least in a brief allusion.

We must, with respectful deference, submit to the returning ebullitions that have arisen from the impressive throb that beats in unison with our God.

Divinity, where are thy portals—whose gentle breezes resound in the distance—whose mellow light transcends our loftiest conceptions—whose radiance casts no shadow and effects no illusion?

Is this true? If so, who forged the chains that palsied the beauties of love or the emblems of peace in thee, O, man? Have the slumbering ages of antiquity been resurrected and renewed, to comport in unison with assumed demonstrations of power, to win man to God? Have the emblazoned letters been dyed in the crimson gore of thousands, to perpetuate the memory of departed seers?

Threads of revelation may be immortal! If so, future ages may inscribe upon their banners and perpetuate the memory of the death-knell of immortality. But shall we regard this inscription with a critic's eye? O, no! Let truth of reason inscribe upon every heart, a true estimate of what claims to be divinity. You, sir, behold no midnight darkness at the meridian of day, to blacken and dwarf the imagination of man. You behold no politic stream, swaying, with torrents mountains high, to calm the placid surges of despair, in nature's domain.

The adaptation and consideration of this hypothesis are not for me to consider, but are left for your tranquil meditations. But that divinity that speaks in the noon-tide of the eve of existence is ever the same, when true to the instinctive qualities of head and heart that should ever sway the actions of man.—Art thou weak? then lean upon eternal principles and they will bear thee above the phosphorescent illuminations of worldly considerations. No amalgamations can stand. The variances are unreasonable. As one stream cannot run in diverse directions, and the planetary orbs rescind not their splendor to

meteors of less reflective brilliancy. Apply this to the *divine* traditions of the ancient regime.

If we heard the lion in his lair let us meet him shod with the armor of divine communication, not matured by the extended era contained on parchment—reverse, categorical, illusory and inadequate to meet the scathing eye of justice and reason.

When we point to the mantle of God that enshrouds the dead waters of human misery, let us look well to its folds, and see if time has not rent the pellucid fabric of near all that sustains the flimsy portions that covers the vortex of human woe. Shall we present false illusions? O, no! Shall we erect false monuments of grandeur, and point to their sublimity, and comment upon their architecture, when at the same time the great architect of nature has presented the foliage unrevised, uncorrected upon the record of eternity? Do we point to these and ascribe them to divine consummation, or do we look to the whole truth (which encompasses infinitude) as a memento of an age when light burst from the mount of Sinai?

You, sir, in your view of ancient revelations, have shed what? Hope? O, no! Have you illuminated the catholic strata drawn from the records of time? No! Do you erect the great eternal tabernacle of immortality upon perverse and indigent circumstances, to cap it all with the fallacy that God has ceased to speak to man? The illimitable ethera of munificence in divinity, is piety.

Is God still building upon such lascivious buddings of depravity as your ancient records present? Any and all propositions should be duly presented. But let us not point to a record, however divine, when two-thirds of the same has met the devouring flame, to harmonise the agitations of the public mind.

When we point to its sublimity let us recollect that a minority are not the judges to govern. Let us also recollect that this munificence of divinity may be, can be, and is carried in the breast of every man. Let us be ever mindful when we state its design, we also survey its accomplishments. Let us ever recollect that this tower of thought, the priest calls perfect, only illuminated one spot in the vineyard of immortality. Let us recollect that these "linen pages" of divine law were confined to one part or portion of creative munificence, and when

we ascribe such perfections to these revealments, ask from whence emanated the Spirit, the living life, that spake to a part, and then darkened the understanding of the remainder?

Is not the immortal chain from God? has it been rent? As in Adam all men die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. Is it superfluity that consigned some nations to the mandate of destruction? Was this law inadequate to its design, that annihilation should precede, as it ever preceded, its propagation? Or should not the streamer of life immortal, float over the cherished divinity of God in man, everywhere? These are the harmonious ends that announce the Bible as alone profitable to man. Let us mark well the spring or source of action. Shall we point to the tree of knowledge, if so let us dwell beneath its foliage, and mark well its maturings, the means, the protector, the exhalations.

So may we receive all that commends itself to our consideration. We propose to strike at the fountain of thought, and regale beneath its intuitive lessons. You extract the bark of distrust that enshrouds the meditations of the Bible, and you will have no facts left. It is the mean, the great conductor so to speak, that adds the foliage of life immortal. In accordance with the incentive lesson of theoretic thought, these evidences instil our minds with due observances of their proportionate properties. We should ever penetrate the sullied virtues of the soul, where is assembled love and meekness, to the intuitive lesson of reason. The bark that has spoiled these aspirations is nearer the fount of eternal destiny. It is the conductor, or the sap, from whence the volition or the arteries of thought will cast asunder the fruits thus matured. But the fruits will be the blasted evidences of creeds divine, for these conductive influences have illuminated the mind, whose foliage is the verdure of souls renewed by the invigorating rays of the summer's sun of reason, inspired by the instinctive qualities of divine illumination.

But have we erected or presented the tablet of ancient lore whose analemma is diverse to its exalted and stupendous eminence. Do these proportions speak symmetry and harmony in the exalted illusions of thought, in the character of Jesus of Nazareth, in unison with the base of this immortal mansion?

Does eye for eye and tooth for tooth go hand in hand, with the exalted communications of smiting on one side, to turn the other?

I need only one word! Do the teachings and laws of the Pentateuch, beat in unison with the exemplary teachings of Jesus? If not, what is meant, I came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil? Do these harmonize with that sublimity that characterizes the divinity of God as manifested in all nature. No abusive contortions mar the symmetry of divine plumage. It ever speaks in the language and characters of love, and never fails to impress the heart with a realization of its existence. The sun never shines so bright but the dark hour of midnight spreads her sable mantle o'er the visionings of man; but does it, therefore, lock up the great store house of immortality? Shall man abuse the induction of thought or succumb to the inherited pastimes of circumstances? Shall man be benefited by encompassing with the sombre hue of departed glory in contemplating the sublimity and the universality of a law whose ample folds are as broad and expansive as the heavens, to encompass the infinitude of God. Was the law of Moses given to save or redeem man? Was it intended for his help or injury? Does it compose the step-stones in that ascension that burst assunder the bands of death, that a crucified redeemer might ascend to the realms of love, to abide the diverse schisms and contortions of faith that swell the human heart with woe, unutterable?

If this is of God was it not that mankind should be better by this law. But what does the sequel prove? That annihilation must ensue to prevent this holy decree from being polluted. Oh shame! where are thy stings, that mock at justice and encircle a bigot's frown?

Are these the contemplations that must heighten our conceptions of that God who sways the destiny of man? Never, sir, abide the firm conviction of the soul that man is doomed; for law, eternal law, is of God and the sheet anchor of merit in the sincere illuminings of even traditionary courts.

Sir, these considerations are what we deem right. If justice and truth is what we seek why not make the demonstrations, you now enjoy, visible? They are not obscured from your

mental preceptions! Or is vice, the robber of innocence, to rove at will under the sanctity of divine sanction?

The views of divinity now prevalent are enough to swallow, in a catalepsis the most normal stage of man's mind. Hear well this lesson, that it may not inveigh our thoughts of immortal joys on high.

Hoping I may prove of some avail, permit me to subscribe myself yours in hope.

W. E. CHANNING.

Sir, after hearing your discourse to-day on the Bible, I was impressed to write the above from the spirit whose name is appended. I transmit it according to your request. Yours truly,

H. B. CHAMPION.

It purports to be from W. E. C. to J. B. F. I publish this without comment, simply remarking that many of its phrases, such as "linen pages;" the Bible compared to a tree whose bark should be distinguished from its fruit, &c., are allusions and distinctions I had made in a very popular sermon.

To a request that the spirit of DR. CHANNING would explain more fully the preceding communication, I received the following:

I would prefer more calm and quiet that you might become more spiritualized in feeling. Then these addresses to your understanding will fall with due regard to the effect that awaits all truth. They are plain and appeal to your serious meditation. Hereafter I will address you to your entire contentment and satisfaction; but not now.

In response to the question, why do I hear spirit raps so constantly and for so long a time, without giving any positive information? he said:

Rest assured the Providence of God attends all his creatures. Can you feign them to be ill-omens of future good? You would fail to appreciate the design of the distant thunder if you were to regard it, wholly, as sent to arouse human fears. So of these manifestations, when regarded either with fear or contempt.

Of the propriety or adaptation of what I have presented to you, as I have told you before, it is not for me to measure. Its height and depth is left for your calm meditation. But, sir, I might thunder with all the power that enraptured the hearts of

Israel, as portrayed through the blazing torrent from God in Horeb, and what would it avail? This would be as though I were addressing an infant mind to excite its curiosity, and dazzle its perceptions, with a splendor that would clog all thought, and would scarcely carry as much weight as a metaphor to a benighted mind. Think you this strange? Do you comprehend my meaning?

To this I replied: not fully. He continued:

Do you think what I said to you aimless? My manner of address is but the moving that reason will ever give to foreshadow error, when and wherever it may be found. Think not this strange. I allude to what you have received. Sir, your views are so near the truth, we can but foreshadow to you, where the error of many, lies.

My application tends to this point: Were we to say, the day is approaching when the effulgence of the glory of these manifestations shall illuminate all the dark and benighted spots of earth, I would but utter simple truth. Sir, the sun is near its meridian. I wish to be understood, as well for your satisfaction, as the universal good of man. We often (in our communications) miss our most cherished aim. Such, let me say has been, to some extent, the record of the past. When you think me uncharitable, reflect well. I would only add to truth, and illuminate what may appear a mirage or mist to engulph our most sanguine anticipations of future bliss. Let me say one word explanatory: Think it not rash nor ill-natured, for it comes for the united benefit of all. We must be candid. You can only benefit men by making them candid. Equivocation is not the land-mark to future treasures beyond the grave. When we see misdirected zeal, in a good cause, we can but desire to set it right. The heartless opposition you have met in giving utterance to divine illuminings upon your mind somewhat obscures your vision, or you would understand me fully.

[Supposing him to allude to my unwillingness to make known what I knew of spiritual manifestations; to my thought he at once replied:]

You may mistake my end. We have said, Truth is eternal and knows no death. Let us, then embrace it with extended arms. Its field is expanded space: A statement that will

solve the whole difficulty that more apparently shows what you deem unadvisable and unworthy, the cause upon which it treats. Were I to address you, as I do, in plain language not foreign to your birth, you would comprehend its adaptation and application, by which means you should measure what is breathed forth as the impressive throbs of spiritual intuition. So when we address our fellow-man. If we aim at higher and may be greater accomplishments than they appreciate, we may present what fails to impress the mind, with our most cherished desires. Then what have we accomplished?

I have addressed you: Mark the sentence: "Of its adaptation or application it is not for me to consider." If you consider let our words be illuminated by the halo of eternal truth that dwells within every man. [Still I felt I did not understand him and my mind was laboring to see his point, when he again wrote.] O! that I could address myself to you more understandingly. I would not fail of the desired end. O! No. I cannot but hope that time may prove a blessing, in these interviews, and help you forward in that glorious work which looks to the revelation of the divinity of man and the union of a long severed brotherhood.

COMMUNICATION XIII.

THE APPEARANCE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF, AND THE OCCUPATION OF SPIRITS.

During the evening of this day, while sitting in my yard, in rather a meditative mood, alone, my head leaning against the fence, I heard a distinct stroke, as of a hatchet, upon the fence, immediately behind my head. I sprang to my feet, supposing it was my little boy, and fearing that, in the dark, he might next strike my head. There was not a soul to be seen either near me or the fence. I pondered the matter over, and concluded it must have been my imagination, transferring some distant and unobserved sound to the location, in which I seemed to have heard it. I was not satisfied with my own

manner of accounting for it, but mentioned it to no one. I was soon after called in to meet a worthy friend, with whom I had a conversation on Spirit-intercourse, meeting, very satisfactorily, his difficulties on the subject. He left at nine o'clock, and, as he left, said he would like to receive a communication upon the employment of Spirits.

He had scarcely gone when Mrs. F. came under Spirit-influence, and said, "There is a noble looking Indian Chief marching over these parlors, and he desires to communicate." She manifested the usual timidity of American ladies, at the thought of the presence of an Indian. I assured her confidence, when we received the following: the Spirit of Mr. PARKER assuring us that it would be of service to her health to accept the influence of the Indian. His subsequent appearance, as will be seen by the records that follow, form no ordinary incident in our progress.

September 22, 1854.

We desire this evening to address you as it regards the progression of our nation in this world, and the immediate world we enter upon after leaving the body. We, my dear sir, as a nation, have been driven out, before the face of the White Man, to live among savage beasts; therefore, little is expected of our nation. There are many of us, rest assured, who are much more capable of Civilization than many of your own nation; yet, we are driven forth from the presence of the White Man. He would have been calculated to civilize and train the mind of the Red Man, had he approached us properly from the first. We would not then have worshipped our images. The bow and arrow, the tomahawk and scalping knife would not have been our emblems of justice, had he placed before us the true teaching. We need pure teachers, among our nations. Such teachers, let me tell you, as are sent to the Red Man, only make him worse—more corrupt.—Ah! when they leave the civilized portions of the world, they think they can do pretty much as they please, among savages. We see and behold them with scorn and irreverence. We cannot reverence them. They are more savage than we. I say savage, because their low nature, their unbridled lusts, make

them lower savages in vice. They, therefore, leave us in a much lower condition than they found us. The Red Man, rest assured, like the White Man, needs something to elevate his desires and aspirations. We must worship something.—We do worship; but, then, all do not know who or what they worship. Yet, when they send forth a prayer or supplication, if they know no better, God sees their desires to look to something above themselves. Therefore, seeing his heart is pure, and desires something pure and elevated above this life, the Indian receives it. But his ignorance is such he knows not what he desires. Rest assured, God has provided for the rude Indian. Ah! yes—he, too, has the spark of Eternal Life resting in his dark, but manly body.

It is, my dear sir, with trembling we have approached this medium to-night. Ah! yes. She looked upon our rude form with dismay. We saw it. We will not harm thee or thine, my pale-faced sister.

You desired to know somewhat of our employment, in this Spiritual life. Immediately after leaving this world, we go to that society we are best prepared to enter. We are placed under Spiritual Teachers. God has thus provided. If we have not the proper training in your life, we are not driven off from the face of the Father, who created and sustains all. He places us under Spiritual guides. If they fail to influence and instruct, we pass into other circles, to receive a training, such as we can best appreciate. Our employment is to learn Spiritual things. We are trained by those above us. We have various amusements, differing according to our advancement. As we sow, we reap. But, then, we do not live upon the death of other animals, as in your state. When we enter here, we leave all desire for fleshly things. Some of us, dying undeveloped, and having degraded our privileges in your life, are not so happy as those who have been true to their Spiritual Nature. It is so with the Red Man, and with the White Man. O! could we so impress the medium as to better give you instruction! Perhaps it would have been better to have left off our savage appearance, but we desired to appear in the Red Man's costume, that you might know us as we once were.

1. Do you know, personally, any of our missionaries?

We do. They are like, somewhat, many of our nation.—For a while we press onwards. We think we are about to enter upon something noble and aspiring, and we try to move forward and upward; but a rude blast comes over our frail dispositions, and we turn back. Then we find it much more difficult to advance than when we first made the attempt. It is so, my dear sir, with our missionary brothers. They return to their old dogmas, and their minds become much darker, and more contracted than when they desired to be self-denying missionaries to this people. Many desired, once, to press onward, but the glory has departed. They would have pressed onward, had they sought proper influences and associations.—If their bread and meat had not, as they supposed, depended upon preaching sectarian views, they would have been more sincere than they often are, or are likely to be. It will be difficult for them to improve.

[Here the medium assumed the attitude of a noble and meditative chief, and gave us some grand and commanding gestures, when she said:]

Nothing would afford us more pleasure than to give the name of this Chief, but it cannot be impressed. It will be given to you in raps. You should give more attention to raps. We have seen the mind of Mrs. F. desiring to convince others. It is right, and her wishes shall be gratified. Develop your mediums. If Mr. CHAMPION is willing to meet at this house, and have physical manifestations, that difficulty would be removed. He could point out good rapping mediums.—You often hear the raps, but you cannot always hear them at the time most desirable. I think now all you desire can be gratified. You can and will hear the raps in your own house.

Look around you, and see the opposition regarding your spiritualism. Did you hear the many petitions put up for you, you would see the difficulties in your case. It were better at some other house. They would say—"We witnessed spirit-rapping at Br. FERGUSON's last night," and a thousand suspicions would go out. We would not place you in a condition that would injure your influence, or your ability to help forward your fellow men. Could you look around you and see all, you

would see that all is right. Spirits know what is best. We are partial, yes, partial, to your happiness and improvement. You must go forth to enlighten mankind. Rest assured, this is your high mission. Could you select another house, we would say, go on with physical demonstrations.

After the close of this year, and the coming in of another, you can go forth on that high and holy calling; therefore, we will not jeopardise thy high and holy calling. We guard every point that is unprotected. We are thy friends. Your position is envied by many. Many will never be reconciled to either you or Spiritualism.

Your true friend, * * is alarmed at the thought of Spiritualism. But could he accidentally hear some of your communications, he would see the noble purposes of this movement, and fear it less.

COMMUNICATION XIV.

THROUGH MRS. FERGUSON.

We come from our far off home to communicate to you this morning; but we find our usual difficulty in impressing the medium. Nothing gives us more pleasure, my dear Cousin, than to come and give instruction to you. We will not leave thee. Ah! no, never, never, till we are associated together in this bright land, that shall encircle all the creatures of God's own image. We are often with you, directing all the influences that come around thee, for good. Oh! you know not how sweet it is for one advanced in knowledge and years to pass from your frail life of trials and perplexities, into the bright mansions prepared for those who have labored and suffered in the cause of progression for all his fellow-men.

We must love and respect all the creatures of God. Rest assured, they are all his creatures, from the lowest to the highest. You know not how rapidly we progress in this life, when we throw off all the imperfections of our nature, and desire

what is noble and progressive in its character. Rest assured no man can be a good man, who does not desire the pure and the spiritual. We meet, here, for spiritual training. We meet in large assemblies. We meet men of every nation, tribe and tongue, without regard to earthly distinctions—all enlightened and noble from their associations.

Why, you ask, do the Spirits say so little of females in their bright abodes?—By embracing the male, we embrace the female, in all our expressions. Many mothers are here, but not bent down by age and infirmity. We throw off age and frailty. We are born again—anew: for the stream of death wafts us to those influences that regenerate and make anew the Spirit of man. It is not to die. We cannot call it death to advance amid perpetual scenes of beauty and glory, and breathe in, at every step, the sweet fragrance of light, life and joy.

But you ask, what is our occupation? It differs, Sir, as the stars differ in brightness. The undeveloped have their duties. Rest assured they must labor—yes, labor to advance. It may take long years, and many, many trials to advance them; but, yet, they must advance. They must labor and eat; for their nature is not advanced enough to drink in that which would sustain them by the atmosphere. We breathe in the essence of those sweet flowers and influences necessary to suit the nature of their existence. The more advanced they become, the better are they provided for in that respect.

You shall often hear from me and my friend, [the Indian Chief,] when we can best impress the mind of the medium. You know not how often the higher visit the lower. It is that which gives them a desire to press onwards. We almost live in heaven upon this earth, by subduing every desire to do wrong. It is on this account that we often visit and admonish some, that they may help others by their atmospheres.

September 26th, A. M., 1854.

O. F. PARKER.

COMMUNICATION XV.

The communication having been interrupted by company in the morning, it was unexpectedly resumed, just as we had made ready—carriage waiting—for a neighborly visit; and in less than ten minutes, the following was written, scarcely detaining us, from our proposed ride, longer than a rapid communication with a friend, ready to leave us, would have done.

MY FRIENDS:—We cannot let you go till we come again into close spiritual communion. We see many minds about you, we ought to impress, and who need light upon this holy movement. We would not arouse prejudice; but inspire the loftiest aspirations. But we see the atmosphere of prejudice so dense in many who visit you, we scarcely know how to penetrate it with light so pure as that of angelic wisdom.

Men think were they to embrace spirit-intercourse, it would dethrone their reason; it would do away with the inspiration of the Holy Bible; break up their churches; and disorganize society. We see that these are the fears of large and benevolent minds around you. To them we say—Not So. We would build up all that is noble in man—pure in the Bible—and useful and improving in all organizations of society, religious or otherwise. We would have even those, who think thus of our teachings, cast off much of their fleshly nature. We would search the inmost depths of their thoughts. We would make them familiar with their own souls. We would ask—Do you believe in the Spiritual Communion of the ages past? Is not the mind of man the same? Is not God the same now as then? Are spiritual intelligences degenerate in their interest in their human brethren, that they will not impart light to any age, or people, or man that will receive it.

You may well fear for the position of many churches. They stand upon a trembling foundation—the foundation of arrogant assumption over free thought, and action, and aspirations. We would not destroy, but rather purify your com-

munion. We would not tear down, but build up your churches. We would enter them, and make your worship a true and holy worship. We do not desire to create a new Church. We have sects enough, in humanity's name. But if you cut off from your church fellowship the men we have enlightened for your good, what is left for them, but to form other societies? We will elevate man. We would inspire his teachings with heavenly aspirations. We would enlarge his mind and spirit; and if your churches are too narrow, or too fleshly to permit this God-ordained work, rest assured the present generation will look upon their fall. They need elevating thoughts, duties, hopes. They need more—they need communion with the divine influences that lead the upward way of an infinite universe to its great center—God. They must have it, or no power of money, ministers, or fleshly energy can prevent their ruin.

Can the supply of this need of spiritual communion destroy the mind of man? No, Sirs: It alone can make and preserve the mind: It points out, and exposes the insignificant mummery that destroys all free and inspiring association. But, do you say, you cannot believe. Then we would say,—Do not ridicule. The time is not far distant when you will have to embrace it. Your teachings are so fleshly, so low, so unworthy, they must be, and they will be displaced by the pure embodiment of Spiritual Truth. The high born spirits—flesh once of your flesh, and spirit still of your spirit, now call to you from their elevated homes, saying—HEAR US! HEAR US!! Do not denounce us till you have investigated what we say: You doubt us from the influence of your fleshly, and not your spiritual nature. Throw this off, and you will appreciate our teachings. We call upon you to think of your departed ones. Think of those God made you to love with an everlasting love, but who have gone from earthly vision. Think you they ever forget you! Think, rather, they are ever near you, and learn to bear their remembrance and image within you. These loved ones are now trying to communicate with you. These loved ones are now trying to communicate with this people. Let your desires be purified, your thoughts devotional, and you will realise this truth. Could you see how calmly your best thoughts

are wafted to the Spirit-World, to give hope to our longing desire, that we may yet create, within your minds, more noble and spiritual power to correct the fleshly and imperfect, you would often think of us.

Were we to thunder, with the terrific power that opens wide the flaming jaws of a volcano, and amid the darkening smoke, and burning lava utter our voices of alarm, you would believe. But would you be improved? We call upon you peacefully, and say—give play to your own nature. We want a willing mind. The voice of thunder would alarm and degrade you. We desire your best and dearest power of examination. It would relieve you of dread superstitions, that have darkened your earthly path; and it would come, as with the sweet breathings of angel voices to relieve your declining years. You have lost fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, helpers and friends—each has lost some kindred spirit. Would you deprive that one, bound to you by eternal ties of existence, and to the Father of all, from renewing that kindred made sweet in death? Ah! yes; Ask yourselves if you would deprive these cherished ones of coming into close communion with you. It is our right—we demand it of you. We are the only ones who can speak you peace, when you feel the wearisome burdens of life upon you. We hold the power that can calm the sinking soul, and will ever use it where we are allowed. Will you reject us? Could, O, could you desire to reject us, were you to realise the pure and holy mission we have to this land and people?

We come to enlighten and make you as one band of brothers. If we fail in this, we fail in our most cherished and blissful objects. We desire to bind together all mankind, that they may feel and act as one brotherhood. Instead of separating, as you suppose, we have come to draw together. Look at a large diamond incased by the smaller ones, cemented inseparably together. Each has its light of never dimming beauty—so would we have the race of man; so would we have you, so that all who come within your atmosphere, however humble or exalted, would feel the heart of a brother. We would not insinuate that we would make all minds as one mind. Man must allow of difference. We were made to differ, and should

expect to differ. Without this, all progress would stop; the mind would become dwarfish, and God would be robbed of His ends in the human creation. The rarest power and beauty of mind is called forth by our differences. Let us differ then in love. We differ in this life, but love rules the spiritual spheres.

Allow us, while this idea is before you, to present you an earthly view of death. You have witnessed the opening of a Panoramic Painting, combining scenes of nature, imagination and history. You enter the hall; you wait with patience the opening of the scenes. One enters, and extinguishes light after light, till you are involved in darkness. You see nothing but a dark curtain. Perchance you hear a strain of sweet music. You wait; you listen; your anxiety increases. Suddenly the curtain is lifted, and your eyes rest upon a lovely landscape. So in death; but we do not call it death. As you approach near the close of life, your vision becomes dim—dim with age, with care, and fear—dim as it regards your heaven-born life. You rejected the heavenly influences that would have opened your minds to the bloom and glory of the, to you, far off Paradise; and now your hope sets in darkness, and your feet tremble, where you should stand firm to behold the glories of Eternal Day.

Let me assure you, you can make your declining days brighter than any picture we can draw. You may so commune with your own soul, and the kindred souls around you, that you will feel the welcome that awaits you, in the glad home of spiritual and undying affection. You will feel and embrace their presence. If you will now live a life of self-sacrifice, you will feel more than all, we your holy visitants, could bring before you.

But, reluctantly, we must close this communication. O! could we speak to you, without raising your selfish prejudices, how the darkness of your minds would clear away, and the shout of joyful triumph re-echo through all the vaulted courts of an unfolding universe. Do you believe in God!—And yet believe not in the communion of His holy Spirits! It cannot be. Reject not what alone can ennoble and hallow your desires. True, much that professes to come from spirits, ought not to be countenanced. But is this our fault or yours? Rest

assured you must judge ; but how can you judge when you are not true to the purest and deepest thirst of your own souls? Remember spirits have to use imperfect mediums. Remember your own imperfections ; of which you need no better evidence, than your unnatural and sinful prejudices against, what you know, ought to make for your highest good. Be true to yourselves, and you will know how to discriminate. Know that nothing but the pure can come from God, and his holy messengers. We come from him to invite you to brighter thoughts, hopes and visions, than have ever blessed the walks or ways of the most enlightened mortals. And now may the Spirit of God rest upon this American People, and bind them as one congenial band of brothers.

From the presence of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, to all who are alarmed at the thought of Spiritual Communion.

September 26th, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XVI.

Present, Mr. H. B. Champion, Mr. W. W. Finn, Mr. M. G. C. Church, Mrs. Ferguson, and myself.

The evening was passed in pleasant and instructive conversation, upon the great privileges of Spirit intercourse, and no one expected a manifestation. At 10 o'clock, when the company was about to leave, Mrs. F. and Mr. CHAMPION, both expressed themselves as strangely influenced. There was an evident effort to draw Mr. C. to an upright position, to which he yielded very reluctantly. But no sooner did he yield, than at once, he stood erect as some commanding Chieftain, of a people of whom he was proud. He strode, in a most dignified and stately carriage, up and down the opened parlors ; and never have I witnessed so perfect a personification of the noblest specimens of Indian character. After a few minutes of this Pantomimic entertainment, he spoke, addressing Mrs. F. :

Mr. C.—Speak my pale-faced Sister !

Mrs. F.—With evident embarrassment but equally evident exstasy of soul, replied :

My Brother must speak for me.

Mr. C.—I cannot. It must come from others.

We waited. He made another lofty march over the rooms, and we requested, nay, urged him to speak. He then said :

Then, let me say, I stand a man : the noblest workmanship of God. Do you doubt it? Look to my forest home. There, amid the roar of the mighty thunder, the voice of the Great Spirit is heard. And hath not the Red man ears and a heart?

MY PALE-FACED BRETHREN:—Shall the language of Nature's forest-flower, bloom unseen and unheard before it is gone? Am I a man? Or some truckling, to be cast to nought at the breath of another? Or must I die to live again, to know there is a God? Is my heart some putrid mass, unworthy the kindred of my pale-faced Brother? Or am I doomed to wander, amid Nature's wilds, to seek an asylum among the dead? Are these the ends to be accomplished in man's creation? No, No; Enough!

I'll visit you on Wednesday, at 4 o'clock.

I asked where?

Here Sir : and let your communion be with your souls and your God.

Mr. C. manifested evident pain from the influence, when Mrs. F. at once spoke, as by Spirit direction:

The Spirit present, will relieve you of every unpleasant influence.

Mr. C.—I am glad of it. I feel a volume within me.

Mrs. F.—Had you given it forth, it would have saved you your present feeling.

September 25th, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XVII.

Present: Mrs. Ferguson; daughter, Virginia; Mr. H. B. Champion—mediums. Mrs. Lofton, Mr. W. W. Finn and self—spectators.

After a few minutes waiting, Mr. C. spoke:

I am impressed that we should remain quiet and see what will follow.

In a few moments, Mr. C.'s head was moved gently to the table. His hands, as if under irresistible, yet pleasureable power, were crossed upon his back. His body was then turned into a graceful and commanding attitude; his hands and head released. A loud sound was heard upon the door, when he was moved into the highest attitude of the Orator, his eyes closed and his whole nature entranced. After a few moments of breathless silence, he said:

I have come from the wilds and the hamlets of the Red-man, that you might behold the infinite grandeur of an Almighty God. He is the universal Parent. Let not thy vision, radiated by his equal light, be diverted by the conflicting currents of human reasoning. Let thy feelings and affections soar to the God from whence they came.

For many, yes, many longing days and successive moons, have I watched over my own native home, still dear to my heart.

MY FRIENDS:—Permit me—shall I say permit?—to address you in the tones of Love. Let your thoughts be ever ready to expand to the vaulted conception of eternity. I desire to be heard. At least more satisfactorily to myself, and, doubtless, more understandingly to you. Think it not strange that I thus come; for I have the heart of a man. In the sunlight of many happy days, I have basked amid the smiles of kind parentage and friends. Day after day, have the kindred affections of loved ones swelled this breast with the kindred emotions of a divine Paternity in God, to a noble enthusiasm.

MY FRIENDS; By that endearing name should all be called. I must speak. Shall it be in vain? Let the united efforts of this blessed day be remembered as long as memory grows

fresh amid the renewing powers of the mighty Ocean of Eternity. When I clasp to my breast this hand, what does it mean? Where are its ends? Here? No. Is man but a creature—a *thing*? My God! Let the people hear. Have they no high destiny to attain? Are they born to wither and die, and be forgotten in one short hour? No. One word, my pale-faced friends. Let it be remembered. From Nature's Forest comes forth the fairest products of earth. Let it be remembered that their chronology is Eternity, your infatuated history being ashamed to record it.

But we will endeavor to be heard under more advantageous circumstances. We cannot, now, as you see.

[Looking around with evident scorn at the papered walls of the rooms, he continued:] "These, your gilded palaces. Where is its dome? The Red man's coronet (looking at a picture crown in the centre of the room) is set with the signet of his God. He looks not to man's, but Nature's Architecture and Architect. He worships not in accordance with the forms and expressions of the few—nor the many. He looks to his heart. Yes, my pale-faced brother, he looks to his heart. Oh! how few they are that find Him! It is not there; but here is his throne. My God, my God, is the God of all. Let the few hearts that know him triumph in his holy name. Let the standard of Religious freedom be erected—but not so high that man cannot find it. Do you want an expression of my faith?"

[F.—By all means!]

Well then, my mission is not in vain. I go to the hamlet of my fathers. There, I have bedewed their graves with my tears. But the white man has robbed even the charnel house of its dead. Its sacredness is lost amid the din and activity of what? Civilized Life! Of what—yes, my pale-faced brother—of what does this civilization consist? Is it in erecting to heaven, if their ambition could be satisfied, domes that would fail to contain the inscriptions of their shame? Do you call this unkind? If so, do not, as your forefathers have done—crucify the truth with the wiles of your own infatuation.

My God is here. He is everywhere. He speaks not to the few or the many. No more to the Prince upon his throne, than to the outcast in his dungeon; no more to you, than to me.

have desired this interview for purposes lofty in their nature, and mighty in their influence. And before leaving let me say, this embassy of nations shall not be in vain!

[There were other things said, but we lost them in our admiration of the manner and our sympathy with the feeling of the address. Another meeting was appointed for 4 o'clock, Thursday, by the Chieftain.]

Wednesday, September 26th, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XVIII.

We met according to the appointment of our Chieftain friend.

Present: Mr. H. B. Champion, Mrs. Ferguson, daughter Virginia—mediums. Col. and Mrs. Lofton, Mr. M. C. C. Church and self—spectators.

Mrs. F.—I feel very happy.

Mr. C., was violently shaken.

Mrs. F.—Submission is necessary, my Brother. Nay, it is indispensable on your part, if you would have breathed into you that Spirit atmosphere, necessary for this demonstration. The old Chieftain desires this evening, to speak through one better calculated than I am, to breathe forth his address. Speak, my brother, speak.

Mr. C.—Am I lost, in the profundity of thought, that encircles my vision, to pour forth the sublimest conceptions of my nature, in adoration of the God who gave me life? Do I stand upon the brink of a precipice, whose undimmed heights soar beyond the loftiest conceptions of man? Or am I placed upon the broad plain of maternal affection that encircles all in one common brotherhood? Do we behold this vast ocean untenanted? No. It but bespeaks its design in man. Is it to soothe the lonely hour of solitude, or to charm with affections most dear to the human heart, that we shall present the ultimate of all earthly ties? Shall I speak to you of the divisions and

subdivisions, that have wrecked the highest hope and fondest anticipations of the Future? Crude, yes crude, a pale-faced world will call it crude. But it speaks from the vineyard of immortal planting, while our tone and sentiment are true to our nature, and true Sirs, to our God. Do we speak forth those mutations, pillared, not tainted, by the loftiest conceptions of man's policy? No. These Heavens were as pure; the sun shone as brightly; with the foilage that mantles the fair domain of earth in its redolent splendor, came forth undimmed by the successive changes of time, before the white man boasted of his prodigies of work. We stood, Sir, upon the banks of our own native streams. The undulating flame, from towering mountain, enrobed its majesty in token to its author, God. We drank purely—serenely—*peacefully*, from the unexhausted storehouse of nature, with none to chide or make us afraid. We looked—to what did we look? We looked, and we felt (here) the impressive lesson that man is born for higher and nobler ends. You may think our observations crude. But ere the setting of many suns, the distant thunder of the East, shall proclaim the approach of coming day. Its inscriptions shall be limped with the highest and holiest conceptions of man.

Why—yes why do I pause? I could utter, yes, *I* could utter a volume, too sacred to be recorded with the tears of Indians. These past remembrances and cherished anticipations, burthen the soul. Shall—yes, shall, I ask pardon for lingering by the fireside of my untinted Brother? Shall I prove recreant to my nature, and to my God? Shall not those affinities, that are as extended as the Earth, and as infinite as the Heavens, prove true to their Source? Why, then, should we boast those kindred ties, that bind us to the home of our fathers? Why, also, should we not cast but one faint glance over the past history of this—look, yes look—what, but one century ago, brooded over this fair landscape that now bursts forth with all the joy and peace of civilization? What has it cost? By what right has my kindred brother been forced from the sacred associations of home, and left to bleach in the wilds of Nature? Do you essay that the forest was his Paradise? Has the Red man, then, no heart? Do not his kindest and purest affections flow forth in one unbroken chain to the God from whence they came?

Or does he stand as the automaton, to be hurled by the passing breeze, to the shades of oblivion?

Upon this spot, where I now stand, in my earliest days was I dandled upon the knees of loved ones! But what a change has come over me. Spirits of the dead! Where, yes, where are your sons and daughters? Let the pale-face answer:—The toiling millions, spreading far and near, throughout this smiling land, we are told, in joy, prosperity and peace, under wise, noble administrations of justice? Were I to bring to your view, the record of those brave hearts, that once peopled this fair soil, when first the Pilgrim Fathers, from oppression fled, and planted their standard of Liberty in the Red man's heart, what a contrast would it present? Alas! alas! not what their infatuations would make it. Has Nature proved false to her trust, that the Red man has disappeared before the *wise—intelligent—just* administrations of civilized government? *No, no.* It is a picture that would make Nature blush at man's depravity. Did they come to secure Peace or light the fires of Golconda?

Ah! Would you have,—says my pale-faced Brother, for I hear his sigh—would you have the Tomahawk and Scalping-knife the emblems upon the altar of justice? No, O, no! But what better than these have deprived our graves from inheriting their own? The answer is—*Civilization*. My God! Has man a spiritual nature? If so, for what was it given?

But shall we descend the plain, others will say, of Retrogression? In the light of the Past, it would be progression. Even the mists of nature, protect her own from mortal harm. But while I speak, O noble-hearted and hopeful Brother, in the Future an extended eminence rises to my view, upon whose summit is inscribed, what can never be told by man. Wait—yes, kind friends—wait. You hear the rumbling thunder still speaking; but soon its sound will no more be heard. What? yes what, you ask? I come to say to you, the hour will be given, encompassing its bearings, its end and its purpose. Therefore, kind friends, wait till the troubled waters, shall be calm. The sun will again come forth in all its glory, not dimmed, by the

wiles and infatuations of man! Adieu! Adieu! I'll come to you again!

[There was not a sentence of the above that was not uttered with a power of voice and manner superior to any Oratorical display, I have ever witnessed. It frequently drew involuntary tears; and commanded our full, almost wrapt attention. I lost a few of the words, but have not attempted to replace them.]

Thursday, September 27th, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XIX.

Present, Mr. Champion, Mrs. Ferguson, daughter Virginia, and self.

Mrs. F.—Submit willingly my pale-faced brother. O, why do you resist? If you, sir, understood our mission to you, let me assure you, you would submit to our influence? We desire to make a speaking medium of you, and send you forth to enlighten mankind.

Mr. C. became composed, and said, as from our Indian friend:

Then let me speak forth an index to those thoughts that have burdened my heart, amid the cherished hopes that have blossomed and bloomed, beneath the shades of nature's own planting. When I come to you my friend, receive me as a welcome guest; not robed in the apparel of my ancient home, but spiritually enlightened, to pour forth those holy intuitions, that shall speak their impress upon the heart of man. Let me be welcome with extended arms. Ever ready to cherish the holiest recollections and highest ends to be attained by man. My God speaks under your roof as well as under that of the mighty. He is heard, and where—yes, where should he not be heard? Here is a store-house immeasurably great. It knows no confines. It spreads over the grave its brightest gem. It robes man in his true paternity!

Can we look far into the depths of the Future, and say that one extended ocean bears us on to a common destiny? Can we dwell by the lacivious wanderings of the mind, and behold

their meaning and intent? Or must some sceptered vision be seen upon the hill-tops, to admonish us all that we live? Oh! no. Let this index here, awake from the dead lethargy that has bound its highest and most glorious aspirations.

Here Mr. C. found it impossible to go on, owing to the powerful nature of the impression, and our Indian minister gave way to another spirit, who addressed me as follows :

My Dear Cousin :

In your interviews with men, be careful that you do not overstep the bounds of propriety in a recital of what we may deem subservient to the best interests of man. The soul-stirring appeals you have received, are lofty in their character, and weighty in their meaning. But it will not do to direct, too prominently from their own theories, if you would bring man to the recognition of his high and holy attributes and ends. The ends subservient to our great mission, must be attained, before we can go forward to the achievement of those great and sublime precepts that would inculcate the greatest of all truths.

I have intruded, this morning, not for the purpose of adding any thing new to what has already been said. It is but the reassurance of those kindred affinities that bind us to loved ones on earth; and when we shall have accomplished this mission, we shall feel relieved of a high responsibility, that we owe to you as well as ourselves.

