

9 **ASTOUNDING FACTS**

FROM

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Witnessed at the House of J. A. GRIDLEY, Southampton, Mass.,
by a circle of friends, embracing the extremes
of GOOD AND EVIL.



THE

GREAT DOCTRINES OF THE BIBLE,

SUCH AS THE

Resurrection, Day of Judgment, Christ's Second Coming,

DEFENDED, AND PHILOSOPHICALLY AND BEAUTIFULLY UNFOLDED
BY THE SPIRITS, WITH MANY HUNDREDS OF THE MOST
INTERESTING QUESTIONS ANSWERED FROM THE
SAME SOURCE, RELATIVE TO THE HOME
ON WHICH THE READER AS WELL AS
THE WRITER MUST SOON ENTER.

WHO IS NOT INTERESTED!!!? SAY, WHO!!!!????



C SOUTHAMPTON, MASS.

JOSIAH A. GRIDLEY.

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS little work is now presented to the public, in the confidence that it will prove acceptable to a large class of readers who could never comprehend how a righteous God could damn the heathen to an endless hell for not believing in Him of whom they had never heard—or how, on the other hand, infants could pass at once from earth to the highest heaven, equally ignorant of Him in whom alone is salvation. It solves the puzzle how a God of Love may permit souls to be lost without being Himself vindictive or revengeful, or in any way answerable for their choice. It relieves the orthodox solecism that teaches that mankind go at once to heaven or hell, because God has no other place to put them, and then, after ages of suffering or bliss, they are called up on trial for acquittal or condemnation. In short, the Narrative maintains the great doctrines of Christianity, draws them from the unnumbered absurdities that pro-

fessed teachers have gathered around them—unfolds their philosophy, even to the conception and birth of the Son of God—and makes all clear as light. To all believers in the New Testament who think for themselves, it cannot fail to prove refreshing, while to spiritualists, as such, it will be acceptable, as presenting a phase of spiritualism new in many of its aspects, and far out of the channel of spiritual communications, as they have been generally received.

J. A. G.

ASTOUNDING FACTS.



CHAPTER I.

Up to February 22d, 1852, I had attended but four sittings, in different places, with three several Mediums. These Mediums and circles were evidently respectable, and many of them intelligent. For three years I had not entertained a doubt but that spirits who had left the body could communicate with their friends whom they had left behind ; but I had resolutely made up my mind that I would not seek a Medium to come into my family till I could find one through whom I could converse with my Spirit-friends, on subjects worthy to occupy the minds of Immortal Intelligences, whether in the body or out. The Circles that I had visited, though often blessing an afflicted heart, seemed to me to be far too well satisfied with mere outward manifestations ; they sought mainly that which was wonderful, marvelous, while I longed for *instruction* in relation to the home upon which all the members of my father's family have entered, and whom I expect joyfully to follow at no distant day. In short, I felt that I wanted a Medium and Circle that were anxious to be controlled by the moral power and superior goodness of their Spirit-friends, if such they possessed. I wanted the outer and inner circles selected with the wisest reference to the mutual and everlasting good of both. With such feelings, I had seen nothing that satisfied me. I was, however, patiently expecting it in the right time.

On the evening of the above date, I had returned

from a short journey, and seated myself with the family and two or three friends who had come in from abroad. It was past nine o'clock, and there was no known Medium within twelve miles of us. My feelings, however, were such that I remarked—If my impressions serve me, this room is full of angels who are ready to communicate. I then added—It is late, and perhaps we had better defer our experiment till morning. At the suggestion, however, of one of the ladies, a table was brought in, and we seated ourselves around it. Raps by hundreds and thousands were made all over the room, on the table, chairs, sofa, etc. I now enquired if our spirit-friends would move the table. They moved it several times sideways, then poised it on two legs, where they seemed to fasten it; for if forced either way, it would immediately resume its former position as soon as the force was removed. They would not put it back when requested, nor consent to my doing it. I remarked, "We must make more room—they are not through with it." We drew back, when our invisible friends carried it slowly down to within three or four inches of the floor, when it seemed to fall. They still refused to put it back, or allow us to do so. I again said, "make more room," which being done, they turned it over on the top, with the legs up. They then threw down the leaf that had not fallen, and bound them both down firmly to the floor. Within a few minutes, I took it resolutely, and placed it on its legs. They immediately turned it over again, and bound it down precisely as at first.—This movement appeared so singular, that I inquired at the morning sitting "Whether it was intended as significant?" They answered, "Yes."

Q. What are we to understand by it?

A. We will form a circle here, that shall overturn and bind down all opposition, as we overturned and bound the table. How well they have redeemed their pledge, will be seen in the sequel; for no one can say, after reading what follows, that there has been any lack of opportunity for them to test their strength and skill, against a most determined and formidable foe. It has seemed that if Milton's "War in Heaven" was fictitious there, it has had something like a reality here.

It is often declared through different mediums that all is harmony in the Spirit-World,—no jarring, no strife, no discord there. Mr Davis says, “By a law of universal sympathy, by a principle of celestial love, its inhabitants are joined into one grand system of unchangeable harmony; it is impossible for discord to exist there.” Great Harmonia, Vol. 3, p. 228. I wish with all my heart that this was true; but it is affirming too much. Such a change would be as great for death to effect, as the orthodox give to their believing, half-sanctified converts, when they undergo their dissolution. This is so unphilosophical, so unreasonable, and more than all, so *untrue*, that I feel that the public should have facts, that give the different phases of that world, that they may the better judge. It is on this account that I wish to state what I myself have witnessed, in the last three months—confirmed as it is by many of my fellow citizens. I believe our truthful spirit friends have given us something like an accurate scale of immortality, beautifully marked and figured from zero upward—and unlike Mr. Davis and many others, from zero downward—quite as far as, at present, we desire to go,—though we are daily studying what we have gone over on that scale, in connection with those friends.

We will now try to trace the scale, and for this purpose must here introduce our new found Medium. He was a young man about twenty years old, who had been employed to devote his time to my son, during his sickness. He was present at the evening sitting, above referred to, but was not in the circle. He possessed iron nerves as I supposed at that time, a bilious temperament; and was, withal, very illiterate. He was, in short, among the last persons in the world that I should have selected to be impressed by man or angel. The choice was evidently the result of necessity, as his moral qualities were not so far developed (or certainly not in the right direction on the scale) as to give the most pleasure, either to the outer or inner circle.

After we were through with our sitting, one of our visitors remarked, that she should think that young man was a medium, that she noticed many raps about his chair, etc. On this suggestion, the next morning he was

invited into the circle. As soon as questions were put, the heel of his right foot gave the answers very loud, clear and distinct. I tried to control his leg by holding it up, so that the heel should not strike the floor. This did not prevent the jerk of the muscles from giving the correct answers, though it prevented all sound. I now said "Nathan, I think you are getting nervous,"—at the same time forcibly extending his leg under the table, and placing it in a position where I thought it would give us no further trouble. This was done in the middle of a sentence half spelled out; the sentence could not be finished. The raps of our invisible friends were at once transferred to the table, but as thick and confused, as if their language had just been confounded, like that of the builders of Babel. What this meant, I could not divine. I did not even surmise that I had done the mischief. The medium now wished to be excused, and went out to weep as I afterwards learned. When he returned, he took the position I had fixed for him; still we could get nothing of interest. We therefore soon broke up, and I left town. During my absence he told the family, that if he had been pounded an hour he should not have suffered more than he had during the forenoon, at the same time stating that two men could not have drawn harder, than some invisible power did draw upon his leg, to bring it back to its former position, for the purpose, as he believed, of using his foot; that, at times so strong was the force used, that it seemed to him they would certainly break it, etc. He said that his weeping was caused by our thinking, as he believed, that he was practicing deception.

Well, we formed another circle, with very little inclination to interfere. The whole limb was quickly charged, as it seemed, by having all the vital magnetism thrown upon the surface. So sensitive was the skin, that neither he, nor any one else could touch it, however lightly, without giving him the most excruciating pain. In other respects, it had no sensation. He knew not its position—whether extended or flexed. In short, if nothing hit it, he knew not that he had a leg. The rest of his limbs and body were, in all respects, natural. That limb he could not move, while the spirit-friends had posses-

sion of it. They generally released it with a slight shock, whenever they had done communicating for that time. Frequently they would thus release him, when persons were approaching with whom they had no fellowship. Sometimes, too, when skeptical or low persons came into an adjoining room on business, our friends would use that limb with usual force apparently, without producing the least sound.

I will now remark that for several years we had, as a family, spent our evenings together; reading and conversing upon subjects contained in the most interesting books we could find. These books were generally of a religious or spiritual cast—such as “The Great Teacher,” “Madame Guyon,” “Interior Life,” and A. J. Davis; together with the more modern books and papers now so common on Spiritualism. My children seldom desired any religious meeting except what they found at home; and they never wished to spend their evenings abroad. To find that two sons, two sisters, (all I ever had) an only brother, both my parents, with a choice circle of the most endeared friends we had ever known on earth, were in our very midst, enjoying our visits as we theirs, in the highest degree,—giving, and just as gladly receiving instruction—I say, that to find we were surrounded by such a company, who have actually given us their names to the amount of more than twenty, with the request that they may be still enrolled as *our family*, imparted to us a joy that was “unspeakable and full of glory.”

My son last deceased, who was almost always near us, was, up to this time, generally the first to call on, and the first to answer. He arranged the circle, by giving directions where each member had better sit; and to him we often appealed in case of doubtful answers. We had about three short sittings daily among ourselves, for the first few weeks; and they were, on the whole, interesting and instructive. It became more and more evident, however, that our strong determination from the commencement, to have good and lofty communications or none, had terribly aroused the opposition of some spirits, now gone from earth, whom we had known while in the body, and from some of whom we had expected better

things ; while from others, we had also known in the body, we had no reason to hope for things better than we received. Our minds were fixed, however, and in this we were cordially joined by all our truth-loving friends.

I gave the public to understand distinctly that my house was not a theater, and that none were welcome but such as sought truth for the sole object of practicing it ; that for the idle and curious, we had no room ; that it was not outward manifestations, but *instruction* we sought.

We did not consider honest skepticism as objectionable, but sincerity with a candid enquiring mind we held to be indispensable, so that with one or two exceptions, we never held or tried to hold converse with our invisible friends before a mixed company that would occasionally rush in upon us.

For the purpose of furthering our intentions in this respect, we seldom admitted any to our sittings, till we had thoroughly probed them as to their motives ; and if we found them unsatisfactory, they were not admitted. In such rejection, as I said, we were strongly seconded by our spirit-friends. They would even inform us of those who were coming ; and sometimes give the names, before their arrival, of those to whom they felt particularly opposed. They would state to us their motives, and advise us not to admit them. They went so far as to name nearly all the individuals for five miles around us, who would be likely to be interested. They told us who would do us good, who would be an injury, and who would do neither good nor hurt. We have since had abundant proof, that they read character very correctly. One lady walked seven miles to attend one of our sittings, and was not permitted to come even into an adjoining room. The reasons which our Guardians assigned, were, that like attracts like, as surely as like begets like ; and that their circle would be even more affected than ours, by the spirits that she brought with her :—that if such persons were admitted, we must expect our correspondence to be more or less false and contradictory. It soon became evident, that our rigid rules had kindled somewhat the wrath of men, and that of devils more. We learned that we had lying spirits, out of the body to

encounter, as well as in. Indeed, we could much easier control the outer circle, than our spirit friends could the *inner*. The faithful, of the last named, were not sufficiently advanced, and had not the requisite strength to come out boldly, at the time, and inform us who were endeavoring to deceive us, without exciting the wrath of their opposers, and bringing suffering on themselves, as they would inform us at the first favorable opportunity, in the absence of our tormentors. Lying spirits would dictate most positively, that they were my son, though they could neither give his signal, nor imitate his raps. And when requested to spell out their names, they would spell out some name we had known on earth, as foreign as possible from the one they had just avowed as their true one. Most of our sittings however, were still pretty clear of trouble, though at times, evil spirits would for a greater or less period, possess the medium. At such times he would jerk his hands away from the circle with which he was connected, on either side; and if they attempted to join it again, by taking his hands, his countenance would exhibit the most determined indignation; and he would sometimes strike with great violence. Our good friends would, however, soon get possession of him, when he would become as gentle as a lamb; and our communications would again proceed with great interest.

About four weeks from the commencement of our Spiritual intercourse, the spirits began to put the Medium to sleep, and he became clairvoyant at their first attempt. No human being had ever tried to mesmerize or psychologize him before or since. At these times he would shake hands with the invisibles, describe their appearance, etc. This done a few times, they then sunk him as they informed us, far below the clairvoyant condition, and then used his organs of speech without his consciousness even at the time. They would sing most beautifully in male and female voices, as the spirit using his vocal organs might be; they would whistle and converse with fluency and freedom, and in almost the identical sounds and voices, they were known to possess on earth. So perfect was the imitation, that frequently some of the company who were skeptical when they came, would melt

like wax, and become tearful at the first salutation of some departed friend, of whom the Medium could not possibly know anything, as they were fully aware. One would exclaim, that is the whistle of the old gentleman, my grandfather, in his second childhood ;—another, that is the voice of my husband ; and still another, that is the beat of my brother,—no man could imitate him, as chorister, etc., etc. The Medium was not a singer. The spirit-friends, however, sung with his organs, and beat the time most perfectly with his foot, at the same time. Sometimes a single stanza was sung in the fine, musical treble of a female ;—the next in the grum, heavy bass of a male.

As our sittings increased in interest, the opposition became more manifest. But to render the narrative the more intelligible, I will here introduce three prominent actors from the Spirit World. Two of them were well known to us on earth. The first was named Joshua. The second, from a regard to surviving friends, I will call Jane. Joshua was as savage a brute, as perhaps ever inhabited a human skin. His wife has told me, that she seldom heard him speak a pleasant word to any of his half dozen children ; that he seldom took one upon his lap, or manifested towards them the least paternal feeling.—He broke a tumbler in the face of his excellent wife, because she refused to drink rum with him ; and when she fled to the house of a brother a little distance, with a bleeding face, he followed, made a pass at the brother with a large butcher knife, which he carried with him, with intent to kill ; and in consequence, was sent to the State Prison for several years. He possessed a powerful frame, and was capable of great endurance. He was very pious when drunk,—at which times, it was not uncommon for him to take his Bible, read to his surrounding associates, and expound as he went along. This done, he would fall upon his knees, mumble over a drunken prayer ; and more than once has he fallen upon his face in the midst of it, and been unable to rise.

Jane, let me say, was a respectable and intelligent lady, connected at one time, with the Congregational church. She afterwards became attached to a class of Spiritualists, much in advance of the church, was strong-

ly opposed by her affianced lover—dismissed him and finally married a Spiritualist, much below herself, and soon after died of a fever.

The third person was a man of stern integrity, and of an iron constitution. He left the body about thirteen years since, without sickness, at the age of ninety-four. He walked, in company with several of his grandchildren, to the top of Mount Tom, as sprightly as any of them at the age of 81—was chorister and deacon of a Congregationalist church in Manchester, Ct., for a long series of years,—though he informs us that he was in the day of judgment, during the four last years of his earthly life, during which period, he got rid of much of his Presbyterianism; and the remainder was disposed of soon after. The sequel will show, that he is as powerful a *Spirit* as he was *man*; and what is better, it is most evident that he is a descendant of Him who is styled “The Faithful and True Witness.” He was most conscientiously truthful on earth, as his friends inform me; and this has appeared to us to be most emphatically his characteristic still. At any rate, he has, by the unanimous desire of our circle, led the campaign against the “Rebels” to the end of the war, as things now appear.—His raps were so powerful, and his voice so heavy and clear, that in a tightly closed room, we think no person could well pass the house, on a walk or slow ride in the highway, without hearing him distinctly. He first appeared among us on the 11th of April, and we addressed him as an old gentleman. He replied, you may call me an *old friend*, for such I am; (there being a number of his grandchildren present) but I am not an *old* gentleman. I am *as young* as any of you. I am full of life and vigor. Moral quality alone, determines the age in our world. Jane looks old, dark and haggard.

CHAPTER II.

Previous to Friend Bryant's coming, the opposition had been steadily increasing from week to week, so that now, we could get but little pleasant and profitable

conversation with the friends weloved so well, before, the Medium would suddenly jerk his hands away from the persons with whom he was joined, on either side—look as surly and hateful, as if he was possessed of “Mary Magdalen’s Seven”—lie down and grate his teeth, as Joshua was well known to do while on earth when in a rage, and resist all importunity or attempts to join the circle. And if we got any further communications, they were more likely to be false than true. But the afternoon that Friend Bryant was first with us, all went on pleasantly, and his gray-headed son, of some sixty five years of age, was as he said, fully converted. We had had, however, previously to this, several hard struggles with the Medium; and at the commencement of the evening sitting, our new friend, in anticipation of what was coming, forewarned us not to break the circle, for by so doing, we should deliver the medium over to the enemy. As our faithful spirit friends had received quite an additional force to their number, it became quite evident that the enemy (Jane and Joshua) had spent the interim between the sittings, in search of reinforcements, so that, at the very opening of the evening visit, a fierce and unrelenting war was declared; and from a little after sunset, until near ten o’clock, it required the whole strength of five persons to hold the Medium. He literally raved like a devil in chains. About this time, our good friends got possession of him—gave him a few minutes quiet sleep, and then restored him to his normal condition. He soon started for bed, when Jane seized him by the foot, which was held back as he was walking, and he could not bring it forward. He declared he could feel the pinch of her thumb and finger, as distinctly as if she still possessed mortal hands. Indeed, his foot was apparently spiked to the floor. Friend Bryant instantly threw him into a magnetic sleep, and laid him gently upon the floor. The outer circle had all dispersed during his release, and but three adults of the family remained with the Medium. I now said “Friend Bryant, shall we continue to have our sittings, if we must have such confusion as this?” Most promptly and boldly he replied, through the organs of the Medium, “You must have them the oftener on that account. Your Medium is

nearly passive, having no particular affinity for goodness ; and, of course, evil spirits have as ready access to him, as *good* ones, and the former are determined to possess him, and through him pour their devilish influence upon the world. But if he continues to lean towards goodness, as the bias of his will now is, he will become a chosen vessel of Christ, through whom a vast amount of blessings may flow upon mankind. We will do what we can to impress him with righteousness ; but we are not commissioned to control any one's will. You have nothing to fear—not a hair of his head shall be hurt."

"Will it not injure his health?" I enquired. "It may a little, but we can easily restore it, if it does. Go boldly on, then, with your sittings ; for if you wait a year, the struggle must come ; and the blessings that will follow, will be in proportion to its severity." Then with emphasis, he added—" *I will never leave you while my presence is needed.*" "There are," he continued, "false and lying spirits, who are as much opposed to the present opening and union of Heaven and Earth, as the church itself ; and they are determined to throw doubt and distrust, in every possible way, unless they can have the entire control of it. I can speak," said he, "in spite of all devils, whenever wisdom dictates."

He now gave us the names of our opposers—stated that Jane was the leader of the van, and had called Joshua to her assistance. I said, is it possible that Jane has become the companion of Joshua? She is the companion of all devils, said he. But we consider her a Christian, we replied. There is no Christianity about her, said he. My oldest daughter then asked—Did she never seek goodness? She never sought goodness, for its own sake—she sought it only for selfish ends, he responded.

I will now give you a secret, said he. Nathan, alone, is not a perfect Medium. This is why when you are alone with him, your communications are not free and full. E., your housekeeper, bears the same relation to Nathan, that the buttons of a battery bear to each other. She is negative while he is positive. Whenever you sit for the rappings, E. should put her left hand upon his right knee. You will then see the attraction between them, like that

existing between the Needle and Magnet. In that position we can charge his limb in an instant,—or put him to sleep, as the case may be. His right hand will be drawn on to hers in spite of himself. She is so negative, and the constitutional relation between them is such, that she will absorb his life (the positive force) in a moment.

A number of things which we had witnessed, now began to “Show cause,” as the lawyers say. We saw why our good friends had always placed her next to him in the circle, and why the circle must not be broken; especially between those two:—why Jane, too, had always opposed their being together, and endeavored to arrange the circle very differently. And a few times we had allowed her to do so, while we considered her a friend. Her arrangement, however, was ever followed with confusion. We saw how it was, that while with clenched fist, he would strike any other person in the room with force sufficient to break them down; yet, with apparently equal force, he would strike E. directly in the face, without hurting her in the least. I say all this ceased to be a wonder. At this very moment he was angrily trying to scratch E’s hand. She held her hand perfectly still, while his nails slid over the skin, as if it had been made of glass. I cautiously offered him my own hand, when I found his nails would tear the skin like a hatchel.

I now remarked to E., just notice how all power is extracted from the ends of his fingers, as soon as they come in contact with your hand; and this is why he never harmed me, said she, when striking such heavy blows in my face, which, till now, has been to me a great mystery. At this instant, he was about to strike—Place your hand upon the shoulder, and palsy the whole arm, I quickly replied. She did so and his arm fell as quick as if it had been severed at the shoulder. I now remarked, there is a spot somewhere, if we knew where to find it, that would palsy the whole frame. Is it not so, friend Bryant? Yes. Will you tell us where to find it? He at once carried the hand of the medium to the pit of his own stomach. Ah! yes I said, that is the seat of life. Shall E., put her hand there? Yes. And the other I added, on the organ of motion. This done—he was instantly as dead as he ever will be, as far as the use

of any voluntary muscles is concerned. He could not stir a finger—move an eyelid, or make a sound. I was indeed filled with amazement. The man who, but a little ago, had successfully resisted the combined strength of four men, was not only slain, but the very devils that possessed him, were rendered powerless, by the mere touch of a pale faced female. Joshua and Jane were so completely nonplussed by the shrewdness and skill of our new Commander, that they quickly beat a retreat, and left the entire field to his possession. The victor, as at other times, now gave the medium a little refreshing sleep—ordered E's hand off his stomach, and instantly restored him to his normal condition. Of what had transpired, the medium, of course, knew nothing—so completely did that touch paralyze, not only his own energies, but it rendered him wholly dead, to all appearance, to the action of all spirit friends, except friend Bryant. He could still rap through his foot lightly, or speak through his organs, but only in a whisper, and with the utmost effort. For some eight or ten sittings, no one, of some thirty faithful spirit friends, or their opposers either, could use him in any way, with the above exception.

CHAPTER III.

The next day in the presence of the medium, I was remarking to some friends, upon the singular connection that existed between N. and E., when the former, gazing at me in astonishment, declared that he *could not believe that*. Accordingly, at my request, she placed her hand on his knee when he leaped upon it with the quickness of thought. Ah! but what is *that*? I inquired. I don't know sir, but I know I *can* keep it off. Yes, I rejoined, but you cannot *take it off*. He wrung and twisted every muscle of the arm, but he had no more power to stir his hand, than if it had been fastened there by a thousand spikes. She now raised her hand from his knee, when he was again at liberty. He now clenched his fingers firmly in the opposite armhole of his vest, when E. again touched his knee. The hand was

wrenched from its strong hold with such force, and drawn by that fleshy magnet, with a constantly increasing velocity, through a space of some eighteen inches, so that when the hands met, it well nigh blistered them both. E. declared that she would never touch him again, when their hands were at so great a distance. Strong men have endeavored to lift his hand from hers, but, the whole arm would slide along her hand, as far as the elbow, always remaining in contact, when both hands, leg and all, would rise; and we believe that either of their bodies might have been lifted from the floor by the hand of the other. Any way, great force has been used by many persons, but the attraction was never overcome.

All this time her own hand was subject to her will. She could raise it from his limb with perfect ease, when his hand had no more affinity for hers, than for that of any other person. The same relation existed, whether he was magnetized by spirits, or about his business. The leg, however, was evidently the connecting medium.

Well, N. gave up. He was compelled to acknowledge, that he was under, what is vulgarly phrased, "petticoat government," sure enough. I was now prepared to state to him another fact, namely, that E. could throw him by the most gentle touch of her hand on the pit of his stomach. He stared a moment in astonishment, and then bade her a stern defiance. She touched him thus, and he fell as quickly, and apparently as lifeless, as ever a beef fell at the hands of a butcher. Let no reader doubt my statements hitherto, or hereafter; for any amount of evidence will testify to all the most important facts. Such a revelation, from such a source, confirmed by experience the most ample, so completely overwhelmed the "Opposition," that in imitation of Milton's Angels, "who departed to the North for consultations, and the invention of their devilish engines," Joshua and Jane evidently departed for some three days for the same object—all *Hell seemed stirred and summoned*, when we may suppose the Arch Fiend thus addressed the assembly: Joshua and Jane, my liege subjects, have been doing battle in the nether earth and have been most ingloriously foiled by the hand of a female. Our

honor is likely to be tarnished, if this foul blot is not wiped out by some heroic deed, that shall overmatch the subtlety of that deacon, who, since he broke the entire Presbyterian harness, for himself, without loosening a buckle, seems determined to break the crust between Heaven and Earth, and set his brethren free also. It is self-evident that if that old fellow can use the medium, power enough from any other source, *can use him*. I want, therefore, all loyal subjects, that can be spared from other duties, to arm themselves and go against him; and if you cannot use his gun in your own service, spike it,—i. e. kill the medium. In sober truth if such were not their orders, such verily has been their conduct, as we shall show.

I will now drop particulars in minute detail, and state only the more general and appalling scenes which for several weeks, we daily witnessed—scenes which made the stoutest hearts among us quail, while some of our strongest nerved men, with their wives and families, left the circle and the house, to which they could not be induced to return, till the victory was mainly won. We have seen the Medium evidently possessed by Irishmen and Dutchmen of the lowest grade—heard him repeat Joshua's drunken prayers, exactly like the original—imitate his drunkenness in word and deed—try to repeat or rather act over his most brutal deeds (from which for decency's sake, he was instantly restrained by extraordinary exertion and severe rebuke)—snap and grate his teeth most furiously, strike and swear, while his eyes flashed like the fires of an orthodox perdition. We have heard him hiss, and seen him writhe his body like the serpent when crawling, and dart out his tongue and play it exactly like that reptile. These exhibitions were intermingled with the most wrangling and horrible convulsions.

Joshua has literally knocked him down before our eyes, apparently as with a stroke of his fist upon the pit of his stomach, as many as six or eight times, when he was about his ordinary business. In these instances he would sometimes fall upon his face, and sometimes upon his back,—always perfectly stiff and straight, without the movement of a muscle. At the instant he fell, he

always uttered a death-groan, as if the breath had suddenly been driven from his body. He would fall in an unconscious state, and remain a long time without breathing. It appeared that the respiratory muscles were forever palsied by the stroke, and such I believe would have been the fact, in spite of all *earthly* aid. But our good friends, with friend Bryant at their head, seemed ever near, and would dart upon him with the quickness of lightning,—and by the time his face or head was within eighteen inches of the floor, they would have hold of him, buoy him up, and lay him as easily down, as ever a mother laid an infant into the cradle. He was never bruised in the slightest degree, that we have known, from his falls. We have known these devils compel him to kick his charged limb with the other foot, and strike it also with the other hand, which was not 'confined by E.'s touch, as before stated. Yea, more—it required the most constant vigilance to prevent him from doing this when obsessed by these evil spirits, as he was almost daily, for hours together, during a period of many weeks. These blows were, to that limb, like savage torture. A single stroke of his hand would leave its entire print of dark-settled blood for many days; and whether asleep or awake his groans indicated the severest suffering. Our good friends would immediately magnetize the Medium with E.'s hand, and so remove the pain and soreness, though the print would remain as we have said. We have seen him knocked off the sofa when everything was going on quietly and pleasantly, by some spirit who had come into the room with some low, unbidden person, who had chanced to come among us, in spite of our precautions in that respect. We have seen our spirit friends take him from the floor, when lying at his full length, and place him in a moment on the sofa, from fifteen to twenty-five times. We have seen them take him up and carry him feet foremost, and lay him on the table. In these instances, they generally induced an involuntary spasmodic action of the muscles of his limbs, which assisted the movement. To guard him from injury from his own hand or foot, our friends ordered E. to sit on one end of the sofa, and my oldest daughter on the other. They then placed his head in the lap of the former,

where she could easily keep her hand on his stomach, while the latter, who was also negative to him, would hold his loose hand, and guard his charged limb, which she too could handle at this time (though she could not at first) without hurting him.

I will describe but one scene more and that must suffice for the present. This occurred on Sabbath afternoon, about the last of April. At this time the Medium was obsessed with more malignity and power than usual, through the ability of both good and evil spirits to use his organs of speech, and in some degree his entire body, had been steadily on the increase since the third day after E. was advised to place her hand upon his stomach. At this time, during one of his paroxysms, he sprang from the sofa, twirled round to the opposite side of E., so that her arm was twisted into a very painful position and must have resulted in the removal of her fingers from the pit of his stomach, had they not been completely soldered there by some spiritual force. He then sprang off—passing rapidly through the room where we were sitting, through the dining room and entry, thence into the front parlor, when it became evident that an intended leap would carry him through the closed window, closely-fastened blinds and all. At this juncture, I earnestly called on the men who had closely pursued him, to interfere without gloves, and they did so. It was plain that he was very much exhausted, and the “Legion” that was in him at the time they seized him, though for a while he fought like a tiger; he was finally overcome, and carried forcibly back to the sofa he had so unceremoniously left.

During all this time E.’s hand did not move a hair’s breadth from its position; it was bound there, absolutely beyond her control,—a fact which presented a new phase to the mysterious union. It is my opinion that had he leaped through the window without her following him, he would have hung dangling in the open air—suspended by an unseen cord, fastened by the mere touch of her hand at the pit of the stomach.

I said he was returned to the sofa. Now came the most forbidding scene of all—a scene that none would be desirous of witnessing a second time. The devils stung

to madness by being foiled in that most desperate attempt to separate E. and N., were now bent on taking his life. We had seen them try to strangle him before and with considerable prospect of success too; and through him, we had seen them try to choke and strangle others. But at this time they literally crushed in his chest, as though a mighty millstone had fallen upon him. The lungs, for once, endeavored to expand, and the chest to heave but this was quickly over, all motion ceased—His eyeballs rolled up in their sockets—lost all earthly luster, and became fixed as in death. He remained so long in this position that all in the room, except E. and myself, thought he was “done for this world.” A number left the room, while the breath of those who remained, seemed wholly suspended. The spirits ordered alcohol to be got, and poured upon his stomach, which was done, more as it appeared to the writer for the purpose of quieting some members of the circle, than for any good they expected from it. It was truly an awful sight to witness the victim of contending angels, knowing, as we did, that his very vitals were nothing less than the battlefield for Heaven’s protecting Hosts, on the one hand, seeking his and our good, and Devils damned, on the other, thirsting for the blood of us all. And yet we are gravely told by many spirits, with Mr Davis at their head, *that there is no discord among spirits!* We shall refer to this point hereafter and we therefore leave for the present.

I have intimated of E. and myself that our confidence remained unshaken. We firmly believed that “God’s well appointed angels” had not been commissioned to undertake what they were not competent to carry through; and thus we possessed our souls in patience. I should have stated perhaps, that as soon as the medium was secured in the other room, it became evident that friend Bryant had left us; this gave me no uneasiness. I knew very well he could measure his own strength, and that of those who were with him, as well as that of the enemy; and that if he had gone, he had gone for help. He was back in a moment with two additional spirit friends, nearly as strong as himself, as he informed us. This they soon confirmed by their own signals—more loud and clear than any of our other spirit friends could

give, except friend Bryant. They got possession of the Medium in six or eight minutes from the time his chest was first crushed in, as near as we could judge—during all of which time, he differed nothing in appearance from one dead. They then magnetized his chest most thoroughly, through E.'s hand, let him sleep awhile, and, then awoke him—after a struggle of seven hours—as well as usual, except that he felt, as he said, rather fatigued. I may here add that this was by no means the first time our guardian friends were under the necessity of going for more help. On one occasion, when the Medium had been knocked down as before described, and was lying senseless on the floor, when friend Bryant arrived with his "Recruits," by request they tossed him up on the sofa as quickly, and apparently with as much ease, as a man would a cushion; and he fell about as lightly.

We have heard these evil spirits lie a score of times, as fast as they could speak. We have heard them contradict every word that was said, which had any bearing upon truth,—besides assuming false names, etc., etc. Friend Bryant has often told us, that if he, and his associates in goodness should deliver N. over to his tormentors, during his worst seasons of obsession, these demons would, in all probability, permanently possess him, like the man "who dwelt among the tombs." He has told us, what had every appearance of truth, that aside from the restraining influence of angelic agency, operating mostly through E.'s hand, neither cords nor chains, nor an army of men could have bound him a moment. If we had ever been skeptical before, after what we have witnessed, we shall never doubt again the Bible statement, that an obsessed man in "olden time, who was well acquainted with Christ and Paul, but who possessed but little respect for the seven sons of one Scava, a Jew, so he leaped upon them, and before they could make their escape from the house, he overcame the whole of them, stripped them of their entire clothing, and tore their flesh, so that "they fled out of the house, naked and wounded." They were indeed in harmony it seems, but the reader may judge whether it was that of unchangeable love."

Joshua after this with the assistance he had gathered for several days, so nearly imitated friend Bryant, that in

a few instances we were partially deceived ; and at his (Joshua's) bidding, E. very cautiously raised her hand a little from N.'s stomach, though the deception did not succeed at all, one time in twenty, when it was attempted with the greatest subtlety. In one instance, assuming friend Bryant's name, they induced her to raise her fingers from his stomach, when he knocked him upon the floor quite a distance, and rent him most sorely, till with the assistance of the circle, he was so bound as to enable E. to replace her hand, when our good friends instantly tossed him back into his former place. At the end of the severe struggle before referred to, I asked—Is there no danger of his life ? Friend Bryant answered, “God will never suffer any evil spirit to kill a man while seeking goodness”—(implying as he always did, that if he should set his own will against his faithful friends, he in that case could make no promises.) He then added—if he should not breathe for six hours, still we could retain his spirit and restore him ; though, said he, we shall never let him lie thus long. Said I, shall we ever have another struggle equal to this ? You may have a number, he replied. And on another occasion, in reference to the same subject, he said,—“This is the commencement of the ‘Battle of the Great Day of God Almighty.’ While on the one hand, Heaven’s Hosts are commissioned to train and perfect Mediums and circles in goodness and purity, all over the earth, until they are prepared to receive and transmit any amount of power from the higher spheres, upon this apostate world which God has sacredly pledged to His Son for His ‘inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession ;’ so on the other hand, all wicked men on earth,—with the bigots of the churches, will combine with all the apostate spirits in the lower spheres—‘whose number is as the sand of the sea,’ and who will ‘yet go up on the breadth of the earth and encompass the Camp of the Saints about, and their Beloved City’ of peace and love, when the fire of the formershall descend and consume them.” Again, he added, with great emphasis. “Go forward—you have nothing to fear.”

I will here say, that I have kindly and affectionately requested Jane to leave her present society, and turn back

her affections upon the Saviour she once professed to love, the only reply I received, was a most contemptuous out-rolling of the lower lip and a snarling contradiction of every kind word I uttered. No person could be more unwilling to believe the evidence that has been given in relation to Jane than the writer; she had spent months in his family while on earth, and seemed to take a lively interest in everything that pertained to personal Christianity; our spirit friends have told us that her marriage was her first downward step.

CHAPTER IV.

By this time, methinks, the reader is ready to inquire, **WHAT GOOD HAS ALL THIS EXPERIENCE DONE YOU?** And I reply, that when you have summed up all the items that follow, you will feel with us, that all the trials we have encountered, are not worthy to be compared to the holy love and fellowship we have enjoyed with our dear Spirit-friends. And the volume of instruction they have communicated, we consider of more value than rubies.

I now call the attention of the reader to some further outward and visible manifestations, that have been unfolded to one or more of our external senses, reserving the more Spiritual and important instruction to a subsequent part of this narrative.

On inquiring of our Spirit friends, how Joshua knocked down the Medium?—they answered, that he darted upon him, and generally struck him with his feet in the pit of the stomach; that partly from the force of his body, but more from the positive power discharged from the poles of the feet at the instant of contact, his lungs and heart were palsied, as by an electric stroke from the heavens! I can only add, that as a faithful witness and reporter I have seen nothing to militate against such a statement. During our warfare, Jane has often seized my daughter's foot and pinched it for hours, so that it was quite painful for a long time after the sittings were over. Other members of the circle have also been gently seized by the foot or ankle, when they were about

to leave prematurely, or before our good friends had done with their assistance.

A number of times, members of the circle have heard their names called loud and distinct, as they thought. This has I believe, always occurred when they were asleep; the call, however, would awaken them, and they feel sure that some one had called them. And their Spirit friends also affirmed that they did so, and thus awoke them. At one time, when the Medium was walking through the shed, his hat mysteriously forsook his head; he turned to the left, thinking that some one was concealed in the woodpile, and with a pole had thus removed it. But seeing at a glance, that the coast was clear in that direction, he turned to the right, looked up and saw his cap hanging on a nail about six feet from where it started. At another time it was raised from his head when he was milking, and stood suspended in open air some time while he turned up his face to gaze at it. As soon, however, as he put back his head to attend to his business, the cap descended and settled down as fully on his head as before it was raised. Friend Bryant stated these facts to us first, when the Medium was asleep. As soon as he awoke, we asked him to show us the nail where he found his lost cap. He was surprised that we should know any thing about it; but being pressed he went out and confirmed friend Bryant's story.

On one occasion, while Joshua was possessing the Medium, it appeared evident that the love of rum in the former, was by no means diminished by his transfer to the world of spirits. To test this, I asked him if he would have a glass of brandy? The enticing, even bewitching manner with which he reached forth and waved his hand invitingly towards me, with the sweet-loving motion of his lips surprised me beyond measure; and I replied, perhaps rudely, that if he came here after brandy, he would get nothing but water. His countenance instantly exhibited the most fierce and terrible anger. He grated his teeth furiously, doubled his fist and made a most desperate blow at the pit of my stomach, and exclaimed, "Damn you!" I now inquired, Friend Bryant, is it possible that a man who loves rum in this world carries that love with him into the next?" "Yes, it is certainly true."

But there can be nothing there by which to gratify it, I said, inquiringly? No, not in ours; but you must not forget that our world, and especially with low, wicked spirits, is not far from yours." But you do not mean to say, that such an appetite in a disembodied spirit can be gratified? Ans. I do not know of any *disembodied* spirits; but spirits who have left the rudimental body can gratify a drunken appetite ten times as easy as those in that body." But how can that be? I asked in wonder. "Joshua can enter the body of any drunken brute in human form, and partake of the exhilarating influence of his cups with the greatest ease imaginable; or he can enter any man's cellar and lay his face through the staves of a hogshead of rum, and inhale its fumes until he is intoxicated and literally insane, like a man in *Delirium Tremens*." He stated, too, that spirits were guilty of licentious acts, and that quarreling and licentiousness were as inseparable in their world as in ours. Many of our friends have testified, that they have often witnessed wrangling and contention among *low* spirits, and that strife is known even in the fourth degree from zero upward. Said I, this looks verily like "eating and drinking damnation" to one's self. He continued, When men eat or drink, or do anything else for mere low, sensual pleasure, they invite all debasing spirits to enter and partake with them; while on the other hand, when a man eats and drinks, and performs whatever he does to the glory of God, he invites all good spirits to the banquet, and they receive from him and impart to him influences that are divine and heaven-exalting.

I will vouch for the following which occurred in this immediate neighborhood. My daughter, before introduced, happened to be present, and was the only person in the room at the time. There stood upon the shelf, about six feet from her a small rum-bottle that was occasionally visited by one of the hired workmen of the family. At this time it was about two thirds full. My daughter heard a crack, as of glass followed by a sound like running water. There was not a breath of moving air, or any other moving thing, in the room at the time, (my daughter being still and quiet at the stove.) She saw the liquor wasting in a falling current, and went and

examined the bottle. A piece had fallen from the side of an oblong form two and a half inches in length, and nearly an inch in width. Not the least crack was left in the bottle that remained. The piece was nearly whole when picked up, and probably entirely so when it left the bottle and commenced its three feet and eight inches fall. It must have required a skillful cutter, to have taken out a piece in that form so smoothly. Well, upon inquiry, friend Bryant said, "I did it." For what object? I inquired. "Spirit is injuring that man," he replied.

I am not a Medium, (except for mental inspirations,) they tell me; and therefore they cannot approach me, so as to affect me physically in my waking state. But when I begin to drowse, my mind loses its activity, and then they can reach me without a Medium. In accordance with this saying, I may state, that I have received shocks at different times which instantly cured the ague in the face that had continued for several days. The first shock reduced and entirely removed the swelling of the cheek and cured the Tic Doreux with which I had suffered constantly for three days. This has been done for me with the quickness of lightning, three several times at distant intervals. A heavy rapping on my headboard has awaked me several times when I was in a nightmare. A sliding of the candlestick, on a shelf near my bed, has also awakened me when my little girl was sick and needed attention. These things were done by my son last deceased, and John who was a schoolmate of his while on earth.

A very interesting young man of our circle was dreaming that the house was on fire. His room was filled with flying firebrands and falling timber, and he was screaming at the top of his voice, as he supposed, when a heavy pressure upon his forehead awoke him. He was not a full believer in spiritual presence, and yet he knew some one had touched him. Upon inquiry, my son said that he awoke him. Did you press his forehead? "Yes." Did you put your hand upon it? "No." I should like to know, then, how you did it? I said. "I put my foot on it," said he. Why! that's queer, to put your foot in a man's face, I added. "Father," said he, "my feet are as clean as my hands, and I could make the greater

pressure with the former, and so be the more sure of awaking him, and of relieving him from his distress." This reply was quite satisfactory, and we paused to admire the kindness of angels, and the God who thus inspired them with it.

I will now relate a few more incidents, to show whether any equivalent has been rendered men for their sacrifice of time in attending to these "silly sittings," as they are sometimes called. When N., the Medium, was cutting pea-bushes, last spring, with a hatchet in one hand firmly clenched, and holding the bush with the other above where he was striking, the hatchet hit a small limb overhead, which so turned the blow that the hatchet was falling directly upon his hand. Quicker than light it was jerked from him, and thrown into the middle of the road. So sudden was the jerk, and so firmly was it held, (for it was a straight handle without a bulb at the end, and he was striking with all his might) that it strained his stomach, which had been injured a few days previous. This fact was first told us by friend Bryant at our evening sitting; who said that he threw it about a rod. The Medium judged it was thrown twenty feet. They now mesmerized his stomach, and cured it again.

A Mr. Searl, one of the most interesting and intelligent members of our circle, was hewing a plank over his head. The end of the helve hit something, and he lost control of the axe, which was falling edge-first directly upon his head. When within six inches of his skull, which it seemed inevitably destined to open, the edge was turned away and forced off so that it fell without injury. He was nearly overwhelmed by emotion, when he realized that an invisible power, had, unsought, come to his rescue. Knowing what he did about the matter, he could come to no other conclusion. He was two and a half miles from where our circle met, and the same distance from the Mediums connected with it. He concluded that it must have been done by his grandfather Bryant, so often referred to, and whom he knew to be often with him and his family—the only spirit in the inner circle, as he thought, competent to the emergency. On inquiry, however, his son (some twenty years dead)

affirmed that *he* did it. He stated also, that the falling edge was within six inches of his head when he discovered it. Also that he was twenty feet from his father at the time, and he feared he should not be in season to save him.

This man was once an active member of the Congregational church in this place, was rejected because he believed that God's love would finally gather all the human family into his kingdom. He afterwards became for more than fifteen years a constant reader of the "*Boston Investigator*," and considered the Bible as little better than a fable, and at times disbelieved in a future existence; he was, however, a diligent student of Nature's Great Book, and in it, he distinctly read as he believed, of Nature's mighty God, about whom he ever seemed delighted to converse. No young convert whether real or imaginary, ever experienced more joyous weeks and months than did Mr. Searl, after he found beyond mistake, that the dear departed loved ones, of his youth as well as of his riper years, were literally swarming around him, and distilling the very dews of heaven into his hitherto thirsty spirit. He realized that the good old Bible, though it might bear upon its pages the impress of dirty human fingers, was a storehouse of wisdom and knowledge. When he asked Friend Bryant what he should do to ripen still faster, he was answered: "Read your Bible more and I will impress you with its truths." When this friend, greatly endeared to our circle, was in a few months more, laid upon his death-bed, he presented a spectacle the most calm and beautiful that ever fell to the writer to witness. Two or three days before he left, he stated that there was a cloud over his mental vision, and most devoutly cried, "My Father stand by me," "My Father stand by me" a few hours later he exclaimed, "I have conquered," I have conquered, the cloud is dissipated, my way is open and clear"—still later, in answer to a question he said, "I see the spiritual world opened and I long to be there; he soon was there, and his spiritual affinities carried him to a home 13,000 miles from the earth, as he informs us, almost to the center of the fourth circle, as seen by the diagram, a distance up the scale of moral purity that the

"Fathers" of the church (who have mourned over him as lost these twenty years) will not reach in fourscore years in their present plodding groveling course. His favorite hymn which was often sung by the circle contained these lines.

Shall join the disembodied saints
And find its long sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.

The first evening after his change he was present and the hymn was sung for his sake; at the close of the above verse I enquired with much feeling—"Friend Jesse, have you found that *rest*?" I can give his answer, but the heavenly inspiration that came with it can only be imagined by the reader; that soft yet most emphatic *yes* as it struck the writer's ear thrilled every fiber of his spirit as though a seraph's hand had swept its life-strings. A little after he said "Jane should not feel that she is a lonely forsaken widow. *Don't weep*, I want you to feel that I am with you as much as I ever was and even more."

I asked him if he felt anxiety for his family? He replied, "No," I have too much confidence in God to feel anxiety. He will supply all their wants, I am interested, however, in all their interest. The writer has often heard ministers spread their wings for the highest possible flight of imagination, in their attempts to estimate the *worth* of a soul; will they honestly do so over this case, and then multiply the result by at least twenty-seven hundred and give the product to the credit of Spiritualism.

In March, 1853, my best cow was very sick, her horns felt like icicles, though I was sure it was not horn-distemper. I ordered her some medicine two or three times, while I frankly confessed I did not know what ailed her. For three days she had taken neither food or drink, her breath every hour became more labored, till near night on the fourth day, I visited her, found the eye-balls greatly protruded and glassy, her breath extremely labored, indicating the greatest distress. I said to my son that she could not live over a couple of hours, but we can cheerfully trust her where we have ourselves, in the hands of our Heavenly Father. My son replied that perhaps Albert would tell us what ailed her, and what to do for her. I answered, he may, though you know

that since I got off my narrative to the printer there has seemed but little inclination on either side to communicate; we have been having a respite which my own health greatly needed. I now left the stable intending to visit it no more. I had not got over ten feet from it before I was impressed what ailed the cow, and what to do for her. I stepped into the house and said to the family, "the cow has got the croup" whether the name is known to farriers I know not, "but it is to all intents the croup and nothing else." I at once prepared a bottle of medicine of the most irritating articles that I could find, that were not absolutely corrosive, and it was poured down her, she coughed three times and brought out over four feet of false membrane that had formed in the trachea (windpipe) that averaged more than an inch in width and was streaked and thickly dotted with blood the whole length. One piece was over two feet in length, another about thirteen inches, and several smaller ones; seventy-five per cent. of the difficult respiration was now relieved. In the morning I threw some of the same preparation up her nostrils with a syringe, with similar results. A head of thick heavy membrane nearly as large as a hen's egg, that evidently sat upon the first bronchial branch with three long and distinct membranes that run down as many different bronchial tubes, were now discharged. One of the last named strings drew off another head from a still lower branch of the lungs, when the cow appeared well, and has ever since, she took food and drink the same day. I have named these things not so much for their intrinsic worth as to convince the foolish mammonist that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that *now is* as well as that which is to come."

I have an aqueduct that supplies nine dwellings in my neighborhood. My son had almost the exclusive care of it, before his departure. There was a little failure, and I remarked, when conversing with him, that I missed him more in relation to the water than in any other earthly thing. "Why?" said he, "I can take care of the aqueduct altogether easier than when I was in the body. I can now see the logs and pipe all of the way." Do you see any trouble now? "Yes, at the spring." I

sent a man immediately to the spring and sure enough, the water had broken through the embankment, and was wasting in a stream like a man's arm. He has since rendered us equally important service. I now asked him if he could see through the earth? "No." Can you see to the center? "Yes." This I thought was probably true; for (though I had never thought of it before) I concluded, that neither Electricity nor Magnetism could radiate in straight lines beyond the center.

A few weeks since, I was on the coast with my family, about two hundred miles from home. I inquired, every evening about the patients I had left. I found on my return, that every answer had been correct; though some of them had been very different from what I had reason to anticipate. I sent a letter to a female friend, some dozen miles. As it was about to be sent to the post office, E. remarked that she feared it would excite unpleasant feelings in a certain family, where the lady to whom it was addressed would be likely to read it. She then added, that perhaps friend Bryant, or Lavinia, will take care of it. The letter was received, and read in one or two of the neighboring families. The lady then read it to her husband, as he was about taking his breakfast. She then put it into the pocket of the dress she had on, while standing at the table sipping a cup of coffee. This done, she was going immediately to read it to the objectionable family. But when she thrust her hand into her pocket for the letter, alas! it was not to be found. She knew, as she affirms, that she positively had not set down, nor left the room, since she put the letter into her pocket, and that the intervening time could not possibly have been over five minutes. She became suspicious through impressions, that some invisible hands had played the thief, but thought it improbable that they could have carried it out of the room. She therefore commenced her search, which she says she did not give over till sunset. She ransacked every cupboard, every drawer, and all the articles in them; but all to no purpose. Being at our house, several weeks after, we inquired if any of our spirit friends knew aught of that letter. Friend Bryant replied, "I took that letter from your pocket while you were standing near the table." But, I asked, how came

you to know anything about that letter? "I heard E. say that perhaps Lavinia, or I, would see to it. So about the time I thought she would receive it, I was on hand." But why did you take it from her? "Because I knew she had read it to just persons enough." Will you tell me where it is? said the lady. "Not at present." Shall I ever find it? she asked. "I think you will." A few weeks, still later, the same lady was with us again and stated, that she had found the letter in the drawer of a candlestand, in a small and remote chamber. We now inquired—Friend Bryant, did you put that letter there? "Yes." But, supposing, I said, she had gone to that drawer in search of the letter? "I could have covered her sight, so that she would have seen the drawer empty, or I could have taken it out before her eyes, and she would not have known it." But why did you carry it so far? "I knew it was a drawer she did not often go to. Besides, what is the distance of 80 feet, to a spirit who can travel as many miles in a second."

A mother came privately to our house, whose husband had died of consumption, and requested us to ask the spirits to examine her daughter of more than twenty years of age, who had had a bad cough for many weeks. Neither we nor the mother had given the least hint to said daughter. She was present, however, as a friend and spectator a few evenings after, and while sitting at a distance from any one, she suddenly exclaimed who is pressing my side? She looked around and found no person near her, but still she insisted that a hand was on her side and pressing it so as to give her pain. We at once asked if any one of our spirit friends was doing that? "Yes," said a female voice, "we are examining her chest and were pressing her side to ascertain how tender it was." Do you see her lungs? "Yes." How do they appear? "There are dark red spots in them." Is she in danger? "We prefer not to say anything more about her disease." Because she is nervous? "Yes." They then advised her about her work, directed medicine for her and she was soon well.

Several instances similar in direction and results have occurred under the superintendence of our spirit friends. We have had nearly every variety of manifestations so

common about the country, and over the world. Such as hanging up curtains—swinging of whips, and much heavier bodies that were suspended. A filled three gallon jug was drawn around the study floor one night, and a large armed writing chair also. My son took a camphor bottle and tried, as he said to write his name with it on the counter. These sounds, made in the night, roared like thunder! They took a tin trunk, (weighing thirty-six pounds) that stood under a table on the floor—drew it out and put it into a chair. I inquired how did you do that my son? Did you lift it by the handle with your hand? No, I put my hands on the sides, near one end, and John (a deceased schoolmate of his) put his in the same way near the other end and so we lifted it." But how did you make your fingers stick? "Just as you make yours stick by the positive force of electricity, which contracts, attracts and so adheres." Could you have lifted it alone? "Yes, but John wanted to help me."

Three of them have written their names with chalk, which they carried through three rooms, two entries and up stairs, in their original hand writing, and with the identical flourish which they were known to make while in the body. This was done without any human hand, and no medium or person was within fifteen feet. We stepped from the parlor into another room; but we soon returned and resumed our sitting, when we found the following message written with chalk. It referred to a low medium who come unbidden to spend two or three days with us. The words were all plain, but the lines were intentionally interlocked so as to make the reading slow and difficult, so that it should not be read off-hand, and thus injure the young man's feelings. It read as follows: "Doctor Gridley—Dear Sir: Please take a little advice from me. Do not have any more sittings while that fellow is here." It was written by friend Bryant with chalk, which he carried twenty feet. He said also that he should have written more and affixed his signature, if we had not returned so soon and interrupted him.

They have taken up the dog (whose weight is sixteen pounds) a number of times evidently without waking him. They once put him on the bed, and nicely put a coverlid over him. They have frequently drawn the

loose clothing from our beds, when in their opinion we had on too much. These would start from near the middle of the body, and slide along pleasantly till down they went on the floor.

A colt was foaled in my stable last April. The mother—a very valuable one—was tied in the stall with another horse near by. They would both kick at the colt if he approached them; and we know what we say, when we affirm, that the first person who entered the barn after this occurrence, found that colt in an adjoining straw house. A chair had been moved about seven feet, and set in the middle of the narrow way through which the colt had entered. A life worth at least twenty-five dollars was saved on that occasion. I asked my son, who had acknowledged the act, how in the world did you accomplish that feat? He answered, “John steered his head and I pushed him.” He said the horses would have killed him if he had not been removed.

We have seen chairs knocked over at a distance from any person, tables and candlestands beat time correctly a score of times, together with a host of other things, which any candid man may see by visiting the circles now found in every important village. There have been very few days, if any, in the last three months, in which some of the family have not felt their hands on them. That soft, velvet-like touch cannot be imitated by mortal hands. All this has been nearly gratuitous, as we have seldom sought anything of the kind; though every evidence of their presence has been gratefully received, and most sweetly acknowledged. So soothing, so Heaven-inspiring is the influence of advanced spirit friends, that if I had children threatened with insanity, I would bring them first of all under the softening influence of a circle, harmonious without and within. With all this, (which the reader may, perhaps, pray to be delivered from) we should, in justice to them, say, that they have not disturbed us in the least; for if they were likely to do so, and we signified it to them, stating that we needed rest, we would not have another sound till morning.

Methinks I now hear the reader exclaim,—God’s angels ought to be in better business. What good can come of moving chairs, making sounds, etc. Why, friend, it

wakes us up to the presence of our angel friends like the stroke on Peter's side, when the busy angels were about to set him free. But you say, It is little business. Is it little business for the God of angels to daily number the hairs of your head. Is it little business for Him to watch the falling sparrow?—to feed the ravens?—unfold the flowers, and shape the leaves. Who art thou, that thou shouldst presume to dictate to God how he had best employ his angels? I have known the life of one man evidently saved, at least three times this summer by angelic interposition. This man entered the stable of a furious horse, which reared and with open jaws sprung upon him with his forefeet. It was so unexpected, and the man was so overcome with fright, that he would never have moved. He was thrown, however, two or three feet, by the power of friend Bryant, in the presence of my living son, so that the feet of the horse did not reach him; nor did his teeth crush his skull, though the horse carried off his cap in his teeth. The same man was kicked in the pit of the stomach by the same horse; and, as we have reason to believe, the injury would have been fatal, in spite of human help. The spirits mesmerized his stomach, and cured it in a very short time.

E. was so strongly impressed, after the family had all retired, that a candle was burning in the house that she said at the time she knew it was so; but being opposed by my daughter who felt sure she knew, she did not start at the instant and soon fell asleep. The candle was found the next morning, burned down into the socket and self-extinguished. Mr Bryant said he impressed her; but as she did not rise, he left her, and went and watched it himself till it went out. But supposing fire had fallen from it upon some combustible matter, said I. "Why, then I should have extinguished it." How could you do that? "I can carry a small pail of water from your aqueduct; and I should have done so had there been occasion," he added.

E. started late to carry home some help near the close of a Saturday, to an adjacent town—a distance of five miles. We found one of her most intimate spirit friends had left our circle before E. returned. We suspected where she had gone, and on their return, we asked this

friend where she had been? She replied, "I went to meet E.; it was so dark I thought she would be afraid, and would like company." E. then inquired—Where did you meet me? "Near Wd F's." "Yes, said E., just before I got against that house, I felt you take your seat in my lap and put your hand on my neck and shoulder. "Yes I did so with one hand, and with the other I took hold of the reins, and helped you drive. Could you have drove home without E.'s assistance? "To be sure I could in the darkest night ever known. I could have turned safely by any team, and drove home if E. had been asleep."