I have endeavored to give Mrs. Ferguson a true impression of my thoughts, in regard to her development. Let me say, that the desponding hours that encircle her brow, are a momentous barrier to her highest hopes and best interests. Let unanimity of feeling, of heart, of sentiment, speak peace to the troubled ocean of Life. It wafts us on, it is true; but when, O! when we realize the unfathomed depths beyond, we are permitted to bring, from the records of Eternity, that oneness of feeling that shall make us neither ashamed nor afraid. Let the redolent goodness of God ever impress the heart with its high-born mission. Death is but a sweet sleep, after the toils and vexations of Time, from which we come forth afresh, renewed and prepared for higher and holier achievements.

Therefore, let the dark mantle, whose shroud has woven its texture around thy brow, be precipitated from thy mind. I have given you this that we may go forth rejoicing, and not in gloom, in your contemplations of the Future.

I want you all to feel as one in this great movement; for many high-born Spirits live in daily communion with you all, to guide you unerringly, if allowed to be heard implicitly. They now tell me, yes. They tell me that here is to be a grand centre, around which, light shall be revealed universally: not to charm your fancies or to excite your desires, but to consecrate you, as the humble instruments, for propagating high and holy truth to man. Then live the life of the righteous, that thy peace may be like theirs.

I cannot express the admiration I feel, at the very kind and reciprocal manner in which all tends to minister, universally to the desired end. Sacred associations have been formed, but what virtue is there at their command, without unanimity of feeling? None. Sacredness consists in holy thoughts; in purity of thought, and sentiment, to advance the interests of fellow-mortals, like yourselves. Sacredness consists in holding strict communion with your hearts and your God. Motive—let there be none, that is not dedicated to the interests of Humanity.

I have said this much, that you may feel I am no stranger to the cause of Progression. Time, and the occasion, will not permit me to detail circumstances of an individual character. Let your moments be sacred, when drawing from the exhaustless fount of wisdom, that which shall adorn and beautify man in higher costumes, than ever bedecked the regal couch of Sovereignty.

I cannot say more now. You shall hear from me often. I impressed your dear wife so, that I might speak forth the intonations of my heart in a becoming manner. Then fear not, but march boldly forward, ever hearing the timely admonitions of kind friends. Uudue interest or alacrity might destroy the means that bear us safely on our journey, with peace to ourselves and comfort to others. I feel that I owe much for the enjoyment of this hour. Good bye, then, kind friends! I will

come again, and ever be with you, in the hours of sorrow and affliction. Good bye ! Peace be to all.

O. F. PARKER.

Mr. C.—Professed himself much relieved by coming under the influence of this spirit, when, Dr. CHANNING's presence was manifested to him, and he spoke, again :

A word to you, MR. CHAMPION. I want you to speak whenever called upon, or so impressed, unhesitatingly. I will guide and minister whenever needed. If you repose in me, as representing the great ultimate of Eternal Truth, hear what I have to say, Sir : I am in hope to give orally my impressions. I want you to avail yourself of every instance of Spiritual approach. If not in accordance with my desires, I will tell you. You need never fear, contending Spirits ; for ever true to their natural affinities, like will seek its like. Therefore, go on. All is legitimate and designed. I cannot make my impressions more definite without the Indian. Consequently, he will be a welcome guest. Do not be abashed. "Talk it out." "Let it come." It will enliven your nature and make you a man. Do not fear the result. I say, peace to all, awaits these missions of Mercy ! Go on, then, unhesitatingly, in the Future. W. E. C.

Saturday, Sept. 30th, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XX.

Under a concurrence of happy coincidences, we believe to have been directed by Spirits, MR. CHAMPION and myself made a rapid visit of one week to Todd County, Ky., It is but due to truth to say, That he knew not one of the parties with whom we met, and could not, by any possibility, have known any of their Spiritual relations. After a pleasant night at Goodlettsville, we passed rapidly through Springfield, to the neighborhood of Allensville, Kentucky.

While at the residence of my father, the larger portion of his family, and immediate connections being present, Mr. C. came under Spirit direction, and addressed several members

thereof, as from their Spirit-friends in most affecting and appropriate terms. Before making a direct address, he was directed to prepare them, as from the Spirit of our Indian Friend :

Am I here, amid my native wilds, adorned in the semblance of a man, to breathe forth those mighty truths, imprinted on Nature's own Paradise, to enliven our holiest recollections of the Past, and fondest anticipations of the Future? Do I behold, around me, many travelers to the same great end, which is God? Am I here to speak the lessons of soberness and truth, or to spend an hour of idle pastime? O! let the thought I speak to you be true. Let not the wiles and infatuations of your minds dim them to their highest and holiest visions. Then let us come into one common union of heart and sentiment, and feel as man should ever feel, when he looks forward to one common destiny.

I cannot express on this occasion, no language could express, those kindred affinities that ally mortals to an immortal destiny. These things may appear strange, but they are legitimate parts of Nature's or God's handiwork, all tending to their designed and desired ends. The kindred ties that bind you to the departed, are not blasted, but bloom in all their native loveliness, and are here to-day, to speak peace to your hearts. Then, come, desiring one hope, one end, one destiny.

Shall we speak of the glowing terms presented to win man to his God? No. It is not in them but in thy heart, you will find the link that binds. We would have you prove true to your nature and your God. Not bought—not traitorous to your highest interests. No, no. We would not delude you with the charm of inexhaustible pleasure. You must come to be men. Neither would we frighten you with the terrors of a flaming Hell. Neither would we ascribe to that Eternal Principle of Love, what would consign man to the depths of Eternal Woe. We would speak of a God, not bereft of the fond affections of a Parent, who cares for, and chides not his child in vain. I come, my Pale-faced Brethren, to speak to you of undying relations that await you all. We have heard

the monotonous roar of the distant thunder, but it is the idle-foreboding of greater epochs, to which your hopes should be elevated. When, Sirs, the grass shall grow over the graves of many who hear me to-day, you will have reason to rejoice at the sweet anthems, that shall enwrap your hearts in the ineffable glory of God, made manifest in your every kindred relationship.

Need I call your attention to the recollection of the precepts of early years? Need I say, Sirs, there was then planted what has robbed man of his highest and holiest privileges, by what they called religious kindness. And now, when the years of maturity should bloom in all their native purity, My God! what do you behold? The casket is robbed of its highest ends: Robbed of Liberty of Conscience, to speak and act as a man. Then when we look, what do we behold? A man bereft of the divine prerequisites of a man. O, ye fathers and mothers, discharge your high duty, and frown, at once, upon every effort that would enslave the mind given to bless you and the world. Let not false notions or conceptions of depravity, cloud your brow or dim your vision to the highest and holiest mission that awaits thy offspring. Let the plant as it comes forth, be prepared to feel the scorching blast that would lay its highest hopes and interests in the dust. Would you rob these dear jewels, of the power to do justice, when it is needed? O, let these reflections sink deep into the profundity of thy serious thoughts.

Fear not! Fear not! If the agencies and ministrations, now dawning upon the world, are not as they should be, rest assured they will disappear as the dew before the scorching Sun. If true—shall you not hear them? Then stand free, upright; not bowing to forms and conceptions that have swallowed up the highest gifts of God to man. No. Judge for yourselves. That's what we want. A man! not a truckling to the powers that be. No. If so, he proves traitorous to his God. Hear there heavenly voices, then, for without them, you will go backwards to what will degrade and enslave you, and make your progress only the more difficult where you now desire it to be free.

I have said much that may be but faintly understood. But

thy perceptive faculties shall be enlightened. Then shall you behold the redolent effulgence dawning upon what should be a happy, but what is a too credulous people. But another, and a kindred Spirit is here, and desires my place from which to speak to you.

Kind friends: What shall I speak? I wish to say one word to you, that may urge you forward in the prosecution of a great and noble enterprise. It is Humanity that calls, shall it be heard? Then prove true to the exalted privileges, granted to you and your's. I speak with the impressive intuitions of a father's love. Let the kindnesses we feel be extended. Let them not awaken unholy recollections or desires, for know such are not born of God. Let us be enlivened with the holiest anticipations of the Future. I cannot do more than to impress upon your minds a strict necessity of the observance of the rights of others. Let your blessings and purest affections, then, encircle all in one common union. Let not the perversity and misgivings of deluded men, embarrass and retard your honest convictions of propriety. Let not the effusions that are broad cast in the land dim thy vision to their approaching doom. Let not the sad desolations awaiting a thorough conception of thy highest hopes, or best interests arouse one reflection that shall embitter the holiest associations and kindred affinities that speak upon the heart, the design of man. I would say more, but time and circumstances forbid. They admonish me of brighter and loftier conceptions of the inner-life, which should be poured forth in all its native purity. Adieu! Adieu! [This Spirit was understood to have been JESSE BABCOCK, our grand father.]

Another Spirit, the third son of our parents, deceased thirty-seven years, turned the Medium to our Father and Mother, and said:

I feel impressed to say one word of consolation to these friends here. I feel it a duty I owe to you. I feel that there is an inseparable barrier to what you would desire promulgated as the evidences that enlighten our minds, and enforce the convictions of man's immortality. An undue regard for those, we cherish most dear, robs us, yes, my friends, robs us of the greatest privileges man ever enjoyed. I must speak what

comes. You must bear it. Were I to consult my own inclinations it would not be so.

MY AGED FATHER: Hear one word from the grave. Let me calm your wrinkled brow and declining years. Thy hopes shall not be dim. Pleasures, unspeakable, await thy exit to more extended climes. Let not the sympathies and cares of life rob its flickering rays of its wonted brilliancy. No. Look to higher and loftier ends. I would have you be charitable, in your feelings, as I know you are. I would rob you of the unpleasant emotions, that ever arise in a father's heart, as he contemplates the trials of his child. Let not thy heart and mind be troubled. We are born of God, and to him must return. I feel the inadequacy of language, to express what I desire. Let the brightest wreath of hope encircle thy venerable brow. Adieu!

[There were many other things, equally touching and beautiful, which were lost in the amount of sympathy awakened, always detrimental to the medium.]

Wednesday night, October 4, 1854.

At night, a still larger company were gathered together, when Mr. C. came under the influence of the Spirit of Dr. CHANNING, and spoke as follows:

I want to communicate to you, this evening, upon the immortality of man. His hopes—ah! yes, and his desires. I wish to awaken, within you all, the true feelings of a man.—God, in his infinite mercy, created all. Made He man from the dust of the earth? Then what more was he than what we behold upon the broad expanse of Nature? Nothing, sirs, nothing more. Hark! the gentle zephyrs of the exalted grandeur of an all-wise God, breathe the exalted power of a living soul. Call you this Death? There is no Death. Each native element seeks its own. Shall not the intuitive impress, of an all-wise God, retain the affinity it bears? Or shall it die and fade, as a fleeting show, to awaken the false conception of the mind's recollections of the past? Then know that life—Eternal Life—breathes everywhere. These heavens, in all their redolent glory, burst forth, daily, before thy vision, to

proclaim the ceaseless flow of the powers and ties of that Life. The fathomless ocean, and extended earth, but whisper the gentle notes of praise to the God who gave their elements of power and beauty. What more is man, when the life-giving principle departs? Nothing! Nothing more! Shall the breath, that bears us on, curse the intuitive impress that marks the sullied image of Eternal rearage? No. Talk of Divinity here and there. With as much propriety, we might inculcate the absurdity, that man has no being. Divinity, sir, reigns triumphant, throughout the endless changes that have awaited, or ever shall await, the monuments of Time. Divinity is here. No conception can be brought to dethrone it. The extended grandeur of the Eternal God, reigns everywhere. Man's hopes shall slumber on to an eternal progress that knows no end.—Dark and portentous clouds may obscure the horizon, but they only reflect another gem to the ever increasing brilliancy of the soul. They bespeak the endless vicissitudes, through which his nature, and his God, beckon him on to an endless life. Then let the hope, never exhausted, bear him on to that oneness which knows no distinction.

Call yourselves more favored than your brothers, because you sit under the droppings of heavenly wisdom? The meridian of day is obscured by the approaches of the solitude of age. Then rejoice not, for thy hopes are the enslaved anticipations of approaching day. Boast, yes, feeble man, boast you of a Law that bequeaths unequal privileges? It's false! I mean, sir, it is false. Understand this assertion not in its broad acceptation. No truth is false. No! The divine impress, of an Infinite Father, has mantled these heavens, from before the beginning of Time. Through the hypocrisy and traditions of the ancients, many things are blended with the Chart of Immortality. Do they make it all divine? "All," yes, "all Scripture is profitable." But what is Scripture? Here lays the basis, on which has been erected a superstructure, that makes Humanity mourn. Like, yes, like, ever true, seeks its own. Love is the spirit of the Law. Will my kindred friends show me what it has brought forth? Has this Divine Principle proven true? O, my God! Let the hearth of the widow and the orphan answer. Let the Sixteenth Century,

with its damning feuds, settle this question. Let the broils and contentions that spread over this fair, but alas! not happy land, answer. And from whence has all this evil come? It has arisen from the perversion of this nature we bear. O, yes; we could express ourselves in a manner that would not be acceptable to you, or agreeable to us. The mercenary motives of man, have robbed him of his highest hopes, and his holiest ends. Liberty of conscience; liberty of thought, and freedom of sentiment, upon the great and momentous truths, that would lead us on to more extended elevations, is what you need. Have, then, the means to awaken within man, the most incalculable blessings to his fellow-man. Why, sir, if I am a free man, why should I not contemplate these heavens serenely? Has God, in his mercy, been more bountiful to one, than to all. Why, then, should man behold, in his brother-man, a fiend? Recollect thy Paternity is one, and thy relationship should not be counter. One union, one chain, binds all to God. One breath poured forth those myriads over creation. They came from God, and to Him shall return. They speak, now, in every breeze. Innumerable hosts approach me at this moment. They stand as one, urging the claims of this great mission. Kindred associations, loftiest desires, purest affections, are here to-night, to instil momentous thoughts, with a reality not to be excelled.

Friends, many loved ones surround you, who wish to speak. I now have to choose between many—an unpleasant task. I am turned here.

[Here he turned to a Miss P—— present, and addressed her as from her father, deceased eight years. He could not have known either her kindred or orphanage. He said:]

MY DEAR CHILD: Weep not, over the record, that presents to your memory, our earthly farewell. I feel your desolate lot, and am not insensible to the chilly reception, that often awaits you, in a cold and selfish world. But bright is the hope I bring you, beyond expression, bright; not laden with the cares and misfortunes of a very lonely life. My child: a fond parent's affection shall ever be near thee, and the blessing of an all-wise God, shall overshadow thee. Be hopeful; and your

days shall pass away only to help you forward to a glorious destiny. Weep not!

[This scene was very affecting; so much so, that I lost the greater part of the address. Another was delivered to our family, by our cousin, Mr. PARKER, but I am unable to make a faithful report of it from my notes.]

COMMUNICATION XXI.

THROUGH MR. CHAMPION.

From the interview recorded above, we passed, on the next day, to Meryville, Ky., where, at night, we met a large company of ladies and gentlemen. This was the late residence of Dr. C. MERIWETHER, a gentleman of the highest intellectual cultivation, honored by all who knew him, and regarded, by his immediate acquaintances, with a reverence which only the most elevated wisdom and moral worth could command. We spent the remainder of the day in happy converse upon these strange manifestations, in company with Mrs. M. and her son, Mr. W. D. MERIWETHER. As night drew near, a company of invited guests came in, and a circle was convened for a spiritual interview. Except from what had transpired at the residence of my father, which was as novel to the experience of Mr. CHAMPION and myself, as to any one who witnessed the happy and improving greeting of kindred in and out of the form on that occasion, we had no intimation of what was to follow. We had been seated but a few moments, in this hospitable mansion, when Mr. C. came under Spiritual influence, and spoke as follows, as from Dr. CHANNING:

My Spirit is lost, in the pleasurable emotions that swell this breast, in gratitude to the God that gave me birth. Let not the desires of man soar to unknown heights, bereft of the endearing consolation of the knowledge that there is a God, who claims obedience, from all. Let not your hopes be blasted, in the zenith of their beauty. Let not the false imaginings

of human ignorance, rob the storehouse of Nature, of its choicest gifts. Let not your wild fancies, friends, make you prove recreant to your souls and your God.

What means all this assembly of blessed Spirits, around you, to-night? What means this form? Why was it created? Look beyond your vain conceptions, guided by those aspirations which ever arise, when you feel the power of the soul that decorates this form, and it will point, unerringly, to the source of its infinite glory; and beneath that inspiration will breathe forth the sweet adulations of praise, to that Source which gave it life. What, says one, transcends this form and bears me on, over the trackless fields of space, unknown to mortals? It is the infinite grandeur of an all-wise God. What, I ask, are the ends to be attained by man? Was there no design in his creation? Was he brought forth as the sportive melody of an hour, to charm the celestial spheres? Or is he doomed to sink to the unknown depths of endless wrong? Or does he linger, as the tiny drop, to pass away, before the scorching rays of the lightning of an unjust God? Oh! no.

[Here, with appropriate remarks the Spirit speaking seemed to give way to the influence of another, when Mr. C. continued.]

He impresses me to say, that there are many kindred friends present, who would like to speak, in tones that would be recognized by all. I have been heard in the counsels of your Nation. My heart, Sirs, has beat in sympathy for the oppressed. I fled not, from my post, when danger invaded this fair land. I stood erect, proud of my native country, and ever willing to do battle in the cause of right. Great and glorious achievements, have wreathed your country's brow, with fame as undying as Eternity. But with the velocity of thought, the flitful *Æons* are passing on, each one oppressed, at the signal doom that awaits his land.

SWEET AND HAPPY FRIENDS: We would commune with you to-night. Loved ones are here, and I am here to describe them for your recognition. Here is one—see you her not?—a lovely maiden. Scarce eighteen summers dim her brow. She passes on, and lingers there. With enchanted gaze and enraptured thought, such as no language can depict, I see her moving on. She has loved, and is beloved here. Many, many,

many are now passing by your eyes—Oh! see you them not?

Here, [pointing to the honored matron of the family present,] stands one, with thoughtful brow, which bespeaks many long and weary years. But he now appears as though scarcely sixty summers had graced his manly form. Once he graced this fair mansion, with all the fondness of a father's love. The emotions that now swell his heart are such as none can utter.

Here comes another, dear, most dear to you, (pointing to Rev. J. D. F.) With one fond look she passes on. This friends, is the friendly greeting of kindred spirits. Let your hearts chant the praises of a God yet unknown to many who profess to speak in his name. [Here was presented a beautiful apostrophe to our nation, and not without a warning; but it was delivered so rapidly, I was not able to take it down. Its concluding sentence I retained as follows:]

But I speak of the Collossal spire of Hope, that ascends above the loftiest conceptions of man, for upon that spire, is inscribed, *Progression*—ETERNAL PROGRESSION!

Here comes one, an aged father, who was once worn down with the cares of life. "Say to these," he says, "Be not forgetful of your friends. We visit your homes and sit at your firesides. We rejoice in your pleasures and mourn in your sorrows." He moves here—what that means I cannot express.

[Here he pointed to Mrs. M., who afterwards recognized the aged man as her father, who had died in the parlor, we were occupying, of which fact and of his age, the medium gave information, although he never had heard of him before, nor did any one, save the family, know the fact. Dr. CHANNING, after several similar and appropriate descriptions, continued:]

One great thought: What is born of God? The Spirit.—And what shall it accomplish? This responsive melody, you but begin to hear, from Spirit-friends, is given to hush the monotonous roar that now dims the loftiest vision of the Celestial Spheres. When we hear, let us ask, what good can man accomplish in behalf of his fellow-man? What good can any precept, moral in its character, elevating in its tendencies, if not recognised by the human heart? Ah! it is here that Humanity mourns the sad lessons that await its perverted conceptions of things. What law, sacred or divine, can help the

toiling millions of earth, if not submitted to the capacity of man? Truth is a star of extended brilliancy, not to be dimmed by the varied vicissitudes, through which it must pass. Then fear not! clad with the divine armor. Spiritualism, *Devilism*, if you please so to call it, if true, will stand the test of time. If we would measure the exact proportions of two distinctive observations, when brought together, we could readily see where truth lies, and makes itself distinguishable. Immortal truth! Impress of God upon every heart, when shod with thy divine armor, who would fear the Hydra-headed monster, Error?

But, says one, where shall I find that truth? This question might do for a brute, but not for a man, to ask. It only reveals the sad lesson, that many have not yet ascended above the miasma that absorbs their highest nature, and the dearest relations of life. We tell you, that an observance of your own nature, will make you capable, and show man capable of receiving divine communications. Your God created you free, and designed you to be men, not dogs, that fondle beneath the vilest conceptions of those who seek their own aggrandizement. Then, let your manlike capacity distinguish the immeasurable difference between a man and a brute. No man, who proves true to his nature, and his God, fails, here, to behold the mirror of Eternal Truth. Law, yes law, divine, or otherwise, is subject to that intuitive impress that man inherits from his God.

Place Humanity's unfortunate child in your midst, bereft of that Heaven-born prerequisite—Reason—and what do you behold? A being, bereft of what was designed, by God, to bloom, with a sweetness that would have expanded throughout the Immortal Temple of Eternal Love. Think you, this unfortunate child is doomed? No. Then mark a thought here. What makes his palliation, and saves him from blame? Is it not his capacity? He lives beneath the umbrageous boughs, of this life-giving odor, but inhales it not. Say you not, then, that capacity measures, with unsparing aim, man's obedience? Then, friends, will you cast it to the dogs, because some inflated spark of Humanity may chide you for its exercise? No; no. Then let *all*, yes ALL, one mighty ALL, succumb to the God in man. Are you afraid to trust yourselves? Have you a thief

within, to steal away your highest hopes and best interests? No. Then live, yes, live in the enjoyment of the choicest gifts of God to man. I am done!

W. E. C.

Meryville, Ky., Oct. 6, 1854.

[There were other descriptions of attending Spirits, and personal recognitions by those present. But we were at a loss to recognise the Spirit that represented itself as kindred to the family, and as having served in the councils of the nation.—While discussing his probable name, several having been suggested, Mr. C. came under Spiritual influence, and, after describing, most accurately, Dr. MERIWETHER, THOMAS JEFFERSON, and delivering a noble speech from the latter, and appealing to a gentleman present, who was the only one of our company who knew him in life, for a recognition, he told us that W. H. CRAWFORD, was the relative the family were enquiring after. It was not known to any one, save Mrs. M. and Mr. W. D. MERIWETHER, that he sustained any relationship to the family. To sum up what was remarkable in these recognitions of deceased kindred, we would have the reader observe: 1. Mr. CHAMPION had no acquaintance whatever with this family. 2. He arrived but a few hours prior to this interview. 3. He met persons here whom he had never seen, from places of which he knew nothing. 4. The meeting was as unexpected to the family as to himself, and he was induced, by Spiritual impression, to accompany me there, neither of us knowing whom we would meet, or what would be the nature of the demonstrations. And yet, he accurately described deceased relatives; their peculiar relationship to the strangers present; the time and place of their death, and gave appropriate messages from each. In addition to this, he gave a description of Mr. JEFFERSON, and his relation to the Republic, represented him as an associate of Dr. M., not knowing, what we afterwards learned from the family, that Dr. MERIWETHER and Mr. JEFFERSON were intimate acquaintances, in life, and greatly devoted to each other. He gave the name of Mr. CRAWFORD as a relative, and his speech above, when I, though I had resided in the family five years, had never learned, till this interview, that he was a relative. Are we not warranted, then, in saying, that no honest mind can put these facts together—and of their verity I refer to the

family, and am ready to furnish the names of many respectable ladies and gentlemen, who were present, and will never forget the impressiveness of that occasion—and not admit the reality of Spirit-intercourse?

But the demonstration did not stop here. On the next day, Mr. C. came under the direction of an Indian Chief, and commanding me to follow him, wended his way directly to the family cemetery, and there pointed out to us the tombs of many, whose Spirits, he said, had greeted us the night before. Some of the graves he designated had no marks; and yet he gave the sex, the relationship, and general character of each, with an accuracy of description that was irresistible. When he had finished here—he again commanded us to follow. He sought a spot, which he bid me mark, and then, taking a distinct survey of a forest, some distance from us, followed a line, not varying a foot, through fields and over fences, and then on through a dense wood, till he came to a mound I had never previously noticed, whereon he stood, and delivered a description of the habits, power, and disappearance of the aboriginal tribes of this country, that was commanding and interesting in the extreme. I had no materials with which to preserve the oration, as the whole proceeding was unexpected, and could not have been anticipated. When he had completed an address, sentences of which are still imprinted upon my memory, he was released, feeling much invigorated, and seemed as unconscious of what he had been doing, as if he had been in a dream. He knew not where he was; knew not the way back to the mansion we had left, and such was the difficulty of a return, even to myself, that, losing sight of the marks I had made by his direction, we found ourselves, when emerging back again from the wood, several hundred yards from the point where we had entered it. I record these wonderful demonstrations of Spirit-presence, alike for the gratification they afforded me at the time, and as a duty I owe to truth. I leave them, without a comment, believing they will make a proper impression upon all sincere men.

At night, Mr. C. addressed the venerable lady of Meryville, from her deceased husband, and also her son, making reference to incidents known only to them, and leaving them with-

out question as to the reality of the presence, and interest, of him whose noble form they laid away, some twelve years before. The scene was beautiful, hopeful, almost heavenly, and I feel it one that I should not record, in its particulars, at least for the public eye. It will never pass from my memory, while I have mind to appreciate the high thoughts of wisdom, or a heart to move to the pure emotions of undying love; for there was a calm Spiritual meeting, that revealed the inseparable union of kindred souls in undying affection.

COMMUNICATION XXII.

THROUGH MR. CHAMPION.

Our Chieftain brother addressed me :

Why do I appear to you again? Is it to speak of man, of God? Is it to instil thoughts of a high and holy character? Is it to awaken realities as changeless as time? If so, I might come again and again, and still it would not be in vain. But know that I stand upon an eminence not created by human hands. Know that an Eternity breathes forth to you, truths immortal in their nature—truths immortal in their nature, did I say? Yes; and the changing realities of time shall not write their impress there.

Sir: Upon this occasion, hear a few needy, warning truths, from the Paradise of God. They speak their impress upon the heart; but, like the gentle dew of morning, it soon fades beneath the scorching blast of the wrongs of man to his fellow. I feel, yes, I feel sad; my nature shrinks within itself, at the contemplated evidences of humanity, that many suppose, ally man to his God. Why, if ends are noble, should they not be attained? This sacrifice of the high-born privileges of man's nature, has decorated earth's bowers, watered with the blood of innocence. It has instilled hopes as false as the God they personate. Pshaw! Ugh!! Ugh!!!

These recollections draw forth the untutored nature in all

its wonted vehemence. It speaks, within, of crushed hopes, and blasted anticipations of my kindred. Let this pass. It is but a distant cloud that obscures the purest rays, that shall soon shine forth in their wonted brilliancy, from their native birth in God. Attachments, strong in this life, bear their sullied impress upon the soul; but let us realize that no mystic cloud o'erhangs the onward, yes, onward progress of man. Its sky is serene, with the redolent splendor of its nature. It comes from the throne of an Almighty hand, and presents the fulness of its glory.

Stop one minute. Here comes my pale-faced friend, who will suggest more conclusive evidences, to awaken the high-born minstrels, that chant the praises of an Almighty God to unhappy man.

[Here the Spirit of Dr. CHANNING addressed us.]

I must speak to you, sir, on matters of weighty importance. I must address my remarks in terms, tenable in their bearing. I feel, sir, the necessity of strong and stringent measures, in behalf of the doctrines that we have mutually espoused. I am impressed to speak to you, for the good of all, and the accomplishment of great and weighty matters, now at hand. Therefore, I will answer you, upon this occasion, in a manner that will admit of no doubt, in regard to the position that I would have all to assume.

Truth, sir, is immutable, and shall outlive the successive generations of time. Let this heaven-born principle, be the standard to which all may flee, to realise the impurities of their nature. It is not by the unmeasured depth that we can judge of its immensity. It is by true and just discrimination, that we gain the ascendancy over matters, weighty in their character, and infinite in their importance. Sir, give your people the important lesson, that truth is immortal. Then they need not fear for the deceptive theories of the nineteenth century. Nor need they tremble, because there shall ever appear more truth. Tell them, sir, to be *men*, and rejoice at the existence of this life-giving principle, whether found within the folds of the Bible, or gleaned from what some call hell. Why do not men learn its vitality?

I speak, upon this occasion, of matters infinite in their bear-

ing, and would have you observe their reference; for I know of no holier, nor loftier conception of man's nature, than to instil into others the fermentations of thought, that shall speak the progress of eternal truth. Bring not to their convictions the existence of Spirit-communion, for they could not see it, if you did. No. The fruits of Spiritual intercourse are maturing, the harvest shall be one of unexampled brilliancy. But present the abuses and misuses of the greatest gifts of God to man. Disabuse the mind of its earliest prejudices, that they may behold the light of open day, and walk forth, redeemed from the thralldom of superstitious intolerance, that weighs like an incubus upon their souls.

Man must first be honest with himself; and, to attain this desired boon, he must come forth from amid the dark labyrinths that have obscured the holiest recollections of the past. I would say much more, but prudence forbids. One word—I recognise in the Bible, many wholesome, wise, judicious expressions, that can never die. I behold in the counter more than their equals. I discard not the few for the many, but cling to them as the immortal creases of the divinity of man. Do you fail to perceive my position? I see you do not. Then we meet upon the platform of Human Rights. We stand as one, in unity of hope and purpose, to be attained by man. This will do. Peace and love be with you.

September 27, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XXIII.

THROUGH MR. CHAMPION.

My purpose, in this interview, is to inculcate some general truths, to be observed as universally adapted to the onward march of these God-blessed intuitions, that bespeak within the man born of God, to aggrandize himself of the holiest evidences of immortality, that entwine those essential observances, to give life and vigor to the high-born mission of Spiritual illuminations.

Let growth of soul, and expansion of thought, encircle immensity, bedewed with the high, and the holiest recollections of the infinite impress of the Divine Mind upon the heart of man. Blessed Intuitions—Holiest recollections! intervene, and radiate the dreary waste, and speak peace to the heart. Shall not these high-born messengers awaken within man an evidence of immortal desire, to breathe forth a sweet cadence of love to the mangled effusions, that arise spontaneous o'er the diversified aspects, that contemplate the future as a vast arena, encircling the horrid destrium, that has impeded the onward march of his and my fellow, who, like myself, is born amid the clash and din of arms, to promote the highest ends, that await man's conceptions of power and freedom, which is the birthright of Heaven, to endow the heart with its true nature. Its restrictions are buried amid the din and sulphuristic effusions, that rob the memory, and sack the store-house of immortality of its holiest ends. Peace! Immortal Peace, should be an angel messenger, whispering o'er the dead wantonness of polluted power.

We herald the offspring of a diseased appetite, that can only be restored amid the untutored semblances of ill-guarded omens, that whisper amid the lamentable aspects, that await the endless vicissitudes of man. A change in the heart but awaits the endless changes of eternity. It speaks in the sunlight glory of its native birth. It breathes the atmosphere of blessed anthems, instilling the fermentations of thought, in ascension to its end. The Divine Evidences of Spiritual Illumination, are observable upon the hill-tops of every land. Like blessed virgins of peace, they waft to the sunny clime the bid-dings of the soul. The frigid zone is melted, by the warm appeals to a consciousness of its power. Every where, the mighty messenger of hope bids on to the ultimate of heavenly care. Come then, my brothers, and amid the infuriated mass, build a tendon of infinite power, that shall ascend beyond the marked impress of a Deified end.

I wish your meetings to be mutually agreeable, and essentially observant of what we may present, for your strict obedience in the future. I cannot forego a belief, that you had better ward off all miscellaneous communications, during your

interviews with the Chief; for he speaks under the influence of a higher power, and these confessions are of no ordinary meaning. I await, with pleasure, an expression of his power, for it shall be heard in the councils of the world; amid the high-born pretensions of polluted isms, speaking with a velocity of thought, and an alacrity of lightning, amid their shriveled semblance of good.

If the medium will permit, I would speak of more intimate relations, but await the bidding of the hour, when we may rejoice under the vine and fig tree of nature's own planting.—Recollect, my brothers, I appeal to you as men; meriting one common interest, absorbed in one common end, which is the good of man, universally considered. Hope, therefore, for the attainment of great good, in the progress that awaits your investigations. Let your minds be occupied in things not of earth, but soar to that fount of Infinite Presence, that awaits a thorough conception of your God. Let not the most approved, or graceful fantasies darken within, an accumulation of interests; for they are as chaff obscuring the kernel that produces the growth of the intellectual manna of Heaven.—Wherefore, we are still under the cherished ritual of eternal law in the soul, for it knows no death beyond the consummation of its highest hopes. I meet with friends for mutual benefits, and would speak, in the befitting attitude of a man, of the realities that await your investigation. I cannot permit a further digression, from what is most important to the ends to be attained.

Spiritual affinities, or aspirations, are not to be clouded, to be productive of the greatest good. They must come forth undimmed by the false reflections that await an evidence unbought, in man, through the same channel of Spiritual elevation. I would call your minds attentively to the absolute necessity of freedom in intercourse, that one common union of ends may be attained. If you cannot come to this high elevation of your nature, you may truly feel the befitting attitude you are in, O, man—which is, a dereliction of your highest gifts.

I want one breath, one atmosphere, one union of hearts and souls, that shall not be dimmed by the fleshly gleamings that

but mark the meteor, whose chrystalised semblance should be found in the heart of man. You may truly say, that you hope to attain these ends, with a oneness that knows no distinctions. But mark its consummations. They may be few or many, and will tend to awaken an interest, unheard of in the consummating of man's desires.

I want to express myself *audibly* before you. I want a oneness of sympathy and feeling, that shall characterise our conceptions, and its achievements. I want you all to feel that you meet for high and noble endeavors. I want you to hold an honest communion with yourselves, and your Spiritual interests. I want you to look beyond the vain and empty show of earth, and realize the immortality of your being. I want you to hold sweet communion with the Celestial Spheres, robed in the true armor of life. I want all to awake to the ingathering of the intuitive impress of Divinity upon the heart. I want you to feel that your existence is ready for the high inscriptions of immortal life. I want you to look to your souls and your God, for the confirmation of your acts. I want you to behold, in the Spiritual affinities you bear, an infinite union with your God. I want you to realise the responsibility you bear to your day and generation. I want you to realise, and know that these impressive truths will make you wiser and better, and bring you in unison with that Infinitude born of God. I want you to realize that immortal interests are at stake. I want you all to feel, as the chosen instruments of heaven to scatter manna from on high to a famishing people. I want you to look at the deep miasma that absorbs the best interests of humanity. I want a thorough recognition of the limitless sea that rolls heedlessly at your feet. I want you to feel as mariners, embarked upon the tumultuous ocean of life, ready, ever to avert the impending storm that bids fair to wreck the highest hopes of man. I want you to feel, the world is a charnel house, dead with the stench of its own pollutions. I want you to know, that this animal existence is but the foreshadowing of mightier conquests. I want you to be willing suppliants at the throne of thought. I want implicit obedience to that higher nature that speaks of God in the heart. I want a self-sacrificing spirit, that looks not to the casualties of time

and sense. I want to instil this higher nature, that bows not to the formalities of earth. In fact, I want a man, fashioned in the image of his God, that his reflections may be like him. I want you to hope for a better day, that the inspiring influences of this heaven born principle, may bear you on to higher achievements. I want you to sacrifice your own peculiarities and conceptions, in obedience to the higher messengers, that minister around the festal board of congenial Spirits. Then, O then, you will be heaven-born and bound! where nought can display its scathing infections around; where heavenly minstrels chant the melodious notes of repose.

Let God, in the heart, adorn the man with robes of sapphire, whose enchantments shall inspire our every thought, beyond the melodious strains of seraph as well as Son, born anew to the divine illuminations of the heart. I want a united effort to give life and vigor to the Spiritual manifestations and movements in Nashville, that your brother-man may aspire, to higher and greater ends than the seraphic enchantments that picture man lifeless, bereft of the prerequisites of deified power; robed in Heaven or dooed, in an everlasting Hell.

Let the intuitive lessons of heaven-born minstrels chant the high and glorified anthems, that shall inspire a thought, beyond the selfish motives of man. Spiritual illuminations, will give the hue of celestial visions to the future, to permit man to behold his life, his heaven-born inheritances, if true to the common instincts of Humanity and his God. Then be inspired with renewed exertions in the great cause of human freedom. Humanity's chart is but the glorified acceptance of Love, Wisdom and Hate: hate for the insidious designs of those who give vent to the most malignant desire to stupify all brighter prospects of the Future: wisdom to disentangle those who dare give thought to the intuitive impression made through the infinite impression of the soul; love for their own, that their cherished ritual may be made the standard of every man's conscience. Let the multifidions desires be awakened, that man may come within the hallowed influence of Celestial fires, that the glorious era, now dawning upon the world, may be hallowed by the holiest ties and kindred affinities, both on earth and amid the exhaustless expanse of waste. Let

the Harbingers of Peace find a welcome, that shall make all feel, that it is good to be the receptacles of heaven-born communion.

Go on, in the cause of human weal. Let the clouded sky but re-echo in your heart as the fond anticipations of more auspicious comings on earth, to welcome with heavenly messages, from the abodes of toil and desire. We admonish all to pour forth the great truth of moral freedom, ever ready to defend its claims, beyond an incursion of those marauding phantoms, that horrify and stupify man's highest and holiest endeavors in the cause of human amelioration. Do not let your diffidence, mar the fair proportions of the superstructure you are erecting. No. Give to the world one symmetry of proportions that shall challenge the admiration of the beholder, with its adaptedness to sustain, the moral requirements that must ever be productive of the greatest good. It is not superficially to be attained, but through the infinite impress of high and holy communion with yourself and your God.

I do not desire to expostulate, or be deemed unfitted to the great end in view. Therefore, let the teeming millions be the better and wiser for the exhaustless founts of wisdom, that daily, write their impress upon the human heart. I cannot give expression to the ultimate consummation of what will follow, without awakening desires, unfitted for man to know. As he is earthlike and earthly in his affections, he will be made subservient to grosser considerations that will absorb those true instincts of high-born missions, to realize the great consummation of man's desires among men. Hoping soon the foreshadowing of mightier conquests will incite us on to a more brilliant acceptance of the trust committed to our care, we feel free to expect that its achievements will be the welcome that shall inhale our highest and holiest interests, from whence may be derived all that will give solace to the soul and joy to the heart.

We seek associations, and where do we find those congenial evidences, that lift us above the grosser considerations of Time? It is not in our fellow-man, for he is as destitute as yourselves, of the high-sought evidences that germinate within, and give vigor and expansion to the soul. Then seek that

congeniality, that will welcome its own, which is Spirit, absorbed in one greater, which is God in all, and above all.

But does not my fellow-man possess this heaven-born germ, that radiates this isolation, that broods over the hopes and prospects of man? True; but what better evidence has he than you? Shall the blind lead the blind to find light; or will each successive step, but entangle them still deeper in the vortex of human misery? This Humanity we bear, must be subservient to the higher nature of man; and for its cultivation we must look beyond the clodded earth, and the aspiring heavens, and drink the Elixir of Eternal Thought, within the infinite exchequer of an Eternal Home.

Hence man is fitted for the enjoyment of less favored wands, ingathering from the immortal instincts of humanity, the hostess of Eternal Power. These instinctive faculties but breathe the tainted atmosphere of earth, to corrode the sublimated grandeur of less favored anthems to blend in oneness of power and speech among men.

These ends point to the immeasurable differences that divide man from his fellow-man, distinctly; into the two inseparable differences that mark the inner man from the outward encumbrances that hold man lifeless to the intrinsic realities that too frequently die amid the conventionalities of sects, to a design of hopeless events to be made subservient to the greatest interests. Wherefore, we picture man as a bloom, bereft of the inherent animation, to mature without the inhaling and ingathering odors that must ever arise from the life-giving principle, known of God, in the heart of man.

These considerations, so taught, bring man in close and honest communion to that infinite oneness, known, we repeat, of God in the heart of man, as the infinite impress there. Then let these momentous truths be the standard of religious faith, gathered fresh from the garden of God, and sown in the soil of man's best interests, and hallowed by the impress they bear.

This communication is intended for all men who seek spiritual affinity, in a prominent sense to their earthly desires.

Then give the aspiring influences of God—upon the heart of man, in life, full expression for the greatest good.

October 12th, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XXIV.

THROUGH MR. CHAMPION.

I am here, and would ever instil those thoughts known to my heart, and my God. I would cherish the momentous boon bequeathed by one common Paternity, vested in man. I would hold the nearest and dearest associations, that they might breathe forth their native sweetness, not confined to one, but born in all. These are the sacred elements, that surround the immeasurable glory of my God. They stand—and why do they stand? Is it that their light may fade, as the approaching morn, before the meridian of ascending day? Or is it that man may realize the kindred affections that connect him with his God?

Hold, Sir: There is one, who marches forth o'er the dead labyrinths of ages by gone. He stands upon an eminence, from whose elevation goes forth those tokens of immortality, that limit—what?—Time, sir, time. He walks in the immortal—aye, the sacred esplanade of coming day. I behold, Sir, no communion over the wide waste of humanity. It is lulled to sleep, and has slept for ages; and why does it sleep? Is not man known in God? Yes; but alas! God is not known in man. Why should I hold this nature free? Is it to mock the Being, whose image I bear? Is it to live? Is it to die? Then speak; yes, speak, and let the unbounded earth re-echo the melodious sonnets that swell from the bottomless abodes of eternity.

Man dies; and why does he die? *I feel*, yes friends, *I feel*, and what, sirs, do I feel? I feel there is a God, known to you, and known to all. Will you prove true to yourselves, and to your God?

[Here Mr. C. evidently received physical strength, and came from under the influence, invigorated and happy. After waiting an hour, spent in pleasant conversation, instantaneously, he passed again into the Spiritual State, and spoke:]

Sirs—I too feel that I should be a man, and not the semblance of what God created. I feel that the towering heavens and unbounded earth should speak, through their vitals, in human minds. I would have you know that you meet for high and noble purposes. I cannot give forth what I feel, but let me be heard not in vain. It is for your mutual benefit we come to pour forth the greatest truths ever bequeathed to man.

Would you have more?—Then, sirs, go on like mighty men. Let noble deeds, and high born thoughts ever mark your way. You know me, sirs. Yes, you know me well. [This was understood to have been from the father of *Mr. Finn*. Our Indian friend then concluded.]

In many a well tried hour has this right hand helped the impulsive throb, that beat from a heart that never slakens its pulsations in the cause of right. Its achievements stand emblazoned in letters of freedom, written—yes, written, with the finger of my God. I can say no more. For this you are indebted to others.

October 14th, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XXV.

Present, Mrs. R. Mrs. Dr. Martin, Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. Ferguson, and myself.

On the night previous, Mrs. ———, while greatly disturbed, that I was still prosecuting my intercourse with Spirit-friends; and manifesting indifference, if not disgust at the thought of intelligible Spirit-Communion, was, while sitting in the circle, very unexpectedly and strongly influenced. She was violently shaken; made to pass through very imposing and graceful Indian gestures; compelled to speak in a manner entirely contrary to her usual modes of address, both to Mr. ———, and

myself; and was held under the influence for at least two hours. The effect was not entirely removed for two days—and, on the second day, I sought Mr. CHAMPION, for directions as to her relief. We were all quietly and pleasantly seated, when he came under spiritual influence and addressed us as follows, as from our Indian Friend, and then from Dr. CHANNING. The transition is noted in the address. The prescription for Mrs. —'s relief is given in the address of Dr. CHANNING, which concludes the record of this interview.

A mighty Chief, of a nation brave, would breathe forth his happy thoughts and peaceful dreams, o'er nature's swelling flood. He brings, from the home of his fathers, glad tidings, that shall make all respond in acclamations of praise. He feels the ungrateful injuries done to his nation. He laments over the pitiless tide, that professes to flow unerringly, to win man to higher and nobler conquests. But, sir, he would not dig from the grave the bones of his fathers, to bleach on the plains, as the trophies of your God, to mark the conquests of Christian Civilization.

You dwell peacefully by your fire sides; but your palaces are the mementoes of your shame. Nature's forests bloomed as freshly—her native elements flowed as freely—her sun shone as serenely, when the Red Man was here. What? What, Sir, has wrought this mighty change? Here is a question for humanity to answer. Think you not that I speak with freedom! No. If my own nature were allowed to burst forth, with all its vehemence, it would create an ocean, whose waves would ascend to heaven, and deluge the infatuation of the White Man. Think not, either, that I am giving vent to these sudden feelings of my nature, as I contemplate the wrongs of the Indian. No, no. I take but a faint glance, that successive governments may learn a lesson. It is but a reprint of an old edition of numerous wrongs we would bring before you. When we speak, we are heard by the common humanity we bear. Though its tender scions may not have whitened or bleached the plains of our native, God-given home, that the darkest impress of false and horrid government might be more visible. Still, those, who regard not the claims of the less favored, should make a distinction. Has the Indian one God,

and the White Man another? Has the Negro the same claims to that common Paternity you bear? These thoughts and fears await a dread reckoning, that shall open the sepulchres of the dead.

Man holds his life; and often holds a thief, to steal away his brains. Be true to your nature and your God.—That is life, and not the fictitious glory of a day. Nor are its blendings lost amid the false glare and promised glitter of an hour's pastime. It lives, and is gone. Remember that where there is life, no death can come.

I hear a voice, speaking from and through my God. Does it come from the grave? No; kind friends, no. It speaks in the semblance of its native beauty, from the Spiritual light of the freed soul. Let not thy visions be dimmed by the false meteor that bespeaks the man!

Death, there is no death. O, horrid sting, what hast thou cost the untold millions of enslaved men? The expanded vaults of Heaven would fail to inscribe thy sorrows; pictured where the tenantless forms rob, yes, rob thee of thy God. They are but walking emblems of the putrified masses, that degrade Humanity in loathsome disgust. The beauty of the flower is disrobed of its glory before it has arrived at the zenith of its earthly developement. It falls lifeless before it is allowed to picture its native paternity in God.

Here comes another, who speaks and is heard by the thronging millions of Earth:—

Spiritual affinities are not to be measured by time nor circumstances. They look not to the empty show and vain distinctions that prevail among our Earth-bound brethren. Their anthems have been lost through the dreary wastes of Time. Their associations or kindred relations, bring us—where? To commune with our souls, and our God. Let them not be confined. They speak to you from the depths and lengths of Nature, of undying ties and relationship. They are never silent.

A dreary and desolate plain opens to my view. Its surface is peopled with myriads, hurrying on with an ardor, that is only quenched in death. Times dusty record has left its impress there. What happy thoughts, bright hosts of light, can you

bring to these burdened souls and oppressed hearts? This dreary plain but pictures our Humanity lifeless.

Think you not, kind friends, that death robs you of many who people this plain? No; It were better they were dead. From the cradle to the grave we find them without light, without love, without hope. Better to have been a blank Humanity than to have borne the impress they carry with them. Then welcome now the solace of Eternal Truth, that comes from the impress of God, to deliver and uphold you. Its use and abuse bequeath an inheritance not to be estimated. I feel burthened, yes, burthened with the impressive lesson now before me. There stands one here that would impart advice, not in the power of man to give. I am held spell-bound by the sacred associations that have here intervened. O, that the strains of an Orpheus could picture to your imagination the serenity and blissful emotions they bring to my heart. But they would fail. Could I better know what is before me, I could speak; otherwise it is impossible. Let me say, to you, that God has imparted the privilege to you of beholding your immortal kindred. But they present what mortals cannot appreciate, while chained by their foolish passions and prejudices.

Here stands one that demands from me a passing notice; and silence is irresistible. Yes, here is a Lady before me, dressed in black. Her age seems thirty-seven. Her hair dark, and flowing; large nose; eye rather sunken. In her right-hand is clasped the hand of a little child. What means this? These kindred associations are never amiss. But I fear you see them not. Behind her stands an aged father. Broad breast, and shoulders drooping. Large white locks. Whether or not, his kindred associations exist no farther than her, we cannot tell. But this Lady I know not. Is he, seen? I cannot remove this lady. They stand to be recognised.

I would speak some general truths that may prove beneficial to those who are awaiting that influx of thought, that shall welcome all to that common inheritance vested in Humanity. Kindred affinities or associations are many. Their proportionate differences arise from the various degrees of culture and capacity to act. Then the influx of Spiritual Thought

comes like a Tornado's blast; many fall as it were, beneath its prostrating influences, but they will come forth in the genial rays of its cloudless Sun; to bedeck this fair mansion with all its native purity. Not pure as taught and conceived by man; but pure in God. Let not these rude blasts obscure the gems that bedeck the crown immortal. What is good? It is that which gives character. Many piercing blasts, many, very many besetting currents intervene between us and the cherished ritual of Eternal Law. Men differ in capacity for Spiritual influx, as in everything. When we speak of capacity, we would be understood as measuring the differences that exist in the so called phenomena of Spiritual Intercourse. It is not for man to measure the boundless vistas of the Future; nor need he soar to unknown heights to realize his own. No. It is here. It is in God. Will you point to the extended earth or arched heavens, to find your natural affinities and Spiritual ties? Point to your heart, Sir, and read their impress there. There is a divinity existing in all—yes, in all—one mighty all. Naught is known to man but what acknowledges its own. This might be deemed averse to a true distinction in the interest we bear. But first recognise the basis and then you may ascend the superstructure; and these lofty palisades, and vaulted domes shall but re-echo the praise of that which gave us birth. Then shrink not before the slender superficialities of life as taught by man. Here, we say, are immeasurable differences. Shall not man, then, add to the advancement, moral elevation, and intellectual ascendancy of his fellow. True; Do not all men partake of the same; drink at the same fountain. Nursed by the same earth, beneath the genial rays of the same Sun, are they not borne to that infinitude that knows no birth, nor end? Our object is to point specifically to that higher nature. Man, like yourself, is but a man, wherever you place him. If you would reach beyond the misty maze, and dreary path that deluged thousands in grief, soar above that common humanity we all acknowledge—drink from its fountain. Are its waters more pure by passing along the ages by-gone. Has man become wiser than his God, that these waters are purer, from the superficial taints he has given them in the past ages of his development?

We, Sir, would cultivate the intimate relations we bear to you and to all. At present, I want to express myself distinctly on matters of immediate and vital interest. Persons of a too nervous and sanguine temperament should avoid the influx of Spiritual thought. It is likely to stimulate their nature beyond what they can reasonably bear. These evidences are plain and prominent. Though its effects may be peaceful and cheering, it not unfrequently is deleterious to the best interests of many. In the developement of mediums, I would suggest the propriety of short, very short interviews. Give not away to the melancholy and saddening influences that not unfrequently surround you.

One remedy: Cold water poured gently upon the top of the head, will relieve any one overtaken, mentally or otherwise; at the time, and its influences will gradually disappear.

October 17th, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XXVI.

Present, Mr. H. B. Champion, Mrs. Ferguson—mediums; Mr. W. W. Finn, and myself—spectators.

Mr. C. came immediately under Spiritual influence, manifesting itself in gentle agitations of his body. He passed into the entranced state and from a Spirit, said:

I am here to speak in the native language of my soul. I desire to breathe forth those immeasurable tones of sympathy, that shall claim a oneness with man and his God. I would give forth those evolutions of feeling that encircle the broad canopy of heaven.

[Mr. C. being developed as a speaking medium, so contrary to his expectation, up to this date and for some time afterward, seemed to hesitate and almost give over the idea of going forward. He so expressed himself on this occasion, when the spirit obtaining more direct control of his vocal organs, said:]

Speak it forth, Sir, and be a man. Glory, Sir, in your day

and generation. Look not to the diverse currents of human reasoning, that would rob man of his hopes, and God of his ultimate design. [Then addressing us, he continued:]

You know not, perhaps can never know, while you remain in the form, the innumerable visitants that encircle you all. We have come, but as the forerunners of what is to follow. Do you believe it? Then look with undimmed vision, and move with unsparing aim, to the end to be obtained by man.

I desire to speak to you of your future associations in this cause; but we find it difficult to give our full expressions.

Brothers: Let our associations be but the welcome bearers of glad tidings to man. Let the manifestations, that you enjoy, be as free as the air you breathe. Let not these divine behests be confined, but breathe them forth to all who have ears to hear. Go on, and let not thy vision be dimmed by the passing clouds of servile ignorance, that obscure the only superiority of man over the brutes beneath him. It is for you to send forth the streams that shall gladden and glorify this people.

These blessed intelligences minister, yes minister, in love to all. A few important truths await your hearing:—There is one in God; it is said, three in person. It is the unity we would have you seek. None, no not one of you, doubt that the Sun now shines in the firmament. It is a great reality. Spiritual illumination shines forth, ever shines, in all the glory of a Sun of light, and why do not men enjoy that light? It is because there is not that oneness of sympathy, oneness of aim and heart, encircling all, which alone reveals a oneness in God, and opens the soul to the immediate rays of his light, reflected in all.

Your own peculiarities must be made subservient to this unity of aim, or the end cannot be obtained. You should come forth as one man, rejoicing in your strength; not doubting, for to doubt is to prove recreant to your souls and your God. Do we say you doubt? No; But we would admonish you that you may help others, left to the dark and fearful ways of doubt; and that you may observe the inevitable effects that must ever follow discord.

We hope, soon, to be able to present to you, more understandingly, our desires and designs for the future. At present,

we would say, let the basis of this superstructure be laid in love. Let oneness of aim and purpose characterize all your movements, and you will come forth with all the power of *Man in God*. Yes, Sir, When you are fully inducted into that Divinity which man bears, you will find a God, not of three persons, but of innumerable hosts, in whom he dwells, and who dwell in him by the Spirit, given to all. Let your day and generation answer, through the ages to come, for these heaven-bestowed gifts. Let their recollections be as sacred as the souls you exercise; and we will attend, ever attend, and meet all questions that bear upon the results that await the Future.

[We then asked: Shall we have a Spiritual conference?]

By all means. We answer unhesitatingly. Have we not told you that the Sun shines not for you alone; but to beautify and adorn all God's heritage. Publish your records, properly classified, and so that every serious man may mark the steps of your progress.

We have spoken to you, this morning, the more impressively, that we may direct your attention to circumstances attending you as strangers to each other, occupying such different walks in life, that may present that congeniality and liberal understanding, we so much need and desire. Your minds are, generally, too active when you approach us. Your room should be kept at the same temperature, as much so, as possible. Doors should not be opened; no current of air admitted. Guard these things, as much as possible, as your mediums are in danger of suffering from these causes, and we will not impress them at the expense of either their physical health or mental improvement. We wish, upon all occasions, to give forth our earnest and heart-felt desires to promote the great, end to be obtained: viz: *the good of man*. This can only be done, when and where, there is sufficient affinity existing, to give life to our holiest thoughts. You will ever feel depressed, when reluctant to express your convictions. Therefore, we cannot desire any thing more, than freedom of thought and sentiment, which alone can enable us and all to feel, deeply feel, the position we occupy. Breathe forth, then, any and every impression. It is but the droppings from the Celestial world. Never attempt to confine it to the most approved and best con-

ceptions of frail mortality. Be free. Then are you, what God designs all to be : free both in act and thought. The immeasurable gulf, that intervenes between those we desire to benefit and ourselves, can only be spanned by a true recognition of the design of man, which is eternal good. Let liberality and kindness, then, ever adorn your evidences of Spiritual illumination.

I have many things to say, which I could not express understandingly, to the state of mind which many bring to your interviews. And before we advance another step, I want to give a general expression of views, which can only be done with a willing mind and an honest heart. Mrs. FERGUSON, possesses powers of vision and gifts of healing, to an unlimited extent ; but her timidity hinders their exercise in the presence of many. I want to speak to her in person, but if circumstances intervene, I will postpone it.

[Mrs. F. had been called out of the room, by company. She returned, when the Spirit of Dr. CHANNING addressed her as follows :]

I want you to feel as one identified with the great interests to be attained. Let not your own mind fancy this or that. I would remove all diffidence, if possible ; and it must be overcome. You are not aware of the great interests that await this result. Now, permit me to speak freely ; for I want you to know my sentiments, unerringly. Do not feel you cannot serve the great ends that await this movement. Let your expressions be free. Measure not what you say when spiritually impressed, but give it utterance without regard to circumstances. Let not—let no place or time invade the sacred retreats of the departed. Breathe forth what you feel. Then language will fail to repay the joy you will know.

Cannot I destroy this mental depression ? It must be done. I would gather you all together, as one : one common end and destiny awaits you all. Can you not arrive at this exalted elevation that points unerringly to the good we are so fondly seeking to gain as one, for the benefit of all ? I want to destroy the inseparable barriers that exist between us and your friends, and you must help to accomplish it. Now recollect this, one and all. It must be done. You must be free.

[Addressing me, he continued:]

I can speak unerringly to you on this point. In the solitude of your own calm reflection, you feel, in the deep recesses of your inmost nature the end designed. It is only then we can know what is pure and honest. I want all to come to this point. This honest communion would make the Celestial Spheres resound with anthems to the ineffable glory of God. Try, Sir, try to bring all who meet you to this oneness of purpose. Then, O then, you shall hear the joyous strains that shall yet encircle all hearts in one inseparable union of love and triumph. Mrs. F. must be free. Help her to throw off the burdens of worldly care. Help her to allow scepticism on the part of her visitors to work its own way, through the dead mask that has absorbed man's noblest nature. I would clasp all your circle in one fond embrace, if I had my desires accomplished : in unity of purpose and aim.

I want you to realize that we desire to build a superstructure here, that shall adorn its occupants and repay their most sanguine hopes. You cannot accomplish this, unless united. I would, therefore, suggest the propriety of making one circle, that may entertain those who think as you do. At the same time, you must observe the necessity of strict communion alone, with the Spiritual Spheres. I mean *alone*: Not subject to the outward influences that events must produce upon the inner thought. By the circle, and by private communion, you will experience all the good to be attained by extended and strict intercourse with those departed ones, who seek to beautify and adorn man, in the true armor of life.

You cannot realize the insufferable sorrow we feel when misunderstood. It is burthensome, and often productive of great ill. I want you to know that I here think and act as a man ; as such, approach me ; and be ever ready to breathe forth those impressions upon your mind in regard to the Future. Man thinks, and why does he think ? Because he feels in the flesh ? No, Sir. There are many, very many thoughts, nurtured beneath the impress of God, upon every heart. Then let our admonitions be heard as among kindred friends, and they will welcome man to more extended endeavors in the cause of human progress.

In regard to the publication of our record, I will hear you and be heard by you, when time and opportunity offers. There are yet great obstacles to be removed. *I allude to those to which I have directed your minds this morning.* When removed, I will speak *audibly* my desires. So pursue your honest and onward course, and it will repay your most ardent desires.

The events connected with your communications, are more intimately blended than you suppose. The differences they observe are necessary to individual progress. Then let your treatise be full, lucid and plain. Do not intermingle, too much doctrinal matter, for it cannot be applied or appreciated. Let the unmistakable evidence of progress mark its every page. Let liberality of sentiment be the greatest acquisition of its contents. I will express myself more understandingly to you hereafter.

You wish to know my opinion with regard to the future movements of Spiritualism in Nashville. Let it be observed, that the great family of man is now everywhere aroused. A portentous cloud, gathered from the night of ignorance, selfishness and superstition obstructs their vision, so that they cannot see the horizon, illuminated with what alone, can charm and invite to renewed beauties of Humanity. Many forbear to reveal the gems that glitter there. But when, Sir, the progressive developments of to-day, have wafted their endearing consolations over the barren wastes of man's depravity, they will appreciate their dreary visions, that now with midnight darkness hang over their souls. I tell you now, Sir, that the great results that will follow this manifestation of confidence in Spiritual illumination, will make the mellow light of the coming day, radiate the dreary mansions of the so called just. Hallucination will no longer be its highest claim to Humanity. It will stand in open converse; and the general acceptance of Spiritual intuition will be recognized upon the heart of man. Many, Sir, yes many, are afraid of themselves. Do you think this strange? If they cannot trust themselves, God grant they may trust others, by which means, they may come to know themselves and their only enduring privileges. A long avenue, you will call this to human souls, but 'tis the only way to make many feel their source. It cannot be otherwise, and

survive the changeless vicissitudes through which Humanity is called to pass. No more till our next meeting. W. E. C.

October 16th, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XXVII.

Present: Mr. H. B. Champion; daughter, Virginia—mediums. Mrs. Dr. Martin and myself—spectators.

This meeting had been made by a lady acquaintance with the hope of receiving a communication from her husband.—After a few moments Mr. C. came under Spirit-influence and said:

The influences around me are unpleasant. I do not know that I can overcome them.

[He was instantly elevated to an upright and oratorical position, and continued:]

No hope destroys with care;
No life destroys the hope we bear;
That hope is here and everywhere!

Fondness ever clings around the human heart, when we are permitted to breathe forth the atmospheric influences that bear us on. The swelling founts of grief, may o'erstep the man, so called; but it is the true dignity of a man that opens that flood that will engulph the multifiduous sorrows we bear. Hope, sweet Hope, bids us on, ever on, to higher and nobler ends. It is not by the world known, nor human language told, how endearing are the relations we bear to each other. We would speak hope for the future, and help you forget the past, That past broods about you as a fitful dream, robbing you of what you and all most desire. It speaks in the heart more than mortal can utter. We would now be heard with feelings of gratitude for the privileges we enjoy. We hope not to excite your fears. We would relieve the sorrowing mind of its numerous, cares, that it may sweetly feel that *all is well*. We should bear with be o ming fortitude, whatever is set before us. It is not

Fate that guides our destiny. O, no ! Every evil you bear is but the fruit of circumstances, wisely and beneficently ordered. Then give ear and hear the impressive lessons, of one, who bids you cease from trouble. Hope ! O, Hope !! Thou art not dead : then come and give an impetus to honest desire, that shall never be in vain. 'Tis an honest hour when we realize our own. Think it not strange that kindred matter cannot be lost. Were it so, all our efforts would be fruitless, that we are now making, to instil into the heart of Humanity what it needs, to a boundless extent.

I bid you cease from trouble and be at rest. I know not what I can say more, to beautify and adorn the path you are now treading. Only rely on Eternal Mercy, and you will recognise one infinite Love. Though the past may be blackened o'er with false impressions, yet one calm and serene touch, upon your heart will dispel it all. Let the Future write its impress, then, in terms of love to those most dear. Mourn not over the frailties of mortals. An infinite mercy and a changeless love, reign everywhere. Our hopes are Eternal ; our fears rob us of the dearest and choicest gifts, dedicated to all. Can you make this distinction plain ?

Here is a person, whose associations and recollections made him what we could not desire. But let their recollection die. All error, yes all, all must die. Weep not for the dead, whose misfortunes made them misguided men ; but weep for joy, that this magnificent and extended ocean of Spiritual life, can drown and bury every sorrow and perversity, that have hindered our true and satisfying hopes. The past, by its admonitions of suffering, is but a guide to the future perfection. Then let progress mark every step. Let every effort we make, but mark another attainment we gain, toward the desired ends.

KIND FRIENDS: We meet as one. One Omnipotent hand launched us forth, and still guides our way, over the tumultuous waves of human antagonisms. We now would breathe forth those native elements of the soul, which waft us to the shades of peace, whose foliage is, already, redolent with the praises of immortal hearts, lost in the ineffable glory of God. It is with difficulty we can give utterance to those feelings which, as mortals, we feel to others, and which are as undying as Time. They

can never cease their flow. O, let me, yes, let me, sweep from thy memory all that is afflicting in the past. Let me breathe forth sweet and eternal consolations. Then, O, then, will it appear to all, that our high-born mission is the same, and is, to all, humane.

Another breathes forth a few short appeals, that should not go unheeded. "Think not this shining sun and blooming Paradise bequeathed to you or me more than to all. You bear one common paternity in God; one universal brotherhood in man, and make one great family, whose majority is open to every soul, how long soever it may be in reaching it. One mantle encircles all. Let the consoling reflections, gathered from this thought ever urge us on to the ultimate of all earthly ties, when man, when one and all, shall recognise the eternal heirship they bear, and approach the heavenly mansion with confidence unfaltering. No disinherited sons walk in the solitude of Night, bereft of a Father's care. Do you bring this home? I mean, sirs, one and all, may hold sweet communion over the archways of the grave, to mingle with its kind. Why, yes why do any welcome the heavenly messengers, from another sphere, to re-echo within, the Divinity we all possess? It is because man is come to be really man, and is willing to cast off the grosser associations that encumber his highest affections, and has learned to welcome a brighter day, that shall reveal true knowledge. It is vainly thought, by many, that here and there, blazes forth a sickly taper from the Celestial World. Know they not, that in their own hearts, is a pass-word, to the utmost heavens?—It is not because dame fortune appears more lovely to one than another. It is only when man recognises that he has a being, that the power of a Spiritual state is felt. And what, think you, means this recognition? The purest diamond may glitter at your feet. You pass it by unheeded. Its reflections are not brought forth; or when brought forth and made to subserve the common interests of humanity, that we realise their never dimming brilliancy. Thus, the darkest clouds obscure the greatest depths. Apply this to the soul of man, and you will never fail to recognise its divinity. Alas! alas! that so many should feel it their interest to obscure their only life!

Growth of soul, so to speak; freedom of thought and senti-

ment, that recognises no tribunal to preside over its interests ; —these are the crystalised semblance of the hopes that urge us on to be what man was designed to be—"the noblest work of God."

Here comes another, who would say much, but we cannot impress his thought. Friends, you must wait. But I would not prove true to my nature, true to my God, true to the dearest interests of humanity, were I not to say, the happy throng around me, your desires and meeting have brought together, cause me to feel, more than human language can ever express.

In the hours of adversity and the seasons of sorrow, we will be ever near to cheer thy heart. This mighty ocean, that rises, magnificently, every morning, before thee, is peopled with innumerable visitants, who revel at your fire-sides, rejoice in your pleasures and mourn in your sorrows. The Spirit now before you will be heard when you are alone.

[The preceding was understood to have been from Dr. CHANNING, representing the wishes and thoughts of others. At this point, Mr. C. became more deeply entranced, and seemed carried further into the realities of Spiritual sight. He exclaimed, after a long pause:]

What means all this? My first impressions give me fear and dread. It is not Hell, I see; no. But I am lost in beholding a myriad host that crowd my brain. They are more than imagination can paint. With hurried step and thoughtful tread, they are marching on. Could I but see where they are tending, I might measure the design of this representation. I am placed, as it were, upon a platform. Before me is an extended waste, that no eye can measure. It is densely crowded to its utmost extent. But a few feet to my right, are passing throngs, upon a crossing, beneath a deep ravine. If Time's progressive age were stopped, this would be unequalled to the past design. FRIENDS: this scene is but the re-echo of false hopes, wrecked amid the false imaginings of the Future. Whence those imaginings come, you all know. This crossing is but an emblem of time, bearing onward its victims, to brighter abodes. The ravine represents your imaginary Hell. Its depths are seen readily by the medium.

What means all this? This is no dream, nor idle fancy, I

now see how man is immortal, and, through devious ways of fleshly imaginings, is pressing on. His thoughtful brow, furrowed cheek, and trembling tread, but bespeak his robbery of the dead, of the privilege of enlightening and unburthening his native mind. Such are dead themselves—dead in life. This extended plain, of countless myriads, towering impressively above each other, is but a picture of the influences of false imaginings, that have clothed with sorrow, these bright abodes, to their sight! They fear to look up.

Again: What means all this? Our perceptions are awakened to brighter and more extended observations. I am requested to mark, their hopeful step, as they are passing by. Is this but a re-action of the mind, or some false fancy, that dreams of the future; or are we now really gazing into the infinitude of space, to behold what man dare never tell? 'Tis so. What! and I am marching too. The very look has startled me, *even me*. But I am told to stop. I am now standing, kind friends, upon the opposite bank of a chasm, that pictures Humanity's likeness, and robs God of his rights, by robbing man of his destiny! Why our observations are not more extended, is not for me to say. But, from where I now stand, I am permitted to look upon the past. The cold charities of a heartless world, and the miserly interests of men, erect monuments there, that would obscure the light of day. The visions they reflect can only be left, to the Time-honored monster, Death, to dispel from minds that now hide in their own obscurity. One glance of the Future, would remove it all. But a thousand shadows rob us of the substance, and horrify the imagination, and picture all that the reality could bespeak. But I am requested to come away, and, before doing so, I am instructed to say, this lesson shall be renewed again. 'Tis done. Adieu!

October 20, 1854.

W. E. C.

COMMUNICATION XXVIII.

SPOKEN THROUGH MR. CHAMPION.

No thought so dear as that which bequeathes to ourselves and the future, the freedom of conscience and liberty of expression, we now enjoy. We wish not to over-estimate, nor undervalue the benign influences that attend us from the cradle to the grave. We bring the enjoyment of the blessed privileges, that now should awaken man, to the statement of his gifts as a man, inherited from his God. I would not have you fail to mark, the distinct evidences, that everywhere surround these hallowed influences of Spiritual influx. This communion awakens within man a desire that cannot be satisfied, short of the great ultimate of Eternal Destiny. I hope soon to be able to present to you, more graphically, that which shall enlighten the highest conceptions of the end that awaits our future greetings. It is not to destroy or subvert, that which would brighten our realization of the beautiful in emotion or action; or dim those exalted recognitions of virtue and virtuous conduct, that makes the man, who speaks forth the true instincts of humanity. No; no. These are not the ends, that await the progressive developments of this age. But to instil within all, who approach us, those fermentations of thought, that shall ascend, in unison, to the desires we bear, to be benefited by such contact. Divine illuminations and sequestered visitations, such as are granted to you, are few, when compared with the misgivings which many call the Hope of the world. We approach you now to bring near you many who have attended your way when least suspected. Prepare to hear their messages. [After a pause:]

What means this? I know not why—I comprehend not—here stands a man whose furrowed cheek bespeaks a repose in death, as without an end. Why and how he is made to appear is beyond expression—entirely so. He would speak of the future and point, unerringly, to what will follow these divine revelations. He dwells near your work with emphasis, and desires

to say much. Guard well many expressions you are ready to utter to your generation, for they will serve to awaken many new conceptions, that will lead to results, that will command all your manhood to direct. But understand him as ever approving, the presentation of honest convictions, maturely considered. The future developments that await your progress will tend to awaken a degree of interest in Humanity's cause, that no one can fully estimate. Let not our selfish natures circumscribe, the limitless domain, of a boundless end. Its atmosphere is one and the same. It knows no distinctions. Its circumference is Eternity. Its centre is God. I see you understand me. Then, you can proceed with these developments, fearing no ill, and evading no harm. Make a record of the past unerringly. The field is mighty into which you have so fearlessly entered. It needs the genial rays, from the Celestial Spheres, to give life and vigor where dwarfed imaginings consign man to an Eternal doom. Let not these reflections fall unheeded. Their depths are immeasurable to man.

Care nothing for a classical, so you make a practical, detail. You do not understand me instinctively, but you will judiciously. Relatively and collectively your records will do, and I would publish them as they were given. One general diversity will but speak its intuitive impress upon the heart, from the source, from whence it came. Short-sighted, and sometimes called *critical*, mortality, seldom sees beyond the flimsy veil that bedecks the regal courts of glory in the soul. Nature is one. This mantled roof, but speaks of *Unity in Diversity*: One expanse—innumerable stars. The source, from whence all that surrounds us spring, acknowledges its parent, earth. Too few they are who, seeing the diversity, mark that oneness born of God.

We want a distinction, to be marked in your communications, recognising time, place and event. Were we to dazzle the mind by innumerable meteors, its reflections would be but a dimness, that would deprive us of enjoyment, in the beauty of each. Should we carry man, with the velocity that admits no pleasure, to be realized at each step? Or should his progress be measured by profit to himself, and pleasure to others? The distinction we would have you make. All claim one altar,

from which to breathe forth their intuitive impress upon the mind. Their divisions are but numerals to the total, when judiciously summed up.

Another meets you here, in obedience to God's unchanging laws. He breathes and speaks as a man, in death not bound, nor in time's extended arms embraced. He holds to the sceptred crown that spans all space. Indeed, many new and unexpected guests await. Their coming, shall herald but brighter epochs, whose clarion ring, shall resound throughout the ages of endless time. He says, "My name is scarcely chronicled there, (pointing to our city cemetery) and its blood-stained hearth has not grown dim here. (striking the heart of the medium.) Think it not strange, that upon the pinions of ceaseless life, we soar to unknown heights, and return to renew the fond remembrances we bear to that man, who nerves his soul in the cause of right."

What holds this assured friend to your city, and to you, I cannot tell. There is still another who waits, to give thoughts as immortal as man, and undying as time. He would go, but why he lingers I cannot tell. He says: "Let all minds be free, and their native purity will come forth undimmed. Chain not your thoughts to this nor that, nor to what some would call, all.—Why not, then, give your communications their relative position? We must adapt all to the end designed. It is not to mystify or typify any great event, with unknown visions of the future, that will give that knowledge desired by man, and sought and found only in every honest heart. We deem these specifications subservient to the best interests of the cause, and offer them with no other object.

Men should never expect what is unreal or unrealised. We must look above the differences that mark our progress; and not expect to look, with unerring aim, at the many fallacious attempts that are made to subserve the interests of a common Humanity. These are only to be avoided, when man is enabled to soar above that humanity he bears. When you meet upon the plain of conflicting strife, you must expect diverse currents to intermingle and so becloud the original of Spirit-thought, that it is lost amid the din and confusion of human action. Whenever these general observations shall be mature-

ly considered and thoroughly appreciated, you, and all, will better understand why unnumbered appeals are made to that God that sways the destiny of man. These interests are immortal, and but breathe forth the immortal instincts we bear. The standards of human fame, and established criterions of propriety cannot judge much less measure them.

Think it not strange that many, very many appeals are made, and lost in their maturing, over that infinite semblance in the heart, born of God. The traditionary legends and the hereditary assets of Time past, have bequeathed to man all but what he needs.

The hopes that have been wrecked in early life, shall come forth, not in subserviency to the purposes of an hour when man realizes not his own. It is the joyous strain, whose anointing breathes forth the untold interests within, we desire to awaken. It leaps, it lives, it dies not; but borne upward to brighter climes, and more extended views, it forgets and despises the standards that would hold back its only living fire. It knows in all the semblance it bears; and holds man, not to earth, to check his desires and rob Eternity of its highest ends and purest hopes. It is born—and why is it born? To die only in the infatuations of its mystery? or to breathe forth its native purity in man? Those expressions will yet bring the solace, of confiding hope, to wean us from the vain anticipations of man, to realize his own, in less favored aspects of good, and opens anew the immediate relationship existing beyond.

We would say more, but this hour has been one devoted to still weightier considerations.

There is a man, stands here, who once fell in action. His lifeless corpse was but the signet of his glory. Then mark his grave—not as the conquered emblem of peace—but the death-knell of liberty. Though less favored monuments mark the fame of the conquered than of the conqueror, the former die but to burst the chains that forged the grasp of tyranny, wherever exercised. The monuments of a day are but the crownings of an hour, to write *upon* and not within the heart of their fellows. Then think it not strange, that the gaping wounds and dying groans of man, invade these bright retreats, to be seen again and heard in the hour of equal justice. Their rights,

their liberties, their all, extol the flame that is now ascending, to bedeck man in the true armor of life ; and present him, not the cringing sycophant, beneath the frowns of lordly State or inflated Prelates. It is enough to know that the care-worn and weary stand beside the cherished orb of their hope. What they have lost in life is renewed in death. Hope then not to exclude the many, for they breathe in one and speak in all. They conquered who fell, and freedom's cause will yet receive its own.

One word : Mark its significance well. It speaks forth truth to be observed. Do you feel, sadly feel, that no basis can be laid ; no superstructure reared to beautify and adorn this adherence, unless doctinated with certain specific relationship. This is, alas ! too true. It is this deludes man in all his present efforts at elevation. But, Sir, 'tis not to fame or glory of one short hour's duration we are building a monument. It is to Reason and Truth. We care nothing then for what men call doctrine. All the barriers it can present, are as nothing now before the march of free thought. Its death is certain. Let no one fear its power ; for its day of enslaving the intuitions of man is near its close, and its darkness it would be well to forget.

October 23rd, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XXIX.

A large company of ladies and gentlemen had assembled at our room, to hear the reading of some Spiritual Communications. After the reading, we were very much surprised to hear that Mr. CHAMPION, under spirit direction, was waiting in another room to be admitted. He had received, without a knowledge of our meeting, and contrary to all his personal desires ; a peremptory communication, as follows :

"Go to Mr. FERGUSON's and speak ; we will be with you and sustain you." He hesitated, when he was again addressed : "Speak, though the heavens be covered o'er with clouds, and

fierce conflicts threaten the peace of a servile world. Be a man—fear not.” He had come still hesitating, but was induced to stand before the company, most of which were sceptical, when he said :

Let man keep silence, while Nature warn him. A mighty man once fell in the cause of Humanity, whose existence in life, and in death, was all in God, and you justly call him CHRIST. But it is not to measure the credulity and superstition of days gone by, that we meet you here. 'Tis not to carry your minds to some far-off land, from whence has sprung the life immortal. The voice of that life is heard everywhere, in man, born in God. It knows no distinctions, by which to tickle the fancy of the few nor the many. It speaks in the native semblance of God in the heart born, yes, born of the native purity that gave it life.

There opens to our view, again, the native forest we once trod with elasticity and hope in the days gone-by. But its glory is lost in the mighty cataract, whose monotonous roar, sounds to engulf a common Humanity—in what? Hell, or Heaven! The recital of its woes superinduced by that falsehood of fleshly devising, would curdle the blood that courses in human veins. But the vice-clad monster of hoary superstition, is fast giving way to more genial rays that will soon bedeck the human horizon with more extended observances, of that duty which man ever owes to himself. What nerves the arm, to inflict the blow, that deprives man of the life he bears? Does it come from God? Or from some dreaded fiend, who stands ready to burst forth, and desolate all his work? We pause, for your thought, as one thought, but bespeaks another. The thought of man's immortality has ever absorbed the greatest amount of good, when properly directed. Its observation and contemplation has given vitality to every conception of the mind; and, we might say, to every misdirection of man's greatest contrivances. The throne erected within man, chains the Heavens—expands through all space, and swift-winged messengers fly, as with the velocity of lightning. Think you, that its confines can be measured by the grave, as it soars to the God from whence it came?

Reason: O, yes, that immortal throne, before which all

shall be measured, not bound to succumb to the dwarfed conceptions of those who know not what lies within their reach. Let me say, and heed it well: Though the mighty cataract of public opinion may hurl its anathemas, it will all tend to the end designed. These shall fall lifeless at the feet of those who recognise man within his God, and God within the man.

Think it not strange, then, that we deprecate the false assumptions of power, that entertain dishonesty at home, at the expense of one common humanity. Progression is our mighty Chart. Had you a distinct view of its mighty summit, time would be insufficient, to mark its measured tread, as it marches forward, over the dead labyrinths of ages of ignorance, and cruelty, and wrong to bring the lessons of eternal justice to all.

The noble sage and mighty sire, to whom we referred has inscribed upon the tablets of memory, lessons that shall never grow dim by time. Mother earth has claimed her own. Each parting link of life, but adds another genial ray, to the ascending vapor, to mingle in higher and more extended realizations, known in man—The dead!—All the fraternal links acknowledge that source to which it is said all are borne, and, none return: incased in some immeasurable vortex to slumber, or suffer on. Oh! My God! From whence came we? Yes, we, that we should deem ourselves doomed, or damned ones; that we should linger o'er the polutions of a by-gone day; that accumulations, black and numberless as the deposits on the ocean's bed, should be allowed to bury the highest hopes, and fondest anticipations of loved ones.