Can angels impress beasts? "Yes as you have more than once had evidence. It is much easier to control or impress beasts than fractious men."

Don't you think those young cows were rather strongly impressed to leave their bellowing young and go straight forward, "lowing as they went" till they safely landed the "Ark of Israel" in a field of strangers, while they lost their lives as the result of their obedience? Was not Balaam's beast pretty fully impressed by angelic agency till the stupid creature became a clear-seeing clairvoyant, viewing clearly the form of the angel that obstructed her way; yes, impressed till she became a clear-toned and musically "*speaking medium*," through whose organs the heavenly visitor plead successfully her own cause, while he severely rebuked the madness of her rider. Now Doctor, what has been done, can be done again; you see, this case opens a door of hope to all your savans and wiseacres, who may at any time be seized upon and at once turned into mediums for heavenly communications, for if angels have once successfully spoken through a stupid ass, it is evident that every member of the family is at all times exposed. True, only as a majority of the children appear vastly more stupid and less spiritual than their mother. F. B. This indeed may interpose a serious objection but after all they *are not safe*.

But to be serious, did not Albert tell you last Spring that he went at the head of the "near horse and so led the fractious pair while they quietly plowed that garden patch, and did you not express astonishment at the uncommon gentleness with which they worked before he told you the reason?

A. This is all true friend B. but I feared to insert it in the narrative for I felt with the prophet—verily “who will believe our report.”

Q. Do you yourself know that he did thus lead the horses?

A. Yes, I do know it, for I saw him do it.

The ladies have been literally and most pleasantly drummed to sleep by a quick succession of raps on the windows, and awoke in the same way in the morning. Sometimes the sounds resembled the common raps made on the table and again they resembled most perfectly a shower of hail, for which they were taken by the ladies, until they arose and saw the blue sky and learned from members of the family that no hail stones had fallen during the morning. Nearly every member of the circle, at home and abroad, has been blessed in having many incidents constantly occurring around them, the relation of which would well repay the reader. On one occasion the medium was suddenly and unexpectedly awakened, during one of our family visits. He exclaimed—Oh! Doctor, Albert is here! But in an instant he was again asleep. What does that mean? I inquired. “We awoke him, so that he should remember what he had seen in his normal condition.” But what has he seen? “I have shown him my entire body.” When he awoke he fell to weeping. I asked him why he wept and what he had seen? “I do not like to tell,” was his immediate reply.

The next day he informed me, that he saw Albert as distinctly as he ever saw him in his lifetime; that he stood before him, holding his hand: that A. asked him if he remembered what he called him at a certain lot, which A. named, four years before. He at that time called him in anger a hard name, which up to this time, the medium had denied. This was all news to the writer, though I found it was remembered by the family. And this also was the cause of his weeping. A. referred to this circumstance, as he said, partly to bring his sin to his remembrance, and partly that he might never after doubt whom he had seen, and who had thus spoken to him. Did you say anything more? “No we were both too much affected to say anything farther.”

The writer has also seen his entire form, and conversed

with him a full hour before he had other manifestations. Friend Bryant has also appeared to the medium, as he was about his ordinary work. Many of us have often seen the Sparkling STAR that always gleams from their foreheads, as they inform us, though they render it more brilliant when they wish us to see it. When our medium first became clairvoyant, we asked him the color of the hair of a female spirit friend. He said it was red. After they sunk him below that state, as they termed it, —i. e., sunk him below himself, so that they could use his organs of speech, unobstructed by his own will, this friend told us that her hair was black, as we knew it to be when she was on earth, and that it hung flowing over her shoulders; and also that it was the light that shone through it that N. saw which gave it the red appearance. Can you give us some idea, sister, of what your hair is? • “The best conception of it, that I can probably convey to your minds, is to call it floating vapor.”

When my son announced to the circle that the noise, in relation to which we were questioning him, was made by his attempts to write his name on the counter with a camphor bottle, we were unanimous in the opinion that no such bottle was in the study; and yet his word, ever true, we were unwilling to question. He pointed out the place where it stood; so, after our visit was through, some dozen of us repaired to the study, to find the bottle. We found everything precisely as he had said. Soon after this, he gave us notice that he had written his name on the counter with chalk. Where did you get the chalk? “I took it from the sitting room, and went up with you and carried it when you went in search of the camphor bottle.” But if that chalk was going up stairs in our very midst, without hands, why did we not see it? Your hands are not surely opaque enough, to have concealed it from our sight? “No, but I can easily cover your vision.” You do not mean to say, that if we had stood around that counter, in open light, while you wrote your name and made that beautiful flourish, that we could not have seen the chalk move? “You could not have seen it if I had been disposed to prevent it.” Could we not have seen the letters after they were formed, one by one? “Not unless I chose to have you.”

John Lyman, a deceased schoolmate, wrote his name soon after, directly under Albert's, and made his flourish. Mary Chapman also wrote her's above the others, and each announced the fact to the circle as our first intimation of it. Albert once left the print of his hand on a dusty table, which also he announced, and we found to be correct. On one occasion he promised to go to bed with me. I had no sooner got still than I felt him lie down by my side; he laid his face against my cheek, and we lay thus in a most holy and affectionate union, for about one hour, when I fell asleep. He has since informed me that soon after I fell asleep, he also went to sleep, and lay another hour, when he awoke and left. Will doubters tell what kind of mesmerism or psychology, will act on a piece of chalk and make it write correctly at a distance of twenty feet from any person? How it can form the print of a man's hand on a dusty table?

It may be worthy of remark, that while one person was talking with spirit friends, through the medium's organs of speech, another person at the same time, would be conversing with equal freedom through the raps of his foot, on an entirely different subject. We have seen the medium in his normal state, earnestly making some statements which he stoutly insisted upon as true, when his foot would contradict every statement he made. In those instances he was speaking of some of his diseased friends,—as when they died—how old they were—what their disease was, etc. In all these contradictions we believe N. was mistaken, and the spirit right.

When we were conversing as a family, we formed no sort of circle; and if we were conversing upon interesting subjects, (though we had made no reference to our friends of the other sphere) they would rap their approval through the medium's foot, though at the time, he might be snoring in a common sleep in his chair. One evening when N. was thus asleep, stretched upon the sofa on his back, with his right hand and arm completely fastened, as it appeared, under and between the cushion on which his head lay, and the arm of the sofa, I requested E. to touch his limb gently, that I might be convinced whether his will had aught to do with the attraction that

existed between them ; and though a violent shake would scarcely be sufficient to awake him from his ordinary sleep, in which I knew he then lay, yet the instant her fingers touched him, his arm was so strangely jerked from its confinement, that it verily frightened him, and me too.

Does the reader still say—*I cannot believe* ; while most likely he is the very man, who thinks most sincerely, that if we do not believe the Bible we shall be damned ?—That is, we must believe that an angel once rolled away a stone from the door of a sepulcher, so large as to be a safeguard against all the disciples of the despised Nazarene ; that angels kindled a light in Peter's prison, knocked off the chains of the prisoner, while they kept his keepers still asleep ; unlocked the prison doors, and threw open the city gates, and led him through the streets of the city, till he was out of harm's way. O, yes ! we must believe that *Sinai's* Law was given by the "ministration of angels,"—that the doom of Babylon was written by a visible hand on Belteshazzar's wall ! We must believe that all God's angels are "ministering spirits *sent forth* to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation !" Yes, I say, we must believe all this, or be damned. I now, sir, think I understand you. We must believe they are *sent forth* or be damned, but if we believe they have *come forth*, then we must also be damned. Rather a hard judge, I ween. I suppose friend that you have been praying these forty years, that the "Kingdom of God may come, and His will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven." (Is it not done in heaven through angelic agency ?) Think before you utter another prayer—yes, reader, **THINK !!** Are you not praying daily that the "Tabernacle of God may be with men ;" that "the city, New Jerusalem, may come down from God out of heaven." And now, when tens of thousands of earth's inhabitants are gazing up through the bending heavens, and are already holding converse with the inhabitants of the descending city, you seem to be vexed that God has a design of answering your prayers. In this you give evidence, that you have never had any more confidence in your own prayers, than your neighbors have whom you style Infidels. How strange is man ! The Jews of old honored the prophets of the past, and built their sep-

nlchers ; while they were ready to stone and put to death all that were present among them. So the present Gentile Jews worship the angels of by-gone days, while they wrangle at their present approach. The Church once pressed the conscience of the world ; but the tables are turning now, and the world will soon bear down, on the conscience of the Church, with a pressure of which she little dreams. God hasten it in his time.

CHAPTER V.

The following questions have been so often put to so many truthful spirits, as we fully believe, and under such a variety of circumstances, while the answers have been uniform that they are fixed in our minds as *substantial facts*.

The commencement of our more regular dialogue took the following form, my son last deceased, giving most of the answers :

How long before you had done breathing, were you conscious that your soul and body must separate ? "Four hours." Did you suffer much during those four hours, or at the time of the separation ? "None of any consequence ; nothing to what I appeared to to my earthly friends." Did you not suffer so much that you should dread to die again ? "No." A year ago, now, you were with us in more than usual health ; from what you now know of the Spirit World, should you prefer (were you with us as then) to endure that long and distressing sickness rather than remain with your friends on earth ? "Yes." How long after your breathing ceased, before you were fully aware of the change you had undergone ? "About two hours." Did you at any time during the process become wholly unconscious ? "No ; the Spirit World opened upon my vision, before your world closed. There was a period, however, that seemed something like a dream." Were any ministering spirits with you ? "Yes ; (here he named four) these friends, all of whom you, as well as myself, knew on earth, attended my birth, and introduced me to my new home." What circle did

you enter? "The second." Where are you now? "In the fourth." Has not your progress been unusually rapid, as scarcely five months have transpired since your departure. "Yes I think so. The attention I had given to spiritual subjects, during the two years previous to my decease, greatly facilitated my advancement. Much knowledge of the world I now enjoy, was in my head before I left, and it had only to settle upon the heart, to become a conscious reality. Besides, I may add what once would have surprised you, that my affinity and connection with your Spirit, has been a great help to me since I left the body, as well as before. You know, father, (and no false modesty should allow you to conceal it from the world) that not only my spirit, but many others often gather around you, and receive with you, the same spiritual influx with which you have been specially blest, and which from a common Father, is the common inheritance of all who thirst for its healing waters. I said, you *know* this, for you will never deny that you have been just as conscious of our presence, as if we were in the body; and you have literally thrown your arms around us, and embraced us during those holy seasons. Think you that we were not baptized into the same spirit, that was so copiously flowing upon yourself? And you know too, that you have often given us most acceptable and useful advice, while we in return have done, and will continue to do what we can to gratify your wishes, by a truthful account of our present happy home. You must not withhold what we say, for the truths you seek are of no "private interpretation;" they belong to the world. Fear therefore a "voluntary humility"—too common with writers—as much as ostentation. Do not forget that spirits in the fourth degree, are by no means advanced beyond *all* men on the earth."

Do you spend much of you time on earth? "I am much attached to my earthly friends and hover a great deal about the Old Homestead." But you have a locality that you call home? "Oh yes; we are not wandering, homeless strangers, in the vast universe of God." Is your home distant from the earth? "Yes." Why so? Please explain. "Friend Bryant will do this better than I can." Will you answer that question, Mr Bryant? "I

will try. The air becomes more rarified, you know, as you advance from the earth, till at the distance of about forty-five miles, it becomes too rare to refract the rays of light; and so the old philosophers considered that distance as the terminus of the common atmosphere. But it extends, in the same way—becoming more attenuated and refined for tens of thousands of miles. Now, our affinities, and our necessities even, lead us to seek a stratum of refinement and sublimation, where the elements on which we mostly subsist, are just adapted to that subsistence. This refinement, increasing in every direction as we go from the earth, we divide into degrees or circles of the Second Sphere, as we term them, merely for the sake of convenience, and to convey to your minds an idea of our comparative progress. A Spirit in the fifth degree, could but little better subsist upon the aliment of one in the second, than man could well live upon the unselected herbage of beasts. In these circles then, in the different degrees, according to our growth in purity and goodness, we have our homes." Then you eat and drink? "Yes; but we find our nourishment mostly held in solution; so to speak, in the Ether through which we travel." Does it require time to take your food? "No, it is taken as easily and readily as you take your breath." Is your food anything like that, said to have been condensed in the heavens, and to have fallen in the camp of Israel, which is called "angel's food," though the Jews called it manna? "Yes, it is the same." Is this only your opinion, or do you *know* it to be so? "I know it to be so." (My son had stated the same thing before Mr Bryant came.) We can eat however small quantities of the gross food of your tables, and sometimes do so." What is the size of your present bodies? "A little more than two-thirds as large as the forms we left." When you have shown us your entire bodies, are they just the size they then appeared to be. "Exactly; We judged of their size, just as you have stated from that appearance." Do they possess great elasticity? "Very great." Albert, how far can you reach from where your feet stand? "About fifteen feet." Friend Bryant, how far can you reach? "About twenty." But why cannot you, Albert, reach as far as your friend? "Because he is a degree

above me and of course more refined." Sister Lovina, is all this sober truth? "To be sure it is. Did I not tell you that I could stand in the other room, and reach to the farther side of the room, where you now sit, and put my hand on E.'s neck?" Yes, you did. Did you mean with the door shut? "That would make no difference." Albert is that so? "Yes, to be sure it is. I can put my hand or head through a door or wall, just as easily as you can yours through the same thickness of water." Friend Bryant, this testimony seems to clash with Mr Davis's assertions on the same subject. "I cannot help that; I can readily pass through a cemented stone wall. Have not your spirit friends left you in the midst of conversation, and gone on errands for you to distant friends, and returned in half a minute and reported correctly; that too, while your windows and doors had been kept closed?" Yes we know you have. But why should Mr D. have made such a mistake? Mr Davis has written very many beautiful and truthful things; he has likewise made many mistakes. He will know more when his spirit is wholly freed from the body. We will say more of him, when we speak of the Spheres or circles." My son, you say you are in the fourth degree? "Yes." And Mr Bryant in the fifth? "Yes." Have you been to his home? "No." Has he been to yours? "Yes."

Here Mr Bryant spoke out very full through the Mediums—"a fine little group of them." What is the number of members? "Twenty-four thousand." What is the distance from the earth?

A. Twelve thousand miles.

Q. Then you have not reached the center of the fourth circle?

A. No. It was wrongly stated in the Era.

Can you see your father's house from your home? "Yes, when the atmosphere is clear." But does the atmosphere affect the vision of angels? "Some, unless they are farther advanced than I am." How often do you visit your homes? "We have no stated times; but on an average twice a week?" How long does it take you to come to the earth? "About five minutes generally." Do you require rest? "Yes." How often? "That depends upon our business; when we use all our endeavors to im-

press our friends with righteousness—magnetize the sick among ourselves or on the earth—exert all our strength to move heavy bodies, for the purpose of convincing an unbelieving world of our presence,—or in case of some emergency, we speed our way through the heavens with an unusual velocity. When we do any of these things, we the sooner become exhausted, and require rest. On an average, we rest from three to five hours as often as every third day, including the night.” Can you sleep on our beds with your friends in the body? “Yes, we often do this; and small children nestle almost as much around their mothers after they leave the body, as before. We can repose too on the atmosphere.” Would not the wind waft you? “Some, though it would pass through us, as readily as through the particles of light.” Does cold or heat affect you? “Not at all.” Have you seen your body since you left it? “Yes, I was present at the funeral and saw it then.” Did you hear the remarks? “Yes, and was much interested in them. I was glad to hear you tell the people your son was not dead, nor asleep!—that yours was not a house of mourning—that death had not come among you, though you most deeply felt, at every step, that one of your number had departed. We want you should publish these remarks and those verses too, with their introduction,—together with your reply to those friends. You know what I mean.” “Yes.” “We tell you, they gave great joy at the time, to more than twenty listening angels; and they will serve to bind up and strengthen the bereaved heart. Remember what we said to you about voluntary humility. Just sentiments possess *life*, and it matters not who utters them.”

Well, then, if the reader will allow me to speak without reproach, I will here state that the house “without mourning,”—had in it, at the time of the writer’s remarks, the corpse of my oldest son,—the only remaining son at the time, being most dangerously sick with fever, while the mother of both was in a remote chamber, where she had been under lock for many years in a state of hopeless derangement. My housekeeper was very sick also, in the same room with my son, and the hired man had gone home sick with fever, who had had

charge of my deceased son as waiter. Under these circumstances, the funeral was passed over as quietly as possible, though there were many persons present. After recounting the condition of the family in its trying scenes occupying perhaps thirty minutes in all of my remarks, to which I will but briefly allude, I remarked that the last words I was permitted to utter in Mr White's Church (Congregational,) from which I had been twice excluded for daring to entertain an original thought, and expressing it fearlessly, were these:—

"What trying scenes may yet ensue
To fill my heart with sorrow,
'Tis not for me to know; 'tis true,
I boast not of to-morrow.

"One thing is sure; this world at best
Is but a troubled ocean,
I oft have wished my soul at rest
From all its dire commotion.

"But let its troubled bosom heave—
Its surges beat around me;
To Truth—*Eternal Truth* I'll cleave,—
Its floods CAN NEVER DROWN ME."

The faith expressed in the last lines, I remarked had never forsaken me, and I knew it never would,—that I long ago anchored on it for eternity—it reached within the veil:—that whatever might be my afflictions already multiplied till my head was a fountain of tears, yet the anchor *fast and eternal* "WOULD NEVER DRAG:"—that I felt sure my son was glad he was gone, and I could not but rejoice with him, though, I added, he was emphatically the child of my heart, for whom I had labored and prayed more than for all the others, to fit him for our Father's Kingdom. The "remark" particularly referred to, was in reply to the inquiry of some distant friends, who under the circumstances, were not apprized of my son's decease. In a letter addressed to me soon after, they very properly inquired, whether I did not want their sympathies? The response was in these words, "With grateful emotions to God and to you, for the kindness of heart expressed in your beautiful letter, I must answer No, my brother, No, my sister, No, dear Maria—completely—yea, overwhelmingly absorbed in the sympathies of heaven, what more can mortal want?—what

could mortals add?" They tell me since that twenty-five ministering spirits were present which is but a small part of the number that have since made themselves known to us.

If the reader can pardon so great a digression, I will now return. The dialogue proceeds as follows:

Have you seen your body since its burial? "No, nor do I wish to." Will you ever possess it again? "No." What, then, is the resurrection? "Mr Bryant and others will tell you when they say more about the Spheres." Did your spiritual body escape its earthly tenement whole? "Yes." Will the rest of our friends affirm that? "Yes, yes, yes, yes." But Mr Davis says, that it escapes in its original or constitutional elements, and then re-organizes. He tells us that he has seen it. "Then he never saw any of us born, for we were born as whole the second time, as the first. Mr Davis saw at first, only the spiritual aura that preceded the real body, and for a little season afterwards surrounded it as an envelop, and thus for a time concealed it from his view. This gave him the impression, that this atmosphere, chemically condensed, formed the body; but it was not so."

Whence does the spiritual body escape the outer organism? "At the top of the head unless the head is severed." But if the head is severed—Where then? "Between the shoulder blades." Could it escape at the feet? "It would be very difficult."

Some time ago you spoke of sickness among you; what did you mean by that? "We wished to let you know that the spirit, as well as the body, is often diseased in your world; and that a change in locality does not at once cure it."

This answer surprised me very much. Hence I have tested it as closely as I was able. The testimony of every spirit consulted has been uniform, and goes to establish the above statement. I first inquired of my son whether he did not enjoy as perfect health now as if he had possessed a firmer constitution while on earth? he answered, "No." Do you suffer pain? "No—I did not on earth, you know." Is it mere weakness? "Yes, I tire sooner than many of my companions; and hence require more rest."

Neighbor Strong,—you died of pulmonary disease? “Yes.” Did you suffer from your lungs after you left the body? “Certainly I did. And though it is now about twenty years since, I am still shorter in breath than if my lungs had always been sound. I enjoy what I call good health and sound lungs; but it would put me out of breath to travel with friend Bryant, as fast as he could go with ease.”

Lavinia, you left us about six years since—are in the fifth degree, and died too of consumption. What these friends have said astonishes me. Now tell me truly,—Are your lungs sound? “In the fifth degree, we outgrow our diseases much faster than they do who are in the lower degrees. I think my lungs are nearly, if not quite sound, though they are still the weakest part of my body. I used to sing on earth, and do so here; but I cannot use the organs of your Medium for that purpose. I am not strong enough in the vital parts. Every spirit that has sung loud and clear through him, as when in the body, possessed a strong constitution, and lived to a great age.” This was true, though we had not thought of it, till this suggestion.

Another friend who died of the same disease, told us that the spiritual lungs sometimes nearly consume with the natural, and have to form anew, after the spirit is released from its outer covering,—which requires time and not unfrequently a long time.

On one occasion an interesting and intelligent member of our circle called for a very dear spirit friend, with whom she had spent much time, and whose funeral she had two or three days before attended. But she could get no response. Upon inquiry of a deceased sister of the departed one, however, she was answered, that M. was not able to come, (the distance was about twenty miles from the place of her death,)—that within a week she thought she would be able, when she promised to accompany her. This promise we believe was fulfilled—the sister who made the promise, announcing her arrival, and stating also, that she would reply for her feeble sister, as she was not yet able to rap or speak. We, notwithstanding, invited her to visit us, as she would be able undoubtedly to communicate at no distant day. Within

two or three days she rapped faintly; and in a week or two after, she was able to speak through the organs of the Medium, in a faint whisper at intervals. While she possessed the Medium, his breath was short, labored and faint—like a person in the last stages of the above named disease, of which it is needless to add, she had died.

A neighbor of mine—a very uncommonly strong and healthy man—was caught before the engine of a railroad, and driven before it some twenty rods—his head striking from sleeper to sleeper, till he was taken up for dead. It is said he spoke once—breathed about twenty minutes, and expired. I supposed the first blow had rendered him unconscious, and that his death was probably easy. He told us that he suffered altogether more than he should, to have died of a fever—that his spirit was ten hours in separating from his body—that the physical and spiritual heads were so smashed into each other, as he expressed it, that the separation was exceedingly long, difficult and painful. He stated that though it was now about five years since the injury, his head had ever been and was still tender.

Startling and improbable as these statements may at first appear, they have been corroborated by every spirit with whom we have conversed; and so has been all else thus far penned. Besides, it seems to be in harmony with the Harmonial Philosophy of Mr. Davis, who says, "Disease is a want of equilibrium in the circulation of the spiritual principle, throughout the physical organization. In plainer language, disease is discord, and this discord must exist *primarily*, in the spiritual forces by which the organism is actuated and governed." And again, "It is exceeding difficult to make the reader understand and realize, that his spirit is a substance; and that disease is owing to a want of equilibrium in the circulation of that substance throughout the body." See *Harmonia*—Vol. 1, p. 103—106. It is easy then to believe, that if the spirit is the first to take on diseased action, it would be likely to be the last to relinquish it. One of the most active and intelligent of our circle, recently died of dysentery. He says his bowels are still tender; and friend Bryant informs us, that it will probably be half a year, before he will fully

outgrow his disease. This man left the outer form about 11 o'clock A. M., and communicated with us at twilight, the same day. He was present at his own funeral, with sixty attendant angels, who impressed the speaker with great power and appropriateness in his remarks.

I now said, repulsive and terrific as are the thoughts of war to every pious heart, they are overwhelmingly horrible beyond expression, if the spiritual body is doomed to suffer for years and years, as the effect of such dreadful carnage. "It is a truth, that every faithful soldier's spirit will affirm, who has died in bloody, mangling strife. Do you not think that a righteous God has affixed a just penalty to every murderous deed, among that family who were intended to live as members of one body, and were made of one blood? None but fools will associate glory with war." So said friend Bryant.

We find from the uniform testimony of our spirit friends, that the time required for the full and complete separation of the two organisms, is in proportion to the sound health and firm constitution of the individual before sickness. Where an individual is cut down suddenly from perfect health by accident, active inflammation of the bowels, or any disease that quickly arrests the vital functions, the spiritual body in such cases is much longer in making its escape, than where the two organisms more gradually dissolve their relationship—as in protracted fevers. Our friends also inform us, that fevers effect such dissolution about as easily as anything. These statements have appeared to the writer to account for the post mortem movements, and convulsions, said to occur in persons who have apparently died of Asiatic cholera. The spiritual, though so far drawn out as to have arrested the galvanic functions of the brain, does not often wholly leave the physical body under these circumstances, in less than from five to ten hours. When, therefore, the expansive force of the negative electrical current, withdraws from the muscles, they necessarily contract. Similar results are known to follow the apparent death of some animals, known to be tenacious of life—as the frog and the eel.

When my son had ceased to breathe, after the usual time, it was proposed to lay out the body. But I objected,

—stating that I was impressed that the separation of the spirit was not completed. Since his death, he has confirmed my impressions, and stated that he should have suffered some inconvenience from handling the body at that time.

CHAPTER VI.

Again we questioned as follows:—What are your habitations? "They are composed only of the glory that emanates from, and surrounds the congregated families." But Mr. Davis speaks of having seen the most splendid palaces—the most beautiful forests, fine laid gardens—walks, flowers, etc. "We have never seen anything of the kind, excepting what we have seen on earth. All our beauty lies in the purity of our interiors." But did not Mr. Davis see what he affirms? "Yes, he saw it in his own ideality, excited as it was by the angels of the fourth degree. Spirits who possess in themselves very large ideality, were his magnetizers. Hence they impressed him with the gorgeousness of the spheres, which they had fancied in their own minds." Do all our spirit friends affirm most solemnly, that they have never seen beast or bird, fish or insect, palace or cottage, tree or plant, since they left the body, except what they have seen on earth? "We do affirm it."

How do you distinguish families in the same degree or circle? "By the different shades that encircle them, for no two families are precisely in the same plane of progression, though in the same general circle." Do you wear clothing? "Only a luminous emanation, which is light or dark, according to our interiors. In this Mr. Davis is correct."

Do you have spoken language among you? "Yes, and singing too; from twelve to fifteen of us usually sing with your circle."

Friend Bryant, how far is your home from the earth? "21,000 miles." How many members has your family? "3,379,453." Does that number include all the spirits in the fifth degree? "Oh, no. The number of families

would be to your mind infinite." Were all the members once inhabitants of our earth? "Most of them were, but some are from other planets." Do you always remain members of one family? "No, some spirits, like men, improve much faster than others; and then their affinities carry them to a higher class."

Can you see mankind so clearly, as to distinguish the outer from the inner man, and so determine the degrees of goodness that the latter possess? "Yes." Are any of our circle in the fifth degree? "Yes, two of them." Where does a man pass the day of judgment? "In the last half of the fourth degree."

How fast do you travel? "Ordinarily, about sixty miles in a second. I suppose I can travel a hundred miles, but it would be fatiguing—and I should prefer to fall short of sixty, were I to travel all day." Do you love a joke? "Yes, and laugh too. But good spirits, like good men, would wish to have them elevating, and of good moral tendency. *I wish we could convince you that we are our very selves.*" Then you have hands and feet, eyes and ears, lungs and limbs, and every organ that you ever had? "Yes."

Albert, have you often walked our floors and up our stairs? "Yes, and the family have often heard me, as *you know*, before you had any communications, as well as since. I can walk the floor, or the atmosphere, or dart with the rapidity of lightning, as it would seem to me, though in a long straight race, I suppose it would outstrip me."

Where, my son, do you now stand? "At your feet." But my feet are under the table. "And so are mine; but your head is above it, and mine is also." Is your head up through the table. "Yes, my head and shoulders are through and above the table, while my body and lower limbs are below it; I stand directly before my father's face." Can you tell me how you are able to pass through solid substances? "You know that light passes readily through the pores of glass; well, our bodies are composed of elements finer than light, while wood and stone are more porous. This will give you as good an idea, as I probably can now express."

Can you read our thoughts? "Yes, when I give my

attention to it. Have we not answered you correctly an hundred mental questions?" Yes, you have; but I asked that question to make room for another: How do you read them? "We watch the peculiar magnetic current, as it flows in the brain; for each thought produces its peculiar vibration, as much as each word produces its peculiar motion in the organs of speech. When thought therefore is expressed distinctly, it is easily read by the practiced spirit. There is as great a difference in the clearness of different men's thoughts, as there is distinctness in their accent of words."

To render this dialogue the more intelligible in what is to come, I will now introduce to the reader Madame Guyon, a French authoress of considerable celebrity, who has been in the Spirit World about one hundred and fifty years. About eight years since, the writer became exceedingly interested in the history of her religious experience, as written by her own hand, at the suggestion of Father La Combe, her devout confessor. I became thus interested, because I found in her writings, what I never got a hint of from any other quarter—viz.: an almost perfect counterpart of my own religious growth—up to that time. So intimate did this sympathy become, that at times I was as conscious of her presence as I was of my own. I have had as much evidence of her being by my side while riding in my carriage, as if I had seen her face to face. An influence so divine and so enduring, cannot well be mistaken. I will say then, whoever may call it a fool's weakness, that I have loved her as I have loved no other creature of God.

Soon after the commencement of our sittings, I was conscious of feeling an influence from her, and inquired of Albert, Has Madame Guyon ever visited us? "I should not have known it if she had." But if she should truthfully announce her name at one time, would you not know her afterwards? "No, I can see no form of a spirit so far in advance of me, I can see only the glory that envelops them."

This, I believe, was all that was said about her at that time. After friend Bryant had appeared among us, I was again distinctly conscious of her presence, as I thought, and inquired, Is Madame Guyon present?

Three loud, clear and distinct raps, such as we had never heard, gave an answer in the affirmative. I again repeated the question, and received the same answer. I now, as usual, appealed to friend Bryant, and inquired, Is Madame Guyon present? "I do not know; but a beautiful stranger is here." Is it a female? "I should judge so, though I can see no form." Is she in advance of yourself? "O yes, very far." Then she cannot I think be guilty of falsehood? "No, indeed, that is impossible." A sister spirit now whispered through the organs of the medium, and said to E., "I think it may be she, for she must possess a glorious body to be concealed in so bright an envelope."

I now approached the medium, and asked her if she would favor me with her hand. It was extended and I took it. After the salutation, which the reader may imagine was most cordial on my part, I asked her if she would not address us through the organs of the medium? She replied very distinctly, though with evident effort, that it was difficult for her to speak through the organs of a man;—that if our medium was a female she could use the organs much better, though, she continued, "I think I shall soon get the control of them, so as to use them tolerably well." I was soon able to hold a brief conversation upon her sufferings, and cruel persecution for conscience's sake. We spoke of her twelve years' most barbarous imprisonment—of her writings, particularly her poetry;—of Fenelon, of the confessor above-named;—and of Francis De Sales. We spoke of a sort of prediction of some of the Spiritualists of her day, which is strikingly fulfilled, to the effect that she was destined to be the spiritual mother of many of earth's wayward children; to which she replied that "she hoped to be of many more." May I number myself among them? I asked,—May I call you mother? "Yes."

I was conscious of her throwing a healing influence upon a weakness and pain, I was experiencing at the time, before I approached her. This she affirmed, and Mr. Bryant corroborated it afterwards. She intimated also, that at some future period she should put her hand to the work a second time. I asked her for a message, or some advice; and she answered, "I do not know that

I have anything more to say at this time, than that you love that Great and Good Being who created you. I know that you do love Him; but you can love Him better, and so can we all." She was gone; but her influence was left, and felt for days after—sweet and refreshing as the dews that fall upon the mountains of Gilboa, where the Lord commanded his blessing, even Life forever more.

Now, friend Bryant, should you not know this beautiful spirit if you should see her again? "No, if she should return now, I should only know, from her glory, that it was a seraph in the same degree of advancement. This statement corresponds, in principle, with what Madame Guyon herself said, when I asked her if she had ever seen any of the Apostles: She answered, "No, not to know them as such."

Our spirit friends inform us, that they daily see thousands of bright angels, sailing like a nebulous cloud of blazing glory through the distant heavens, of which they know nothing, except that those clouds contain within them an angel's center, and a will-power that guides them on their mission.

Where are the Apostles? "Probably in the seventh degree, as it is unlikely that any of earth's inhabitants have yet entered the third sphere." You then, of course, have never seen the Saviour? "Oh, no, only as I imbibe his all-pervading spirit, and become assimilated to it; it is thus I see Him and know Him." What degree did you enter? "The latter part of the fourth." Where are you now? "In the sixth." How long did you remain in the fifth? "About twenty years." Then, I said, you have been in the sixth circle about one hundred and thirty years? "Yes," she replied, "and I can profitably remain in it another century."

You say then, friend Bryant, that you cannot see the *form* of a spirit much in advance of you? "We can see the form of a spirit nearly one degree in advance of us, and obtain some vague idea of the truths peculiar to that degree. Thus I told you that I could distinguish Washington and Lafayette, and should know them if they should visit our circle again. Though they are in the same general circle or division with Madame Guyon

she is as far in advance of them as they are of me." As you could see no form, how did you judge that spirit was a female? "The shades and colors of the beauteous envelope are more delicate and refined than emanate from the female, than those that emanate from the male spirit."

From the combined testimony of all our spirit friends then, it appears that they know very little of the spiritual heavens, much in advance of them? "It is with us as with you. Men on earth, in the second degree, cannot appreciate any of your reformers, who have, almost without exception, entered the fourth. With so much difference, the former neither know, nor care anything about what the latter say or do; while those in the first part of the third degree, know just enough to have their opposition excited. But not knowing enough to reason upon the matter, they use the only weapon they possess, as *humbug, collusion, infidel*, which they get generally from their church creed. The feelings of such as are in the last half of the third degree, are, however, quite different. Such are more or less interested in the labors of these same reformers, and are aspiring to the same truths with a desire to be like their advanced brethren. This is true of all men on earth, and angels in the heavens, until they enter upon the last half of the fourth degree—viz.: the "Judgment." During that period, "all rule, all authority and all power" are forever put down; and an interior wisdom is developed, that will henceforth guide safely, securely and forever, every man or spirit who has sought holiness previously. After this, neither man nor angel will attempt to judge those in advance of them (for such they instantly perceive, and from such they always solicit instruction) though from this point they easily and correctly judge all below them."

What do you mean by the Day of Judgment? "I mean that Light and Truth will be revealed from the upper spheres, and bear down with tremendous power upon men's consciences, till their Moral, Political and Religious Heavens are forced by the pressure, to "pass away with a great noise," and their very elements are literally "melted with fervent heat." Do men in the

body ever pass the judgment? Some now on earth have, but the number is very small." What is the average time which it takes to have "every work brought into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil?" "About eleven years." This then, is the truth of the judgment? "Yes." How long were you in the judgment, friend Bryant? "Four years before I left the body, and six after."

Lavinia, you are in the fifth degree, and of course, if the judgment takes place in the fourth, you must have passed it? "Yes I was about six years only." And how long were you, Harriet?

A. I have been in it nine years and am not through with it yet, this is the reason why for many months after your spiritual visits commenced, I was so seldom with you. My whole soul was absorbed in the great work that most sacredly demanded all my attention. For a few weeks past, I have been sufficiently free to visit you though I am still oscillating between the fourth and fifth circles belonging permanently to neither.

Father H., you have been a long time in the Spirit World, and you are in the fifth circle also. How long were you in the Day of Judgment? "Twenty-three years." Was not that an unusual time? "Men or angels, I mean those from the earth, did not advance as fast fifty years ago, as they do now." (Such was the unexpected, but very appropriate reply.) Then you make the Day of Judgment, not an arbitrary matter, but a philosophical fact, growing out of the very nature of things in the history of the soul's progression? "To be sure we do, and so does the Bible. Does not that say that the 'tares and wheat grow together till the harvest; that the harvest is the end of the world, and that the reapers are the angels?'" Yes, certainly, but has the end of the world come? "Yes, indeed to every man who has wholly ceased to be a worldling, and is entirely 'transformed in the image of his mind' and is wholly *risen* to newness of life." Then it refers to no particular day? "No, no more than the creation; it is a period simply, and so Peter affirms in speaking of this same event. He says 'This Day of Judgment is 'with the Lord as a thousand years' (a lengthened and indefinite

period) and a thousand years as this Day of Judgment. And he solemnly warns his brethren not to be unmindful of this important fact; as if he had said,—Do not forget that the Day of Judgment is a long affair, and has nothing to do with earthly times or seasons."

You say that some men pass it in this world? "Yes, and so does the Bible. Have you never read that some men's sins go before to judgment—that if we 'judge ourselves, we shall not be judged of the Lord.'" Did the Apostles pass the Day of Judgment while in the body? "Certainly, how else would they have been qualified to 'sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of the children of Israel?'" Is the Judgment easier passed in the body than afterwards? "Yes, much easier; (this answer has often been confirmed) know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?" But how can they do this, if they themselves have not passed it? for then they would be prisoners at the bar. "We will talk more about this at another time."

A member of our circle came to me privately and stated that a spirit for weeks had been writing through his hand many times in a day, to "go up to Doctor Gridleys'" that when he was in the field he would almost compel him to use the forefinger of one hand to write the above sentence in the palm of the other, that if he willfully refused to do this, the spirit would often swing his arm in the open air in such a manner as regularly to cut the letters and spell the above sentence. He stated the following dialogue had often passed between them: Who are you? "Enoch." Why do you wish me to go there? "I want to go with you." Are you happy? "No." Shall you never be? "No, I fear not." Don't you progress? "No." In what circle are you? "In the second. (The questioner knew him to have been very intemperate during his earthly life) and enquired whether he died drunk: No, but I probably should had the means been at hand. What object have you in going to the Doctors, do you go to make disturbance? No, and I am ashamed of those spirits who do; I find more peace there than anywhere else. Now said my narrator I am much annoyed by this spirit, he says he is always with me and I fear he is evil and wishes to bring evil on me

as we were associates in wickedness for a long time when he was on earth, being workmen in the same shop; as for myself he added, I will die before I will ever taste another drop of intoxicating drink; this is why I fear him. The writer was differently impressed and asked Friend Bryant if he would not look after Enoch, and if he found him sincere, we should all be glad to render him assistance. This he promised to do. A day or two after, I enquired whether he had fulfilled his promise in relation to Enoch? "Yes." Where is he? "In the last half of the fourth degree and quite advanced at that, he is in the very fires of the judgment, he is nearly through and will soon begin to rise," you have nothing to fear from him, he visits your circle for a good object; he gets instruction and is somewhat inspired with hope. Why does he say he is in the second degree? "He does not know where he is, clouds and darkness are round about him; God is illuminating his mind to make every dark deed without, and every mental stain within, most clearly visible, that in the end they may be overcome and removed, while His merciful intentions are to Enoch for the present unknown; verily he cometh in clouds as you have often read. This spirit told us afterwards at distant intervals, that his hope increased, that he was convinced that he was in the fourth degree, though his sufferings were not ended. He told us also that he was much with his old friend, to undo as much as possible, the evil influences that in his earth life he had strengthened in this friend.

Are there any strangers present? "Yes, three." Are they in advance of you? "Yes." Will these friends please introduce themselves?—I asked, as I advanced towards the Medium. His hand was at once extended towards me, and as I took it, the spirit said very clearly and distinctly, "This old gentleman, friend Bryant, as you call him, says this is Dr Gridley,—my own name is Charles Clarke." I now turned and introduced Mr Clarke to Mr Searle, who was sitting near me. He, (Mr Clarke) replied instantly, as he took Mr Searle by the hand, friend Bryant says, this is my grandson.

Thus were we introduced most surprisingly to us all, to a stranger spirit, by our most precious and faithful friend of the inner circle. I now requested the stranger to give

us a brief history of his earthly life, and any advice he thought befitting. He had given his name as before stated. He then said, I was a minister eight years, of what I supposed to be the Gospel at the time—my residence was in the city of New York—I have been absent from the body about thirteen years. What degree did you enter? I asked. "The third." Where are you now? "In the sixth." How does it happen that you have passed from the third to the sixth circle, while friend Bryant who has been in the Spirit World an equal length of time, entered the last of the fourth and is now only in the fifth! He replied—"Friend Bryant, I perceive, has spent his energies and his life almost, in seeking the good of mankind in general, and of his numerous descendants in particular; while I on the other hand found myself so low, that I have devoted nearly all to my own improvement."

This reply satisfied me entirely. I myself had felt the same thing, while my thoughts reverted instantly to Paul's assertion, "*I die daily*;" and again,—"*So then death worketh in us but life in you.*" "*You swallow up our life.*" His reply did not satisfy the whole of the circle, however; and one remarked, "He that watereth, shall also be watered himself." Yes, said he, friend Bryant fills again; but instead of assimilating what he gets to his own growth, he still pours it upon others. Tell your circle, said he, (I do not know how many are absent)—he had, I think, got an intimation to that parenthesis from friend Bryant, as it was a very rainy evening and many were absent—tell your circle that riches do not consist in gold and silver;—everything durable must be a deposit in the interior. The Bible, said he, is the Book of Books. After he had uttered a number of beautiful things, during which utterance he twice paused, and remarked that he wished to speak now to the inner circle; and so after waiting a short time, he would again resume his conversation with us. He finally said, "I do not know but I am intruding. Your Spirit friends (and they are mine too) seem to have drawn back, as it would appear, to make me room." I answered, I think they consider it a privilege to do so. Friend Bryant at this instant seized the organs of the medium, and said, "I do,

for he is instructing us, as well as you ;” and then apparently as quickly retired. You say the Bible is the “Book of Books.” I have ever, and do now thus consider it ; but what think you of the Bible statements that “in the very day a man’s breath goeth forth, his thoughts perish ?” And again ; “The dead know not anything ?” These sayings are not true, of which these invisible friends are witnesses.” Were those writers then false witnesses ? “Not intentionally so,—though most seriously mistaken. You must not forget that Christ brought Life and Immortality to light through the *Gospel*. And if it was brought to light then, it could not have been known before. The writers of the Old Testament, then, wrote as they must of necessity have done, according to the light they then had—like any men, wise in their own day, but fallible.”

Will the other stranger speak to us ? “He declines—says it is the first time he has visited your circle, and that he wishes to look about a little.” He gave his name, however, as Henry Goodman. Friend Clarke again taking me by the hand, said, “I thank God for what he has done for you. I see you in the fifth degree ; and I see, too, a work going on here, that I have found nowhere else.” He then bade us good night, with some encouragement that he should visit us again.

I had forgotten to state, that in the course of his remarks, he said to us, “Friend Bryant is a faithful friend to you, in whom you may safely confide ; and your inner circle, as far as I now see, is a faithful,—truth-loving circle.

A stranger spirit to us all, announced himself on another occasion as Charles Somers. He gave us wholesome advice—stating that there were lying, deceitful spirits as well good ones ; that we must as carefully test them, and cautiously receive their instruction, till we had done so. He said our medium was not so far advanced, as to enable the more lofty and holy spirits to communicate always as they would desire ; that his affinity for goodness was by no means strong, etc., etc.

During another of our sittings, I said, Friend Bryant, are there any strangers present to-night ? “Yes, three.” Are they in advance of you ? “Yes.”

I then invited them to introduce themselves. "I think," said a solemn, grave and heavy voice, "that my name is familiar to you—the first General and President of your country, George Washington." The Medium's hand was extended, and I approached and took it. I then called for the other strangers. The spirit again spoke—"This is my friend La Fayette." I now requested the latter to make some remarks to us. But he answered, "I prefer not to speak; I am not your principal guest." I asked for the third friend. The first voice then said—"That friend prefers not to be introduced. We now ventured to enter into familiar conversation with him, whom we had been taught to venerate in our hearts, upon the subject of War.* He was as strongly opposed to war as any of us. I asked him whether he thought our independence might not have been secured by more pacific means. He replied that mankind were not at that time sufficiently advanced to secure such a boon without violence; that his conscience had never troubled him for the course he took in the Revolutionary service. The visit was short, but the heavenly influence they left behind them, was felt for many a day. As soon as they were gone I inquired of friend Bryant, who was the third party? He replied, "It was a female who came with Washington and left with him; and I presume it was his lady." Verily, thought I, such modesty is conspicuous without ostentation. Friend Bryant's wife (for such we find spirits still call their companions) was another sample of similar modesty. It was some weeks before we found out who that spirit friend was, whom he had brought with him almost as strong as himself, as he told us. When we asked him at the first to introduce our new friend, he answered—"Names are nothing."

Now friends, a few more questions have come to mind which I will here propound. At what point did you enter Nathan? "When he was connected with E. the good spirits entered at the pit of her stomach,—she being more negative than N., is more easily possessed. So passing through her, we easily entered him. She having passed the judgment, has no affinity, but for goodness. She, therefore, absorbed a portion of our spiritual es-

sence, which so wonderfully sustained her during all those struggles, loss of sleep, etc."

Where did the *Devils* enter him? "They entered him, if the Mediums were connected, at the elbow of that arm, the hand of which rested on his knee." Why was this? "They had no more affinity for her, than she had for them; and so they had as little to do with her as possible, and yet gain ready access to him." Do you possess a spirit distinct from your bodies? "Yes, the same as yourselves." Did your bodies then actually enter his? "No, we threw a portion of our spirits into him, so as to sustain life, or use his organs of speech as the case might be." How do you write through a medium? "We stand near the elbow and play the appropriate muscles of the arm, by a jet of electro-Magnetism, from the ends of our fingers, as a man would thrum the strings of a violin." I should think it would require time to play skilfully upon so foreign and delicate an instrument. "It does, especially if the player was not accustomed to ply his own muscles in the same work, while in the body. But if a ready writer on earth, he can easily play a similar instrument, though owned by a neighbor. Sometimes, too, when we find a brain easily impressed, and the thoughts readily controlled, we impress the mind with what we wish written. In such cases we have considerable assistance from the man himself, in playing his own muscles. Such men, if very conscientious, are apt to think it is mostly of themselves and refuse to write."

The following advice was written out through E.'s hand, on an afternoon to be expressed to the circle by friend Bryant—"Men and angels should shun the society of evil persons, lest they be like them, and lose their souls. Avoid them, till you are more advanced in wisdom. Bear all things in quietness. Let wisdom, more and more guide the inner and outer circles and God will bless."*

*On inquiring why a spirit very dear to us on earth, (though not of strong mind) so seldom visited us, friend Bryant replied, that she was too weak to encounter the evil spirits with whom we were contending—that it was seldom safe for her to visit us at present, as she would be liable to be drawn down to her injury. Since we passed the struggle she has been with us almost constantly.

Can you give us any conception of how, or in what manner, you are able to impress your friends in the body? "Thoughts are peculiar motions of the mind; and while these motions are evolving or *constituting*, if you please, a certain train of thought in our own minds, we discharge them upon your brain, where they beget in your minds, the identical thoughts that existed in our own. In other words, we empty our thoughts upon your minds, as we would empty one dish into another."

Numerous messages of a high order, yet of a private character, have been given and sent to distant friends from the beginning. At one time the following was partly written, and partly spelled by the alphabet, the medium not being asleep. It referred to an individual of whom I had never heard, that I can recollect, though some of the circle had known him when a lad. "Dorus R. Frary left Springfield, Mass., thirteen years ago, and went to sea. He was murdered in Huddersfield, England, in eighteen hundred and forty-four. A part of my murderers were my shipmates, and a part were not. I was murdered partly for my money, and partly from revenge. I was robbed of between one hundred and sixty and one hundred and seventy dollars in money—my throat was cut—my body stripped of its clothing, dragged to a distance and buried in a vault." We learn from his friends that he left Springfield at the time stated, and that they had heard nothing from him since eighteen hundred and forty-three.

On a morning in April, notwithstanding the Governor's proclamation for a solemn Fast on that day, the boys arose, passed through the kitchen where all appeared as left the night previous; they stepped to the barn connected by a shed to the house, and threw some hay to a pair of horses. They were not gone probably more than six or eight minutes; but on their return they found a very heavy table had been moved to the middle of the room, the folds turned up and secured in the usual way—the drawer of a table in another part of the room had been opened and shut and the table spread taken out and as nicely laid over the first-named table, as any housewife could have done it. The drawer also of the table, thus set, had been opened and shut, and seven pairs of

knives and forks taken out and laid in their appropriate places for each member of the family. Every knife handle was placed towards the right hand of each person as they would sit down to breakfast, except at the place I occupy, where it was reversed—the knife handle being turned to the left. I hardly need add that I always use my knife with my left hand, a fact, by the by, that all previous cooks had failed to notice in their management of the table.

The safe was next opened in another part of the room, and a large tin pan nearly filled with apples, was taken out and carried many feet, and placed on the center of the table. The boys supposed at first, that the girls were up and that they had been unusually spry, as they termed it; but when they attempted to get into the upright part of the house they found the door bolted on the inside. They knew, of course, that the girls could not have been into the kitchen and bolted the door on the other side. They now noticed a whip, hanging by the wall, was swinging a foot or so from the center each way without any apparent cause. They immediately guessed out the whole affair and upon inquiring, Who set the table? Albert answered, "I, John and Mary"—his spirit associates. As soon as the family had breakfasted and left the room, my oldest daughter remarked, as she stepped last of all into the dining-room, "I wish the spirits would carry back the apples where they got them." She looked and they were back in the safe—carried, as she well knew, without the aid of mortal hands. I remarked, you presented us with a real Graham breakfast—did you intend we should confine ourselves to it? "No, you may help yourselves to the remainder." Can our friends tell us by what power, or in what way, they are able to drive themselves, like a blazing comet, through the vault of heaven? "We hardly know ourselves; while it is still more difficult to tell you. We have told you that thought is mind put in motion. Well, then, our bodies being divested of all that is gross and ponderous, are about as light, and move about as easily as your thoughts. We will to move swiftly, and about as rapid as the lightning, we are under way."

Well, then, supposing you now stand close to your

father, and I should violently strike my arm or a stick in a way to sever your body, would it disjoint the particles, so that when the arm or weapon was passed, they would have to unite again? "It is impossible that you should do any such thing; we cannot be taken unawares; though we have but one pair of eyes, we should readily feel the impression from any substance that would be likely to injure us; as the good sleepwalker will not run against any obstacle. You know father, that I caught E. yesterday, (Sept. 23) when she fell from the top of that wall backwards, and became so encumbered, that she could not stir a muscle to save herself or break the fall in the least. I willed, and she was in my arms; and I laid her down so easily, that a large sharp stone, which came directly under and across her back did not hurt her in the least." This is true, my son for which you have our gratitude. Could you break a fall for your father? "Yes, very considerably." And you could more, friend Bryant? "Yes."

Some six months after the above answers were obtained, and after I had perhaps approximated somewhat nearer the condition of an ordinary medium, their truthfulness was confirmed as I will proceed to state.

On the evening of the 14th January, 1853; after the family had retired I was going in my rubbers from my wash room, and turning around, the door that opens outward and over a short flight of stairs, when I tripped and being completely encumbered with both hands full of articles that would be likely to do me injury, I endeavored to eject them from me by a forward jerk of the arms, but being instantly seized by an invisible power I was carried forward so as to completely clear the stairs, four in number and of more than usual width, which prevented me from throwing the articles beyond my reach. The fall was as hazardous as to stand on a platform of three feet in highth and be forced to fall without bending, on to a plank floor, with my hands tied behind me, such in truth was the fall, my spirit friends caught me, carried me forward in a way much like that of a person diving into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees, the water would gradually check the momentum and no harm follow—thus I fell and thus was I saved from injury, my

weight is 170 lbs. This case has the more interest to the writer as he received nearly three years since an injury in the spine so severe that it was followed by spasms which so nearly terminated his life that for twelve days after they were arrested he could speak only in the faintest whisper—could not be turned at all or see the least moving object. To show the faithfulness, power and medical skill of our unseen friends, it is necessary to be more particular and personal *here* and elsewhere in this narrative than is agreeable to the feelings of the writer; he is not unaware that the constant use of the first person throughout, may justly produce a sickening sensation on the readers mind as it certainly has on his own, for it seems to present him as almost the *only speaker* on all occasions—such a conviction however is by no means true. Other members of the circle often occupied nearly the whole evening in their own way, through their conversation with their departed friends was of so private a nature that the writer supposed it would less interest the public than that which his own mind led him to introduce, besides the writer has often been requested to introduce by all means the more private portions, that have been written. Well then, allow me to say that after all medicines and external applications had proved unavailing the spasms were fully arrested by the extraordinary exertion of two powerful magnetizers who for an hour and a half laid out their whole energies, one making passes over the head and the other along the spine at the same time. The spasms occurred the latter part of the time as often as every ten minutes and sometimes within half that period extending over the whole body, stiffening every muscle and causing every fiber of the flesh to quiver as if in the jaws of death—each spasm for the last two hours had been followed by a copious, cold and a clammy death-sweat—so near the entrance of the world of spirits had I gone that I was justly considered dead as far as the knees while the last spasm, the most severe of any, gave me but little suffering—I had no spasm after they commenced and momentary sleep was induced within an hour and a half. One of my mesmerizers, however, was under the necessity of holding my hand day and night, without a moment's reprieve, for five successive days. I have been

able to walk but very little since, or ride even, excepting in a reclining posture on extra cushions. This injury of the spine rendered any assistance from my feet out of the question after the trip.

The grateful emotions to God first of all, and next to my faithful guardians, may be judged of when I arose entirely uninjured, my back not having received the slightest jar that I could perceive.

Soon, after we entered into communication with our *inner* friends, I asked my son if he could see any trouble with my back. He answered yes, "the blood is settled all about your kidneys." Can it be cured? I asked. "Not without weakening you very much." He told me that what I was doing for it was injuring it, and laid out a safer course, which I followed. After friend Bryant appeared among us, I asked him the same question, and was surprised when he replied in the precise words that my son had used, viz: "The blood has settled all about your kidneys." Can it be removed? I enquired. "I think we can do it, but it will greatly weaken you," said he. "You will have to keep your bed pretty much, and drink considerable brandy at that for a while." "Do you see any difficulty in the spine?" "Yes, the spinal cord is injured. I don't know much about Doctors' terms, but there is congestion or obstruction, or a thickening of some kind, that does not belong there." "How can you remove it?" "We will throw the negative electric current into it, which will excite and expand the turgid vessels. This is what will weaken you." "And then you think the absorbents will take up the foreign mass into the circulation, and so throw it out of the system?" "Yes." I now said "Your theory appears so plausible that I will gladly submit my case to your hands; but first let me enquire, if you get me down, how will you get me up?" "When the obstruction is removed, we will then throw the *positive* force upon you, and this will strengthen you." Well, reader, they commenced that very evening to magnetize my back through the hands of the medium, and though I have consumed more than twenty of Dr. Sherwood's batteries on my patients, besides using several other kinds, I have never found an electric current excelling in power that which my invisi-

ble friends threw upon my back. The current was so strong that full twenty times it has punctured the skin, as the buttons of the battery are known to do when it is run with great power, the whole size of the medium's hand, so that the bloody serum would ooze out and form a scab in three minutes. If the rubbing was still continued, it would now remove the cuticle, when the acid current would make the surface smart as if salt and vinegar had been applied to it.

At request, the spirits would now lightly mesmerize the raw surface, and so completely remove the extreme sensibility, that it would be well in a few hours. I have had my back positively and literally skinned full twenty times in this way, for I felt that if I could be benefitted, the scarfskin was of little consequence. Truth requires, however, that I should say, that they never failed to graduate the current to any given power when requested.

Well, reader, they made good their word, for in three days from their commencement I could scarcely leave my bed. They kept me down full two months, for it seems needless to say, that the spinal cord is composed of substance that must of necessity change very slowly. I am still under their treatment, and am gaining quite fast, considering the nature of the disease.

When rubbing my back, the medium, N., had no power over his arms or hands. He could not control their motion, and never made any effort to move them. [E. has a number of times had her arms seized in the same way when washing, and most of the clothes have been thoroughly rubbed out on the board she was using, by an invisible spiritual power, a work good and useful that our inner friends were never ashamed to acknowledge. I avow then, in the face of scoffing fools, that not only my table has been nicely "set" for the use of the family, but a great part of the weekly washings have often been done by our spirit friends.] Being rubbed at very irregular periods, especially after I was able to enter some upon business, I found friend Bryant at the commencement often absent, for I knew as well when he seized the arms of the medium, by a four-fold increase of power, as I should know when holding the buttons of the battery, if the piston was suddenly driven an inch into

the barrel of the machine. Under these circumstances it was to me a marvel that Mr. Bryant was uniformly on hand in half a minute after the mesmerizing commenced, and I enquired, "How in the world do you always know when my back is attended to? Does some one of our spirit friends give you notice?" "No. If you were at the north part of the town among your relatives, and engaged in other business, you would not always know where you were wanted here I think." "Yes I should. You could not have your back rubbed without my knowing it if I was in Hartford."