Oh, my friends! it is a father's care, welcome and embrace, that urge you on, to recognise these bounteous bequests entailed on man. If rocks were rent, and mother earth darkened, beneath the injustice inflicted upon one righteous man, what! Oh, what! shall attend the home that gave man birth? These, we are assured, were but the beacons of hope, to urge on to holier and fairer climes. Truth is immortal—can never die. 'Tis born of God. Its impress is written upon every heart. Though the shades of night and superstition cloud its light, it bears the signet of its God, and they shall disappear, beneath the bespangling gems of eternal truth. Immortal—it

lives, but to unfold its kindred nature in the soul. Is it to this you cling?—If so, hold fast. 'Twill bear you up and on; but let not the shadow obscure the substance, or your soul will be as the desert waste—void of that vitality it seeks.

A friend, yes, kind friends, a friend to humanity will ever be heard. He speaks not of his own glory, or of the achievements of the past. He erects no castle that its gorgeous decorations may bewilder and confound; that the inscriptions of the architect, may outlive the slumbering ages of time; whose revealed desolations encumber the most sanguine hopes, and fond anticipations of millions. Such an honored friend attends us, and would breathe forth those precepts of love, that should instil, within the breast of man, those kindred associations, he owes to his fellow. In God they acknowledge a paternity, and in mankind a brotherhood. Their fondest visions are not bound, by the sturdy fist of avarice. That brotherhood encircles all. We look around, and what? Oh! what, do we behold?—One mighty mass of craven wolves, desiring to pluck, from their fellows, what time has bequeathed to all. Content with this? Oh, no! They'd rob him of his inheritance beyond the tomb. Think you, that some son of this common paternity, because possessed of some momentary favor, has undisputed right to sway the consciences of men? Has some more honored sire, or regal court sent forth its mighty host, that conquered millions, should lap the dust, and not dare to think?—Or does not the same genial sun encircle one universal brotherhood? That brotherhood may be clouded, 'tis too true, but it is only to come forth with brighter majesty, and lift man above the paltry pittance that now buries his all.

Diversity is universal in unity. It speaks in the sunlight. 'Tis heard in the breeze. It is known in man, and still his brother is the same. Liberty of life should be as free, and as boundless as these heavens; should be as broad and as expansive as this earth; for it is as immortal, as the source that breathes it forth. Oh, then, let not the false glare of hideous superstition, rob you of your immortal rights. If truth is what you seek, you shall find it, to gild your immortal nature, and prepare you for that home, where the cares and turmoils of life shall never enter. It is error that would seek to sow the

seeds of distinction there. Nature, and nature's God never placed its signet—(laying his hand upon his heart,) here, to stamp the fiend. 'Tis a false conception of man's composing, and time's unworthy legacy. Fill not the form within thee, with such selfish desires—for there is a centre, crowned with a divine armor, that must lay waste all such inheritances. Though the diamond may lie obscure, beneath the murky waters, its brilliancy shall shine forth. Then heed not the false illusions, that would rob man of the right to think; to speak, to act. Hope, thou, to attain, if it be but one step; if, perchance, it may be but one, in your day and generation. Though man has faded from our view in the form, the reflective evidences of his birth, and of his life, speak in every breeze. Is it not progression,—eternal progression? Then look not to the future in the dim light of the past influences of avarice, and selfish ambition, that have, alas! perverted, and almost destroyed the hope that we bear.

Many, very many, have lived merely to form the stepping-stones to mortal theories. Has science, art, literature and all, yes all, the industrial pursuits of life, died by the hands of those who had the sight of but one idea; and have they been lost in the mighty ocean of human events? No: they live to bear to you the agencies and helps that will now bring together the nations, and make all men realize that infinite semblance born of God in man. It could not be so. Light, the nocturnal seasons, ever true, still come and pass, only to revel amid more extended beauties. The charming and inviting luxuriance that mantles this fair earth, but speaks the plentitude of blessings to man, and so the flitful *Æons* will pass on, and not one that does not add its right to speak in earth. Its end is in man.

Many, very many, friends would speak here, had they the power. Those kindred relations, once true in life, are yet clasped in death. We must prove true to our trust as unpleasant as it may seem, to refuse the dear request of many.

A young man approaches, not quite as tall as the medium, light complexion, eyes sunken, high forehead, slightly drooped shoulders. He appears with a blue, short dress coat. We would gladly remove him, but he still lingers to be recognised. 'Tis strange—he says, “Once a joyous heart beat quick at his

approach, but it is now lost in the fitful visions of those most dear. The fond anticipations of the future have robbed us of many kindred ties. Oh, that I could be recognised ! That kindred would not be lost. It would bloom and blossom in all the power of life. The chilly blasts of winter have frozen the buds of affection. Though gilded palaces, and sparkling trappings entrance thy vision, they are less, yes, less than what we hear. This tenanted ocean above thee, but re-echoes thy every thought. Think you it is bound, and cannot be sent forth to find its kindred fount ? Then breathe the native air of pure affection, and as you breathe it in, let mighty thoughts swell thy bosom, and night's vision shall be bright in glory. He has departed—silently and reluctantly. His presence here was but to renew a fond assurance given. It is enough.

A chieftain, brave and noble, stands where nature designed him to stand : a sturdy oak, not flinching beneath the blasts of winter, nor writhing under the scorching rays of summer.— Though the nightly shades may be heard, they but inspire a majesty that gilds the heaven o'er, and breathes in man the right he claims in man. My pale-faced brother calls me "dog:" some truckling to the powers that be—unfit for earth, because the tinted semblance decks my form : or I am, perchance, a furious foe, ready to bare my breast to the impending storm ; ready to protect the hearth of wife and little ones. Has the Indian no tear to shed over the dead mother, sister or brother ? Must he deny those associations that were crowded in his life, and, thanks to my God, sealed in his death. He stands, nature's sentinel, and bows not to man, but only to his God.— Speak you of his crude, untutored nature ? Who made him so ? Let the white man tell the tale. Let him record, in letters of living fire, the many hearths desolated. Let him speak of the decline of mighty nations, that once roamed through this broad and extended plain. Where are they now ? This is a problem for humanity to solve. Has some shaft, from the hand of God, missed its aim, that these damning feuds recoil not around the paternity they bear ? No : 'Tis but the death-knell of the representations of that infinite justice and infinite mercy encircling all.

Nature in the brute, speaks the impress it bears, and protects

its offspring. Shall this right arm do less? Or does it not bear the signet of its God? Has the brute ascended so far above this form, as to shame the name of man? We speak, and when we speak, we would that it were in our power to roll a mighty ocean, with its cleansing properties, over the deeds of the past; but its contact would be like a Heaven absorbed in a Hell. Then know that these distinctions are still observable, and must meet the fate they own. Like is in like, and no where else around it.

We heard a peon of voices, but whence and where it came we cannot tell. 'Tis lost and gone.

November 2, 1854.

COMMUNICATION XXIX.

THROUGH MR. CHAMPION.

This meeting was called by the direction of the Spirit of Dr. C. MERIWETHER, with a view to communicate with his son. It was called through our little daughter VIRGINIA, who frequently, when alone, writes under his influence. The circumstances were somewhat remarkable, as his son had already prepared to leave the city, and had started but returned, and found the arrangement made, as stated. There were present, Mr. H. B. CHAMPION, Miss AGNES MORRISON, and daughter VIRGINIA, mediums; and Messrs. W. D. MERIWETHER, M. C. C. CHURCH, R. SMITH and myself, spectators.

Mr. CHAMPION—I am impressed to say, “You had better not.” I know not its application.

Such sentences are often given, and are always found to bear upon some wish, unexpressed, of some person interested. In this case, it was found to be a direct answer to a question relating to a servant girl, brought to the city, to be relieved of a very threatening disease by a difficult surgical operation. We could give many details of this character, than which

there could be nothing more apposite and direct in the detection of, and answer to, responsive thought.

After a moment or two, VIRGINIA wrote, "No it should not be done." Mr. C. here said with great emphasis, "NO: he knows it well. I know it is so." These responses were understood by Mr. M. to apply to the contemplated surgical operation, before alluded to, and "*he*" to mean the surgeon under whose care the girl was placed, who decided, without knowledge of this interview, that the operation ought not to be performed. These were all answers to mental questions of vital importance to the health, perhaps, life of the servant; and were answered by mediums, who knew not yet, to what they referred. They were entirely satisfactory to Mr. M., who had hoped that the servant might be relieved by the use of the knife, and was unwilling to leave without having it tried.

After the foregoing responses, we waited a few moments, when we received the following, which we publish more to mark the strong effort made by Spirits to develope mediums, and their difficulties growing out of human difficulties, and antagonisms which so often hold back their success, than for its intrinsic value. The kindly efforts it discloses, and its promises may serve and encourage others. Two partially developed mediums were present, who had been hindered by the ridicule of the *wise* and *considerate*, who now wonder why they have not advanced.

VIRGINIA spoke—There it is before you. Yes—why cannot you see it? I see the light now; it is brilliant, beautiful. Oh! why can I not speak! Look at its beautiful appearance! Look! 'Tis right before you. My dear friends, this is all for your benefit. Why do you not wait? Come blessed light and stay. 'Tis before you. Do you not understand what it is? Oh! could I make you understand, it would be a perfect pleasure to me. You see it is for this whole world. You see it is for your own benefit. My son, look and see with your own eyes. You cannot yet understand me. Look and see; it is very near you. There it is approaching you—do you not see it? Oh look!

The time is near, when we will communicate more perfectly to you. We shall all draw near around you. Do you not see

its vast importance and relation to you? The time is near when we can disclose our mission. Come all, and rejoice with us. My impression upon this medium last night was that we should have a brilliant association this evening. Do you not see it? Oh! it is glorious to us, to see each one joined in sweet communion, where no scandal is. The time will come when each will commune with another, in peace and confidence. You will be more and more happy, as you see into this light. You will find that death has no sting, the grave no victory. You will know that your friends have not been torn away nor cut down; but you will see that they have the same kindred ties that once bound them to you. We have been trying for years, perhaps centuries, to impress this great truth. Men called it witchcraft, humbug. They crucified the poor and enlightened.

The above was addressed to Mr. M., then addressing me, she said—Do you not recollect we told you we would enlighten the world. We have sown a dim light among you, which to some is not dim, but great. It will not be confined. It will be extended, and all our promises to you will be fulfilled.

Mr. C. then said—No enlightened host, nor chanted song, swells within the breast, like the enlightened thought that instils in human hearts the hope immortal. Are we what nature and nature's God designed us, without this hope beyond—our fears behind? These friendly meetings and kindred greetings, are but the sweet influences that bear us on. To hold sweet converse o'er the grave, is but one faint glimpse of the extended heaven that over-arches all. 'Tis then, that hope extends her pinions o'er; and it shall not be vain; for every glittering dew drop shall find its kindred fountain, in the ties that bind our souls together. You are now mingling and comingling with a variety of influences that will speak, and future evidences shall prove it.

This last sentence was addressed to Miss AGNES, to whom he further, and repeatedly said—Speak, speak.

Miss A.—It makes me sick.

Mr. C.—'Tis resistance only. This feeling will readily pass off without harm.

The evidences that we have had this evening are both cheer-

ing and lamentable, when viewed in their true light. Influences have attended us here, that would speak through AGNES, their gladness in your hearts: as much so as the return of the joyous morn, which renews the kindred assurance it bears. You may think our progress slow, but it is measured and certain. Nothing is more evident than what we have experienced here. We hope to be able to renew these evidences again to-morrow night at half-past seven o'clock. We must have more help of a sort that will speak out our communion. 'Tis coming; Mrs. R. must be present. She ought to have been here this evening. We, sir, control circumstances, time, place and events. No fear, then for the future—none. I tell you, sir, that the darkest cloud, is but the foreshadowing of mightier conquests. Look within—'twill come. No joyous hope so bright; no nectar so sweet, as that we feel in being a man—one of nature's nobleman: but not over less aspects that bear the same infinite impress. These distinctions mark the graves where hope lays dead, for it never had a gasp within, until it was born anew to portray the divinity it bore. This sudden transition state, but reveals anew, some gifted tie that binds us still to man.

Various evidences produce various effects. Not unfrequently the happiest influences present themselves under circumstances, at variance with our conceptions of their end. We measure two in one to give these evidences the effect desired.

Say! what is man? No hope to inspire him on? No union beyond? No cherished care? No mingling here? No recognition there? 'Tis a fable twice told, and needs no comment by man. We are prompted by those around us, who would pour a concentration of noble desires and expanded thoughts, were a recognition possible. A proud and manly form would now greet in fondness those most dear, and say, "Tell them I feel the duty of a parent, and the absolute necessity of repose from the obligations that bound us as one in life. Bring not your differences within the pale of thy memory, for it will rob thy heart of its native impress, and why?—their texture is one and the same. Think you this strange? It is so, we feel for another's sorrows. Can we not meet and commingle with the nature we bear. Time, sense and space make no distinc-

tions here. Its attractive evidences ever re-unite, true to their native source. Give it no heed.

[From "Bring not your differences," to "Give it no heed," was recognised, by a person present, as directly applicable to a difficulty with another individual, which at that moment was vividly before his mind.]

Here another effort was made to induce Miss A. to speak. When Mr. C. said, there is a piece of poetry there. Do you see it?

No hope—no joy—no tie beyond
The breathless air—

But he entirely failed to induce her to rehearse the poem, which she afterwards acknowledged was held, Spiritually, before her eyes.

A meeting was unexpectedly appointed for 9 o'clock, P. M.

Oct. 5, 1854, 4 o'clock, P. M.

COMMUNICATION XXX.

Several mediums present, and there being a number of ladies and gentlemen, who had called in, it was asked, Shall they be admitted? The Spirit of Dr. CHANNING answered, "YES—admit the world." These gentlemen had never witnessed Spiritual manifestations. After a few moments quiet, Mr. C. stood erect and spoke:

We know of no evidence by which man is surrounded, that can inspire a nobler thought than the eternity that awaits his loftiest conception, his highest hopes, and greatest responsibilities. 'Tis said by many, the Modern Manifestations would rob the soul, and desecrate the graves of their fathers. Think you not, the same Infinite Source tends to the same end? What mighty current flows hurriedly on, whose swelling flood would engulph what once burst forth in all its resplendent glory known in God. Is this not for man? Shall it miss its aim? Oh, no!

Think it not strange, kind friends, we must speak ; and when, and where the purifying semblance of that intuitive impress born of God in the heart, gives vitality to the soul. Know you not, that angel visitants, from another sphere, encircle all ? The sable mantle of repose may draw around. The gorgeous gems of celestial fire may sparkle and mingle throughout the infinitude of space. Its myriad hosts may be counted as one, to decorate the gorgeous palace of nature, that her recipients may be attired with the myriad gaze of its fatherhood.

Man ! What is man ? A creature—a thing—a toy of a passing hour ? Oh, no ! What are his purposes ? Does he bear the signet of his God ? Or is he as the lifeless leaf of autumn to bite the dust, and mingle with the native element, from whence he came. Think you not, that he has a higher destiny ? The forked lightnings play, with velocity unequalled, to meet his ends. And yet it is a tale not half told. Nature and nature's God subserve his ends. For in her we find the beauty that mantles his form, and speaks—yes, speaks the semblance of a Divinity. The life-giving spark soars through countless time. It is not measured by the vortex that yawns at his feet, to claim his own. His ends, his purposes are many—his aims, not frequently, too few. No mystic law, nor relentless hand grasps the onward season in its turn, and holds it there, to subserve the purposes of a selfish fiend. No clouded sky broods o'er ; no heart of fondness, yearns o'er what is not a kindred paternity to another. These bounteous gifts are not measured, by the sturdy arm of policy. It holds not lifeless the conscience. It regards not the judicious appliances bequeathed from one eternal source, to realise an eternal destiny. No : man should be free as the native element, that sustains our mission.

Our purposes—our end, are to bedeck man with the rights he bears, and the heirship he claims to the regal court of heaven, in token of the kindred paternity that gave him being. No distinctions encircle this vast domain. Man is the arbiter of his own fate. Ah !—but says one, the beneficence of an all-wise God, should instil its impressive lessons there. Too true. Though the heavens might be redolent with the grandeur they bore to-day, still man would veil his vision. These

intuitive evidences are but the birth-right he bears from his God. Shall he claim it, or make it subservient to that which robs the memory, and chains the soul, with the dead pollutions of policy, that now instil within, the venom of heartless hate, to rejoice over man's misdeeds. Are these the evidences that encircle one common humanity? Parental fondness—a father's desire, a mother's care, not unfrequently lay the desolating hand upon nature's fairest flower. 'Tis so. Limit the sea—the engulfing ocean that buries our all. In infancy, when these admonitions fall with that vehemence only known in the stern mandates of parental care, and the partial forebodings of ill, these desolating evidences, that stalk abroad throughout all time, croaking like hideous demons, are made the watch towers, to guide man to an immortal life. These, Oh these! are the fond emblems of a Father's love, and a Mother's fear that rob the soul, and desecrate these immortal temples reared to God. Why pervert their judgments and dwarf their minds; and bring them to a degraded reverence, for the selfish ebullitions called heavenly wisdom. Ah! You will say, would you not have us instil those moral lessons, and preceptive evidences that lead us on to high and noble ends? Would you have us encircle in our arms, those most dear, and not give them timely warnings of approaching fear? True; but alas! the sad and desolating spectacle, presented to our view, is mournful in the extreme. A bounteous Heaven; an engulfing Hell, and a Demon with unsparing aim, must attend to develope within that God-giving power to make man realize his own! Oh! 'tis but too true—but truth must out.

Many venerable friends, whose heads whitened o'er, and whose tottering limbs proclaim the setting sun of a coming day, fear to stand as men, not dwarfed and subjugated to the powers that be. You arrive at the age of discretion, sold. In your early years the impressive lessons of infancy, a mother's care and a father's fondness steal away the power of your own native purity; and when the hours of sadness and gloom come to your maturity or age, you have no light to relieve them, but the faint gleamings of hope deferred. 'Tis not to burden your imaginations; 'tis not to rob you of false hopes and fears, that God speaks in man, the impressive lesson, he should ever

hear. No law, however sacred, though from the courts of glory it may come, its numberless pages tracking the past with unmeasured tread, and soaring to the infinitude of God himself, can claim blind obedience. No law can be made thus, that will subserve the common interests of man. What avail the laws of your State, if not submitted to suit the ends designed, and to call forth healthy and vigorous action, for the good of all. No minority, nor majority can make them right, though their blind observance may be forced by all the penalties of polluted power. How is law to be brought to meet its proper end, but by its adaptation to the public good. All law should be submitted to the capacity, that man receives from God; and that capacity should not be sacrificed to any law. All law remains dead, if that capacity be deadened. All law, sacred and divine, must be addressed to human capacity. The opening of that capacity reveals the highest law, before which you can stand, and be measured. Measured not for everlasting penalties. No. God created all good. Man, through transgression, merits what? Endless woe? How, then, could he say, all that he created was good? Here's a principle as broad as life, and as extended as the heavens. By whom was the idea of eternal torture created? By man. That idea boasts of its legions; of its countless millions, to absorb the vital fount of life, in changeless misery. Thus man transcends his God, and gives vitality to a principle that damns his own! The brute protects its own—man, less worthy, absorbs his own soul in fear, and consigns his all to an eternal wail.

Association brings together many, very many, who instil within, those thoughts that speak of God. 'Tis but the development of that higher law, which knows that God created all, and it was good and perfect. Has man become superior to his Maker, that the embellishing stroke of church or state prepares him for more worthy acceptance beyond; or stands he between, to measure the end and destiny of man, by a looming hell, and a loving God, to mourn or rejoice over human calamity?

A noble friend approaches now. Ah! yes, he is an honored guest. He is very tall, sixty-six or eight years of age, looks a little down while speaking—low crowned, drab hat, staff in his

hand, dark cloth vest, very dark blue coat. Some one recognizes him. He pauses for a response.

[This recognition was made by a member of our circle, when it was said:] We are impressed that any evidence might have been given.

Our chieftain friend, worthy of his noble ancestry, would speak in tones of thunder. His palace, once decorated by the lights of unfolding heavens, stood beside these gurgling brooks. The sweet consolations of loved ones gathered round his hearthstone, now made sad, by the ensanguined inspiration of blood. His kindred associations and affinities awaken within the instinctive dread, that the white man feels, when the mirror of truth, reflects the dread and damning interpositions, that have deprived fond children of a father, and a mother, and of the sturdy arm that bowed only at the tokens of his God! Think you these endearing associations are lost? They linger o'er our native homes. Though lofty palaces and gorgeous walls may stand, where your boasting pride speaks of civil liberties, your spreading banner but re-echoes the requiem of Death. In justice think you, that Nature has proved true, that our wigwam has faded from our view? What Reform—what improvement grasped the poor, and robbed the wanderer of his all? Your boasted Liberty and ancestral blessing is heard over the remnant, that now lingers, like some frail barque, upon the ocean, that flows heedlessly on. O, man! ungrateful man—thy God is my God. This earth you claim has followed her sons. Their blood mingles in your streams. Their wrongs dwell in man. The shielding and protecting arm of a munificent Providence was where? Arbitration does much. You have arbitrated over the rights of fellow-creatures, clandestinely; forgetting that they were born of the same parent, and tending to the same end. Their rights and responsibilities seek their kindred in the heart of the avaricious, and still bury in silence to you, the enchanting strains of that Heavenly music of Eternal Love; for your grasping has ruined the hope of the Sainted ones, who would have blessed you and us here. Remember, no hope is rent; no joy is lost; no love mispent by the relentless tie that binds all, and absorbs one Humanity. Think you not that these

evidences of depravity will merit and meet their own? One word more :

Man sinks his life and, in his doom, meets his own. No loose rein, that some hideous monster may gloat over the injuries done. No ; justice alone can meet his deeds. It must be so. Man is not a sinner, though his crimes be as black as your fancied Hell, if the proportionate amount of good, stands forth by his side. But says one, will you measure these distinctive differences that many may see more clearly? Why, your exhortations, your reproofs, would fall lifeless at your feet, if this were not so. Will you make an equal amount of error balance an equal amount of truth? Is error as weighty as truth? Think, as men, and not as slaves, and answer. If error be equal to truth, then virtue is powerless? Is the distinction now plain?

But it admits of a still clearer view. Shall one error consign man to the abodes of ruin, if not regenerated through influences *peculiar*—yes, so peculiar, that they sanction every hypocrisy that degrades your nature—in their character and extended in their effects? Then, Error is God, for it would be the most powerful influence in the universe. Shame on such fallacy.

These evidences of corruption are but too plain. Corrupt—why? They deprive man of his rights by making him turn traitor to himself, and by tying him to commingling influences, that await an approaching and inevitable doom.

Then give ear and fear not. All truth will stand ; all error will fall. Be a man, in the enjoyment of all, which can only be, in the exercise of those faculties that distinguish you unerringly from the brute !

COMMUNICATION XXXI.

As we desire faithfully to record our difficulties, as well as our progress, it is due the reader, that we here state, that before the delivery of the two preceding communications, and one equally forcible and beautiful, we were not able to record, delivered in the presence of some forty persons, Mr. CHAMPION, suffering from physical debility, and feeling, as a man, sensitively, the opposition his developement was receiving from honest, as well as other opponents to Spiritualism, was ready to give over and resist further influence. I did not, nor did any feel it our duty to urge a compliance, being fully satisfied that the failure of health or life of us all, would not stop a work so divine in its nature, so exhaustless in its resources. Beside, we felt that we had no right to trespass upon the health or happiness of any fellow-creature, however gifted, or whatever pleasure he might bring to us. While we were pondering his condition, which had not been made known to any save, his friend, Mr. FINN and myself, Mrs. FERGUSON came under Spiritual influence, and directed the means of his effectual relief; and strange to say, while so doing, he was sent by his Spirit-guide to my house, and came in, at the very moment she concluded, and was addressed by her as follows:

We desire you to speak upon all occasions, and whenever called upon, by your high-born friends. Your sufferings shall be but momentary. They superintend all, and watch every result with a skill and an affection no mortal can appreciate. O do not resist their elevated influences. Let me assure you, from one who knows you and guards you with a father's love, that there are none so well calculated to give forth Spiritual teaching. We have looked down in sympathy, with all your sufferings; and let us assure you, that your past sufferings were your claim to the choice we have made of you for this holy mission. You can advance the cause here more than any one. The time will come, when you can go in, under, and out of Spiritual influence, with benefit to your health, as well as your mental vigor. We will give you instructions as you need them. For

the present, when you sit at the table, always select five persons beside yourself, and have one to take your seat and keep up the chain of influence in the circle while you speak. This will preserve a uniform electrical atmosphere around you, and prevent injurious influences from persons in the room from concentrating upon your vital organs. Have confidence in yourself and more in us. We have led you in all these meetings, contrary as you know to your inclinations, but to results, you could never have anticipated. At first, we developed your power of speech in the presence of a few. Have you not noticed, that without your knowledge, more and more have been admitted. You shall yet stand before thousands; and every influence around you shall subserve the end designed. O why do you fear us. We will guard every point. We will take you into our bosom; fill you with our wisdom and love, and again restore you to your earth friends, strengthened and improved.

The influences brought around you here, are always favorable. We bring you here to enable you to advance and extend your communications to the world. We desire to send you forth as a speaking medium to the world. It is for that purpose, our noble Chief has been called to give you strength in every Spiritual effort you make. Let me again assure you, that a father's love is ever around you.

A beautiful and magnificent plain spreads out before me. It is not hedged in with human beings. They start as it were here, (making a diagram on her paper.) Here Mr. CHAMPION enters, and passes as through an avenue of human souls; and all along the pathway of his life, there are souls he will be made an instrument to purify and instruct. Look, yonder he is an orphan boy, sent forth into the cold and miserly world, truly an orphan. See yonder, unobserved heavenly influences descend upon him. These always find the orphan and the friendless. Again, I see him after a severe struggle with life's difficulties. He lies almost, not quite, prostrate. He hears of Spirit-light, and seems looking up with more of doubt than faith. He sees but a faint glimpse and it grows brighter, for Spirits are over him, and he resolves, that if he dies in the effort, he will die to know there is a happier life. We were with

him then. Look once more, that avenue opens, widens, stretches forward—there we are now leading him, and he shall guide many souls. Oh! could the world appreciate his mission, it would now flock around him as they would flock around a Messiah. But this would merely change their position and not improve them as men. The light is before him, he must follow it.

[So soon as Mrs. F. had finished, Mr. C. came under Spirit influence and said :]

Peacefully, serenely, yes happily are we, here to welcome those who instil within the heart of man, thoughts immortal. We, too, would fail, were we insensible to the divine influences that surround us. 'Tis not to mark the epoch of one blessed day in contradistinction to another, that should bind us to the associations we bear. 'Tis not to make sacred the ritual of what men call Eternal Law; or lift the veil of the Past and rend in twain those mementoes of affection that still linger around its sacred associations.

This interview is intended to give vitality to man. Its recipients are the favored few, not more favored than their untutored Brothers, but more true. Application and adaptation are the only means that can subserve the ends of man. Man only sees as he opens his eyes to external objects. Call you one more fortunate than another, because Nature's gifts are not made to succumb to the perversion of the birth-right we bear?

We would speak of the various influences that surround our future progress. We would point, with unerring aim, to the casualties that must be met. 'Tis not to frighten man. Think you not, that the Colossal Spire of Hope soars not beyond the loftiest conceptions of man? 'Tis only lost when we prove recreant to ourselves and our God. Shall it be pillared in earth for its resting place in some celestial Heaven? Chain it not to Earth, but let it live its life immortal, that its kindred like may descend and beautify and bless the world. We feel distinctly impressed by some great truth—why or where it is, is more than can be realized.

One word: Mark it well. 'Tis designed to set at right a wrong, as man himself makes it wrong. Time, place, and circumstances, claim their own. Many, very many, glide along

over the Silvery Lake and partake of its genial waters. Many, very many, must ride upon the boisterous sea, and be engulfed as it were, beneath the mighty vortex that yawns ready to receive those who realize not the intuitive impress of Divinity, within: In other words: a mighty Hell—a miserable vortex with its fiery blasts will always penetrate where truth is not heard. Such live and die—but 'tis not life. Such are dead, and the sable mantle of their own perverseness conceals their all. These distinctions mark the difference to be observed in attempting to clear the thorny paths of mortals. Say you, the Past chronicles, with unerring aim, this appeal to the would-be-man? Man, upon this hypothesis, is a traitor to his conscience and his God. Must he be taught this by a Law of endless penalties? The Spirit of the Law is love! Am I true to myself and my fellow-man, because the Law makes me so? This question is enough. Its existence imprints the inscriptions of its shame.

I feel satisfied of some change. I am surrounded at this moment by influences I cannot express or comprehend. There is a light surrounding me different from anything I have ever experienced before. I feel a pleasantness I never enjoyed before, and with an apparent desire to wait. I am impressed to ask, why did you think it strange I should come to you this morning; I feel a deep solicitude in your behalf. I know, and you know, the hopes within to realize a fond and affectionate greeting. The happy influences now brought to bear, give life and vigor to the soul. They but speak to us of hope and life invested with their wonted armor. They but inspire the fond assurances, that we shall all meet again. I have been chained to earth to dispel the darkness that broods over the minds of many. The friendly greeting and manly parting, speaks more than a grateful heart can utter. You, Sir, have had a cold and chilly welcome that deprives us of our fondest hopes and anticipations. Give to Nature and to God, your hopes most dear. Your friends linger around the ascending flame, that once ascended high and fondly encircled all. It is not blackened. Think you not, that we speak to awaken aught else than endearing consummations. *It is not so.* The bright and joyous day robs us of no thought. The cold and dreary night but speaks

of a fondness that is not obscured on the arch-way of the grave. They hear it, as a unit in one, a diversity in all.

What means what I now see? It meets the eye as ties I cannot describe. An impression distinct now crowds my brain. O yes; much, O much is lost from our best communications, and why? When we first approached, there was opened to our view a creature fair, only to be recalled by the reproaches we feel for not having given her message to one most dear. Would that we could recall it, but it is lost. We behold man allied to Eternity by a diversity of ligaments, the severance of which many fear deprives him of life. 'Tis not alone in these spiritual affinities we bear, we must recognize man. He has an earth-life and sad, often sad, is its contemplation. He has associations, cares, responsibilities, evidences of hope, fond anticipations, lofty conceptions of what adorns and beautifies his true nature. His relationships with his fellow are as broad and as extended as the earth. We seek not to destroy or undervalue these enduring relations, by pointing to loftier conceptions of his power. We desire not to contrast him with the lofty observances that ally him to his God: We only seek to inspire, within, the true man. These communings can only be perpetuated to subserve the interests of humanity by helping all to recognize the spiritual relations, born of God. Were we to bring these associations within the family circle, where true paternity reigns and brotherly affection dwells, we would not see that diversity which is now measured by the cold and heartless, who but triumph over the misfortunes of their brother.

Man perverts himself, his Nature, and his God, when he lays aside the responsibilities that should chain him to the endearing relations of life. This is not an enraptured vision to entrance his nature. If it were, the place where he stands had better prove a blank, that he may not be robbed of the inestimable glory that awaits all true men. These truths, these blessings are brought, that man may cultivate the God within. That love, peace, good will to your fellow-man, may be the immortal instincts we bear—not hidden nor obscured—if so, they may as well, never have existed. Man has individual, social, and political rights to be observed, to perpetuate his race, as allied to the Infinite. The reflected rays of an enjoy-

ment of these rights will penetrate the darkest recesses of the human heart. They should inspire a thought whose life and vigor will speak and be heard, and when heard, made to subserve the end designed. Let not these remarks be misunderstood.

I am made to feel extremely pleasant. I stand in wonder and cannot see distinctly. Before me appears a narrow pass-way, spanning a ditch. Upon either side is opened to my view extended fields, whose verdure bespeaks the infancy of life. From this we are carried forward with the velocity of thought, following an extended sea that meets our onward march. Its mighty waters are as grass beneath my feet. Its lashing tide may roll on—it but impresses an evidence of the powers that be. Ah! yes; we approach the shore. An extended plain is on our left; but yonder is a towering eminence, lashed by the mighty billows of the ocean beneath, from which they are hurled back, in token of the Majesty that reigns supreme. Upon this eminence is gathered an angel host—not like Jacob's ladder to ascend and descend, but its ascent is one and all. We view this lofty eminence from a distance. What hinders our approach? 'Tis wider. A mighty wheel revolves, and sirs, could we but read the inscriptions there engraven, we would have a light that would obscure the vision of a John, and renew, yes, renew and beautify the precepts of a Christ. Is there a mystic number, or what else can this mean? Twelve languages, twelve Seers, twelve mighty men, not mighty as men, shall instil the fermentations of thought as undying as the soul. Are these the re-echoing of the ages gone by? God's Eternity is ever the same. Is it to rear among mankind a Sanhedrim to preside over the Ecclesiastical and temporal benefits we enjoy? One skillful mariner may guide a cumbrous ship, and moving in safety it may bound over the mighty deep. But does one frail drop endanger or carry forward the destined end; or is it untold numbers that float this mortal barque on, ever on to the haven of eternal repose. When this mingling and commingling of spiritual intuition shall expand, it shall unite all as one. No sable host to drink its life. Oh! no.

O that we had a better view: different colors, different views, all tending to one common centre. Upon the outer ray of

what I now see is inscribed what man dare not tell. It extends over the sea from an eminence of hundreds of feet, and upon this eminence stands an angelic host. But why should we not draw near? Its lesson is imparted here, (striking his heart.) And it will come. We shall realize that auspicious morn when we shall mingle there, and realize those inscriptions that urge us on. It is not at present permitted for one so gross to invade. It is enough to instil within, that God is Love. We stand, one foot upon a mossy bank, the other on the ocean wave, and the inscriptions seem a quarter of a mile distant. This will give you some faint idea of the meaning of these observances. The wheel seems turned to our view. The first letter from its centre is H. Now it brings to my very soul what I am not permitted to express. This extended wheel is assuming the appearance of a large painting. From this source you will yet get the true mission of Christ. We must leave it now, feeling conscious of our inability to proceed further without that evidence which every man bears to his God. But I tell you, sirs, here is a lesson that will make the earth quake to its centre. A long scale is attached to this wheel, which extends to earth. We feel an irresistible desire to approach nearer. The way is open if we could but ascend.

I feel impressed to speak of how I feel. Were I to live a hundred years, nay a thousand more, memory would never prove recreant to the trust confided to its care this blessed hour. It illuminates the pathway of the grave, and I realize that all is not lost. During this interim, for the first time, we have been fully sensible of the circumstances that surround us. Think you not, kind friends, that you alone are the recipients of these messages. Many are recorded here. This interview has been conducted with an eye single to improvement and relief. Its influences have been different from any I have received before.

[Mr. C. was some minutes held in a mute trance, from which, when he came forth, he seemed fully invigorated physically and mentally. His address was highly instructive to us all; directly so to one or two present; although there are some things in it that evidently admit a future explanation. Mrs. F. continuing under the influence, closed our interview as follows:]

Men trample the truth beneath their feet. Sometimes they think it crushed, but from every blow it revives in more perfect beauty. We would not destroy churches, but we would penetrate the world with that which shall unite all nations. Men must know that they have souls, whose kindred is in God, and to him must return. We have, sir, encircled you as one family, to advance this high and holy mission. Your way is clear. Then, my Brother, O! press on, my Brothers, all, press forward.

November 3, 1854.

DEVELOPMENT OF MISS HARRISON.

Some six weeks previous to the date of the following letter, the Mother of Miss H. called upon me to make some enquiries concerning our privileges in Spiritual intercourse. She had never witnessed the phenomena. I informed her that it was in the power of every family to realize the privileges we so highly prize, and that demonstrations would be enjoyed by all, who sought them with the degree of patience and candor that every investigation of Truth requires. I read her the communication of Dr. CHANNING on "Spiritual Training." She left us, and two weeks afterwards, I was informed, that her daughter had been developed as a writer of music and poetry, under the direction of the masters of these arts. Her whole family were convinced by unmistakable manifestations, and two members of it, who had treated it with contempt, were also strongly influenced, one of them simultaneously repeating with the medium some of the pieces that follow. The following letter from her father, our fellow-townsmen, Capt. H. H. HARRISON, who had regarded the whole a silly delusion, will show the result of a single sitting, so far as poetry is concerned :

NASHVILLE, OCT. 28, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—I send you some communications coming from Mrs. AMELIA B. WELBY, through my daughter, (at least they so

purport.) These communications, four in number, were given in quick succession at one sitting—were *impressed stronger than written*. Words were occasionally lost; no attempt was however made to re-place them, as it was discovered, on a re-reading, they were promptly supplied by the authoress, who also attached the names by which they are designated. At the close of the conference the medium was informed that at 4 o'clock, p. m., the next day, another communication would be given, and that hereafter she would guide and surround her, as she desired to communicate through her. These things are truly wonderful and challenge our faith and admiration.

Respectfully, yours,

H. H. HARRISON.

DAWNING OF SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

The galling chain is riven,
The imprisoned world is free,
All men that bowed in darkness,
Now worship—worship Thee.

A glorious dawn is breaking,
O'er the dark pall of earth,
Millions of souls rejoicing
In beams of Spirit-birth.

The shades of night are falling,
The glorious sun appears;
Casting its brightness o'er thee,
Dispelling all thy fears.

The forest trees are waving
Their branches in the air,
Shedding their verdure round thee,
Proofs of thy Father's care.

The little violet, lowly,
Is peeping in the glade;
The birds are sweetly singing,
In yonder pleasant shade.

The sea, the sea is dashing
Its briny foam on shore,
Telling the wondrous wisdom,
Of th' God we all adore.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

Hark! hark! the anthem's swelling
 Over the earth and sea,
 A tribute of blest Spirits,
 Shouting all praise to Thee.

My heart, my heart is leaping,
 Eternal God, to Thee;
 Maker of all things boundless,
 God of Eternity.

GOD'S MIGHTY POWER.

'Tis as the voice of a mighty gale,
 Sweeping through the trees;
 'Tis as the flowers that gently woo
 The straying summer breeze:

As the voice of the cataract, loud and deep,
 As it madly dashes on;
 'Tis as the rays of the gentle morn,
 'Tis as the summer's dawn.

'Tis heard in the voice of falling leaves,
 When the frost their beauty doth sear;
 Then in the budding beauty of spring,
 The brightest of all the year.

In the roar of the waves, as they burst their caps,
 And dash again on the land.
 In all thy works, O, God! we see
 The wisdom of Thy hand.

Have you not seen the storm's wild mirth,
 In the gloomy hour of night?
 Have you not felt the might of God,
 When thy soul were in affright?

At the mighty thunder's awful crash—
 The crash and roar sublime;
 Of the mighty wind as it howled among
 The branches of the pine?

Oft in the twilight's gentle hour,
 When all is calm and still,
 And the silvery rays of the evening star
 Was bathing yon dark, dark hill.

In all of these thy Father speaks
In accents soft and mild,
Telling to thee, in whispers sweet,
His love to thee—his child.

THE SEA.

The sea, the sea, is beautiful to me,
With its boundless waters free,
Stretching far out as the eye can see,
In its glorious majesty.

The waves leap up in gladness
To catch the last faint gleam,
Of the dying light of the day-God bright,
To gild the parting scene.

The sun has sunk behind the hills,
To seek a calm repose,
And darkness gathers o'er the sea,
But look! a star arose.

A trembling orb to deck night's brow,
With its sweet, but sparkling mien;
Laughingly it looked upon the sea,
Where late the sun had been.

Its mellow light the sea caught up,
As if to hold it there;
And chain it to its sportive waves,
As if 'twere fastened there.

But no! the orb but kissed the top
Of each small tiny wave,
And left the sea, and o'er the earth
Its gentle beauty laved.

Behold, the darkness passed away,
Before the daylight flown;
And now the star is centered there—
In yon etherial dome.