After N. left us, Mr. Bryant told us that E. was too negative to act as a medium on my infirmity, though he thought he could control the negative current from effecting me much. So when she acted in that capacity, he grasped her arm firmly, in a way to gird it between the elbow and shoulder, and when she told him he pinched her arm so as to give her pain, he replied, "O no it is not pain, it is a singular feeling that you do not know very well how to describe." "That," she responded, "is exactly the truth. But why do you press so hard?"—"To prevent the negative current of your system from entering the Doctor's back. It is weak enough now."

I was first advised to use brandy by a neighboring physician. After my son appeared among us, I stated to him that I feared its use, that it might lead to a bad habit. He replied, "You know father that you do not use it because you love it. You know it does you good, and we can see it does too." After Mr. Bryant gave us the evidence of being a *teetotaller* by breaking a neighbor's rum bottle, as well as his own affirmation to the same effect, I asked him if he did not fear it might injure me? "No, said he, you do not use enough of it for your good."

This history may appear much too private to be acceptable in a public print, but if it will assist one of my fellow men who may be suffering as I have suffered, and as I had no idea any mortal could suffer, to look for help to a source where he now has no confidence, my object will be fully gained. Their influence never failed to remove the pain for a very considerable length of time, however much I might be suffering when they commenced. Two

or three times N. rubbed my back when he was evidently obsessed by evil spirits, and they tried hard to break it. Friend Bryant said, let them work, they cannot throw a lasting evil influence upon you, there is no affinity and it will not remain,—this was not true, however, with a patient whom the spirits magnetized for a scrofulous neck, if evil spirits possessed the medium when he manipulated this lady, it would induce pain and distress that several times continued nearly or quite all night, while on the contrary, when our good friends possessed him, the relief was as strikingly manifest as the evil was in the other case. In some instances our friends have rapped in the kitchen and made the sound appear as though it was made in a distant room and have thus induced some of the family to go to put up a firebrand that had fallen from an open stove on to the floor or carpet, or again it had fallen so far out as to be filling the room with smoke; they were never sent on a fool's errand. *Will Dr Richmond tell whose mental reflection had the care of these fires? what mundane influence gave us the secret of the connection between E. and N., a secret that could never have entered into the heart of any human being, nor did the sympathetic affinity of their spirits at any time amount to ordinary friendship,—were I to write all the interesting conversation I have heard from little spirit children with their parents it would swell this narrative to a large volume.

CHAPTER VII.

On one occasion in the night time, when I was alone, I felt some angel hand making a singular impression on my forehead in the region of Causality. The sensation to me is unpleasant, and I have never yet long resisted the inclination to rub my forehead with my hand, though I have sometimes endeavored to do so. Others have told me that to them the sensation is quite agreeable. I was about to raise my hand, when the star from John's forehead appeared, about fifteen inches from my face, and directly before it, sparkling and blazing and throwing off,

in every direction, such scintillations, as to light the room with a flaming, hallowed glory. At the first opportunity I enquired. What were you doing to my forehead?

A. "Exciting that part of it through which the magnetic current most freely flows; and I should have shown you my entire body, if you had been still a little longer."

The light in Peter's prison was no longer a mystery. My mind now reverted to the Star of Bethlehem, and I said, Friend Bryant, do you know any thing about the Star that is said to have led the shepherds to Bethlehem?

A. "Yes, I do."

Mr. Davis says that it is very unlikely, that any star left its bright orbit for such an object?

A. "Yes, that it very unlikely; but it is very likely and very true, too, that some one of that rapturous multitude of the Heavenly Hosts, who were giving Glory to God in the Highest, and hymning from the spontaneous fullness of their souls, 'Peace on earth and good will to men.'—I say, that it is very true that such a one did volunteer to uncover the Star in his forehead, and go before the wise men—not merely as their guide, but to pay also his own adoration to the babe in the manger."

Shall I write this as your opinion?

A. "No, write it as a fact that I know to be true."

Well, as we have got among the luminaries, I wish you to give me your opinion upon the Sun's standing still in the valley of Jehosaphat. Mr. Davis says that Joshua was a deceiver or deceived for making such a statement. "Mr. Davis sometimes draws hasty conclusions. When he affirms that the laws of nature are as unchangeable as their Eternal Author, he affirms the truth; but the laws of Nature in Joshua's time, might have produced some wonders equal to those in our own day, when we have seen the ignorant cobbler, in an incredibly short time, converted into one of the profoundest philosophers of the age. Mr. Davis should know that an angel's face, acting as a mirror, or luminous cloud of the right density, could reflect the sun's descending rays for a much longer period than usual, upon the contending armies of Israel. Cannot the merest school-boys with a couple of mirrors make the sun stand still all day in the bottom of the deepest well if they choose? It is good

to prove all things, but it is often bad business to tell what *can't be done*. Many of your circle know from what they themselves have seen, that angel's faces sometimes shine with great luster. Moses once became so nearly angelic, that the children of Israel "could not steadfastly behold the glory of his countenance; and he was obliged to veil his face in order to converse with the multitude. Stephen is also another familiar example."

Well, friend Bryant, I feel that it becomes us to pause and reflect. From what you say, and from what we have seen you do, it seems very much like truth, that God gave his angels charge concerning Christ, that they should bear him up lest at any time he should receive injury, even to the striking "his foot against a stone." If some mediums in our day have been taken up, and carried fifty feet in the open air, it is no longer a mystery how Christ walked over the rolling billows—how Philip was caught away from the Eunuch, or how the Apocryphal Habbakkuk was carried by the crown of his head to give the dinner of the reapers to the famishing Daniel. It looks very much like a return of old-fashioned Christianity. It is no longer difficult to believe that an unseen hand varied the aim of that rifle which had never missed its object, so that seventeen successive fires failed to throw a shot into the heart of the Father of his Country. Keen and true as was that Indian's eye, keener still were the eyes of that "well appointed Host," which constituted the invisible body-guard of him appointed by Heaven to lead America's sons to victory.

Here permit the writer to ask the doubting "professor" in the language of Christ—"Doth this offend you?" If the little sparkling Star of one of the lower angels, scarcely sufficient to light up the dwelling of your humble servant, is too much for your credence, what would you think of a story I once read in an old volume, that one of Christ's "Son's of Thunder" saw an angel so advanced that at his approach "the earth was lighted with his glory." How would your faith stagger if I should tell you that the pupil of Gamaliel and all his company were suddenly arrested on the plains of Damascus by the instantaneous outburst of a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, streaming from the

forehead of Him, who, though departed, is still our elder Brother? This Light was so overwhelming, and gave such a shock to the nervous system of these wayfaring men, that every one of them fell to the earth as if a stroke of Jehovah's power had instantly palsied their heart-strings. What do you think of that "humbug" which so suddenly, and for many days produced a paralysis of the optic nerve of the violent persecutor. Do you wonder that as soon as he had sufficiently recovered to be satisfied that it was not all "imagination," that he anxiously inquired, "*Who art thou?*" Immediately a familiar voice answered, I am Jesus, that lowly and despised Nazarene, a little ago a prisoner at the Bar of Pilate, and soon after a bleeding exhibition between the heavens and the earth, for the "wagging heads" of your unbelieving nation. I am now the "Mighty God, clothed with all power in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath." What do you want of me? responds the heart-stricken Saul.

A. "I want to convince you how great things you will cheerfully suffer for the honor of Him whom you have thus far despised."

Was not that a serious "rap" which so suddenly arrested the Mammon-loving Annanias and his co-partner in evil, and laid them dead at the Apostles' feet? Was that an unmeaning one that smote the haughty Herod who was impiously appropriating to himself those honors that belonged only to his Maker, God? Was not that rap on Peter's side with feeling, that wrought his deliverance from the malice of a haughty Prince and nation that were thirsting for his blood? If you have no faith in these statements then,—"*Down again, with your hand on your mouth, and your mouth in the dust,*" and keep up your shameful cry of "*Unclean, unclean—God be merciful to me a sinner.*" Continue to sing

"See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys."

You are welcome to such base-born confessions. Such swinish songs, so long as they befit you. But we will lift up our hearts on high, and sing,

"This world is all a heavenly show,
For man's instruction given."

Reader, you must wake up! The dismal, gloomy night of the dark ages, with its storms and frosts, which had so far contracted the heart of the world, and so nearly closed every medium of communication between heaven and our ice-bound earth, as to arrest the fire of the former, is rapidly on the wane. The true light is beginning to shine. God's anxious angels are in livery—Heaven is marshaling,—Earth is heaving; and Christianity is coming down from "God out of heaven" once more in her wedding suit, "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

Why, reader, if you stumble now, dampen your feet and take cold in crossing the little rills that have yet appeared, what will you do when called to buffet the swellings of Jordan? If you have run with footmen and they have wearied you, how will you endure a race with the horses of Egypt? If you cannot run without being weary, how will you mount up on wings as eagles?

The mighty Kossuth uttered a still mightier truth when he declared "there is not a Christian nation on the face of the earth." And we will add, neither is there a Christian Church on the earth. If Christianity has already measured her strength with the darkness and error of earth,—if she has done, or is doing what she can—if she has no other resources than she has employed in the last thousand years, then, as a race, we may as well commence our endless wail in the moan of an eternal wo. Why, she does not even hope (judging from the words of her professors,) to save one in a hundred of the race from the "worm that never dies;" and yet you fear to hail the opening of a brighter day.

We will now return to our narrative. During Thanksgiving week, while one of our neighboring women was adjusting some articles in her home, she told her little girl to bring her a gallon glass bottle, which she herself had some time before set out upon the kitchen floor, (the little girl would be an excellent and useful medium if her father feared God more and man less,) the bottle was empty and corked, as it had been a long time; neither was there any fire in the room where it was standing. Well, when she had approached within four or five feet of the bottle, it suddenly turned towards her on its side,

and instantly exploded into innumerable fragments, thrown off in a circle, in every direction. The lady, when relating to us the occurrence seemed pleased, and said she was instantly impressed that Albert had done it.

I inquired, Albert, did you break that bottle? "Yes." Why so?

A. "To convince that man, that we are in no way dependent on Dr. Gridley for the power we use; he has said some unkind things about us and you too."

How did you do that deed? "By an electric current."

Obj.—But the explosive power was *within* the bottle, *that is clear*, while electricity will not go through glass or cork. "The electricity we use will pass through either."

What word known among men most, nearly expresses that subtle and mighty agent which you spirits seem to play with so familiarly? "Electro-Magnetism." Is there as much difference between the subtle, penetrating power of a pure current of magnetism, and a pure current of electricity, as there is between electricity and light? "Nearly." Then neither cork nor glass are non-conductors of magnetism?

A. "No; and when mixed they will both readily pass these substances."

Are the sounds magnetic rather than electric?

A. "Yes, for we, of course, must use the materials which we possess, and four-fifths of our own composition is magnetism."

Is the remaining one-fifth electricity?

A. "Yes. Electricity forms the solids of our bodies, answering to the muscle and bone of yours, while magnetism constitutes the fluids with which the solids are permeated and supplied with nutrition."

Can you readily pass through our glass windows?

A. "Yes, though we can pass through walls or doors rather easier."

Can you pass through fluids?

A. "No, as we have often told you."

Can you see through them?

A. "Yes when motionless; but if agitated we cannot see into them much better than yourselves."

Why is this?

A. "Because we see upon the same principles that you do. When, therefore, the lines of radiation are disturbed, and thrown into innumerable angles, they bring us no clear image of the objects we wish to see."

Can you temporarily suspend our hearing as well as cover our sight?

A. "Yes, at will, with a good medium. It was thus the big potato was brought from the distant closet, which seemed to fall only from the height of a few inches above the plate of Dr. Phelps, while he was taking his breakfast, mentioned by Mr. Sunderland in the Spirit World. It was thus, too, the doomed Peter was rescued from the blood-thirsty Sanhedrim, and its bigoted tools, for it is not to be supposed that all his keepers within, and the whole watch without, were in an ordinary sleep, while the whole heart of the nation was expecting a religious row over his dying body the very next day. But in spite of their wakeful anticipation, they heard no sound, nor saw a moving thing, while the chains fell at the angel's stroke—the massive doors unlocked and swung back upon their grating hinges. Peter's footsteps, too, were without carefulness, (for he only considered it a vision.) But on he went, and the doors closed and locked and barred behind him. The city gates, too, bowed and retired, that he might pass, when they instantly closed so that all appeared in the morning, as the officers left it the evening previous, except the missing Peter. It was much easier for that angel to close up the hearing of these men than it would have been for him to prevent falling chains, swinging doors and massive gates from making a noise."

These are some of the questions, some of the answers, and some of the inferences that we have received and exchanged with our Spirit Friends; but they are by no means all. We have asked, in addition to those stated, a multitude of questions in relation to the Spirit World, and received answers most satisfactory. They have, however, been unwilling to answer needless questions, such as are called test questions,—as, for instance—How long have you been dead? How old were you, etc., etc. Many times such questions would be answered thus—"We have never been dead at all." "You know, or have other means of knowing; go to the record, etc."

"We desire you above all, to ask us questions that pertain to your present and future good." If, however, the inquirer was sincere—stating that he did not know the true answer to the question propounded, and should consider it a favor to be informed, the correct answer was cheerfully given.

N. was cutting some bean-poles into stove-wood twenty inches long, with a hatchet, in one hand, while the other was, as he supposed, the length of a stick from the log on which he was chopping. Well, the pole was severed at a stroke, and the stick thus cut off fell, as was meet, over the opposite side of the log from where he stood, while his fore-finger, severed by the same stroke, midway between the second joint and hand, fell with it. How the hatchet got to his finger he had no conjecture. He picked up the finger and brought it into the house—appeared wild, so that it was with difficulty he was so far restrained that the female inmates of the family could dress the bleeding stump, before I returned, an hour after. How it was so completely severed, without the slightest mark on the adjoining finger, is also a mystery that we have never been able to solve. Whether our good friends were absent at the time, or whether the opposition was so exceedingly strong that they thought it unwise to interfere, or whether a disciplinary good was intended to the medium, our friends have never seemed disposed to inform us, nor have we felt disposed to press our inquiries. I at once renewed the dressing, but the hand being very painful, we held a meeting of inquiry, when I asked Friend Bryant if he could not magnetize it. He replied that it was too raw to be much benefited in that way. I understood him to mean that the spiritual finger *was too bare*, for he added that it would frequently go to the severed member to seek its original covering and again return to its companion, quivering within the stump. He advised us to put the finger into strong alcohol, which he thought would the sooner dispose the spiritual essence to leave the dissevered member and join itself permanently to the stump. This was done, and our friends informed us, some ten hours after, that the spirit finger had pretty much forsaken its ancient home; they stated farther that a spirit member would sometimes visit

and re-enter its old mansion a full year after amputation, if the old tenement had been kept in just the right, or rather *wrong* state of preservation.

They stated that a dissevered limb should be burned, or in some other way totally destroyed. I now enquired, with deep interest, whether the spiritual hand could not contract, and so draw the houseless tenant within the stump, and thus give it a home among its kindred. They answered: The spirit finger, within the stump, cannot contract beyond the first joint, which, in this instance, they said would draw under cover about one fourth of their destitute companion, that the farther from any joint on the body a member was amputated, the greater would be the contraction, and the less homeless would be the lonely spiritual member.

By whatever instrument or influence behind the curtain, he lost his finger, we cannot say, but we do know that when it was done, and the enemy possessed him, they would make him, if unrestrained by members of the circle, strike that stump against every solid body that came in his way. If this was not malice we know not what malice is, for surely they could have owed him no personal spite, whom they had hardly known on earth; besides, there was manifest a hellish joy, and their spirits seemed gluttoned with his groans. In our communications, we raised his hand completely above the settee, and made fast his wrist to the top; my oldest daughter confining the other hand always, as we have said, or these malicious spirits would compel him to strike, most violently, the wounded hand, with the other fist. His hand was always extremely painful when evil spirits possessed him, and if he was awakened at such times, which was very seldom, his hand would pain him for a long time afterwards. Our good friends kept it mostly free from pain, and it healed on the whole, very rapidly. Friend B. always put him into a magnetic sleep as soon as he had got to bed for the night, and he ordered his wrists firmly bound at a distance from each other—he would then tell us we might leave him, as he would take the charge of him through the night. We all then retired, with as much confidence and satisfaction, yea, far greater than if we had left him in the hands of the most

skilful surgeon, with an attendant nurse. He stated that he would call us if he needed any assistance—for this he never had occasion, and we were never called. This beautiful and unwearied "Watcher," like Daniel's "Holy One, that came down from Heaven," generally released his lame hand sometime after midnight, after, as he said, the "coast was cleared."

On one occasion when N. had had more suffering from his tormentors than usual during the evening, Mr. B. informed us that he thought he would keep him asleep through the night, and requested us to lead him to bed under the magnetic influence that was then upon him, stating as a reason that he would get more refreshment from such a sleep; he giving us positive assurance that he would by no means leave him while under the influence. We did as he requested. He said also that should he have occasion to leave, he would first restore him to his waking state, otherwise none of the family will be able to wake him but E., who must place her hand on his forehead in the morning. Well, in the morning, several members of the family called loudly to him, rapped violently on his head-board, to no effect. E. tried her voice among the rest, to no purpose; she then laid her hand on his forehead, as directed, when he instantly opened his eyes and inquired how he came there. Friend B. informed us that he had not left him for a long time only as he had left him in the special charge of some spirit friend whom he knew competent to take care of him.

A CONVERSATION

Between Albert J. Gridley and John Lyman, a deceased schoolmate of the former.

March 31st, 1851. (H. C. GORDON, *Medium.*)

Q. Is there a spirit present that will communicate with me?

A. Yes.

Q. Is it a brother?

A. Yes.

The last question was put in order to ascertain whether I had a brother in the spirit world, as my parents had informed me that their first son never breathed in the rudimental world, and I had learned from other sources

that it is the uniform testimony of spirits that such children retain their identity and receive their training in the angelic heavens.

Q. Have you been dead twelve years?

A. No.

Q. Ten years?

A. No.

Then you are not my brother, as he has been gone these twenty years.

Now came a spirit call for the alphabet, and the following was spelled—I am your brother for we are all brothers, but I am not your brother according to the flesh.

Q. Have I such a brother in the spirit world?

A. I do not know.

Mr. Gordon now remarked—"The spirit conversing with you may be a schoolmate." An answer to this suggestion was promptly given in the affirmative by the unseen friend. I now asked:

Q. Is it John Cleaveland?

A. No.

There were two of my schoolfellows of the name of John Lyman, who were cousins, and to distinguish them one was called John Cleaveland, after the name of his mother before her marriage, which I had ever supposed was the true name. The negative answer to the last question threw me into doubt, as I could think of no other school companion gone from earth, when another call for the alphabet announced by spelling—"My name was John Lyman." I could hardly yield my ever cherished conviction as to the name, and again enquired:

Q. Did you not have Cleaveland for a middle name?

A. No.

This I found true on my return home, but I cannot divine by whose mental reflection all my notions of truth were disposed of so strangely, without an appeal to Dr. Richmond.

Q. Are you happy?

A. Yes.

Q. Absolutely?

A. No. Comparatively.

Q. How long since you passed from earth?

A. Between four and five years.

Q. Was you injured by jumping (I was about to add without any pause,) from the steps of the Academy, (which I supposed was the truth,) but his prompt reply, *yes*, cut off the sentence at the word jumping, which I found on my return, was all that would have been true of the question, as he was injured near the steps of the church instead of the academy. Whose mental reflection was that, Dr. Richmond?

Q. Was your ankle injured?

No answer, for I knew better this time, and my friend knew I did.

Q. Was your knee injured?

A. Yes.

Q. Was your death occasioned by that injury?

A. Yes.

The alphabet was again called into requisition, and the following given—God is just—you are receiving joyful news from the spirit world. All spirits are as happy as their growth in goodness will admit. Progress in knowledge concerning the world to which you are hastening. You have doubts in relation to it. This was true, and I confessed it frankly—but I added—*I am not an unbeliever*,—to which the spirit responded with a decided and powerful *no*.

Q. Was I impressed last August, by your spirit, to leave Saratoga?

A. Yes.

Q. Was I in danger of being sick?

A. Yes.

Q. Of being robbed?

A. Yes.

Q. Was my life in danger?

A. Yes.

Q. Was I in danger of these things by Mr. ———, and Mr. ———, and Mr. ———, (three persons that I separately referred to.)

A. Yes, from all of them.

Q. Is that tavern a den of thieves?

No answer.

Q. Are robberies sometimes committed at that house?

A. Yes.

I here related the circumstances to the company, as follows:

On a peddling, or rather a collecting trip, I had arrived at the public Springs, in Saratoga, and concluded to spend the Sabbath in the place that I never before visited. I made a halt near one of the springs and stepped from my buggy to take a look at the water. I soon entered into conversation with a couple of gentlemen in appearance, who, on learning that I was from Massachusetts, stated that they were peddlers from Springfield, in the same State; that they had taken lodgings at a tavern about a mile from the village, where their fare was much cheaper, and they invited me to go and spend the Sabbath with them. Being young, and having been a considerable time from home, and feeling as if I had got among neighbors, I invited them to a seat in my wagon, and we were soon before the door of the proposed hotel. These men, very attentive and social, took out my trunk and somehow very strangely carried it into their own chamber. I did not relish that movement, though it created no suspicion of danger. I had my horse put out, bought a quantity of oats of the landlord, and had them put into a barrel by themselves, that I might feed to my own liking during my stay, ordered dinner, and engaged accommodations until Monday. Before I had finished my dinner, however, I ascertained that my company were profane, drinking men, whose company I had no inclination to keep; so dinner over, I found means to make my way unnoticed, down into the low grounds, where the springs take their rise; it was here, while walking leisurely from one spring to another, that I was so powerfully impressed that I must at once leave those lodgings—that resistance seemed out of the question. I immediately returned to the tavern, and, much to my satisfaction, found the men absent, though I had not even now entertained the least suspicion of danger. I ordered my horse and got off twelve miles that night. I had not got far from the tavern when I met the men, who made some remarks, by way of ridicule, for my leaving.

This statement was confirmed to the company by a strong response from my invisible friend.

Q. Then I was impressed to leave in consequence of sickness and robbery?

A. Yes; both.

I ought to remark that I was taken sick the same night,

probably from drinking too freely of the water, which brought on a difficulty to which I had been particularly subject for a couple of years, and confined me several days.

The aid of the alphabet was again announced, and it was spelled—"Spirits often impress you."

Q. Are you my guardian angel?

A. I am often with you.

Dr. Wayland's "Undiscovered law of nature," or Dr. Richmond's "Od-force," now seized the table and with a rapid play of its legs, up and down many times, with great force, my invisible and faithful friend bade me an affectionate adieu.

The writer will add that since my son's decease, he and John have both informed me that they had sought out and found the residence of those men in Philadelphia; that they were base enough to do all that John had stated, though they expressed the opinion that they would not have taken life if they could have got my son's money and horse (a very valuable one in all respects, and among the fastest of the "trotters,") without.

When my son related this spiritual visit to the writer, his emotions entirely overcame him, and he wept like a child. He is now in the same happy family with his faithful guardian friend, while they are both often with me to answer my questions, or at my elbow moving my hand to write.

CHAPTER VIII.

Now, friends, we desire you to give us some more definite information about

THE DEGREES, OR CIRCLES,
THE DAY OF JUDGMENT,
THE RESURRECTION, ETC.

"We will do this; but several obstacles must be removed from your minds, in order that the path may be clear as we proceed.

"These degrees are measured by the progress of the soul in moral beauty, and the amount of sanctifying

truth developed in the interior nature, and are as applicable to men in the body as to spirits out; i. e. so far as the spiritual nature of man is concerned. We will tell you, first of all, what classes of men on earth are in the first Circle or Degree. For the purpose of making the subject plain, we will first make a reference to Fahrenheit's thermometer, and premise that all men are born at Zero; that whatever bias they may have constitutionally received from their parents, must be endorsed by their full and free consent as they come of mature moral age, before a righteous God can impute it to their account. After, therefore, they have attained to such growth as to distinguish clearly between good and evil, and have learned the fruits of each, (and this, remember, does not depend upon years so much as upon surrounding circumstances; for a man that has had his existence amid the mirrors of blazing truth is more of a responsible agent at fifteen than another might be at forty,) if he then, from his own unbiased choice, endorses all the faults of his parents and adds thereto, while he rejects by degrees their virtues, he falls below zero, and has fairly commenced his progressive course down the diverging pathway which you see on the Diagram, and which occupies just the relative proportion of the whole picture, that the lost of the human race bears to the whole of that race,—that is, as one to fifteen, according to the careful observation of many of your spirit friends: he now possesses more positive evil than good."

But Mr. Davis says there is no such thing as absolute Free Agency. "Mr. D. overlooks what we discover; man, though webbed like an insect in feet and wings, beyond the possibility of his own extrication, is nevertheless *free to reflect*. Every thing above and below, within and without, even the very coils of the net which surround him,—all, *all*, is calculated to induce sober reflection. This results in desire—the only prevailing prayer—for such desire reaches into, and stirs the deep fountains of sympathy in our world, and so sure as the laws of the Universe are unchangeable, so sure is it that all needed help is attracted, to deliver man under any circumstances and in any emergency. The Eternal Father has struck, through his own chosen Medium,

(Christ) an Immortal Fount in the deep interior of every man's spirit. Let him absorb its healing waters, follow the current, and he is safe; for so it shall become in him "a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." From every part of Jehovah's Dominions, man is ever free to *look* toward God's Holy Temple, (within him) and when he does this with ardent desire, the energies of the Godhead, by immutable laws, are sacredly pledged to open a pathway before him;—i. e. in such a state of mind the soul is negative, towards which positive elements of necessity flow. Surely this is freedom enough; more than this, would insure his destruction. This is the basis of Faith, the basis of Hope, the basis of Prayer, and the basis on which Mr. Davis himself expresses the desire that his readers may discipline and unfold their minds to the influx of spiritual impressions."

Well, friends, we seem to be off the track; but as we are here, we may as well go forward and inquire whether every spirit will not eventually grow in goodness, and of course in happiness? "No, we think not; and we will give our reasons for this opinion as we proceed."

Friends, this is a solemn and momentous question;—do you solemnly affirm that you *know* that some men, after leaving the earth, positively wax worse, as your Diagram indicates?

A. "We do affirm it as a truth in which we know we are not mistaken."

Spirits: dear and truthful as we have ever, and do now consider you, we suppose that you are here to give us solid, substantial truth, that will not vary a shadow from the reality, as we shall find it when we enter your world. I wish you, therefore, to answer me as if you were summoned by the subpoena and bound by the oath that God administers to all who speak in his name,—to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, upon this most sacred subject.

A. "We will answer you as under the solemn responsibility you have invoked."

Mr. Strong, you were a truth-loving father when you left our earth twenty years since; please, therefore, take the stand, and tell me whether you have seen spirits from

our earth whom you know have grown worse since their departure?

A. "Yes, indeed I have."

Have you seen all, or nearly all, of the spirits that have departed from your native town since you left the body?

A. "Yes, and I have carefully watched their progress afterwards."

What proportion have grown worse?

A. "One in twenty-seven nearly."

How many out of the four hundred that have died have made their progress downward?

A. "Fifteen;—that number does not vary from fact."

What proportion of the entire population of the earth grow more dark, gloomy and forbidding after they enter the second sphere?

A. "One in fifteen."

Friend Bryant, with what opportunities for observation of the spirit-life you have had since you put off your outer clothing, will you tell me what proportion of the human family is lost?

A. "There is one in fifteen."

Have you been influenced by Mr. Strong's expressed opinion?

A. "No; you know I gave you that answer long before Mr. Strong came among us."

True, you did. Have you watched the departing spirits of your own native town?

A. "Yes, with great interest."

That you need not be biased by any mind in our circle, at least, will you now throw up that table as many times as one shall be to the number of tips that shall represent the proportion of those that have died from your town in the last fifteen years, and whom you now know to be progressing in righteousness? The table was deliberately raised thirty times. Then there is lost from Southampton one in twenty-seven; from Manchester, Ct., one in thirty, and on the whole earth, one in fifteen; why is this difference?

A. "From our native towns the number is lessened, because the religious element has been at work ever since these towns were settled, and long before, in their founders."

Do you know of any spirits who appear to you to be in a hopeless state of degradation? "Yes, many." Do you know that no latent spark can yet be touched by which they will be disposed to turn and live?

A. "No, I do not *know* that, and I hope, most devoutly, that is so, (for you ought to know that you cannot love the human race more than angels do,) but *truth* is more precious to us than all else, and we must tell you what we know, that the present appearance is against it."

Are they doomed to endless suffering?

A. "No indeed! not *doomed*, for then Mr. Davis might well have said that 'a single spirit lost, would mar all the joys of heaven.' Their hopelessness consists in their having voluntarily, and for a long course of years, so completely extinguished all desire for goodness, that there is nothing within them on which it can fasten. Their repulsion from good is of their own free will; they are free and will forever be free; they choose, and it certainly now appears that they will forever choose to 'sow to the flesh,' and God chooses that while they do, they shall 'reap corruption.' No arbitrary power disposes them to sin nor makes them suffer; but, if they will sin, no such power will interfere with Jehovah's perfect laws to prevent their suffering. It is true that they do not *seek* suffering—they seek only what they term happiness; but they seek it in the vilest sensuality, and in the suffering they are permitted to inflict on others. O friends! could you have seen as we saw the joy and triumph—that, in sober truth, we can call little less than infernal—which was manifested by Joshua and Jane and their associates in wickedness, you would never doubt that souls may be lost. But it is our joy to tell you that we have also often seen the murderer—his hands reeking with the blood of his brother; the whoremonger, the seducer, and much oftener the seduced; we have seen many and many a spirit who wholly denied any future state while in the body; we have seen all these characters, after entering the Spirit World and finding it a stern reality, set about them in most sincere and repentant reformation. But from many cases of this kind—unlike Mr. Davis—we have not inferred that all such will be redeemed. All *may* be; but stern and unrelenting facts show, thus far,

that all are not likely to be. Though Mr. D. might see money in the mouth of a fish in the distant ocean, which, by the way, we deny, we think it would puzzle him to determine the precise place, and dispose the fish to occupy that place where Peter would throw his random hook; and less than all could he induce the fish to bite that hook, while a piece of silver was already in his mouth. When Mr. D. can throw his brooding spirit over the restless and angry deep, and settle it in an instant into slumber most profound; when he can cast his will into the conflicting elements of the heavens and restore their equilibrium; when he can call up the dead and clothe them again in mortal habiliments—then,” said friend Bryant, “he may more plausibly defend his rivalry with Christ, who declares that all men have not eternal life abiding in them.”

Joseph, my first born, you have been in the Spirit World more than twenty years; please tell your father, in righteous faith, whether all you have seen in the Spirit Life confirms what has been expressed in relation to the proportion lost of the human family?

A. “It does confirm it.”

Francis, our faithful friend—you have been in the Spirit World almost as long as Joseph; cannot you give a different statement?

A. “In verity I cannot; it is the living truth which has been already spoken, so far as I have learned it.”

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Now friends, let us inquire whether you have heard us read Mr. Courtney's letters upon the Spirit World—

WHERE IS IT, AND WHAT IS IT?

Yes, we have heard them, but must disagree with him entirely. Our ideality is as distinct in our minds from the reality, as it was in the body, when we were in the waking state. When we are with you, as we are this morning, we are here body and spirit, and no where else. Our presence is a solid reality. If we now think of London or New York, we are no more there, nor do we seem to be there any more than you do who are in the body, when you think of them. If we wish to go there, we do as actually travel, and are as conscious of every inch of ground we travel over, or of space we pass through, as though our bodies were made of granite. We possess ideality, it is true, and can paint upon our mental vision, exquisite beauties if we choose—but they are no more realities to us than they are to you, when you, in the body, image them in your own minds.

You have seen spirits then, for whom you have little hope?

A. "We have seen some that we have named to you, and others that are following hard after them, who have not a gleam of light about them to which we can reasonably attach the first ray of hope, that their condition

will ever be any better than at present. We have spoken kindly and solemnly to them, and marked its effect. They are without God and without hope, and without any desire for either, as far as we can discover."

In what degree are the spirits to whom you refer?

A. "They are far advanced in the fourth, below zero, if not entirely through it. They appear to us to have already dropped below the judgment."

Does the judgment of the righteous take place in the same circle from zero upward, that the judgment of the wicked does from zero downward?

A. "Certainly, each has taken his own course in equal freedom. God has been developing the growth of their spirits by goodness only; but like two plants on the same soil, one at maturity affords nectar, while the other yields concentrated poison. Thus their divergence has increased to the moral distance we measure by eight degrees, as represented on the diagram. This constitutes the 'GREAT GULF' of the Bible. When spirits, some in their upward and some in their downward course, have reached these extremes, the Gulf is '*fixed*,' as the Bible expresses it. There being no longer any affinity between them, neither can go over to the other; the Gulf is truly impassable, in accordance with all known law in the universe. Dives and Lazarus were a representation of the two extremes. They had very rapidly been diverging all their lifetime. The one had been feeding his pride and passions on the most debasing and sensuous gratifications, till every holy sympathy had sunk below that of the inmates of his own kennel. He was forgetful alike of God, and of his heart-broken and flesh-broken brother, who lay at his pompous gate full of sores. While the other cut off from every earthly consolation, and realizing that the earthly house of his tabernacle was dissolving, had lifted his thoughts on high and had been long aspiring to a

"World of spirits bright,"

where he had laid up his treasure. The one is aroused or resurrected to a full consciousness that all affinity for goodness is forever obliterated from him by his own choice. I say that the burning consciousness of this fact as now revealed from the upper spheres, the realizing

sense of his condition, his newly awakened and rankling passions, that have been rising higher and higher under the ripening process of the judgment, constitute his resurrection; while the repulsion he feels towards all righteousness, and towards all good and holy beings, and the repulsion they must necessarily feel towards him, makes that resurrection a 'resurrection of damnation.' Between these influences 'the wicked is driven away in his wickedness.' Who is to blame? God and all good spirits have done nothing but let him act in his freedom, and endeavored to entice him to goodness. He is in his freedom still, while he goes away more and more into 'everlasting punishment,' while the righteous, from the same point on the upward scale, go away into everlasting life. The one puts off the carnal, animal nature, and puts on the spiritual. The other drops every vestige of the divine and lovely, and sinks wholly into the brutish and sensual. Such, from what we daily see, and from a long course of observation in the Spirit Life, is our opinion."

Why in the world has not the greatest philosopher of this age ever referred to this subject?

A. "Because he knows nothing of it. I tell you again, as I have told you before, that I am personally acquainted with Mr. Davis; that I have examined his interior, and find that he is in the first half of the fourth degree. The spirits that have impressed him are in the same degree. He has not only not referred to the Day of Judgment, but he has made no reference to any truth peculiar to any condition of man or angel above the first half of the fourth circle. Above their own true moral position, neither man nor angel can truly, and in a spiritual sense, realize anything—and Mr. Davis is not an exception to the general laws that govern other intelligences. If he or his spiritual psychologists should attempt to ascend only the fifth circle of the next sphere until they are gradually and interiorly unfolded into its conditions, they would be immediately repulsed by the higher societies, as Mr. Davis himself declares. Neither can Mr. Davis or his associates safely go below zero to examine the condition of debased spirits. I have never been down among the lowest classes of spirits; though occupying only the fifth degree, I can safely go much

lower than Mr. Davis or any spirit from the fourth degree. It would require a spirit far advanced of me to go among the vilest of the vile. It is with us in this respect, as with you; a man of the most rigid and disciplined integrity may the more safely visit or live in the vilest society. We therefore aver that most Mr. Davis has written of the spiritual spheres is fanciful and nothing more. His magnetizers possess large ideality, and image upon his mind whatever they idealize in their own. Mr. Davis' often repeated expression, 'I am impressed,' is proof positive, that in spiritual matters, he is a sympathetic and not an independent clairvoyant. He does not see for himself, but sees as he is impressed to see. We know assuredly that in the development of his own interior, spiritual growth, quite a number of earth's inhabitants are in advance of him. We most cheerfully admit that he may have more intellect and philosophy, and on a greater variety of subjects than any living man, but the incorporation and assimilation of deep interior truth, to his own spiritual organism, is surpassed by many others. Mr. Davis has expressed the growth of natural love, if we remember, thus:—1st, Self-love; 2d, Conjugal love; 3d Paternal love; 4th, Fraternal love. In the last he stands as we have said, supremely in the LOVE OF MAN. He begins already to feel the difficulty of carrying out practically his own philosophy. He is dealing rather severely with a certain class of men, while according to his philosophy, they are no more to blame for the position they occupy, than vegetation is censurable in the spring, for not bursting the earth in full blossom, and bearing mature fruit. Mr. Davis declares the laws of the universe are perfect and unchangeable, and they of course alone have operated on man. Yet his favorite expression is, 'Man is misdirected.' Do perfect laws misdirect anything? Or rather, have they not developed a certain kind of liberty or free agency in man, as the 'Crowning Head' of the universe, by which he is able of his own will, to disregard those laws, or violate them at pleasure, though he is not able to escape the penalty of such violation. If the perfect operation of Nature's perfect laws, in her eternal whirl, has thrown man off in a tangent; if her attraction has not been sufficient

to hold him to her own unerring bosom, it is exceedingly difficult to prove that she is able to draw him back to that bosom. While if we take the other suggestion, that man has been made free to violate Nature's laws, then a freedom that Nature has given she will never withdraw, and man will be forever free to seek happiness on his own account, and in his own chosen way, to cultivate the wheat or the tares as he chooses, through all coming ages. One thing is certain, that all advanced men and angels know that sympathy and antipathy, attraction and repulsion are co-equal in extent and power—that none can love the Lord his God with all his heart, without hating iniquity with a perfect hatred; that when we hate men they feel a repulsive power go out from us, as surely as they feel an opposite power when we attract them by love. Hatred and anger, as well as evils of all kinds, then, are not negatives as Mr. Davis affirms. (We refer to evils possessing moral qualities, not earthquakes, or hailstones, or fevers.) If Mr. Davis should be permitted to stay on earth till he has passed the judgment, and be permitted to write after that, his indignation against wilful transgression would blaze up and run through his writings, like a vein of ignited brimstone. It is equally true that he would be vastly more long-suffering and merciful than at present, yet these virtues would be so healthily exercised, as by no means to clear the guilty."

We are now prepared to answer the question put to us several pages back, viz:—What classes of men on earth occupy spiritually, the

FIRST DEGREE OR CIRCLE?

"Barbarians, savages, and the very refuse of civilized society reside here. Such are in the first degree, either above or below zero, as the latent desire may exist within them either for improvement or still further degradation. When these persons lay off the outer covering, they enter into and possess this circle. The same remark holds true through all the circles. The center of this circle is 3500 miles from the earth; and like all above it, surrounds the earth in every direction. The elements at that distance from the earth are just gross enough and just refined enough for the sustenance of such a class of spirits out

of the body; and the spiritual influence from that region is attracted by the spiritual natures of the same classes of men in the body. This remark too, holds good with all the other degrees on the earth, and in the Heavens.

SECOND CIRCLE.

"The occupants of this circle are found among the lowest class of civilized society. Those persons are in this degree who are afraid of new ideas, who have traveled all their lifetime in one beaten round of, so called, 'religious duties,' like a horse in a mill, while they have made no perceptible advancement. All such are in this circle. Many Church officers and public exhorters, who are loud in warning sinners, and, in the next breath, confess themselves sinners; a multitude of such men are found here. They may have a hope and a legal conversion, but they have but little conscience except on Sundays. They talk largely of the danger of sinners, and then cheat their neighbors with very little remorse. They have never been quickened by the Spirit of God. They have no depth of soil as yet. Distance from the earth, 7000 miles.

THIRD CIRCLE.

"This circle contains all the true-hearted in the churches; all the real seed. No person can remain in fellowship with any church now on earth beyond this degree. Should he outgrow this, every buckle will loosen, and his sectarian harness will fall off, as my own did, whether he will or no. The church, in her best specimens, has very little inward experience,—very little; her religion lies mainly in outward observances, of which she is jealous, almost to blood. Every reformer has felt her wrath, when she possessed more power than at present. She has never felt the bubbling fountain which brings up in the interior man, things new and old, day by day. Very little of God's truth is incorporated in her; it has not become a conscious part of herself. She only hopes, concludes, guesses, etc., etc. Her members should, nevertheless, be encouraged as servants, that they may become sons of God when they find that they are under the yoke of the law, which neither Paul nor the fathers were able to bear. No adult person on earth, be-

low the middle of this degree, can be much benefited by spiritual manifestations, as they now exist. Such must go on for a long time yet, before their moral shell can safely be broken to the reception of spiritual influx. The subject is too sacred to be troubled with them. Let all remember this; for if they unwisely introduce the subject to the notice of such persons, they may expect to be replied to with much self-sufficiency, that THEY don't believe anything of it." Thus, unconsciously, will they reveal the seal of their low spiritual degradation. Young persons and children of every degree, however, will be benefited, if they are sober-minded. We have held converse with many ministers in the second sphere. They all entered the third circle as they have informed us, when they left the body with one exception. This one was cast out from the Presbytery of New York, for his ultra views, several years before he left the body. He entered the fourth degree. Their uniform testimony has been that the "sacred office" is a hindrance to spiritual growth. This circle is 10,000 miles from the earth, as it exists in the next sphere.

FOURTH CIRCLE, AND DAY OF JUDGMENT.

"This is by far a more interesting circle than any below it. It pre-figures the heavenly state. Brotherly love characterizes this degree—it contains nearly all the salt of the earth, mingled indeed with earthy matter. Still it has considerable salt of the savory kind. All your true-hearted reformers are in this degree—those who spend their strength and their substance for the weal of the race. It embraces, too, every full souled Associationist, with many a God-devoted Christian "Infidel." Such men are brought (though on earth,) into direct Spiritual affinity with their disembodied friends in the same degree. They possess a peculiarly forgiving spirit; easily excuse the faults of others; apologize on account of surrounding circumstances; hope and believe that men do not mean much harm; are never malignant when they do wrong; are deluded, undeveloped, misguided, or something of that sort; think that all will outgrow their evils, which are much less serious than they appear. All your papers on spiritualism give conclusive evidence that

most of their writers are here. They feel the Spirit of the Savior when he said, "I came not to condemn the world, but to save the world." Of the saying of the same Savior, however, that he would rule the nations with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel, persons in this degree know comparatively nothing. They are often disposed to doubt whether the two expressions ever fell from the same lips. These friends will find that the latter spirit is developed in the Day of Judgment; for neither man nor angels can mete out justice, till his wisdom is so far developed that with Mercy's hand he can "lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet."

"In the fourth degree, men and angels are perfected in kindness and affection; these are, the female elements of righteousness. As they enter the fifth, they meet the male elements, (nearly or quite perfected, that have been rapidly developing during the whole period of the judgment,) *viz.*, justice and judgment. These elements, equally divine, now embrace and kiss each other. Previous to this union, men and angels have a one-sided character. The scales of the human soul are not evenly balanced; they cannot weigh character with righteous impartiality. We say again, these elements of character are separately unfolded, prepared, polished and perfected, like the opposite parts of a pair of shears; and like them too, they must be united before men or angels can work smoothly. When, therefore, the union is effected, though the edges run opposite ways, they will never interfere with each other,—their object is one—their unity one—they work evermore in the harmony of heaven. The Apostles reached this position before they left the body, and were therefore well prepared to "sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of the children of Israel." The impressions of the "Higher Law," now interesting so many good men on earth, are undulations from the plane of the judgment, and its pressure on the nations' conscience will become more and more severe, till the race is fully arrested in its career of unrighteousness. Wo to him who is found an opposer when the crisis comes."

We will now return from our digression and say that

men in the fourth degree, see great evils in the world, and are anxious to do what they can in a quiet way to remove them. They are lovers of themselves—most emphatic lovers of man, and subordinate lovers of God. *Man*, however, as the image of God, is uppermost in their affections. It is for man, for *humanity* they plead. All this class of men are in the first half of the fourth degree above zero. Their wheat is taking root below the reach of tares, so that it will soon be safe to gather the latter; and their harvest is approaching. As they pass the middle of this circle, they begin to enter into the shadows of the judgment. They are coming so near to Mount Zion, the City of the Living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Medium of the New Covenant, and to the Blood (which is the life,) of sprinkling, that they feel an attraction, *strong* and indescribable, from all these Heaven Marshallled Hosts, to *rise* and take an endless possession of that brighter and holier plane, towards which they feel so irresistibly drawn; while the blazing light paints upon their interior vision the stubborn fact that no earthly love can enter there, and the “eleven years” struggle commences with groanings that cannot be uttered, and with agonizing aspirations that the angels would “thrust in their sickles, and gather the tares, and burn them, with the chaff, in unquenchable fire!” At first it seems that the spirit may almost free itself at a single leap, and bound away into the inviting fields above; but as the opening scene advances the tares appear to their renewed and quickened perceptions, a thousand fold more numerous than ever.

Friend Bryant, will mankind believe this testimony?

A. “None can deny that all the characters hitherto described are in a mixed state, knowing and practising too, more or less good and evil. If, therefore, they cultivate the wheat for a given time, it will thrive above the tares, and a *Crisis* must come: either the wheat will prevail and root out the tares, and so possess the entire field, or the tares will overrun and root out the wheat. Antagonistic principles cannot always exist in equilibrium, unless evenly balanced by a divine hand for a good

object. We aver that a separation must come and that nothing less than the 'Last Shout'—the voice of the Archangel and the Trump of God, as it echoes and reëchoes through the hitherto comparatively deadened chambers of the soul, can stir into immortal life a consciousness and clearness of perception of which it never before dreamed."

Is this what you mean by the coming of the Son of Man? Is there to be no more outward exhibition of that prophetic event than your present language seems to imply?

A. "No. It has been and will forever continue to be an unseen, interior matter. Have you never read that 'God hath gone up with a shout—the Lord with the sound of a trumpet?' No believer in the Bible can doubt that this language refers to Christ's ascension. Now you know that the angels declared that he should so come again *in like manner*, as the three selected and psychologized disciples had seen him go into heaven. Remember then that no natural eye saw that ascension, no mortal ear heard that shout, no outward sound was given by that trumpet. It was heard in the interior, Spirit World—in that kingdom which is *within you*. It is thus he comes to men and angels, while the shout of the Almighty's voice and the sound of the Trumpet—all *silent and unseen*—(for it cometh not with observation,) vibrate along the most interior of man's spirit, as we have constantly endeavored to impress you. Again, the apostle says, "if ye be RISEN with Christ" (as you profess) "seek those things that are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand" (or in full favor) "with God." For if you do this you furnish all the evidence to the world that heaven can give, that you are in the resurrection, in fellowship with Christ—fully up to the right hand of God (or in full favor with the Father.) How perfectly evident to every heaven-taught heart that such a resurrection refers to man's affections, instead of that decaying mass that is laid, with so much sorrowing solemnity, beneath the sod, to mingle forever with its kindred dust. We tell you that such is the Bible resurrection, in which the soul realizes, for the first time, that God is a jealous God; jealous as no man can be of his

own right to the affections of that spirit, which for his pleasure was created. The soul now finds that all his religion, all his prayers, all his works of righteousness, performed, as he fully realizes they have been, more or less from selfish ends, have become to his renewed perception, sure enough as "filthy rags." Chambers in his imprisoned spirit have been unlocked, of which he was never suspicious. The king has come to take possession: the keys are demanded, and every dirty closet is overhauled and brought to judgment. The elements of the upper spheres are rushing in among the earthly and sensual elements of his own spirit, and warring tempests are hurling in one common ruin, everything he has held dear on earth. He has loved his children as the fruit of his own loins, rather than as the members of the common family of a common Father, to be held cheerfully subject to his will. He has loved his wife as his own dear partner, rather than as the Bride the Lamb's Wife, to whom he is sacredly bound to yield her at the first call, without anxiety; and so of all else. The spirit here feels that it is literally 'treading the very winepress of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God,' and like the spotless Son he is treading it alone. We speak but what we know and have *felt*, when we say that none can render help here but the angel of the Everlasting Covenant, the Lion of the tribe of Judah. The waste howling wilderness surrounds him, and none else can pilot him out. Here the death-grasp of every earthly object must be broken, and it requires time, and generally much time. Four years is the shortest period that spirits have informed you they passed the judgment; and twenty-three is the longest. The average time, as we have learned from long and abundant observation, is about eleven years. Here father and mother, wife and children, houses and lands, must ALL be given up, and that forever, to the stern and unrelenting demands of Him who has undertaken to realize his rights, as we have said, to that spirit which was ever sacredly bound to love the Lord its God with all the heart, with all the soul, with all the mind, and with all the strength. Not a living fiber of the spirit will escape the stern decree. Every son of Adam will find that the eyes of flaming fire are

on the prisoner—all over him—that they pierce him through and through, even to the ‘dividing assunder of soul and spirit, of the joints and marrow; while it discerns and exposes too, every thought and intent of the entire life. His heavens are rolling together as a scroll, and are passing away with a great noise, while the very elements which have hitherto bound him to earth and its attachments are melting with fervent heat.”

“It is here proper to remark, that our best attachments are but temporarily broken up for the more complete and perfect purification, as well as for a *vast expansion* of the soul’s affections. When this is effected, and the crisis passed, every earthly good will be given back, and ever after take its relative and proper position, in holy subserviency to the all-controlling will of Him who is now *felt* to rule on *earth*, as well as in the heavens. The spirit takes its orbit around its central light and life-giving *Sun* as a primary, instead of sailing as a satellite around a darkened planetary, congregated mass of external ordinances, where it was never fully satisfied. A sister spirit who has scarcely cleared the judgment, as she says, expressed its commencement as a summons to the re-possession of more than the original Eden; that in the light of that summons, the soul first discovers that the ‘Tree of knowledge of good and evil’ is truly in the midst of the garden, in the *very center* of its affections: that in all verity it is from *within*, out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, thefts, fornications, etc.; that out of the same mouth hath proceeded blessing and cursing. That a clear recognition of these truths renders the spirit uneasy as the inflated balloon, which writhes and draws upon its moorings, till strand after strand of every earthly attachment gives way, and it is able to ascend in spite of the burning edge of the flaming sword,—reach the Tree of Life, pluck its fruits and live forever, though in its approaches it has had the clinging, carnal nature, for the thousandth time, repulsed and cut into bleeding shreds, till it is forced to cast down every earthly hope, ‘even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken with a mighty wind,’ and ‘every mountain and island on which it had ever reposed was removed out of its place.’ The spirit realizes that

the marriage of the Lamb is coming, and that his wife must make herself ready at every sacrifice."

What, then, is

PROBATION?

A. "It is a very foolish word as generally understood."

Does not the Bible declare, that in relation to mankind, probation ends with the death of the body? "No, verily." Does it not speak of some who shall take up the lamentation that the "harvest is passed, the summer ended and they are not saved?"

A. "Yes; but you must not forget that the harvest is the end of the world to nations, as well as individuals. Christ has fixed that fact beyond controversy. The end of the Jewish world was the dissolution of their theocracy, commencing with the destruction of their principal city, and extending into the Spirit World for an indefinite period. Thus the apostles constantly expressed themselves, who were living on the eve of that event—'We, on whom the ends of the world are come.' 'Now, we know that it is the last time.' 'The Judge standeth at the door; yet a little while and he that shall come, will come and will not tarry;' while Christ himself confirmed them in this opinion, by his oft-repeated assertions. 'Behold, I come quickly,' which is some eight times repeated in a single book of the New Testament. Christ, then, as judge of quick and dead, (this very expression you see, embraces both worlds, as we have used it, and shall continue to insist,) first reckoned with the Jews, and then let out the moral vineyard to the Gentiles, who he declared should bring forth the fruit of it in its season. When this judgment had fully come, there was a sense in which probation ended with that nation; though it is still a blind word, it has been so long perverted."

Does not the Bible say that he who is dead is freed from sin? And does not this imply that the good man is separated from his sins by that event?

A. "Not by any means; for the same apostle declares to living men, that they were already dead, and that their lives were hid with Christ in God. He often speaks of men in the body, as being in the present 'risen

with Christ,' and of being quickened together with him. Of course, such had passed the fourth degree, and were in the resurrection. I will avow, for the tenth time if need be, that neither the Day of Judgment, nor the Resurrection, have any reference to the physical body whatever; neither have they special reference to the rudimental or Spirit World, but only to a particular period in the growth of the human soul, and may take place in one world as well as another. This period may properly be denominated spiritual puberty, for no man or angel can multiply his spiritual life, either thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold, till he has passed the judgment. He can scarcely maintain his own life; hence his constant confessions of sin without renouncing it. It was on this account that the Apostles were forbidden to leave Jerusalem, or preach the Gospel to any creature till this life was so copiously poured upon them by being endued with power from on high, that on whomsoever they laid their hands, they too should be filled with the Holy Ghost."

But are not our Ministers ordained by an imposition of hands?

A. "Yes, and a more miserable imposition was never practised by designing men, for while they wantonly imitate Paul's action, they do not even pretend to impart Paul's Gifts. Paul says that his Gospel consisted, not in word but in *power*; whoever then is destitute of Paul's power is destitute of Paul's Gospel."

Be cautious, friend Bryant, for I feel inclined to test you rather closely on some of your assertions.

A. "As closely as you please. Truth has no fear, knows no dodging, is ever frank and manly."

Do we not read of quickening the mortal body,—of waiting for the redemption of the body?

A. "Yes, and does not the same writer say on the same subject, 'that which thou sowest is not that body that shall be?' Does he not say, too, 'that which a man soweth, is not quickened except it die?' Now, Doctor, let us look at the figure to which he points us—say, the Indian corn,—(and the same process occurs in every germinating seed,) the kernel contains within it a living principle, which is diffused throughout the entire seed;

but while kept in the storehouse, it cannot manifest itself,—it must be quickened, in order that the great proportion of it may die, and in this death discharge its scattered life, in a concentrated form into the germ, that it may spring up, or be resurrected and so produce its kind. For the same purpose, the whole physical body of man must be quickened, in order to yield its spiritual, circulating principle, and discharge it upon the interior body, and so enable that body to put on immortality. As it is, this quickening, this resurrection, which destroys the greater part of the kernel, so it is a similar quickening that destroys the flesh and blood which cannot enter the Kingdom of God, and leaves it forever in the tomb. This may be called, so far as individuals are concerned, their first resurrection. The second, however, is the true and final resurrection, when the carnal, earthly mind yields up its life for the everlasting benefit of the spiritual mind. The last is the resurrection proper, to which we have so often alluded, and will first take effect on the race in due time. That which has been first shall be last ere long, and *vice versa*."

CHAPTER II.

You seem to maintain, friend Bryant, that mankind may change from good to evil, and also from evil to good after they lay off the outer form; and you claim to know this, not only by experience and observation, but also from the Bible?

A. "Yes, in righteous truth I do, and so do all advanced spirits. Where would be the hope of the world, or of the church without it? Do you suppose a Holy God would admit into a Holy City a half sanctified spirit?"

No, I do not believe that; but the Assembly's Catechism says, that the souls of believers are, at their death, made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory.

A. "Yes, but that body of carnal divines forgot that 'He that has the power of death is the devil.' If, then,

the last stroke of the devil's power finishes up so suddenly and easily the slowly progressive work which Christ begun, the former certainly is entitled to the credit of man's salvation. If the young convert (the mere blade) by a single clip of the devil's sickle, is at once prepared to drop a sound ripe ear into God's granary, overleaping (as Orthodoxy holds,) all the intermediate stages of growth, as Christ defined them, then due credit, by a host, has been withheld from Satan. He can out-run by a thousand fold the slow process by which Christ proposes to redeem and sanctify his people."

Friend Bryant, hold! it is enough! Now, please tell me if there are any texts in the Bible that favor your views?

A. "I have already spoken of the time of the separation of the tares—that separation cannot take place till the harvest; that when the harvest comes, the one that has been specially cultivated, will prevail over the other. We read too in Isaiah, that the world, reeling and staggering like a drunken man, in darkness and doubt, and unable to find its way back to its Maker, 'is gathered as prisoners in the pit,' and 'shall be shut up in the prison' and after many days shall they be visited. Now just in accordance with this prophecy, Peter declares that Christ did go and preach to these 'spirits in prison.' Why, do you not see that if Christ came a light into the human world to pilot the family back to its Maker, that he must of necessity have gone where the members of that family were. And as the race were mostly in the Spirit World, he must enter that world in order to reach them. Now, in perfect keeping with this necessity, the Apostle declares that for this very object 'Christ died and rose and revived, that he might be Lord, (Savior,) both of the dead and of the living,—for all,' he adds, 'live unto him,' (i. e., at that time,) to Him there were no dead, for none had passed the judgment, none were without hope, none were fully 'dead in trespasses and sins.' He entered the pit, the prison, or the grave, (for they are synonymous terms,) and kindled up a light in the Spirit World, as well as in yours. What can a candid mind want more?"