October 28, 1854.

GOD'S GOODNESS.

The world is full of beauty,
Given by God to thee;
To lead thy thoughts to Heaven,
Child of mortality.

Look! yon stream is dashing
Beside the mountain side,
No eye hath seen the beauty
Of its clear and sparkling tide.

The woods are now before thee,
The forest trees that bend;
Who planted these, frail mortal?
Who does their culture tend?

It is thy Heavenly Father
That in his bounty gave,
These little proofs of wisdom,
Perchance thy soul to save.

Does it not teach thee, mortal,
His goodness here on earth,
And learn thy soul his wisdom,
And thine immortal birth?

Why then dost thou forget him,
His wondrous love and power?
He brought thee into being,
And can take thee in an hour.

O, worship! daily worship
Thy father, God and King;
And daily bring unto his care,
Some heaven-born offering.

October 28, 1854.

WHAT WE DO IN HEAVEN.

Hark! hark! an anthem swelling,
Heard you not the strains?
'Tis the voice of angel Spirits,
Shouting praise to him that reigns.
Shouting, shouting, here they sing
Praises to our Heavenly King.

Millions now are sweetly swelling
Voices in the heavenly song;
They, the blessed of every nation,
Now compose that happy throng.
Shouting, shouting, here they sing
Praises to our Heavenly King.

O, if you could hear the music,
From the spheres of light above,
'Twould improve your mortal nature,
And would teach you, God is love.
Shouting, shouting, here they sing
Praises to our Heavenly King.

Our Spirits here all blend in feeling,
Teaching one another love;
'Tis derived from God eternal,
God that reigns o'er all above.
Shouting, shouting, here they sing
Praises to our Heavenly King.

October 28, 1854.

A REQUIEM.

Hark! hark! a wail is borne along the midnight air,
 'Tis the sorrowing voices of loved ones in deep despair;
 Hover they round the last of one, who early passed from earth,
 To gain an entrance in that clime of Spirit-birth.

Ye do not know for what ye mourn, frail children of a day,
 She is not here whom you so loved, 'tis but her lifeless clay.
 Look up! look up! an angel form, in fond devotion near,
 She hears your sighs, and knows your griefs, and tries to stay your tear.

But blindness is before your eyes, you cannot see that brow,
 You are too gross, you must prepare—your vision's darkened now.
 Darkened! but not forever; no, the light already streams,
 Death will be but the passage way to a land of heavenly dreams.

October 28, 1854.

OUR NEW ERA.

Do you not feel my presence oft,
 In the gloomy hour of night,
 When all the earth is wrapped in sleep,
 And Morpheus steals your sight?

'Tis then I love to visit your earth,
 And whisper hope in your ear;
 Sometimes in gladness, often in woe
 My Spirit hovers near.

Telling thee to never fear,
 For a glorious dawn will break;
 This glorious dawn that I tell thee of,
 Great changes soon will make.

Churches and creeds will pass away
 As dew before the sun;
 All the benighted ones of earth
 Will worship the Eternal One.

The human mind will then be free,
 Though now in shackles bound;
 Peace, gentle peace will rule the soul,
 And truth will all surround.

Then onward, upward to the goal,
 The race is almost o'er;
 Already glimpses of that clime
 Are seen from your dark shore.

A VISION.

Ere long a vision will unfold
Unto your wandering eyes:
A flooding stream of shining gold,
A halo from the skies.

Ere long you'll see the hallowed forms
Of friends, who've passed away.
You will behold those shining ones
Without their earthly clay.

O! the radiance of their heavenly eyes,
Their calm and loving mein;
Will teach thy soul our happiness,
'Twill be a heavenly dream.

Given but to few of mortals
To shew them of our sphere,
Where all the blest of ages
In circles now appear.

Our clime at first will check thy breath,
'Tis pure—too pure for thee;
But I will breathe that air, and then
To thee it will be free.

It will expand thy youthful mind,
And perfect thee on earth.
So when the chill of death is o'er,
You'll feel your Spirit-birth.

A glorious change 'twill be for thee,
Thy soul will swell with joy,
When seated here among our band,
We'll then your time employ :

In teaching thee the wondrous works
Of thy Father, God, and King;
While glorious anthems ever swell,
And Heaven's bright arches ring.

STANZAS.

See! see! the daylight's fading,
 Dying in the fading west;
 Night's folding garments round her,
 As an infant, when at rest.

Fainter, fainter, grows the daylight,
 Gently as it melts away;
 As the ocean, when it dashes
 Back on shore its dewy spray.

Its paling beams are centered now,
 On yon small, rosy shell;
 Telling to thy listening Spirit,
 That God in all doth dwell.

Now the roseate hue is fading,
 Leaving nought but pearly white,
 On that sea shell's snowy bosom,
 Fainter from the shades of night.

Will that shell lie long forgotten
 On the island in the sea?
 No: it will not, something whispers—
 Whispers gently unto me.

That, perhaps, yon moon will bear,
 When she looks upon the sea,
 One small ray of silv'ry brightness,
 Tiny, little shell to thee.

There! I knew that she would bless thee:
 Bless thee with her peerless ray;
 Giving to thee brighter beauty,
 Than the dazzling god of day.

May we, like thee, peerless Luna,
 Each impart a gentle ray,
 Shedding on the hearts of others,
 Light to cheer them on their way.

ANGEL FORMS.

The air, the air is teeming
With countless Spirits, bright;
But a veil is drawn before thee,
Obscuring from thy sight.

Their forms are pure and silvery,
Such as the Queen of Night,
Sheds o'er the earth, while mortals
Are dreaming in her light.

They throng around your dwelling,
And daily at your hearth;
They closer seem to hover
Upon your darkened earth.

Ere long you will behold them,
They'll burst upon your sight
In all their awful beauty,
Their majesty and might.

Then daily seek ye knowledge,
From God who dwells above;
He will thy soul develop
In Wisdom, Truth and Love.

Death is but a blighting blast,
A change within an hour,
Such as all earthly flowers feel
Beneath the hoar frost's power.

When Spring returns they burst afresh
In beauty still more rare,
These little dying plants of *Things*,
To us, O, God! compare.

[We by no means regard the poetry above as perfect specimens of what the medium is now and will hereafter be susceptible of receiving. Spiritual Communications, whether in prose or poetry, are not designed to subvert the growth of the native powers of the soul. To guide and stimulate its powers; to impart an inward life and strength, which it cannot so well be gained from any other source, and thus bring forth the beau-

ty of the inner life in its connection with the great invisible agencies of mind; these are its legitimate effects and its certain results with all who are true to themselves and their privileges. What is remarkable in the above is, that Miss H., having never attempted to put two lines in rhyme together in her previous life, under the influence of the Spirit of Mrs. WELBY, will write off, with the greatest rapidity, strains like the above, and many of them at a time prior to her witnessing a Spiritual demonstration. We believe that her pure nature will be still more opened, and that the world will yet rejoice in the power of such a nature to commune with the high intelligences of another sphere.

The measure and some of the words of the above could be altered, with advantage to the rythm of the stanzas, but we prefer to publish them as they were received.]

Observations.

THE FUTURE SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE PRESENT.

The bright evidences of personal identity and individuality preserved in, and disclosed from the Spiritual world, as recorded in the preceding pages, form no ordinary chapter in human experience. They fully warrant us in saying, *we know*, from the clearest intuitions of our souls, and most accurate observations of our understanding, that the human soul is made to sustain Spiritual and eternal relationships, sanctifying and making sacred every natural tie of kindred and affection.

Without these direct evidences of human immortality, we know that many minds have accepted the hope of future existence, and perhaps no sane mind has been entirely bereft of the desire to live after the dissolution of the body; but the hope has often been made to sanction the most enormous assumptions over human consciences, and clouds of the darkest superstitions have everywhere gathered over it, which have denied to it its natural privileges, and made it more a dread and slavish fear, than a buoyant and purifying anticipation. To believe the soul formed merely for the present uncertain and unsatisfying mode of existence, to an enlightened mind was to believe it created without a worthy purpose, in a universe everywhere displaying most happy adaptation of means to ends. Possessed of desires that were never fully gratified; aspirations never reaching their ideals; loves severed but not destroyed; hopes disappointed, but not obliterated;—it seemed to exist only as a splendid failure and tantalization, unless it were regarded as sustaining Spiritual affinities, yet to be realized, after its present organization was dissolved. Such considerations

as these give to many a ready and strong perception of human immortality; but the revolting imagery with which our future life had been generally reflected, in the consecrated pastimes of fanatical and selfish forms of religion, and political despotisms, had deadened or dwarfed the loftiest conception of the mind. As the pliant tool of bigotry and superstition, or the consuming flame of blinded fanaticism, it had come to be doubted by the priest, dreaded by the multitude, and rejected by those cultivated intellects that had ascended the heights of the physical sciences and arts. False and bewildering imaginings, so numerous, and so intermixed with all the duties and trials of life, that they could no longer be classified, had so covered up the few grains of truthful intuition beneath immense beds of chaffy superstition, that help was called for by every sincere Philanthropist and devout Christian, and it has come, and every enfranchised mind will hail it as the reflected grandeur of Humanity's dawn.

It would be premature to attempt an anticipation of its results. A few may be noted as already indicated in its present tendencies and effects:

Spiritualism will correct the materialistic tendencies of human philosophy.

It will make the Spiritual life a reality to the conviction of every enquiring mind, and thus save it from the lamentable gloom in which it has groped its way, amid clouds of sorrow and mourning, upon which was only seen a threatening sky and the frown of an angry God.

It will open a power and privilege of thought upon all that pertains to human happiness, such as the world has never recorded. It will present and promote a purer morality than has ever been recognized or practiced by the religious or political organizations of the world.

It will make a basis for human charity, more rational and more reciprocal than the world has yet recognised.

It will reveal a police over human error and crime, more humane, more corrective, and more defensive, than all the penal sanctions of arbitrary jurisprudence, that now kill and degrade, from inability to reform.

It will eradicate and forever destroy the absurd and afflictive

idea, upon which so much of human wrong, both in teaching and legislation, is predicated, that the future life is one of penal character to all, and eternal doom to many, and substitute in its stead the great intuition of every rational soul, that it must meet the natural consequences of all its deeds, be they good or evil.

The selfish and earthly nature which has been ascribed to the judgment or justice of God, and the arbitrary conditions of the future life, whilst erecting upon foundations of ignorance, the towering superstructures of Priestcraft and civil tyranny, that still hold back the highest hope and holiest desires of Humanity, have ever left the free and pure mind in irresistible revolt at their enormity. Men have not revolted at the idea of a future life. The unfettered mind rejoices in the thought of future, continued being, beyond the dissolution of death. But the idea of penal rewards and punishments, adjudicated upon fictitious standards of right, recognised by earthly tribunals, gives to the hope of the future so much of the atmosphere of earthly selfishness and vain ambition, that we are apt to reject the truth of Spiritual relations in the false conceptions of their nature. The question, therefore, now presses upon the mind of the world, with a weight that will compel an answer, *Is the future life one of penal sanctions?*

Mark you, it is not, whether that life bears its consequence, of pain and pleasure, over and above the general tenor of conduct and its consequences upon earth. But is it a final and changeless adjudication of pain and pleasure?

The teaching from the Spirit-spheres, accords with the rational culture of the present age, in an unmistakable view of the Spirit-life that relieves it of this difficulty. It shows, most uniformly, that every man commences the future life in the precise state of development in which he leaves this. That it is an advancement upon the privileges of the present life, in light or the degree of knowledge; but does not change the essential nature and tendencies of the soul. That is to say, The future life gives a more perfect knowledge of the True and Good, in contrast with the False and Evil; and a knowledge, so much more perfect, that the desire for improvement is anew generated and proportionally increased. The punishment, therefore,

of that state is that which arises from a sense of incapacity and ill-desert, and there is no such thing as eternal, objectless, vindictive punishment.

Now when we remember, that the vast majority of human beings who do evil, do so from feebleness of vision, more than from deliberate, wilful intention, we will see the justness of this conclusion. But some seem to do wrong with their eyes open, and with free will. The latter, of course, must suffer greater intensity of disappointment and regret, than the former. But even then, in the ideas a pure mind would form of that state, they must become the objects of compassion, to the nobler natures filled with unselfish, not to say ineffable love. They are more objects of compassion than any; and, as such, need the very highest in love to desire their relief and to help their advancement.

It is not love that despises or disregards the condition of the suffering because it is intense. And the man who supposes that he would be perfectly happy, in some glorified state of changeless felicity, while any were suffering the tortures of an endless misery, only shows himself more an animal than a man—with a soul yet to be opened to the pure influences of the Spirit of Christ. He has not partaken of the life of changeless love, and in the proportion in which he has not, he is indifferent to the condition of the debased and suffering around and beneath him. Tired of the folly of selfish imaginings, in whose revolting glare we clothe the future good or ill of our kind, we are now turned, by high intelligences, from another Sphere, to behold an infinite series of cycles of being,—from the lowest forms of soul development, which barely vegetates with the life of love, and scarcely feels the darkness of its earthly dungeon, to the mighty expansion of a Christlike soul;—and we may *know* that into one or the other of these circles we will enter at death, corresponding to the state of mind and character with which we leave this life, and to the means which are best adapted to secure improvement. We are informed of the fact, which, in our minds, admits of no question, and which we believe to be within the reach of every human soul, that in that state, as in this, the higher or more advanced Spirits ever visit the lower or less advanced, to inspire them with desires for holier associa-

tions and more blissful enjoyments. Thus, friendship, or fellowship there, depends, as it should have depended here, upon desiring and doing good; and all are interested in the elevation and perfection of all souls, so as finally to secure the crowning glory of a long severed Brotherhood, in its endless union and felicity. This evidence, we think, is all the human mind, in its calm reflection, can desire.

When the reader reflects that fear never improved him or any one; that at best, it can but restrain and is the necessary possession of a soul that has never felt the full freedom and power of love; when he calls to mind his own experience, which unmistakably reveals to all, that Love and Hope, inspired by those who possessed them in larger measures than others, alone help to throw off the burdens of grief and wrong from any soul, he may, of himself, see the principle of progressive improvement that regulates and measures all departments of the rational universe. Does he, for a moment, question the propriety of presenting the irrefragable evidence of the existence of this principle, beyond the experience of death, let him look abroad over Christendom, and behold the antagonism of sects and creeds that darken and bewilder the brightest hopes of mankind. Let him behold a Greek Church prevalent in Greece and Russia, numbering seventy millions; a Roman Church with one hundred and twenty millions; an English, a Scotch, a Lutheran and Nestorian Church, embracing many millions more, with large bodies of Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists and many others, whose designations are not yet settled,—each claiming to be the true Church, or the pillar of God's saving truth, while many of them, with strong armies and navies, combine with or against each other, for the most selfish and mercenary ends; sacrificing millions of human beings to gratify the lust for polluted power. Behold families, communities, and nations severed in their aims, in devotion to false views of man's Spiritual interests; men aiming professedly, at the same ends, while industriously engaged in each others injury or destruction—study this picture which can scarcely be overdrawn, and then ask, whether Love or Hatred is the animating principle of such enormous and brutal wrongs? Do these antagonistic sects do good? They

do, unquestionably. But their good springs from the principle of Love, native to the human heart, and despite their unnatural severances and animosities. Their evil has its source in Hatred, where there is not enough of the pure principles of the soul awakened to check its perversion of power. More light, then; a clearer vision of the unity of human interests and destiny, is called for, and we already see from whence it is to come to work out this Hatred, even upon earth. When extirpated and out-grown, what will we behold? I ask, what principle will then prevail? And whatever we decide it to be, that is the principle of the only real life the soul can ever enjoy, and as it enjoys it, it secures its own highest advancement, and the approach of Humanity's triumph.

Apply this brief reference and conclusion to man's Spiritual relations, in a future life. There, as the vision of wisdom and love must necessarily enlarge, the wish to become perfect, must open. The improvement of man ever begins with the wish to improve. The wish cannot exist without some revelation of the possibility. Companies, sympathising with that wish, be it ever so low, and capable of enlarging it to a strong and active desire, come near to influence for good, and immediately an advancement will begin; and we can conceive of no limit to Spiritual, as there is to fleshly progress. Are you now, and here, struggling for self-improvement, there, you shall start from a higher eminence, and receive the divine Father's approval in every endeavor. That approval, for which the soul ever longs, redoubles its ardor and opens anew the upward career, with infinite joy. Thus we realize in advance, the applauding "well done;" enter, ever enter, into the joy of thy service; which is the joy of thy God.

But look once more, abroad over the earth and view its most elevated societies and individuals whom you know are seeking good and not evil. Do you not see that some particular attribute characterizes each? In that attribute most of the band—if it be a band—concur, while they differ in almost every other respect. So is the Spiritual state revealed. The circles are infinitely varied, so that each individual entering, will find the society for which he is suited, and which is, therefore, suited to his improvement.

It may be asked, are we subject to defeat and failure there, as we are here? Not so liable, as the state is an advance upon this, yet still liable; for failure and defeat must be predicated of all fallibility. Mind, all mind, save God's—varies in its states of efficiency, and the power of sustained effort. It must, therefore, be subject to weakness and ill-success. But there, as the well developed and disciplined mind here has already realized, our failures are but stepping stones to more inspiring and earnest effort; and when success comes, as come it must, to all persevering endeavor, it comes with more clear and thrilling triumph to those who have often failed and desponded. So infinite, and infinitely wise and good, are all our Father's provisions, for the growth and glory of his children. Certainly, we may expect to be delivered from all the weakness and liability to failures that grow out of our fleshly bodies; but to suppose, that by putting on the Spiritual body, we will be made equal to God in power, wisdom and love, is to suppose an absurdity that shocks all common sense.

Brought to a clear point, in this department of our investigation, we would say: The soul in its essential nature, is the same, everywhere. Its advances, from fleshly to Spiritual corporeity, is a change of circumstances and conditions. But in all conditions the law of improvement, is its ever present and only natural law.

We advance in this life, by first feeling the want of a new relation to some person, persons, or thing. This sense of want, creates a desire for information as to that relation. This desire attracts us to those or that, which we esteem capable of supplying our want. We are directed wisely, when we meet the appropriate satisfaction—unwisely, when we do not. Every failure reveals the necessity of a more successful effort and in a pure mind, increases the desire. And as an immortal thirst can never be fully gratified, eternal progress is made the Law of laws throughout the universe, while the measure of wisdom and love is increased at every step in our upward path.

The mind begins by inference as to what will do it good; but it is never happy till it arrives at certainty. Truth, in its full and satisfying proportions, is never obtained merely by desire, nor can it be given by force. **WE GROW INTO IT.**

Where the mind is forced, it may get something ; but it cannot get its proper alimēt and beauty. This may be seen in most ecclesiastical and all sudden conversions, secured under the unnatural excitements of revival meetings, or the momentary impulses of sad disappointments and bereavements. Under such influences, not wisely directed, the ideas of the mind become mixed, and consequently, uncertain and infelicitous. This truth properly appreciated, would reveal the native power and beauty of the soul. What a motive would it give for exertion in our own behalf, and in behalf of others ! It would show us, that in the lowest depths of ignorance and wickedness, a desire for improvement, may be generated, though the generation be ever so tardy.

It also illustrates and confirms the great doctrine of a Universal Brotherhood. It shows, not only how our life reacts upon our nature, but by what delicate agencies, it sends forth its influence upon others. Every one sees this influence in our outward relations, for the effect of outward actions upon the welfare of other minds is visible to all who have eyes to see. A word spoken in childhood, reaches, in its effect, to maturer years, and through that child, when he becomes a father, goes forward to another and another, and so on almost endlessly.

But some one will say, will not a false word or deed, go forward, also, by this endless line of human relationship, and produce evil, endlessly ? We answer no ; emphatically, *no !* It will go forward, doubtless, till it is corrected, whether the line of its march be long or short. For the False can be corrected by the True ; but the True needs no correction, and hence its influence is as eternal as its nature. Thus the Good and the True are seen to be absolute ; the Evil and False relative. To see this, is to realize the supremacy and eternity of good which is our best definition of faith in God !

But it is not the outward effect of merely outward action, to which we would call attention. Not what is generally seen and heard ; but what is unseen and Spiritual. Our thinking, feeling, and willing, also, affect others, and influence them in exact proportion to *the affinities of our nature and the intimacy of relation subsisting between us !* This truth, the reader can corroborate, by reference to his own experience. In unrecog-

nized ways, do many truths become apparent to us. We feel the grief, the anger, the love, the vice of a friend, and often before we have externally witnessed—we feel it with delectable approval or painful repulsion, according to our existing affinity and the amount of interest that unites our hopes and fears. And thus “no man liveth to himself, nor dieth to himself.” No man falls into error or wrong without affecting others. Such a phenomenon cannot happen in a creation, the links of whose chain are united in universal dependency. However secret the lapse, it weakens our own vigor of moral action and that of others. And so, also, every victory over temptation, not only creates its hero, but makes heroes of others.

Let this great doctrine be generally understood; let its fearful and yet glorious power be fully appreciated, and the highest motive possible to the human mind for individual improvement and social elevation, would be gained. From the outer husk of the fleshly body to the inner core of the Spirit-life, we would know that we rise and fall together. This knowledge is the only knowledge that will enable a man practically and uniformly to fulfil the command: “Love thy neighbor as thyself.” The improvement and happiness of my neighbor, in this light, become my improvement and happiness.

Nor will this doctrine, as some have supposed, lead to Pharisaical and officious espionage or intrusiveness. It turns the mind upon itself and its own highest interests, and thus frees it from all desire for intermeddling suspicions and oversight. Self-development, for the elevation of others; who would call that intrusive?

Assuredly, then, to know that ignoble and base states of mind drag down others as well as the mind indulging its low feelings, would give a new aspect to all sensuality and vice, and make many pause on the road to a ruin, that would involve so much more than their own individual degradation. This very thought has turned many to nobler paths. To know that all clear and energetic thoughts; all noble aspirations; all holy volitions, not only bring us nearer and nearer, the ever accumulating power of Eternal Life; but, also, in a thousand ways, seen and unseen, go forth to raise the tone and stimulate the faculties of others:—of those who are now wasting blessed

hours of holiest privilege, and are gravitating to the plane of the brute, that seeks only the supply of its own animal instincts;—surely this is the knowledge from whence cometh the never-failing endeavor of human souls. The vital power of Spiritual energy in the most humble, awakens many from their lethargic dreams and inglorious pursuits; and from being mere nebulous spots upon the great surface of Humanity's chart, they are rounded into stars and suns of never dimming brilliancy. It brings the everlasting guerdon of a rational life to selfish scheming and irresponsible indulgence, and consecrates it to holy affections and beneficent aims.

Now, when we add to this the assurance of the power of the eternal truth, brought within the reach of every man by Spirit manifestation, that the future life is but a continuation of the Spiritual part of the present—when we come to know, and not merely to accept, upon the interested or fanatical testimony of others, that we only throw off the mere modes and customs of life, and not life, itself, at death—our steam engines, rail-ways, ships, shops, banks, farms, houses, offices, and apparel, and that even their Spiritual meanings are as eternal as the Spirits out of which they were made; that the outside covering conceals only a part of our nature; and that all our higher faculties can be exercised, even now, in a purely Spiritual direction, and are so exercised in every effort to separate truth from falsehood, in all high meditation and devout abstraction; when we are made to see that even those of our faculties that are wasting in the using, can be made servants to the purer life, and the channels of their exercise, in our business and pleasure may be penetrated by the influences of our kindred of nobler development beyond the fleshly hindrances of the body,—we may make our lives on earth flow, almost without a break, into that of the heavenly spheres. And thus we would not so much prepare for Eternity, as live it now. Not fix the eye, so impatiently on the distant future as to cause us to stumble over every object before us and ingloriously waste our days in needless repinings and disappointments, but make our every step here an advance to our ideal of hereafter. This life would become but a part of that. The same law would be found to regulate both. High aspiration and ho-

ly duty would be seen, as the means, the only means to create the atmosphere of unbounded confidence everywhere. And to carry out the highest conception of beauty and excellence possible to the present condition; to extract and enjoy the real and not the factitious sweets of the passing moments, we would daily feel that a wholesome future can only grow out of a healthful present. Our sickly sentimentalities and despondencies would be outgrown, and the present and future would be so enrap, that the twain would be as one united by God, so that death would but seal the union.

Thus are we taught that our present life predicts our future. "As we sow we reap." The judgment is always "to come;" and the issues of the present conduct are always before us. He that does nothing is nothing, and tends to nothingness. If we are not growing better we grow worse. We cannot stand still; and the desire to do so reveals an ignoble and degenerate character, taking us back to the sloth and degradation of feeble animals.

All good thought elevates; all evil thought degrades the thinker; and no thought weakens till we almost loose our identity and become machines.

The outward appearance of vice is repulsive to all. Spiritualism proves that the inward ought to be more so. If a man would not speak a lie, Spiritualism would say, *Do not think it.* The atmosphere of evil thinking makes the miasma that destroys Spiritual health. You cannot breathe it freely; you cannot feel while breathing it, the immortal beat of a God-like nature.

Thus Spirit-intercourse opens up hope for all, and provides its conditions. It makes every thought and wish of the soul proof of its reality. It says to every honest questioning, Examine your own soul—in solitude, alone, afar from the grosser considerations of fleshly demands, and it will become a mirror of Spiritual light, it could neither create nor destroy. It teaches that a pure thought in any soul, however sunken, generates a light that opens up glories and attributes that may yet adorn it with brightness and beauty eternal.

Hail! then, thrice hail! ye bright evidences of human Immortality now brought to bear upon the highest interests of

suffering Humanity. They swell the heart, with the fondest anticipations, in token to the great and inestimable boon bequeathed from the God who gave us life! They penetrate the portentous cloud of to-day with the rays of the glories of to-morrow. They stay the desolating hand of sectarian animosity as it would destroy the fairest prospects of all who look beyond the mortal conflict to the Immortal Peace! They bring to lost man—lost amid the chaotic waste that has left him scarcely a pillar of hope to which to cling, the restored vegetation that shall out live all the monuments of Time! They lay low the foolish conceptions of all whose greatest aims are personal aggrandizement over the misfortunes of their fellows, and rob the hydra-headed monster Vice of the false decorations that have ever enwrapped proud ambition in an iron grasp and fiendish hate. They bring a fellow-sympathy with the cares and misfortunes of those who make up the great pale of mankind in every age, which absorbs them in one common end.—They tell our desponding hearts, that *God lives in man*, though the murky mire and the clodded earth weigh down all that would adorn and beautify him as the Archetype of the Eternal One! and we already know that the sparkling gems of that life, as the glory of night to span with hope his mid-night Heaven! They assure us that every frail barque of Humanity is launched upon a fathomless ocean, and however tossed by the diverse currents of human reasoning, the gentle zephyrs of Peace shall yet waft it placidly to the longed-for haven! and the fierce winds that threatened it shall sing a requiem over the burial of all its fears! They help all to stand unappalled at the darkest and most trying hours of human responsibility, for they illumine the drooping soul with hope, and point unerringly to the untold treasures it bears above the aim of every bolt of injury or death! They carry the bright visions of life's early morn to the meridian of its strength, and extend their serenity and peaceful hope to its hastening decline, and amid all its gloom, make each become brighter and brighter until it ascends in honor, to its kindred, gone before! They give calmness to the conflicting elements that boisterously roar over the world, by revealing the same o'ershadowing Heaven, and the same great destiny to which we may triumphantly march, even

amid the terrific howlings of disappointed scheming at the expense of Humanity's dearest hopes ; and they make us know that there is no hour so sweet, no day so bright, but that its equal succeeds in its turn to bring the conscious reflections that carry us back to the trying scenes forever passed, with a joy no tongue can utter, no language express.

FUTURE SPIRITUAL RELATIONS CONTINUED.

"A leaf before the eye may hide the universe." So a prejudice or misdirection of mind may confine its narrow vision, and the grandest and sublimest truths that ever exercised the Reason, or won the affections of our nature, may pass before it in vain. This observation will be found especially true, with respect to all that class of subjects that relate to the Spiritual nature, and eternal progression, of the human being. Fixed and confined views of the conditions of the Future Life, are too readily accepted by all. They save the labor of thought. And although they seldom or never secure strength or joy, and often, if not always, promote selfishness and intolerance, we find them clung to as by a death-gasp. Before our minds are opened to see the just and hopeful relations of our nature, we are, from the necessity of our ignorance, ever ready to grasp the Shadow for the Substance. For this, men should not be blamed, as the shadow is perhaps all their eyes are opened to see ; but when new truth and new phases of old truth, rise up before us, it is degrading to our intellect, to deny or neglect what alone can bring us enlargement of mind and satisfaction of soul.

The doctrine of a Future Higher Life is alike the doctrine of human instinct and direct revelation. The sacred books and monuments of every people corroborate this statement, and the records presented in the preceding pages, prove it to us, and place it within the power of all, to demonstrate the reality of that Life. But clear, definite, and satisfying conceptions of that

Life, depend upon the clearness of our Reason, and our moral capacity to appreciate disclosures from the Spiritual world.— Men do not, as a general rule, believe in that world vividly, because of the vagueness of their ideas and a blind acceptance of sensuous views respecting it. We need to remember, that every new disclosure of a law of mind, throws a light upon the futurity of that mind, by revealing a new power or privilege to its Spiritual nature.

In making this statement, in connection with our happy disclosures, we fully appreciate the objections they will awaken in many minds. It will be said, there is danger of giving a too free exercise to the imagination. We admit the danger, but ask, that we shall be allowed the same honest desire to avoid it as others claim. We would ask, are the popular views of a limited Heaven and an endless Hell the result of rational or imaginary decisions? Did they originate in cultivated or barbarous eras of human development? Come they from the hidden recesses of the soul, that the progress of Humanity has opened, in Science, Art and Philosophy, or from the superficial decisions of unbridled and often stupified imagination? For myself, I would say, the subject is of too much importance to allow me to trifle with it upon the field of imagination. It is too dear to the human heart; too necessary to human happiness; and indispensable to human improvement, to allow me to receive imaginary descriptions in the place of substantial realities. Hence the speculations of a thousand ages, are nothing in comparison with a direct disclosure from the Spiritual world, accompanied by irrefragable proofs. And when these disclosures are seen to correspond with a rational view of the past experience of the world, and to awaken a response in every soul true to its native desires, it will be easy to see who leans most to the bewilderings of imagination, the faith we present in a future life, or that which crushes the hopes of thousands around us.

We hold it to be as irrational as it is distressing, to believe that our present fleshly life is the all of man. There are higher modes of existence than any our poor eyes can see; modes, where the mind is less circumscribed, and the affections throw off the clogs of earth. Of this we present positive and direct

proof. And hence, we assert from the clearest decisions of reason and experience, that we believe in the Spiritual World and Life, and look forward to it as a Life of progress in the infinite power of mind.

But we are well aware that many will not accept this view of man's Spiritual relations. Many are hindered from seeing the future as a promise of limitless progression. And we ask, what hinders so rational and inspiring a hope?—False views of what they have been taught to regard, as *divine revelations* respecting that life. We propose to notice a few of these, and we select the most prominent, that the reader may see how blindly men accept the crude and contradictory notions that dwarf their Reason, and often almost obliterate their Hope.

I. You frequently hear it said, that the Bible declares, that "as the tree falleth so it lies;" and this supposed declaration of divine truth is quoted as referring to the Spiritual world.—You will allow me to tell you, there is no such Scripture in our Bibles!

But if there was, we should be very certain that its common application is correct. Many declarations of the Bible are currently applied to subjects that could never have entered the minds of its writers. The gross ignorance that prevails in Christian communities with respect to Bible teachings, is one of the astonishing characteristics of our times. If the reader will allow, I would offer an illustration, that occurred but a few days since. In a recent discourse, I had occasion to state that Jesus Christ did not write the New Testament. A religious newspaper, that claims a *Doctor of Divinity* for its Editor,* and a circulation of thousands, the acknowledged organ of one of the largest Church Communions in the Union, published, as an evidence of my Infidelity, that "Mr. FERGUSON says, Jesus Christ did not write the New Testament!" and expressed great horror at the impious announcement. And this is one of the pious and *honorable* men who talk of the "humbuggery" of Spiritualism. If Religion or honor depended upon such doctors, we might weep for the blindness and duplicity of the world. Such ignorance is pitiable, but hardly pardonable

* J. B. McFARRIN, D. D.

in a professed teacher of Religion, and with recent honorary titles blushing upon him.

The supposed quotation before us, is of the same character, and I refer to the horror of the "*Christian Advocate*," and the current use of this manufactured Scripture, not merely to expose the ignorance it reveals, in professed leaders of Religious opinion, but to remove foolish obstacles out of the way of a clear vision of divine truth.

In the Book of Ecclesiastes, chap. xi. 3, we read: "If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth; and, if the tree fall towards the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be." The writer is referring to common and acknowledged natural phenomena; such as the visible sources of rain; the course of the wind; the mysterious growth of bones in the womb; and he draws a conclusion, leading to humility in the view, that we know but a very little part of the works of God, who, he says, "maketh all." He makes no reference, whatever, to the Spiritual State. His lesson is an admirable one, and might be stated thus: Be humble, be teachable, young man. Be industrious; for you cannot alter the established laws of God, but must adapt yourself to them. The whole lesson is a direction for docility and charity: for charity under the thought, that you, yourself, may some day need it: and should you, in your prosperity, fall as "the tree falleth," there you may lie uncared for and neglected; while if, as the clouds, in the day of your favor, you have poured out the refreshing rain of your goodness upon fallen hearts, you may be lifted up and blessed. There is no allusion to death, nor the future Spiritual world in the passage, and consequently no warrant for its popular use, save that of ignorant priestly assumption over matters that have never been rationally examined.

2. Another passage of the same Book is also frequently referred to, with a similar application. Eccl. ix. 10: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave whither thou goest."

I regard this Scripture as a sceptical objection, placed in the mouth of a man who had serious doubts of a Future Life. It

surely never was intended as an oracle respecting the Spiritual State. If it were, it affirms the doctrine of the baldest materialism, or annihilation of all men, righteous and wicked. The whole chapter seems devoted to the proposition, that there is no difference between the lot of the good and the bad, affirming, "that all things come alike to all."

But were we to regard it as a wholesome lesson, its application could not be made to any part of man, save his fleshly body. Mark you : It says, of all the dead, good and bad, "there is no knowledge, wisdom, device or work." This, you discover, is annihilation—an absurdity. It may be affirmed of the earthly body, but never of the Spiritual part of man. It may be said of the grave, but cannot be said of the Spiritual State. Unless we are prepared to affirm the annihilation of all men, just and unjust, holy and unholy, the general use of this Scripture must be abandoned. Do the men who use it, I would ask, believe there is neither knowledge nor wisdom in the future state? The best critics, ancient and modern, have concurred in the opinion, that much that is dark and obscure in this Book, has its rise in a failure on the part of the writer or transcriber to note what was intended as a dialogue, and what as a treatise.

3. But once more : We frequently hear it referred to as invalidating the Spiritual disclosures of these and similar records, that Christ says, John ix, 4, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is called day, the night cometh wherein no man can work." But I ask, has this any allusion to Death in the abstract? The season of Christ's mission was rapidly closing—closing as every day is closed, by a night. He must, therefore, hurriedly finish his earthly work. But it does not follow from this, that there would be nothing to do in the Spiritual State. If it did, it would contradict the facts of the case. At his death, he represents himself as ready to enter Paradise with a malefactor. His Apostles describe him after death, and even after his ascension, as appearing to many ; as "preaching to Spirits in prison" ; as bestowing Spiritual gifts upon men ; as ruling over principalities, powers, and invisible authorities of every name ; as reconciling things in Earth and in Heaven, &c., &c. Surely this could not be said of a state in which "*no man can work*." It was, therefore, evidently his earthly labors to

which he referred, and not to that grandly active and blissful state beyond the experience of death. *

But suppose it a description of the final and unalterable state of the dead, and then Christ and all the dead, good and evil, wise and foolish, have ceased to exist; for this Scripture says, the "*night cometh wherein no man can work.*"

How foolish and absurd must that superstitious view of death be, which would annihilate Christ and all souls by a legitimate following of its own rule of interpretation; that would deny half the New Testament, descriptive of the direct and indirect labors of Christ after his death, in order to sustain the dogma of the inactivity of mind, after it is freed from fleshly clogs.

The idea of a future, final cessation of knowledge, wisdom or work, to the Spiritual nature of any soul, is not true. It is an assumption of ignorance and sensual philosophy, made to support the rotten sophistries of dead creeds, that have tyranized over large portions of the human race, by assuming a knowledge of the Future conditions of men exclusive and authoritative; predicated upon false conceptions of man, and the communications from the Spiritual state, to a generation long since passed away.

The future life, as a life of opening privileges and helps to all the souls that God has formed, is the dictate of Reason, and the demonstrated disclosure of these times. Death does not necessarily change the character, but it does change the relations of the soul. Many are content after death, as before, with false occupations, amusements, and works of ignorance; but their state is not a hopeless one. The sunlight of Divine mercy, never grows dim. It shines on forever, and sooner or later, it will reach every soul with the genial rays of its pure wisdom, and warm the winter of its indifference, and purify the miasma of its sluggish corruption, by the warm flow of its Love, consecrating every kindred tie as a channel that neither ignorance nor assumption can destroy. The unvarnished truth upon this subject is: That until men learn what is wise, pure and truthful, the beautiful and glorious wear no attractive charms. Content with vanity and vexation, they pass their monotonous years,

* 1 Pet. iii. 19-21; iv. 6. Eph. iv. 11. Col. i. 20. Acts ii. 33, &c. &c.

and see not the Elevating and Progressive, until some terrible revolution separates them from the sleep of their God-given faculties.

All minds are in want; but their wants vary. He who desires no improvement, wants ease and hates change. But he who hears the voice of wisdom, can be satisfied in no condition that is not one of progress and hope. And the reason why many desire no change in their absurd and corrupting notions of a Future Life, is because they love their apathy. Now, as heretofore, such will not appreciate the overtures of a fellowship that would inspire new impulses and open new worlds of thought and action. The lowest pools of iniquity and shame accommodate their curiosity; the silliest gossip of old wives and wifish men form the tables that, unfortunately, never are turned, but always present the same loathsome repast upon the misfortunes of their fellows; and millions of a common brotherhood, reeking in debauchery, or reposing in insipid indolence, excite neither pity nor efforts at help; and so it is ever till the Church, torn by its unnatural contentions in the name of "the cause;" and the State, driven by the fierce winds of selfish policy, sanctified by a cowardly pulpit patronage, trembles to its fall.

Does any one ask me, how such can reform? I answer, by experience—it may be sad and desolating—and returning Wisdom. And it is a joy, to our hearts inexpressible, that amid obloquy and reproach, that would shame the most degraded savages, we are permitted of Heaven, to offer such attractive views of the Future State and condition of the soul, and give their natural and eternal evidences, so as to invite all to the strength and joy of a wise experience and a devout hope.