Sure enough, friend Bryant, and yet all candid minds love instruction.

A. "Yes, and so I will give you one text more. 'All manner of sins and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto men, but whosoever blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven,—neither in this world, neither in the world to come.' Now, then, if this language does not imply that all other sins may be forgiven in our world as well as in yours, the language has no signification. I tell you it is the only sin that can possibly render the condition of men or angels hopeless. The eleven years—more or less—pressure of the Day of Judgment, with all the light that heaven can pour upon the enlightened conscience, will, in the end, force every intelligent being, either to worship and adore his God most sincerely, or it will excite his hatred and exasperate his passions, till he will blaspheme the God that made him, and all the sanctifying influence that can redeem him. Henceforward he is 'without hope and without God,' in an awful sense.

"The following are no unmeaning texts, 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where will the ungodly and the sinner appear?' 'Or, if the fire that is to try every man's work, of what sort it is, will thus burn the green tree, what will be done in the dry?' We again affirm that Jesus went into the Spirit World for the same object that he went into yours; that he left there the 'Spirit of Truth, to burn and blaze for forty years,' previous to the Jewish Judgment, in order to light up the pathway of the prisoners. At the end of that time, their judgment set and the books were opened, (their interiors were so quickened, that they read every moral act of their entire lives, as every man or spirit will,) and their account was settled, and the vineyard let out to the Gentiles. When Christ left the pit, the prison, or the grave, (still take the word you prefer,) he took the 'Keys of death and Hell,' (i. e., of the very place from which he had just escaped,) left the doors open and the many who had when on earth ardently 'desired to see his day,' and whose desire had constantly increased after they left the body, till he actually appeared among them,—I say that such were prematurely prepared (so to speak,) to come up with him, to go into the Holy City and visit their friends, as they were about to enter a circle of endless freedom in the fifth de-

gree. Here is no reference to the resurrection of the physical body, or any other body. All are in the pit, under age, under tutors and governors—shut up unto the faith which must deliver them in the unfoldings of the judgment, in this or any other world, till Christ appears in them the hope of glory, and dispels their moral darkness. Here, we affirm, was the first entrance of any of the human family into the Fifth Circle. ‘The first fruits unto God and the Lamb.’ Why, the Day of Judgment has been presented in such a revolting light to earth’s inhabitants, as the mere arbitrary decree of Jehovah, that honest infidelity in reference to such a God, is not without excuse. Does not your Circle know that every great spiritual blessing is preceded by a strong, and usually a long continued negative state of the mind. This fact you have ever found in your own experience, as well as in the religious biographies of individuals or the history of nations. Think of the longings of the Jews in their captivity before deliverance, and of all nations struggling for freedom; so strongly were the religious elements attracted by the Jewish church,—elements as divine and pure as they existed in the bosom of the Eternal Father, elements that had been accumulating and condensing in every pious, throbbing heart of that nation under the discipline of heaven for 2000 years, that they were brought to a focus in the Son of Mary and developed a Teacher, in all essential attributes, like the very God; a Teacher filled with wisdom and strength sufficient to satisfy every holy wish and overcome and subdue every infirmity.

“After Christ ascended up on high, so strong was the desire, and so great the vacuum in the hearts of his people, that through him who was absorbed in and devoted to the sympathies and wants of the two worlds he had left, that the elements of the Spiritual World were stirred, even to the Central Throne, and a current set in, ‘like a rushing mighty wind,’ which filled, not only the Jewish Temple, but in its onward sweeping march, in forty years, rolled over the hearts of both the rudimental and spirit worlds, and summoned them to judgment. It is this strong negative desire, either for good or evil, (which the wicked call good,) that attracts so much light from the

spheres above, that will bring on that 'crisis' in the spirit of every member of the human family. Whoever yielded a single foolish and long cherished habit without suffering? And where they are unrelentingly demanded, in quick and rapid succession, and reach to the very *interior* habit of thought too, who can count the cost, till he has paid the price? Let neither men nor angels deceive you in this matter, for very few of the latter who visit man, have as yet passed the judgment, whatever they may profess. It is seldom indeed that angels of the Sixth Circle visit man; and when they do, it is more to impart a direct holy impulse, than to give oral instruction.

"Such is the Day of Judgment, such is the Resurrection; they are one, simultaneous and undivided, which the simplest mind may now understand, as well as meagre words can convey spiritual truth. A philosophical law brings us to it, and not a divine decree. God cannot help it; neither men nor angels can help it; and neither would if they could. The wicked as eagerly rush into it, as the righteous. They are as eager to get rid of the wheat, (which to them is the worst kind of tares,) as the righteous are to be rid of the real tares. This event necessarily marks an era in the soul's history, for each spirit receives an impetus that is, we believe, ever after felt, as it speeds its way, unobstructed by any attraction from behind, in a more rapid and endless progression. And this era is righteously denominated the 'second death,' to the one, and 'everlasting life' to the other. We rejoice that so small a proportion choose the downward course. And we rejoice also, that all the way they follow *their own choice*, and are required to eat nothing but the fruit of *their own doings*; and that nothing in all the realms of Jehovah but their own choice, will ever prevent their return to righteousness.

I will now say, once again, that the spiritual currents of all worlds, are governed by the same general laws that the atmospheric currents of your world are. Where there is a vacuum there will be a rush; and if it be a great vacuum, there will of necessity be a rush in like proportion. Prayer is the negative current of the soul—going out after its God-appointed help-meet, *viz.*, the

positive current, and when they meet they neutralize each other; the soul is filled and satisfied.

Friend Bryant, are you not belittling the Second Coming, an event considered so stupendous that our divines have taxed their imaginary powers to the utmost to portray its transcendent grandeur and overwhelming solemnity?

A. "No. Every man of them will find it far surpassing any conception they have entertained, as well as infinitely more *personal*—they will have plenty of business on hand of their own, without giving any attention to their neighbors—the gate is too narrow to admit any but their own individual selves and an inconceivably close rub at that. Their idea of going up to the Bar of Judgment with their sectarian converts, and in solemn pomp saying, 'Here, Lord, am I and the children that thou hast given me.' Yes, converts *professedly* but half-clad going to the King's wedding—and they themselves but half-sanctified, going to become members of the King's Parliament—I say, that such an idea or one that is equally absurd, *viz.*, that the death of the body will furnish the needed supplies, will doom them to unutterable disappointment. When Christ shall envelop them with the glory of the Invisible God, which will stir up all the moral turpitude of their hearts from their lowest depths, indirectly exciting, to the utmost, every selfish desire—when He shall constantly stir the crackling fuel with the most interior lever of truth, making the furnace seventy times hotter than it was wont to be heated, of which their former 'conviction' was but the faintest type—I say, it is then they will know what it means to have the Son of Man come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, though the glory will be concealed by the smoke of the burning tares, till smoke and clouds are dissipated by the same divine unfolding—that first gave them their visibility. They will then know what it is to have the angels tear out and root up the tares from among the wheat and gather that also from any further exposure to frosts and storms 'into my barn,' saith the Lord. This subject will be much better understood by earth's inhabitants a little in the future than it is now.

But is sin so very formidable and has it got so desperate a hold of the human heart and of good men too, that the struggle need be so severe and enduring as your language would indicate? Have you not overdrawn the picture?

A. "No; neither man or angel ever conceived or ever can conceive the almost invincible strength and subtlety of the 'STRONG MAN armed,' who keeps the heart of every spirit on earth and in the heavens (while he holds their goods in comparative peace,) till the 'STRONGER THAN HE' in the power of God, and the strength of his Christ comes upon him, arouses his ire and draws out his energies so formidable and overwhelming that for eleven long and *age-seeming* years the trembling spirit witnesses the two contending powers, scarcely less than equal and Almighty—while the most interior of his own soul is none other than the Battle-field for the strength and prowess of the Roaring Lion of the Tribe of Juda contending with that other Lion who goeth about seeking whom he may devour—yes, contending in struggles so *terrific* that the very foundations of heaven as well as the ramparts of hell, are literally shaken within him. It is here that the spirit for the first time realizes that 'the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it only by storm.' The strength of sin is no more known by any spirit prior to the judgment, than the strength of manhood is known to the verriest infant. Every spirit in the fifth degree and above it, from the earth at least, has been sorely convinced of an unseen but *deeply felt* spiritual power that is well worthy of a name, and Christ has christened it '*The Devil.*' No earthly language can portray the scenes through which every soul must pass ere it is made meet for the master's use—no language so justly expresses those scenes as treading the wine-press of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God."

I think, my friend, that these statements will not prove very palatable to your readers.

A. "That is undoubtedly true—but shall I forbear to speak what I do know and testify what I have seen? The truth will surely come as I have stated, and I can well afford to bide my time. Your Circle has very little

conception of the Battle that awaits the world as well as individuals. Why, just consider the 'Strait Gate and Narrow Way'—the extreme travail of the birth into the rudimental world to which the second birth is constantly and most aptly compared in the scriptures—the former is, however, only the type, the merest shadow of the latter—the severity in the first bears about the same relation to the undying throes of the last that the suffering of a few hours bears to eleven years of agony indescribable—while the intermission of a few moments in the first is typical of days of intermission in the last, or no man or angel could survive the struggle—the resemblance is complete throughout. Every honest lover of truth will trace it in his own way without stumbling at the plainness of our statements—immense excrescences will be evolved and rejected, of which the soul had no previous knowledge, and from which it is now, for the first time, separated and prepared to enter upon a new and comparatively an independent existence. We will repeat that the Resurrection, 'The Day of Judgment,' 'Christ's Second Coming,' 'The Strait Gate and Narrow Way,' 'The New Birth,' are different figures expressive of one vast and mighty unfolding in the history of the spirit's experience—whether he be man or angel, again we say they are one—simultaneous and undivided,—the conversion of the churches when genuine answers to conception and nothing more—the birth is subsequent as well as immensely more important.

Can you suppose that the bold and unequivocal figures that have filled the mouths and inspired the pens of seers and prophets in all ages upon this thrilling subject, are destitute of signification? "It is the 'Fire of the House of Joseph—the Flame of the House of Jacob, and the stubble of the House of Esau.' 'It is the Devouring Fire and Everlasting Burning, into which every soul is plunged who has spoken righteously and walked uprightly,' in which it will evermore joyously live, encircled in the divine essence of that 'God who is a consuming Fire, after the wood, hay and stubble are destroyed from the Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.' 'It is the Day that cometh that shall burn as an oven when all the proud, and they that do wickedly, shall

be stubble, and the Day shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch'—an equatorial and meridian sun can only produce a day so fiery hot, while the prophet adds, in the same breath, that it is to be induced by the 'rising of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his beams.' He gave you also, a sign of the precise time when this fire should first take effect upon the race. Behold! Mark the exclamation!—Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet, before this great and notable Day of Burning. Well, Christ says of John the Baptist, 'This is that Elias that was for to come,' the very man promised by the prophet, who was immediately to precede the Day of Dreadful Fire. Christ, in exact fulfilment of this prediction, followed within three months, in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, with the exclamation, 'I have come to send Fire on the earth, and what will I if it be already kindled? i. e., what will I do in the end if it is so suddenly and vehemently kindled in the beginning?—if the little instruction already given and the few healing manifestations of my power and supremacy so terribly exasperate the nation that has killed all my prophets, and slain them with the edge of the sword, and is now seeking to slay the Heir, for the purpose of seizing upon his inheritance, what will you do as the day advances when, in view of the weeping heavens, I shall be compelled to take the rod of iron and dash you in pieces as a potter's vessel, till I leave your 'House desolate, with *woes*, *woes*, **WOES**, indescribable?' If the sparks thus offend you, what will you do when the flames shall rise to heaven—when from the point of the Roman sword you take your exit from earth because you are unable to cope with an arm that is Almighty? If, amid the footsteps of the Son of God, and the unmeasured attraction of the Father's Love, you cannot be drawn from your evil ways—if the rolling wave of the Divine Spirit impelled by prophets and apostles, as it soon will be, in its 'rushing' haste, shall fail to bear you on to righteousness, what will you do when every angel of mercy whispers, 'Arise, let us go hence.' How will you consume when every righteous man shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and with fire?—when fiery tongues, cloven

in a way to ferret out your most secret sins, shall not only rest upon but play heavenly music in every holy month under the guidance of a divine inspiration—when every ‘angel becomes a minister and every minister a flame of fire’—when the Great White Throne is erected in every righteous heart, and He is seated on it, from whose refulgent face the old heavens and earth flee away with all their civil and religious organizations? Such a day the Jews have passed. Such a day is before the Gentile world. We might trace it through all the emblems of the new Testament and fill a volume, but such is not our object.”

Although it would seem that our angelic friends have said enough, I still desire to hear a few remarks upon the subject of

TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

“We have told you again and again that all men and angels are in a mixed state previous to the Judgment—none are wholly destitute of either good or evil. As a very small number of the human family now on earth have passed the Judgment on the upward moral scale, having fully entered the fifth degree, so also a small number on earth have entered the same circle on the downward scale. Yes, there are a few on whom angels gaze who spend their days and nights in plotting schemes to entrap the innocent and unwary; every faculty they possess is called into requisition and wholly devoted to such schemes. No fear of God or love of man actuates them in any matter. Not a ray of hopeful light is seen within or about them. With these rare exceptions we will now say that it is exceedingly unwise to attempt to infer the future from the present—to say what will be from what now is. But a single page has ever gleamed out on the history of the world, that is able to answer the question whether man is capable of total depravity, and that page has just been referred to. The Jewish nation reached the Judgment, the world’s ‘First Resurrection,’ the only point where total holiness or total depravity can possibly be developed, either in nations or individuals. God reckoned with the Jews and balanced the books, either by the payment of their affections into his treasury, or the rigid demand of the penalty which

is attached to wilful and persevering transgression. Now if you doubt the Bible statement that while some came forth to the Resurrection of Life, others came forth to the Resurrection of damnation—that though the latter were released from the rudimental body, still being unable to rise, they hovered about the earth and called in the anguish of their souls, to the rocks and mountains to fall upon them and hide them from the face of Him who sat upon the Throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb—if you doubt they were the ‘evil servants that Christ declared should be cut asunder and *then* have their portion appointed them with hypocrites and unbelievers, where there should be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth’—why not doubt the first part of the prophecy, and deny that the Jewish nation was ever cut assunder, as well as to deny the *result* that was declared by the same lips, and in the same breath, inevitably to follow. Christ not only uttered the prophecy but he declared that He himself would be the executioner of that prophecy, with all its dreadful results. Whoever denies its fulfilment will find himself in antagonism with Him who is both witness and Judge at the Supreme Court of the inner Temple. I say if you doubt the Bible and its Christ you may look into the Jewish history, (as given by Josephus,) as that nation were nearing the crisis of the Judgment, and tell me, if you can find a single redeeming hope for the forty thousand murderers, led on by John and Simon, forcibly seizing their own brethren, and first of all, the most worthy and conservative of them, glutting every jail and prison during the day, with their victims, and coolly washing their hands in their blood every night, to make room for more, not so much as sparing the Temple, that had for centuries struck awe and terror to the guilty conscience. Just think of the floor of that Fane, sacred so long to the feet of the pilgrim, ankle deep with the gore of eight thousand human victims, all coolly butchered in a single night—the bloody sacrifice, not of enemies but of friends—the murderers and the murdered of one blood—of one brotherhood, and once so dear to God that he called them his *Holy people*—I say, read the story and then tell me if they were not already in the resurrection of damnation—if their

rankling passions were not already preying upon their vitals like the 'worm that never dies.' Read the story of 'Legree,' brought up in the light of New England, a child of many prayers, whipping the meek and uncomplained 'Tom' to death, who, like his Great High Priest in like circumstances, opened not his mouth. If the names are fictitious the characters are real, and if man ever degenerated, the principle is established, and he may degenerate eternally if he will. There are slaveholders to-day whose grip upon the throats of their victims will become stronger and fiercer as the demand for liberty, now echoing from the heavens, becomes louder and clearer. Such, if they persist to the end, and we know they will, cannot escape the 'resurrection of damnation.'"

You say there is but a single page in the world's history that unfolds, on a large scale, a practical and *total depravity*, and that page is found in the end of the religious race of the Jews at the closing up of their theocracy. I believe our theologians think they find another page in the delineation of the character of the human race, as described in Paul's first chapter to the Romans, and I may presume that such was your belief while you were a deacon of the Manchester Church. Have you altered your opinion?

A. "Yes, very much, for I then supposed that mankind were full of all the wickedness there portrayed, at the outset of their earthly career, but I now see that Paul traced the downward moral scale, as we have marked it, from zero to the Day of Judgment. He run over a long period in a few verses. You notice that it reads that after a long course of evil-doing, '*God gave them up,*' and then, after another long and indefinite time of still greater wickedness He again '*GAVE THEM UP,*' to the vilest of all affections, '*leaving the natural use*' of nature's provision, and sinking below the brute creation. They are yet not wholly without hope, though their degeneracy is very rapid, till ere long we see that upon the third withdrawal of God's spirit He '*GIVES THEM OVER*' to a reprobate mind, beyond hope of recovery."

"Thus, you see,
Our scales agree."

The writer has two sons, two sisters, and a mother in this circle, as they inform him. The number of members in the family to which the sons are attached, is 21,000, and the distance to the center of the circle is 14,000 miles from the earth. The average time for man or angel to pass this circle, they say is twenty years.

FIFTH CIRCLE.

"To the members of this circle, the judgment is passed, the sting of Death is plucked, and its strength destroyed. There is no more condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, (who have entered into the same spirit,) who walk not after the flesh, but after the dictates of that same spirit. The soul has found Him who is the 'resurrection and the life,' and we solemnly affirm to all of earth's inhabitants, that there is no other—that it is a sacred truth without qualification, 'that whosoever sinneth hath not seen Christ, neither known him,' however much he may have learned *about* him, through the influences of his Spirit that have been poured upon him from *without*, 'who takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto men.' It is in this degree that the fountain has been struck deep *within*, which spontaneously flows up forevermore into everlasting life. We are anxious, however, that men should know that there is no great gap in the progressive ladder,—that neither the day, nor the month, nor even the year, can always be told when the spirit entered this circle, so gradually does the tempest subside and the clear sky appear to the rising spirit. What is uttered in a single verse, or perhaps in a single line in the Bible, as though it was the work of the moment, generally requires years in its accomplishment. We affirm that the fruit of the Tree of Life is plucked and eaten, but, like a true and sure panacea, it still requires time to overcome entirely the effects of all previous pernicious habits. So then we know, and utter what we know, that short and temporary illnesses are known in this circle, both to man in the body and to spirits out. There is no positive moral evil here. We are beyond the judgment, and without anxiety. We quietly, and under all circumstances, continue to pluck and eat, i. e., constantly imbibe the healing influences of Him, who is the life of the world,' till all infirmity is out-grown and

all imperfection overcome. The New Heavens and New Earth are being introduced—are fairly begun; and the departing sentence of 'Go away into everlasting life,' has fallen in heavenly cadence upon our ears; we are as conscious of all acquittal for the past, and of all security in the future, as if the lips of Him who is styled the 'Judge of Quick and Dead,' had uttered them in rolling thunders. To men in the body, the outer man may be perishing, but the inner man is renewed day by day. We have access to the Tree of Life, while we joyfully scatter the leaves for the healing of the nations."

Have many of the earth's inhabitants entered this degree?

A. "No, but very few indeed; neither have many of the angels now communicating with man, advanced so far. Some of both have, however, and many more must, before the masses can be brought to the judgment, for which the world is ripening. No person can occupy a mortal body beyond this degree. While passing it, the spiritual elements of his being would become so refined and sublimated, that without sickness or infirmities of age, the soul, by spiritual affinity alone, would forsake its outer covering, and be drawn to higher spheres; or in Bible language, without sleeping, it would be 'changed in the twinkling of an eye.' It is thus that death will ere long be swallowed up in victory, to all who inhabit the earth. This degree, as we intimated at the beginning, is the complete entrance upon that resurrection which shall never terminate, and incipiently commences with the judgment; indeed, it is the *WAKING UP*—the 'resurrection' of the soul to vastly finer susceptibilities, that induces the severe criticisms of all its past actions, both mental and physical—it is brought on by an absorption and assimilation of so much of the divine element as at the birth of Christianity, formed a focus in the Jesus of Nazareth, and so developed a perfect man. He entered as the Head of the race, and thus he becomes the 'resurrection and the life'—to all who follow. Aside from the essential Divinity, manifested fully in Christ, and of which all more or less partake, there could be no resurrection. '*The kingdom of God is within you*' is the key of the Bible. Every allegorical expression that

pertains to that kingdom, whether it be the coming of the Son of Man, the Day of Judgment, the Resurrection, or aught else, is developed within the man. There are many truths peculiar to this degree, that earth's inhabitants are not as yet prepared to receive. Hence spirits from this degree and all above, are not much attracted to earth. The truths which interest such spirits, would do man but little good. Spirits from the fourth degree constitute almost the only class of spirits (that can with any propriety be called good,) that visit the earth. These spirits are interested mostly in fraternal affection, which they endeavor to instil upon earth's inhabitants, and in which the latter most need at present to be perfected."

Will you mention a single truth peculiar to this degree?

A. "I will mention one, though but few will receive it. Either men or angels in this degree, would, like the apostles, fill all below them with the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands; that is, the spiritual influence with which they themselves are surcharged, would, when the conditions were right, readily flow by contact into any negative heart below them, for spiritual currents seek their equilibrium on the same principles of grosser fluids, as we have before said. This is philosophy as well as gospel." Paul, who was 'as one born out of due time'—whose sins had gone 'before to judgment,' and who of course was in this degree, was abundantly able to baptize men into the Father, into the Son—and into the emanating Spirit of both, which is called the Holy Spirit. Such a baptism, and this alone, constituted church-membership in his day. It was the 'Gift' thus imparted, that ordained ministers, and filled them with a flaming power over human hearts. The earth's inhabitants have yet to learn that there is a heaven-wide difference between baptizing men into the three Eternal Principles of the Godhead, and plunging or sprinkling them with a little water, and then in the veriest mockery, calling over those names to produce a sacred awe upon the people, in relation to THEIR 'sacred office.' There is no authority in the Bible for water baptism as a Christian Ordinance. I admit that some of the Apostles for a little season, took

up John's baptism; and the sagacious Peter tells us that he found his mistake immediately after he made the astounding discovery that 'God is no respecter of persons.' Then he perceived for the first time *that fact*, though it was from eight to ten years after he had received his commission to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. And when through a succession of miracles he had made the first discovery, and had gone back to his brethren to tell the news—while the accents were on his lips, he made another equally wonderful discovery. Then too, for the first time, 'he remembered that it was written that John's Baptism consisted of water, and Christ's of the Holy Spirit.'

What is your object in going into these subjects, friend Bryant?

A. "I wish to let you and all men know that they can carry out as closely and love as supremely as they will, every pure and holy principle of Christianity, and with it they may safely *step out* upon the broad platform of the philosophy of the universe, and these carnal ordinances of man's imposing are in their way. I tell you that after the apostles had come to themselves, the three elements or principles of the Godhead, already named, constituted the only *Fount* into which they immersed their converts; so penetrating was this element, and so negative the hearts of their candidates, that they drank in the Holy Divinity, as the sponge drinks in water, and they were at once 'filled with the Holy Spirit.' The apostles were forbidden to leave Jerusalem, or to preach at all, till they were thus prepared to baptize. As Gentiles, Paul was emphatically your apostle; from the principle of 'all things to all men,' he did indeed baptize Crispus and Gaius, and the household of Stephanus in John's way, yet he thanked God he had not deviated from the simplicity of Christ's Gospel, any farther, while in these instances, he unequivocally declared that he had transcended his commission, for he adds, 'I was not ~~sent~~ (ordained) to baptize' at all. He knew of but one Faith—one Lord—and one Baptism; and that he declared was to be *baptized into one spirit*—instead of a variety of waters.

"We affirm by the God we serve, that all which per-

tains to the Gospel of Christ—all the appendages of Christianity consist in the simple act of laying on of hands by men, of course, out of whom flow ‘fountains of living waters.’ If the Holy Spirit thus received, occasionally called for a set sermon, the speaker could entertain his audience with a flood of living light till ‘midnight’ or even ‘break of day.’

“We again tell you, that Paul, as your apostle, baptized his converts in no other river, (with the exception he himself named.) He uttered the living truth when he declared that all ordinances without a single exception, were against men’s welfare, and ‘contrary to their best interests; and that on this account Christ took them out of the way, and nailed them to his Cross.’”

Friend Bryant, your forcible declarations almost compel me to ask questions: Did not Paul found churches?

A. “Yes; and I have just told you what made a church member. When any person felt his need sufficiently to imbibe the apostles’ power, he had the right spirit *in him*, and there was no more need of his subscribing to a creed, than there would be for a man with a good appetite to sign a pledge that he would eat every day. The man would be disposed to repeat his meals, for his appetite would return. So Paul’s converts would be disposed to seek, *not words*, but *Life*, from those able to impart.

Please tell me if the Elders were not warned to take heed to the flocks over which the Holy Spirit had made them overseers?

A. “Yes, and this Holy Spirit was the ‘Gift’ that these same Elders had received through the laying on of Paul’s hands. What has this to do with the ministers of your day, who do not profess any such ‘gift?’ How can they impart to others what they do not themselves possess? Can you tell?”

Well, friend Bryant, you are a “hard customer,” but I will try once more. Does not the Bible teach not to ‘neglect the assembling of ourselves together?’ A. “Say on.” I have repeated it as far as I ever heard it from the pulpit.

A. “Very likely, but for this once you must say it through.”

Well, then, here you have the remainder, 'but *exhort one another.*'

A. "What has that to do with Sunday meetings or Minister's preaching? I say once for all, that Christianity has no ordinances whatever. It has a *Power*, and that power is transmitted by the same unchanging laws that govern all else in the Universe. It is a power self-existent—self-penetrating and independent. And when any heart becomes too positive for its own convenience and most healthy growth, it as naturally seeks its equilibrium in hearts more negative, as smoke ascends the atmosphere, or water runs down hill. The apostles from *fell necessity* were drawn out into all the world to preach the gospel to every creature. The Chariot of Jehovah might as well have been arrested by ecclesiastical Bulls, as their lips have been sealed or the power resisted by which they spake. It required every negative willing heart in the known world to absorb the mighty Divine Current that flowed so copiously upon them. Had they not thus gone out, they would probably have died under the pressure—'Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel'—if I don't let out the fire that burns within me. Possessing such feelings, with what indignation think you would Paul have doomed the man who should have offered him a stipulated salary. His thunders would have withered that heart like a Peter's terrible rebuke, 'Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money.' Such a thought renders it evident that 'thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter.'"

But why in the world do you war so with the ministers?

A. "We do not war with them, we only war with false professions. If ministers possess the gospel's sanctifying power, neither God nor angels care much how that power is imparted, though we think no improvement has been made upon the original."

If ministers are in the third circle, as a body, how are they to blame for not exercising the functions that belong exclusively to the fifth?

A. "Because they claim to be the successors of the apostles, to be ordained of the same God and clothed

with the same church authority. If they claimed to be only moral and intellectual teachers, (which is all they can in justice claim,) in no respect above the faithful teachers of our best seminaries; if they professed to give no more instruction than they really possess; if they admitted that they were in the secular market to be bought and sold for their services like other men; if, with a hearty good cheer, they would bid all others that could, to go beyond them, while they would follow on as fast as they could see the way, *then* the world, below the middle of the third Circle, would be improved by having their number increased many fold, while those above would not be hindered. Again we say that we have no war with ministers, we love them as we love other men, but we have a commission that as the faithful subjects of Christ's kingdom we must fulfill. 'Hunger will go through a wall,' it is said, and we see a starving multitude now on earth that the ministers, in their present position, are not qualified to feed; a multitude to whom a more effectual door must be opened into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior. This door, God's angels will open. We are 'enlisted to the end of the war.' Ministers, from their position and the solemn prerogatives which they have assumed, block up our pathway; and if they will not seize every holy impulse that God is now giving the world, and carry it forward, the Truth will surely supersede and remove them. The truth, as it is in Christ, must have more expansion in the hearts of men—more room to play. Instead of laboring with the apostles to present every man perfect, 'as a chaste virgin to Christ, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing,' they shut the gate in the very face of their disciples, full forty years before (under the most favorable growth in these days,) they could come in sight of the straight gate and narrow way which we have shown to be the judgment."

Did not the apostles preach regularly?

A. "No; when the wisdom that was in them dictated, they used words as a vehicle of power; but mind you, they used no words when they had no power to convey, while such ministers as are hired by the year, often

run empty carriages without regard to the profit of their professed employer."

Do you intend to break up the very foundations of Christianity?

A. "What have I said that should have made you ask such a question? You know as well as I that the foundations of Christianity are in the Godhead, and equally immutable and eternal."

But you say that Christianity has not a single ordinance?

A. "I say what Christ said, that 'the kingdom of God is *within you*;' and that which is within cannot be without."

What do you do with the Eucharist?

A. "Christ and Paul took care of that."

What did they do with it?

A. "Paul limited its charter in these words, 'As oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death till he come.'"

Has he come then?

A. "Christ declared with the oath of the new testament that the generation then existing should not pass away till it had seen the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven; that some of his disciples who then stood with him should not taste of death till they had seen him thus come. He told them, too, that they must keep on the wing;—flee before the whirlwind of persecution that would certainly arise, and yet at such a speed they would not get over the cities of Israel till the Son of Man should come. So sure then as that generation is passed; so sure as the disciples are all dead; so sure as Israel has had no cities since the destruction of Jerusalem, so sure is the Eucharist among the things that were."

For what was it ordained?

A. "Mostly to fix the mind on Christ instead of Moses, and partly to prevent too great a shock to the prejudices of the Jews, who had for many centuries been steeped in ordinances till they felt that their whole life lay in them. Christ's Coming, then, was to break up the Jews as a corporate nation, and close forever their Theocracy. The Eucharist was a temporary, transition

ordinance, from Judaism to Christianity, and was swept away with that Dispensation."

Verily, you speak as one having authority.

A. "So did the Apostles, and so will every spirit that has his commission from the same God."

Then you think the Bible and the Harmonial philosophy can be made to harmonize?

A. "I think when that Philosophy is fully understood, and the Bible too, that the former will be little more than a legitimate unfolding and filling up of the latter."

Mr. Davis says that Wisdom is the only lawful Director of man?

"Yes, and Mr. Davis says that Wisdom is the last faculty developed in man; what, then, shall guide him till his wisdom is developed? Mr. Davis does not tell, but leaves him to misdirection, while the Bible tells him to yield himself to the guidance of those who have gone before him, till his own wisdom is unfolded, and then he is delivered to its guidance; for what is Wisdom, but the voice of God within the soul?—the anointing that is intended every man shall receive, and which abideth in him, and teacheth him all things, and is the truth and no lie,—which brings him into a condition where inspiration affirms that 'he needs not that any man teach him.' Whoever heard a minister tell his people that it was their privilege and duty, to come into a state where their own services might be dispensed with. It is thus that the Bible delivers man over to the interior light of which Mr. Davis is by no means the discoverer. Just hear its language: 'Take heed unto the sure word of pophecy, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, till the day dawn and the Day-Star arise in your hearts.' With what inimitable grace does the Bible hand over its most devoted disciples to the guidance of the Day Star within them. We tell you in all sincerity, that when this Star is fully risen upon the world, the Bible will gracefully and gladly retire. Its 4000 years' work will have been accomplished. It will need no rude and unhallowed hands to thrust it out. Its modesty is sincere and unassumed; and having fastened the wandering eye of man upon the 'Light that lighteth every man that cometh

into the world,' its voice will no more be heard, though the assistance it had previously rendered, will be 'had in everlasting remembrance.'"

Does not the Bible say that where the tree falleth there it shall be?

A. "Yes, and philosophy and common sense say so too. This saying, however, cannot refer to the spiritual part of man (for that does not fall at all.) Of course, then, if it refer to man's dissolution it must refer to the physical body, and that falls into the grave 'where it shall be' to all eternity, for any resurrection that will reach it. Have you never read that flesh and blood shall not inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth 'corruption inherit incorruption.' If, therefore, you can determine what part of man turns to corruption, you will know what part will never be raised to incorruption. 'Where the tree falleth, there it shall be, without limit.'"

Does not the Bible say expressly that this 'corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality?' I think this will hold you.

A. "Yes, the Bible reads so; and it says too, that the deaf hear, the blind see, the lame walk; which literally cannot be true. In this instance Christ told the messengers of John to go and tell their master that through the energy of his (Christ's) power, 'the deaf were made to hear, the blind to see, and the lame to walk;' in other words, deafness is exchanged for hearing, blindness for sight, and lameness for vigor and activity. The language implies nothing more; neither does the language of the Apostle imply anything more than that this corruptible shall be exchanged for incorruption and this mortal for immortality."

Well, you are the shrewdest deacon I ever conversed with.

A. "I would be jealous over God's perverted truth with a godly jealousy and espouse all men to Christ."

One question more. Do the angels wear clothing?

A. "The advanced angels are clothed in 'Perfect Beauty' 'through the comeliness that I have put upon them,' saith the Lord God. They have no other; the silks, the satins, and the pompous inductions, from one degree to another, as stated in 'Supernal Theology,' is

only in the ideality of the clairvoyant,—it has no reality."

"This circle is 21,000 miles from the earth. When we speak of the distance, we mean to the center of the circle."

SIXTH CIRCLE.

We have made very little inquiry about this circle. Whenever angel-friends have favored us from this circle, the writer has been much more inclined to listen than to speak, and more than all with closed eyes, to open as far as possible, the most interior of his spirit, that he might absorb, to the utmost of his capacity, the unutterably divine and holy influences that such spirits are ever ready and anxious to impart. We have been informed simply that it is here emphatically true that "all tears are wiped from all faces." That there is "no more pain nor sorrow nor crying, for the former things are passed away."

CONVERSATION RESUMED.

As we are now through with the circles, or as many as you claim to know much about, permit me to inquire, how much is an angel's condition improved above a person in the body who is in the same degree?

A. "All things considered it is only about doubled."

Your reply surprises me; it bears no resemblance to the enthusiastic statements that are coming from the spirit world to every part of earth.

A. "I am aware of that, and I am aware, too, that I shall be less likely to be believed than those more childish, excitable spirits, who in their enthusiasm, represent only one side of truth, and hardly that, like persons moved into wild settlements when they send back reports to their friends who are left behind, of the wonderful productiveness of their lands, while they conceal all their privations. I shall speak to you soberly, righteously, and honestly, whether I gain credence or not. Let me tell you then, that unmixed happiness is not found with us, more than with you, previous to the judgment."

But is it possible that your blessings are no more than doubled?

A. "You must not forget that the change does not affect our moral qualities, which are the only coin of much real value. Our advantages over yours consist

chiefly in our rapid locomotion, and in our greatly extended vision. These extended powers greatly excite, and for a considerable time, the spirits of the third and fourth degrees, as an extended play-ground would children of the earth. Hence the extravagant laudations of the spirit-home with which they seek to please and excite the fancies of their friends on earth. Such is not *our* object. We seek, it is true, and quickly find by affinity, such society as is adapted to our condition; this is another great advantage, but it is very considerably diminished by the equally easy travel of malicious spirits, who seek to vex, not advanced spirits in their homes—for this they cannot do; but when advanced spirits go down to their friends on earth, where they spend much of their time, it is then that they are constantly exposed to the annoying influences of the former, as your circle have had abundant proof."

Is the condition of every spirit that leaves the body improved, or in other words, are all improved alike, or nearly so, by the change?

A. "No, indeed. If, while on earth, the longing aspirations of the individual are after goodness, while its advancement is apparently and sometimes really retarded by surrounding circumstances, over which it has no control—a spirit thus conditioned is greatly benefitted by its escape from the earth-life—but, on the other hand, the man who finds his greatest pleasure in riot and drunkenness, but from the clog of the body is mostly limited to his own native village, and perhaps to two or three evenings in a week—after his escape, can, with the greatest ease, live constantly in Bacchanalian revelings, not only with the former associates of his earth-life, but he can form friendships, and enjoy, unseen and unknown, if he chooses, the company of Bacchanalians and Debauchees in every drunken village throughout the world. All the loves of men are carried with them, and the love of riot and of rum are not exceptions. These loves no more exist in the body as such, than they exist in the walls of a churchyard—they live in the mind and form a part of it—it is the mind, and that only that is gratified through the impressions made upon itself—through the palate as its medium. The facilities therefore, of the wicked to in-

crease in wickedness are multiplied in the same ratio, and to the same extent as are the facilities of such as seek truth and virtue. It is as though the youth of some obscure country village, where temptation to evil is little known, while the advantages for improvement are equally limited. Now furnish these youth with money, and send them into a large city, where the means for instruction in both good and evil are multiplied in about the same proportion—they may have relatives who will exercise, more or less, a guardian care over them, while if these kindred are not themselves virtuous, their care is worse than nothing; and if their counsels are wise it is easy for youth to slight or even despise them. At any rate, a mother's heart yearns over them from the moment of their departure. Her heart is more exercised with the fear of evil snares than it is elevated with the hope of a perfect triumph over them. Her prayers become more frequent and fervent, and her efforts are redoubled in every communication, to strengthen the principle of a stern integrity in the bosom of her first-born. Such is the exit of a spirit from earth into its new home;—it has, it is true, its guardians and instructors, but if it has slighted counsel on earth it will not be likely to endure it in the heavens. One thing is certain. No spirit has a right to presume to find rest here who has not sought and loved righteousness before, for though his probation continues, his danger is greatly increased if he has affinity for evil—*he is going to a great City to select his own associates*—a 'City that gathers of every kind,' and unless he is disposed 'to cast the bad away' it will rapidly accumulate. The idea of spirituality seems always to convey to some minds the impression of elevation—they will not have it that it runs both ways, and that a debased spirituality is as much more to be dreaded than a debased materiality, as the former is more subtle and penetrating than the latter. Such, however, is the fact,—it is IN FACTS we live and base what little theory we have upon them."

You speak of your extended vision; comparatively you are no nearer the stars than ourselves. Besides, our telescopes that magnify many thousands of times, do not seem to increase their diameter in the least; I wish,

therefore, to inquire whether your vision is so enlarged as to increase the apparent size of these distant bodies?

A. "They appear to our present vision about twice as large as when we were in the rudimental body, while in number they are multiplied to infinity."

Have you ever visited any of them?

A. "No, and it is my opinion that no spirit from earth has ever traveled beyond the solar system."

But some spirits, professing to be from earth, affirm that they have their homes in those distant luminaries.

A. "I know they do, and I know that many spirits out of the body as well as in, love to tell marvelous stories, even when they do not seem to have a malicious design."

Have you ever visited any of the planets?

A. "Yes, I have visited Jupiter and Saturn."

Mrs. Bryant, have you visited any of them?

A. "Yes, I accompanied my husband."

Lovina, have you?

A. "Yes, I accompanied these friends once to Jupiter; I have visited no other."

Neighbor Strong, you have been twenty years from earth; what say you of the planets?

A. "I have never visited any of them except my native and much loved earth. Many of our spirit-friends who have been from earth from two to twenty years have never visited a planet, as they inform us, except the earth, yea more, they affirm unanimously that no spirit below the judgment is sufficiently refined to do so."

Can spirits rise into a stratum of refinement above that of which their own bodies are composed?

A. "No; a gross spirit can no more travel through the exquisitely refined elements between us and the stars, than your own gross bodies can travel your atmosphere. It is from this law that I judge that no spirit from earth has yet gone out of the Solar System. A spirit from the fourth circle even, cannot rise into the fifth from gravitation alone,—much less could one from the second and third. I could not visit the stars if ever so much inclined. We love wonder well enough, but we love truth better, and we desire that all our statements to you shall be such as will do us honor in your sight when you come among us to find your ever-enduring home."

Yes, dear friends ; allow us to say that we feel most sincerely grateful to you, and to the Great Father of us all, for your apparent sincerity and truthfulness, in which we feel we may safely confide.

You will allow me now to inquire how you can come down to earth if you are confined to your own strata of refinement so that you cannot ascend above it. Can you inflate or contract your bodies at will? A. "No."

How then is it accomplished?

A. "We cannot readily attract elements finer than ourselves ; these we obtain by a slow and gradual growth as we progress in purity, while we can at will attract the grosser elements to the surface of our bodies, and thus, by increasing our density, we can descend to the earth with the greatest ease."

Albert, cannot you visit the moon?

A. "No, I cannot yet visit friend Bryant's home, which is but 21,000 miles from the earth ; how then do you think I could go 240,000, while the elements through which I must pass are growing more rare for at least half that distance?"

Mr. Davis said that his friend Wilson, while visiting with him, was called by his spirit companions to visit a distant part of the sidereal heavens.

A. "That is fiction, and not fact. We know enough of the laws of the spirit world to affirm that no spirit, no longer from earth than Mr. Wilson's, ever yet visited the sidereal heavens."

Well, friends, if I did not love truth more than rubies, I should certainly feel grieved to hear so often contradicted the writings of one from whom I have received so much instruction.

A. "We can modestly claim not to be behind you in our hatred of contradiction, but facts are not altered or general law's broken by any man's statement, while it is superfluous to say again so soon that it is only *facts* that we are determined to give you. If a spirit just escaped from the body was able at once to travel without let or hindrance through the illimitable Universe, what becomes of gradual progression. In this particular, as well as several others, Mr. Davis forsakes his own philosophy and makes the spirit bound at a single leap, both moral and physical, over a wider gulf than orthodoxy itself."

When an infant dies at, or soon after birth, how soon is its memory sufficiently developed to carry events into future life?

"An infant trained in the spirit world, cannot remember occurrences much earlier than three years; it requires about the same time for it to unfold in our world that it does in yours, and nearly as much guardian care to bring it up and give it instruction."

A friend of the writer who had recently buried an only child, came to our circle to inquire of a departed sister whether she wished her to take as her own, a young child that this sister had left when she died. Most affectingly did the spirit-sister address the former; "Do not fail to take my child," said she, "and train it as your own, give it your name and I will take equal care of yours that is with me."

If mankind were perfected, they would still be born at Zero. How long would it take them from birth to pass the different degrees or circles?

A. "If children from birth were wholly surrounded by good influences, with their hereditary tendencies all good, they would pass the first three degrees in about seven years each, and enter the fourth at twenty-one,—thus their entrance upon the Circle of 'Brotherly love' would coincide in point of time with their entrance upon the active duties of life; they would then seek, not only their own, but each his neighbor's good. They would now be about twenty years in passing the fourth degree which would carry them beyond the judgment. At about forty, they would enter the fifth degree,—a degree wholly pure in itself, and only slightly marred by its connection with the one below it. Earthly cares would now begin to fade from the mind, while the upward attraction would proportionably strengthen till they had reached their three score and ten, when the attraction from the sixth circle would be sufficient to draw the happy, bounding spirit to its own celestial bosom. Such change would not be death, though the outer organism would be left. Long previous to this change, 'Death would be swallowed up in victory.' Such is the condition to which the race is tending and its realization is sure."

CHAPTER III.

Friend Bryant: This evening I wish to converse with you upon a subject that has, at intervals, occupied my mind as it has most other thinking minds, for a long time, viz:—

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

I have carefully read all that Mr. Davis has published on the subject as far as I know, but my mind is too obtuse to see the consistency or logic of his conclusions. His last attempt is much more acceptable than any that have preceded it. I long to have it true with all my heart, but to my comprehension he has failed to furnish that evidence on which the mind may safely rest. That man is a culmination of everything below him is satisfactorily demonstrated, but this does not help the difficulty, because, if as Mr. Davis acknowledges in a variety of ways, a good fountain cannot yield both sweet water and bitter; and if the fountain of the Universe is only good, then all below man as well as above is of course good, and could bring nothing but good, unmixed, eternal good, into the compound. If it is not good for man to 'bite and devour' his fellow man, then it is evil; and if it is evil for man to do this, it is evil for animals below man to do so. God never wrote good on any thing in the universe that gives pain and suffering, neither did good ever come out of evil as a direct result; otherwise a good fountain may produce bitter water. If the spirit of the fox was only an emanation of good from the divine mind, its cunning would be exercised, certainly when expanded into the spirit of man, in devising ways and means to promote the good of the race; the strength of the lion in the protection of the weak, instead of their destruction, and thus to the end of the chapter. Thus it seems to me. Now if you can throw any light in my path, I will gladly and gratefully listen.

A. "It is unpleasant to speak of the imperfections of

any, yet we love truth supremely, and as Mr. Davis has said some things that appear to me to lie in the pathway of truth, I will say of him a few words more. First, then, Mr. Davis is a good man in the common use of that term, and he is doing good; more, however, by removing obstructions and ancient errors, through an expanded intellect, than by introducing a current of Life, (which is most needed,) by an advanced and deep spirituality. He has a sincere and affectionate heart. He is in the fourth degree, as I have several times told you, which is an advancement on most of the race, in the most enlightened parts of the earth. It would require a volume to review his writings—but it may be of service to throw out a few more cautionary hints, lest earth's inhabitants should place too much confidence in any statements made by seers or angels. Davis says that the angels of the lower societies are instantly repelled by the societies next above them, whenever the former attempt to visit the latter, so that such approach is impossible. This is all true. Now Doctor, is it not worthy of a smile to hear this same man affirm, in the same book, that he himself was privileged, not only above all living men, but infinitely above the myriads of spirits in every degree of holiness, spirits who had been advancing for an infinity of ages towards the great Center of all—I say, that after such a statement of impossibilities, for him to affirm that he alone, above all the infinitude of God's creation, was permitted in a few hours, to ascend up through all societies and every gradation of sphere nearly or quite to the very throne of the Godhead, 'where the light was beyond endurance,' and 'where he would have become at once insane had he not been immediately restored—does it not savor strongly of the marvelous? I need not add that such a claim has no credence among advanced angels. It is contrary to every known law in God's universe. It ought not to be deemed as claiming too much, when I say that I know what I myself cannot do, though I had been in the Spirit World a number of years before Mr. Davis got a sight at it. If it is true, (and we know it is,) that a repelling power exists in the heavenly societies, that will at once drive back the classes of intelligences that are but a single degree below themselves, when-

ever the latter attempt to rise without due preparation as Mr. D. justly affirms, by what philosophy does he prove that an inconceivably strong current of repulsive power does not flow between the Fount of stainless purity and the extreme of all evil, which is fitly represented in its outward expression 'Depart ye cursed,' &c.

"When Mr. Davis' spirit left his body, he could rise like any other spirit in our world, to his own state of refinement; and as I know assuredly that his plane is in the fourth degree, I know positively that he never went beyond it. He might, as we can, get clairvoyant impressions, as it might please the fancy of any spirit to give him, but such impressions in our world are worth just as much and no more than they are in yours, on psychological subjects. Again, Mr. Davis says, on page 171 of the *Spirit Messenger*, Vol. 1, 'I suppose it is scarcely necessary to state that the human mind is incapable of computing the millions of centuries which are required for those souls that now inhabit the second sphere, to progress into the one above it—into the third sphere.' On page 130 of the same volume, he affirms that he saw in vision the disagreeable spirit of the murderer ascend from one society to the one above it. He states that there are but three societies in the second sphere. Of course he watched that spirit a single hour, and saw it pass through one-third of the incomputable millions of centuries that the human mind is incapable of conceiving. Such are psychologized impressions merely, that cannot in the least be depended on. Had his psychologizer been disposed, he could with equal ease have made Mr. Davis see that spirits dissolve into vapor and then become annihilated, as to have given him the above impressions. Mr. Davis could not with a prophet's ken have looked through the vista of ages, nor could that spirit have progressed in the least, comparatively, while he was thus viewing it. If his psychologist had a theory to make out, he would always be on hand, and impress his subject to see everything that would favor that theory.

"With this preliminary, I will now try to answer the question, or rather give a few brief reasons why I have taken a different view of the subject from Mr. D., on the Origin of Evil. Christ professed to have come di-

rectly from the Bosom of the Father, where Mr. D. could not live a moment; and all good angels, with whom I ever conversed on the subject, believe he did thus come; that in Him the divine principle was embodied, that had reposed in the bosom of the Father from eternity. Now this Christ declares that God *did not sow* the tares that he found in the human field; that it was the work of an enemy; and this enemy he called the Devil. If all evil is taken in the aggregate, personified, and so named the Devil, then by Christ's statement, the tares must have sowed themselves,—an absurdity that a philosopher ought not to be guilty of. Your question is in effect to ascertain what or who this enemy is, and I am disposed necessarily, in a very brief way, to offer you my opinion. Let me say, then, first of all, that the common idea that the Devil is a fallen angel, who has seriously undertaken to measure his strength with the Almighty, and actually divide the spoils of the human family, is too absurd for a moment's reflection. Such a view has no basis from the Bible, from philosophy, or common sense, while to my mind it is equally absurd to suppose that if there is but one Fountain in the Universe, and that is all good, that evil, 'tremendous evil,' should flow from it. Mr. D. admits, as fully as any man, that immense evils fill the world. Now to me it is self-evident, that if in any way, or from any possible chain of cause and effect, these evils come from God, they must first have existed in Him; for who can tell how that can flow from him that did not exist in him? 'The confusion and dirt and rubbish of building a temple or city, and all such like illustrations,' are irrelevant, as the materials are never known in any part of the process to rise up and quarrel with each other. In the place, then, of any positive proof of any Supreme Entity, (for neither man nor angel hath seen God at any time, any more than they have the Devil,) we are compelled to reason, if we reason at all, from *what we see*; and reasoning thus, we have as much evidence from your world, as well as our own, that there is a self-existent, independent, and uncreated Entity, called the Devil, as that there is a Good One called God. Such has been the innate and intuitive conviction of the human heart among all nations and in all ages, as Mr. D. affirms.

Suppose they did see their evil Deity in the flaming sun, the howling winds, in fire or smoke; they saw too, their good Deity in objects equally crude and material. I affirm then, what is generally admitted, that whatever is innate in the human soul, God put it there, and it has a truth for its base. I believe that God, (over his own universe, at least,) is stronger than the Devil, and that in this universe, the latter cannot literally create anything; but that he has infused a devilish spirit throughout the whole that has yet been heard from. I believe, in common with many advanced spirits, that when the repulsive power of God shall take its full effect, (having first drawn to itself all the elements of righteousness in every intelligence that will allow itself to be attracted throughout the universe,) that it will repel this Evil Spirit beyond the precincts of creation; and as light is a part of that creation, it will of course be driven into 'outer (or surrounding) darkness,' where the Bible leaves it, and God's universe will be evermore cleared of trouble. I believe this, partly because it is the testimony of Bible men of the fifth Circle, who lived under the greatest focal light that was ever concentrated upon one point since the world began. No sane man now on earth will pretend to the full measure of the Apostles' power over either spiritual or physical diseases. I believe it too, partly because I cannot find, either among the angels of this Sphere or in your world, any other so rational ground to account for the multiplied evils that for so many thousands of years have filled your world with blood and carnage,—evils which I know are increased very many fold, among spirits in our world, who wilfully cleave to and constantly drink from some evil fountain. Angels believe it, partly because they find no more difficulty in conceiving of an uncreated evil Entity than of a good one, that all the objections and difficulties that lie against the belief of the one, exist also against the belief of the other. They believe it because Christ asserted it, who, in their opinion, had measured eternity, and therefore knew what he uttered."

Mr. Davis says that Christ's sayings are not faithfully reported.

A. "If Mr. D. thinks that men clothed with the power, the spirituality and intuition of the Apostles,

men who were in the fifth degree,—I say if such men will tell wrong stories, what should men think of the statements of those of the fourth degree, who are destitute of nearly all these qualities? The very reason that Mr. D. assigns for their blunders, (*viz.*, that they recorded their testimony a considerable time after the events transpired,) is to our minds the very reason why we believe their sayings entirely correct; for during the interim they had been clothed with a wisdom that the potentates of earth were in no wise able to gainsay or resist. There could be then no occasion for quibbling, neither lack of wisdom in stating the truth.

“Please read me Mr. Davis’ eulogy of Christ in Vol. I. of the *Harmonia*, pages 450–453.”

At your desire I will read it; but when I am through I think I may convince you that it will not answer your purpose.

A. “I will see to that.”

Well then, here you have it: ‘It is plain, therefore, that there are numerous and immense evils existing among men—that without a Savior these evils can never be extirpated from the earth—this is my settled conviction. To some minds it may appear inconsistent; but nevertheless, I am impressed to openly acknowledge my belief in the existence of a Savior, whose divine and directing power has shone brighter and brighter through the thoughts and deeds of men in their upward way, ever since the first man lived. I believe that he existed before the world was made—that he was, and is, coëssential and coëternal with the Father—that he is an incarnated essence, possessing in a finite degree the attributes of the Infinite. * * When I gaze abroad over the inharmoniously situated multitudes that people the earth, and perceive the vast amount of ignorance, war, slavery and suffering that exists, then my belief in this Savior is the only source of hope and consolation. It is the prevailing belief of Christendom that the Father of Spirits predestinated a Savior for our earth; that he came, and through his instrumentality it is rendered possible for all men to be saved with an everlasting salvation. This is a clear statement of my intuitive belief—a belief justified by reason and sound philosophy. * *

But the glorious Savior of which I speak is known only by the good and intelligent, who dearly love his precepts and devoutly practice them. * * But the Savior's superior influence, when it gains an expression, his beautiful deeds and unequalled spirituality, elicit even from the ignorant and faithless, respect, admiration and praise. * * His saving power and noble spirit are manifest in the simplest invention of art. * * I know that his spirit is immanent in man. I believe that by him and through him exclusively, will men escape the evils of disunity, and be refined and elevated into spiritual communion with higher and holier truths."

"I think, Doctor, that with such a eulogy, Mr. D. ought to be satisfied that the character of Christ was such that he could tell *only the truth* about Heaven and Hell, the righteous and the wicked; and that his sagacity in reading characters, and his far-reaching wisdom would have certainly induced him to have selected men who would have reported his sayings *truthfully*. If a recently-departed Wilson can now impress Mr. D., do not you think he who could control all faithful hearts could have superintended the writers of his own history?"

Friend Bryant, let me tell you that Mr. Davis' friends poured upon me the very vials of their indignation, both by private letters and through the "Spirit World" and "Spirit Messenger," (the latter was quite gentle, however,) and charged me with positive "forgery," while the "Spirit World" not only refused my reply, but failed to notice its reception, and thus I was gagged and left open to the public, and all this because I applied the above language of Mr. D. to Christ, after the abuse the former had so abundantly poured upon the latter, in Nat. Div. Rev. They affirmed that, in all this eulogy, Mr. D. referred only to "wisdom," as he says, on the last page, to which reference has been made. "The true Savior—he who is coëssential and coëternal with the Creator of all things, and who is incarnated and represented more or less in every correct movement that has been made since the world began, is Wisdom." What do you think of that?

A. "Why I think Mr. D. has made no new discovery; he has only borrowed Paul's idea, the great de-

fender of Christ and his religion. This same Paul declared that Christ was the *Wisdom* of God, and the Power of God; that He of God was made unto us Wisdom, as well as sanctification and redemption; all of which Mr. D. affirms of his Savior. Besides, the Apostles discovered long before Mr. D. that his spirit was immanent in man—that ‘He is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.’ Of course he is represented in every correct movement, and in every invention of art, in his diffusible character. If Mr. D. referred to the simple attribute of wisdom, he never would have been guilty of putting it in the masculine gender, which he has done at least eleven times. He would not have been likely to have anticipated its ‘inconsistency to some minds.’ Had it been in harmony with what he had before written of this same Savior, he would not have stated that in spite of this inconsistency, which he clearly foresaw must be noticed by others, that nevertheless, I am impressed (forced) to acknowledge him openly, and endorse without a single qualification the prevailing belief of Christendom on the subject of salvation by Christ. Mr. D., like the Apostles, first defined and described the Savior by his ‘noble deeds,’ and afterwards spoke of his diffusible wisdom, which had its center in the Son of Mary. Now then, such a Savior may safely be trusted, and when he asserts that some men from choice imbibe the spirit of ‘their Father, the Devil,’ and that his works they will do, in spite of all the counsel that he himself could give them, we believe him, for we know positively for ourselves that some men and some spirits love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. All advanced spirits, as far as I have known, consider Christ as the Son of God, and the antagonist of Satan. We rejoice to know that the number of spirits on earth and from the earth, who prefer evil, is comparatively small, and the number is slowly but gradually diminishing.

“It is very unlikely that Christ, in the agony of his soul, would have refused to call the ‘twelve legions of angels,’ lest the Scriptures should not be fulfilled, if he had no more regard for them than Mr. D. has manifested; while if his concern was so great for the fulfillment of

the old prophecies, it is very reasonable to suppose that he would oversee the faithful execution of his own 'last will and testament,' for we remember that when Paul's violent breathings of threatening and slaughter were likely to prove too serious an obstruction to the executors, this same Christ, with the breath of his power, arrested the whole current, and choose this same Paul as the chief administrator of his estate. With such evidence of the enduring care of Christ in relation to the faithful execution of his doings, we leave the subject to the serious reflection of the reader."

Do you and Christ agree as to the proportionate number of the lost? Did he not say that there were *few* who found the way of life?

A. "Yes, he spoke in the present tense, and I have shown you abundantly that scarcely an individual on earth or in the Spirit World, had at that time passed the judgment, or what is the same thing, gone through the 'strait gate and narrow way,' to which Christ was urging them.

"If no such evil Entity exists, as we devoutly hope, the restoration of the race is sure and inevitable—God can never reject his own. All the evil that has flowed from him must return to its source, but it argues little for his goodness or benevolence. No earthly parent since the world began, would have let his children live in such discord and wrangling, while he could have prevented it, as the God of Love is accused of doing. He lets them burn their fingers for the thousandth time to learn the nature of fire, which no mother's heart could do. He lets them kill each other by wholesale for tens of thousands of years, to learn the nature of murder, (a very needful lesson one would think.) He represents sin as that bitter thing that his soul hates, while the cause and essence of it all has evolved from his own bosom. His opposition to evil is a farce, with which he has deluded the children of men, in all ages, by representing more or less clearly a danger of losing their souls that never existed. He has acted the part of a deceiver among all nations—refused instruction that he could have easily given, and is of course forever unworthy the confidence of his own creation. Such is the legitimate and unavoid-

able conclusion of all that admit but a single fountain to have discharged its waters upon portions at least of the universe; they write and talk in a way that clearly shows that they themselves are not quite satisfied with their own premises or deductions. While on the other hand if, as we believe, there is an Evil and self-existent intelligent Fountain that has, with its bitter waters more or less marred the perfect work of God, if there has been an opposition to encounter and overcome that nearly equals in strength and power the Omnipotent of all Goon, then may we well conclude that the pretensions of the latter are sincere and that his plans are laid in wisdom, for it is easy to conceive that nothing less than his own *uncreated son* could successfully compete with an *uncreated antagonist*. Such a view clears the Godhead of all participation in evil, both in its present and future results. The world of intelligences is left free to reap the fruit of their own doings, and to be filled with their own devices, for where sin abounds, there will grace much more abound, ere the the spirit *can be judged*, so that the balances shall be evenly held and every spirit take his own unbiased choice. Let him who can, show that the infinite gap that exists in the chain of gradation, between the supreme cause, and the highest of his created intelligences, is not filled with an uncreated spirit of evil. Let him show us that Christ and his apostles were imposters and liars in their unnumbered declarations of the danger of future woe. Let him show that if God has inoculated the world with evil, how he is entitled to respect or gratitude for curing a disease of his own creating. Let him meet these questions honorably as the bible does, and not resort to a thousand silly ways to run around the facts of tremendous existing evil. No Book but the Bible—no men but Christ and his successors, have ever shown an adequate reason for the existence of evil—their statements are simple, plain, positive, and clear the subject of all obscurity—they infringe no law of matter or of mind—their testimony must be impeached and themselves proved guilty of perjury, or it must stand against the assault of men and devils—so we see it and have told you what we see.”

How foolish the statement that ignorance is the source of all crime, while every thinking man knows that none

but the most cultivated and expanded intellect ever made a murderous Bonaparte, an Alexander, a Kidd or a Joaquin. Ignorance is not a crime, unless it is wilful, as it often is.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE RESUMED.

The following conversation occurred several months after the narrative of "Astounding Facts" went into the printer's hands, that were published in the "New Era." It may be considered as a supplement to the Circles.

Friend Bryant, you are aware that many persons say that the degrees, as given by the spirits, together with the spherical form and proximity of the spiritual world to ours, is not authorized by the Bible. What say you to that?

A. "I say that these objectors will probably admit that John, the Revelator, got something of an extended view of the Spirit World, and that he saw and heard it measured. Well, John says, that the New Jerusalem, as an emblem in *City Form*, was 'four square,' but as a *matter-of-fact*, by actual measurement, it was a *sphere*, for 'the length, and the breadth, and the height of it were equal'—measured in any direction its diameter was alike. Now to say that a City on a plane surface, was 1500 miles high, would be inconceivable nonsense—but that all the sides of a *rolling sphere* are equal is quite certain, there being no top or bottom, no up or down, no odds or ends.

"It was none other than the vast spiritual sphere, surrounding the earth in every direction, and embracing it as its own solid nucleus at the center, as represented in the picture. This great spiritual sphere is a unit, though as we have often said we mark it off in our minds into Circles as a matter of convenience. It is the earth with the sphere of its emanations and spiritual appendages—its own Mighty Belt—the very outbirth of its own developed essences in their constant and unceasing radiations. Man, I affirm, is *earth-begotten*, and for a long

period he wants an *earth-begotten* Heaven. Such he has, for such only could meet his constitutional wants and susceptibilities. Here he must remain until he has wholly outgrown the plane and distance of earth's extremest spiritual extension. Earth has produced the man (impregnated by the Sun, and gladly I admit through the breath of the Almighty,) and can of course furnish the best nutriment for her own infant children. While man dwells in the grosser body, comparatively but a single remove from the earth on which he walks, she opens to him her gross bosom and her rough soil supplies the wants of that body, so when he drops the outer, she opens her spiritual bosom for his more full supply. How often have young spirit children told your Circle, with their tiny raps and lisping accents of *yit-pa-pa*, and *yit-ma-ma*, that they had no home but with their mothers. This is true, for though they are in their spiritual bodies, they are not at all progressed and cannot exist but upon the most gross of earth's spiritual aliment, which is of course near her surface—their guardians cannot take them at all to their distant homes, and when they depart for a season they leave them in the charge of some other friendly spirit. Thus situated, and being in affinity with their mothers, above all others, they stand on her shoulders, play in her hair, and literally lodge in her bosom, and when she is passive in sleep, they act upon her brain and make her *see*, and *feel*, and *caress* them. Such mothers do injustice to their little ones and to their God-inspiring Father, to call it, when they wake, **ALL A DREAM.**"

Lovinia here added the following: "Angels seldom see a child but a year old at so great a distance from the earth as a thousand miles, though children partake of the nature of their parents, some being of vastly finer mould than others, even at birth; the latter can therefore travel hundreds of miles farther from the earth than the former at the same age."

"From this bondage to earth, by undeveloped spiritualism, whether in the infant or adult man, all must ascend (if good,) through earth's Procedure, when they will again pant for a higher condition. The spirit will now shake itself a second time, and throw off another

encasement, as he did when he first left the earth and be prepared, in a body vastly more refined than could possibly exist in earth's finest distillations, to enter a higher sphere. Man, like the circles and spheres through which he must pass, and in which he must live, is, as we believe, a seven-fold duplicate, containing, at his earliest birth, the Germ of the seven successive unfoldings, each of which is expressly adapted to the seven conditions he is to occupy—and as he enters, successively, upon these seven broad and distinct stages of his existence in the unnumbered ages of a countless eternity, he will draw himself for the seventh time from his comparatively rusty scabbard, and will, at each time, present a vastly more polished surface, and an almost infinitely finer texture without and within, than the one that preceded it. It would be pleasant here to show that it is in this sense, man is more strikingly created in the image of his God than in any other, but we have too greatly digressed already.

“The River of Life that issues from under the Throne runs through the midst of this sphere, and is absorbed all over it, while the Tree of Life grows the whole length of its Banks, which renders it easy for us to scatter the leaves upon your earth for the healing of the nations, as fast as men can be induced to apply them to their ‘wounds and bruises and putrefying sores.’ Hence the *appropriate* call of those within the City, the spirit and the Bride, ‘to the Dogs and Sorceress, whoremongers and idolaters’ of your earth, and the lower degrees that encircle it, all of whom are in the easy reach of our voice, to ‘Come, come, come—leave your ‘abominations’ and COME.’ ‘Take the water of Life freely.’ You see, Doctor, that so long as our Orthodox friends admit that the New Jerusalem, as here described, is an emblem of the heaven in which they believe, and to which they consider themselves traveling, they cannot escape the conclusion that it is in the immediate vicinity of the earth, or a worse place for its location is undeniably proximated to very bad neighbors, our good old bible being witness. You see, moreover, it is unjust, because untrue, to consider yourselves in the first sphere and us, your spirit friends, in the second. We have allowed you thus to address us

hitherto because we understood each other, and because we had not come to the right spot for an explanation, but henceforth we must hold you in this correction. It is clear as the sun that you occupy the central material portion, while we dwell in the more spiritual parts of the same sphere. It is a single Ball or Globe, without a break. We are a single Brotherhood interested in all your interests, mingling our joys and sorrows with yours, as members of one and the same family. Why, 1800 years ago, Paul discovered the relation between the persons in the body and spirits out, to be so intimate and important that he declared that the latter without the former should not be made perfect. — Heb. 11-40. Though the confidence in God of advanced spirits is such that they are 'without carefulness,' feeling no harrassing anxiety, yet there is a sweet, constant, and abiding interest in all matters pertaining to their old home, and its immediate vicinity, that will continue till every member is fully redeemed or becomes so wholly destitute of life as to 'slough off' when the healing of the body-politic will be completed without them. Then, and not till then, will all affinity between us cease. For spiritualists to talk and reason about the possibility or probability of our being about and near you is the merest folly, for both philosophically and spiritually, we are *bound* to you. Paul expected to be 'caught up to meet the Lord *in the air*,' and there he expected to be ever with the Lord." His ambition evidently extended to no heaven beyond the atmospheric influence of the earth as we have described it.

What then is, or where is the next sphere?

A. "We believe it to be the inconceivably vast spiritual envelope that surrounds our solar system, embracing the sun and all the planets, and extending far, far away beyond the influence of the latter.

The *Third Sphere*, in like manner, embraces the fifth and last created circle of Suns, to which our own sol belongs.

The *Fourth Sphere* embraces the fourth circle of Suns.

The *Fifth Sphere* the third circle.

The *Sixth Sphere* the second circle.

The *Seventh Sphere* the first circle, which will bring spirits as near the Bosom of the Eternal Father of all—

as it is possible for created intelligences to approach agreeably with the present structure of the universe.

The seven churches of Asia Minor, in the seven stages of their advancement—the seven stars in God's right hand, and the seven golden candlesticks, represent the seven circles of our sphere, and undoubtedly in a vastly deeper and broader sense, the seven spheres that we have mentioned, and who can doubt that they are 'Crowns of Glory in the hand of the Lord,' and 'Royal Diadems in the hand of their God.'

"Paul, beyond a question, had the same view of the spherical dwelling-place of the departed. After running up a long list of worthies, that had passed the veil, he suddenly turns to his believing followers and exclaims, wherefore, seeing we are compassed about, (encircled or inclosed on all sides, (see Web. Dict.,) with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, &c."

Then you really live in, and sail through the same "firmament of heaven through which God made the Fowls to fly on the day of their creation?"

A. "Yes, indeed, and your advanced spirit friends are the only *real, genuine* "Birds of Paradise" on the wing; they can outstrip and overtake the swiftest of the former, and in an instant pounce upon their backs and ride to their heart's content, if they choose.

[After a moment's pause.] Well, can you keep up with my thoughts?

A. "Yes, and lead them too, very easily."

What am I thinking about?

A. "You are off on a trip to Chereth near the banks of the Jordan."

Are my thoughts truthful? A. "Yes."

Shall I write them?

A. "Just as you please."

Well, reader, I was thinking that if some of our good friends should discover a Raven in the distant heavens carrying food to her young, quicker than lightning he would be by her side, and with his elastic arm thrown lovingly around her neck, it would be just like him to conduct her directly over the rude dwelling place of Israel's exiled prophet, and then, at just the right moment, he would slip the flesh from her bill, and, as in olden time,

the meat would fall for the benefit of the famishing man. Anon, without a pause, and wholly unconscious of restraint, under the same escort, she would now be on a visit to yon distant wheat-stock, or the nearest neighbor's corn-crib, and thus the holy, hunted, God-inspired man would get his "bread and flesh in the morning, and his bread and flesh in the evening."

F. B. "Such would be an easy and pleasant task for any of us to accomplish, especially in the forest where such birds are numerous, and at the season of the year to which you allude."

After this discourse was, as I supposed, finished, I asked friend Bryant if it was ready for the printer. He replied, that there was a lack on the subject of the Ravens. I at once commenced my interrogatories, when the door opened, and a person entered, in whose presence our spirit friend had ever refused to communicate. We got nothing more that evening. The next or second day, apparently in the absence of F. B., a sister spirit wrote out, through E.'s hand, the following, which was subsequently endorsed by Mr. Bryant.

"What friend B. has admitted is true—it *would be easy* to do as you stated, but more *natural* for us to move by their side and hold the tip of the wing next to us, in our hand. Spirit children often make a pleasant pastime in moving with the birds in this manner, alighting on the boughs and fences by their side, and in smoothing their feathers with their more than velvet fingers—they see much more of God in their beautiful plumage and in the fine arrangement of their covering, than children of earth do."

Would not their hold impede the action of the wing?

A. "Not in the least—their fingers are too light and their arms too elastic to impose the slightest restraint, unless they *will* to do so.

F. B. "We will now briefly view God's great family from another point, and close for the present this long conversation.

'God is the Father of Lights.'

Among the fifth of the circles of successive scintillations struck out from his own fiery bosom, our own Sun took his position in the heavens, a Burning Luminary

forever. This sun produced the plants that surround him—he gave them their matter and imparted their life. They are his daughters. Continuing himself in eternal youth, he fairly marries these daughters as fast as they become of mature age. His pro-creative power has begotten all the unnumbered myriads of spirits that have swarmed upon their bosoms. The Earth, our mother, is among the youngest of his children—her offspring, contrasted with the children of her older sisters, are puny, imbecile, and may be considered almost forsaken. It takes full an hundred years ordinarily to render them able and make it safe for them, with their half-fledged wings, to leave the maternal bosom or the immediate sphere of her influence and commence an ascent, on a visit to their older cousins on the mother's side—for you perceive that all the spirits in the solar system are brothers and sisters on the father's side, and cousins to all the children of the fifth circle of suns, because these suns belong to the same family of our own sun, and are of course the brothers of our father. These suns, therefore, in common parlance, are our uncles. You may now trace the genealogy of God's Great Family back to the Central Throne in your own way. My object has been to give you a hint and not to write a book. I need hardly add that *our* first sphere as the offspring earth is not the first sphere to the spirits of other planets—the first sphere of all must of necessity be that in which they commence their existence. When, therefore, spirits are able to visit often and long their immediate neighbors and have gathered the growth and combined wisdom of the whole, they will then be prepared to enter into the more general association of the second sphere around the solar system. They will now leave somewhat the maternal influence, and will branch out upon the more rigorous business of their father's estate. What myriads of spirits has the earth already produced, and yet they are but a drop in the bucket compared with the number that have been generated on the older planets of our own solar system. Who then will give the numbers of the second sphere? An eternity could not count them, and yet every star in the fifth circle of suns is begetting its countless millions of children daily, through-

out its own planetary system, each family of which is probably more numerous than the sands of your earth, while these families, multiplied to infinity, shall yet be congregated around the fifth circle of suns, these again around the fourth, third and so on.

It is enough!! It will take endless eternities to run up the scale, and none but God will ever comprehend it. We shrink utterly from the task and leave you to your own imagination. In the light of this subject I am perfectly certain that no spirit from earth has yet gone beyond the solar system, and will not in centuries to come. I speak not of clairvoyant impressions that may possibly come from beyond."

Well, friend B., a lengthy, and I trust, profitable conference has strangely grown out of our simple question, "whether the Bible favors the views of modern spiritual philosophy." Is it all right, or as near so as we can get it, for the printer?

A. "Yes, with a single caution. Let the reader notice that all we say of the spheres above the one that we occupy, is modified at the outset, by the expression *we believe*. Though we have many reasons for thus believing which are not expressed, we have still stronger reasons for believing that the vast and complicated arrangements of the Universe, with their pro-creating power and divinely inspired essences are far, very far from being fully understood by any created being, and infinitely less so by the children of little earth who are yet only in her fifth spiritual circle, or any of her seers who are still confined to her surface as their center. Let the reader ever make a broad distinction between what we assert as *matter-of-fact*, and what we express as *our opinion*, cautiously take the latter for what it is worth, and set your own price at that. I have done."

CHAPTER V.

I wish now, friend Bryant, to converse with you a little upon the Divinity of Christ. I have ever considered him Divine and have prayed to Him as being so, and I

believe acceptably, while it is to me evident from your remarks upon the "*Origin of Evil*" that you entertain similar views of his Divinity. What, therefore, I wish to inquire this evening is, whether you find no difficulty in making one God three, or three one?

A. "No, and for your instruction and the rest of earth's inhabitants I will try to clothe the

DIVINITY OF CHRIST IN A NEW DRESS.

Thus saith the Lord, the King of Israel, and
His Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts,
I am the *First*, and I am the *Last*,
And beside me *there is no God*.

Is there a God beside me?! Yea, *there is no God*,
I know not any.—Isa. 44-6-8.

"Let these statements, repeated some nine times in quick succession by the prophet Isaiah, be settled in the mind as *fixed facts* before we take another step in our investigation. There is one Living and True God, and there is no other. A *Mighty UNIT*.

But who has searched the *Abyss* of the *Infinite*—who has seen the *Unit*?! None, no, not one. 'No man hath seen God at any time.' How then shall we find him out, since the Fountain is too remote for mortal gaze? 'He dwelleth in light that neither man or angel can approach unto.'

Happily for us, every Fountain has its streams, and the Fountain we are considering is not an exception. For ages on ages, and ages beyond all ages, it has been flowing, and its *streams* have been watched with intense desire—yea, more; in an important sense they have been analyzed, and what is the result? There are two currents and only two, that flow from this *Mighty Fount*—one current flows within the other, or *in pursuit of* the other, in all the works of God. No exception has yet been found, and it may be presumed that the Infinite Himself knows no exception. These currents are known to man as we have before said, as the Positive and Negative Forces, Attraction and Repulsion, Sympathy and Antipathy, and in Bible morals, Faith and Unbelief. These principles or forces uniting in their lower forms, produce gross matter—on a higher plane they produce

water, and still higher, light, electricity, magnetism, vegetables, animals, men, angels, and as we shall see, they made him, who was created a little lower than the angels as well as infinitely above them.

We infer from all this that the Fountain we are considering is one vast vortex of the male and female elements, and the higher the plane on which they unite, the higher, more noble, and holy is the Birth produced by their union.

Now we will see if the Bible itself does not concur with all the principles and productions of nature in its testimony that God is a male and female *UNIT*. He created man in his own image male and female. Adam and Eve, as the receptacles of the male and female principles, were two persons, but in their union they were a *Unit*—they were no more *twain* but one flesh. Eve was nothing more nor less than an embodiment of the female elements of the man—they were *bona fide* his elements, drawn out of his side under the figure of the 'Rib,' and to be restored to him at the proper season.

Now don't we find the description of the Godhead perfectly analogous to all this? The Holy Ghost is the female principle of the Godhead, and the Bible presents her in no other light. When compared with man, we freely admit that she is Positive, and most justly used in the masculine gender—but when compared with the Godhead she is feminine and every attribute attributed to her is decidedly of the female character. She is the '*Comforter*,' the '*Dove*' of Heaven—the inferior '*Helpmeet*' of Christ. She '*shall not speak of herself, but whatsoever she heareth, that shall she speak.*' '*She shall glorify me.*' She is the glory of Christ as '*the woman is the glory of the man.*' Every '*Fruit*' ascribed to her is of a feminine character, as '*Love, Joy, Peace, Long-suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance,*' and they are attributes worthy of the Infinite Father's Love. We say, then, in bold and unequivocal language, that the Holy Ghost is plainly the lawful wife of God Almighty—his own chosen spouse—they are not *twain*, but *One Spirit*. We say, further, that for thousands of years God had been clearing the way among the children of men, in order to introduce

his Bride among them. The Land of Israel, being most trained and favored, was the chosen spot. The longing aspirations of thousands of loving hearts had long sent up the invitation for a God-appointed medium through whom the current of the Father's Life might flow unobstructed upon the world. The gentle-hearted, pure-minded virgin of Bethlehem was seen as the most proper, if not the holiest spirit of earth on which the Father's Dove could settle, and over whom she could brood. She had once brooded over the mass of dead matter at the birth of creation, and in this position she attracted the Positive Forces of the Father's Power, commencing on its lowest plane and imparting life through all the ascending series of minerals, vegetables, fishes, insects, fowls, animals, and onward to man in the lower grades of human intelligence. She was now brooding in the same way over the world of *mind*. In the first instance, she sought, by a long process, to develop man as the ruling Head of every thing animate and inanimate below him, and she gave him intelligence enough to fulfil his mission. Her object now is to develop an intelligent *Spiritual POWER*, adequate to govern all *Mind*, whether they be Principates or Powers, either visible or invisible. Mary was selected as the attracting center—First, *notice the Holy Ghost* came upon her—it spread over her—it permeated her very being—it filled every avenue of her pure spirit—it was a full and entire penetration of the female elements of that God in whose image she herself was created. Every impulse of this divine influence was perfectly congenial with the pure impulses of her own nature. We are now prepared for the next step in the process. The '*Power of the Highest overshadows her.*' The *Positive* male *Forces* of the Godhead have fallen upon the *Negative* or female *Forces* of the same Godhead. The Eternal Father is in union with his own chosen spouse, while Mary is the selected Medium through whom they act. Christ's Mother was as much Divine as his Father. Mary, being the medium for the action and result of the union of these Parents, as mediums always do, modified the offspring and furnished the materials from her own person necessary to clothe it with flesh and blood, while she of necessity imparted to it a por-

tion of her own human nature. Was there anything supernatural in all this? Then is the formation of every drop of water supernatural so is the production of every particle of light, the birth of every insect, animal, or plant, for they all result from a marriage or union of the male and female, or the positive and negative Forces which certainly met in Mary—if the Bible statement is true, and they will just as truly meet in every man or spirit that ever rises to the fifth circle of goodness. To be ‘Born of God,’ a phrase often used in the Scriptures, is not an allegorical expression but a *literal fact*. The Holy Ghost prepares the ground in the first half of the fourth degree. Here the female elements of righteousness, the ‘Fruits of the Spirit’ get a full and permanent possession—the principle of such as are there, is, to ‘return a kiss for a blow’—being fully permeated and permanently possessed by this divine influence—being perfectly adorned with the heavenly jewel of Love to God, and an abiding Peace and good-will to man, the ‘Marriage of the Lamb must come, for his wife hath made herself ready.’ All the ‘Gifts’ or Blessings that heaven could bestow are lost sight of, yea, would be utterly condemned in the unutterable longings of the soul for the GIVER in the last half of this degree. The *positive judgment-elements* now begin to be attracted till the soul is ‘riddled’ of all its dust, so that nothing shall in the least prevent the endless junction of these God-like principles within the depths of the human soul. It is thus we become the ‘partakers of the divine nature,’ the Sons of God without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation. The Divine Nature becomes human and the human is raised to the Divine and the At-One-ment is effected. Every man and spirit will as assuredly go through this literal Birth as Christ did, though we doubt not that ‘in all things he has the pre-eminence, and will ever maintain it. In this High sense, He is the ‘*First-born* of every creature.’ But, be it remembered that He was too the ‘*Firstborn among many brethren*.’ He will have a family of brothers and sisters begotten by the same parents and *by the same process*, a family worthy to be styled, ‘The Sons and Daughters of the Lord Almighty.’ That Paul had this view of the subject is cer-

tain. Hear him—‘My little children for whom I travail in birth again.’ For what? Mark the answer, ‘Until Christ be formed in you. The same power that brought Christ from the dead, will bring also every man from the dead as it is begotten in him in the fourth degree.’ This is the mystery that was hid from the ages and generations of the Jews, but in Paul’s time was made manifest to ‘the Saints’—and from Paul’s time till now it has been equally hidden from the Gentile Jews, but is now once again being manifested to the Saints. Why did Paul travail for his children a second time? Why, in the first travail he had developed only the *female* Forces of christianity which must ever precede the active form of Power, both in the world of matter and mind. In these converts the first were so fully and so *lovingly* developed that he says ‘they would have gladly plucked out their eyes, if it were possible, and have given them to him.’ Female affection surely, but they possessed only the ‘weaker’ parts of character, and they were beset with enticing spirits, before whom they could not stand—they were being drawn away by the lovers of Sinai’s Law, and in the strength and power of Israel’s God with which he himself was clothed,—he was set upon another ‘*travail*,’ which would bring upon them the Positive Forces, which union would develop nothing less than the *Son of God within* them to whom is committed ‘all Power in heaven and on earth.’ ‘Whosoever is thus *born of God* doth not commit sin, for the seed’ (thus begotten,) ‘*remaineth in him*,’ (of course it is not a Methodist sanctification,) ‘and he *cannot* sin because he *hath been* (see the Greek,) *born of God*.’ ‘Whosoever sinneth hath not seen Christ, neither known him.’ God’s Bible does not utter a more solemn or sacred truth, as we have before said. Who, then, is born of God in this high and lofty sense? (and there is no lower birth.) None of your church members—none of your Doctors of Divinity. No, not one—they have not yet bloomed into spiritual womanhood—how far then from that union which would make them one with their Living Head, and so clothe them with his authority. Their prayers and anathemas are of equal value—for they are *one* to the spiritual man—that they may be in the way of salvation we believe,

as children of six years are in the way of becoming parents, and it would be no more foolish for the latter to quarrel about it than it is for the former to contend about the Divinity of Christ. No man under the sun believes Him Divine in any saving, Bible sense, till he *experiences* the Divinity within himself, and none will doubt it afterwards. We have often heard ministers ridicule the very idea of being saved from sin in this world, and they are not saved—they know no Savior—they have none—they have no present tense—it is all *future*. They may believe *intellectually* in Christ and his Divinity as they believe in the overthrow of Napoleon's army at Moscow, and the belief of the one possesses as much saving power as the other.

To close, I ask, who will believe? Who will understand? For a considerable time I have seen this truth—I *have felt* it. I have longed to clothe it—I could not—I dare not—I could not make the 'Dress' attractive—I *have not now*. Who will know the child? Who will open their Bosoms for his reception? Alas! Echo says WHO? Yet such is the gospel soon to be unburied by spiritualism and angels from the ashes of ages. '*Christ in you, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God.*' '*Hid from the wise and prudent, but now being revealed unto babes.*' The *POWER OF GOD AND THE WISDOM OF GOD*, possessing and controlling the man who can 'bind Kings in chains and Nobles in fetters of iron,' a Power by which man can 'buffet the swellings of Jordan' without harm or 'race successfully with the horses of Egypt.' He can wield the sword of the spirit with a force and power that 'none of his adversaries can gainsay or resist'—through whom 'all thy people shall be taught of the Lord and great shall be the peace of thy people.' 'Yes, he shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand.' 'He dwells in devouring Fire, and sweetly inhabits Everlasting Burnings, for he walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly.'

We must recapitulate, and enquire, what less than an Intelligence created in *absolute perfection*, could please God? What less could be a governing model for the race? Would an earthly parent be satisfied with an ape for his offspring? Would his pure affections rest with

complacency on any thing below his own essential image in all its particulars?—and shall the Father of All cease from the work of creation till every holy attribute of his own essential nature is fully and perfectly imaged in the children of his loins? *His* nature can be nothing less than *absolute perfection*. Must not the work of creation go on then as it had begun by a union of the male and female elements on a higher and still higher plane till ‘perfection,’ *absolute* and *eternal*, was reached as the summit of all. Now it is most evident that in all the forms yet created, the creative breath of the Almighty had passed in an ascending series through all forms of matter and all lower forms of life as its *medium* and was *modified* by the whole before it reached man. It is, too, equally evident that a perfect creation might as well have stopped at the ape as at Adam, whose physical organism was so gross and his mind so weak that the penetrating spiritual elements of the latter could not ripen and dissolve its earthly attachments in less than about a thousand years. Infinitely nearer does the ape resemble man than Adam resembled his Maker. It was through, to the crowning point and perfection of the race in the ‘Promised Seed,’ that God looked when he said, ‘Let us make man in our own image’ rather than the specimen of *Red Earth* (the Hebrew of Adam,) about to be moulded before him. Most clearly, nothing could bear much resemblance to God as a *Spiritual, Intellectual* and *Sovereign Power* that was modified by all the lower forms of matter and mind. The case irresistably demanded that the Divine Forces should meet on a plane independent of and above all gross matter, and though in their wisdom they see fit to draw matter, for a wise and specific object, into the compound, yet we aver that their supreme and spiritual union was above and independent of it, so far as the spiritual Divine nature of the offspring was concerned. We mean by this that the human elements of the compound did not mar or essentially reduce the Divine constitution of Christ’s Nature—it connected Divinity with humanity. Without this polished stone set at the apex of the earth’s creation, consummate folly would have marked the work of God. He had begun to build but was not able to finish—a cre-

ation of Intelligences had commenced but could not be completed. Every thing below Deity could readily beget its like, while the moving, self-existent cause of all is the only failure. Shame on Man, who would be more perfect than his Maker. Cause enough we see in this subject why Christ could not and never did call Mary his Mother—even in his dying agonies, when his sympathies were stirred for her future maintenance, he only says ‘*Woman, behold thy Son,*’ (not in me but in another,) while almost in the same breath he refused to acknowledge himself in the relation of a brother to the sons of Joseph and Mary, unless they bore such relation on the higher plane by ‘doing the will of his Father in heaven.’ The whole tenor of scripture is in perfect accord with this subject as we have presented it. Just before Christ left his earthly form, he said to his disciples, ‘I will pray the Father and he shall give you another comforter—even the spirit of Truth, who dwelleth *with you*’ (already,) ‘and shall’ (at a future time,) ‘*be in you.*’ Let the reader notice that the female character was not yet unfolded, even in the apostles, but the promise was that it should be soon, and mark distinctly the result after that was done, viz., ‘I and my Father will come and take *our* abode with you.’ As soon as the female was unfolded within their spirits, the male is attracted, but as yet they were in no sense the *children* of God; they had hitherto stood to Christ only in the relation of servants, but in the course of this remarkable and affectionate conversation he says to them, ‘*Henceforth* I call you not servants but *friends,*’ an important step in their advancement is taken towards the preliminaries necessary to bring them into the relation of children. Servants and friends ever precede Sons and Daughters in the Divine economy of Grace. I thus cleave to the Bible because I find it a vast storehouse of philosophical truth that no more belongs to the Dogmas of the old theology than its ministers belong to the *God-instructed* teachers of a pure and rational christianity. I cleave to it because the ancient mediums were far in advance of any modern mediums that have yet appeared, though I believe that the latter will at no very distant day, excel the former in the greater extension and diffusion of their

spiritual power, but I know none yet on earth 'from whose body handkerchiefs and aprons can be carried and thrown upon the sick with the certainty of a cure being effected, whatever their disease.' I know of none who can pass along your city streets, where between them and a setting sun lie the halt, the lame, the blind, the deaf, the leprous, and even the possessed, 'whose shadow is sure to heal *all* on whom it may fall.' Such mediums were Paul and Peter. I know of none in such rapport with exalted spiritual 'Powers' that rocking earthquakes would be likely to loosen the foundations of prisons into which a zealous bigotry might plunge them. It is wise, then, not to lose sight of the greater until they are superseded.

Modern spiritualists often speak of 'Intuition,' 'of an interior wisdom' as though they had made a new discovery. It may be so to them, but no book has ever seen the light that can a moment compete with the Bible in its strong allusions and positive declarations upon this subject, while no other book has unfolded the *secret* of such an inward development, *viz.*, the mingling and union of the Divine Forces as we have described them. Every thing pertaining to the Gospel is robbed of mystery—all is plain and simple as light. 'As the Father has Life in Himself *even so* hath he given to the Son to have Life in Himself," just as every father does in procreation, and he received it as every son receives it. And the 'Son also quickeneth or giveth Life to whomsoever He will,' so that 'whosoever is begotten of God *keepeth himself*' and that Wicked One toucheth him not.' Notice he *KEEPETH HIMSELF* for the life and power is *within him* to do so. He is not dependent on eternal aid either from God or man. The Forces of the Godhead have met *within him* in an endless junction and developed a power and wisdom that puts him in a position where he 'needs not that any man teach him.' He confesses (for he cannot help it,) that Jesus Christ is come in the (his) flesh and of course 'he is born of God.' He has felt and ever feels in the most interior of his being—not merely the forgiving Jesus, the victim of Calvary, the man of sorrows, but he has discovered that this 'Jesus is the Christ—the all-conquering *sin-subduing*

CHRIST,' the 'Anointed of God,' controlling the '*kingdom within* him, and 'shivering his foes like a potter's vessel,' while such a conception and such a confession the Bible says, is to be 'Born of God.' Paul's theme was 'Christ and the *Resurrection*' rather than Christ and the Crucifixion.

Again, 'He that loveth is born of God,' so the child that liveth is born of its mother, while it *has* life long before birth—the imparted life of another, and so a *dependent* life. So the *servant* of God with his *Sunday-keeping-war-defending-Hagar-loving-Sinai-thundering-Covenant*, 'for his mother,' may have at times the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost long before he gets the *masculine power* that will save him from sin and make him *by Birth* a child of God. What is a 'revival of religion,' the best season ever experienced by the churches? We answer, probably as they would answer, that it is a divine influence coming upon it *from without*, but it is no more like the divine influence that springs from *within*, than a shower of rain is like an ever-flowing fountain. He that loveth has the mint *within him*, and manufactures all his coin there. 'Out of his Belly flow Rivers of Living water.' What does he want of showers?! He can no more pray for the Holy Spirit to be poured upon himself than a man in the waves of Jordan could pray for drink. Such a person never finds empty hearts or open ears that he is not prepared to fill. 'His mouth is a well of life.' 'He speaks as the spirit gives him utterance, and no guile is found within him.' Such are the Glad Tidings, as spiritualists, we bring to a famishing world, and nothing short of this is worthy of the name."

At this point of our subject, Friend Bryant said: "You may tell the reader that he may receive this production as from me or from yourself, for with what I have learned from the spirit-world in nearly fourteen years experience, as well as what I have received from spirits much in advance of me, I see nothing to add, nor anything to modify. I perceive you have about kept pace with me on this subject. I supposed it was done, and though I had twice or thrice stated to my printer that I had a communication on this subject for him, yet for some three or

four weeks at no time did I feel at liberty to forward it. On the night of the 20th of March, I was conscious of some angelic presence, far in advance of the friends with whom we generally converse. At this time, 'Christ's Position in the Universe' was as clearly impressed on my inner being as the rays of a mid-day sun were ever impressed on my outer being. Common sense philosophy and the Bible were made to chime in proof of those impressions, like the strings of a musical instrument. Texts of scripture by scores flowed in so appropriately as words can never utter. The best I can at present do towards clothing them the reader will find in what follows :

Friend Bryant informed me in the morning that they were given by an angel far advanced in the sixth degree.

We had before placed Christ as the *Top-Stone* in the human Temple. 'That,' said the spirit, 'is His true position. More unlimited in his Godhead by far, than your world are willing to admit, and as much more restricted by his humanity than your inhabitants have ever dreamed. Ponder well the sentence now to be uttered—Christ is *constitutionally* and *sympathetically* connected by *Birth*, with the family of man as it exists on the earth and in the circles of the Heavens, that immediately surround and are connected with the earth, and He is not connected with any other. He has no more to do with the inhabitants of Saturn, or Herschel, of Venus, or Jupiter, than the Governor of Connecticut has to do with the inhabitants of New Hampshire. 'The heathen are his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth are his possession,' and we avow that he has no other. We repeat, 'The heathen are his inheritance.' This phrase is sufficiently comprehensive to cover all the inhabitants of the earth's surface, while the '*Uttermost* parts of the earth are certainly no less than the extremes of earth's radiations—the earthly Heavens. We again repeat, 'such is indeed his inheritance, and such only are his possessions.' 'All power is given him in heaven and on earth.' He connects heaven and earth in his language and he refers to the heaven and earth that are connected in reality whose inhabitants he was then addressing. He bought off the mortgage—'redeemed the purchased possession' (for which the apostles declared themselves wait-

ing,) allied himself to our flesh and blood, so that 'we are partakers of his body, of his flesh, and his bones,' as he is also of ours. Connected as he is with the Godhead on the side of both his parents, and so being in constant rapport with the 'United Head of Creation,' he possesses all the moral life necessary to overcome man's moral death—health sufficient to overcome his sickness—wisdom for his folly—knowledge for his ignorance—comfort for his sorrow—strength for his weakness—pleasure for his pain—and being connected as he is to the family through an earthly medium he *feels* all man's trials—they become his own—'he bears our sorrows and carries our sicknesses' and constantly pours out his excess of life for our relief. He is the elder brother and companion of man—laid off his earth-life for a season that he might visit the spirits in the circles. Here he left them his counsel, gave them all needed instruction, and after making arrangements for his own coronation in the highest of the circles, he briefly returned to the earth to inform his disciples of his success, that the mortgage was fairly 'closed up,' that his coronation would take place within the 'life-time' of some of them that stood with him, and that if they proved faithful in the interim, he would come like a thief and pick off as many as were fully prepared in a 'wedding suit' to attend his inauguration, as he should want at that time, some dozen of them to sit on twelve Thrones, controlling (under himself,) the twelve Tribes of the children of Israel. That now for a little season He was as a man taking a journey into a far country to receive a kingdom and return. But why should he return? Why come a second time? We answer, because his possessions were here, and they were no where else. Christ is the receiving and distributing Reservoir of the Water of Life. The Joseph of your earth, and the Joseph of the heavens, (and like the first Joseph he is second only to the *All-Governing Pharaoh* of the Universe,) with his spiritual *Corn-Crib* that neither want or famine can exhaust. In Him is Life, and his Life is the Light of men. Such an High Priest you and we too need, said the angel, and such we have. He feels every pulsation of human sorrow, whether in your world or ours, for they are one as you have seen with angels

help. He is the great sympathetic nerve that reaches the meanest member of the human family and connects him with the Fount of the Eternal. He is your ruling Prince, who will counsel as a Father—Love as a Mother—conduct like a shepherd, and when need be, command like a Sovereign the whole family committed to his care through all the gradations of the spheres, till he has brought it to the innermost sanctuary of all, and presented its members supremely pure and faultless, before his Father's Throne. Yes, 'He is the Way,' the Vast, Unlimited, Suspension Bridge that spans Eternity, *in whom, and over whom, and through whom* we must pass the whole distance. He will ever maintain his infinite pre-eminence. You see that nothing can prevent the complete and triumphant redemption of every member of the human family but the positive and long-continued interposition of his own free-will. Our Christ will have, *because he must have*, a voluntary service, or there could be no heaven."

Here the angel ceased!!!

The reader may now inquire whether there is a Saviour or Ruling Prince over every planetary family. The writer received no clear and distinct impressions to this question, though an answer at the time grew up in his own mind out of the impressions that had been received with much clearness, and may be expressed briefly as follows. It would seem that the same necessity would exist in all families, for God to see, reflected his own perfect image, and if God is an husband with a legally constituted wife of his own choice who shall tell the number of his children begotten, (not through all the lower forms of matter where it is evident immortal intelligences ordinarily commence—but directly from his own loins. Who will assign limits to the number of members in the Royal Family, every one of whom need a Province, a Throne; while every Province needs a King, a Head, a Depository that is filled with all the fullness of God, from which the Brotherhood may draw unfailing supplies without stint or hindrance. Such a Prime Minister worthy of Heavens' appointment must enter into and possess himself of the feelings and sympathies of the whole family over whom he rules, he must be intimately connected

with the living fibre of all his subjects, and how could he do this unless through a perfectly developed medium he becomes bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh, embracing all the relations to the family over whom he rules, of Servant, Brother, Father and Sovereign God. Inasmuch as the constitutional elements of each of the planetary families must vary from every other, just so much must the Ruling Prince that governs them, vary from every other Prince, so that no one member of the Royal family can enter the immediate union of which we have spoken, and so become the Ruling, Circulating and Directing Power of any two of them.

We need not trouble ourselves, however, very much about the other Provinces or their Rulers. Christ is our Head, the perfect reflection of the invisible God, and "worthy of all acceptation." Our earthly Rulers must recognize him at no distant day, or feel the power of his crumbling rod, while it is quite time that Spiritualists should turn their most serious attention in that direction and at once receive him in humble adoration for what he professes to be, and for what he truly is or reject him altogether as the basest of impostors. The mongrel honor that allows him to be the "Model of the race," and yet denies his birth to have taken place on an inconceivably higher plane than that of ordinary men, robs him of the glory that he claims and that is claimed for him by all his cabinet, twelve of whom are already seated on as many Thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, whose names are engraven on the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem. Either make the tree good and his fruit good or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

I will only add that the world may cease its strife about the Deity, for the Head of the Universe may be contemplated with equal propriety as a Unit a Duality or a Trinity, and for aught that appears as Polytheistic.

But Friend B. you said with much distinctness at the outset of the present conversation, that God was a *Unit*. Yes, a unit at the root though he may have many branches.

Nay, you mistake my object, I wish to say that if there is but one living and true God, including if you please his branches, where do you get your Devil?

God I believe is a contraction of the word *good*, there being then but a single fountain of good, does not in the least prove that here may not be any number of fountains of evil.—What do you think of

VERBAL PRAYER?

Verbal prayer to all sincere minds is profitable till the spirit fully enters the fourth degree, and occasionally for the sake of those less advanced, it may be useful up to the middle of this degree. The utterance of solemn words assists to steady the mind and keep it open in an upward direction. It assists devotion by acting as a "post in the center," around which the affections cluster as they ascend (in a mixed state to be sure) to the Father of all. The mind is less liable to wander while it listens to its own words during its infant religious state. But neither man nor angel can carry any form whatever through the judgment. The soul will there find that the "still small voice" that is henceforth to whisper only the in *deep interior*, must not be drowned in the clamor of its own voice—that as the soul's upward attractions become easy, strong and as it were wholly spontaneous, to form a prayer into words must of necessity require a portion of the mind's attention—and just so far as it does this, just so much would it weaken its highest aspirations and diminish its holiest communions. No man need drop it of his own will, for as he advances, it will be taken from him in spite of his most ardent inclinations; he will pray in "groanings that *cannot be uttered*," while an attempt at utterance will not only mock the unutterable emotions of his own soul but will mock his maker also.

These struggles will continue more or less severe till an open and uninterrupted intercourse, free and perpetual with the heavens and its ruling Prince, is established—henceforth, instead of a dunning, beseeching, wordy prayer, it enjoys the most free and unaffected visits with its heavenly friends, from the honored elder Brother downward to the least in the kingdom of God.

I may say, in conclusion, that a form of prayer is not indispensable to the soul's growth in moral purity in any part of its progress. A hungering and thirsting after righteousness may be *felt*, yea, *deeply felt* and answered from the heavens, though such desire never reached a mortal ear.

CHAPTER VI.

Why is it, friend Bryant, that so many men, who are so earnest in their professions of the most deep and abiding interest in the present and future welfare of man, speak so disrespectfully and even denunciatory of the Bible, while you so much admire it?

A. "What we have already said if you will connect it, answers that question pretty well I think—and fully in relation to the New Testament. This was written by men, who at the time of writing it were in the Fifth Degree—many of its truths, if rightly understood, in their internal and superior sense, are peculiar to this degree. Tho' we readily admit, that it abounds in instruction to men in the lower degrees, for whom it was chiefly written, still the flaming truths of the fifth degree constantly play along its pages. Remember then that your theologians, with scarcely an exception, are in the third degree, while many of them have advanced but little way in it. These men can no more comprehend the *spirituality* of the New Testament, than an infant can solve the problems of Euclid, but deeming it their exclusive business to solve its mysteries, they have, as they needs must, brought down its exalted truths to their own carnal and material comprehension. Thus they have a vicarious Christ, offering a body of flesh and blood to please his Father—with blood and water following the soldier's spear to wash out their own sins. They have a literal heaven and hell—a literal resurrection of putrified flesh and bones—a 'House of God,' made of wood and brick and choicest cushions—prayers and sermons prepared for any occasion in the room of spiritual eruptions from souls filled with, and bursting from the pent-up heavings of celestial fire that is within them. Now, again remember, that your Reformers are, as we have often told you, in the fourth degree, they of course know very little of the deep interior truths of the New Testament, while they possess a bird's eye view of the *rubbish* in the de-

gree below them, that for centuries has been accumulating and obscuring the moral pathway of prophets and apostles. Now these men, in their heated zeal to destroy the latter, without wisdom to discover the former, unwisely and sometimes wickedly hurl from them the gold with the dross in a promiscuous pile. They have yet to learn that the Gospel-net 'gathers of *every* kind,' that when it is full all truly wise men will 'sit down,' (take it leisurely) and gather the good into vessels and cast the bad away. They think like the young physician that they can cure every thing, because perchance they may have succeeded in a few unimportant cases. Being loosed from the restraints of the old theology, they have oscillated far beyond the center in the opposite extreme—be quiet—let them swing—they are mostly young men who will find their equilibrium in due time. The prophet described them when he said, 'they shall go forth as *calves* from the stall, in a frolicsome mood of course—when their race is run they will become tame, though they may first get seriously bruised.' Their excess is not so much to be charged however to their present liberty, as to their former unnatural restraint. Their muscles need to be stretched to their utmost tension, while the relapse that is sure to follow will serve to reduce self-sufficiency and make them feel more their need of divine aid in reducing this chaotic world to order and harmony.

[Interview with my son a few weeks after his decease, and some months previous to any other manifestations among us—extracted mostly from a private letter addressed soon after to a medical friend in Ohio.]

"Who doubts that the ocean and air are affected by lunar attraction, or that aerial tides are five hundred times as great as the tides of the ocean, because air is five hundred times lighter than water—well the evidence is equally clear that every intelligent being is surrounded to a considerable distance with a spiritual aroma or atmosphere. Now the man that will tell us the relative difference between the spiritual distillations and outward surroundings of our inner and outer being, as compared with water and air, together with the relative strength of mere lunar attractions when compared either with heavenly spiritual attractions, or the central *Will-Power* of the

individual, to either of which the spiritual aroma is subject. I say that whoever can tell us these things can show how far our spiritual tide may rise above and spread beyond the margin of the heavens in its ever onward unceasing flow. Who will set limits to that soul that is daily becoming more sublimated and spiritualized, in its constant *up-heavings* against the sloping sides of our beautiful Zion? each succeeding wave rising above the one that preceded it, till it is expended in web-like tenuity too refined and delicate to be traced even by the footsteps of its own accustomed and familiar feet.

You will now allow me to say, that it is thus thrown out, or if you please, thus is my spirit *drawn* out almost daily and often several times in a day—ordinarily with no desire but a more perfect fulness of my Father's Love—being first filled with this, all other desires agreeable to his will flow in without effort or seeking, and when this is the case I know assuredly that I shall possess them. It was during one of these seasons, about seventeen days after Albert's death, that a strong desire flowed in upon me, to see and converse with him *so soon* as he was sufficiently advanced to impress me *unmistakably* with his identity and communicate *clearly* and *positively* his condition and prospects. My spirit immediately rolled back these desires in the form of mental prayer with great strength and earnestness into the source whence they came. There it seemed to hold them for some three or four minutes, when the answer came rolling in on the flowing tide clear and distinct, as it seemed to me, as the Godhead could make it 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' I stated the fact to the family the same evening, and waited in the most perfect tranquility, feeling at no time either haste or anxiety, as I was positively assured that God would redeem his pledge as soon as it would be useful to us both. At the end of four weeks from his departure—while lying on my back, my usual position, that every muscle may be at rest, and having been in communion with the church of the 'Firstborn,' about two hours, a strong desire to see and converse with my son, floated down the current and took possession of me. I felt sure these desires were agreeable to the will of God, for I was conscious they had come directly from Him and

they would now certainly be granted, for this time unlike the other they were without qualification. My spirit stretched itself immeasurably and inconceivably into the sympathetic net-work of the heavens in its lengthened desires for my son. Within two or three minutes he was by my side.* After exchanging the fulness of our affections upon each other, which no language of earthly lovers can reach, as I had desired he first most strikingly and unmistakably impressed me with his identity. He then showed me his condition and the body he occupied—the heavenly radiance that glowed from within and through that body may be *felt* better than uttered. It was transparent, I could see through it, yet its lineaments were clear and well defined; it was verily a glorified body. He stood a little at my left hand and close by my side. The affection that flowed between us I believe, cannot be given to mortals in the outer world to know. ‘It was indeed stronger than death.’ I now desired to know whether he remembered the Truths of which we had so often spoken together during the last years of his earthly pilgrimage, and whether he was still interested in them. In reply, had he instantly daguerreotyped them in letters of fire on the wall before me, they could not have appeared more clear and distinct. Such a conception is very near the truth—they seemed to roll out from the glorious body that stood beside me like a rapidly unfolding canvass, till they completely covered the whole wall of the room. The eternal weight of glory which they distinctly embodied and which constituted all their value must be seen and felt in order to be known. No earthly words can possibly express such heavenly scenes. I saw in the instant, the whole body of truth that I had been years in contemplating. He then distinctly informed me that I had had a view of the clearness and vividness with which they existed in his own memory, and that he should still profit by them. I felt that I lived an age in that holy hour. I longed to tell the family, particularly

* He has since informed me that when my wishes reached him he was many thousand miles from the earth and also that the strength of my desire greatly assisted and accelerated his movements, so that with equal ease he effected the journey quicker by one-third than he otherwise could have done it.

his oldest sister, that Albert was with us, in our very midst, but I found I could not utter with the outer man without so far closing the inner as to endanger my visit with him who was so sacredly entwined around my heart. I gave him much advice to the effect that he should ever keep his fellowship in an ascending direction, *i. e.*, always keep his spirit open to those above him, in order that the influx of such as were holier than himself might flow in upon him—that he should never allow himself to be drawn into the society of those below him unless specially commissioned for their good—that an endless race was still before him—that he must be diligent, &c. &c. I invited him to come to me whenever he was in trouble or entangled, as I knew he was still liable to be—that while I was in advance of him I would assist him as heretofore—that when he had outgrown me as I hoped and trusted he would, then he would assist me. I invited him to spend the night with us—visit us as often and stay as long it was the Father's good pleasure, to all of which he readily assented. The evening visit occupied about one hour. Immediately after breakfast the next morning, he manifested himself again, stated a difficulty that somewhat impeded his advancement, which, by a union and effort of our spirits was entirely overcome, the parties being summoned on the spot and all existing difficulties forever expelled from their breasts. From that moment their union has been constant and uninterrupted, now more than two years.

CHAPTER VII.

A few remarks on the subject of what Mr. Davis and many spirits call the

CELESTIAL MARRIAGE,

Have been received and may interest the reader. Friend Bryant and other spirit friends from the fifth degree, deny the statements of such as have dressed up this subject in glowing colors. They state that no good and advancing spirits below the fifth degree have ought to do with the sexual relation in any sense whatever, any more

than the virtuous part of the community do on earth before marriage. They state that after the judgment the positive spirit can readily fill the negative by contact, and as the male is generally and naturally positive to the female, so a spiritually enlightened wisdom often inclines them to assume the position of connubial commerce, not to produce a new existence, as on earth, but to supply the negative spirit with their own positive elements, or in other words, to multiply their own spiritual life in others. They say, as the bible says, that the invisible things of God are clearly represented by the things he has made, or in other words the spiritual world is the counterpart of the *earth-world*, in this as in other matters, and as the generative organs are the proper vehicles for the impartation and propagation of natural life, so the same organs in the higher life and of course on a higher plane are vehicles through which spiritual life is often, though by no means always, disposed to flow. They affirm that any positive spirit has free access to any negative spirit where there is affinity—that though the male may have a female companion who is constitutionally adapted to be to him a better help-meet on the whole than any other, and so generally accompanies him, yet the latter has no jealousy and knows no exclusiveness, that she is glad to have the life of God increased in any way, and anywhere—that the same liberty will ere long be given to men on earth, “who are found worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection of the dead,” (which can be done without putting off the body,) *i. e.*, after the race has passed the judgment and the will of God is done on earth as it is done in heaven. They affirm that as all the good and virtuous on earth wait till marriage is legally solemnized so all good and advancing spirits patiently wait till the “marriage of the Lamb has come”—(*viz.*, Christ’s union with his people, that follows the judgment,) and his wife becomes the Bride of all saints.

They declare that Mr. Davis’ vision of the Sultan’s wife and the man or spirit from London, “embracing each other in an endless union as they left the body,” was a licentious embrace if any, and as he says they had lived in strife all their days on earth the story may be true.

AN INCIDENT.

Since ribbons and even pocket knives are said to be transported across the Atlantic by spirit agency, and that in a single hour, from a circle in New York to and from a circle in England, I feel disposed to add a little incident in my experience that has a looking in the same direction. The first week in November, 1853, I lost my gloves in E., about three miles from home. I made a thorough search of my person and carriage, to no purpose, and came to the conclusion that I had left them at one of the several places at which I called, in a small neighborhood. I drove on six miles further when I called and examined some stock at a gentleman's farm yard. While walking with this gentleman from his barn to his house, being some six rods from my carriage, and the same distance from the highway, I saw a pair of gloves lying about eight feet before me. They were spread out, adjusted, and smoothed with as much taste as it would seem possible for mind to conceive, or mortal to execute, on so trifling a matter. They lay exactly parallel to each other, touching the whole length of their sides without in the least overlapping. They were also exactly parallel to and a few inches out of the narrow path in which I was walking. I seriously doubted whether they were my gloves, after I had picked them up, though they so entirely resembled them, till I turned them over and read my name that my own hand had put upon them some months before. Now reader, I know that those gloves were transported six miles without the aid of human hands as well as I know that I am a living man. The atmospheric telegraph may be superseded ere the pipe is laid.

Since penning the above, my spirit friends have informed me that they found my gloves in the highway—that they carried them about one fourth of a mile and placed them on the top of my carriage, (which was a covered one,) where they retained them until the carriage stopped when they removed them to the spot where I found them.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPIRIT PROPHECY.

A most remarkable fulfilment of spirit prophecy has just been completed, contrary to all human probability, evolving a most extraordinary agency with which it seems spirits are now sometimes entrusted, as well as in ancient times. In May, 1852, a lady was distinctly impressed, as it seemed to her, that she would become the future partner of a married man, whose wife was not only living, but in the enjoyment of perfect physical health as she had been for many years. The next day, this lady enquired *mentally*, through a good speaking medium, whether the strange impressions she had received the day before were made by her spirit friends, and was answered in the affirmative. She now asked again, *mentally*, how can these things be? She received this strange and at the time, unaccountable answer—" *We will prepare the way.*" The day after the above conversation, this lady, while smoothing linen in the kitchen, heard sounds, apparently proceeding from the chamber that the wife, before referred to, was occupying at that time, exactly resembling earth falling on a coffin. Shovelful after shovelful fell as distinct and clear as they were heard literally to fall fifteen months after the prophecy was uttered. These sounds occurred at two periods, several hours intervening. In the evening, she enquired, in an inaudible whisper, what those sounds meant? Friend Bryant replied, "we made them to confirm the prophecy that we gave you yesterday." She now enquired whether she might tell the husband what sounds she had heard, and what they had said in relation to the death of his wife, feeling, of course, no inclination to mention aught that they had said in relation to herself. She was answered with a strong emphasis, "No, no." The lady, therefore, like Mary, of old, kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. Well, fourteen months

passed on, the wife still enjoying her usual good health, when the husband was most distinctly impressed that his wife would die and that he would have another companion before winter—the same impressions were repeated with equal clearness two days after. He now enquired whether these impressions were a reality, and made by his spirit friends? There being no other medium present, his own arm was seized, the muscles became rigid and painful, while the hand wrote the answer, “yes.” Notwithstanding the language was clear and explicit, not only that his wife would die but that he would have another companion before winter, (it being then July,) it is equally true also that the only part of the prophecy that seemed to take effect and mature in his mind, was that *his wife would die before winter*, so that when in August following, his wife's spirit was called to relinquish its earthly tenement it was entirely unlooked for by himself and family. No intimation was given as to who that companion was, nor did he know of any at all congenial, where serious objections did not exist—yet he was willing they should prophecy and carry it through, if they were able. He felt sure that he should not become the dupe of men or angels, or surrender his own judgment, nor have it biased even by spirits in the body or out, upon so important a subject, to all of which he believed his guardians were as much opposed as himself.