Man must be brought to a just estimate of the physical organization, and its product of a rational spirit, before he can take his truly dignified and hopeful station among his kind. He must see himself greater than the world, alike in the simplicity, mystery and grandeur of his nature. He must be brought to see that everything in the universe points to him, and tends to his development. He must realize that his fleshly body is but a vessel into which the Stream of Spirit that encircles the universe, pours itself, to receive shape and individu-

ality. That his mind is the mirror, through which, according to the degree of its purity and elevation, God would reflect the nature and use of all things,—suns, earths and Spiritual glories. He must know himself as designed to be the highest issue of Nature's creation. In his form and shape he admits of no improvement. In his Spirit, immortal. In the disorganization of his body, he loses nothing, but gives back to Nature what God gave for a temporary use, to be laid aside when its accidents and diseases would not allow his Spirit to be longer confined by it. He must come to know that Death is a wise and unalterable Law of physical organization, stamped upon all bodies, and that it is only fearful to the undeveloped soul, in the freshness of youthful or immature imagination, or to the dark and forbidding views of God and the universe, and mistaken notions of the nature and purposes of our being—views that make that universe an abortion and the designs of Almighty Love a failure. His enlightened reflection and sanctified Reason, illustrated by the faith and victory of every opened soul, will come to regard *Death as but another step in life*; a great and momentous step, indeed, but like birth, appointed by Infinite Wisdom, and guided by unchangeable Love. A step by which we advance beyond the outward struggles and discipline of earth, to where all physical and moral deformity may be removed, under the power of that holy sympathy that reigns throughout the empire of Spiritual Intelligencies, foretastes of which we all experience in every feeling of pity and hope. A step, by which the Universal Father would lead upward all the images of his intelligent and purified creation; all the diversified members of his immeasurable household, to fill the “many mansions” of the Home of the Spirits, with his ingathering family, and open to them blessings and blessed missions, amid worlds of beauty and harmony, immeasurable and indescribable. There anew, He throws the bands of kindred affection tenderly around them; anew he opens the greater elements and energies within them; anew he spreads the unspeakable glories over them; and through millions of centuries that no arithmetic can number, he holds them on to the greater and more perfect, and still greater and yet more perfect, in Eternal Progression. O! my soul, and soul of my brother, however hardly used

and fallen, I find thee—whether fallen upon a polluted pulpit, where denunciation has taken the place of Love, or upon an editorial tripod, whose fumes are the poisonous steam of decay and detraction, instead of the grateful incense of help and salvation, or in the pit of vice, to bring to thee the knowledge that Life is engirdled by angel bands of sweet and helping friends; that Death is the way of the Spirit to the shining paths where angels tread; to the opening communications which Seraphs speak, and to the celestial enjoyments of the Eternal House not made with hands,—is there any help above this to inspire thee to live justly and purely, and to win and woo thee away from unworthy worldliness, selfish scheming, and the low ways of folly, sin and shame?

What an eternal value does this view of man give to his soul. It shows it never mature, but ever maturing, with appropriate delights provided for its every step. It reveals that soul as the offspring of God, to make the physical form and then wear it out, by contact and collision with the gross world in which it has the nursery of its being. It makes the material eye, and when it becomes glazed and dim, it opens its Spiritual essence to the clear vision of eternal light. As its outward ear becomes closed and deaf, the Spiritual ear opens to the melodies of eternal symphony. And when the whole form stiffens and falls as a clod to rise no more, the Spirit, young and undying, soars gracefully over the bright fields and through the joyous scenes that awaken its life anew to everlasting sympathy. It finds its home in that bright world, out of which every form of beauty in this receives its essential origin, and into which, at their decay, in form, they return. No language can describe its boundaries; no pencil paint its beauties; no intellect grasp its grandeur. It is worthy of God; and our moral and intellectual progression mirrors its scenes, as we are prepared to receive their grand ideals. Were we really just, and pure, and free, we would feel, as these disclosures come to us, a God-like nature opening within that would give us more realizing views than any imperfect description can ever command. If the native nobleness of our Nature were opened, so that its vision would rise above the mists that gather o'er the ways of deceptive and iniquitous indulgence and perversion of the passions

and appetites we bear, we would see a world of meaning in every object of sight or sound, and, daily, rekindle the eternal flame of love at altars over which no strife nor battle's roar are heard. Little Spirits in the flesh, whose years had revolved but half a score, have given me, in their happy trances, brighter visions of the land to which we all are rapidly moving, than have ever been open to me along the plodding ways of philosophy, or the dark aisles of a formal Religion. They have said, and seemed scarcely to know why they said it—that its mounts were glorious; “festooned with vines, and blooming with flowers.” That its broad rivers were variegated with cascades and cataracts, and flow ever amid the eternal bloom of purest blossoms, and the bending burdens of the Tree of Life. That sweetest strains of music pour forth from myriad voices, not one discordant note, while hosts of happy Spirits move to the melodious notes in offices of duty and ecstasies of love. And their little voices, tuned by Spirit hands, spoke so simply, so sweetly, and yet so grandly, of that Immortal Land, that I, *even I*, with all my unworthy grossness, almost heard the strains, that came so gently on their innocent ears; and I, too, longed to pass away from a world and a church, that had met my best and purest motives, my daily and nightly labors in their behalf, with so much of misconception, injury and wrong. But then the strain swelled to clarion notes of victory and glory, above as well as within the strife of human passion, and revealed that it would be servile and traitorous to leave, while one hope for good remained. Ah! yes; Spirits have descended from their native home, and given to us revelations of the deep, indwelling realities of those expanded fields of Almighty planting, whose shining glory penetrates the deep azure by day, and whose myriad lights span the dark archway by night, and they invite our purest affections thitherward. Would we but freely exercise these affections, we could know that these things are so. If we will not purify them, no amount of evidence can make them realities to us! Then

Come! And let the Spirits guide
Where doubt and darkness never come;
Where purest blossoms by the side
Of living streams forever bloom!

THE IMMORTAL LIFE.

Its basis in the nature of man proven and illustrated by an appeal to experience and the records of the world.

There have been, and doubtless will be, a variety of speculations as to our views of the spiritual or the future life, and it seems necessary that we should at least disabuse the public mind of false impressions and injurious inferences, as well as give our private records to the world. Never having indulged a desire to make a party to any view of a subject so unavoidably indefinite, and so dependent upon the nature and extent of our personal spiritual culture and experience, we have not deemed it necessary to reply to every representation that sensitive egotism or ambitious fear has seen proper to make. To add another to the many petty and conflicting parties of the great family of Christendom, or to become the leader of any peculiar philosophy of the future life, is repugnant to all our views of religious duty, and our hope for the rational liberty of man. What we have written upon the subject, was written in the freedom of a faith that had been established by years of investigation, and we have no desire to change a single sentence. Our principle positions remain unscathed, and the kind of opposition they have occasioned is no mean evidence that they have their foundation in unalterable truth. As far as we have gone we feel well assured that our faith stands upon a rock of truth, and will yet become the strength of many inquiring souls.

Men not accustomed to systematize their thoughts, often fail to discriminate between the responses of their own nature and the dogmas of their creed. Hence, if you deny the dogma, you are understood to deny the response of our common spiritual instincts and consciousness. For example, if you deny the arbitrary division of the human family into but *two classes*, and of the future world into *two localities*, many who have all their thirst for the immortal life directed to these accommodating but absurd divisions, understand you to deny the future altogether.

And it is to this failure to recognize essential differences that much of the uncharitableness of Christian leaders is to be traced. They will not, or they *can not* discriminate; and, understanding you as they do, they may, in some instances, honestly regard you an infidel, when you have only advanced beyond their stand point of faith, and might be able to give them new, clear, and consistent views of the same great object their souls delight to dwell upon. We need only to change our position of observation to see the same objects in new aspects. The instinct of immortality and the thirst for progression, are, indeed, incompatible with the arbitrary division of mankind into two classes of saints and sinners, but by no means opposed to faith in God and immortality. We should remember that every reformer, from Jesus of Nazareth to the present day, has been called an infidel by those who would not or did not understand him. The very foundation of faith is often denied by men who pronounce you infidel, and the consequence is, that when they see that they have mistaken superstition for faith, and dogma for fact, they are apt to become what they suppose you to be; for they have stoned the prophets that might have cleared their vision and helped them to a higher range of thought and emotion. What, therefore, would make infidels of such, gives strength and beauty to the faith of others.

It may be immodest boasting, but we affirm it as the result of our honest, and the strongest convictions of our mind, that we never met a man whose faith in the spiritual nature, or accountable immortality of man, is more unwavering than our own. We proceed again to state it, and clear these subjects from some of the mists in which superstition has involved them.

We have taken our stand upon the broad, and we think, impregnable basis, THAT FUTURE LIFE IS THE DEMAND OF MAN'S SPIRITUAL NATURE, AND ITS PROMISE IS THE PROMISE OF PROGRESSION TO ALL SOULS. Hence we regard all interpretation of ancient Scriptures as subordinate to this truth, and that any interpretation that foregoes it is destined to be numbered with the things that were. Our position may be plainly stated thus:

1. There is a Life, spiritual life, to all human beings, that death cannot destroy.

2. THAT LIFE IS PROGRESSIVE IN KNOWLEDGE, HAPPINESS AND POWER. From which we infer, and our experience corroborates the inference—

3. THAT A BELIEF IN THIS TRUTH WILL ENABLE ALL, WHO APPRECIATE IT, TO LABOR FOR THEIR OWN ENLIGHTENMENT AND ELEVATION, AND FOR THAT OF OTHERS.

With this statement of the result of our humble investigations and imperfect experience, we proceed to a brief review of the ancient idea of a future life.

We know not of a nation of people, so sunken in sensuality and barbarism, which has not entertained some ideas of life beyond, or despite the physical appearances of death. Their ideas have been rude or refined, according to the degree of intellectual and religious culture of those who gave expression to them. All ancient and all modern research may be appealed to as corroborative of these declarations, with a confidence that no one will deny them who has given an unprejudiced attention to the facts of human history.

There have been two methods of accounting for their origin and prevalence. *First*, that they are the debris of an original revelation, made to the Father or fathers of the race of man, and preserved by recorded or verbal tradition; or, *secondly*, that they are the imperfect expression of the desires and aspirations of the human spirit by which God has provided for the faith and hope of the race. We take the latter view as most accordant with facts, as being fully sustained by the witness of every opened soul, and make the single addition that every man whose soul is truly opened, may have a demonstration of the nature and reality of the Spirit life. God has provided for faith in immortality by giving to man a religious nature, capable of indefinite religious culture.

It is the general belief of mankind that we shall live forever. The fact is as universal as the race; the doubt is the exception, and only proves here, as in everything else, that we may for a time silence or pervert the clear witness of our nature. People who have no houses, who live in the tombs of the dead, or the caverns of the mountains, and who know not even the use of fire or of garments, believe in the immortal life. The dirt-eaters of the Rocky Mountains and the bird-voiced

and monkey-shaped Ajetas, of the Phillippine Islands, in common with the astute Philosophers of Greece and Rome, and the acute Theologians of all Christendom, have expected to live beyond the dissolution of death. The form of their idea is silly or wise, grotesque or consistent, according to their amount of intellectual development—but the idea is there, underlying the jabbering cries of the Ajetas, who places the betelnut, the bow and the arrow upon the grave of the dead, believing that as the night darkens he will quit the grave for the sport of hunting—as well as in the finished periods of the artistic oration, sybiline prophecy, or poetic description of the most classic or spiritual Asiatic or European. It has been taught in all ages, by all people, whether believing in miraculous revelations, or making no pretence even to letters or organized government.

It is not the result of reasoning; though reasoning may clear the conviction from the mists and fears of superstition and dogmatism. People not capable of the art of thinking, are as well confirmed in its belief as those who apply logic to inspiration and measure poetic feeling by the miserable square of cent-per-cent. This truth was never thought out—it was never proved by logic—it never needed a miraculous disclosure, except to deliver it from the darkness of human tradition. It belongs to man's nature as much as does his capacity for mathematics or music, and comes as the belief in God, the love of man and the sense of justice. It is a spontaneous act of the spirit of man, and may, like his need of God and his sense of justice, be grossly perverted and misdirected, but it is there, and cannot be wholly removed. As men see without glasses and before they can establish a theory of optics, so they believe before they establish a theory of future life. The theory only gives form and distinctness to what originally existed. No words can make it more true. *Immortality is a part of the nature of man*—an instinct of that nature, and has its endless ties in the links of life that gave us birth, and still bind us to God, the fountain of all life.

It is dogmatism that has denied or slandered the nature of man; and dogmatism never reasons. It starts with an assumption, and that assumption, in this case, we utterly deny. Our

appeal is to the nature of man and to universal experience. So far as we represent that nature and experience truthfully, our statements will be confirmed. We assert again, then, that man instinctively believes in his immortality as he believes in his present existence. He asks proof of the one no more than he does of the other, and he attains to clear knowledge of both, as he awakens to the consciousness of his mental powers and thirsts. As the eye belongs to the body of man and may be clouded or clear, so immortality belongs to his spirit and may be dimmed by ignorance or sensuality, or cleared by knowledge or spiritual purity. It is a truth that comes to our consciousness, as much so as light comes to the eye. It is written of God in our nature—in all human nature—it is written as a desire, and it is written as a fact. It asks no argument, and need not wait for death for infallible certainty. It is a truth that cannot be proved except by on-going experience of every one, and in this respect is not singular. Many things are true that no man can prove to another. My personality is impenetrable, and so is my immortality. It is, therefore, one of those truths that may be safely taken for granted. Let us proceed, then, to clear it of its mists and fears according to the measure of our knowledge in the reality of things. It is an interesting investigation to go over the ancient ideals of immortality, and, if attentive, we may see in them the basis of most modern superstitions and absurdities; and, also, a confirmation of our repeated declarations.

For the sake of perspicuity, we give the general idea of an invisible Spiritual State that was prevalent in the times of the writers of the New Testament. It was essentially the idea of *locality*. It gave a local habitation to God, angles, devils and departed Spirits. God and sinless angels dwelt above the stars; Satan and his rebellious company had their habitation in our atmosphere, where they brought on storms and pestilence, and all the ills that afflict mankind by atmospheric agency. Man, as an embodied Spirit, dwelt upon the surface of the earth; as a departed Spirit, down, below, or *under* the earth—from which subterranean abode no one of woman born, had ever been freed, save Enoch and Elijah, and perhaps Moses, until the Messiah passed through and led captivity captive. It will be

easy for the most superficial scholar of our day to see that the whole foundation of these localized ideas is baseless and absurd. Modern Astronomy has swept the whole away, and left not even a wreck behind, in the mind that accredits its indisputable truths. No one can point upward and say God or Spirits are there—nor can he even point downward and say they are there. We may be loth to give up the long-cherished idea that Heaven must needs be above, and the place of the dead beneath; but it must go to the tomb of many a favorite ideal of human ignorance and superstition, such as we all inherit. The Spiritual idea is left to us, or none; and men may be expected to hold on to the fleshly and traditional, till they labor and suffer enough to see that the flesh profiteth nothing, and it is the Spirit alone that giveth life by giving knowledge and joy.

In the Scriptures, Heaven is described as the abode of God, as a city, as a garden, as a Paradise, as the region of the sun, moon and stars, and of the atmosphere; Hell, as an underworld, dark and prison-like, below the grave, and either in the center or "clean through" the earth. The reason is obvious. The teachers of God spoke in the language of their age, then as now, and from the very necessity of the case. The unknown is learned by the use and through the known. The clearest Spiritual idea of Heaven, found in the Scriptures, is that of society—the society of the pure, the blessed, and the glorified. The presence of God and that of congenial Spirits makes the true, the Christ-like idea of Heaven. He, Christ, therefore, abode in Heaven though he dwelt upon earth—Spiritually his constant abode was Heaven. He was always with the Father, and he conversed with the dead as with the living. This idea embraces knowledge, purity and power. The Spiritual idea of Hell is darkness, ignorance, sensual slavery, and misery. Further than this my investigation has not gone.

This localizing idea of the invisible was not confined to the Hebrews. It belonged to all the ancient nations, and belongs to us; for it grows out of the fact, that in the incipient stages of all individual and national culture, we personify and localize everything. Even the great God himself, appears before the fleshly eye in the image of a man, a beast, a bird, or a reptile. The

human mind, ever intent on realizing its ideals, seeks to give them habitation and name, and all this is well and unavoidable; but its abuse is terrific, when it leaves the ideal for the form—makes the Spiritual I AM like to a man or a four-footed beast; its heaven an eastern city, and its hell a heated furnace, into which the creatures of God are arbitrarily moved, as by locomotion. This is idolatry, whether it appear in the worship of a leek on the banks of the Nile, or the fear of eternal torture on the throne of the Hudson or Mississippi. Having premised this much, we proceed to collect, briefly, the ancient ideal of a future life, or life of the departed.

The dead were supposed to dwell deep down in the earth, as far removed from the surface, as the surface is from the firmament above; entirely shut out from the light of day. It was the realm of darkness penetrated only by the faint lights of night, and they clouded and gloomy. Upon the borders of this realm of the departed, were all the calamities that beset mankind, clothed in æriform bodies, terrible to behold. Wan Sorrow, wasting Disease, revengeful Malice, heart-piercing Remorse, pale Fear, squalid Poverty, morose Age, frantic Discord, terrific War, and voracious Famine, had each its place and mission, and moved forward as with the heels of iron, the vehemence of Furies and the coils of vipers. Even delusive dreams and midnight spectres had their trees, upon which, owl-like, to perch in that dolorous realm. There, too, was the half-man and half-horse, the hundred handed giant, the double formed Scylla, the fifty-headed-snake, and the filthy Harpy. A river separates the departments of this realm, and old Charon conveys over, all who had been buried, and sternly repels all unburied, till they have completed the wandering of a hundred years. The three-headed dog, Cerberus, with mouths wide open, guards the entrance into the interior borders of Hades, where we find three departments answering to three classes of dead: first, infants whose wailings never cease; second, all who have died by the injustice of others and suicides; and all the other dead, variously divided and ranked, according to the absurd distinctions of life. Here, also, are haunts and walks for deceased lovers; and beyond are the ghosts of warriors—whilst far, far beyond, are the adamant walls of Tartarus, which neither gods nor men

can demolish; and upon the right the flowery plains of Elysium where sunny skies are spread, and beauteous streams flow on forever, upon whose banks the trees of immortality perennially bloom and cast their golden fruit. As we get nearer to the traditions of particular nations, this description may be extended; but the information is within the reach of all, and we have not room for farther particularity.*

The Israelites had similar ideas. They too believed that the place of the dead was below or under the earth. Both the Old Testament and New are full of this idea. The oldest book in the former—the book of Job, speaks as follows; “Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is high as heaven; what canst thou do? Deep as hell (as Sheol, Hades, the underworld), what canst thou know?”† Moses, also, speaks of a fire kindled in the anger of the Almighty that burns to the “lowest hell.”‡ David, contrasting heaven and hell, says, if he make his bed in hell God is there; and speaks also of the “lowest hell.” Isaiah described “hell as moved” to receive the King of Babylon.¶ All the prophets speak of the sides of hell, of the pit, of digging down into it, as though it were in the earth.§ It was an awful and sometimes grand idea these Hebrews had. A vast subterranean kingdom, involved in thick darkness, where the light was as darkness, and the valleys were

* A single quotation from Cicero will place this account in its true light. He says, (article Contempt of Death, Sect. XVI): “The want of any certain reason on which to argue, has given rise to the idea of the shades below, and to those fears which we despise for good reasons. For as our bodies fall to the ground and are covered with earth (*humus*), from whence we derive the expression to be interred, (*humari*), that has occasioned men to imagine that the dead continue, during the remainder of their existence, under the ground; which opinion has drawn after it many errors, which *the poets have increased*; for the theatre being frequented by a large crowd, among which are women and children, is wont to hear such pompous verses as these:

‘Lo, here I am, who scarce could gain this place,
Through stony mountains and a dreary waste,
Through cliffs, whose sharpened stones tremendous hung,
Where dreadful darkness spread itself around.’

And the error prevailed so much, that although men knew that the bodies of men had been burned, yet they conceived such things to be done in the infernal regions, as could not be executed or imagined without a body; for they could not conceive how disembodied souls could exist, and therefore, they looked out for some shape and figure. This is the origin of all that account of the dead in Homer; and this is how there got about that idea of the Lake of Avernus, in my neighborhood,” etc., etc.

† Job xi. 7. ‡ Deut. xxxii. 22; Psalms cxxxix. 8. ¶ Isaiah xiv. 9. § Amos ix. 2.

deep and gloomy, the valley "of the shadow of death" "The dead are there; her guests are in the depths of hell."* "In the cutting off of my days I shall go down to the gates of hell." "He that goeth down to the grave (Sheol, Hell, Hades, the world of darkness), shall come up no more."† The hosts of Korah, when the earth opened her mouth, went down "quick to hell." The kings, the nations that forget God, and all the people are there, according to the Hebrew writings.

The same idea is found in Peter, John and Paul, and particularly in the latter, with whom it gives a meaning to the use of the words "saved," "justified," and the purpose of the resurrection of Christ, which we think is appreciated by but few of the orthodox critics in modern controversies, as he used them. But of this in another place. Paul asks; "Who shall ascend into heaven, that is to bring Christ from above, or who shall descend into the deep (*abusson*, abyss, or under-world) to bring him up again from the dead."‡ And again: "Who is he that ascended, but he that first descended into the lower parts of the earth."|| He speaks, also, of names or persons "*under the earth*." Peter speaks of "Spirits in prison," and of angels in "darkness," or Tartarus, a part of this under world. So Jude, also, and John, speak of creatures "*under the earth*," who shall acknowledge Christ. Indeed, the idea is found in every writer in the New Testament, and is not questioned by any one who has given unprejudiced attention to the subject. We may sum up in distinct propositions, what every impartial reading will confirm, and leave the reader to extend them as inclination or desire for knowledge may suggest. The Israelites, after their sojourn in Babylon and Persia, believed,

I. There was a world of immortal bliss over the sky, the abode of God, a few of earth, and all sinless angels.

II. There was a region between this abode and the earth, to which Satan and rebellious angels had fallen, who were hostile to man, and delighted in his affliction and torment.

III. That upon earth man had a temporary abode.

IV. That there was a dreary world of darkness under the earth, the abode of all departed Spirits; which was divided and

* Prov. ix. 18. † Job xxi. 32. Num. xvi. 33. ‡ Rom. x. 7; Eph. iv. 9. || Phil. ii. 10; Rev. v. 18.

subdivided, according to the prevalent views of rank and character with God.

There was a gradual development and increase of distinctness in these ideas, according to the nature of mental culture that prevailed in each writer. In the days of Isaiah, the good and the bad dwelt together in that dreary abode. In the days of Christ, they were separated, as in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. In the days of Homer, all men are in the same shades, and are there partitioned off, according to his ideas of earthly rank. But in the days of Virgil, the region is divided—a few are in perfect bliss—the mass in a sort of purgatory, and the daringly impious in the excruciating torments that were endless. The Catholics got their idea of Purgatory from this old notion, and Protestant notions of an “intermediate state”—a modern phrase—has the same origin. A world of bliss for the saintly, and one of hopeless misery for the wicked, and an intermediate state for all who can be purified, was the orthodox doctrine of the church for many hundred years.

But we are interested in this idea of an underworld, seeing that both profane and sacred history and philosophy is full of it, and it yet has much to do in forming our ideas of a future life. We would be glad to trace its origin. It seems to have originated in the custom of burying in caves or deep pits of the earth. It was easy for the superstitious mind, recognizing, as it ever does, the truth inlaid in man's nature, that death does not destroy the life—to connect the descent of the Spirit with that of the body, and especially as it is common with all minds, in their immature state, to associate all their hopes and fears, their love and hate, with the body. We need only recur to the experience of our own childhood for confirmation of this truth. When we buried the dead—dead father, mother, brother, sister, or *their* enemies—for children seldom have enemies, and know an enemy only as represented in opposition to those they love—we ever thought of them as in the grave, and often, still alive there, suffering from the chilly cold and gloomy darkness, and we almost cried aloud for their release, and to have them again brought to the warm fire and the hearth-stone meeting. Men and nations are, often, only children of a larger growth—children in philosophy and religion, and men in passion and brute force.

In the immaturity of their physical development, it was easy to associate the idea of the burial with the soul's descent, and poetry, coming to their aid, could describe that under-realm according to such allotment and division, happiness and misery, employment and quiet, as the prevalent ideas on earth would suggest or allow. The tombs of the Jews were extensive caverns and vaults, the work of immense labor. They were roofed and arched and often supported by colonades. On their sides there were cells, in which were placed sarcophagi, according to rank and age in life. Each had his proper cell according to his notions of superiority and character. Into these sepulchral caverns no light was admitted. There were deposited the great and small. The kings of the nations with their royal robes, their sceptres, their armor, their wives, their ministers and their ancestors around them. Isaiah gives the full idea when he describes the descent of the mighty monarch of great Babylon, queen of the nations :

Hades beneath is in commotion on account of thee,
 To meet thee at thy coming;
 He stirreth up the shades—all the mighty of the earth;
 He arouseth from their thrones all the kings of the nations;
 They all accost thee and say,
 "Art thou too become as weak as we?
 Art thou become like us?"
 ——Thou art brought down to Sheol,
 To the depths of the pit.
 ——All the kings of the nations, yea all of them,
 Lie down in glory—each in his own sepulchre.

ISAIAH XIV.

Other nations possessed the idea from similar customs. The Greeks and Romans are supposed to have obtained it from the Cimmerii, a people of Campagna, who lived in caverns, deep in the ground, and were called the people of darkness. But however devised, this is clear and unquestionable—The prevalent idea of the ancients was, that the dead inhabited an underworld, where their employments were similar to what they were on earth, their affections for their friends and interests were still retained. As to their happiness or misery, their notions were vague and indistinct. Neither the Israelites or other Oriental nations, nor the Greeks and Romans, believed in a

state altogether miserable or desirable, except for a few giants or angels. The Tartarus of the Greeks was the abode of the giants, and in the days of Homer, only the perjured were cast there. With the advance of intellectual cultivation, their ideas arose to more distinctness and consistency, until the best cultivated taught that every virtue would meet its due reward, and every vice its proper punishment. Their description of those rewards or punishments were borrowed from the imagery of nature, and the customs of nations with which they were most familiar. Thus, Virgil's Elysium is the counterpart of Italy—a sensual Paradise. The wandering tribes of Israel make their heaven a city, a marriage festival, a garden; their hell a furnace, a valley of filth and fire, a lake of brimstone. The Platonists seem to have systematized their ideas with a theory at once beautiful and impressive. “They supposed that every passion, contracted by the soul during its residence in the body, remains with it in a separate state, and that the soul, in the body or out of the body, differs no more than man does from himself, when he is in his house or in the open air. When, therefore, the obscene passions in particular have once taken root and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her forever after the body is cast off and thrown aside. Thus the punishment of a voluptuous man after death consists in this: he is tormented with the desire which it is impossible for him to gratify, solicited by a passion that has no objects adapted to it. He lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns in the pursuit of what he always desires to possess.” Virgil dresses the same idea in poetry :

“ They lie below on golden beds displayed,
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
The queen of furies by their side is set,
And snatches from their mouths the untasted meat,
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch and thundering in their ears.”

The rude savages of our own virgin fields of the earth, made their heaven an immense hunting ground,

“ Where the deer doth bound in her gladness free,
And the buffalo roams on the wild prairie,”

and no Christians, in their thirst for gold, disturb them. It is

said that they supposed the greedy and gold-loving Spaniard, after death, would be placed in a molten sea of this metal. The sense of justice, natural to the human heart, has ever revolted at crime, and sought relief in its hope of the future, which future it has readily clothed with the imagery of nature or social custom.

It would be proper here to call attention to the idea of transmigration, which prevailed in India and China, and was entertained by Pythagoras and many of the wisest of the Greeks and Romans. But our space forbids. We find a trace of it, also, among the Jews in the days of the Savior. Hence John is asked, "Art thou Elias?" and Christ was supposed to be Jeremias, and John, after John was beheaded. So, also, the disciples ask respecting the man born blind—"Who did sin, this man or his parents?"

All these notions only reveal an immature state of the moral powers of man, and a consequent imperfect culture. The nature of man demands a future life; his ignorance clothes the idea with an erroneous and absurd imagery, and he gives form to his ridiculous fancies and foolish conjectures, till the assurances of his hope become so burdened with superstition that they fall of their own weight. Happy for us, if we are willing to fall back on the original and simple truths, to which our nature more and more responds, as it becomes more developed and elevated; the truth which Christ and every truly illuminated mind taught and illustrated in the language of their people and times. They are few and they are simple, and they alone meet our wants. He taught the Fatherhood and constant providence of God—the brotherhood of man, and an accountable immortality. The most lowly souls long for these truths as the hungry long for food; and the most elevated cannot dispense with them. There is one God—one universe—one family—one destiny—but every man in his own order in that destiny, and that destiny, now proclaimed by thousands who have entered upon its realization beyond the change of death, is the harmony of all heavenly and earthly relationships, and the brightness of the Father's glory, as it shines in humanity on earth, and of our immortality as it will appear when we shall enter its shining ranks; to surround the founts of Wisdom and Love.

It is true Christ speaks of saints and sinners, but he also classifies men as rich and poor, wise and foolish. Now as all men are not rich alike nor poor alike; are not wise alike nor ignorant alike, so are they not to be regarded as wicked or righteous alike. The division is used in accommodation to human incapacity to take in all the shades of difference, and does well enough when not made the basis of a Theological dogma, which erects a throne of judgment out of a parable, and tortures more than half the whole race of God's creatures, in an endless hell, built upon the popular delusions of early superstition. We readily conclude, therefore, that as the ideas of the ancients represented above have no foundation in reason, and are removed as baseless visions by modern scientific research, the revolting notions of the Divine government, based upon them, must fall, whenever the human mind shall be true to the knowledge now made level to the humblest capacity. The truths of man's nature remain, though the forms of his culture and development may pass away. All these truths proclaim his native instinct, and his capacity for progression, which capacity is in nothing more clearly seen than in his advance beyond the puerilities, that have too long enslaved the religious world, on these great themes.

UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

There is evidently a connection between the religious ideas of different nations, and when we shall come to understand them better, their harmony with the leading truths of Christianity will be seen and admitted. The facts which modern travel and scientific research are bringing daily before the observant mind, go far to confirm the truth of a universal religion, marked, indeed, with different developments, characteristic of the periods or epochs of the world's advancement, but at the same time exhibiting enough that is common, among all tribes and in all times, to reveal a harmonious purpose and

end. That is to say, there is enough in the ideas common to all times and all people to warrant us in believing in a universal religion, represented and often veiled under forms of diversity, according to the degree of development and culture of the times.

This universal religion is what modern divines call Natural Religion, in contradistinction to Revealed. We do not accept the distinction, believing, as we do, that revelation is as natural as development, and that it represents only another state, or higher state of advancement, in the united, and never divided dominion of a common Father.

Every form of human development is natural, and what is called revelation is only one of its higher forms. Every elevation of the human mind above the plane of its animal and selfish instincts but develops the divine power given it of the universal Spirit of God, which opens to it higher and holier views of all things and of God in all.

Besides, it is impossible to determine what ideas in religion are natural, even admitting the distinction of the Christian Theologians. We have no data by which to settle such a question; that is, we can not say what ideas of religion are discovered by what they call natural processes, and what are not. With me, all ideas of religion are *revealed*, and they take on different aspects according to the degree of culture of the individual to whom they are revealed. For example: The idea of God is universal; but the form that idea will assume, and the impression it will make, ever depend, as they have ever depended, upon the degree of moral and spiritual elevation of the people who receive it. Again: To worship is human, and arises from a common nature in man; but as to how we shall worship, and what, depends upon the kind of development and influences we possess and choose.

The war between natural and revealed religion, therefore, we regard as an unnatural war. Nature is from or of God, and consequently natural religion must be of his appointment, and in such forms as will suit the degree of development and culture to which his human children attain and aspire. What is called revealed religion, stripped of its errors, which subsequent culture in all departments of human knowledge shows

to have been mistakes, we believe to have been natural religion. And in this view, Christianity itself is natural religion, just so far as it affirms and exemplifies absolute or spiritual truths. The unity and spirituality of the Divine Nature; the nearness and power of Spirit-realms; and the onward and eternal progress of man, are at least its grand ideas, and become, in its intelligible propagation, the clearly recognized and illustrated elements of its influence over the developement and elevation of man. And as all things must be referred to and regarded as of God, the spiritual (or *revealed*, if we prefer the name) is but a higher form of natural, from which flows what one state of culture calls *miraculous*, and another wonderful. Why separate what God has joined together? Christ is natural, but not ordinary. His miracles seem to flow as naturally from him as the rudest prayer or service from the most superstitious creature upon earth. He claimed them not as unnatural works, but as evidences of his spiritual elevation—as “manifestations of his glory!” In himself was revealed the higher *nature* of Spirit, and his works exemplified its power over disease, mental infirmity, death, and all outward seeming, and by this means he made known his spiritual affinity to God, and man’s sublime relationship to a spiritual world, holding out to him a possible converse with “the dead,” whom he said were not dead to God. “He is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live to him,” in the different mansions or spheres of his unbounded dominion, and in the different degrees of their advancement in those spheres.

Then, the *revealed* is only an advance upon the common and undeveloped; but both are Natural, and both are of God, “who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not.” The development of any power in man is a revelation to him, and when made known to others, is a new possibility revealed to them. Miracle, then, I can but regard as a higher development of natural power; and men miraculously endowed are men whose endowments are above the ordinary, and as such, Christ would call them “lights of the world.” Not lights, however, for the sake of putting out the light in others, which would be, and is the case, where we receive their light as the sum of all light, but lights to reveal a state to which others may come, to make

known a new possibility. Natural and revealed religion, then are to be regarded, not as different bodies, but as different members of the same great body of light.

We are familiar with the forms in which this question is usually presented, both by what are called Natural and Christian philosophers. By a logical process, the latter often attempt to deduce the primary truths of religion upon a basis of pure reason. But the value of that process is impaired by the fact that they are already possessed of the truths they labor to deduce, by living in a Christian land. We may, therefore, admit the justness of their conclusions, and that they have hit the true doctrines by their logical process, and yet not admit that these doctrines are the spontaneous growth of the human understanding, seeing our logicians had them in their minds before they commenced their process of logic. A man may come to a church in the dark, and take a particular seat, but it is because he has been there in the light. And to ascribe the great truths of religion to a spontaneity of natural development, because we can find them in most minds around us, is like ascribing the light that now shines through that window, to the window and not to the sun. All men around us enjoy the light of revelation, and to fancy they do not use it, because they formally ignore or denounce it, is to me like boys playing blindfold, pretending to walk with their eyes shut, while at every turn they peep beneath the bandage, and furnish themselves with a new direction. The truths in all such reasonings are presumed and foreseen.

But pressed at this point, the appeal is made to another court, and proofs of natural discoveries in religion are referred to as existing before the Christian era, in the Oriental, Grecian, and Roman philosophy. But here, again, is an assumption. It is assumed that these philosophies had no connection with revelation, for it is assumed that revelation was localized in Judea, and was never developed beyond it. Now, while we can not admit the assumption of modern Theologians, that all the world is indebted to the Jews for their basis ideas of religion, at the same time we can not admit the assumption of natural philosophers, that the philosophies of the ancient Gentile nations were the spontaneous growth of the human mind. Nothing

appears more clearly upon the history of these philosophies, than that the great minds to which they are now ascribed, often sat down beside the stream of revelation from the higher spheres, either in their own or in foreign countries, and filled their own bright vessels with a lore or tradition that existed or commenced its flow before the origin of their systems. Three hundred years before Cicero gave forth his forcible and beautiful thoughts, the best voices of the Academy had been heard in Greece, and he was their constant pupil and admirer. Even the "divine Plato," whose name marks an era in the intellectual advancement of the world, was but a mirror in which the Orphic, Helmaic, and Magian wisdom glassed itself before the western world. Anaxagoras, who was the first among the Greeks—according to what little is known of such dates—who affirmed the world was formed and governed by a Supreme Intelligence, had traveled in Egypt. Pythagoras, also, and all the lights of Greece, refer us to an older era. They acknowledged and claimed for themselves and others communion with Spiritual Intelligences, and hence recognized revelation as an element of mind. They were, and they acknowledged themselves to have been, MEDIA of light transmitted from an unrecorded antiquity, and from the Spirits of the departed. That light partook, also, more or less, of the coloring of their own minds, and their own errors are perpetuated with it to this day. To the banks of the Tigris, of the Ganges and the Nile, we may trace this light, and then not find its origin. The higher we ascend, however, the more theistical and religious the thought appears, and the life of man corresponds. To a revelation older than history, from which the theologies of India, Persia, and after them the philosophies of Hella and Magna Grecia, derived their ground-ideas, we trace this stream of human thought, and are lost in our way before we find its source! We are disposed to believe, therefore, from all before us, that the fathers of every race of man enjoyed divine illumination, the same that is claimed for their fathers by the Jews. And we come to this conclusion, not solely from the fact now stated, that the fundamental ideas of religion may be traced to an unrecorded antiquity, but also by the *a posteriori* reasoning of modern *Christian* philosophers. They tell us that from the very idea of God

and the wants of the human soul, a revelation, such as Christianity, is more than presumable. In other words: The necessity for revelation exists, and therefore it was given. But if it was necessary for the children of Abraham, will they tell us why it was not necessary to those who were fathers to the tribes of the Gentiles? Every argument that will prove the necessity for the revelation of Moses or Christ will prove the necessity of a universal revelation to every natural division of mankind. *And this we believe.* The existence of God, the immortal life, and the basis of human obligation are truths recognized in all tradition and in every reliable record. They were given, doubtless, to infant man, so soon as he was capable of accountability, and are the original dower of his soul. They have been often re-kindled, as fires that had been smouldered by the interfering hand of superstition, and may be re-kindled at any time and by any hand sufficiently opened to grasp the alliances of our Spiritual Nature.

All Spiritual truth is, then, the product of revelation, and the best lights of the world have been ready to acknowledge it. We have not room to quote authorities, but with Christians a few will be sufficient:

“In the beginning was the word—the word with God which became God to man, and the light that enlightens every man.” That is, from eternity (which the Jews called the beginning) God revealed himself, and the revelation was ever light and life. The mission of Jesus is a grand proof of this statement.

Again: “That which may be known of God is manifest, being clearly seen by the things that are made, even his eternal power and divinity.”

It is thus that the spirit in man has been called the “candle of the Lord.” A candle is not a sun, but still it gives light which in its nature may not differ from that of the bright luminary of heaven.

“The Spirit of the Lord giveth understanding.” “The word is in thy heart and mind.”

But we have yet to consider what is to be understood by natural religion, or what are the common truths which have sprung up in the mind of man, by illumination from the Source of all

truth. Before, however, we advance to an answer of this question, it would be well to make an appeal to your own experience. What one of you ever reasoned out the truths you now believe? Logic is not born with men, and, as a power of mind, comes not to all, nay, it is the property of very few. Whence, then, come these truths? You may be able to tell when you received a particular conviction, but you can not tell why it came, nor how. It came—that is all. It came of itself, when your mind, by some event or no event, by a sermon or without one, was made watchful, and your thoughts were turned Spiritward. That is to say, our convictions of religious truth are not syllogistic conclusions, but impressions or intuitions, if you had rather call them such. All personal experience is revelation of truth to *our* experience. Even the truths of any given revelation, such as those taught by the prophets of Israel and the apostles of Jesus Christ, are not truths to us but as our minds are opened to receive them, which makes them a new revelation to us. Thus all religion is revealed, some of it doubly so—that is, first to one man, or set of men, and then, by a historical sanction, to others, who also are brought in themselves to realize the fundamental basis in their own souls. “The inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding” here as everywhere. Not only “Lydia’s heart,” but all hearts may thus be “opened.” Not merely Peter acknowledges Christ, whom flesh and blood cannot reveal, but all men of open souls receive of the Father, and hence all religions claim the element of revelation. Religion is thus seen to be natural to man. It takes various forms—Hindoo, Mohammedan, Christian—but it is a development of the soul of man, and, as such, may be called natural; it is wrought out of human nature by God, and, as such, may be called both natural and divine!