Well, about two months more passed on, when the bereaved husband made proposal to this lady of a “partnership for life,” and was accepted, after which, for the first time, she related to him the prophecy that had been given her seventeen months before. Now for the sequel, the most important part of all, and aside from which these facts had never seen the light. The plighted husband was deeply impressed with the spirit's strange reply to the lady, “*We will prepare the way*,” for he had known her too long and too well for an instant to doubt her word, and he reasoned thus, “Can God's angels take life without being guilty of murder?! Or could they see a concatenation of the symptoms of disease in an apparently healthy woman so long beforehand, that would inevitably result in death?” The mystery was the greater as these friends had often told the husband that they

knew very little about the future. For two days his spirit ardently yet quietly desired a solution. The following answer was first impressed upon his mind and afterwards confirmed by outward manifestations—"Your wife did not die of disease. Fifteen months previous to her death we were commissioned, like Peter of old, and like the angel who smote Herod, though for a divinely different object, to take her life. We should say that we were not *merely* commissioned, but we were *required* to take her spirit home. It was also certified to us by a divine decree, with which advanced angels are familiar, that it was heaven's design that the union we predicted should take place, and we were no less required to bring that about also. The life of your wife was therefore spared the whole fifteen months for the result that we knew the Heavens, through our agency, were destined to accomplish, during all of which time, though for the most part unconsciously to them, we were impressing the parties. As soon, therefore, as we clearly foresaw that the divine intentions would follow, we took her spirit hence." The husband here stated, by way of objection, that his wife did have disease upon her, to which his spirit friends replied as follows: "The diarrhoea was induced by an electric current which we threw upon the liver. We brought about this condition by her physical system for the purpose of somewhat weakening the connection of the two organisms. We then psychologized her and attracted her spirit to a state more congenial to her improvement." This statement appeared perhaps the more reasonable to the husband than it will to the reader, as the former had often induced copious diarrhoea by the application of a large galvanic band over the region of the liver, and because also he has known these same spirit friends throw an electric current through the hand of a medium, with such power as to puncture the healthy skin of a patient so deeply the whole size of the medium's hand that bloody serum would at once exude from an hundred places. All this he has not only seen but *felt* for the twentieth time on his own person. Many a time has his back been literally skinned in this way the entire cuticle being removed by spirit power, as has been before related. The facts will now be truly stated that

the reader may judge whether she did die of disease. First then, let it be stated that she was mentally deranged and had been mostly under lock for the last nine years. Her mental condition was such as seemed to her friends almost like a dark blank in her existence. Her physical health had, however, appeared almost perfect and uniform, though she never enjoyed a sound constitution. Four and a half days previous to her death, she was taken with what appeared to be an ordinary bilious diarrhoea, such as is common to that season of the year. It was by no means severe, and two of the days, by the use of an opiate, it was wholly suspended. She walked her room daily and conversed with her usual strength and freedom. The morning previous to her death, my daughter found her lying on the floor, which was nothing unusual. She took her in her arms and placed her on the bed. As she done so, she observed that the eyes had an unusual appearance, which alarmed her, and she called the family, who, upon repairing to the chamber, found her as usual. She conversed freely—said she was asleep when the daughter disturbed her. She now took a breakfast of light food and some brandy and water. The several members of the family now left the chamber and went to breakfast, immediately after which the same daughter repaired to the chamber and found her mother in a condition that she considered betokened death. The husband was called and found her pulseless at the wrist—the jaws immovably set, and eyeballs fixed. The skin soon changed to an unusually dark purple about the face, neck and hands. She remained in this condition without the least perceptible motion, except in the respiration, which was slow, deep, and apparently easy. She breathed but eight times in a minute, as the husband ascertained by his watch. At the end of this time, the jaws began to relax—the pulse became perceptible. She opened her eyes and at once commenced a rapid conversation and walked about the room through the day as though nothing had happened. The night succeeding was spent in as quiet and refreshing sleep as it would seem ever mortal enjoyed. She was conversing freely between four and five o'clock the same morning, and in less than two hours was found a stiffened corpse. The

spirit friends affirm that when first found on the floor, she was under their influence. They say further that the daughter's coming into the room when she did, interrupted their work, or the family had never seen her alive—that in consequence of this interruption they released her till the disturbance was passed by the family's going to breakfast, when they again commenced and had well nigh completed their work, when for the second time, the rush of the family with several of the neighbors, into the chamber, so far disturbed the sphere of influence, or the odilic conditions through which they acted, that they found it again necessary to restore her to her normal condition—but the next morning they were not to be foiled in the accomplishment of their mission. The family, knowing that she had a remarkably quiet and peaceful night up to between four and five in the morning, at which time she conversed freely, had set to rest all further anxiety for the interval before the family would rise between five and six—but before that had happened, her spirit was with those who had thus released it. The above statements naturally suggests the enquiry whether prophecy is any thing more than the future work which the prophesying agent has received a commission to accomplish, and which he is sometimes permitted to whisper in the ear of mortals. If so, it is robbed of all mystery. To those who believe in angelic ministrations, another question may arise, *viz.*, whether "Heart Disease" does not come in for more than its share in accounting for all those sudden deaths that are constantly occurring all around us. Lest the reader should doubt whether the subject of these remarks was really dead finally, it is proper to state that decomposition had strongly commenced before the body was interred the next day. In conclusion, I will say that the husband is well aware that an unbelieving, Mammon-Loving world will probably endeavor to turn these facts against his reputation. For the sake, therefore, of those who have never known him, I will add, he never asks what people will say, but *what is Truth?* Having carefully ascertained this, he had rather his reputation should sink to the lowest pit than that it should stand in the way of its free expression. He knows, too, that not one fact in fifty, of the most in-

teresting character that are now hourly transpiring between the two worlds, is permitted to rend the veil of a false sentimentalism, and show itself to the world. With such modesty he seeks no fellowship, besides, whoever finds fault must do so with God's angels, for they have been the only active agents in the whole affair. Slander will not harm them.

A prophecy akin to the above was uttered by Mrs. Ruth Tarbell, of Brimfield, Mass., a few weeks before she laid off the body. Mrs. T. was one of those rare mediums who, apparently, in her natural state, like the ancient prophet, would reveal the most "secret thoughts and utterances of men in their chambers." She was never known, as her friends inform me, to make a mistake. The opposers of truth feared her exceedingly, as they well knew that she would, if she chose, reveal their most secret sins. While in her usual health, she stated distinctly and repeatedly, to her friends, that she should soon go hence—that as soon as she was settled in her new home she should want her little chubby daughter, of more than a year old, who had never known a day's illness, and that she should attract the child's spirit away to be with its mother. Well, reader, the mother soon began to decline, without any apparent cause. Soon after, a diarrhoea set in, and her life went out, to earthly eyes, serene as an evening sky, and lovely as the "Breath of Morn," (the writer was with her the last two days of her earth-life,) and in three weeks her child was with her as she predicted.

Now my orthodox friend, I wish to quote a single text of scripture. In Jeremiah 28-9, we read, "The prophet which prophesieth of peace, when the word of the prophet shall come to pass, then shall the prophet be known that the Lord hath truly sent him." Now, friend, if that text is the "*infallible word of God*" are you not bound to believe those constantly transpiring *infallible facts*, that *infallibly* demonstrate the INFALLIBLE presence of God's INFALLIBLE prophets, both in the body and out?!!!

PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE WRITER.

It seems to the writer that several things in his experience are so intimately allied to spiritualism, that they may interest the reader. In twenty-five years of a driving practice, I think it safe to say that I have not lost on an average, more than one patient a year, (consumption excepted.) I had about three hundred cases of fever of every description, before losing a patient, and the first case of loss was occasioned by the patient's getting up from his bed and going out door and down a steep hill, at dead of night, after water being so vexed that his watcher had got to sleep and let the candle self-extinguish, that he would not call to him. I have never lost but a single case of croup, and that child had been sick a week when I was called. He was out of reach. Not a case of lung fever have I lost in my life—but four cases of dysentery, and the same number of scarlet fever, though I have had scores and scores of them in as many as seven different towns, in a single season. In the cure of dropsy, I believe my success has no parallel in the history of the world. In incipient consumption and dyspepsia, I have been equally successful. With these statements—may God rebuke me if there is aught within me that borders on boasting—my union with the spirit world is the secret of my success. My impressions have been almost always equal to any emergency. I have been often impressed, before seeing the patient, whether the cure would be difficult, nor have my impressions, in a single instance, deceived me. In some instances, I have seen beforehand, that the patient would be, one of which I will relate. B. Thorp, two and a half miles from my residence, was attacked with bilious fever. I had got about sixty rods, on my first visit to see him, when I clearly foresaw that he would die. I had not got forty rods further, before I was just as clearly impressed that a certain course, if pursued by me, would assuredly break up his fever and arrest his disease. That

course which commended itself to my judgment, I followed. After I returned, I stated these conflicting impressions to my family, if I remember, and declared that they could not both have come from a good source, though I remarked that they were equally clear, and that no impression in my life so distinct, had ever failed of its fulfilment. Though I strangely doubted the truth of both predictions, I confess I felt a daily dread in visiting my patient, lest I should find something turned up that would set all human skill at defiance. At the end of a week the fever had left him, and the palate was exercising its feeders in the direction of some kind of aliment. I directed him beef-tea and some tonic medicine. At my next call, I found that instead of the beef-tea he had eaten a bowl of bean-broth and a pickle, (the first and only food he had taken.) I remarked, "If you don't hear from that, I will never guess again." He replied, "it sits well on my stomach, and I am glad I have eaten it." I left, but was summoned in the night—was there within thirty minutes, but the patient was dead before I started. His distress came on so suddenly that he called to his wife, leaped from the bed, and died in her arms. They being the only persons in the house she could not even strike a light.

The writer commenced life in poverty, with a wife mostly deranged, with feeble health always except when deranged, with feeble health himself, considered a heretic in religion, a quack in medicine, and a devil in politics. He has lived by a profession (obtained wholly since marriage,) in a town where he was brought up, under all the pressure that the very bluest sectarian church could possibly bear to bring upon him. He feels that nothing but the most wilful determination to "seek first and seek always" the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and abide his promises, could have possibly carried him to the possession of every earthly and spiritual good that for many years he has constantly enjoyed. As strongly as he was determined to serve his Maker in truth and righteousness, so strongly did He seem determined to serve him. God shall be praised for it and his angels honored. Let those spout fire who carry a crater and lava within them. He will still walk in that peace

that "nothing shall offend," and rebuke sin where there is a needs be.

MIRACULOUS.

The two following incidents border strongly on the miraculous, and were affected by a direct divine agency, as it has ever appeared to the writer. He judges thus because in neither instance was there the least consciousness of personality. I felt that I was communing with the all-pervading spirit of the Invisible God, while in my communings with angels I ever feel conscious of personality as it seems to me, and often of unmistakable identity. The first is taken from a letter written for and published in the *Spiritual Philosopher*.

Valued Friend:—Of all the blessed in this discordant world, yea, rather blessed, are those who hear the word of God and keep it. An enviable position, yet open and free to all. Though it has never fallen to my lot to hear the "Rappings," so called, the days have been few indeed, for the last seven years, that I have not been privileged with direct spiritual influx from the higher spheres. How tranquilizing to a spirit like mine, naturally as impetuous and untamed as Niagara's Cataract, and what suffering, too, it cost me to bring my spirit into a condition where I can hear the "waters of Shiloh," which run softly instead of drowning their voice as formerly, and as the world and church still do with their own clamor. These inflowings come laden with love that is unspeakable, while they tranquilize the soul in harmony with His who governs the Universe. Sometimes they bear messages of instruction to the internal ear as audible and distinct as could be uttered by the voice of the Archangel or the Trump of God. Occasionally they have come clothed with power, that seemed little less than omnipotent. An instance of which I will relate. In the winter of 1842, I was called to the bedside of a friend I most sincerely loved, about midnight. She had suffered in agony for eight hours. On my arrival, for four hours more, everything that external means and internal medicine could effect, were resorted to in vain. I need not describe her case. Suffice it to say, that her pains were internal, and threatened dissolution

at no distant day. In this emergency with external hope cut off, I seated myself at her bedside, with my forehead in my hand, and my elbow resting on my knee. In this position I opened my mind upward. The swelling tide from the spirit world *set in*, while each rolling surge which came in quick succession, carried up my spirit to a point of faith and *power* that seemed to me *omnipotent*. The object I dreamed not, but instantly, as on the next buoyant surge, were evolved these words, which echoed through my spirit, mighty as the roar of a thousand thunders, "In the name of the living Christ, I bid these pains leave you." I knew she was healed, with the same certainty that I knew "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Yet I never moved a muscle, nor uttered a sound, nor was I in any way in contact with the patient—they were spontaneous *spirit words*, which, like all God's intentions, accomplish the thing whereunto they are sent. I remained in the same position some six or eight minutes longer, when I arose and whispered in her ear, "that God had rebuked her pains and I would leave." She answered that "she had had no pain for several minutes." She had no more, and from that hour she regained her strength as any one does, after their disease has wholly left them.

Why should this be thought incredible? "If the root be holy, so are the branches"—if love and wisdom flow into the branches, what should hinder the attribute of power? How clear to the spiritually illuminated man, that there is nothing miraculous in such manifestations! How rapidly would they spread over the earth, till disease, and death itself, (in its present form,) were banished from the world, were it not for the groveling *mammon spirit*, which closes every holy avenue to the human heart, and forms the brazen breastwork between heaven and earth, through which the mechanical prayers, so abundantly manufactured over the earth, can never break. It is only the heaven-taught ear that can catch the music of heaven. Like begets like—love attracts love! Thus it is true, that "to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly."

Prayer is, *first*, an influx of desire from the spiritual spheres. *Second*, it is a reflux of that desire back to the

Source whence it issued. There it reaches and stirs the deep fountains of sympathy that roll through and fill the heaven of heavens, and attracts the elements of goodness and truth, and again returns to the chambers of the soul, to scatter and enrich it with its own unearthly beauties. The heart that would pray must realize its *negative* condition, and its desires must be of sufficient strength to attract the *positive* elements of the upper spheres—the laws that govern it are unchangable. What formal hypocrisy, then to attempt to make a prayer at the suggestion of another! The “knockings” are only the mere outward and gross evidences of spiritual presence—and so it is evident you consider them, though they may be of immense value to the unilluminated mind to prepare the way for holy breathings into the soul. For myself and family, we have no occasion for them; communications come on the tide of the inflowing spirit whenever wanted, more distinct than the letters of the alphabet could make them. I have been directed home, probably, a hundred times, when abroad, and sent abroad from home, hundreds of miles, and yet never made one mistake. It is God’s fire that consumes within us all disposition to walk in the ways of transgressors—that holds our feet in the way of righteousness, and makes all our paths “peace.” I say for myself, I do not feel the need of the outward; but if it would be good and useful to others, I would hail the outward manifestation with an everlasting welcome.

Yours, forever, in the cause of truth,

J. A. GRIDLEY.

Southampton, Mass., Dec. 14, 1850.

SECOND CASE.

At one time from too loud and long continued conversation, I got a contraction on my lungs, to which I had been somewhat subject, which daily increased for for two weeks. I had an appointment with the sick eight miles distant. I started in my sleigh, though it seemed that I could neither speak nor breathe—indeed by the time I was half a mile I could not speak—I grew worse

every moment—I thought of turning back and getting home if possible. I was now nearly two miles from where I started. I now felt a divine influx flowing within me—in the gush of my affections and amid flowing tears, I said inwardly—Father I know thou art more ready to do me a favor, than I can possibly be to do a favor to one of my children—and yet I feel that I would give breath to a child. Quick as the lightnings flash my chest was expanded, and the pressure of blood in my head so suddenly set free, that for several minutes I feared I should fall from the seat, and I longed to take a horizontal position, which would have invited back a portion of blood to the brain. I was well aware that it was only the natural result of so sudden a cure, and that the circulation would soon balance itself. This done I was as well as ever, conversed freely all day, and have had no trouble since, now more than four years.

THE PRAISE TO GOD IS DUE.

In the winter of 1850 I was impressed to return home much to my inconvenience, as I had been out over night and was not through with my circuit of patients. I obeyed the summons and found my housekeeper was taken vomiting soon after I left home, which had continued with no abatement for twenty-four hours. Seven of those hours she had vomited as she lay, wholly in an unconscious state. The vomiting had ceased and reaction come on, so that I found her in a blazing fever, and in great distress throughout the system. I felt a power come upon me within three minutes after I entered her room, which I was impressed to transmit to the patient by manipulation. In thirty minutes her flesh was as as cold and every muscle as rigid as a stone. I let her remain in this state about two hours, when I released her, with my daughter's assistance,—she now exchanged lodging and arranged herself for the night. I then made as much impression as I considered compatible with safety and left her—the next morning she was up and about her work as usual. This cure was psychologically effected unquestionably. My son was almost as quickly cured last autumn of a violent fever and dysentery by similar means.

ANGELIC INTERPOSITION, &c.

On the 16th of March, 1854, in one of my travels during a season of flood, I approached a creek that was much swollen, when I was accosted by a couple of colored men with a wagon, two horses with plenty of women and children, who had, as it appeared, just crossed the stream. They told me that the bridge was gone, and that I must go through the stream, below the bridge. This looked hazardous, but they forcibly declared that there was no danger, that they had just come through. I cast a look at their wagon and horses, which were wet and muddy, though I saw at a glance that no clear stream of running water had reached their sides, and as they had just forded the creek, I concluded that the water was more shallow than it appeared. I again cast my eyes towards the bridge, when they, for the third time, declared it was gone, and there being nothing but running water to be seen, I supposed they spoke the truth. I therefore reined my spirited horse for the low and still water that was setting back several rods from the main current, in the path where the farmers were accustomed to travel, for the purpose of watering their teams. As my horse approached the water, his head seemed jerked up towards the path, that lay over the bridge, as though a strong arm had suddenly seized the bit. I reined him up for the third time, and with a cut of the whip, bade him enter the water. I had drove the horse many years and had never known him fear water. He positively refused to wet his feet. I felt impressed by this time that the trouble was not in the horse—that it was not the water he feared, but a Baalam's *angel* was in his way; and while considering the matter one of the negroes ran up swiftly from behind, and seized the bridle with the exclamation "*Don't go in there,*" let me have him, and in a twinkling we were all in a smart trot for the bridge, every plank of which was in its place, as the negro well knew, though they were a few

inches under water. I saw at once they had lied to me, and went rapidly on my way without asking any further questions. Their object, undoubtedly, was to get a reward, by first getting me into trouble, and then assisting me out. Two days after, I found by measurement, that the water was at the time full twelve inches higher than the seat of my carriage, while the current, as I knew, was very strong and rapid. I could not possibly have forded it, nor have got up the uneven bank on the opposite side, without upsetting. Friend Bryant and my spirit mother informed me, that they seized the bridle before the negro, and thus saved me from so imminent a peril, which I have no reason to doubt.

Some thirty years ago, I hired a strange horse, to go home from a distant town, where I had been teaching. In descending the first hill, the carriage hit his legs and he became at once unmanageable. As the carriage was about to dash against some saw-logs, that were lying in the highway, I threw myself from it and went head-foremost into the mud. I arose uninjured and found that the carriage had escaped the logs. The horse run and plunged furiously. I quickly and *deeply felt* that nought but a superhuman power could arrest his mad career. Such help I sought on the instant. He had not gone more than ten rods before he began to slacken; in two rods more he came to a dead halt, in the middle of the road and before he had reached the bottom of the hill. What supreme power had so quickly transfixed him, was indeed a marvel; I found however, upon my approach, that the reins had taken a twist around the outer end of the hub of the forewheel, and thus by drawing gradually, had controlled the maddened steed. It was directly before a blacksmith shop, where in ten minutes my thills were lengthened and I pursued my way in safety. To the reader this may have been all chance. I said at the time, and feel it still, this is just like God, for at that time I knew little of those inferior agencies, that so cheerfully do his bidding, and with which I have been since somewhat familiar.

Many and many a time, after having my sleigh to the door, with cap and overcoat on for a long winter's ride, with as much business, that must be done that day, as it

seemed possible for me to accomplish in two, a cloud would appear in my mental pathway, with an interior summons to *retire by myself*. I would now throw myself upon a sofa, when an influx from the spirit world would set in, which has often held me for two hours, when the cloud would rise, and I would haste to depart. After a travel of a couple of miles, more or less, I would meet the very man, who lived at the greatest distance and the most out of my way, traveling exactly across my path. In two minutes my business was done, and a travel of from fifteen to twenty-five miles saved me. Had I been a minute later, or a minute earlier, I should have missed him and made the ride in vain. I recollect no instance, when I have been thus hindered in the morning, that I have not finished my business and been home before nightfall. Such instances have been numerous, or those very like them, and have covered a period of thirty years, without a failure. I have met with many accidents in the earlier part of my life, but never one, as far as I can remember, when I was in daily sympathy with the spiritual world; they have invariably happened when I had become worldly minded, and were sent as a chastisement for my good, thus at least I have ever considered them, and have quickly returned again, to what I term, my spiritual instinct, which have ever proved to me as true as the All-Seeing-Eye. I have never known a patient suffer from neglect, occasioned from such a cause, though I have often feared they would.

Seventeen years ago I went to the seaboard with a sick member of my family. The patient went on a bed in a canal boat, and returned mostly in the same way. Before our return, however, a break in the canal prevented boats from coming within eighteen miles of my residence; I therefore wrote to a young man, living in my family, to meet me at certain locks, (the name of which I have forgotten,) in Granby, Connecticut, at twelve o'clock on a given day. We were four miles below those locks, at three o'clock, P. M., and in a very out-of-the-way place, when our boat had leaked so badly, that the Captain refused to go farther. At this very moment the young man appeared on the tow-path by our side, and when I asked him how in the world he came there,

he very quietly replied, that he was directed there as the place I ordered him to meet me, and when questioned as to whether he had not been to any place above to find me, he answered no. Now reader, what good angel brought that young man four miles out of place, and three hours out of time, to just the right spot, and at the right moment, when a sick and suffering patient wanted him!? My own experience again replies, IT WAS JUST LIKE GOD.

The writer has in a few instances, been able to read correctly, the thoughts of some members of his family, at home, through the day, though he himself was out of town and constantly engaged in professional business; such instances, however, have not been common and he knows little of their philosophy, though for many years such a sympathy has existed between him and his family, that if they were disturbed and needed his assistance, he has been sure to know it, and work himself home as quick as possible.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SOUL'S EXISTENCE.

Theologians have generally taught, as far as the writer has known, that the soul or spirit commences its existence with the first breath of the infant subsequent to birth. A spirit purporting to be that of Swedenborg, in Judge Edmond's book on Spiritualism, *Section 5th*, gives the spirit a prior but not a *primary* existence. He says, in substance. "The exact time when the spirit is introduced into the embryo is not yet known—that *life* precedes the spirit in the embryo and must possess sufficient quantity to maintain the spirit connection or the equilibrium of the two forces"—page 118-119. Again, "when there is sufficient life or vitality to maintain a balance between the spirit action and the material action, then the spirit enters the embryo"—page 121. Still again, "To suppose the spirit when first given off from God, was evil, would knock away the whole foundation of our teachings" page 117. These statements vary so far from what I myself received, several years since, from the the spirit world, that I feel disposed to lay them before the reader—its substance was as follows. "Man is a spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical compound. The essences of all these departments of his nature are attracted,

condensed and measurably unfolded in the seminal secretions. It is not the grosser substance of that secretion that commences a new existence, so much as the spiritual, strong and penetrating aura, that is absorbed from the vagina, and chemically attracted to the vessicles of the female ovaria—here the immortal germ enters its home and at once commences enlarging its house, which loosens it from its foundation, while the spiritual tenant, house and all, is conveyed through the appropriate duct into the uterine chamber. It has now fairly entered its work-shop, where it takes ample time and has ample room to manufacture its tools, (the organs,) till they are sufficiently perfected to subdue the elements of nature, as air, light, food, &c., to its own appropriate use, when it is ushered upon its new existence. The living soul—the undying spirit has done it all. It has built for itself a wonderful habitation—it can live without it, for it existed prior to its arrangement—it entered it at will and can leave it at pleasure, though not always to return. From its most spiritual interior, to its most physical exterior, it was begotten by and resembles its parents. The spirit led the process from beginning to end. For instance, if the parent possessed excessive benevolence, combativeness, acquisitiveness, too great a proportion of such spiritual or mental essence would enter into the compound; those portions of the brain, therefore, where they respectively reside, would be proportionably large in the infant, for the tenant was not made for nor by the house, but the house by and for the tenant. So long, then, as there are bad or unevenly balanced spirits, there will be bad organizations, bad marriages, and bad society.

Friend Bryant has this moment uttered the following: “Does not man beget his like? Or does he only beget the grosser half and wait for God to ‘strike off a scintillation from himself’ to make up the other half? It is, indeed, not to be wondered at, that Swedenborg cannot tell *when* the latter enters the former. It seems very strange that if every spirit is a portion of God direct, that He cannot devise any way to give it a habitation, that will not so soon rob it of its original purity and loveliness. It is hardly to be supposed that the veritable Swedenborg has been guilty of uttering a sentiment that gives the supreme control to the material rather than the

spiritual part of man's nature, which must be true if the spirit 'struck off from God' so recently, becomes corrupted in consequence of entering its mortal habitation. We avow then that every portion of man's nature, the *spiritual* no less than the intellectual and physical, is imparted to the offspring in procreation. Or to speak plainly, every parent is the father or mother of the soul or spirit of his child, as much as of the body—though to go further back, 'God is equally the author of both.' A man must be a careless observer of human nature who does not discern the clear and well-defined spiritual traits of one parent or the other, or of both combined, in their offspring. This could never be if the spirit of each child is 'struck off from God' independent of the parents. Paul, you know, says that 'Levi paid tithes in Abraham, for he was in the loins of his father when Melchizedec met him.' Here the veritable Levi is represented not only as living (in the germ,) but as *acting*, some two hundred years before he was born, through his great grandfather, in whose loins he is recognized as already existing. If this is a matter of fact, as I believe, then the principle is established that every man that was ever born, or ever will be, existed in the germ in the first man that ever lived, while this germ embraced his entire compound nature, the spiritual no less than the physical.

Q. Do you make a distinction between Spirit and Life?

A. "Yes, and I will express that distinction briefly thus. Spirit, from the commencement of the embryo, selects the proper materials for its growth, while Life takes up those materials and carries them to their appropriate places of deposit. Spirit directs—Life fulfils. Such is my opinion."

I now said—I have but recently received and have read but a small portion of Judge Edmonds' book, but in as far as I have read, I have been often struck with the very remarkable similarity of your instructions to me and Swedenborg's to the Judge, though you differ greatly in relation to the distance of the circles, and some in relation to the organization of the spiritual body.

Q. Do you know Swedenborg?

A. "Yes."

Q. Is he in advance of you?

A. "Yes, but not like Madame Guion, beyond my cognizance."

Q. If he is in advance of you is he not less liable to be mistaken than yourself?

A. "As a whole, his teachings are beautiful, sublime and truthful, but his large marvelousness sometimes slides the Doctor's pen a fraction beyond substantial truth, as on page 98. He is made to say, that 'Man is able to measure the distance to the remotest star,' while at other times he represents that neither man or angel can begin to fathom the depths of creation. As he often tells his circle most wisely, so I tell you, to use your own judgment in whatever comes from earth or heaven."

Q. I believe that he maintains that all mankind will eventually be redeemed, does he not?

A. "I know he maintains such an opinion, and I devoutly hope it is well founded, but like Mr. Davis, it seems to me most evident that he confounds his own statements and makes hard, up-hill work of the divine economy in relation to man. He, like Mr. D., justly considers God's laws perfect and unchangable, while in their application to man they are both compelled to admit that thus far they have proved a signal failure. Thus Swedenborg says, page 176 of the book just referred to, 'To suppose that creation or *man had gone contrary to God's intention*, would be an absurdity, and would deny the ability and power of the Creator to form a world and establish laws for its government which would conform to the principles on which they were based.' On page 169 he says, 'Certain localities change the very particles of our organization, and develop characteristics really opposed to the *intent* of our creation.' Again, he says, 'There is another class really bad, who, by a long course of evil life, have denied their obligations to man, to God, and to the laws that he has established.' Now, Doctor, it certainly puzzles me to tell, if it was ever God's intention that man should become bad, and by a long course of evil life continue to grow worse, how it can be shown that it is not his intention that he should *remain* bad and grow worse eternally. Here is orthodox predestination with a witness. If men are able to deny their obligations to God's laws, and set them at defiance through a

long course of evil life, why may they not do it forever? Who can answer? Neither Swedenborg nor Davis can escape the tremendous responsibility of charging the overwhelming evils of this and the spirit world on God direct, which I dare not do. I cannot charge the Holy One with imperfection, and this I must do if evil streams ever flowed from him or flowed at all with his consent. I feel disposed again to repeat, that the Bible is the only book, and Christ the only man who has ever yet cleared the Godhead of the damning guilt, that evidence, from all quarters, teaches us, still attaches to men and angels, and they do this by ascribing it to another and independent source. When we get the evidence that men or angels are in more perfect rapport with the Universal God than Christ was, it will be in season to weigh their testimony against his. If spirits have sunk on the moral scale from their own choice so low that S. is unable or indisposed to look at them as he affirms, what is to change that choice? If God's present laws have allowed them thus to sink, what is to change those laws? More time, he believes—but more time has thus far made them worse, as he declares. If God's laws have been unable to hold men and spirits at the surface, how will they reach and bring them up as they sink deeper? If the faithful and true ascend eternally through the uncreated source of Good, scaling forever the Mount of the Eternal without reaching its summit, who can tell but the faithless and false may forever sink through an uncreated spirit of evil without finding a bottom, and thus the expressions, 'the worm that never dies,' 'the fire that is never quenched,' and 'the Abyss without a bottom', be found to possess an unutterable signification. I have long looked to men and angels to clear this subject of obscurity if they were able, but I have looked in vain; they have, without exception, strove to make out a *theory* in the face of opposing and overwhelming *facts*, as they have been constantly compelled to admit. Swedenborg affirms that men and spirits do sometimes retrograde—it seems that he has seen them descend but cannot tell how far they sank, for he has never seen the bottom of the scale, nor can he tell how or when they will rise. It appears to me, therefore, that he hopes against hope and

believes against facts, which I cannot do; let men beware of trying the hazardous experiment, 'he that is unjust in that which is least is unjust also in much,'—he who would sell his fellow man for filthy lucre would damn the universe, were it in his power, for the same object."

Q. Did Swedenborg enter the sixth sphere as he affirms, when he put off the body?

A. "No, indeed, not as I reckon the spheres; he entered the third circle of the first sphere and is not now far advanced in the sixth."

Q. But how is it possible for us to know what is truth when advanced spirits vary so much in their testimony?

A. "In this instance, the apparent discrepancy is easily explained. I begin my Zero at the birth of the human race, you know, and run it both ways, *i. e.*, upward and downward, while Swedenborg, though he admits that the race often run downward, marks his scale only by upward progression. His Zero, or certainly the *First Degree*, must begin as low (and how much lower he cannot tell,) as that class of spirits so wretchedly wicked that he has not even ventured to look at them, while his second degree (*sphere* he calls it,) must be marked by those 'really bad spirits who have followed a long course of evil life.' The third degree are not *evil* but mischievous spirits. The fourth he compares to the Hottentots of our earth, not very bad, in any sense, but so stupid that they have no desire for improvement. His fifth must, therefore, embrace the half civil-ized and half christianized nations that make up so great a proportion of the race now on earth. S. had outgrown all these and of course entered the sixth circle, according to his scale, while on my reckoning he reached only the third. As the temperature of the atmosphere is not altered by being differently marked on different thermometers, so the quality or advancement of the spirit, whether man or angel, is the same, whether measured by Swedenborg's standard or mine, though it is a serious defect not to inform the circles who are seeking instruction, at what point the teacher commences his reckoning. We hope the judge will see to that in future."

VISIONS.

Of these the writer knows comparatively nothing by experience. I have been a great dreamer through life, but never considered my own dreams or any others among the spiritualists of my acquaintance, as worthy of the least attention. The most beautiful landscapes, cities, villages, platoons of Infantry, mounted upon the most superb and gorgeously caparisoned horses, have been often painted, as it appeared to me, upon the organ of ideality, when in my waking state, and in the full and perfect use of all my mental faculties. No outward or visible thing, could be more perfect or *real* than these exhibitions, which have sometimes continued for an hour or more, frequently changing, yet never losing their connection, so as to mar the perfection of the scenery they presented. As these scenes never impressed me with any important lesson I never considered them worthy of the name of vision, or attached to them the least importance; I have here referred to them for the purpose of introducing a singular experience through which I passed in 1848, a scene which, to the writer's mind, possessed more of the *real* than the imaginary. I had been communing with the world of spirits, and what is more, with their adorable shepherd for about an hour, as familiarly as a man converses face to face with his friend and lover. Suddenly, and without cause, he in whom my soul delighted had disappeared—gone—gone, I knew not where, I knew not why. Not a thought had wandered, no earthly thing had intruded upon my deep and holy communings, yet the cup of bliss was suddenly dashed from my lips. I had scarcely realized this fact when a "horror of great darkness" fell upon me, completely enveloping and permeating my so recently calm and happy spirit. I repeat, it was a blackness like the midnight of perdition, which settled to the very center of my being. Every muscle quivered as if in the teeth of death. A corpse, the most haggard imaginable, was within fifteen inches

of my face. I was as conscious of being fully awake as I now am while penning this strange event. I cast my eyes about the room, as it was not very dark, but the corpse, which seemed to be that of a female, moved as I moved, and kept its position exactly before my eyes. I now turned completely over, so as to face a little child that was in the bed with me, when the dead body pressed itself down between me and the child; a horrid dread shook my frame like an aspen leaf; 'twas not the corpse, however, I feared, I cared nothing at all for that. Indeed, I did not fear at all, and yet a *fear* was on me, all over and through me, as I have said. Still I was conscious that it did not spring from *within* me. It was clearly an awful "baptism" *from without*, poured upon me as it was upon the Son of God, till "his agonized soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death," and forced him to exclaim to the hellish malice that enshrouded him and the Uncreated Author of that malice, "This is your hour and the Power of darkness." As if He had said, "*Try your skill. TEST YOUR STRENGTH! DO YOUR UTMOST!! TAKE EVERY ADVANTAGE!!! IT IS YOUR HOUR!!!!*" Armed and equipped in the panoply of Truth Invincible, and strengthened in the MIGHTY ONE, I am ready for the encounter. Still it was an onset so terrific that the "Just and Holy man offered up prayers with strong crying and tears unto Him who was able to save him from death and was heard in the thing he feared," *i. e.*, that this baptism of Satan should not take his life in the garden and so prevent his reaching the cross and finishing his work. I knew that the Asiatic Cholera was sometimes ushered in with a somewhat similar apprehension. This disease was quite prevalent in many cities as well as fatal, at the time. My scattered thoughts quickly gathered from this sudden and unexpected onset, and I said within myself, this is one of two things—it is either a special temptation of the devil or it is a summons to the world of spirits by the above-named and justly dreaded disease, and in company by no means agreeable, a summons that is *imperative*, and cannot be resisted probably more than five minutes. I further said, though I should not know from my feelings that there is a God in the universe, and though

I quiver to my very center, still I know in my inmost depths that he is not out of the sight or hearing of this terrific storm; I therefore addressed Him in these words, accomplish thine own will in this thing my Father, and you will accomplish mine; *I am not afraid of death nor the cholera*; I repeated, I AM NOT AFRAID OF DEATH NOR THE CHOLERA. Quick as the Tempter came so quickly did he depart, and I again found myself quietly reposing on the arm of my Redeemer. My faith did not stagger through unbelief—the trial was cut short in righteousness—the whole time did not, I believe, occupy more than five minutes—sure I am that flesh and blood could not have endured it long. No language can depict its horrors or mental and physical anguish. It must, like all else of a spiritual nature, be *realized* in order to be known. I have been through many a scene of exactly the opposite of all this, pure and lovely beyond mortal utterance, that I have never seen or heard hinted at but in a single expression of Madam Guion's writings, where she says, (in speaking of the "Ineffable Word," which she evidently applies to Christ,) "He gave me to know the commerce of the celestial regions." Many a text of scripture is tuned on the same string, of which our theologians are wholly ignorant and to which no spiritualist has yet, as far as I know, alluded. Heaven and earth will be together and God will be among his people and walk with them, "rejoicing over them as the Bridegroom rejoiceth over the Bride"—when men shall know experimentally the union of the human and divine natures, which is several times referred to in this work as being realized in the fifth degree. If these pages fall under the eye of any man or woman who fully understands this subject, to which a mere allusion is made, I hope they will address me a letter. I would go a thousand miles to visit that person, for it is philosophically certain that with such a medium and such a circle nothing could prevent the immediate "rush" of a second Pentecost, with its overwhelming conviction and conversion to righteousness of thousands in a day. Such a time is approaching—such circles are in the distance, and when they fully come, visions of heavenly *realities*, as yet unthought of, will open upon the ravished gaze of men.

REMARKS BY THE WRITER.

This long dialogue is now brought to a close. It might be extended a score of pages with interesting matter. Spirits have often prescribed medicine for their sick friends, with most admirable success, and in very obstinate cases. They have uttered in our private ear, some of Paul's "unspeakable things," that it is not lawful for a man to utter. My own introduction to spirits of the fifth degree, by friend Bryant, in the course of the first night after he appeared among us, thus forming in a single hour, a full, and, as it seemed to me, as perfect acquaintance with many spirits that, up to this time, I had never seen or heard of, as though I had spent a century with them from their childhood up, would form a few pages that I could never write if I would. There is a peace that "passeth understanding," and of course the understanding cannot utter it.

It is due to the readers of this work to say, that while the sentiment has been given me in every instance by the spirits, I have often assisted these friends to clothe their sentiments in simple but suitable language, for the more ready comprehension of the reader. This has been particularly true while wishing to fill up some subjects, after our speaking medium left us, that we had entered upon before. I will say, too, that all the inconsistencies of the spirits are before the reader; nothing has been covered up, nothing smoothed over. I have reason also to believe, that, for the more full and clear elucidation of a subject, the writer has been impressed sometimes with both questions and answers, when the following dialogue has invariably ensued:

Have you been impressing me?

A. "Yes."

I have then audibly stated my impressions, and inquired, is that as much your work as though you had uttered it through the organs of the medium?

A. "Yes."

Shall I write it in your name? A. "Yes,"

When such impressions were not clear to my own mind, they would modify and occasionally reject them altogether; and then the dialogue would continue till I obtained the idea which they fully endorsed. With the strongest desire not to entangle, but to elicit truth, every important question has been more fully tested than the dialogue would seem to indicate. Most of the dialogue has been carried on through friend Bryant, though other spirits have been abundantly appealed to for a rejection or confirmation of what he had said; and the main questions have been often put to others first. I have cross-examined everything as closely as I was able. And sometimes I have found difficulties (on reflection between our conversations,) with some of their assertions, which I thought they could not obviate; but on resuming the dialogue, at the first question propounded to them, they would scatter my objections to the winds, instead of backing out of the testimony they had previously given, as I thought they would certainly be obliged to do. On some of these occasions, I confess I have been beautifully amazed. I have never been able to make them shade what appeared to them to be truth, nor contradict themselves or each other. Our troublesome spirits, I believe, have never attempted to answer questions on high moral subjects, though they have abundantly endeavored to prevent our good friends from answering us, and a few times have so far succeeded that we have dropped the conversation almost as soon as it was commenced, and devoted the evening mostly to singing—to which we generally devote more than one-half of our time, when our conversations are the most free.

It is the desire of the writer that most of the questions in this work should be tested, and so confirmed or rejected by the spirits of other circles, and the results be given in some way to the public. But as it is evident to the writer, for many more reasons than are given in this work, that most of the questions cannot be answered by spirits below the fifth circle, great care is needed that the answers should be *known*, if possible, to come from that degree or above it. Spirits not many years from earth, and only "half sanctified" when they left, should

not be heeded on the higher subjects of which these papers have treated.

Now, reader, have our spirit friends redeemed their pledge so strangely and unexpectedly given at our first experiment in spirit matters? To our minds they have "overcome and bound down all opposition," agreeably to their solemn promise, so that we have obtained and are able to give to you the information that we so earnestly sought, although our principal medium, within a few weeks after the close of that bloody battle, so far yielded himself to wicked influences that we were obliged to dismiss him. Of his downfall our good friends warned us in a most remarkable manner some weeks beforehand. This warning was continued a week, at intervals, before we were satisfied that the loud, heavy and distant sounds, made, we could not tell how nor where, as they sounded like heavy falling bodies on to something we could not tell *what*, though the whole house and all its long string of connected buildings felt and trembled with the vibrations. They informed us that they were significant, and that we should know their meaning soon. They stated also that they were produced by three of them jumping simultaneously from an upper lumber loft on to the wood-house floor—that the mingled concussion and detonating sound was electrically and magnetically produced from the poles of their feet at the instant they came in contact with the floor. As soon, therefore, as the spirits had accomplished God's purposes, through him, they withdrew from him, who no longer made them welcome, as the angel's withdrew from the Jewish Temple.

This book is now presented to the public with a clear conviction that to all who believe "Moses and the Prophets" it will prove acceptable, while to such as believe the bible only as a book, or reject it altogether, without realizing that its heaven-inspiring truths came from the same spirit-world with which we have been holding converse—to such it cannot be profitable. The former will be glad to hear more from the same quarter as the text itself implies.

The writer has, he believes, held converse, in relation to the subject of these pages, with several spirits far in advance of friend Bryant, but who have not seemed dis-

posed to give him their names, as they have said that *truth* should be appreciated for its intrinsic worth regardless of its source. These friends, as it seems to the writer, have completely demolished the old Theological Temple—not indeed like a set of reckless schoolboys, whose only delight lies in the merry work of tearing down, regardless of damage, but like wise men they have carefully but effectually separated its joints, taking it completely to pieces and re-constructed it, (from the same materials to be sure,) but infinitely more conformable, with common sense and the harmonial laws that govern all things. The favor of men they have not sought, and in the present stage of the race they little expect it, but they do claim to have created a structure in its vast and extensive outlines, at least that will assuredly endure when the present heavens are no more.

PUBLIC OPINION.

As but a part of this narrative has been before the public and that only through a single channel, "*The New Era*," we think its editor will pardon us if we apprise our friends of the favorable impression made on the public mind through that channel.

The editor, after receiving the manuscripts, thus remarks under date of February 16th, 1853:—

ASTOUNDING FACTS.

We shall begin, next week, the publication, in numbers, of a very interesting series of papers under the above head, from the pen of Dr. J. A. Gridley of Southampton, Mass. Dr. G. is a physician of extensive and successful practice in his town and vicinity—a gentleman, as we learn, of unexceptionable moral character, and good standing in society. These are facts of which we have taken some little pains to inform ourself, since receiving the manuscript which details almost any number of the most wonderful phenomena, of which our age is getting not a little peculiar, and may be taken by the reader for what they are worth, in making up a judgment as to the reliability of the narrator, in the relation of his wonderful and significant story.

Under date of March 16th, after stating some objec-

tions of an old friend, to the conclusions of the narrator, (it is presumed in relation to some spirits being evil,) the editor thus proceeds:—

“We are having daily responses from all quarters concerning the intense interest of the Doctor’s narrative. It seems like the tragic drama of the two worlds, heralding the dissolution of *old* human nature and the consequent birth of the new. Let the facts come—let them tell their own story, and let each one read that story with *his own* eyes.”

Again, as the narrative proceeds, the editor breaks out, May 18th, thus:—

“We have accounts from almost all quarters, of the intense and decided interest which these facts are creating. It is true that some of our correspondents do not draw precisely the same *inferences* in every case, which our good friend the Doctor, does; but then they are willing to take the facts for what they are worth, and judge for themselves. This is the age of THOUGHT, and all henceforth must *think for themselves*.”

July 13th, he thus discourses:—

THE “ASTOUNDING FACTS” BY DR. GRIDLEY,

Will close with our next number, and we feel that we utter the sentiment of a large class among us when we say, that whatever may be thought of some peculiar opinions advocated in that series of papers, the work, on the whole, has been one of intense interest—exciting earnest thought and leading to profitable discussion.

ERRATA.

On page 72, 9th line from the top, for *where* read *when*.

" " 146, 15th " " " bottom, for *sorceress* read *sorcerers*.

" " 150, 1st " " " top, for *plants* read *planets*.

" " 160, 11th " " " bottom, for *eternal* read *external*.

" " 166, 3rd " " " top, for *here* read *there*.

" " 169, 12th " " " for *thrown* read *I throw*.

" " 176, 25th " " " " for *by* read *of*.

" " 181, 7th " " " " for *strangely* read *strongly*.

" " 181, 12th " " " " for *feeders* read *feelers*.

A few other unimportant typographical errors have occurred, which will readily suggest themselves to the reader.

J. A. G.

SUPPLEMENT.

The communications of the following pages were received and published before a portion of "ASTOUNDING FACTS," had gone through the binder's hands, and are therefore added as a Supplement to that work.

The following was written and laid before my spirit-friend for his reading, reflection and reply, November, 1854.

TO MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND BRYANT:—It is now along time since I dropped my pen, having got off "Astounding Facts;" since that time several topics have suggested themselves to my mind that I wish to have discussed or to discuss with you, for if I am not mistaken a chain of truth in relation to several of them has recently been unfolding to my mind under an illumination evidently from the spirit world. These subjects embrace the "Two Witnesses," "Their Death," "Their unburied bodies three days and an half in the streets of Jerusalem," "Their subsequent Resurrection,"—"The Dragon,"—"His Fall from Heaven,"—"His Chaining and Loosing,"—"The Block to which he was fastened, and the length of his Chain,"—"The Flood and its absorption,"—"The thousand years Millenium,"—"The Woman clothed with the Sun," &c.—"The Descent of the Holy City," when, where, and how. Now, my brother, I wish to know whether you will aid me in this discussion and where we are at fault, through ignorance, false teaching, or otherwise, can you not obtain assistance from spirits in realms above you? Can you not get a pledge to that effect

before we lift a pen or ask a question? *A.* I will gladly render you all the assistance in my power and will see what can be done in the way of securing aid from the higher spheres, for such spirits often visit us and sometimes man. The subjects to which you have alluded are however pretty clear already; the obscurity thrown around them in theological writings is mostly attributable to the "mire and dirt" "cast up" by the writers themselves; they have sought to apply every thing to the mundane sphere, they needed a glimpse of the spiritual heavens, an unfolding of the inner world, a stand-point on the same plane from which the revelator took his observation—this would make all clear. I may say that John Wesley now gives me a pledge of his assistance—he says, he will stand at your elbow and guide your thoughts when necessary. We think you will make the subject clear to the common reader by drawing a parallel between the two dispensations, particularly over the period that covers the subject just named. That the Christian dispensation is the perfect counterpart of the Jewish, is evidenced by the constant allusion of the one to the other, as in the following texts: Now all these things happened unto them (the children of Israel) for ensamples, "and are written for our admonition" upon whom the *ends* of the world are come.

ENDS, viz: the expiring end of the Jewish world, the type—and the commencing end of the Christian world, the anti-type,—it is therefore justly used in the plural number. The first is called a "shadow of things to come." "It served unto the example and shadow of heavenly things." "For the law having a shadow of good things to come and not the very image or substance of the things," &c.

This column therefore represents the Jewish dispensation or the typical shadow of the other column; and as perfectly portrays the spiritual growth of the human soul under the christian dispensation as the divine Artist could do through the mediumship of the prophets of that day. Let us then trace it and match it with its other half.

First. We have the escape of the children of Israel from Egypt, when for the first time they realized that God was their friend.

2nd. Their song of triumph on the banks of the Red Sea and their slavery and suffering for the time being alike forgotten.

Here too:—

First. We have the conversion of the soul to Christ, when for the first time it realizes that God is its friend.

2nd. The song of triumph over sins forgiven and for the time being forgotten.

3d. The Jews soon pitch their tents in the wilderness of Sin.

4th. They wandered in the wilderness about forty years before they entered the earthly Canaan, under Moses and his successors.

5th. The cause was, they listened to the *false* rather than the true spies, the first being in the majority who told them there were Anakims in the land and that none could stand before the giants.

6th. In consequence of unbelief a long discipline was necessary to enable them to compete successfully with so formidable a foe.

7th. As soon as they entered the earthly Canaan they went into war with the seven nations who were driven out before them by little and little. The Jews fought and their legions, and the nations fought and their legions.

8th. This temporal warfare may be considered as commencing when Moses went in before Pharaoh and continued about 40 years, before the Israelites reached Canaan, when the battle-field was transferred to that country, covering a period of about 500 years, till the days of Solomon, when the whole land was cleared of its original inhabitants and "the land had rest from war."—"And the Lord gave them rest

3d. The converts of the churches soon pitch their tents also in the wilderness of sin.

4th. The primitive christians wandered about forty years before they reached the heavenly Canaan, under Christ and his successors.

5th. The first christians listened much to the Judaizing rather than the true teachers who were ever in the majority and who told them that there were giant sins in the human heart and that none can overcome them.

6th. A long discipline was here necessary for the same reason.

7th. As soon as the primitive church entered the heavenly Canaan there "was war in heaven." Michael fought and his angels and the Dragon fought and his angels, and the latter with his seven Heads, the anti-type of the seven nations, was also driven out from the heavenly circles by little and little "till there was found no more place for him in heaven, and he was cast out (into the earth, mind you) and all his angels were cast out with him."

8th. This spiritual warfare commenced with Christ's public ministry—continued about 40 years and was transferred to the heavens about the year 70, at or about the overthrow of Jerusalem, and continued 500 years, till the circles were cleared of their original inhabitants and the land had rest from war, not a spirit of their enemies stood before them. There failed not any good thing of all that Christ

round about, according to all that he swore unto their fathers," and there stood not a man of all their enemies before them." The Lord delivered all their enemies into their hand. "There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken to the house of Israel." All came to pass.

That it is a literal fact that "the Dragon, that old Serpent called the Devil, and Satan who deceiveth the whole world," was thus cast out of the spiritual circles *into the earth*, is not only asserted in the text, but is also evidenced from the shout that followed,—*"Rejoice, ye Heavens, and ye that dwell in them, for the Accuser of our brethren is cast down, that accused us before our God, day and night. It is further proved from the wail that was wafted to the earth as the chorus of that shout of victory. "Wo to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea, for the Devil has come down to you, having great wrath, because he knoweth he hath but a short time" to reign on the earth, compared with that in which he has ruled in the spiritual Circles. It was the fall which Christ foretold at the commencement of the Battle, when he said, "I saw Satan as lightning fall from heaven," and with his eye still fixed on the same distant event, he says again, "Now is the judgment of this world, now is the Prince of this world cast out," the work is already commenced.*

That this war continued 500 years, is strongly presumed from the fact that the first forty years in the type is known to have covered forty years in the anti-type; of course five hundred years in the type should cover five hundred years in the anti-type, in the same unbroken chain of prophecy, it is also proved from the fact that the five hundred years just brings us to the commencement of the Dark Ages, a setting in of a night the most dismal and gloomy that this disconsolate world has ever witnessed. What less than a transfer of Christ and his Apostles, with all the host of primitive believers, from earth to heaven, and in their stead, a pouring out of all the evils and evil spirits of the higher spheres into the earth and the earthly circles, could have so quickly extinguished all the light that blazed up for forty years, under Christ and his Apostles, preceded and followed by a flood of the Divine Spirit. We boldly affirm that it was the shout of that redeemed multitude, that from this very moment lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years; for, you notice, "It was the souls (spiritual bodies) of them that were *beheaded* for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held, that thus lived and reigned." What but orthodox darkness could have ever suggested that

such a millennium was to take place among men in the body, as though "*beheaded*" men could still exist in mortal clay? Nay, verily, the thousand years was none other than the honey-moon of the Bridegroom with his Bride, during which period she did not lay off her wedding robes; for at the expiration of the "thousand years," John saw her clothed still in the same habiliments in which she stood at the nuptial altar. Yea, more, he saw her turn her footsteps earthward, "coming down from God out of heaven," on her *first visit* to her earthly relatives. This period again corresponds exactly in point of time with the commencement of the reformation under Luther. The five hundred years war, and a thousand spent at the wedding feast brings us to 1500.

We will now go back and again run over the same ground on another leaf. The Jewish Church from the time of Abraham, yes, from the time of Abel, even, had been becoming pregnant with the promises of God, that she should bring forth a pure and perfect Son, (the primitive church, with Christ for its head,) under whose feet, the Apostle declared in his day, that God would *shortly* "bruise Satan," in accordance with an original promise made to Adam, four thousand years before. This Son entered with the "First fruits of God and the Lamb," that he had been long in gathering into the heavenly Canaan, as we have said, or "was caught up unto God and his throne." Then the war commenced in heaven against the "flood" of evil doers that Satan had gathered in all preceding ages, by the lying and deceit that he has ever cast out of his mouth; and in anticipation of their ascension, he stood with open jaws in the upper circles, ready to devour the child as soon as it was born; or, if you please, as soon as it was ushered from its embryo or earth life, into its spiritual life. But the earth opened her mouth, as we have seen, and most effectually swallowed up the flood, for she received not only Satan's vast armies, who for five hundred years had been battling the man child, but she took to her bosom their mighty commander and the woman, or the two witnesses, again fled to the earth, a wilderness truly, where she had a place appointed of God, to be fed a thousand two hundred and three score days, clothed in sackcloth, before she would be able to assume her rights and gather another church from among the Gentiles, "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing." If Jerusalem perished about the year 70, of the Christian era, and the war continued five hundred, and the woman prophecied in sackcloth twelve hundred and sixty, we are carried on to 1830, when the woman begins to get off her sackcloth, and dress only in half mourning. Well, it was just about this time that salvation from sin in this life, was first preached, as far as the writer knows, and declared to be not only attainable, but, unlike Methodist sanctification, to be forever *retainable* as a permanent state. The writer was himself thrown over the ecclesiastical bar of the Congregational church, about this time, for publishing a pamphlet in vindication of this doctrine, and showing

that the church had *"sworn him before angels and men, besides the witnessing assembly, that he would obey and keep all the laws of Christ's kingdom to the end of life."*

No man could have listened to the thundering anathemas from the pulpit, about that time, against heretics, without supposing that all the ministers below Tophet, from John Woodbridge, D.D., down to H. B. Chapin, had heard or was about to hear their funeral dirge. *Sin, why sin WAS THE LIFE OF THEIR PREACHING!* What would holy men want of ministers? So intense was the excitement that a secret church meeting was called, and after fighting among themselves for three days, whether we should be entirely gagged, we were gagged and seventeen members, of men, women and children, were excised from the church, without any pretended crime, except that we believed that *"Jesus saves his people from their sins."* No wonder, dear reader, that his ministers were disturbed, for it was open rebellion against Satan, their commander. Luther, it is true, had refused to pay all the tithes required by the church of Rome, and recommended a shorter way to heaven, but here was a flat denial of Satan's right to any portion of the human heart, either here or hereafter.

Many churches, and at least one theological seminary, were severely shaken, while professors of religion have been relatively diminishing in numbers from near that time to the present moment. Yes, the woman began to get off her sackcloth and boldly claim her rights, not to heaven only, but to the earth also; a right more and more acknowledged, till to-day it is demanded by a thousand tongues, in tones that startle the world. Satan, we affirm, was not only cast into the earth, but he was *"chained there,"* as to a *"mighty millstone"* from the everlasting mountains. He still has the liberty of the yard, which extends to the outer circumference of the fourth circle; not an inch beyond this has he gone in the last 1500 years; the last link of his chain is within this circle; the 1000 years are now expired; the church from on high is ordered to approach the *"limits,"*—to send over spies,—to reconnoitre,—to select a medium here and another there, and as fast as wisdom dictates, bring them into communication with the main army. A few are already in its secrets, they are acquainted with its designs; it is a day of arrangements. Satan too is busy, he selects his mediums, disposes them to lie and deceive, and induces his own subjects to lie through them for the purpose of destroying man's confidence. Most of the present clergy assist him in his work of deception, in order to frighten the people, lest through the heavenly spies some should escape to the invading army.

Yes, Satan is gathering his forces. What else is that proud boast which is wafted over us on the sunny breezes of the South? *"We will lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of oppression and slavery, at the sword's hilt, till no earthly power shall be able to stand before it."* Ah! it is one of Satan's *"mouths that is*

again speaking great swelling words against the Most High; one of the lines of demarcation that shall again "divide the sheep from the goats," and it will go on increasing in importance, with its correlatives, till every man in this nation is forced to take sides with liberty and elevation, or with slavery and oppression. Satan has for a long time been left to have his own way—to cut off heads, burn bodies or lacerate hearts. For 1500 years no earthly voice has been earnestly and effectually raised against him; his undisputed right to earth and the earthly circles—to a large proportion of every human soul, has been fully admitted by priest and people; yea, more, the necessity of a submission to his claims, more or less passive, has been taught as an important part of salvation itself. Hear the united voice of the clergy, sanctified by the age of centuries: "No mere man, since the fall, is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word and deed." Here is the united confession of the teachers of the people, that they themselves and all their hearers, do *daily*, and in *very deed*, "covet their neighbors' wives," bear false witness," "steal," "commit adultery," "kill," "dishonor their parents," "break their holy Sabbath," and have "other gods before the Lord." The confession may be true; we will not dispute it; though we know that it is intended only to get credit for great humility, which it is evident the speaker does not *feel*.

Poor slavish souls, who secure at an enormous cost, the services of an hireling priest, to make in substance such confession for you every Sabbath. Yes, you hire him, like the poor catholic, to ask the Lord "to water this vine of his own right hand's planting," and then in the next breath confess that you "are the degenerate plants of a strange vine." Thus you accuse God of planting Satan's vines, and then ask God to water them. You are unwilling to acknowledge your inconsistency, and feel injured when it is shown you. But we declare to you in notes as friendly as they are strong and mighty, that the Upper Church is advancing. She is coming back, and no earthly power can successfully resist her progress. She is coming to demand the old homestead, to secure earth as well as heaven. She is already near the line, some of her members are over, and of course Satan is again "loosed upon them," for they are within his limits. He sees and feels the warlike invasion, and is "gathering his army, Gog and Magog to battle, whose number is as the sand of the sea, and who will yet go up on the breadth of the earth and encompass the camp of the saints about," that is soon to be pitched within the lower circles, but the fire of the latter, kindled as it is at the altar of God, shall consume them."

We again affirm that Satan's limits extend through the fourth circle; that the first of the truly heavenly circles is the fifth; this is why the Day of Conflict, which is termed the Day of Judgment, takes place in the fourth, especially in the last half of it. Here are the

picked spirits of Satan's army, whom he commands in person. Here are his great guns, to prevent the escape of deserters, for a spirit once over the line, is gone forever. This, too, is why a Davis and a Phinney, with a host of credulous followers, do not believe in a personal Devil, they have not reached the lines, they have not crossed the frontier. If any man on earth or spirit in the heavens, ever reaches the fifth circle without encountering the "Prince of the Power of the Air, who works in the hearts of the children of disobedience," then, but not till then, will we give it up. Many spirits deceive men by affirming that they have never seen Satan; neither have they seen God; but all spirits that have reached the fifth degree, as we have marked it, have FELT both. It is here, too, on the frontier, between what should be known as the earthly and spiritual heavens, that the influence of the shining hosts is most strongly felt by the defensive forces. Discontent is becoming rife throughout the fourth circle, open rebellion is freely discussed in the first half, and *practically entered upon* by all who have reached the last half of this circle, and the battle rages fearfully; the fear of innovation has extended even to the third circle. Here the priests are assembling the people and warning them of the danger of trying new paths, and strongly recommending the old ones that the fathers have trod, advising them to reject new light, that death will make all easy ere long, and that their old *Hope* will enable them to pass the judgment by a single nod of approbation from Him who sitteth on the throne.

This suits Satan; so long as he can make men believe that there is no escape from his influence in this life, that they must wait for the death of the body to overcome sin;—so long as he knows they will make no aggressive war upon him, he cares nothing for their long faces, their long sermons or their long prayers. His main concern is, that they do not pass over the fourth circle, and emerge into the fifth, beyond the reach of his chain. He knows that he is wound up thus far, and that a mighty angel is hold of the windlass. He knows that the Apostle uttered the truth when he said, "He that hath the power of death is the Devil," and that the unbelief of priest or people will not alter that truth. The body may fall, but the spirit—the real man—is as much on his territory and as much subject to his will as before. He knows that those and those only are specially "blest who die in the Lord," yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them. The Devil knows, if the professed saint does not, the exceeding difference between the death of the body in a feather bed, and the death of the spirit—the carnal mind—by being absorbed into or assimilated to the spirit of its Lord and Master. In the latter death, the spirit truly rests from its labors as God did from his, while his works follow him as spontaneously as his breath. He is no longer anxious to *do good*, his only concern is to *be good*. He has lost sight of *duty doing*, and turned all his energies to the work of preparation, that he

may see with joy the footsteps of his God, and hear his voice, and hold familiar converse with Him in the cool of the day, and his work is finished; he has met his Lord, who henceforth lays out his work for him by sympathy and attraction only. No imperative element enters into any command he receives; he always does just as he pleases, for he ever chooses to do right. His Father's will is henceforth his only pleasure; they are evermore interested partners in whatever tends to the good of either.

We have said that the church was five hundred years in sinking down into the valley of the "Dark Ages," during all which time Satan's forces were being gradually expelled from the heavenly circles. She was one thousand years in crossing the "*Flats*." She has been rising three hundred and fifty years already, so that if it requires the same time to effect her ascension that it did her declension, we can judge pretty near when Satan's windlass will be fully wound up. The fourth circle must first, next be secured, for it is nearest and of course most directly under the influence of the invading army; but be it known to all earth's inhabitants, that it is openly declared in heaven's highest court, that the invading forces are never to draw back till every circle, and the earth itself, is wrenched from the base usurper and restored to its rightful owner; till the chain, by successive turnings, is wound up to the last link, and God only knows whether the surrounding and ever condensing pressure of the heavenly circles, within which Satan and his army are completely hedged, will not yet force him wholly into the interior of the earth—into the lake of literal fire and brimstone, with which Christ threatened him, and which is certainly known to have an existence, "aside from the imagination of bigots or fools," for if the chain still holds, and continues to shorten in the same direction that it has hitherto, such a fate is inevitable. But this is a new and startling thought to several of your spirit-friends. Thus has the spirit-world spoken, and thus have I recorded.

CHAPTER II.

The narrative thus proceeds: Compared with the war in the heavenly circles all the battles of earth sink into insignificance, whether we consider its duration, its results, or its unutterable fierceness and desperation. The Dragon and his angels disputed every inch of ground they surrendered, but they were pursued by night and by day, till forced over the line within the fourth circle, as we have before said, where the repulsive force of the victors that has surrounded them, has held them to the present moment. An armistice was granted for a thousand years, by

the victorious general. That term has expired; the siege is again pushed on, for Satan holds dominions not his own; the tyrant must leave the fourth circle and retire within the third; then, in the sure progress of events, within the second, first, and finally within the crust of the earth, to howl in perpetual darkness, for aught that yet appears.

Q. Who is Michael, your successful prince?

A. Christ, of course; he has the attributes of an angel, inasmuch as he has, like the rest of us, been born on a planet, with a natural and a spiritual body. Notice, he is not *an* archangel, but *the* archangel, and the only one ever heard of; Head and Prince of all, occupying, as Webster has the definition, the eighth rank among the celestial hierarchies. We have never heard of but seven degrees in the human heavens, and if Christ is in the eighth, he undoubtedly occupies it alone, and fills it with glory unbounded; and as no angel has seen him, as we can learn, it must be because he dwells in light too intense for them to penetrate. One thing is certain: He alone has been found able to compete successfully with the Arch-Deceiver. In Daniel's time, Gabriel, who claimed to stand in the very presence of God, where Mr. Davis says, *he* himself could not live, tried his hand against him, but Satan successfully withstood him one and twenty days, till Michael came to his assistance. Dan. x: 13. What an impotent spirit Gabriel must have been to have been over-matched so long by a mere "*negative !! a relative good !!!*" O, folly, where is thy shame !!!

Q. But as you have it, Satan withstood Michael and all his host five hundred years. How is that?

A. No, Satan did not gain a battle; he was constantly on the retreat. You must not forget that the heavenly circles cover an immense territory, nor that a self-existent and uncreated Spirit is a formidable foe for Omnipotence itself. I know that Swedenborg, and Davis, and many leading spiritualists, affirm that all evil is of man; or in other words, that man made the Devil. But Christ declares that he fell from the heavens after a long and bloody strife, to which he himself was an eye witness; that the wicked Jews were not the *fathers*, but the *children* of the Devil. If Swedenborg knows better about this matter than Christ, what right has the former to call the latter *Lord*, and affirm that he received all his instructions of the Lord, and that the written word is all of the Lord? If he can extricate himself from such inconsistencies, we wish he would do so. If Jesus Christ has uttered innumerable falsehoods on the same and kindred subjects, how can Mr. Davis affirm that he is a *model* for the race, (meaning that he is a model worthy to be imitated.) Here are predictions and prophecies affirmed and re-affirmed, from time to time, during a period of more than 4500 years, with a minute description of the *facts* of their fulfilment; facts that account in the clearest manner

possible, for many of the most remarkable events in the history of your earth, and which have never been satisfactorily accounted for in any other way ; facts, with their causes and results, both simple and rational, and yet it would seem that spiritualists have just discovered that all these bible statements are a sham ; that there is no Devil ; that they have ransacked heaven and earth, and no such personage exists ; that Christ, whom they declare the most perfect man that ever lived, was deceived, and of course he was less perfect and more foolish than themselves ! Brothers, let us be modest !

Q. Cannot you give me more evidence of the "Second Coming," and the translation of the Jewish church, at or about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, as much of the weight of evidence in respect to the truth of your teachings, seems to hinge on that event ?

A. I am seeking mainly to instruct and bless the common reader, and am therefore unwilling to enter into a discussion of intricate prophecies, though I seem to need the assistance of one or two texts, that with careful reading, I think need not perplex, and so I will introduce them for the purpose of unfolding the death and resurrection of the "Two Witnesses." In Daniel ix : 24, we read : Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy Holy City, to finish the transgression and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity ; to bring in everlasting righteousness ; to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most Holy. Read the three following verses, and you have these statements : *First*, Seventy weeks (a day for a year, 490 years) are determined upon Jerusalem, (as forty days were determined upon Nineveh,) to its complete overthrow and the end of the Jewish polity—i. e., seventy weeks from the going forth of the commandment under Nehemiah to "restore and build Jerusalem," after the destruction of the first temple.

Now, reader, it is as clear as the sun, that sixty-two weeks out of the seventy, carries us to the crucifixion, to the death of the "Man of Sorrows,"—the victim of Calvary who is then to be "cut off," "but not for himself," he dies for the people, "that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed," that "he might go and preach to the spirits in prison,"—in the circles, and yet under Satan's power. Notice, he dies in sixty-two weeks, while it is *sixty-nine weeks*, or from forty to fifty years more, to Messiah the Prince, the reigning, conquering, all-subduing Christ of the circles, who about this time is to retire with his bride, and enter upon his reign. During the *seventieth* week, "he shall confirm the covenant with many," seal the marriage vow with them, make an end of their sins, bring *into* them or upon them everlasting righteousness. "Close up the vision and prophecy," (which was done by the writing of St. John's Revelation,) "and anoint the Most Holy as the emphatic Christ, over the human family now about to elope with his chosen and prepared bride, to the circles

that must, under himself, be cleared and furnished by her own hand,—that the “troublous times,” the “flood of desolations,” are the same that are referred to in Daniel xii: 1, and Matt. xxiv: 21, there can be no doubt whatever, and they are closely and undeniably connected with a resurrection and a judgment; they commenced and continued in this world for a given period, and were then transferred to the circles; the spirit of the Mighty God became incarnated in the Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Mary, and the spirit of the “Prince of the Power of the air” (this expression shows that the reigning province of the latter was in the spiritual circles,) incarnated itself in “Judas Iscariot, the Son of Perdition,” who, from being for a long time personally and intimately acquainted with Christ and his designs, was the very best medium that Satan could have selected, and who was so conscious of his strength and power, that he did not fear to “exalt himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped;” who, after entering Judas, induced the medium to hang himself, that thus he might in person enter the spirit-world in anticipation of Christ’s speedy entrance upon the same territory, and thus have an opportunity of gathering his forces beforehand to meet the coming Christ, and be early prepared for the approaching conflict.

In Luke, xvii: 30, 31, we read: In the day when the Son of man is revealed, let not him who is upon the house-top, and his stuff in the house, come down to take it away; and he that is in the field, let him not return back.

In Luke xxi: 20, 21, the same advice is given to the disciples, when they should see Jerusalem encompassed with armies, showing beyond cavil, that the revelation of Christ in the clouds of heaven, “with power and great glory, and with his holy angels,” and the overthrow of Jerusalem constituted a chain of connected and inseparable events. Christ told his disciples further, that when they saw these things *begin to come to pass*, that then they might “lift up their heads and rejoice,” “for behold your **REDEMPTION** draweth nigh”—a pretty plight, truly, as orthodoxy has it, to be sent into the mountains, without a cracker, or a coat, or the privilege of bidding a friend adieu, to wander for eighteen hundred years in a state of destitution, while their redemption is not known, nor admitted, even, by the church, to be any nearer to-day than it was at the commencement of their wanderings. But no matter how orthodoxy holds it; to eyes *that see*, there was a beautiful policy in Christ’s order, for having got his disciples scattered in the mountains, away from the multitude and observation of their friends, he could easily “come as a thief in the night, according to his promise, and take off as many as were prepared in a wedding suit, to attend his inauguration, and well girded for the battle by the “armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left,” and he could do this easily in that day of blood and slaughter, when all eyes were turned from the scatter-

ed company of the despised Nazarene, and leave the world in a profound ignorance of that stupendous event, thus proving, too, that the world "seeth him no more." A thief does not go like the "adventists," and wake up the neighborhood before he commences his depredations. We might gather the entire chain of the Old and New Testament in proof of our position, but we will turn from such a course and seek out the "Two Witnesses," which will serve to corroborate what has already been said.

A witness is one who knows something about the parties to be tried, or something of their doings. But who are the *two* witnesses? We reply that they are Moses and Christ, as the representatives of the Mosaic and Christian dispensations—the law and gospel. This statement Christ himself has settled. Think not, says he, that I will accuse you to the Father; there is one that accuseth you, even *Moses* in whom ye trust. Here, then, is the first witness. When Christ was asked "when the end of the world should come," he answered: "When this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a *witness* unto all nations, then shall the end of the (*aion*,) age, dispensation, or world come;" while Paul declares that in his day, it was preached to every creature that was under heaven, of which he himself was witness. We have then found the other *witness*, and the *end of the world* to the Jews, as a corporate nation, and their day of trial is at hand. Here, we repeat, we have the "two Witnesses," the "two candlesticks," that have stood before the God of the whole earth, and given light more or less dimly, to the world in all ages; they are the "two olive trees," that have furnished the oil of life to all nations in this and the spirit world.

We will now find their death. "In the *midst* of the seventieth week, he shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease;" a half week (i. e. three and a half days) remain to complete the seventy weeks, and finish the desolation of the nation as such, and the restoration and redemption of the primitive church. Well, *the daily sacrifice ceased in the middle of the week*; there is no more offering for sin; no more atonement; no further pardon under the Jewish-economy; it uttered its last expiring breath at the very commencement of the three and a half years' siege, according to Josephus, when the eight thousand human victims were murdered in the temple in a single night. This was a profanation so daring that they offered no more sacrifice. That witness, then, is dead; its light is extinguished; the olive tree has fallen.

How is it with the other witness? Christ has been crucified; his Apostles put to death or exiled; the Divine Spirit repelled by the Jews as a nation; the precepts of all these derided and trampled on; every angel of mercy had departed from the Jewish temple, and every disciple of Jesus had left the city for the mountains, and their "house was left desolate," truly. The second witness is therefore dead, as far as that nation is concerned; his voice is no longer heard; the witnesses have fallen together;

while, agreeably with the prophecy, their bodies lie dead and unburied the remaining *half week*, or "three days and an half in the streets of Jerusalem, 'spiritually called Sodom, and Egypt,' where also our Lord was crucified;" there still existed the Tabernacle, the Candlestick, the Table, the Shewbread, the Golden Censor, the Ark of the Covenant, the Golden Pot that had Manna, Aaron's Rod that budded, the Tables of the Covenant with the Cherubim and Mercy Seat, and all the paraphernalia of the Jewish religion,—a vast body but now without a soul; a body dead but unburied, dissevered and scattered before their eyes. Here, too, are the records of Christ's doings, engraven as with a pen of iron on many a heart, and so numerous that had they been written every one, it was the opinion of the beloved disciple that the world itself could not have contained the books that would have been required; the city is filled with a knowledge of the most stupendous miracles that the earth had ever witnessed; the sayings and doings of the Apostles and primitive saints are here, but their tongues are hushed, their voices are silent in death, the spirit of inspiration has departed, the witness is dead; but the body, its external form, is unburied, cast out and rejected as an unclean thing.

Well, the three days and an half pass on; the work, too, of desolation goes on; the "vision and prophecy" is being completed; more than a million of Jews are introduced into the spirit-world for trial, while all the previous dead are being gathered for the same object. Now the seventy weeks are finished; the three and a half days are expired, and the Court in the spiritual circles has opened its session; the despised disciples are caught up from their hiding places among the mountains; the parties are ready, and the witnesses needed; "life from God, (that had for a little season left them and gone to its native skies,) is now seen to descend and "enter into them," and "they arise and stand upon their feet" in all the majesty of conscious but insulted Truth, and "their enemies from the circles beheld them."

Ah! yes, they now discover in the clearness of heaven's light, that every type, every symbol, every sacrifice, and every God-appointed ordinance of whatever kind, was beautifully significant of an interior spiritual Life to such as had loved instruction and sought the way of peace, while it was awfully significant to such as had wilfully refused counsel, and violently declared that they "would not have such a man to reign over them." With the most intense interest they all saw and felt that the "*Life of God was in them*," while they heard a "great voice out of heaven, saying, Come up hither;" the parties are assembled, the court is waiting, it wants your evidence; "and they ascended up to heaven in a cloud, and their enemies beheld them." They gave in their testimony, sentence was rendered against the transgressors; the war succeeded, at the end of which the Witnesses returned to earth, *clothed in sack-cloth*, as well they might be, for all the evils and devils of the up-

per circles were emptied into the lower, where the witnesses were to labor almost in vain for 1260 years, in order to gather another church from among the gentiles, and eventually secure the earth as well as heaven. Whoever doubts that all the damned spirits who had battled with some seeming success for five hundred years with the Son of God most High, and all his chosen Hosts, was cast into the earth, as Christ and his prophets had predicted, would do well, we think, to refresh their minds with the history of the French Revolution, and the damning thirst of kings and queens, with the whole army of the inquisitors, for the blood of the innocent and virtuous, that succeeded this event. *There is a hell of some kind, or there is no justice in the ALMIGHTY.*

We would give a friendly caution, also, to a Phinney, a Davis, and a Chase, how they trample with impious feet upon what they take to be the *dead bodies* of which we have spoken. Life from God, my friends, is in them still; it is only as you co-operate with them that you will be able to raise mankind from the pit of sin and wretchedness in which you behold them with so much sympathy. It is true they are still clad partially in the habiliments of mourning; but you must not despise their garments; you cannot trample their life out of them; while it is they alone who will ere long testify either for or against you, as in the days of yore. You must not forget that the "dwellers of the earth" have once rejoiced over them, and made merry, and sent gifts one to another, to their subsequent sorrow and shame, because of the death of these two prophets, who tormented them day and night, by faithfully rebuking their evil ways and showing them the only way of peace.

We avow that on the death of these witnesses, and during the three and a half days (years) of their above-ground sepulture, that the moral condition of no human being on earth or in the earth's spiritual heavens, was altered; for at the expiration of their last breath, "John was forbidden to seal the sayings of the book that recorded the events," just about to transpire, and the last chapter of which he was at the moment writing, "because the time of their fulfilment was at hand," and Christ had come and "his rewards were with him," *all made out*, "to give to every man as his work should be;" therefore, it is added, He that is unjust let him be unjust still, he that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let him be holy still. Each and every character must commence their march at the end of the three and a half years, towards that circle either above or below zero, for which his character fits him to-day, and he remains *in quo statu*, three and a half years, (not eternally,) but during the opening of the Court, the gathering of the parties from the four winds of heaven, by the angels sent forth for that object, and the translation of the Jews; the *Holy* by the attraction from the upper circles with which they were in rapport, and the "filthy," by the angel of death, perched upon the wings of the Roman eagle.

Such was John's order during the period of arrest and citation. The time too was fixed beyond the possibility of mistake, for Christ adds, When the fig tree is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is near; so likewise ye when YE (not your successors in distant generations) shall see *all these things*, know that it is nigh, even at the doors; and then with the oath of the new testament he adds, that the generation he was then addressing should not pass away till all these things should be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not fail. Yes, there are some of you that stand here before me, that shall not taste death till ye have seen these things fulfilled.

Q. Did not Christ say that when he came, the sun should be turned into darkness, the moon into blood, and the stars fall from heaven?

A. Yes, and a moment's reflection would have saved that question. Did not Christ say to his disciples YE ARE THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD? Christ as the great Sun of the moral world, had gone up to the circles where his immediate presence was most needed; the Moon, his satellite, his church, who received and reflected his divine rays, was literally turned into blood by the hand of her violent and bitter persecutors; while the stars, (individual members) like Stephen, and a host of others, had already fallen from their moral orbits, as far as the outer world was concerned, and darkness reigned supreme. Not a ray of redeeming light beamed from on high to check the mad career of that nation, from whom a righteous God was now demanding the blood of all the prophets, from that of Abel to that of Zacharias, who perished between the temple and the altar.

We have shown that the thousand years' millenium of the Church above was the exact counterpart of the thousand years of the Dark Ages on earth; that they covered the same period; yea, more, the one induced the other—the clearing of the heavens above the fourth circle increased and condensed the wickedness below. But they are now past, and the prophecy, that is to-day before the world, is this: The saints shall take the kingdom, and shall possess the kingdom, not a thousand years, but forever, even forever and ever; for the God of heaven shall now set up a kingdom that shall dash in pieces and consume all others, and of its dominion and duration there shall be no end.

Q. Once more—Did not Christ affirm that “As the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be”—sudden and unexpected as the lightning's flash?

A. No, simple man, the lightning does no such thing—it is a very local affair—it neither begins in the east nor shines to the west. That language refers to the rising sun, which first throws its lightning glories up the eastern horizon, and in its advancement, carries them over to the west. Thus were the signs of Christ

coming gradually unfolded to the expectant and waiting disciples, till the Sun of Righteousness reached its meridian in the Jewish heavens, when the attraction between the church above and the "*Holy*" of earth became sufficiently strong to "change the latter in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." This view is still more clearly implied in Luke 17 : 24, where the *Day* in which the Son of Man is to be revealed is compared to the opening and advancement of a common solar day.

We might take up the seven seals, in our simple way, for they are all broken, and the truths they concealed are as clear and beautiful as an evening sky, and lead to the same conclusions that we have already given. We have shown, we think, that at the close of the war, the Bridegroom, with all the guests whose lamps were trimmed and furnished with the necessary oil, went in to the Marriage Supper of a thousand years, and the "Door was shut" against the lower degrees where many being sent, "went out to buy," i. e. to finish their discipline, who would afterwards be admitted. Here too God "shut up" the "Dragon," "set his seal upon him," so "shutting the Door," "setting the Seal," and "chaining the Dragon," are one thing. Let us look a moment at the different characters in this scene, and see if we cannot locate them. We have first the *Holy*; these are fully prepared to enter in to the fifth circle, and sit down in their "white linen robes" to the Marriage feast; the number of these may be inferred from the following texts: Rev. xix : 4—7 : And a voice came out of the throne saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great, and I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, (our raps are not much to them,) saying Alleluias, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth; let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come and his wife hath made herself ready; and he saith unto me write, Blessed are they who are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." It is clear that these songs of triumph, these shouts of victory, resulted from the fact, that God had judged the "great whore," that did corrupt the earth with her fornications, who had her spiritual throne in the heavens, and her country seat at Jerusalem. About the year 70, she with her family, was summoned from her "summer seat," to the seat of war, in the heavens, and her country residence destroyed. At the close of the campaign in the heavens, she was expelled into the earth and the earthly circles; and has since made her throne at Rome; but the protestant reader should notice that "she is the mother only of harlots;" all the daughters possess the mother's character. The church of England was her first born, while every protestant sect is but a grandchild of the same parent with little improvement, for thus saith the Lord : 'I will kill her and her children with death, for strong is the Lord God that judgeth

her." So sure then as heaven's prophecy holds true, so sure every protestantsect will be dissolved—the mother and daughter are one in essence and spirit. Well, we have found the "Holy" with their joy, its cause and location in the fifth circle.

Who are the "*Righteous*?" We reply that Josephus was one; he loved truth and virtue, but he did not know Christ, and had he been in the spirit world, without the "*Fine Linen*," which the latter only can give, he could not have been admitted to the feast but would have readily retired with little compulsion into the fourth circle, where he would have learned more of Christ, and of his own true character, received further spiritual unfolding and judgment discipline; have obtained the Oil that he "went out to buy;" trimmed fully his lamp, and then been received among the other guests. Your Beechers, your Parkers, your Courtneys, are of the righteous, and we hope and trust will belong to the *Holy*, soon. The "*Unjust*" fell into the third circle, and their characters answered to the great mass of the best part of present christendom, including priest and people; the former preach for their "bread and butter," mainly; their motives are too low; they are selfish, and sensual, and some are *filthy*. This last expression covers all the remaining characters that were expelled from the circles, from the second degree above zero to the fifth below, where, in our opinion, a desire for improvement never comes. The Dragon fell to the earth and was chained there. His throne is no longer in the heavens, but the length of his chain; i. e. the sphere of his spiritual influence; his fetid breath fills the four first circles, though the fourth is getting pretty well ventilated from the opening windows of the fifth, in these days of spiritual improvement; and the terrific struggle of the Battle of the great day of God Almighty is again coming in the distance; Satan will yet baptize his subjects with such a spirit of desperation as the world has not witnessed since Jerusalem's overthrow; and no man can stand in that day, who is not girded with the strength of Omnipotence. We have traced Satan in his expulsion from the circles, but instead of falling into Milton's sulphurous pit, he fell this time only into the earth, as we have stated. It is after the thousand years, and subsequent to the judgment that is now approaching, that he is cast into the lake of fire, where the beast and the false prophet are, and where he is to be tormented day and night forever and ever." Thus "God has given him space to repent of his fornications, but he repented not." In his fall "he drew after him a third part of the stars of heaven," whose number is fixed at two hundred millions, (see Rev. ix: 16.) It appears, therefore, that only two-thirds of the spirits in the circles were prepared at that time to remain in the endless blessedness of the fifth degree; all others were driven over the line and further space given to all who desired it, for repentance and reformation. A lengthened "WO" might well be sounded through the heavens, to

the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea, because the Devil had come down to earth, having great wrath, for he knew he had but a short time" to reign below, compared with that in which he had ruled the circles, as we have before said.

How many of these depraved spirits, think you, took up their abode in the hearts of each of those blood-thirsty inquisitors, whose souls were daily glutted with the agonizing shrieks and dying groans of the innocent ! One of his conspicuous officers, named "Wormwood," who fell about the same time with the commander-in-chief, was commissioned to poison the "rivers and fountains of waters," where thirsty souls had previously drank in wisdom and knowledge, and thus had their spirits revived with immortal hope and joy. Another consumed, with his hot and parched breath, "one-third of the trees, and all green grass," so that it was wise in the woman (the only apology of a true church on earth,) and the "two witnesses," the governing and controlling power of this church, to flee into the wilderness ; for the moral herbage of the forest—the spiritual condition of savages and barbarians—was more palatable and nutritious than that of the open fields that lay more directly under the scorching influence of this fiery Dragon, who had caused all the "green grass" in the open fields to be "burned up." It was the business of the other officials of Satan to extinguish a still further portion of the little moral truth that might yet exist, and so "a third part of the sun was smitten, and a third part of the moon, and a third part of the stars, so that the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise." Here men were forbidden to read ; the bible was sealed by pope and priest, and all true knowledge of a spiritual world cut off as far as possible, while from the mouths of all issued the fire to consume, the smoke to obscure, and the brimstone to suffocate and kill the children of men with those damnable heresies, that either enticed or compelled men to stifle every conviction of righteousness, and bow their necks submissively to the iron heel of the Dragon, through his best medium, the Pope.

This supreme spiritual power of uncreated Evil, had just *felt* the force of Christianity, in his own direful expulsion, and he resolved to counterfeit the coin and try his skill. He thus proclaims : "I am a most holy pope ; the viceregent of the Almighty ; the only infallible saint on earth ; clothed with all the prerogatives of Christ ; I open and shut heaven at my pleasure ; damn the soul or set it free ; be still, therefore, my subjects, *fill my coffers, and know that I am God !*" This uncreated spirit of Evil, like the uncreated spirit of Good embodies within himself all the elements of the female character, with its studied enticements. In this latter character, she is the "great whore," "the mother of harlots," "the mother of abominations," who first deceived, and then seduced the whole earth to commit fornication with her.

Obj. When the Devil was chained, it reads, he was cast into the "bottomless pit," "shut up and sealed." How does your con-

finement of him within the fourth circle answer such a description?

A. Compared with the almost limitless range through the flowery fields of heaven, the circles we have named are but a small inclosure.

Q. But how does the earth and the earthly circles answer to the bottomless pit?

A. Let the slavery and oppression, the carnage and blood that has flowed in sweeping torrents from human hearts in all ages, answer that question. It is as though some base usurper had possessed himself of a splendid palace, with its extensive parks, but whom, after a long and bloody battle, the rightful owner had expelled from the halls above into the basement story, and barred him in *ad libitum*. Here he has time for reflection; "a space to repent;" like the unyielding and refractory child, Satan has been thus "shut up" these 1500 years, the New Jerusalem that expelled him and turned the key, is now about to remove the bolts and make him another visit, that the universe may know what effect his discipline has had on him, as well as to show the forbearance and long-suffering of the Almighty towards his sworn enemy, and in case they find no signs of improvement, they are ordered not to let him out, but pitch him into the furnace where he shall become the prey of his own vile passions forever and ever. Hence the clangor of another battle that already sounds in the distance, for he never yields without a desperate struggle.

REMARKS BY MR. WESLEY.

In view of our subject, we can hardly fail to draw a contrast between its principles of philosophy, and those of Mr. Davis, to whom we usually refer, as he seems to be the leader of the "*harmonialists*" of the present day, though not of all true spiritualists. To sustain our position of an uncreated spiritual power, whose throne for a long period was in the spiritual circles, (for we are always speaking of the *human* heavens.) We have the testimony of Christ and his Apostles; of a multitude of angels over a long period; the testimony of the earth during the period of its most fearful history; the minute particulars of a bloody struggle, unheard of for its severity or duration, the results of which filled the earth with wailing indescribable, and which we all feel in every bone to this very day. We have a *positive* God, who is and ever has been in *positive* earnest against this positively base usurper, which gives us a positive basis, on which positive minds may positively rest, in the positive assurance that a positive Devil is *not* a "positive humbug," against whom God has been playing an impossible sham through all his eternities. On the other hand, we have Mr. Davis' assertions that his God has created incomputable millions of universes, more numerous than the atoms of our earth, while each universe occupied incomputable millions of centuries, and that each and all were built in a beauty and perfection of moral excellence almost infinitely above the one that preceded

it. Now, then, with all God's experience and improvements in the unnumbered eternities of his creations, we will come to the conclusion of the whole matter in the author's own words. In relation to the creation of to-day, he says: "Since the time of Luther and Calvin, many very important modifications have been made in christian opinions, rules, customs, ordinances, ceremonies and ecclesiastical organizations, and these have most effectually operated in destroying the harmony and peace of mankind, and in casting a shroud of sectarianism over the world, that is almost the last indication of the death and burial of rational intelligence! The whole world, physically, morally and spiritually, appears to me, at this moment, as being immersed in the dark and turgid waters of sectarianism, into which the light of reason and divine truth scarcely cast one relieving ray! The whole is gloomy, desolate and uncongenial! Man, it is true, is the lord of creation, the flower of nature; but alas, how poorly he sustains his position, and how humiliating to reflect upon the present state of his mental possessions."

Yes, reader, here we have it. All God's creations, all his experiments, have only produced, as the lord of creation, the flower of nature, a trampled, withered, ill-flavored poppy! Thus much for the drivelling conclusions of Mr. Davis, when in all his eternities, through all his warfare, God has had nothing to contend against but a mere "*negative nothing*;" all evils are negative, are all of man, begotten by him, and Almighty God, with all his experience and skill cannot help it, and "man is not a free agent," and he can't help it. Man perverts and inverts God's laws, turns them wrong side out, while God cannot stop him nor turn them back. He is warring a negative and always has been, and Mr. D. and his associates are helping him in his very laudable work, while the result must be, as it ever has been, a *negative*. "Since Luther and the reformation, the world has grown worse," negatives are increasing, "reasonable intelligence is nearly extinct." We do not believe any sane man out of the church of Rome, ever paid so flattering a compliment to the old Whore and her bloody demands. Every man knows that every ecclesiastical modification from that day, has done something towards loosing the shackles of the human mind; something towards giving more free expansion to the thoughts of men. Here Mr. D. affirms a downward progression during some three and a half centuries. Could we admit Mr. D.'s conclusions, and as a creature might be permitted to address the Creator, we would say, Father of Mercies, if you have any regard for your own reputation, for heaven's sake DO NOT TRY AGAIN! If God has run through so many universes, with such vast improvements on each, he must have run innumerable millions of the first on a plane infinitely below any conception of an orthodox hell that the most bigoted ever conceived.

No warfare can be generated between a positive and negative; darkness can never oppose, or aggress upon light; or cold upon heat; the positives must permeate and dispel them; and yet our so-called philosophers affirm that reason, the highest attribute of man, has retired before the aggression of slavery and vice, ignorance and sectarian bigotry. Why not be consistent, and admit that as there is but a single source in the universe from which all things have flowed, and that source is only good; then "misdirection" is good, for it came from God; "inharmonious and social discords" are good, for streams are like their fountain; the wilful subversion, perversion or inversion of God's UNCHANGEABLE (think of that) laws, are good; for man's will, his ability, and disposition to do this, are all of God, and the result must be good. We affirm, God must have had a fountain of evil in him, if all the evil streams that have for ages been deluging the earth and the spiritual heavens, have flowed from him, which we shall be slow to admit, without proof that has not yet been produced; while a man in the fourth circle, and of course, within and more or less under Satan's influence, an influence that has thus far "deceived the whole world," (and no exception to spiritualists) cannot justly judge of the source, origin, or end of evil, any more than one can judge of the effects of alcohol or opium, while under their intoxicating influence. Man must speak from *personal* knowledge on spiritual subjects, or his theories are little better than conjecture. Ignorance never made a man *wicked*. As well may a man say that his neighbor's bacon made him a thief; that ignorance, like bacon and beans, may be an *occasion* through which an evil spirit may tempt a man to sin, is true; but a shallow folly, under the sacred name of philosophy, cannot make more of it. The thousands who have run off on this track, without reflection, we hope will return wiser than they started. If the harmony, peace and beauty of the universe, proves a God of goodness, wisdom and love, then, by the same process of reasoning, the discord, wrangling, strife and bloodshed that have existed through all the eternities of God's creations, equally proves the existence of an uncreated Evil Deity, neither of whom will, probably, ever be seen by man or angel. No manifestation of *Evil* is a manifestation of *Good*—then it is not a manifestation of God. Escape this axiom who can. Imperfection as applicable to undevelopment, is not sin, but as much cannot be said of positive, wilful transgression.

CLOSING REMARKS BY THE WRITER.

If we do not greatly err, we have been contemplating a most wonderful *seance* that has been before the world for a long period, and we can hardly fail to enquire, was the circle and medium reliable? Who were the parties? The ruling spirit claims to be Jesus Christ, the faithful and true Witness, the first begotten from

the dead, the Prince of the kings of the earth, He that liveth, but was dead, and is alive forevermore, and has the keys of death and hell; who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens. He opens and closes the *seance*, besides figuring conspicuously through the whole "sitting." Through him we are introduced to an innumerable company of angels, riding over the fields of heaven on white horses, clothed in linen, white and clean, with crowns upon their heads, some of whom so far excelled in brightness that at their approach "the earth was lighted with their glory," and so strong that they are represented as hurling the stars from their orbits, like mighty millstones. Such then is the inner circle. Who is the medium? We answer, he who had leaned upon that bosom of love and absorbed its divinity, till he was justly denominated "the beloved disciple;" he, who, when the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End, announced his immediate coming, in the last words that ever fell publicly from heaven on mortal ears, could promptly answer, "Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus;" Yes, "*come quickly*," I am ready and have been long waiting your appearance.

Now, reader, is such a company reliable? Will you abide their testimony, and believe that a righteous God will give blood to drink to all who have shed the blood of the innocent? I dare not impeach the witnesses, even at the instigation of modern seers; a company of young men, by the by, scarce thirty years old, who boldly impeach these witnesses, and claim, under God, to be the leaders of the human race. Old men and *old angels* for counsel, is our motto. These young men may *war*, but they have not sufficient experience for guides. Let them *tear down*, while older men and spirits build up. It will be admitted that there is much of system in the instruction of our spirit friends, and the farther it is unfolded, the more plain and connected it appears. We think our spiritual journals would do well to recommend this work to the special attention of our *Orthodox* Brethren, for when angels take the bible from them, their last prop is gone. We think, also, that they have made the most vague and doubtful texts of the bible;—those that have puzzled the commentators of many centuries,—clear, rational, and beautifully consistent with each other, and with all the laws of matter and mind. As for instance, to suppose that the millennium is to take place on earth, throws the mind into inextricable difficulties, which are here obviated; for as soon

as the thousand years are expired, the same prophecy that proclaims it, also affirms, that Satan is at once let loose and gathers an army as broad as the world, (for "he goes upon the breadth of the earth,") and as numerous "as the sands of the sea." WHERE DOES HE GET SUCH AN ARMY!? Certainly, nothing less than *all* Christ's thousand year christians can answer the description or make out the number, and they must go over *en masse* to Satan, their old commander, if this prophecy is to be fulfilled on earth, as the French returned to Napoleon. They do not differ from the common views of christendom, that "Christ shall rule from sea to sea," that "the sins of Israel shall be sought for and there shall be none, and the iniquity of Judah, and it shall not be found;" that one shall not say to another, *know the Lord*, for all shall know him from the least to the greatest,—that there shall be one Lord throughout the earth, and his name one; but they do affirm, that when that day comes it will be perpetual and eternal; that it has no possible reference to the thousand years' reign of those who were *beheaded*, and of course were of necessity inhabitants of another sphere. They are evidently far ahead of the Adventists, and of every other portion of the church, so far as we know.

Again, can any man doubt that an unnumbered host of Evil Spirits were hurled from the circles "*into the earth*," when they remember that through the mediums furnished by the church of Rome, these Devils have consumed the bodies and bones of fifty millions of human victims, and drank of human gore, *two millions three hundred and eighty-nine thousand five hundred and twenty-three hogsheads!* How rational and consistent a cause our spirit friends have given for such an effect,—an effect we should remember, subsequent to the instruction of Christ and his Apostles (and the mighty out-pouring of the divine spirit,) that men should love one another, that instruction had gone out into all the world, and reached the ear of every creature, of which Paul affirms that he himself was witness.

Would to God I could stop now, and feel that this insatiate, avaricious maw, was confined to the Romish Church; but alas, Popery and Protestantism are too much one in essence and spirit. Rome, if she had the power, would to-day consume every Protestant in America; while the Protestant Church is devouring an hundred African victims daily, drinking hogsheads of their blood,

and crushing every rising aspiration of their immortal spirits; such is the relation between the mother and her daughter, and all "*for the glory of God,*" of course, and the best interests of man.

Dr. Beecher has nobly shown the wickedness and fraud of the Mother of Harlots, but the sins of the daughters he seems to overlook. Did he not intend to practice the same fraud he so justly condemns, when he quoted Christ's words, that he would be with his disciples to the end of the *Jewish* world? Did he not intend that his readers should understand it to mean to the end of all time, when he himself knew better? The translators and the clergy of all nations, have evidently intended to deceive the world in this matter, for it is their only prop. Mr. B. must have known that it was the largest and strongest sinew in the Romish "Dragon;" and yet he refused to cut it, lest it equally cripple the Protestant "Beast;" when he admits that the Apostles have not had *any successors* by divine authority, since the formal overthrow of the Jewish theocracy; when he admits that Peter's exit to the heavens was a translation of the "*keys*" also, where their use was most needed; when he discovers that the church was built on Peter, and not on his successors, that all claims to church authority among Protestants are equally fraudulent with those of Rome; when he so far becomes a little-child as to base all his claims on texts like these:—"Let him that heareth say, *come*;" "Do good unto all men as you have opportunity;" when he discovers that such authority is all that has survived the wreck of the the Jewish nation; when he admits, what he already must know, that the ministry is a mere matter of conscience, (instead of a "*call from God,*") like the vocation of every other man; then, and not till then, will he be able to hew his Agag in pieces. Why, Brother B., if you Protestants have had in your possession the keys of the kingdom of Heaven these 1800 years, why in the name of humanity have you not unlocked its mysteries and let that humanity know in what they consist?

They have made it evident, also, that most of the instruction, direction and advice, found in the New Testament, had a direct reference to the scenes we have been contemplating, and are no more applicable to us than the orders given at Waterloo are now binding on the armies that to-day surround Sebastopol. For example, "Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not the day nor the

hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." It is ever good to watch and be sober, but to watch for *that day*, now 1800 years in the past, would be about as wise, and places the ignorant priest in the same position as the deputies would be, who should continue to call on the citizens to watch a supposed prisoner after he had been tried and acquitted, because the sheriff had ordered him watched soon after his arrest. Yet we constantly hear such exhortations from the pulpit. Though most of the New Testament was written for the special instruction of a by-gone age, it is yet a chart of such dimensions that we readily find the latitude and longitude of the human race, as it sails to-day over the sea of time.

ANOTHER CHAPTER OF PERSONAL HISTORY.

PUBLISHED IN 1855.

The following petition was received through Miss King as medium, recently from Palmer, Mass., and who at the time was spending a few days at my house.

To J. A. GRIDLEY, our beloved friend and fellow-helper:—

We, the undersigned, your spirit friends, hereby request you to publish another chapter of your spiritual experience. Facts are more acceptable than theories, as well as more useful; besides, you have the example of the Apostles, who often spoke of the abundant grace vouchsafed to themselves. Speak, therefore, humbly but freely, of the way you have been led, and thus magnify the grace of God that is again proffered to the world.

EBENEZER BRYANT,
ALBERT J. GRIDLEY,
MARY CHAPMAN,
RUTH TARBELL,
LAVINIA CLAPP,
JOSEPH P. GRIDLEY,
JOHN LYMAN,
MERCY MORGAN,

JESSE SEARL,
EMILY STANTON,
DOTUS STRONG,
FRANK SEARL,
DOLLY CHAPMAN,
NATHAN BENJAMIN,
THOMPSON DOYLE,
JOHN WESLEY.

Well, dear reader, I do not deceive, when I tell you that an attempt to fulfil the above request is not pleasant to my personal feelings. Three of the above petitioners I had never heard of, and of the genuineness or authenticity of their signatures, I, of course, know nothing. The other thirteen, I have many reasons for believing, are sincere in their request. It is not often *profitable*, besides being unpleasant to speak of one's self; though it is true there may be times when it will be useful to others, for the fields of grace and truth are common property.

I have been a suffering man for many years, with a deranged wife, and feeble health, or rather with a constitution incapacitated for long endurance. I have been blessed (or cursed, as the reader shall judge,) with an unbounded ambition on every thing on which I laid my hands or heart; if the latter, there was ever an unflinching determination to defend the just and true; no matter what it cost me in reputation—God has had the care of that since I was fourteen years of age. Phrenologists have ever given me a large "*fear of God*," with very little regard for men or their opinions; every thing must be tested by my spiritual instincts, and pass through the fiery ordeal of a large "*causality*," before it could be admitted into my creed; this was specially true of spiritual matters; hence, with an ardent and unwaning desire to find the true and unerring way of God, I ran rapidly through the various and multiform sectarianisms of the churches, as the Congregationalist, Methodist, Unionist, Perfectionist, &c. till I reached Paul's charity, when sectarianism of every form retired, for that is an inclosure into which its profane and unhallowed feet never enter. Yes, I ran through all these, and in 1834-5 I was convicted for a higher life. The sinning and repenting that I had followed under the instruction of all my teachers, from 1816, (when I was 14 years old,) became to me exceedingly loathsome. I sought help from the most renowned spiritualists of that day, but none understood my wants,—none knew the unutterable desires of my thirsty soul. I had been filled for years with the blessings of "*Revivals*," but they could no longer reach that aching void. I finally left every thing that bore the name of religion, and betook myself only to God. I would not have given a straw for all the religion I had ever seen or heard of. It had been valuable in the past; this I felt as deeply as ever, but it could be useful no longer.

My soul had out-grown it, and from its deepest depths, it was aspiring for something, it hardly knew what;—an *end of sin* must be reached or I must be damned, for I knew *I was not saved*, and yet I was sure, beyond mistake, that I knew more, had felt more, and *did* then, of what passes current for Christianity, than any one among my religious acquaintance. So strong was my desire, for several years, to overcome sin, without and within, that in the depth of my soul I preferred to die and go out of the world, if God (as I had ever been taught,) could not overcome it here; I no longer wanted any of God's *gifts*; if I could not have the *Giver*, I wanted nothing. To ask him to bless me with any treasure within the circuit of heaven, was the perfection of all selfishness. I felt as the sensitive and long betrothed lady would be likely to feel who had been receiving gifts, through a long period, rich as the sapphire and brilliant as the diamond, from her distant lover; however much these presents may have been valued during their appropriate season, the time would come when hope deferred would become restless with the long, long, and still lengthened delay of the absent one, till the heaving bosom and palpitating heart would exclaim, Give me *thyself* or give me nought beside. Such a cry, from the vehemence of my soul for ten long years, daily pierced the heavens; yet the struggle was so interior that had I sat at the table three times a day with an hundred boarders, no mortal would have suspected a tithe of the raging storm I was passing through. To conceal it from the gaze of men, was a part of the work itself; it was a work too deep, too delicate, too intricate, for the rude hand of priest or people;—it required the delicate touches of the Divine Artist himself; the block was already sufficiently unsightly in its own estimation, while it fully realized that every human effort would render it more so; it was a purifying process never to be written, never to be uttered, never to be known till it is experienced, as it certainly must be by every human soul that reaches the morning of the resurrection, a morning without clouds; a day without darkness, a sun without a setting; no man knows what real prayer is till his yearning soul has thus sought the endless embrace of the Infinite One. Like the aeronaut who should commence his ascension on a cloudy morning, though conscious of rising with almost fearful rapidity, the clouds darken, the winds howl frightfully, the storm continues to thicken and gather blackness, till for the thou-

sandth time he feels that he must be utterly overwhelmed and lost beyond hope ; finally, after a million of nameless perils, he emerges into the clear, blue sky, and hears the thunders roll and sees the lightnings flash at his feet ; it was thus in 1844 I myself emerged from the storms of the *Day of Judgment*. From that year to the present moment, neither men on earth nor the angels of God, could make me doubt that I had forever risen above the storms of earth or hell. From that year I have felt at no time the fear of death, (though I have been brought very low several times,) and have testified that for time and eternity all mental sufferings were ended. - I of course knew nothing of the spiritual circles ; but after I had been often told by my spirit-friends that I occupied the fifth, I inquired with much interest where they located the judgment, and was agreeably surprised when they uniformly answered in the last half of the fourth. It is true that I did not suspect where I was while I was in it ; but I may affirm, that no living man ever saw any truth with more clearness and certainty, than I gazed upon that receding storm, and comprehended its object and results, after I had got out of it.

Whatever may be thought of a Sinai *without*, I know assuredly that every man will find a Sinai *within*, that is written all over with legal statutes, which will quake and burn till they are "fulfilled to the very last mite." God's justice is as rigid and fierce as his mercy is expansive and kind. What less than such a cleansing can forever prevent those constant bickerings and petty strifes that are continually springing up among the best associationists. If, instead of trying to realize the harmony of heaven in the fourth degree, each member would seek for himself instead of his neighbor, to reach the fifth, they would then find themselves conjoined of God, possessing but one spirit, one interest, one end and one aim ; Mr. Davis' heaven would be fully attained. I have no earthly reason for believing that I have been a sinner above all that are in the present Jerusalem ; though at the time I verily thought I was the hardest spirit God had undertaken to subdue since the days of the persecuting Saul. I do not believe there has been a waking hour since I was fourteen, whatever pressure might have attended my professional business, that I have not thought of God or heavenly things. What, then, the inexperienced reader may ask, so long prevented the full and complete possession of your

soul's most ardent wish? Why, friend, I was a full year in a state of weakness,—in assuming courage for the battle,—in learning the art of war, in making arrangements for the approaching conflict. It was a weakness through which you yourself will assuredly pass; through which the apostles were passing when Christ's care for them was so strikingly manifest. Just listen to his discourse, which was as truly and literally given to me as to them. Sit quietly down with me, my friend, in that little company, and let us listen to the words of that wonderful Teacher. He thus discourses: My dear disciples, I wish to-day to "send you forth as lambs among wolves;" I give you power over unclean spirits and all diseases;" but I know your weakness, you cannot go alone, you must go out in pairs; "by two and two," that thus you may strengthen and sustain each other; you can but just live by devoting all your energies to the great work for which I now commission you; secure, therefore, all the outward helps within your reach; if your minds are diverted, you will lose your life and be overcome. "Salute no man by the way," for if you open your spirit to the friends you meet, they will absorb your life, which will be wasted on their desert hearts, with dreadful loss to you and no advantage to them. Pass them, therefore, unnoticed; and "when ye enter a city, first of all inquire who in it is worthy;" seek diligently for those possessing the best name for godliness, and when you have reached their dwelling, "salute the inmates in my name," for it often happens that men have a name to live when they are dead; if therefore you breathe out my spirit in the act of salutation and it is absorbed, "your peace will rest upon it," the "Son of Peace" is there and will inhale his own, "and there you may safely remain;" if not, the repulsion from the spirits of the household will reject it, and it will of course "return to you again," in which case leave the house at once, and "shake off the very dust of your feet against them," for in so doing you cannot help exercising a repulsive force from your own spirits, which will effectually clear off any evil influence that may have insinuated itself into your spiritual or mental atmosphere.

But "wherever you are received, there remain till ye go hence;" "go not from house to house; you have not strength to meet any but the very best spiritual conditions that are now to be found on the earth; for under my restrictions, none will seek

your aid but those God-fearing men of faith and prayer, whose mental state will greatly favor the work I have given you to do. This advice is, for the present, indispensable; it belongs to your weak condition, as the members indeed of my body, but the members of children. When you have attained to manhood,—“when you shall be endued with power from on high,” then you must salute every body; “for if you salute your *brethren only*, what do ye more than others?” “the publicans can do that as well as you.” Then you may, yea, you must “go into all the world” single-handed, while neither kings nor governors shall for a moment be able to withstand the power of your utterance. Here is evidence of a deeper and truer spiritual philosophy than any I have seen in modern times.

All the weakness here expressed I have as truly passed through as the Apostles; much of its strength I now feel. I learned the meaning of that discourse by having it written and read *within me*. One year of the judgment is passed; I was another entire year under the very scourge of the Almighty, in learning the difference between Benevolence and Christianity;—between mere veneration and a healthful love of God. There is a close resemblance between the base and the genuine coin. When, for instance you see a fellow-creature suffering for the necessities of life, which you can easily relieve, what would you do, dear reader? What would Mr. Davis do, and H. C. Wright, and the host of associationists? Why, you would relieve those wants, of course; and you can do it with safety in your present light; but were you in the day of judgment—farther advanced—you would, quite likely, feel heaven’s chastising rod fall like hailstones about your ears, and suffer from the smart of that chastisement for weeks; while the voice of the Mighty One would utter itself in something like the following language:—“*How came you to act without counsel!*” I have reduced that servant of mine to his present condition, to soften his proud heart, to make him turn his imploring eyes upward, and thus secure to him a lasting good—more enduring than all the treasures of earth. What right had you to interfere and take him from my hand? Nay, mistaken man! it should have been enough for you to turn your own inquiring spirit upward, and ask, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” I might demand vastly more than you would be likely to do, and I might require

less. But in future remember to wait for orders. If you are the servant of man, and "know no God above man," then you may make yourself the servant of man's necessities; but if you are the servant of God, look to him for orders, and know, O, man! that my kindness and love cannot be less than yours, while I understand my work and its object infinitely better."

Yes, reader, I learned under the scourge, that Benevolence and Veneration undisciplined, are as unruly and riotous as Acquisitiveness or Combativeness. Here is an example:—On a certain occasion, in an adjacent town, I was visiting a patient, when a lady, fatherless, homeless, and in feeble health, entered the room where I was sitting with the family, and dropping upon her knees, placed her hand on my knee and her head on her hand, and appeared to be in mental prayer. The occurrence was so sudden, so singular, and unexpected that my mind was instantly turned from her, with a feeling that I was not to be overcome with any foolish sympathy. I opened my mind upward, but received nothing. She soon arose and asked me if I got any impressions? I told her I did not, but if she had any request to make, I was ready to hear it. She then said that the Lord wanted she should ask me for five dollars. I was impressed in an instant, and told her she could have it with all cheerfulness; this act always felt right. A few weeks later, she sent a line, with a similar request to myself, and one to my wife, for cloth to replenish her wardrobe. I felt that through the first gift, she had now boldly "sieved my skirts." She had used the name of the Lord in the second as well as in the first instance; and I replied, that the Lord wanted no such thing of me; that I knew his signature, and that the note she sent me was forged for effect. This called out a long letter of censure, which the lady boasted among her friends I should not be able to answer. She declared in it that the truth that should soon go forth over the breadth of the earth was, that pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father, was to visit the widow and the fatherless in their afflictions, with similar texts. In my reply, I said that as my friend (for such she truly was,) had quoted the female texts, I would match them with their males, for "the one was never without the other in the Lord."

In that day, (the very day in which this lady supposed herself living,) "One shall not build houses and another inhabit them

nor plant vineyards and another eat of the fruit of them; that many prophets were in Israel in the days of Elisha the prophet, but none of them was healed save Naaman the Syrian; and many widows were in Israel, but to none of them was he sent save to Sarepta, unto a woman that was a widow. It seems, as I said to her, that God sometimes passes by his own "chosen people," to take care of strangers, while the prophet thought it of more consequence to obey God's orders than to regard widows' necessities. This language of Christ's excited the most intense indignation from the Jews, and "they gnashed on him with their teeth," and led him to the brow of the hill to cast him down headlong, but he just closed their vision or threw over it an illusion, as spirits now sometimes do, and passing through the midst of them, went his way.

I have often excited a similar hatred in a certain class of spiritualists, as they consider themselves, though in reality they are Moses' disciples, and who being too lazy to work, have visited me either for the "loaves and fishes," or to force me to listen to their own senseless gab, or to entomb me and my family again in the sepulcher of Moses. For all such I have *no time—no room*, and when I have made allusion to the impropriety of their course, they have replied, "I thought every thing here was the Lord's." And this is the very reason why *you* cannot touch it, I rejoined. The Master's order's are, that "if any will not work, when able, neither shall he eat." Such would leave in high dudgeon, and accuse me every where of selfishness or illiberality. To such as come to receive or impart good, my table is as free as the air of heaven. Let the chicken and the lobster be again snugly reduced within the shells which they have outgrown and cast off, before any man tests his skill in the same work on an advanced spirit of human kind.

Don't you think, reader, that it requires time to gain strength for such a service, and a clear-seeing, open vision in the interior, so as to make no mistakes? I have sometimes detected an impostor at such a distance and under circumstances where with the outward eye, I could not possibly tell but the individual was one of my nearest neighbors, or a member of my own family. I felt the sphere of their influence dark and gloomy as midnight. This is written for the instruction of such as have seen but one side of truth. Many and many a time have gifts afterwards been converted by

the recipient into a claim in all time to come. I have taken the sick and fatherless stranger and kept them, free of charge, with their attendant nurses and friends, often from five months to more than two years, and then these persons have set up their claims boldly to an equal share of my property with my own children.

At one time, when such a claim was made, a voice from the heavens during the night was as distinctly heard by me as it was by Abraham: "Cast out the bondwoman and her son," for she is not only in bondage herself, but she is endeavoring to bring you in also; (which was as true as the gospel,) and four persons were shipped under that order;—the leading member of which had been laboring to establish Methodism in my house, and make it a home for a sect whose tenets I had out-grown. I obeyed as Abraham obeyed, and I grieved over it as he grieved; and though poor and penniless, like the ancient Hagar, they were provided for in twenty-four hours in a way where they earned for themselves a comfortable subsistence. All I ever received for my kindness, was falsehood and calumny; such has been uniformly the case where I have rendered any *special* favor. Small courtesies are often duly appreciated; but important favors generally beget a claim that must not be denied afterwards. Such, at least, has been my experience.