We may, then, with assured confidence, believe in a universal religion, and seek those ideas which are common to all mankind, so far as we have any reliable account of their religious development. And

First. We commence with the idea of *revelation*. This idea is common to all religions. It assumes every variety of form, but I think it always recognizes the incarnation, for a longer or

shorter time, of spirit, either Spirit of God, or of high intelligences subject to his will. God reveals himself. The Divinity is manifested; the difference is as to manner and degree. It is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of Divine Intelligence without expecting a revelation from it. The gloomiest picture of mind on earth is that which doubts of, or denies Divinity, and consequently seeks no affinity with its manifestations. The demand in the nature of man for intelligence above the range of his external observation, is imperative and constant. It may seek relief in the belief that invisible powers are above it, to order and direct the way of its advance, but except in the Power of all powers, the Intelligence of all intelligences, can it find full satisfaction and unwavering trust. Hence its readiness to believe in God the Supreme, and to find in the knowledge of all Spiritual manifestations, through whatever *media*, the assurances which give stability to its own Spiritual purposes and hopes. It demands a revelation, and finds one, and the one found will ever correspond, in its character and purposes, to the nature and extent of the demand. As the soul opens and expands its powers, the universe opens to it, and clouds break away from the dark places of its foreseeing vision, while a halo of new glory, in the ever-nearing and ever-receding horizon, invites it to its eternal and eternally upward and onward path. God hath spoken to the fathers, to his Son, and ever speaks by his Spirits in every ear opened to hear. And he openeth the ear by every vicissitude of life: by joy and by sorrow, by birth and by death, by union and separation, by festival and funeral, saying, "Blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear,"—see the lights and hear the voices of the heavenly visions. From the rudest Fetichism to enrapt apocalyptic vision, every form of religion retains this element. Either in incarnation or communication, or both, we find it everywhere and in all ages.

Secondly. Intimately connected with this idea is another, which we will call *worship*—the highest exercise of human faculties. It may be rudely conceived and repulsively manifested. It may be voluntary homage or compulsory tithes. It may be joyful thanksgiving, making a very holiday of gladness and triumph in the soul, or a dread of avenging and remorse-

less wrath, causing that holiday to go down in night and appalling terror. It may consist in bloody rites of beastly or even human sacrifices, or in deep, voiceless silence, or intelligible utterances; in the sounding of gongs, and the swinging of censers, and the showing of wafers, divers baptisms, and laying on or even wringing of hands, or in the holy meditation or filial trust that feels or says, O my Father! Worship, in some form, is universal.

That oft-repeated observation of Plutarch is true, and no people have, as yet, been found, among whom worship to some idea of Divinity, is not also found. "You may travel the world through," says the wise old heathen, "and find towns and cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without theatres or places of exercise, but there never was seen, no, nor ever shall be seen by man, one city without altars, without prayers, without sacrifices, for obtaining blessings or averting curses."

From the universal characteristics of man's nature, we might advance to the specific doctrines that have characterized the various forms of religion, but our space forbids. The views they have presented of the nature of the powers that rule the world; of the problem of evil, and its conflict with good, and the fact that generally they have expected the final supremacy and triumph of the good; the doctrine of redemption, now taking on the repulsive form of vicarious substitution of the innocent for the guilty, and then the attractive and overpowering aspect of self-devotion, even unto death, for the deliverance of the deceived and suffering from evil, and their restoration to brighter views of, and holier affinities to God, are doctrines which, in some form, are connected with all the primal beliefs of the world. Nor have we time to enter upon the examination of the proofs offered to sustain them, and the severe sifting that human culture has given those proofs, to separate the False from the True. But this we can say, the ideas of the existence of God, and of a future immortal life, may be regarded as the strongest convictions of the human mind.

Of the existence of no being has the mind of man been so fully persuaded as of God. It has differed in its conceptions of God almost infinitely, but the idea has been an essential idea

to every sane mind. An atheist, metaphysically speaking, is an impossibility; for every sane mind must refer all things to something, and whatever it conceives of that something, or whatever it names it, that is its idea of God. The change of the name does not change the unavoidable conception. Every man believes in God, a supreme will, a supreme intelligence, though the intensity with which we hold the thought may differ as widely as our culture and habits differ. The strongest of all convictions is the conviction of God. The idea is a necessity, and therefore universal. It is an ultimate fact, a primitive belief. No definition of it, however, can be called perfect; most definitions are absurd. To define, is to limit, but God is unlimited. He who includes all, and is yet above all, cannot be defined. The nature that explains all cannot be explained. As well expect to see behind our eyes, or recognize behind our consciousness, as to attempt to define and comprehend Him who determines all things, is all things, and yet above all things!

"Him who dare name,
And yet proclaim,
Yes, I believe!
Who that can feel,
His heart can steel
To say, I disbelieve!
The All-Embracer!
All-Sustainer!
Doth he not embrace, sustain
Thee! me! Himself?
Lifts not the heaven its dome above?
Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie?
And beaming tenderly, with looks of love,
Climb not the everlasting stars on high?
Are we not gazing in each other's eyes?
Nature's impenetrable agencies—
Are they not thronging to thy heart and brain,
Viewless or visible to mortal ken,
Around thee weaving their mysterious reign?
Fill thence thy heart, how large soe'r it be,
And in the feeling, when thou'rt wholly blessed,
Then call it what thou wilt—Bliss, Heart, Love, God!
I have no name for it—'tis feeling all;
Name is but sound and smoke,
Shrouding the glow of Heaven!

* * * Beneath Heaven's genial sunshine everywhere,
 This is the utterance of the human heart;
 Each with his language doth the like impart;
 Then why not we in ours?"

No demonstration of logic can prove the existence of God, for it is ever proven, ever presumed, ever taken for granted.—The soul needs him in its first thought, and in its last; it cannot think without Him. We believe it without Bridgewater Treatises, and despite all infidel denials. *We believe, that's all.* As Napoleon said to his philosophical companions on the ocean, pointing to the stars: "You may talk as much as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?" This is a spontaneous question, and finds its own answer. It is our first impression, and is doubted only when made the subject of doubtful reasoning. Zinini was arraigned upon the charge of atheism, for all miserable persecutors love to make this senseless charge. He lifted a straw from the floor, and holding it up to his revered judges, said: "This straw compels me to confess there is a God!" A straw is as unaccountable as a universe, and he to whom Nature unstudied and undissected is not the immediate presence of God, will never reach the idea by discovery or dissection. He who cannot see Him in the living subject, will not find him in the dead skeleton. He who sees him not in the flowering prospect of Nature, where myriad germs are crowding; rushing, storming into life, in the forms that flit, and bloom, and wave before our eyes daily, will not find Him along the dusty ways of death, or in the putrid atmosphere of anatomical dissection. No; the recognition of His existence is given in our moral nature. If anything is certain, this is certain. It is a primary recognition of our consciousness. Our nature asks for the highest good, and but one can accomplish it, and that is God. Our moral instinct, our moral consciousness, implies a God, as certainly as our sensitive experience implies a material world. The eye does not imply light more infallibly than the moral consciousness implies a God. And thus we have the same evidence for the being of God that we have for the outward world. That is, we have our own experience. And when to that experience we add the consenting testimony of all nations, we could not have a greater moral certainty. To

ask to see Him is to ask an impossibility ; but to ask for Him in every manifestation of intelligence and love, is but to follow every pure instinct of the soul and every clear demand of the conscience.

But we dare not dismiss this review of a universal faith without drawing a distinction. While no man can look upon himself, and say, I believe Him not, yet how few of us can say, We so believe as to make His will the rule of our lives. This faith is the *choice* of the soul, and the power to make it determines the real character of every human being, and its capacity for excellence and glory. In this view, faith is not an impression, but an act—an act of the mind and the will. I cannot resist evidence ; but I can refuse to examine, or having examined, to follow its leadings. Upon every examination of every manifestation of God, we must choose, and sometimes at great sacrifice, or we cannot come into positive relations to truth. We may preach till we grow hoarse and gray, we may see Spirit-manifestations till our eyes grow weary and dim, yet if we choose not the law of God's being and authority in them, and in all things, we come into no real relations to truth. We must choose to believe, or no opinion is of any truth to us. The evidence may be never so great ; the sainted dead may rise before us, and minister at our family or chosen altars, yet if we choose not to accept their ministration, we can have no profitable realization of the truths they utter. This, with me, is a great and all-reconciling truth. We ought to rejoice in it, for in it we may perceive our preserved personality and individual glory. A fact, however certain to others, cannot be received by you or me, so as to help us, without our choice. And already you will find your personal consciousness going forward with a sort of forefeeling for every truth necessary to your happiness or progress ; to the everlasting truths concerning God and the immortal life ; truths which every revelation reveals, every civilization recognizes ; truths which alone make life tolerable, or, I would rather say, which alone make the real life, and without which life is not life, but merely an outward seeming, a something into which we have come we know not why, nor whence, nor whither tending ! And, O, my soul ! wouldst thou call this life ? Why thou art here, thou knowest not.

Every day thy companions, by a dark and forbidding way, are going where thou knowest not! And thine own habitation is being unpinned, and there is no remedy! Ah! there is nothing can meet these extremities of thy experience but faith in God and thine own immortal destiny, which is faith in thine own parentage, in the only conceivable purpose of thy being, and in all thou couldst possibly desire. To know that God is, and that I am, and that I may be more and more His as I accept His will in creation and providence, which is but the only conceivable will regarding *my* development and glory, is a faith that can inherit all things, for it opens all things.

THE BIBLE: ITS INSPIRATION AND AUTHORITY.

The certainty of communion with high-born Spirits of another sphere, and through them with the Great Spirit of all Wisdom and Love, from whom in our own souls, according to the degree of their purity and freedom, we receive all truth and power, very naturally leads to the question: *What think you of the Bible?* We have already stated, what we believe no honest investigation will invalidate, that the Bible is a collection of Spiritual Communications, of unequal character, varying in the degree of their light and help, according to the capacity of the individuals through whom they were made, and the necessities of the age that received them.

It must be manifest to every observing mind, that there is a blind and idolatrous reverence for the Bible, derogatory alike to the native powers of human Reason and Intuition, and to the writers of that Book. Men are taught to reverence the Book more than the indisputable and inspiring truths it records. They claim the Book as an infallible revelation from God, when it makes no such claim for itself. And they quote its passages, which speak of the Scriptures as inspired, and of the terrible consequences of adding to, or taking from its revelations, and apply such quotations to the present collection of Books, for-

getting that such declarations were made before the present collection was made, and that they had special reference to some distinct revelation, made for a specified object, which object has long since been secured. Thus, what Paul says, (2 Tim. 3: 16, 17,) of the ancient Scriptures or writings is applied to the Old and New Testament, when the latter was not written, and hundreds of years before the present collection, called the Bible, was made; and the curse, the author of the Book of Revelations* (Rev. 22: 18, 19,) pronounced upon any who will add to, or take from the visions of that particular book, they pronounce upon all who claim Revelations from the Spirit-spheres, as if the curse alluded to the completion of the Bible as it is now bound, when they know or ought to know, that it referred to a single Book, and that many of the Books of the New Testament were written afterwards and, upon their own principles, their writers are under that curse. The best modern critics regard the Gospel of John, and all his epistles, as written after the "Revelation," which, if true, would bring him under his own curse, of adding to the Scriptures, and especially, if the popular interpretation of the passage be correct.

These inconsistencies of interpreters are insults to Reason, and are perpetuated only by a blind reverence, not for truth, but for a popular and ignorant view of a truth, and a failure to discriminate between the Bible as a revelation from God, and the Bible as a record of many revelations.

It should be remembered that the Bible no where purports to be a final revelation from God. It is not a Book; but a collection of many books; not the writing of one hand, but of many hands. Not the product of one age, but of many ages. Not the collection of the men for whom an infallible inspiration is claimed, but of the fathers and councils of ambitious and now acknowledged to be worldly churches, centuries after the Apostles and Prophets were dead.

The prominent and repeated appeals to the ignorance of men, in opposition to every advance of the human mind, from the priesthood of our age, is but a trick to entrap unthinking

*This book was isolated from the other books of the Bible, and additions or subtractions to it are anathematised. This Book was added to the Bible not earlier than the 4th Century.—*Stuart, Barnes, De Wette.*

and deceived souls. The great truths revealed in the Bible we not only do not dispute, but rejoice in; and we believe that Spiritual Communion, casts light and beauty upon their reflection in past ages. We do not regard every word and sentence of that Book as a direct communication from the Divine Mind, for this would be stupid idolatry, and in direct opposition to the positive statements of its own writers. A child can tell, that when you are reading the Sermon on the Mount, you are not reading the cruel laws of revengeful destruction found in the books of Exodus, Deuteronomy and Joshua; or the Gospel of John, that you are reading the Song of Solomon; or the lofty conceptions of God in the Hebrew Prophets, that you are reading the Book of Esther, in which the name of God does not appear. Who, of any remaining Reason, unyielded to the absurd assumptions of priestly dogmatism, would place upon the same level of divine wisdom, the imprecations of David, when he prays that the wife of his enemy may become a widow, and his innocent children fatherless; that the brains of the children of Babylon may be dashed against the stones, as the author of the 137th Psalm vehemently prays; who, I ask, in the name of Humanity and of God, would place these brutal curses upon the same level, with "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do?" And yet you cannot read for one hour, in any part of that Book, without finding these contrasts.

There is truth, holy, divine, inspiring truth, in the Bible, but it flows through the channels of human frailty and error, and there, as every where, the God of man calls upon him to exercise his Reason in the separation of the one from the other, and he is no benefactor of his kind who fails to do it.

Separate the superstitious from the rational reverence for this Book, and Spiritualism will be found not to contradict a single truth recorded in it, but to cast light upon its every page, and remove the clouds of obscurity that enshroud its most clear and satisfying disclosures.

This proposition could be abundantly sustained, did it enter into our design to burden our pages with philological discussions and scholastic criticism. But as we prefer to state results of years of Biblical reading and study, we feel warranted

freely to repeat, that it will do away with a blind, not to say idolatrous reverence for a Book : for the gilding, lamp-black oil, paper and binding of this book, over any other :—but Spiritualism will not invalidate a single truth recorded in it. It will teach men to reverence the God of the Bible, the God of truth, of right and of love, and throw light upon many dark passages ; harmonize many apparently contradictory ones, and separate the divine impress, found upon its pages, from the human ignorance and passion, that often cloud that impress, under cruel enactments and revengeful imprecations. It will show that those portions of the Bible that bear the stamp of divine revelation, neither contradict each other, nor invalidate a single item of modern Spirit-teaching. It will make the Spirit of Jesus the standard by which to judge of all the teaching of the Prophets and Lawgivers of preceding creeds, showing it, as it is declared to be, the first and the last, the beginning and the end—the Spirit of all Prophetic and Apostolic teaching.

I would remind the reader, that this objection has been urged against every discovery in Nature ; every principle of Science ; every advance of mind, not by the sincere lovers of the pure principles of Religion taught in that Book, so much as by the blind followers of the selfish dogmatism and intolerance that too often hide under the popular reverence for it. I need not tell you that the pioneers in the Sciences of Astronomy, Chemistry and Geology were branded, by an ignorant and bigoted Priesthood, with the *terrible* names of Heretics and Infidels, and on the ground that their discoveries contradicted the Bible. But their anathemas have fallen powerless before the steady and certain march of truth and freedom, and men are beginning to ask some better proofs of piety than the re-echo of dead creeds, choked up among rotten sophistries and theologies that are only venerable because their hideous mummy features are covered with the dust of a thousand years : some better evidence of Orthodoxy than quarreling about the mode of baptism, the endowment of Colleges, and as to who discovered Baptism for the remission of sins, and is, therefore, the greatest Reformer of the world ; better claims to morality than calling every thing humbug that bows not to the shape of their

altars, and will not sit calmly by and sleep, or groan as professed servants of Jesus "split Theological hairs into nine parts nine times told," while a dark world writhes in wickedness and wrong, and countless millions go down to death in ignorance and shame, left to toil and die, left to rags and filth, with no Bible, no Religion, no hope in life, and naught but the pains of a never ending torment hereafter, if their hearts be made the criterion of judgment. Better sell, we would say, the gold-clasped Bible, that you never read, except for proof-texts against some man you feel it your duty to denounce and destroy, and buy bread for some starving fellow-mortal Jesus made it your duty to love and protect. Better throw off the chain of a worn out dogmatism, and feel the chain of the criminal, and the rope of the victim, and ask as thou feelest: could not this have been prevented, had we ceased our senseless quarrelling over dead forms, and cared for the education and elevation of God's orphans, who prowl by our splendid churches and never defile their cushioned seats?

The Bible is a record of Spiritual Communications, made through departed human Spirits, and no man, who has ever critically examined it, will deny this statement. Human Spirits, called angels, appeared to Abraham with whom they talked, walked and ate; to Lot; to Jacob, with whom they wrestled; to Joseph, to Moses, Joshua, Manoah,* David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Michaiah. The "law was given by angels,"

* Judges XIII, "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto the woman—and she said a man of God came to me, and his countenance was like the countenance of an angel of God, and I asked him not whence he came, neither told he me, his name. And Manoah entreated the Lord, let the man of God, which thou didst send, come again to us; and the angel of God came again unto the woman as she sat in the field; and Manoah arose and went after his wife and came to the man, and said, art thou the man that spakest unto the woman? And he said, I am—and the angel did wondrously, and Manoah and his wife looked on; for it came to pass, that when the flame went up toward heaven from the altar, the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame; and Manoah said, unto his wife we shall surely die, because we have seen God." Here it will be observed, that upon the first sight, Manoah recognized no angel, but a man; addressed him as a man, and he responds when addressed as such. But the ascending flame bearing him away from external sight, opened the vision of that Celestial glory, which is born of God; to foreshadow the great and wondrous might that would be revealed in the form of a man, born of these parents. *Man—angel—angel of the Lord—God.* All these characteristics are given, and when we come to know God in man, and man in God, which Spiritualism most harmoniously illustrates, such references will be recognized as consistent and instructive. See also, I Chron, 21: 15, 20, 27; Isaia 63: 9; Dan. 8: 28; 6: 22; Zech. 1: 4, 5, 9; 3: 8; Judges 6: 11, 12

say, David and Paul; God appeared to Moses in a bush, "by an angel" says Stephen; Christ gave the Revelation to John by an angel prophet. Paul declares that as a "cloud of witnesses" they are in array around us. The birth of John and Jesus was announced by them. Jesus consults two of them upon the Mount of Transfiguration, and is attended, he says, by legions of their shining hosts. They announce his resurrection and promise his return. They deliver Peter from prison, and beckon Paul to Macedonia. They carry Phillip to Azotus, and deliver the Apostle to the Gentiles from shipwreck. One of their number, a prophet, a man, who had passed out of the fleshly form, gave the symbols of the Book of Revelation to John. The Apostle was ready to worship him as Christ or God, when he said: "*See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the Prophets, worship God.*"*

With all these facts before you, recorded in your Bible, I ask, who shows the most rational reverence for their truth; Spiritualists, or professed Preachers of Bible Theology, who deny the possibility of angelic intercourse with men; or ascribe it to a malignant Fiend? Let the candid answer.

Spiritualism throws a light over the Angelology of the Bible, such as brings it into bold relief and makes it a reality to human experience and hope; and it corrects the superstition that has ever enshrouded it when it was made an exceptional development of the olden time. It is on this account we feel, that it is a credit to remember, that long before modern Spiritualism was known, often from the pulpit have we proclaimed, that the appearance of angels among the ancients was an ordinary occurrence, and that all ancient records, sacred and profane,

* Rev. 22: 9. This mistake of John was and is one frequently made by an over-tasked imagination. Many things are ascribed to God in the Bible, that were only indirectly from him. Hence, we read of "wine making glad God's heart," of the "word of God," "mountains of God," "Mercy of God," "judgments of God." Very good wine, very wise or appropriate words, very high mountains, very great mercy, very signal judgments, are ascribed immediately to God, as expressive of their superlative character. It is a religious, but not always an accurate expression. See Judges 9: 13. Ps. 104: 15, 16. "Trees of the Lord." Ps. 36: 5, 6. Princes, Magistrates, Judges, are called "God." Ex. 22: 28. Ps. 82: 1, 6. John 10: 35. Balaam's words, seen in a trance, are called the "words of God." Num. 34: 4, 16. The Seer of King David, who spoke of the exaltation of his kingly power, is called a "Seer in the words of God." 1 Chron. 25: 5. "All the ways of God are judgment," in allusion to the glory and fall of Israel. Dao. 4: 27.

detail it, as a matter of course. It is so; and no candid mind can admit the truth of the Bible records, and believe the mind of man to be the same and God the same, and deny Spiritual intercourse to this generation or to any other.

But we are told, that if we do not deny the Bible in toto, we deny the great doctrines of the Bible such as the depravity of human nature; the regeneration of the human heart; the resurrection of the body; the final judgment, and the eternal punishment of the wicked.

Upon each of these points we have not time or space to devote that attention they deserve, but we can give you plainly the teaching of Spiritualism upon each, and the reader can judge how far they are denied, how far illustrated and confirmed.

Spiritualism teaches that human character is depraved, but human nature, never. That the soul is born of God—is Spirit of his Spirit—and that however it may be enveloped in vice and crime, it must, some time, realize its native birth, and ascend above the fleshly perversions that hide its power. Hence, it offers hope to all, and believes not in the total depravity of any. To say that a nature that comes from God, is corrupt, is a fallacy, and makes him the Author of sin, and the remorseless Punisher of his own handiwork. But to say that a limited being may err—may abuse the passions and tendencies of his nature, and involve himself in the necessary consequences of all such abuse; and, so far as he is connected with others, involve them, is alike the dictate of Reason and the testimony of Experience. Hence, we find in the most of men a capacity for good; in the best, a tendency to evil, while the Law of Progression, from nothing towards Eternal Perfection, is the Law of the mental universe. Not depraved, then, but weak; not doomed, but degraded; not cursed of his Creator, but chided of his Father; not hopelessly lost, but endlessly related to Spirits, whose development and progress must bring them, by natural and eternal laws of kindred and affection, to his help—this is man in his worst condition—and his worst condition, with Spiritualists, is often seen to be covered over with Pharisaical pretension to all the wisdom and love that is possible to man, while it knows not its own ignorance of the first principles of a divine life.

Regeneration with Spiritualists is a progressive work. It is reform: mental, moral, physical. The whole universe is in transition, and the mind and habits of man cannot escape the influence of this law. We are changing, ever changing, either for better or worse. If for worse, to meet with pains, and barriers over which we cannot pass; if for better, an endless line of helps and hopes lies clear before us. Wickedness is limited in its descent—there is a point beyond which it cannot pass—there is a deed at which it can be said: "*This is all that it can do.*" That may be a fearful, horrible, awful point—but it is limited. But good cannot be limited. It is of the nature of God—it is eternal, absolute, endlessly progressive in the elevations and enjoyments to which it tends. Regeneration, therefore, is a progressive work—endlessly so. The human soul, as a germ that barely vegetates, may expand, and will expand, to the glory of angels, and towards the glory of God.

Spiritualism does not teach the resurrection of this fleshly, temporary body. It reveals the Spiritual body of which Paul spoke; and assures us, by positive and infallible proofs, that every soul, like every seed, receives its own proper body when it dies. It does not wait a thousand or ten thousand years in slumbering forgetfulness, or awful forebodings of eternal wrath, but at once, by the process of death, it is in a body prepared for it. The changes through which the body has already passed, clearly intimate that Death is not a destruction, but only a more sudden transition. Not a particle of the fleshly bodies we possessed when children, do we now possess, and yet we are the same persons; our identity is preserved. The doctrine of the Resurrection, therefore, is with us the doctrine of the Spiritual Life, and with Christ we say, the "*dead live to God;*" or there is no death, as the word is popularly used. Death, with Spiritualists is a great phenomenon to be investigated, and not a hideous bugbear to be feared; a birth, a transformation, and not annihilation of any thing.

Spiritualists believe in the Judgment, but not in a fixed day of arbitrary separations. All Scriptural descriptions that would make it a fixed day, they believe were borrowed from the forms of Oriental Monarchies, and they would consider it as rational to make them literal as to make a literal city, or garden, or mar-

riage festival, literal descriptions of Heaven. The Judgment is ever to come; is therefore eternal. It is the result of obedience to, or violation of, Divine Law; bringing the necessary and unavoidable effects of human action, according to a just standard of right. The Scriptural word for Judgment is *Krisis*, and our word crisis fitly represents it. The crisis of an action, either of mind or body, is that point where we reap its results, and as we are ever thinking and acting, the crisis is ever coming, and it comes as a just Judgment of a God whose purposes are all right, and whose decisions are all good. The crisis of a nation, city or government, may come, as in that of Babylon, Jerusalem, Rome—and the overthrow may be final. But nations have no immortality, and therefore forever fall. Man has immortality, and though ever judged, can never be destroyed. Men reap what they sow, but can never reap annihilation, for their Spirit is immortal; can never reap endless misery, for the law of the Spirit is that of Eternal Progression. To say that God has formed a Spirit to annihilate it, or to make it liable to endless wrong or wretchedness, is to say that He is not absolutely or eternally good, and cannot perfect his own workmanship. Every man suffers for wrong-doing and enjoys right-doing. Neither the one nor the other is arbitrary, for both are the results of a law of his being, which, in its origin and continuance, must be good, because from God, the fountain of all good. Evil is thus a consequence of violated Law: a law as eternal as Spirit, and the natural emanation of its nature and progression. If Spirit live forever, it must at some time meet the just consequences of its actions, and no power can stop these consequences, though the whole universe of purified intelligences are ready, by the same law, to offer comfort and help. It is by this clear light of universal experience and Spirit-teaching, we can understand how Christ could say, "Now is the judgment of this world"; "my words shall judge you"; and Paul affirms, "that every man shall be rewarded according to his works."

It is scarcely necessary to say, with this *expose*, that Spiritualists reject the idea of Eternal torture. But in this they are not singular, as there are few men, in enlightened communities now, that are willing to avow the absurd and degrading idea.

It was born in an age of Barbarian selfishness, and will not bear the light of a rational thought or examination.

We believe, then, in one God, the Universal Father—in one Humanity, shared by a universal Brotherhood—in Eternity, as the Universal Destiny—and in Spiritual affinities, made sacred by every natural tie, and Eternal by their birth in God; and every man, both here and hereafter, is elevated to their purifying enjoyments in the exact proportion in which he improves his gifts and privileges.

Now we do not deny that a literal interpretation of many Scriptures, both in the Bible and in other ancient Books, for which an equally divine character has been claimed, would teach doctrines contrary to these; but, at the same time, we believe there must be a prostration of human reason before we can accept the mistakes of the ancients for the clear demonstrations of our own times. The moral and Spiritual devotion of the minds, whose speeches and writings, whose laws, powers, virtues, vices, successes and failures, are recorded in the Bible, we admit, but do not admit their infallibility. This is the distinct point, and we hesitate not to state it. No mind is infallible but God's; and those he spiritually illuminates, become more or less accurate according to the degree of their capacity and faithfulness. Hence, Isaiah may be in advance of Moses, and John of both, and Christ of all. Peter may deny his Lord in the hour of trial, and in a more fiery trial afterwards, die for his testimony. It is the same Peter, but his Spiritual nature is advanced. Paul and Peter may, in one degree of illumination, believe God the God of the Jew only; and in another, learn and proclaim that he is the God of the Gentile also, and that "no man can be regarded religiously as common or unclean." Christ, in one stage of his purposes, may send his disciples only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and in another, into all the world, to preach his gospel to every creature; while the writers who record his mission, may mean by "all the world," and "every creature," as they did mean, the men of their own generation—(See Mark, xvi. 16, in connection with Colossians, i. 23.) Men differ in the degrees of their elevation and illumination; the Apostles and Prophets differed; but God is the same, and every advance of the mind

brings us nearer his perfection, while in our lowliest stages, He dwells with us and in us ; for his impress is upon all.

Our position, therefore, upon this question, may be plainly and concisely stated thus :

I. The Inspiration of the Bible Records is unequal and progressive.

II. The authority of the Bible is the authority of the Truth it contains ; and especially of the truth upon man's moral obligations and Spiritual relationships.

All truth cannot be confined in any record. It is an eternal principle, and its range of operation is the entire universe, where it ever operates to harmonize the qualities and attributes of universal being. Truth, the all of truth, is Universal Harmony, and hence if Spiritualism be true, it cannot be in conflict with any other truth, however it may appear to be opposed to some inharmonious and dogmatical assumptions in its name. The simple question, therefore, is, *Is Spiritualism true?* If true, no truth in the Bible, nor in any department of the mental or physical universe, will be found in conflict with it.

Man cannot create truth ; he may discover it. As it is a universal principle, all may discover it. Truth never produces conflicting interests. Error opposing error, makes the selfish and sectarian controversies of the world. The grappling of Error with Truth seldom occurs in modern controversies. When the latter pours in the light, the darkness must give way. Truth is never divided, though human mirrors may reflect it in fragmentary forms. It is a unit ; though its parts are infinitely varied. A few of its recognised parts we will sum up as relating to the question before us :

1. It is a truth that all men possess a Spiritual Nature. This truth admitted, Spiritual illumination cannot be possible to one age without being so to all. That nature does not depend upon what man believes, but its free and improving exercise does depend upon its reception of truth and truth alone.

2. It is true that man possesses an animal, and consequently a fallible nature, which is but the temporary habitation of the immortal Spirit.

3. And, therefore, it must be true, that infallibility cannot be predicated of any communication it may give forth through the

changing agencies of a frail body and a changing language.

4. Error is, as a consequence, interwoven with all the records of human history, whether called sacred or profane, and it is the truth they contain that gives them sanctity, and nothing else.

5. Hence, God has stamped an eternal value upon every human soul, and required us to prove all things, even prophesying and Spiritual illumination, and hold fast that which is good.

In the magnificent drama of human civilization, there are many distinct parts acted by the several grand tribal or national divisions of mankind, who stand as the representatives, if not the discoverers, of the contributions they have made to a common heritage. While to the Phœnicians we ascribe the commercial spirit—to the Greeks the taste for Literature and the Fine Arts—to the Romans the establishment of Law and Dominion—to the Germanic tribes the Spirit of Individual Liberty—we give to the Hebrews the part of Faith, whose empire they unquestionably preserved, and from whom, as from a Spiritual centre, have gone forth the influences that lead mankind. But as there has been progressive advancement in commerce, government, the direction of the arts and the defences of liberty, so the faith of the Hebrew gains the agencies of power, with the influences that purify it from selfish and sectarian exclusiveness, in the providential movements of the ages, and of the people. To the Hebrew we readily grant the palm in the development and preservation of faith in God, and we heartily call his primogenitors, "fathers of the faithful," and his literature the best and most elevating standard of faith, but not infallible, and no more the end of all Spiritual disclosures than the Ships of Phœnicia and the Law of Rome are the end of all commercial facilities and defensive government. And modern Spiritualism, breaking forth in these ends of the earth, is the demonstrative proof that man's moral and Spiritual nature has not been exhausted by the thunders of Sinai and the illumination of Pentecost. As in law, government, the arts and enterprises of the first ages and nations, so in Religion, we acknowledge, reverently, all their achievements, but our reverence for the Past does not blind our eyes to the merciful pro-

visions for the Present, nor dim our hope for the Future. Some may prefer the rude Phœnician ship to the *La Plinta* of Columbus or the pallacial steamer of Fulton, but it will never carry the bold mariner to the wonders of a new continent, or make the vast Atlantic as a narrow strait between mighty empires. So men may prefer the forms of a Jewish faith, and pay blind reverence to the terrible dogmas predicated upon them, but they will never have the serene silence of the renewed heavens broken by angel voices, and feel Death as the narrow Jordan to the brighter homes and fairer pleasures than those which belonged to a once beautiful but now desolate Canaan. If the empire of sight has been wonderfully developed, why may not the greater empire of faith be coincident in its advances? Is dust of more value than eternal Spirit, that Westward the Star of Empire should lead only to new homes in the wilderness and corrupting gold in the sands? They are dotards who think so, and forget the living fire of living souls. With all our material triumphs, we are orphans if we too see not the God and the Hope of the soul. Shall the natural eye be so schooled that it can see worlds and systems of worlds, where once it only beheld a starry canopy, and the vision of faith become darker and darker till it go out in the gloom of materialistic and sectarian strife over the things that perish? Did not the same God who made the Jew, make thee? Can his plan be perfect, when the domain of Nature, widening to the opened mind of the world, becomes not a part of the empire of faith, that new things seen, may open into the things that are not seen? It cannot be so; and the city of God, the true Jerusalem, is now opening to every eye of loyal hope, before which its blest saints, in shining companies, move on to lead our souls to gain the strength and love that lift us upward in their Heavenly Way.

Austere Champions of Doctrines that displace your Reason before you can credit them; that make you believe that this bright world of God, and you in it, have fallen under a divine (?) curse; that your souls stand trembling, over a fiery gulf, and naught but an expiatory sacrifice of God, to God, for God, can deliver you from being precipitated by God, into its pains forever. O! men of many virtues, as I know many of you to be, but of fierce austerity, with too much fear to love, whose stern-

ness chills even your own flesh and blood in the children God has given you ; representatives of eternal doom, while consecrated to offices of eternal blessing,—come, come and be champions of the Spirit and of the Life ; come help us connect this world with the sanctions of a better ; come and open the souls of thousands, whose hearts your stern and icy Theology has closed, that they may recognise the beauty and holiness that fill all the works of God—and society, government, literature, labor and suffering, will be brightened and blessed for the change. Come, and your souls, visited by Heavenly friends, will open, and streams of Love, making glad the desolate habitations of our common fellow-sufferers, will flow on, till, without a break, they mingle in the fountains that, according to the vision of the Prophet of Israel, were first to the ancles, then to the knees, then to the loins, and then became “ a river that no one could pass over.” River of Spiritual Love ! flow on, till the stains of blood and rapine shall be washed out of the dark, dank soil of human passion and wrong, and upon thy bright and flowery banks the song of all nations shall arise with the song of Seraphim and Cherubim, Glory to the God of Humanity, our God ; “ for in whatsoever tribe the stranger sojourneth, there shall ye give his inheritance, saith the Lord God !” *

From the worship of a Book, we should arise to the worship of God ; from reverence for the mistakes of Jewish sectarianism, we should advance to reverence for the truth of God among all nations ; from the observance of ceremonies of external purification, that superstition makes magical and purifying, we should come to regard all external forms as aids or helps to internal purity and love,—and through the errors of the ancients, which modern assumptions over the free-born powers of the human soul have consecrated to the sanction of enormous wrongs in this life, and the denunciatory threatening of Eternal Wrong in the life to come, we may advance to the recognition of one God, one universe, one family, one destiny, and high over all the clouds of discord and selfish strife, move on, beneath the discipline, and led by the Spirit of Harmony and Love, to where,

All are lovers in a land of gladness ;

Where discord never grieves the trusting heart ;
 Where glorious companies of angels move
 In blissful circles of unchanging Love.

[After writing the above, I called on Mr. CHAMPION, with a view to converse with Dr. C. upon the propriety of such an essay. I did not inform Mr. C. of my object, nor was it known to any one. He instantly came under Spiritual influence, and addressed me as follows. I subjoin the address without a remark, believing that while it calls attention to unobserved facts, it will awaken thought in a direction that no one can, as yet, fully follow :]

"It would have been well, sir, to have marked a distinction between the first and second chapters of Genesis, in your essay. What is referred to "God" in one chapter is ascribed to the "Lord God" in the other. What means the declaration : "they have become as *one of us*, to know good and evil?" General outlines of this character may serve to contrast an evidence at present, but little anticipated. Again : in Israel's deliverance from Egyptian bondage, what went before? What removed and went behind? Are we told that these are the emblematic evidences, born of God, foreshadowing One True Light? They mark a distinction, incompatible. "Man"—"angel"—"one of us"—"Lord," prefixed to God. It is here. Who was the first man? Who? Whence this plurality?—this plurality which bears the legendary evidence that now absorbs the vitality of man and leaves him weak; exposed to the dangerous contaminations that surround him in life. But truth outlives error. Truth is Spirit, analogous only to what it bears and claims as its own. Error may attain its dreaded sequence, but the divine principle that illuminates the dark and dreary wastes of time shall expose its divergences and establish its counter axiom. It soars beyond its conflicts, and by immortal growth, in divine illuminings, reaches the celestial courts of inherited right. Naught else can do. It is this that unburthens the soul from conflicting divergences, and it soars on to the God from whence it came. Still more expressively we may say, the germ is imbedded in Mother Earth, and when its vital principle or immortal part comes forth, its outward cumbrance seeks its own. Shall the spontaneous evidences brought forth from

the Bible, deaden and destroy the Divinity that gave them birth? The Book has fulfilled its end and in the semblance that stands as its counterpart, and the illuminating powers it awakened, it has left its mortal coil behind and man still soars on. This semblance of the genial spark from whence it received its imparting vigor, must realize the same, and bury its grosser form in conformity to that Infinite Semblance it bears. Immortal Truth, will ever bear a recognition. The divergence is the immortal, angelic, manlike, true. These distinctions we draw beyond the conflicting emotions of strife and misdirection, and fleeting wrong. See you the distinction? Truth, in other words, outlives all error; and the truth in your Book outlives the grosser forms through which it now reaches your eye, and claims its own in the Divine Illuminings of your generation. Do you and all, mark it well.

A word on the harmony of Churches, which, it is said, these revealments will disturb. While we should cherish and fondle affections most dear, we should recollect that our Brother man is fashioned by the same Great Being; that he cherishes his kindred-like in his own breast. It is not for the aggrandizement of one or many, but all, that we should think, feel and act. Harmony is Heaven's greatest gift, and when it cannot be maintained, know ye, that the disturbance arises from the perversion of Nature's greatest and best bequeathance to man: God—Eternity—one mighty all—one limitless ocean, upon which floats one common Humanity—no distinctions—no inherent rights bequeathed by those less loyal to God than their fellows, who serve all. Stand, then, in the Church of Almighty God. Its baptismal vows have dedicated all that is good in this fair land. It stretches its Heaven far and wide over the whole pale of Humanity. Its ghostly and often ghostly semblance is born and nurtured amidst the strife of human passion and the selfish policy that sits solemnly over the sacrifice of the interests of your fellows, to pollute the fairest heritage of God—the soul. This world is a Church—man is the ordinance—God the ministering Spirit, ever ready to instil within the dark recesses of your nature, the light and love of Heaven—opening to it the realms of limitless glory. Speak of its confines? They bound beyond the grave; for there it realizes anew the

source from whence it came. The representatives of that Church are but the dwarfed evidences of misguided judgment and perverted action."

[After the delivery of the above, Mr. C. stated that he was impressed to say that on the following day, Dr. C. desired to add, if I would allow, some observations to what I had written upon the Inspiration and Authority of the Bible. He said that false views of these were the great hindrances to the elevation and progress of man.

Accordingly, December 8th, he visited me, and under Spiritual impression from Dr. C., delivered the following, which I beg leave to designate :]

MAN--ANGEL--GOD.

"I know no tenets nor forms can express the Deified Impress that God has made in man. The scanty bill, the starving millions that cry aloud beneath the oppressor's hand, are the fit emblems of that perversion that has wrought dread and desolations ; rife contentions ; bickerings that have made shipwreck of the most bounteous prospects in life. They are but the evidences of misguided Philanthropy. Still, the God of Heaven lives ; but with man, the God of earth, makes but a faint, yes, very faint, impress of his handiwork in form, which is man. Though Earth mourns, and the glorified evidences of pomp and pride re-echo throughout these extended heavens, what, alas ! what are its conquests ? Tell me, because want, wretchedness and woe, and the triumphal march of indolence is here, that Nature has not proved true to her trust ? Because man has not lived up to the inherited right he bears to his God, shall it be less true ?

The analogous discrepancies and differences that exist in the Revelations of the Divine Will, are but the reflective evidences of thought, to tinge and mingle the intermediate evidences drawn forth to sustain and serve the " Sacred Oracles." They hold not the impressive throb of immortality. It is only known in God himself ; or in the influx we inherit as the reflection from that Eternal Source. No man can mingle and intermingle with aught else but with the subjective evidence it bears in God. Our position is one to be relatively considered, and equally applied with that discriminative evidence it seeks as the alterna-

ting evidence born in the Eternal. It knows no other. We cannot indulge in the vagaries and prominent metaphors set forth as the illustrative and unexampled impress of the Infinite One. We only hope to bring man to his true position, as a part and portion, of that Infinite Goodness, that fills all space and realizes all time. We can do no more. The conditional effects resulting therefrom, lay beneath the submerged hopes and diverse currents of human reasoning. No man is prepared to act judiciously without prying to the depths that lay beyond the commonalities, conventionalities, sectionalities, with their various differences, alike allied, it may be, to circumstances momentous in their bearing. But these are but the obtrusive evidences formed, sustained and perpetuated by the faculties of mortals. There is a higher, there is a nobler, a greater aim for men, than the mere picturesque of human passion and the misguided perversion of those inherent qualities that bespeak the man in form. We refer to his physical nature, his passions, his wants; not that we would underrate those incentives to human action that sustain and propagate among mankind wholesome and judicious appliances, to develop those eternal and undying bequests inherited from the great fount of unceasing goodness. No. This needs no commendation—none. Would to God these philanthropic impulses were more universal. Then this Paradise of Nature's intuitive planting would come forth in all its native gildings, to worship at the true shrine of enlightened culture.

Man *must be free*; not to seek an asylum among the dead and corrupted evidences that shroud Humanity's pall with the long-lost hope, born as the true birth-right of man. Very exceptionable may be their character, but, nevertheless, intuitively the same. Philosophizing upon man; his acts and incentives to actions are too varied and illimitable in their capaciousness to contain or arrive at any definite result. Therefore it must be left as an absorbent, upon the limitless sea of progress, to develop its legitimate results.

Marked distinctions and variances are but legitimate causes, arising from the prominent position they may have attained. From thence, diagonally, systematically or otherwise, may be presented what man least anticipates.

Biblically, we believe in God; but not theoretically. The supermundane requirements made upon man, would bring him to realize his true position. But mundane realities blot the immortal Chart, and leave it as a sterile waste to bleach beneath a cold and chilly miasma from these pollutions of the soul. 'Tis gone—it knows not its true existence here.

When, then, shall man realize his own? Never, till he is freed from the horrid delusion of that he bears within: of fiendish hate inherited from his God to damn his soul. What can dispel these erroneous “evidences,” so said, “to be born of God?” If the Infinite Father ever breathed from the Celestial Glory of the Utmost Heaven, to undying man, think you not, that the Cherubic hosts are still and silent when great and wondrous Hate is developing, in man, the Spirit of alienship from the Common Brotherhood he bears? Oh! no.

Man—ANGEL—GOD; no affinity here? No like, seeking its own, in the native element it bears? None? The combined forces of Heaven and Earth, would fail to make it less available. 'Tis not our purpose, by any means, to excite prejudice—no. But when, in the name of Heaven! will man cease to be *led*, and walk forth a fit emblem for the receptacle of those Heaven-born evidences, he bears to his God?

We insist that “*Lord*” is emblematic, the same and equal only with Angel, being descriptive as an evidence of progressive attainments beyond the ordinary acceptance, acknowledged by men. “*Man*,” equally allied, by the same chain, to the Infinite Lord of Lords, (must we speak it?)—The tradition handed forth from ancient time, points to *one man*. From whence sprung woman? Man, the parent, from whence the germ is inherited that gave vitality to nature’s fairest flower, through the divine evidence, manifested by a God. *Like seeks its own*. Woman—Man—Angel—God. Is this not true? Does not successive day banish from the Paradise of God, the highest hopes and the best interests of frail humanity? Does it go forth, free or burdened beneath the blasting evidence it bears, to renew its kindred like throughout all time? O, hopeless Divinity! where is thy solace for the soul? Let successive ages answer.

A venerable father in Israel, deeply laments that Nature has

been partial in her transformations ; that less favored welcomes cheer the heart ; that prattling innocence, and youthful bursts of gladness steal not o'er the parental mansion to cheer the furrowed cheek and wrinkled brow of declining years. Man, an angel in form, but one and the same, the glorified acceptance of God, wafted from the Celestial realms, to give imparting vigor to the seed, manifests, clearly and distinctly, his mission. Dumb, dead, as the chilly blasts of winter, when it spreads its sable pall o'er the midnight hour to hush the lamentations of sadness that linger round. Still brighter, with the glorified evidence of God he is born among men and of all born, there is none his equal ? From whom, and by what process, was this evidence born to man ? "*From Woman,*" 'tis so said. Successive day, more luminous, brighter relics of antiquarian research, prove that another Harbinger of Peace breathes his sweetness upon the Desert Wilds of infatuated Space.

"*Angel,*"—"MAN," acknowledge, as man, to Manoa's enquiry ; foreshadows or o'ershadows, if you please, this eventful time upon which millions have floated to the vortex of unending duration, as far as their mortal conceptions were awakened. 'Tis not our purpose to bring more definitely or specifically the *enciente*, no ; but cast aloof aught else, She stands but the Archetype of the great First Cause from whence she sprung. Her heritage is Man ; and naught else can encircle the two but the productive evidence born to time, from whence has sprung inevitable ruin—*so said !* Man is bereft of his Paradise. Succession came forth to blight and curse its own. Who can believe it ? None that know their Conscience and their God. Does this inherited right and connecting link from time to time, o'er the memorable waters that have chilled the soul and submerged the highest hopes of man, bring purity in its train, that its outpourings is a God, taken from mortal man, and the successive evidences born beneath an Eternal Curse ? Though angelic visions may encircle ; forms that once decked this fair earth may, were it possible, ignite the vital spark, and give vitality to its counterpart, 'tis *the same* : its eternal doom is one and all. Is our vision enraptured with the potent meaning that "they have become as one of us to know good from evil ?" May they not have descended to the plain and breathed forth its in-

stillings, and preserve it far above the common evidences born to man, the inherent property more closely allied to the Infinite? Are not these the fermentations of thoughts most pure to endow man with his holy origin? But "Lord"—"angel" will not admit of so gross a perversion, were it so. It was the angel that ministered and the acknowledgement made in another portion to which your attention has been called, precludes any other conception, than the inheritance born through man in the progressive hope he bears to his God. This soars beyond, the *Paradisaical* (?) inheritance that has been so bountifully bestowed upon unfortunate man. The native evidence born of God developes its own. The child must come forth to the years of mature age before you recognise that manly form that bespeaks the impressive evidence born of God. He must soar on to that angelic affection that allies man, more intimately, to the Great First Cause. From whence came "one of us?" Has not the gilded evidence, born from an Eternal Source, shone upon the illimitable pathway of time, that has not imparted to us that knowledge, by which we readily perceive that the true instincts of Nature and Nature's God have performed their part for those less worthy, to travel the meandering stream of time, to gain the heights of Celestial Peace? Ah! but says one, these are but the degenerate vagaries of a diseased imagination; pruning amid the lacivious undergrowth of folly's wanderings. But mark, well, they have come to know "as *one of us*, good from evil." In the name of God! can man know what did not exist? Is this not an acknowledgement, from the seraphic hosts of Eternal Wisdom, of the two great principles upon which depends life immortal? Is it born in earth and acknowledged in Heaven? Did not these unfortunate evidences born of God, remain ignorant, and through error, as claimed, recognise—what? a fact, to know as much of that fact as one of them? O, sir, this saps the foundation of the present systems, and this is as plain as the meridian of day. The Eternal Source, unchangeable, recognises its allied embassies; the vital principles, upon which rests the weal or woe of Humanity. An acknowledgement of a discovery of a fact or an existence, that amounts to a true realization of that same fact, by the contending realities and transformations of time!"

Concluding Chapter.

RECOLLECTIONS, OBSERVATIONS, &C.

Between the 4th and 20th of July, 1853, while spending a few weeks upon the Bay of Biloxi, daily enjoying the beauty of one of the most lovely landscapes of our continent, far away from the scenes of strife and misdirected ambition that had sought, by every agency that human malice, directed by superstitious zeal, could invent, my utter destruction and the destruction of all the ends of peaceful Church relationships, my mind was daily impressed, as by some Spirit-power, that made me insensible to the wrongs my freedom of investigation had provoked, and among many similar essays, I wrote the following, to which my attention was this day called, by the similarity of idea and illustration found in the communication of Dr. CHANNING above. At that time I had not witnessed what we now designate as Spiritual Manifestations. But there is no period of my life, to which I could refer, as more certainly one of Spiritual impression, or one in which the great problems of human error and religious crime were more clearly and constantly before my mind.

It is a pleasure, still, to recur to those quiet, happy days, when Nature seemed to own her child, whom bigotry and time-serving policy, breathing the name of Christ and Religion, felt they had cast off. The scenery of that sunny shore, has left its tracery upon my heart, and I delight to revive it in connection with the thoughts that follow. I have stood upon the towering mountains of our Continent, amid scenes more commanding, grand and terrific, but never were my eyes opened to any so lovely, so calmly beautiful. Perchance it was the elevation of my own thought, that made them so attractive, for those who were with me saw nothing remarkable

in the daily changes of that sea and sky. Day by day and night by night have I sat me down to watch the blending of the colors of that clear and softly fading horizon as it seemed to go down in the deep azure of sky and water; hiding its border on this side in wide-spreading live-oaks, magnolia and pine, and on that in the evergreen islands, surrounded by the splashing wave; while light and sunny clouds hung or moved gracefully over all, as if lit by the fires of Paradise. Yea; the day has often gone down and the night has gathered its shadows over me only to relieve and vary the scene in rays less distinct, but if possible more glorious. And the early morning, rolling away the curtain of darkness, whilst its glowing edges were reflecting the smiles of rosy day, has found me again on the echoing beech. These restless shadows of ruby-colored clouds floating in the sea of azure above, and reflected in thousand spangles in the clear waves beneath; and the silver-plating of the face of the ocean and the laughing billows wooing the shore and spreading their jewels there as upon the pure neck of some trusting sister,

"While over all in that etherial vault
Is the mute canopy of embracing skies—"

renewed the power and goodness of the Mighty One, and his mighty heavens have been to me, ever since, as a thousand-eyed Mother watching o'er her numerous children, fallen, perhaps, and unfortunate many of them, but no one accursed save as he perverts the god-like nature he bears. There my soul was awakened afresh to know its more than fleshly origin, relationship and destiny; and I now know that its dark shadows, shall be illuminated evermore. There I received a daily Baptism in the Spirit of God that breathes in all things, dedicating anew all the gifts and powers his Providence had bestowed, and vowing to dedicate all the privileges that merciful Providence should open, to the cause of Truth and Right, whether sanctioned by sect or denounced by sectary, whether in favor or in opposition to creeds, written or unwritten, whose votaries had schemed by day and watched by night to destroy the aims of Peace and the ends of Hope; and now as the second winter drives me to the close fireside of home, with new friends and endearing lovers of their kind, upon the altar of Human-

ity, I lay this blessed offering; and my heart knows no fear of man, nor organised band; and hope, like that distant sunny sky, reveals the Stars of Light, whose loving voice of seraphic music speaks of lies sealed in Death and deathless as God; and I know the ultimate triumph of truth and goodness is near its dawn. Then I thought that the whisper of the departed was in my ear, but I *knew it not*. It seemed that

Their smile in the starlight

Did wander by—

And their breath was near—

In the wind's low sigh.

And the endless ages were crowded together, and I scarcely knew a past or future. But what I hoped then I realize now; and what I feared I trust, and though yet upon the sea of this changeful life, and my frail vessel drifted by many currents, I know God guides it on the mountain waves, whither, not my choice, but the vain opposition of fellow-mortals have unwittingly driven it; and though the lightning and tempest may rend every sail, and leave its masts bare of all earthly defences, and the angry spirit of the waters may shriek, till the ear of every friend shall be deaf, what need we fear, for upon whatever shore the vessel is cast, there He has promised to meet me with all my loves and hopes. The following is one of a series of essays, then written, but it is the only one that I desire to publish among my records of "Spiritual Communion:"

MAN AND NATURE.

The relations of Man to Nature are as wonderful as they are intimate. These relations have ever been acknowledged while we have had a variety of theory to explain their nature and purpose. All forms of Philosophy and Religion have acknowledged them, however infelicitous and contradictory their explanation; or grotesque and absurd the principles deduced from them. At present, we may reduce all theory to two forms, however large the theme, and comprehensive its details. The one regards man as the *lord*, the other as the *slave* of Nature. There is something of truth in both, and we propose to seek

that truth, in view of its influence upon our religious hopes and fears. The theory that regards him as its lord, must admit that he is created dependent, if not helpless. Though Nature feed him from her bounty, she rules him by her inflexible ordinances. When, however, he arrives at his maturity, he takes his Mother under his care, while her elements become at once his servants and his guides. The nature of his mental organization and the results of scientific research, alike corroborate his lordship, while the most interesting chapters of his history record his triumph and subordination. Upon the proud promontory of his mental and moral superiority he takes his stand, to survey the earth and the heavens and to proclaim himself master of the soil and the rivers; of the lightning and the winds; of the fowl and the brute—sole “monarch of all he surveys.” His word of command is, Advance! to the rightful conquest and supremacy; for advance is the law of Humanity; and development and progress go hand in hand with his authority and dominion. His shout is heard from the steppes of the Andes to the jungles of India, and from behind the Laboratory and the Helm, the Loom and the Plough, the mandate re-echoes: develop, subdue, direct and be served. Along the smooth, macadamized and iron-paved ways of his activity, he marches through conflict and peril to start the sleepy powers of Nature from the stillness of death, to service and life; or ploughing the “vasty deep,” he calls, from its echoing caverns, even Leviathan that has been tamed.

“Whate’er he sees,
Whate’er he feels, by agency direct
Or indirect, he makes to feed and nurse
His faculties; to fix in calmer seats
Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights,
Of Power divine, his intellectual soul.”

The theory that makes man the slave of Nature reverses all this. It admits that once he was perfect, in body and mind, in conscience and understanding, and that then all Nature lay submissive at his feet, to be named whatever he should call it and to be used however he should command. But from this height he fell by voluntary sin, and falling, brought corruption and discord, sensuality and mortality as his servile inheritance

from which there is no deliverance save by bloody expiation and miraculous aid. This theory appeals to the Bible, but finds no support in the discoveries of science. The former, by the aid of dogmatical and priestly authority is made to give credit with most forms of ecclesiastical religion, but it turns painfully away from the facts of scientific research, and when pressed hard calls them carnal and accursed. We do not believe it fully sustained by Scripture, nor by the consent of critical Theologians ; and we are confident it is contradicted by all men *know* of Nature and of man. We propose to make our statements good, modestly calling in question a venerated tradition, but fearlessly stating acknowledged facts.

The theory of the fall of the original man appeals to the beginning of Genesis, and the statements of Paul's epistles. It assumes that both are divinely inspired, by which it means they are infallible records and explanations of fact. This is a broad assumption and as much depends on it, we should do more than barely accept it ; we should scrutinize its evidences and make its allegations convictions, rather than inherited persuasions, if found to be true. We would have you mark, that this theory also assumes that Moses is the author of Genesis, and that the Book was written at least three thousand years ago. We have no objection to these assumptions if true, and it is of little matter to us by whom the account was written, if the deductions drawn from it can be sustained as infallible. Hence, we shall examine it with fairness and pronounce with caution, but we must lay down the pen forever, if not permitted to state unquestionable facts. It is a fact, then, that the Book of Genesis, does not claim to be the production of Moses ; and there is indisputable evidence that he did not write all of it, and good evidence that he wrote none of it, if he wrote it all, as an infallible and authoritative document. We repeat, there is no authentic evidence that Moses wrote this Book. The name of Moses occurs not in it ; and there are facts narrated by its author that occurred many hundred years after the times of Moses, and could not, therefore, have been recorded by him. For example, we read chapter xiv 14 : That Abraham pursued his enemies "unto Dan." Now the name of this place was given after the Danites, many hundred years subsequent to Moses'

death. Again, 36 : 31, "These are the kings that reigned in the land of Edom before there reigned any king in Israel." How Moses, who died several hundred years before there arose a king in Israel, could make such a record, may be left to those, who love theory more than fact, to account for. We are familiar with the usual methods of explaining these facts so as to preserve the tradition of Mosaic authorship, but we are confident they would be regarded as mere shifts in any other cause. The Book is anonymous ; is doubtless a worthy history of many facts, but as it lays no claim to infallible authority, its statements must be subjected to the same rational tests, to which Documents of a similar antiquity and veneration, are constantly subjected. The Book, like many others of the canon, contains some of the most sublime and beautiful enunciations of Spiritual truth, such as have exerted a most salutary influence upon the elevation of our race, and prepared the way for the still higher enunciations of Christ-like Spirits, but to claim for it what it does not claim for itself and to encumber it with the errors of obsolete and absurd systems of more modern theology is only to disparage it and divert enlightened attention from its interesting pages. But a few years have passed since we were engaged in a course of Lectures upon it which extended through the weekly ministration of two years. Every chapter came under our critical and studious review, and we accepted the popular theory when we entered upon the course. But we state here as a fact, that after repeated examinations of the chapters that record the "fall of man" we were so disappointed in the results of our examinations in support of the popular theory—which was the theory of the audience we addressed and, connected with the acceptance of which, our reputation and fellowship were made dependent as subsequent events have proved—and we were never able to deliver a Lecture upon them. We repeatedly applied ourself to the task, but the result was ever the same—all contrary to expectation and to every rational view of our temporal interests as a public teacher. We were compelled to pass them by, which we did for future and since accomplished investigation. In the light of that investigation, we now apply ourselves to the critical review of the popular doctrine of the "*fall of man.*"

A careful reading of the first chapter of this anonymous book, will convince even the unlearned, that we have two accounts of the creation that by no means coincide. They do not appear to have been the work of the same pen. They seem as fragments compiled. According to the first, man is the last work of creation, and according to the second he is the first. The first represents trees and plants as springing out of the soil, and the second that they did not exist till the rain fell. In the first, man and woman were created simultaneously, and their name called Adam; in the second, Adam is formed singly, is alone, the woman formed from his rib while he slept, and her name called Eve. These discrepancies destroy the historical value of the account, and I now wonder not that Christ, as a Great Reformer, is never represented as alluding to it. The one ascribes Creation to "God," or the Elohim; the other to the "Lord God." The one represents man, if not both man and woman, as created in the image of God, the other says nothing of the image. But there is a stronger fact than any we have yet noted that leaves not a shadow of the popular theory behind. *Neither of these accounts countenance the idea that man was created perfect.* It is sheer assumption, however beautified by more modern poetry, or made the basis of separating theological systems. It is true that man is said to have been created in the *image* of God, but the word evidently alludes to his dominion, and this appears to be the view of the writer of the 8th Psalm: "Thou madest him to have dominion." And as the Jewish imagination often pictured the Deity in human shape, there may be an allusion here to corporeal image. The second narrative says nothing of the image. It presents him as passing an uncondemned life in Eden, with privilege to eat of every tree of the beautiful orchard or garden, even of the immortal fruit, but on pain of death it interdicts the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. He names the varied animals and plants of the creation, is naked and not ashamed, and appears altogether as a child-man, innocent but not virtuous. The reason for the prohibition is jealousy, lest he come to knowledge and "be as one of us, or as gods, knowing good and evil." When he eats he is represented as having become as "one of us." The sin is the result, therefore, of thirsting for wisdom; the

"fall" is the awakening of moral consciousness; the punishment is want, dissatisfaction, and labor. According to the narrative, he does not become *mortal*, but is prevented from becoming immortal upon the earth. He dies because he is "of the dust," and is not permitted to eat of the immortal fruit. His infirmity and transitory earthly career are alike revealed to him by his sin. It revealed the burden of his body and bodily wants. And the frightful character which modern theology gives to physical Death is not in the narrative.

This account of the primitive man, when unincumbered by the fearful philosophy that has been chained to it, is most beautiful; and, considering its antiquity, wonderful in its revelation of accurate observation. We, too, find the primitive man, that is, the savage man, naked, without labor and cultivated fields, living upon the fruits of his garden: the grapes, the berries, the game. He fears neither thistles nor thorns, for he asks no cultivated fields. It is only after he has eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge that he finds them an evil, sees his difficulties and dangers, and the waste places become an offence to him and he asks for palace, farm and city, with all their defences and luxuries. 'Tis never till then; till dissatisfied with the infantile or savage lot, that the winds sigh, the waves sob and the moan of sorrowful disappointment swells on the gale, in requiem and monody. Then the snake drags wrathfully upon his belly, and needs to be away with. Man longs for joy and peace, and feels that suffering and toil are a heavy curse, and needs the Christ-Spirit to say "by suffering we are made perfect;" we are never fully born till we die. We have then many Adams, and many Edens, and many Falls, and the narrative in Genesis has nothing in it that prevents this natural and every where confirmed interpretation.

In vain we search in the other Books of the Old Testament for the doctrine of man's perfection and fall. It is not in them. "God made man upright" is indeed stated, but it is stated of all men, and not of Adam in particular. The name Adam is often used as equivalent to mankind, and there is good evidence that many of the Jewish prophets so understood the beginning of Genesis, as descriptive of common and constant facts. True we read of the horrible murder of Abel; the bloody and vin-

dictive speech of Lamech; the strange and unnatural intercourse between the sons of God and the daughters of men; and the general dissoluteness of the world ending in a terrible deluge. But no where is this corruption ascribed to the effect of Adam's transgression. No where is the race described as in a decline. On the contrary, Job persists in asserting his integrity; the authors of several of the Psalms affirm their righteousness; Solomon, as already quoted, says man was created upright; and all this with no attempt, either, to hide his sinfulness; with most vivid descriptions of every form of wrongdoing and severest denunciations of the righteous judgments of God, irrespective of any results from the sin of Adam.

But in the Apocryphal writings, after the Philosophy of Two Principles, the good and the evil, ruling the world,—imbibed, doubtless, during the Babylonian and Persian captivity, and having its most authentic origin in the Persian worship of Ormuzd and Ahiram,—we find allusions to this story of the Fall. "Through the spite of the Devil, death has come into the world;" and "from woman is the origin of sin," are dogmas that were not imagined by men, so long as they retained any clear conceptions of one God, all Perfect and Powerful. Idolatry is ignorance, and idolatry alone can bear the thought of a Devil as a hostile and persecuting power. The earlier books of the Jews have neither the name nor the idea.

The popular theory, therefore, of man's original perfection and fall, does not appear in the Old Testament under any rational interpretation. Does it appear in the New? Christ, we repeat, never mentions Eden nor Adam. He says man was originally created in pairs, "he made them male and female," and thus denounces polygamy and adultery; but he gives not the slightest countenance to the assumption that the first man was by nature exalted above the present. He acknowledges good men, or goodness in men, outside of all Jewish and Christian organizations or formalism. Even Paul, who most of all is supposed to teach this theory, says, the Heathen "do by nature the things contained in the law," and are "a law to themselves;" which could not be true if man's nature is corrupt; and Peter, though it required a severe discipline to teach it to him, and a special vision of God to confirm it, says, "he had been

taught to call no man common or unclean." James ascribes the sin of man to his own lust, and moral death as its invariable result. Everywhere the subordination of Nature to man is recognized in the New Testament, though it is ever made dependent upon the supremacy of his Spiritual nature.

But we will be asked, and very pertinently, how do you understand the statements of Paul, "By one man's disobedience sin entered into the world, and death by sin;" and "as in Adam all die?" We answer: that Paul regarded Adam as a historic character, there can be no question, but that he held the theory of the fall we are reviewing, admits of equally justifiable doubt. Paul believed in a gloomy under-world of joyless existence, to which all the dead had been doomed, and from which there was no deliverance, till Christ descended into the "lower parts of the earth," and "led captivity captive." Hence he gives an importance to the resurrection of Christ that we do not find in any system of Theology that seeks support from his writings. If he tell us that Christ "died for our sins," it is that he may also tell us that he "arose again for our justification." He predicates a "justification of life" upon the obedience and triumph of Christ, and that triumph secured deliverance from the under-world. Great workman of God, as he was, it was not given to him to be delivered from the errors of a false philosophy of the creation, which assigned to God and holy angels an abode above the stars, and to departed Spirits an abode beneath the earth. In the language of his nation and times, he taught great Spiritual truths, that speak to and have a response in the hearts of all men, but like all other human teachers, however enlightened by the Spirit, he shows his national education and culture. The discoveries of modern astronomy have exploded the idea of a local Heaven above the stars, and a local Hades beneath the earth, but the truth that God is the God of the Gentile as well as of the Jew, and that there is no power but of God, and the clear enunciation of an accountable immortality for all, who shall be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body, are as fresh truths to-day as they were when, in stripes and prison, he uttered them, as connected with his doctrine of the Christ.

But much more is assumed, even from Paul's statements,

than they will warrant. Certain it is, he ascribes no mental or physical superiority or supremacy to the primitive Adam. And yet this is the corner-stone of the theory, that, as a super-structure, must fall if it cannot be sustained. He makes him also more a contrast than a prototype of Christ. "The first man, Adam, was made a living soul; the last a quickening Spirit. The first was of the earth, earthy; the last the Lord from Heaven." In like manner, also, he contrasts the natural, mortal, corruptible body, with the Spiritual, immortal, incorruptible body. Adam, with Paul, was made to die, because he was of the earth, and this accords with the account given in Genesis. Paul nor the author of Genesis say nothing of a change in his nature; nothing of the corruption of his soul; nothing of the distortion of the outward universe by his transgression; and the transfiguration of the outward universe he sometimes anticipates, as in the eighth of Romans is much like that portrayed in the Prophets, and is less a restoration than a glorious transformation, when mountains, trees and seas, shall break forth into singing, and all Hearts shall bloom and blossom as the ancient Eden.

Paul's view was similar to that which prevailed among the Jews of his time, though relieved by his Christian hopes. To Adam, and to the renowned Patriarchs of ancient times, Noah, Abraham, &c., they ascribed a superior wisdom. But he says nothing of inward corruption and transmitted evil. On the contrary, he charges home every man's sin, and says death passed upon all, not because Adam, but "*because all have sinned.*" Enoch and Elijah, and perhaps some others, were all, of woman born, that Jewish tradition believed, exempt from death, and the absurd idea of the gloomy under-world; and they, because they walked with God, and were perfect; which very perfection annihilates the idea of a transmitted, fallen nature, the effect of primitive sin.

In the earliest Christian writings, we find hints of this doctrine, but nothing that would give it rational confirmation. Some of them ascribe sin to the angels, some to Adam; some deduce the evils of Nature from the sins of the race; others make the story of Eden an allegory, and all make Adam an immature child. Ireneus and Tertullian are the first who at-

tribute death, as a loss, to man, on account of sin, and infer his immortality previous to his sin; whilst Ireneas regards even this death as a mercy, to prevent man from sinning everlastingly. It was not till the Pelagian controversy of the fifth century, that exact opinions, such as the Protestant dogmas now inculcate, were made out and regarded as parts of Christian faith. But it were bootless to trace this dogma historically, as we find, in every age, opinions characteristic of the degree of culture peculiar to the age, and nothing that would help us to a more consistent and satisfying view. Nowhere will we find the theory so well and so strongly stated as in Milton's *Paradise Lost*; and its poetic fictions, borrowed and improved from all classic antiquity, have done more to give it prevalence than all the commentaries and books of theology put together. Virgil tells us that at the sin of Dido, the earth trembled, the heavens blazed, the nymphs howled; and we read it as a splendid stretch of the imagination. But when Milton makes all nature give signs of woe, the sun turn his course in the Heavens, winter take up his dreary reign, the beasts become savage, and all the elements hostile at the sin of Adam, we read it as Christian Theology! It was the theology of his day, except among a few proscribed heretics, and he sung it in strains of high emprise. But the poets have since discarded it, and the Theologians will renounce it, as the popular mind advances.

This theory cannot stand for it is opposed to facts, fatal to every prop by which its friends have sought to sustain it against the rising up of the intelligence of the past fifty years. What it calls corruptions, disturbances and discords in the natural world, were in it, and in more fearful forms, before man was in it. All Geology now attests that the pre-Adamite earth was convulsed, gloomy and covered with Death! It was an area of Sulphur and Seething Lakes, earthquake, flood and hurricane, forty, to one after man appeared. Look back to its rocky waste; listen to the fierce tempests that then shrieked and rent the air; behold the streams of fire that pour ocean-like round the seething deep; and mark the hideous, poisonous monsters, with heads like the snake, fins of the whale, breast-bone of the lizard, beak of a porpoise and teeth of a crocodile; mark them as they move their hundred feet of length along, on limbs large

as the pillars of the temple, and tell me, are they the fruit of original sin? Creatures, to us, the homeliest, and dreadfulest and poisonest, lived and died long, long before, the scenes in Genesis claim to have been enacted. And kindly Nature, or Nature's God, I would rather say, removed them all and buried them away from his infantile, and even yet easily terrified creature, down, deep, beneath the everlasting mountains, to be called up now only when more frightful dogmas of roaring devils and liquid hells are claimed as preparations for man's eternal abode. What, I ask, will this theory do with such facts as these? What will it do with Death before man lived? With ferocious fish, whose teeth were made to crush and craunch the strongest animals, and huge monsters that could devour an elephant at a meal? Will they tell us that Adam's sin reached backward as well as forward? Will they amuse us with the idea, that God knowing that Adam would sin made these forms and powers of death in anticipation? Or that he made it a pleasure to the animals that died, before the sin of Adam, to die,

"So that the pleasure was as great
Of being eaten as to eat!"

Ah! better, far better for religion, for morality, for all manliness let the theory go to its wonted oblivion and the facts stand. The whisper of Eve and Adam's consent, had no such effect and the strained efforts to prove so absurd a proposition, should convince every man of its utter futility.

But it is not more contradicted by facts than it is by sentiment. There is a sentiment in Nature that ever and everywhere denies so crooked and distrustful a theory. Allow me to say, though educated under the influence of this theory, and expected by my profession to advocate it, I have never believed it, when alone with Nature. And now that I write upon this most lovely Beech of a sparkling Bay, lined with the green trees of God's own planting, and covered over by winged fowl of varied plumage and habits; as I sit upon the echoing bank and feel the cool wind fanning my fevered brow, and stirring tumultuously the leaves upon which I scrawl,—it would be to deny my God to believe it—He the All-good, the All-powerful, who has appointed the evil and the good, the immature and

the mature, and each for himself, and all for ends that cannot yet appear, must send me back again to superstitious fear, did I utter a creed so crach, so lacking; in faith in the Universal Good, the Infinite ! Am. Nature rebukes complaint. She refines us the more we refine ourselves. She gives peace to the heart that has not renounced its God and its immortal hope. It is in communion with her that I see and know that God does all. I have seen it in her waste-places, among her leafless forests, along her trackless deserts and behind her bleak hills. Everywhere is the Sanctifying spirit, to the spirit awakened; and if life cannot awaken, death will. Here on the tossing waters, which, to many are mourning and melancholy, I feel more with God than I did yonder with holy books before me and holy songs and distrustful hearts, around, that God is Love. And yet I do not deny that there is much imperfection. It, too, is a part, and no mean part either, of divine beneficence. The veriest imperfections of Nature are fraught with Hope, and that I can see it, proves my divine nature more than all else; for the horse I ride sees it not; and the spouting porpoise, that now moves rapidly with the waves while I write, heeds it not. All evil is full of hope. We are brutal if we see it not. I must utter the truth, and can forbear no longer. Pain, disease, decay, shame, disappointment, I know have hope, in each, to be found nowhere else; and these give me hope in Death. Did I believe that it conducted to a gloomy under-world, I, too, with Paul would expect a Deliverer that would carry that world captive. But I see it as a law of God, and like all his laws beneficent. Never was it ordained as a punishment of sin, but as a relief for suffering and developing humanity. It enlarges the boundaries of our homes; translates our affections from bricks and streets, and hard-tilled fields, and brutal persecutions to where the beatific vision beams on the darkened clouds of human transformations; and, to the soul, purified by suffering, reveals a perfect faith, and an undisturbed peace, in whose rounds of severe and painful trial the great and the good, living and dead walk, and the cadence of their heavenly voices mingle with our earthly converse, and lift the hope to the rank above rank, in the ascending orders of creation; and in ways innumerable, fulfil the desigus of a Providence, whose light shall

irradiate all things, and shining through the darkness of error and perverted good, will reveal the glories of an Eternal Progression.

[Having determined to publish the above, among our Records, I had scarcely reviewed and corrected it for the press, when Mr. CHAMPION came again to my house, and gave me from Dr. C. the following, which he desired appended, he said, to my essay on Man and Nature. No reader who has not witnessed the varied and beautiful coincidences that attend Spiritual manifestations, where man is loyal to the privileges of his own Spirit-nature, can imagine, how intimately conversant with our every movement and well-defined purpose, our Spirit friends show themselves to be. And I cannot forbear to record it, that not one solitary instance of disappointment, as to time and place, in the making and publishing of these "records" has occurred, where we held our own appointments. And many unexpected meetings occurred, at the very moment, they were necessary to our progress. It was so in the occasion to which we now refer.]

"No day, since time began, can boast of greater incentives to free, moral attainments. Not that these everlasting Heavens were not the same yesterday, to-day and forever; the same Eternal Source from whence man inherits his all; one God and universe, to which his adorations are alike due. The light of this day encompasses humanity within one broad fold. *It is of God.*

In submitting these considerations to the mature reflection of man, 'tis well to remember the wrecked hopes and the desolate boon that have been transmitted from ages past, to the present blessed hour, in token to the high and honored revelations from the throne of Everlasting Pity.

In support of this position, we might, with propriety, call to our aid the instructive lesson of the last sixteen centuries. Why? That they have been more luminous or abundant in their bequeathance to the unfortunate children of human erring? But it is beyond this. Spiritualism knows no distinction beyond the capabilities with which you are possessed. Its variances are but the legitimate outpourings of the successive commotions and party bickerings that have rent in twain the highest hopes

and the best interests of one common humanity; vested in one God. Many may be disposed to soar beyond this fact, and affirm that some unknown cause may have brought forth the evils of life, beneath the subdued evidence of Reason, inherited from one true God. 'Tis not our end and mission to mantle the soul in gloom. 'Tis not to leave man bereft of the protecting evidence of God. 'Tis not to blight humanity and curse mankind. 'Tis not to weave the shroud of oblivion o'er the highest hopes and best interests, that we come. It is to endow man with a consciousness of his being, allied to the great ultimate of Eternal Cause. Then he will speak and see beyond the flimsy veil of hypocrisy that mantles the so-called theorems that *lead* man to his God. Those who may feel umbrage at the position we have taken, know not the interests involved. Their end and destiny depend upon this solution.

Without further trespassing upon your time, and succumbing to the petty variances that rule triumphant o'er this fair land, we hold, that the great first cause of all error lays beyond the grasp of mortal. We cast at naught the legendary evidence born, so said, of God, and that claims the depravity of the human heart. These forebodings, in their true and literal meaning, have weighed, as with an incubus, upon the God of Heaven, according to the theory of many; but his triumphant Sons of a brighter day, soar beyond the paltry evidences never born to bequeath to man endless terror. What did not exist bears no recognition from so exalted a source. Shall man be doomed, for the knowledge he learns of his God, and the relative evidences of his birth? Does this make him a fiend? If so, he might well curse the hour that gave him life.

Another day, a more anterior age, has reaped this knowledge; so it is said. Better remain blind, that the incarceration of the soul had held its doomed tenement aloof from the conflictings that prove its ruin.

We come, not to enforce any peculiar right or inherited opinions. No! 'Tis only that man may be true to himself, to his God, and his fellow!"

CONCISE STATEMENT OF THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

1. There is but one only living and true God.
2. He dwells in all things, but his brightest manifestations are in Individualised Intelligences.
3. Man, in his body, is the perfection of all external forms.
4. His body is a combination of elements out of which God creates or develops a Spiritual, individualised being, allied to Himself by indissoluble ties.
5. Man's natural relations to parents, who preceded, and children, who follow, are sacred and eternal, and they form the links in that eternal chain that bind and hold him to the Spiritual Universe.
6. He greatens his Spirit, and widens the Sphere of his happiness, by making friends of all, to enable him to do which, God gives him capacity to acquire knowledge, and means of help, by which to develop and bless the unfortunate and needy.
7. He cannot be lost, for Spirit eyes see everywhere, and therefore he must, sooner or later, meet the results of every act, whether it be good or evil, in his own estimation or that of others.
8. He is created for Eternal Progression, and as he moves forward, he is permitted to choose as to what motives or influences shall determine his way in any given course, but not permitted to control the consequences.
9. That is, he is free in a circle, and free to widen, which is to happyfy, that circle, but not free so as to annihilate or render eternally miserable, himself or others.
10. It is the essential nature and tendency of his soul to find affinity, as it unfolds its powers, with Spirit, whether in the form or out of it. Hence, he is by nature a religious being, but the purity of his religion depends upon the refinement of his Spiritual nature.
11. Religion is the Spiritual development of man's nature, and its forms vary according to the degree of his culture, and faithfulness to his capacity and privileges.

12. Hence, Christ is the brightest emanation and representative of the Divine Mind, because most true to his Spiritual instincts, allying him to angels or Spirits who preceded him, and to God, in and over all.

13. Faithfulness to every faculty of our minds, and limb of our bodies, faithfulness to the purposes of God, as they disclose themselves to us in all things and persons surrounding us, and faithfulness to all our obligations to our brother man, wherever and in whatever condition we find him, is the only true, satisfying and elevating religion.

14. Love is the Spirit, object and fulfilment of all Law, whether of Heaven or Earth; and its mere semblance, whether consecrated by venerable forms and ceremonies, or assumed by dissatisfied and anarchical revolutionists, never satisfies or elevates the human soul.

15. Therefore, Love is of God, and whoever loveth is born of God, and moveth in a Godlike way, amid the trials and pleasures of his earthly pilgrimage.

16. Eternal doom or damnation, is a hideous fable of a barbarous age; a dream of the fanatic, a tool of the designing, and a curse to all who receive it; a fallacy to all reasoning that recognizes an Infinite Creator, or the native principles of the lowliest creature, called Man.

17. Man is a part of Nature, and therefore, every thing revealed through, or developed by him, is Nature, and there can be nothing supernatural in any just definition of Nature. Spirit is above form, and God is above all; but all is of God, and He in and over all.

RULES FOR RECEIVING SPIRIT-TEACHING.

It is impossible to lay down absolute rules, to regulate the almost infinite variety of human culture and conditions. Still the following may be of service. If you desire close communion with Spiritual Intelligences, live temperately, and cultivate contentment of mind, and meditative habits.

If you would enjoy extended communion, call together congenial friends, an equal number of ladies and gentlemen; have the same number and the same persons, if possible, present at each meeting; let them sit opposite and form a circle round a table, for a time sufficiently long, to secure an Electrical atmosphere in which Spirit demonstrations may be made. By all means preserve harmonious feelings in the company, and do not attempt to dictate how Spirit-intelligence may act, as any activity of the minds present will confuse or interrupt the purity and pleasure of the manifestation.

Any company of honest enquirers, at the Temple of Eternal Truth, in any community, that will observe the Spirit of the above directions; or that will secure sufficient docility and harmony of mind to allow a demonstration through the mediumship of the mental and physical organization of its members, will receive assurances of Spiritual presence. Some person or persons in the company, will be found to possess a physical organization more susceptible to Spirit-influx than others and will be able to give directions, better adapted to the existing character and circumstances of the persons forming the circle, than any we can lay down.

We would further suggest, that while every rational man will scrutinizingly examine every demonstration brought before his attention, it would be well to postpone criticism till after the sitting is over. Either then or before, we may subject to the severest analysis, whatever would lead to accurate conclusions; but it would be as rational to dispute about the principles of chemistry while all our attention is needed in preparing and combining our chemicals, as to deny or affirm any fact in Spirit manifestation, when all our time and attention are required to receive what we desire to examine and understand.

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ERRATA.

With all our efforts to prevent mistakes in printing, we find that some have escaped our notice. On page 64, question 10, insert "to" between "allude" and "physical." Page 185, erase "it" from the last line but one on the page. Page 193, third line, read, "this, but still."

There are other typographical and grammatical errors, but they do not materially affect the sense. It was impossible, under the press of other duties, for the Editor to supervise all the proofs.

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