On another occasion, I was also in an adjacent town, where I had thrown myself upon a bed, awaiting the effect of medicine on a sick child, when a stranger left the house. I was impressed that I must arise and give that man a *Five*. I arose at once and went out and slipped it into his hand, and quickly returned to my former place. The family informed me before I left, that he was a minister, out of employ, with a family a hundred miles distant, and without a dollar to enable him to get to them. Soon after, this same man came to me and wanted fifteen or twenty dollars more. It felt wrong, and I demurred, but being pressed, I let him have five dollars more; for this disobedience to the inward monitor, I suffered a constant chastisement for several weeks. I had acted not merely without orders, but *against* orders.

I might fill a dozen pages with similar incidents during my judgment discipline, and three times that number of pungent letters that, as a consequence, I was called to write, to clear myself of the slime I had thus unwisely contracted. Christianity is life

itself,—ever active, and always rejoices when permitted to relieve distress; it never wants quickening by exhortation or entreaty, but its true mission is to control the impulses of man, and not be controlled by them. I once told a zealous minister that his exhortations to Christians, as he termed them, to be up and doing, &c., appeared to me very much like a wild man standing beside a chimney and vehemently gesticulating, and exhorting the smoke to ascend the atmosphere, or the water to rush down the cataract. Tell your hearers, said I, that if they are not ready to discharge every obligation, christianity does not influence them—they are not christians, then you would be a man of truth.

Well, reader, we will call the second year of the judgment passed. Now comes the struggle with Acquisitiveness. Benevolence and veneration may be considered as overcome, and reduced to their proper balance in the functions of the mind. Instructed as I had been by both my parents, and practically by the church itself, from the age of fourteen, that money was not only the god of this world, but the god of heaven also; I now had a foe more formidable than anything I had encountered, or than I had ever dreamed existed. I had tried to flatter myself that I was practicing medicine for the good of man, as well as for the laudable object of supporting my family; but for three long and almost insufferable years that will not pass from memory while a sand is left in the hour-glass of eternity, the lash of a righteous God did not cease its stripes. During that period I visited my patients by wading through the depths of hell; (no man need tell me there is no lake of fire and brimstone, for I have buffeted its burning billows, till I feel that it is no boast to affirm that I am *fire-proof*, and been plunged beneath the waters of tribulation, till I feel also *water-proof*.) After visiting my patients for a few days, all enveloped in the flames of the damned; (reader, won't you remember that words are but the *wrapping paper* of *ideas*, and that the former are to be thrown away as soon as the latter are secured, and rest assured that the language does not express more than the reality.) I would make up my mind fully that my practice was offensive to God, and that I would never ride another rod to save the life of a brother or a father. Whenever I became, as I thought, *fully fixed* in this determination, I was sure to receive a call;—all hell would recede—the cloud would rise, and I would

go off on my visit as happy as a seraph on six wings. What it meant I could not divine; but of one thing I would feel sure, that God was not opposed to my practicing medicine; my heart would again seize upon it as a lucrative business, and the only thing I could do to support a sickly, and of course a very expensive family. I soon found in these releases that I was only "let up" to breathe, and thus prepare me for a deeper plunge, more absolutely suffocating and intolerable than the preceding, till I fully dreaded a moment's respite. In these reprieves, I was a few times for a single day as happy and peaceful as heaven itself could make me. These respites, I was impressed, were the foretastes of the permanent and unalterable condition for which I so devoutly struggled, and which I was sure was in the distance; and often, very often, I exclaimed, (within me, remember,) How long! Oh, God! HOW LONG! During all this time, not a petition, even to a sentence, was I permitted to frame and utter. For a year I retired to my barn to pray, and fill the *interior*, yes, the MOST INTERIOR heavens with my groans. But, dear reader, the groaning spirit of the Almighty, which I knew was struggling within me, and laboring night and day for my deliverance, would leave me in a moment if I made the least audible sound, or attempted the utterance of a single sentence, though a few monosyllables were always given me, as Oh, my God! *my God!* MY GOD!! which I could utter for hours together, from the deepest interior only, for the least sound detected by the outer ear would break the sympathy and arrest the draft of my spirit on Him upon whom it was so firmly hinged, in these seasons of burning retribution. What had become of my prayers, so earnestly and devoutly offered for thirty years in the conference room and in my family? Gone, GONE, I affirm, to the resting place of Moses, with every other religious rite, "buried, too, by the hand of God, where no man can find them to this day."

Tell me, ye who minister at the altar, what did it mean? Was God angry at the supplication of the humble?? Does he mock the prayers of the sincere? Is He offended at the entreaties of the penitent!?? Thus I reasoned during some of the last years of the judgment, while certain I was that this was God's work, or I had never known any God. But what new thing had come? Nothing of the kind had I ever read of, nothing had I ever heard of such

dealings with the children of men ; till the "*Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace,*" said to me in a voice clear and distinct as ever vibrated through the ranks of the redeemed—"PEACE! *Be still, O mortal man if you would hear the voice of thy Maker* ; for thirty years you have talked to me as it seemed good to you, henceforth be *mute*, and your God and Redeemer will commune with you ; you have long looked to your practice for your support ; cease, at once, and look henceforth to your employer. Your interest, your welfare, remember, are in my hands. You have my permission to pursue your former calling, but don't forget that in it you labor *for me*, and not for yourself. I alone must be your counsellor ; if the patient can be saved, or rather if such is my will, you shall never lack wisdom as to the means ; but my will, rather than the patient's health must be your governing principle ; all life is mine, it goes out from me, and at my pleasure must change its conditions. You may go, but go under my direction ; we must be interested partners hereafter." I might add in confirmation of the severity of the struggle that it so completely demanded all the energies of both body and soul, that for fifty-one weeks I did not ride a rod to make a charge. I was sometimes permitted to visit a friend on those conditions, *i. e.* without receiving any compensation, but on no other.

There were weeks together, when I felt it would have been a relief to have cut my flesh into slits and roasted it in the fire, and many times when alone, I have extended fully my arms, as if to invite some power, either visible or invisible, to spike them to the cross. I felt that no possible violence done to the body could add a whit to my mental anguish. It seems now to me like the briny waves of the damned, poured upon me to assist the attraction from above in buoying me up to a higher plane ; one more worthy of the service and worship of God, as the baptism of Satan once drove Christ from earth to the bosom of the Father ; for, I may add, that very few acts of my life caused me any regret ; it was also to impress upon my mind, in letters of fire, traced by the finger of God, the deep importance of following the interior light, rather than outward reason, on all subjects ; besides, how strong and numerous, does the reader think were the attachments of a multitude of friends, who for years had mingled their sympathies

with mine in the sick chamber, all of which were open avenues to my spirit to let in a world of earthly influences that in my present weakness I could by no means withstand. These avenues, severe and painful as was the trial, must be closed, earthly friendships must be sacrificed; so intense and almost agonizing was the trial, that after a protracted struggle of years a crisis came, though I was twice and in quick succession, first smitten down with sickness as the result of disobedience, as I well knew. On the second stroke, as soon as I was able, I crawled from my bed and wrote a number of letters and sent them off to my patients and friends, that from no entreaty could I be induced to visit them more. I based my reason on my loss of health, (which was strictly true) though I inwardly knew that it was not the main reason, as I was assured to a certainty that I was smitten down for the express purpose of being able to give my friends a reason for my refusal to practice, that *they* could understand. I knew they came in kindness from a Father's hand, and my spirit melted before them; the soul is worth as much more than the body as its duration is longer, and yet I knew I was wasting, and even destroying the energies of my own immortal spirit, by taking care of the bodies of men; chained as it was, by its sympathies to frail, physical forms almost innumerable, how could it rise in its weakness and enter upon its heavenly possessions? One special friend, who had laid me under a thousand obligations by innumerable kindnesses, was taken sick and sent for me but a single mile, and I was compelled to refuse her. A few days after I called on her and told her that the obligation I knew I was under to her, and the esteem in which I held her, would dispose me to ride, free of charge, forty miles in the darkest night, and the most terrific storm that ever veiled the heavens, and yet, said I, "As the Lord liveth" I was not permitted to ride a single mile to relieve your sufferings.

During one of the many, very many, wakeful nights I experienced, I lay contemplating my condition, as the darkness for many weeks had been unusually thick and heavy, when these words passed among my inward musings. I am verily in a "waste, howling wilderness;" for years I have wandered in it without finding a permanent opening; I have wandered in every direction; I will wander no longer. *I will never take another*

step, for I know not where to go ; no person was ever here before, or if there were, no record is left to tell the tale. *No, I WILL GO NO FARTHER ;* but this will I do, I will lie down and bleat for my Shepherd, if he hears me and comes to my relief, well ; if not, I will die where I am, knowing that the Lord of all the earth will do right. At this instant a voice, sweet as the melody of the spheres, replied, "*I WILL PILOT THEE OUT.*" I knew it was the voice of the "Shepherd," as well as if I had walked by his side during the last 1800 years ; but the unutterable joy with which my spirit played around his feet the remainder of the night can never be known till the reader has traversed the Deserts that lie between all human kind and the City of his God. The clouds closed over me again in the morning, but ever after, when sinking apparently beyond hope, that well known and familiar voice just at the right moment never failed to be heard, *I will pilot thee out !*

HEAVENLY INTERPOSITION.

Fourteen years ago, I was taken with a low, nervous fever, to which I had been annually liable in the latter part of May, for a number of years. The pulse fell from 72, (their usual beat,) to from 45 to 55 per minute, above which they did not rise during the course of the fever. The extremities were always cold, requiring constant warming applications ; a great rush of blood to the brain, severe pain in the eye-balls and forehead, following the ramifications of the optic nerve, imperatively demanding the exclusion of all light, with breath extremely fetid. In this condition I lay blind-folded in a darkened room, without discerning scarcely a ray of light for three entire weeks, the last half of which I was attended by an allopathic physician from an adjacent town. He changed his medicine entirely on each visit, as everything he gave me evidently aggravated my symptoms. This he frankly confessed, and added that he had never known medicine produce such results on any patient. At the last visit he remarked, that nothing worked favorably and he must leave me with the Lord.

How much he meant by the expression I do not know. I remained in the same condition, without medication two or three days longer, at the end of which time, a spiritual illumination came upon me, and I saw my condition through the mental eye with great clearness; I saw the whole mass of fluids corrupted to the very verge of dissolution, while in the same light I plainly discovered what was to be done, and in a low whisper I told my nurse to give me a teaspoonful of brandy every hour, saturated with common salt, and gradually increase the dose. In thirty-six hours I was walking my room, although previous to this illumination, I could scarcely turn myself in bed. During all this sickness, although my physical sufferings had been severe and constant, my spiritual perceptions had been very clear, and my peace of mind deep and tranquil. A number of truths, new to me, were unfolded with great perspicuity. At no time would I have allowed any person to pray for me, had I known my life depended on their prayer. I wished to die at the best time, all things considered, while I deeply realized that God only knew that time, and there I rested.

MAGNETIC FORCES.

I have spoken of the Magnetic Forces of the Godhead, or what have seemed to me to be the divine magnetic forces over, above, and independent of human origin, and beyond the control, or will-power of the individual to whom they may be imparted. I will give an instance or two in my own experience. A large, commodious Methodist church had been recently erected. It had been dedicated; its members organized, and was in every way outwardly prosperous. Now for a revival; yes, a revival! we must have a REVIVAL!! But for what object? I aver that it was not to glorify God, or honor his Christ, (for I speak not now in my own name;) the object was to gain proselytes; to add to their numbers; to increase Methodism instead of Christianity. I attended one of these meetings as a quiet and silent spectator. I felt the spiritual sphere that pervaded that assembly as hateful to God as selfishness could make it; a mere animal excitement was up, and lots of glory was on the lips. I now felt a divine magnetic current coming rapidly upon me, and passing off and spreading itself over the congregation. I knew it was an irresistible power that would

quickly chain every person in the assembly, unless some one more wise than the rest should seize a coal from the heavenly altar. I remained perfectly still and quiet, watching with much interest the strange phenomena. Within five minutes, as near as I can now recollect, a dead silence reigned throughout the congregation. One of the most active and excitable members slowly arose, and remarked that they felt such a spirit of bondage and oppression that they could neither speak nor pray; that before leaving home they were extremely happy, and when they entered the church were "very free;" and then, after making the inquiry, *what is it?* what can it mean? they took their seat. The next most active member now arose, and uttered himself in a similar strain and took his seat. The meeting closed within a very few minutes more, not having reached half way to the center of its ordinary exercises. I did not speak or move, neither did I seek to obtain nor impart the power that came upon me, and I was not probably in the house more than twenty minutes.

On another occasion I felt a similar power directing itself towards a minister, before sermon. I knew he could no more speak from the plane his mind then occupied, than if his jaws were screwed in a vise. Indeed, the spiritual vise was on him, turned fully up. Well, when the time came, he arose and remarked that he had intended to have spoken from a given text, but that it seemed to have been taken from him; and another, which he named, had taken its place. I felt that he was released much sooner than he had been bound, though that took but a couple of minutes; he had stepped into the right track, and gave his audience a most admirable discourse.

I might name other instances, but as I have no object, except to show one peculiar phase of spiritualism, I forbear. It is hardly to be expected that the clergy will believe this, because it accords so exactly with the scriptures; for I have never known a minister, or a decidedly orthodox church member, who believed much in their bibles; as a record simply of *ancient facts*, it is admitted that they nominally credit its statements; but as an embodiment of living, energetic principles that act *to-day and forever*, they mostly discard it. This book affirms that "*all saints* have the honor of binding kings in chains and nobles in fetters of iron." I only claim to have had practical proof of the truth of the text, that's

all, my Rev. brother. Is it true, or is it a falsehood? Will you decide it and abide the decision? Do *all saints* have that honor? You must seek to please your Maker more, and your purse-proud parishioners less, or you will all be bound, ere long, and perchance "cast into a furnace of fire," too. The influence I have described is nothing new; the Jews were frequently thus bound, when they prematurely sought Christ's life, because, as he informs us, "his hour was not yet come. They could rage, but they could lay *no hands on him*. I have lived a score of years for the same reason.

As an offset to this, I will now say, that the next time I entered that church was on this wise: I was passing by on a Sabbath, during the interim between the morning and afternoon services. As I got directly against the house, I was suddenly and unexpectedly met by the "Holy Watcher" of that assembly, and impressed to enter. I at once turned a right angle, crossed the highway, walked up the aisle and took a vacant seat. The clergyman was present, but there was an intermission of the exercises. I arose, and, if the reader will allow me to judge, gave the audience as affectionate an address as often falls from inspired human lips.—I am sure no one was offended. I then took my hat, walked out and went on my way. I believe this was the only time I ever spoke in that church; in this, however, I may be mistaken.

I once wished to close up several long-standing accounts with a number of men who lived at a distance, and as I supposed, in a certain direction, though I did not know the township in which some of them resided. I proposed to visit the vicinity and see what I could find. I arose almost daily with the intention of making a start; but for four weeks, as each successive morning came, the inner voice said, *not to-day*, and still it uttered, *not to-day*. I listened and quietly obeyed the heavenly monitor, till at last it said, *this is your time*, when I set off. I rode some half a dozen miles, and called at the nearest dwelling to which my business led, and inquired for the husband; his lady informed me that he was at the mill, some hundred rods distant. Thither I repaired, and found each and every man, (four or five,) with whom I had the anticipated business; in less than an hour all was satisfactorily finished.

I am aware that all such statements will be utterly insignificant to the reader, unless they force the inquiry in his mind, as they

have in my own, viz : By what influence was I thus hindered for thirty successive days on so trifling and worldly a matter ? Did angels daily read my intentions, and thus devote thirty successive mornings to the examination of the intended daily employment of all these men, and then come back and report ? A thousand similar incidents, which I have neither time nor inclination to write, nor probably the reader patience to read, have led me to the following conclusion : Allowing the circles to be what my spirit-friends have declared them in this work, I am led to believe, from their testimony, from my own experience, as well as from my understanding of the New Testament, that when man or angel reaches the fifth degree, he is able to bear not merely the reflected, but the *direct* rays of the great Moral sun that fill the universe ; he is in rapport with the Infinite Father, with whom all knowledge resides in the present time ; hence, whatever is needed is readily imparted at any given moment, without any intermediate angelic agency. He is so far "rooted and grounded in the knowledge of universal truth," that he no longer needs the surroundings of the forest to help break the fury of the raging blast, or screen him from the scorching rays of a mid-day sun. Christ and the Father, agreeably with the promise of the former, have come to make their abode with such a spirit ; hence, counsel of the highest order is always at hand, though lesser agencies are by no means excluded. At this point, viz., in entering the fifth circle, the great current of truth is entirely revulsed ; previous to this, truth first reaches the understanding, and gradually works its way down to the heart ; in other words, truth flows from the circumference toward the centre, in the first four degrees. In passing to the fifth from the middle of the fourth, the tide is arrested, a strong and mighty revulsion takes place, spiritual effervescence throughout all the elements of the soul, goes on with its purifying effects. These judgment scenes remove all obliquity and opaqueness from the spiritual sphere, rendering it entirely transparent ;—hence, from this point the rays of truth first strike the inmost intuitive perceptions, and thence work *outward* into living realities.

The Methodist form of expression is, "while you *keep drinking*—while the stream is *running down*, you will never thirst." Christ's current set the other way. The water that he gives, (the most interior life) becomes in the man, a well of water, "*springing*

up," farther and farther into an endless life. Men speak from their condition; hence, Christ's fountain is not yet struck within the Methodists. Nothing can hinder the inner power from working outward from the central soul; the assent of the whole being favors its movements, while expediency and selfishness constantly obstruct truth from working inward.

This inner, central life, of which I speak, is no better understood by clairvoyants than by others. They see only the exterior of the spirit world; but of the *inner spiritual*, they tell us nothing. I have been often told by my spirit-friends, that I know more of the true celestial heavens than any spirit out of the body who is yet in the fourth degree. When I asked my son if he knew how much his father loved him, he answered No; I cannot fathom the depth of your affection; your spiritual sphere has a much greater expansion than mine. I can no more embrace and comprehend it, than a lesser circle can include a greater. I can give you information of the exterior of the world I inhabit, as how, and on what we live; how we travel; where are our homes; what is the composition of our present bodies; our abiding love for our friends on earth; the extent of our vision, and a multitude of such like things, which to you are interesting and instructive; but if I want celestial life,—the *interior of the divine*, I must still go to my father, rather than he to me.

Thus have I written, because thus have they spoken. As an author, I have no claim to merit, and have endeavored to act only in the capacity of a *witness*; for nothing is required of such but honesty of purpose, with an ordinary share of common sense; while my call to the stand was not of my own seeking, I did not go without my summons. I knew I was smitten in the back, to cut me off from the cares of the external world, and the constant and unceasing drafts upon my sympathies with the sick, for this specific object; while for many weeks I was deeply impressed to become the amanuensis of my spirit friends. I could not well resist, and in it I have found the joy of my soul; an outward has been added to my inward communings with the world of spirits. Read, then, with a prayerful spirit, rather than with a critic's eye, if you would be benefited, my friend. Your servant was brought up a farmer, a favorite pursuit with him, till the age of twenty-one, when a variety of circumstances over which he had no control,

forced him from the plow to labor more directly for humanity, though I believe that to-day I can turn a *furrow* better than a sentence. I love to see smooth work in both, however, and I see a ruffle in your thoughts, dear reader, to this effect. Methinks I hear you say, that the striking correspondence between my personal and religious history, as herein given, and the whole tenor of F. B.'s teaching, is such, that very much of the latter is only the reflection of the mind of the former. I feel sure this is not so; that our spirits are on nearly the same plane, and hence in affinity, is unquestionable; that a very intimate and close relation from this cause does exist between myself and my friend, was evidenced during the first lone night after our introduction. His spiritual sphere pervaded and spread over mine, from its deepest centre to its most remote circumference; while mine equally permeated and filled, in the most flowing affection every fibre of his. This was the first time (though not the last,) that my spiritual sphere had ever spread through another, either on earth or in the heavens, without encountering any worldly thought or vain ambition; in other words, where it found no "flaw." It was an unutterable union, that cannot be written; none can know but by experience, the heavenly sensation of these spirit tides, as they ebb and flow through the spirit's atmosphere. I feel them just as sensibly, and always know the direction they take, as I should feel and know the direction of a current of warm water that was passing over my naked body. When these currents and counter currents had flowed so beautifully and unrestrainedly for a given time, without encountering the slightest obstruction in either, they became completely commingled. Each, finding its equilibrium in the other, they settled together into the celestial peace of heaven. From that instant, I felt as fully acquainted with him as though I had lived under the same roof during the ninety-four years of his earthly pilgrimage; yea, infinitely more so, for I was now sure that there was no secret corner of his being that I had not visited and comprehended. He now introduced me to a number of other spirits from the same circle, in the same manner, and with the same results that attended his own introduction.

At the close of this more than heavenly scene, they impressed my inner being so deeply, that ever after it was to me nothing else but a solemn pledge that whatever evils I might encounter from

the spirit world, or however violent and apparently overwhelming they might become, (for at this time they were increasing very fast,) I could on the instant throw my spiritual sphere into the fifth circle, and attract any number of spirits or any amount of power that the emergency might demand. In the morning they audibly declared that such was the fact, a fact that I have ever and do still feel.

I should state, however, that at the age of sixteen and seventeen, an interruption in my health compelled me to leave the farm, when by the earnest solicitation of the village clergyman, I turned my thoughts towards the ministry, and studied the usual languages preparatory to entering college; but my health returning and my eyes failing, I left my books and again returned to the farm. God's intentions concerning me I did not yet understand; but have ever felt, that in great mercy he saved me from that ministry, that I have since considered as almost fatal to spiritual life. I will here say, for the future reference of my own posterity, that I was supposed to possess a retentive memory, and have written, from that alone, lengthy sermons a week after their delivery, although I had heard other sermons in the interim which were equally well retained. The first lesson I recited in the Sabbath school, when a mere child, consisted of the first ten chapters of Matthew. These I repeated, as my teacher dodged from place to place, to save time as well as to satisfy himself whether they were well committed. At the age of twenty-one, my health again so completely failed, that for three years I was considered in a decline, and did not perform a day's work. It was more for the recovery of my own health than with a view of practicing medicine, that I now turned my attention to medical subjects. I had free access to the library of the village physician, with which I became quite as familiar as its owner; and when I left to attend the medical lectures at Pittsfield, he gave me an excellent recommendation to the faculty, in regard to my proficiency in medical science. This he evidently rued afterwards, for within a few years I had got most of his practice, and he was obliged to leave town. An unseen Providence directed me step by step. There was but one religious society in the place, nor a dissenter, with perhaps one or two exceptions. I soon became unpopular with the church, which embraced about one-third of the entire population; of course nearly all the heads

of families were church members, and as "blue" as if they had been trained in a dye-tub. Well, years, which tarry for none, still rolled on, crowning my efforts with uniform success, and forcing a practice that would have killed me years ago, and ten more like me, had it not been for the prejudice of portions of the church, who, like the ancient Jews, seemed ready to *swear* that they would neither eat nor drink till they had slain this modern heretic.

A sample or two I will give. After a very rainy week, followed a bright Sabbath. I devoted it to drawing hay from my meadow, constantly meeting the Sunday worshippers. Soon after, I was at the house of a very good woman, who remarked that she liked me much as a neighbor, and a christian, even; but she could not endure my breach of the Sabbath. I meekly replied that I knew nothing about the Sabbath, except what I learned from this book, at the same instant laying my hand on her bible, which I opened and commenced reading at the third chapter of of 2d Corinthians. After reading along by course, without making any comments, she vehemently replied: *I don't believe it!* I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!!

Another good pious soul declared that she should no more dare take any of my medicine than nothing in the world, for she believed it capable of changing a person's religious sentiments. Of course, I know nothing about such sand-bank religion, and care less. I excited much opposition from certain members of the medical profession, by having success where they had failed, as well as by a steady refusal to their solicitations, to join the county society. My ready answer was, God has made me free, and *free* I will live and die. Most of them, have, however, freely and honorably counseled with me, whenever friends or patients have desired it. My instincts from the first, as well as my better judgment, rejected nearly all the minerals as internal remedies, which was another source of unpopularity with my medical brethren. I might name several deep laid schemes by two or three of them, and more than one by the clergy, for my destruction; these proved to me a great blessing, as they only served to draw me closer and bind me firmer to Him

"From whom all blessings flow."

But I forbear, as eternity will be long enough to settle there what-

ever is not made right here. I have risen from the fire unscathed ; yea, I sunk deeper and deeper in the waters of tribulation, till all its flood-wood passed over me. In the strength of Christ I have plucked the sting of death, and bound it a conquered victim to my chariot wheels. I live more in the future than in the present ; yea, all my *life* is above ; yet in all my domestic relations, I am as happy as my soul could wish. My home has long been my heaven, for God is here. Mere outward manifestations are a bane to me, unless they turn my mind inward, which they generally do.

EVIL SPIRITS.

No statement has astonished me more than that of Professor Brittan, in a recent number (139) of the *Telegraph*, where he says that the belief in evil spirits is only the effect of orthodox training ; that the *facts* do not justify it, &c. I ask, is orthodoxy alone liable to such a charge ? If orthodoxy in the medium or circle attracts orthodox spirits, will not universalism in the circle and medium, attract universalist spirits ? The law that "like attracts like," holds as good in the one case as the other. God knows that I most ardently hope that there are no malicious spirits, and would to-day give my last dollar for such evidence ; but I do not believe truth is advanced by concealing *facts*, or by refusing to draw from them a legitimate inference. When spirits voluntarily affirm that they are without hope, as far as they can see, and yet will not admit that they have the least desire to better their state, though it does not prove them beyond hope, it does show that they are not in an enviable condition ; but friend Brittan has "never had the first fact" that showed deliberate malice in a spirit. This is probably true ; I would not dispute it ; he might have a sister forced in the highway, then dragged over the fields, and while crying for her life, in the wailing accents of despair, be thrown into a well, to linger out her death, and there would be no evidence of *malice* ; it would take a cursed fiend to do it, but it was only lust and the fear of detection, that's all ; and as the fam-

ily of man are a "unity" "all of one brotherhood," he might be called a *very good*, though perhaps slightly erring brother, and thus flattered with an holy unction to his soul, he would be prepared for another sister in the evening. Indeed, it is good to "close the eyes from seeing of evil," and "shut the ears from hearing of blood," but to deny the existence of evil spirits, is quite another thing. Probably no murder on the earth could be made to appear to such eyes to proceed from malice. Surely the spirits of the other world are made up with the men and women from this, without immediate change of character; so that if there is no malice there, then surely there never was any here, and the word should be expunged from the vocabulary. There are probably a thousand mediums in these United States, that have been choked to suffocation—to the very verge of *death*, by spirits, *very "good spirits,"* of course, aside from orthodox notions.

There is a clairaudient medium within a half mile of me, a grey headed man of sixty or over; a man of very active brain, and a great reader all his life, who was never tainted much with orthodoxy; for two months or more, these "*good spirits*," gentle reader, got possession of him so completely that he dared not disobey them in the slightest degree; they forbade his eating to the very point of starvation. He was a perfect skeleton; they compelled him to walk day and night, with intermissions, to be sure, as their avowed object was to torment him as much and as long as possible. They swore by every thing sacred and profane, that they would knock his damned brains out, always accompanying their threat with blows on the forehead or temples, like that of a mallet in the hand of a powerful man, with this difference however, the latter would have made him unconscious, while in full consciousness he now endured the indescribable agony of those heavy and oft repeated blows; they declared they would skin him alive; that he must go to New York and be dissected by inches, all of which he fully believed. They declared they would bore holes into his brain, when he instantly felt the action suited to the word, as though a dozen augers were being turned at once into his very skull; this done, they would fill his brain with bugs and worms to eat it out, when their gnawing would instantly commence. They ordered him repeatedly to throw himself into the water, while he would stand a long time over the stream on the bridge, in a state

of hesitancy, induced, as he believes, by his higher guardians, who could slightly influence him by an extraordinary effort on their part, just sufficient to save his life. They told him that he might safely plunge into any depth of water, for he had eaten so much fish and become so near like them that he could never drown. They affirmed that they would bury him alive as high as the chin, that his spiritual body could never escape from the physical farther up than the hips; that there it would remain in misery indescribable in its endless efforts to get free; that the only possible hope for him (which they declared was very faint,) was that he would yield implicit and rigid obedience to their dictation for three full years. These spirits would pinch and pound him, twitch him up and throw him down, yell and blaspheme, and use the most obscene language that mortal can conceive; they would declare that they were Christ in one breath and devils in the next; they would tie him head to foot for a long time together, in a most excruciating posture; declare they would wring his damn neck off because he doubted them, or refused obedience; while for weeks he fully believed every word they said, till his friends, justly alarmed for his life, barred him strongly into a small room for a week or more, till his will began slowly to rise against his tormentors. He suffered daily a thousand deaths.

If there was no malice in these spirits, there was a burning hell that was only partially relieved by bringing other captives into the same place of torment. There are many mediums who render themselves "passive," (a *fool's word*, when unqualifiedly recommended to mediums,) who have been served but little better. I believe what the above medium suffered in two months at the hands of evil spirits, would fill a volume of 500 pages. He is now fully delivered from their influence by assuming his own independence, and keeping as clear of spirit communications as possible, though he often expresses a desire that a good class of spirits would commune with him. He still often hears but does not heed them. There is an intelligent lady medium in Springfield, Mass., the wife of a professional gentleman, who had imbibed Mr. Davis' views, and was wilfully determined not to believe in evil spirits. Her guardians told her that if she would not believe, such spirits should be let loose upon her; whereupon they siezed her by the throat and pinched her to suffocation; this was repeated at dis-

tant intervals, till **FACTS**, stubborn **FACTS**, compelled belief. There is no end to evidence of this kind, throughout the country, and it seems to me that honesty to the cause requires that it should not be concealed. Spirits who have lived and died in the doctrine of the Universalists, and of whose identity I could not doubt, have unequivocally declared to me that they have changed their views since entering the spirit world. They affirm that they have found spirits long from earth, who have evidently grown worse since they left the outer form. I have desired to know the spirit world as it actually exists, and what I learn, I wish to impart to others. God knows I am attached to no theory but that of eternal realities. I have often testified to truths that I supposed conflicted directly with the statements of the bible, till I found the spiritual sense of the latter, when they chimed most beautifully. I doubt whether I have read from that book twenty chapters in twenty years, for when I began to enter the spirit world to complete, or rather to commence my education, I wanted no outward record any more than the Apostles, who received their lessons in the same school. If the truth demands it, I am as ready to be deemed a spiritual heretic to-day, as I was an orthodox heretic twenty years ago. I would advise all mediums to approach the spirit world with great caution at first, though not with fear. I am confident that one-half the mediums throughout the world have been forced to set themselves aside, in consequence of tormenting spirits, from which they found no other way of escape.

The evidence of evil spirits is as overwhelming as that there are any spirits at all. Whether they will always remain evil, is quite another question, in relation to which I am not entirely satisfied. I have reasons on which to base a hope of their improvement and restoration, more satisfactory to myself than any I have seen expressed by Mr. Davis or any other writer; but so long as the balance of evidence from the spirit world, both in ancient and modern times, seems to be against my strongest hopes and best desires, I quietly wait for more evidence. Of one thing I am firmly persuaded, that our reformers are in the fourth degree, and most of the spirits communicating with them; hence they have just discovered the motherhood of God, which pre-eminently pervades and controls, in brooding love, this circle of discordant children, while the Fatherhood, that will, by *severe discipline*,

either subdue or expel from the household every incorrigible spirit, is known only to such as have reached the fifth. Not a discord reaches there: it is not the "confused noise of the warrior with garments rolled in blood," but the spiritual "burning of fuel and fire" in the inmost soul, which constitutes the transition from the fourth to the fifth degree.

PHRENOLOGY, MEDIUMSHIP AND FACTS.

In the fore part of my judgment discipline, allusion is made to the reduction and balancing of the organs of the mind. I now solemnly affirm that it was not a mere balance of organs, some of which had been unduly exercised, and thus grown unruly; these organs were only the windows of the soul, back of which lay a super-human and super-angelic spiritual power, that was no more subject to my will than the elements of original chaos. This was vainly and fruitlessly exercised for the thousandth time, to the last fibre of its strength, in its endeavors to resist the damning foe that was holding possession of my inmost spirit, and acting through these organs of the brain as the mere port-holes of a spiritual battery; the open doors through which he found ingress to my inmost life. They were occasions, but never causes, of the struggles I encountered.

It may, indeed, be the best thing unaided man can do for himself or his fellows, to reduce one organ by exciting another; but we will try to show unto him a more excellent way. Suppose we have a perfect head; a temptation peculiar to one organ strikes, and of course excites it; it is clear that no passive organ of equal strength can control it for a moment; its equal must become equally excited in order to exert an influence sufficient to command attention, and a *family* quarrel is the result. Yes, there is a more excellent way. Christ's spirit never strikes the head, but the heart; infusing not only a vitalizing, but a tranquilizing influence throughout man's spiritual nature. It commences at the root and quickly ascends into every fibre of the human tree, commanding silence and leaving peace. The centre of the soul, the centre of man's emanating spiritual sphere, much experience has taught me

is at, or just below the pit of the stomach. Physiologists justly named this spot the "*center of sympathies*," long before spiritualism was heard of. Man may *think* from the brain but he *feels* at the pit of the stomach. John understood this as well as some of the ancient prophets. Whenever my spiritual sphere has come in contact with another that was extremely negative, a divine current has set in, in a perfect torrent; if I now took such a person only by the hand, I would be completely deluged by an overflow that would pass from me in all directions, and apparently be wasted on the "desert air." The communicating spirit, (which always appears to me to be no less than the Divine Mind) in these circumstances demands instant contact with the pit of the stomach, when the entire current is at once absorbed, and the negative soul quickly filled. No human passion can live a moment—none can stir under such an influence; but where the transmission is more gradual, as through the hand, I have frequently felt some excitement in the subject, (probably involuntary, for the spirit would not communicate a moment, if it were otherwise) this passion of whatever name or nature would fade, vanish, *die*, for the mission of the Divine Spirit is peace and *purity*; and, I may add, that there is never a lack of propriety in God's order—none will be injured; no feelings hurt, neither is there any possible condition of the human soul that can withstand the influence, if the will of the individual is truly turned towards its Maker. If a congregation of ten thousand persons would quietly and silently wait on God, through such a medium, the very atmosphere of heaven would soon pervade the whole assembly, while it would be much more agreeable to a heavenly nature thus to inspire them, than to "bind them so that they could neither speak nor pray." I have known persons sent to such a medium from one to six hundred miles; persons who had been driven from their families by some moral volcano that had suddenly burst among them through the indiscretion of some member of the family, perhaps a wife, forced off, as they supposed, never to return, and to wander, they knew not where; but, controlled wholly by an internal voice, they have made straight for the place of their God-appointed help. As soon as they came into the presence of such a medium, their excitement would begin to abate, every boisterous feeling would be hushed, and peace and quiet take possession; under this in-

fluence a correspondence would open with the suffering family; the man would return, and ever after enjoy his domestic relations as perfectly as his soul could desire.

If men wish to frolic with the spirit world, let them seek a medium developed by spirits on their own plane, and they will be likely to be gratified—if they seek moral and intellectual culture, let them seek a medium developed by moral and intellectual spirits, with a circle corresponding; but if they desire *spiritual life*, they must find one who is God-made, God-developed, and *God-inspired*, and approach him only with hallowed desires. Let none go, however giant-like in physical frame, or mighty in native strength of will, for the purpose of reducing such a medium to their own plane of thought, and “wake him up to duty-doing,” for I have seen such an one sit quietly and listen to them, with a soft smile on his face, till they were through, and then, in tones the most gentle, sink them in a moment like lead in the mighty waters. Again I have seen a storm gather, and blast them in an instant with a spiritual “shell,” shot with unerring aim into the very center of their spirit-life, bursting into fragments their old religious pump that had been hooped continually with *good resolutions* for forty years. Such persons have sometimes told me they were assuredly God-sent for the purpose of “setting me right,” but they found they were God-sent for the *destruction* of that which they came to strengthen. When any came to Christ to receive instruction, when any came with the blush of shame burning on their cheek, his compassion was without limit. But when the haughty pharisee came to “entangle him in his talk,” when they came “to tempt him,” quick as light, he pitched them into a thorn bush, or by a blast of his divinity, plunged them into a slough ten times deeper than they were in before, and there he left them to work themselves out as best they could. This was so often and so effectually repeated that from a given time they “durst ask him no more questions.” He had rejected them from his spiritual sphere and turned the key, though he allowed them afterwards to act as his servants in hastening his exit to the world of spirits, as soon as his mission was fulfilled in this. That man possesses most of Christ’s spirit who freely forgives iniquity, transgression, and sin, and yet by no means clears the guilty; who says to the woman taken in the very act, “neither

do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," and in the same breath deals out the woes of unutterable death, like avalanches leaping from the summits of the everlasting mountains, upon the proud, haughty, unrelenting and blood-thirsty pharisee. Christ knew that if such could be saved, it was not by the soft sentimentalism or woolly speeches of modern reformers, but by shafts of truth, blazing from the fiery furnace of his own heavenly bosom. The most noble specimen of Manhood and Godhood united, to be found on record, is where Christ ousted the "Den of Thieves" in the Jewish Temple. "With a scourge of small cords made expressly for the occasion he drove out sheep, oxen, and priests," *the whole brutish herd*, and for once cleared his Father's house. This whip was not a childish toy, but a veritable *cat-o'-nine-tails*, as its practical results most clearly show; it was wielded, too, with an arm of iron might, every stroke of which was attended with such a lowering cloud of "*sullen wrath*" as at once struck terror into every beholder. The thievish gang, in wild confusion leaped from their seats, overturning chairs, tables, writing desks, and money drawers in one promiscuous, scattered heap, intent on nothing but a rush for the door, as from a burning theater. In tones of thunder he ordered them back to take their cursed traffic with them. The startling Godhead said—**TAKE THESE THINGS HENCE**. "My Father's House shall be called a house of prayer but ye have made it a den of thieves." No wonder this soul-stirring scene quickened the memory of the stultified disciples, as soon as they had time for reflection. Then they remembered that it had been written by an ancient prophet—"The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." They clearly saw that the honor of God and of God's house had justly consumed all minor considerations. It was a prelude to the judgment; a foretaste of what they were soon to expect, unless they turned from their evil ways; an exhibition "of anger without sin," which Christ enjoined his disciples to exercise. "His sun did not go down on his wrath." Mercy held the rod, and Justice of the highest order used it. Nay, his sun did not set, the light of his understanding shone clearly through it all. It is thus he will clear the temple of every honest human soul, who is to-day seeking the "elevation of the race" rather than the *honor* of God. None but such as are utterly without reflection, can for a

moment suppose that that scourge was but a string of tow, entirely unused and without signification, when before its rapid strokes fled a horde of villains, who had been hardening all their life-time by trafficking in the souls and bodies of men. Nay, verily, such a company would have disputed every inch of ground they abandoned, against all the police of Jerusalem, and London into the bargain. We affirm, there was power on that brow, power in that arm, power in that scourge, that shook the inmost temple of their hardened spirits to their very foundations; instant flight was their only hope. We trust that many an outer temple as well as inner, is yet to be cleared by a similar power. Mr. Davis quotes, with much evident satisfaction, the statements of the New Testament writers, in all their assertions of Christ's womanly, forgiving nature, that is ever crying: *Don't use the rod*; but whenever they speak of an exhibition of his more noble, manly spirit, why, then "he is *impressed*" that they are mistaken; they wrote too late; they had forgotten, or wrote from hearsay, or any way their testimony is untrue. Thus in one and the same breath, he impeaches and justifies the same witnesses. Well, his benevolent heart, his feminine spirit, his delicate and beautiful fingers are just adapted to the flower-garden of "brotherly love," that has been so long and so shamefully neglected. This is your God-appointed place; work in it, brother, though in faithfulness we must say to you, that you greatly err in *denying* that there is a more rugged "*field labor*" that must be executed by sterner stuff and stronger arms than your own; that require men to harden their hearts and sharpen their weapons to rasp off the more knotty parts of the human soul. An agonizing cry went up from my own spirit for one entire year, that God would *harden my heart*.

Yes, in those very words, reader, that I might not enter into any sympathies that consumed my life, while it did not, and could not benefit the subject. Let me ask Mr. D., what but just such a principle, induced you to leave the house in N. Y. in order to escape the spiritual sphere of such company as was disagreeable to you? Do you think the great God less sensitive to evil??!! As your own spirit becomes more and more elevated and pure, does it not become, also, more and more averse to evil? Carry out this principle, and where will it land you? If your sphere was that of heaven, why, then, by rejecting your fellow men, or in

withdrawing it from them, as far as you were able you cast them into hell. "Blessed is the man that condemneth not himself in the things which he teacheth."

We must receive Christ in the fullness of his character, or we shall find ourselves on a "side track," where he will eventually explode and set us aside, however long may be the train behind us. We shall find Paul's statement true, where he affirms that "Christ is not divided;" the woman, which in him you so much admire, is not without the man which you reject; they are "never without each other in the Lord." Who can fail to admire the *manhood* of Paul, which prompted him to say to one of earth's highest dignitaries, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall, for sittest thou here to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten, contrary to the law;" as if he had said, "If you, sir, fail to deal out human justice with an even hand, I will throw you into God's balances, where you shall be weighed and found wanting;" or again, "Have they scourged us uncondemned, being Romans, and now do they seek to thrust us out privily?" nay, verily, let them come, trembling before their culprits, "and fetch us out." We will never leave this prison as guilty criminals; and yet his spirit was so perfectly yielding to heavenly impressions, that the next hour he could be let down by a wall, in a basket, to escape their hands; and so let their fury spend itself on their own souls instead of his. Here, again, is the beautiful blending of the male and female character.

MAN'S DUAL EXISTENCE.

It was by the central play of the spiritual lungs within the physical, in inhaling and exhaling the divine atmosphere, that first gave me evidence of a spiritual organism within the physical. Soon after I got my discharge from the bar of judgment, I learned within my inmost soul, that I possessed a double organism; no mother in a state of gestation was ever more sensible of life and motion not her own, than I was of life and motion in my spiritual body, within and wholly interior to the physical form. I will not now speak of the unutterably precious scenes through which I passed,

some months previous to this evidence of life, for I have never seen the mortal man to whom I could relate them. I will only say, I was in bed, alone with my God, and the conception of *Jesus* has had no mystery to me since. Is God an *husband*? Does he rejoice over his people as the bridegroom rejoiceth over his bride, and in a similar sense?! To me it is no longer a question. I know but will not utter. I have, perhaps, said too much already. The reader might as well undertake to comprehend the heaven of heavens, as to get a thought towards the reality, if he has not passed through it; it is enough for him, at present, to answer the truth of the ancient assertion, whether God is an *husband*? For several weeks after the spiritual lungs began daily to breathe the new atmosphere; the most interior divine magnetic current, they (the spiritual) seemed to expand to such a degree as positively to swell the physical with spirit life, so that the latter could not take in the common atmosphere but by the greatest effort, and a suffocating sensation was the consequence, which continued to increase till I was obliged to break off the divine communication for several successive days, as I thought, in order to preserve life. The next day, while lying on my back, surrounded with my family, the same current came again upon me, and the suffocation also; but this time came with it the impression that *this is God's work*, and He knows how to modify and control it. My will responded yes, and if I die, *I will die*; I will not sever the holy cord; for a couple of minutes every breath seemed my last, and yet I got another, and still another, and yet the divine current increased till it verily seemed that I had drawn the last gasp I should ever get in this world. At this instant, my lungs, ribs and all,—the entire chest was expanded as quick and as forcibly as if a blast of powder had exploded within them. Nothing can make me doubt that the cavity of the chest was larger by many cubic inches, from that moment, than at any former period of my life. For a week after that event, I felt as if I could draw in an atmosphere of life, either physical or spiritual. Madame Guion speaks of precisely such an enlargement of her own chest, which Bossuet, by his wicked spirit, and the almost unlimited authority he had over her as a bishop of the church of Rome, endeavors in vain to make her deny. She was obliged to call her female attendants to adjust her apparel to her so recently enlarged condition. Thus was effected in a single second, without

the least pain or unpleasant sensation, what would have taken a physiologist several weeks to accomplish; it was an electric or magnetic shock within the central life acting outward.

SPIRITUAL BIRTH.

Have I hinted, dear reader, at the conception and birth indispensably necessary to make us the sons of God, in the bible and true spiritual sense, for we read of those *begotten*, and of those *born* of God. I have not told you of the conception, but I have spoken plainly of the first play of the spiritual lungs; of the first beating of the spiritual heart, that sent the living current throughout the entire spiritual being. Is this, I again ask, the true idea of biblical writers, in their constant allusions to the second or new birth? No doubt exists in the writer's mind. How, then, can you do much towards reforming the world till you have passed through it? You may act the part of Moses, whom you, perhaps, esteem very lightly, or even of John the Baptist, and so do something towards preparing the way for the approaching footsteps of the true Messiah, that are already heard in the distance; but if you claim to be "*the Christ*," the Savior of the world, I must allow myself to be a passive medium, to whom no credit is due, for the real Christ to oppose your claims, if he still sees good "not to give his glory to another." You must yet feel that you are utterly unworthy to stoop down and loose the latchet of Christ's shoes.

DUALITY OF THE DIVINE MIND.

It was by an experience equally internal, that I learned, many years since, the fatherhood and motherhood of God; the latter seems to be, to many spiritualists, a new discovery, and they endeavor to make her brood every species of reptile that wears the human form. The truth is, God is no more the father or mother of man's physical or spiritual nature, as he comes into this world,

than he is of a shrub or a tree; the one is as much the development of physical laws as the other. Neither is the laying off the physical body, justly called a spiritual birth; for the spirit may live as *outward*, as *external* as before; yea, it cannot avoid doing so, for its real spiritual nature is the same. God's actual SIRESHIP, as a spiritual Being, must be experienced by every man in the inmost of his spiritual nature, before he can legitimately call him his Father, or justly consider himself as a "son of God, without rebuke," though he is the *friend* of all, even the most abandoned. The conversion of the churches no more answers to a true spiritual conception, as some of our spirit friends have suggested, than it answers to the true birth. It is a mere discovery of the soul, that God is its friend, and that he is entirely disposed to enter into friendly relations with it, which shall terminate, if not broken off, in a matrimonial union for eternity. I affirm, it is a mere introduction to a newly discovered, though distant friend, by a third party. Yet this introduction is the courtship, the marriage, the conception, the gestation and the birth, all jumbled together by orthodoxy, and all effected in an instant. "Uniting with the church," if properly understood, is an outward avowal to the world that the individual is willing or anxious to be courted, by proxy, of course, i. e., by the divine Spirit, who takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto men, till by presents and persuasions the soul is wholly won from all its earthly loves, and fully attired for the presence of the Bridegroom; for whosoever sinneth, hath not seen Christ, neither known him.

THE GREAT I AM.

I once had a very clear perception of the all-pervading spirit of Him who fills and controls the universe with his manner of life and action. The magnetic currents, as they rolled out from the Infinite Bosom, and ran with unutterable life and motion through the everlasting spaces that connect worlds and universes, shooting in endless jets, or rolling in eternal waves, was a sight too magnificent for the head or hand of the writer to portray. Such scenes only serve to impress me the more deeply, that to find God,

or the Divinity of his life-inspiring Word, a man might about as well go to a theatre as a theological seminary, to hear a man-made prayer in the morning, and listen to the mere *guess-work* of teachers and commentaries the rest of the day. Each man for himself must retire from the outer world, from the "letter that killeth," if he would enter the holy of holies, see its beauties or comprehend its mysteries.

CHRIST'S MEDIATORSHIP ENDED.

PROVED FIRST BY EXPERIENCE, AND AFTERWARDS CONFIRMED BY THE BIBLE.

It does not seem to have been thought of, that a spiritualist's *creed* may be as wide of the truth as an orthodox creed. One creed is as good as another; a pure spirit rejects them all, for death is in them. Still, there is no cause of complaint; every man and spirit must speak of truth as he sees it, and he must see it from the position he occupies. I have said that twenty years ago I left my bible, or, what would express it better, the record, like my verbal prayers, left me. I had no power or strength to retain either; it was then, and not till then, that the truths of that record began to be unfolded within me. To give but a single example out of scores of similar ones, I will say, that my mind had dwelt for many years very much on the Savior,

"The Lamb for sinners slain."

As I left the "judgment seat," and neared the fifth circle, I entirely lost sight of Him; I could find nothing of Him for some six months, either in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. I deeply realized the *fact*, but could not divine its cause, when my mind was thrown upon the record, thus: He (Christ) must rule till he has put all things under him; the last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death, &c. When this is effected, he delivers up the kingdom and every subject of it, to God the Father, that henceforth he may be all in all. At this point Christ's mediumship ceases, as he himself elsewhere affirms. In that day, says he, I say not I will pray the Father for you, because the father loveth you. A good and sufficient reason, is it not? A perfect oneness is effected between the King and his subject, and direct and familiar

intercourse is established. I felt beyond all question, that I had reached this point. The judgment was passed and had startled me into the "resurrection and the life." Death was overcome; I was delivered to the Father; God had become my all; for months his name alone had been sounding within me. Since that time, Christ, as the supreme ruling Prince of the human family, from the highest of the spiritual circles, being in constant and unceasing rapport with the Father, and receiving "his spirit without measure," is to me in some minor sense, the "ALL OF GOD;" or better still, I would say, they are one, I cannot separate them. In the same way, i. e., by passing through the same things or states of mind with the Apostles, I have learned most of the New Testament, and many of the ancient prophecies also have been unfolded to my spiritual understanding. In passing through that state of weakness, to which allusion has been made, I learned what the prophet meant when he said, "his soul was laid low for men to pass over." For a full year my spirit was a mere bridge for the dirty feet of men, women and children, while God in mercy held me still to perfect me in patience. It was not till I had reached the fifth circle that I was clothed with manhood to arise and face my enemies. Previous to this, I could not "sue a man at the law," even when it was for his good, because a selfish motive was sure to intrude; and a multitude stand there to-day, and there they must stand till the sole good of the individual, without the least sinister motive, will allow them to act only in the wisdom that is from above.

Such, reader, is a single page in my religious experience, which to give in detail, would fill many hundred. I am piloted out, by the hand and heart of the only successful navigator that has ever sailed these seas. Thousands of sails I see unfurled and apparently riding securely; but as God lives, unless they seek the aid of the same pilot, they will every one of them be stranded or lost in the rapids. They will probably see their need in season; they must work up their own stock, and test their own strength and skill to its last extremity, before they will humbly bow in their own littleness and insignificance to superior power.

I have said that twice I have been thrown over the ecclesiastical bar; this needs a single word of explanation. I felt that an end of sin *could* be reached before I felt that it *must* be. I open-

ly proclaimed it, and published a pamphlet to that effect. I used my freedom, with many others, to attend public worship wherever I chose. I ever spoke boldly, for I always carried my heart in my hand. This aroused the clergy, who rushed to the rescue from the neighboring towns like a flowing tide, in order to pour out the vials of their wrath upon the unoffending victims, from John Woodbridge, D.D., all the way down to H. B. Chapin, as before stated. The latter declared that any who entertained so absurd an idea as being freed from sin in this world, "was covered with a dense cloud of ignorance, and was destitute of common sense;" yet he appeared like a prince, compared with the first named clerical gentleman, who, more like a theatrical clown than a dignified priest, twisted his body into all shapes, and disfigured his face, to give the more force to the indignation he felt towards "*Him who still saves his people from their sins.*" As France and England intended only to check the aspirations of Russia for the purpose of keeping in balance the thrones of Europe, and so render their own dominions perpetual; so we have constant and increasing evidence that the policy of the clergy, these thousand years, has been to keep the balance of empire between Christ and Satan, and thus render their own mission eternal. If a man is too great a sinner, they will very gently and indirectly rebuke him. If too great a *saint*, they will scourge him without mercy. In these days of fire and smoke, I wrote lengthy letters to some half dozen of these divines, showing them the folly and absurdity of their course. The only reply I received was on this wise: One of the clerical gentlemen brought my letter to the village pastor, whereupon I was publicly charged with "saying and writing things inconsistent with the civilities of christian society," (a layman had replied to the abuse of a priest.) *What a crime!!* This letter, I was permitted, at my request, to read before the church there assembled to deal with heretics, when lo! and behold, every objectionable sentence that had caused so much tumult, was shown to be a quotation from the reverend-gentleman's sermon, who was himself present, and tacitly admitted every statement.

I will not dwell; the whole story would fill a volume. One divine was not only charged, but so deeply *convicted* of falsehood on the spot, that he left the church under the pretense of being unwell. From this time onward, we leaped from one sectarian

inclosure to another without materially bettering our condition ; but we learned the art of jumping, till, as our weary limbs became more and more unshackled, we found our *God-given right* to tread fearlessly and without offense, the broad field of universal truth, and leap the fences and scale the walls by which that field has been marred by scientific fools.

Well, I have "passed the Rubicon ;" the trial is over. I feel familiar with the ways of the court. Since I got my discharge, I have been impaneled and sat as jurymen for five years, while another prisoner was brought to the bar and underwent examination. Many a time I have heard the prisoner declare in all sincerity, both before and since, as well as during her trial, that she had never done a wrong thing knowingly during her life, of which I have no doubt, as she has been in my employ some fifteen years ; yet during her trial, there have been months that she was unfit for any secular business whatever—her body and soul were consumed in the terrific struggles that she encountered. I have often known her in sleepless solicitude for successive days and nights, and as a temporary crisis approached, with disheveled hair and in the very agony of despair, she has more than once requested me to take her life. Uniformly when the crisis has thus approached, I have felt clothed with a power sufficient for the occasion,—a power wholly divine and entirely *without* myself, and over which I had no control, except to give it the use of my person with my organs of speech. Once it uttered itself in these words :—**THOU DAMNED SPIRIT, LEAVE THAT GIRL,** and it left her in an instant ; it was the same voice and the same Power that could be traced distinctly over the plains and mountains of Judea 1800 years ago ; it was a little stream from that flood of Life that followed the footsteps of the Son of God wherever he went ; a flood so full of quickening Power that whoever approached it was healed of whatsoever disease he had. Yes, the trackless pathway of the comet in the heavens is not more clearly marked by its trail of fire, than were the footsteps of Him who giveth life to the world, by the joyous throngs that for weeks and months might be seen gathered by the wayside, rehearsing the story of their deliverance. Jesus of Nazareth was the first object on which these eyes ever gazed, says one ; and his voice, like the music of heaven, was the first that ever entered these deaf ears, says a second ; and

these palsied limbs that had never borne the weight of a pound, at his touch received strength and activity, says a third; at his word, I leaped from the coffin to embrace a widowed and heart-broken mother, says a fourth; and the sepulchre at Bethany disgorged its dead as my returning spirit heard his call echoing through the Hadean Vault, says a fifth; Glory to God in the Highest, says a sixth; verily he hath done all things well, respond the multitude. Yes, reader, it was indeed the same voice; no credit is due the instrument. On two occasions, that spirit with which I had been so long familiar, left the lady, and leaped at me with the fierceness of the tiger and venom of the serpent, and with a power that struck me like the sweeping tornado, and for the instant seemed sufficient to overwhelm Omnipotence itself. This was met by the strength of the invisible God, who, agreeably with his promise, "had taken up his abode within me," and the struggle to the death, between the Lion of the Tribe of Judah and the Prince of the Power of the air, who was cast out of heaven, as we have shown, was terminated within thirty seconds. Sometimes, at the instant of contact a horrid dread like a descending avalanche struck my vitals and shook my whole frame. On one occasion, when a crisis approached, and the spirit was expelled, he sprang towards me, making a halt at a distance of about three feet; he then gazed into the very depth of my being with a glare so infernal and strong, that it would seem that creation itself might have turned pale before it. It was instantly met by the magnetic forces of Him "whose eyes are like a flame of fire." I saw, I FELT THE GAZE OF BOTH. In half a minute the former quailed and vanished from the house; the latter, as was wont, breathed life and peace upon the victim, and she retired for a night of quiet like that of a guileless infant. I must say, that the unfolding of a spirit of Good, has been to my soul, the unfolding also of an uncreated spirit of Evil, while I have come to the conclusion that men who theorize much, have not yet entered into a *personal* and *intimate* acquaintance with either. I always rejoiced to have the crisis come, and seldom had a word to utter till it had come, and not often then. It was SPIRIT to SPIRIT—a grapple for the trial of strength; and when it came to this I could "pluck her instantly as a brand from the burning." In these seasons I never allowed the lady to come near me for sympathy; the struggle was

too internal to notice or be disturbed by any outward thing; this was why I seldom spoke or paid the slightest regard to her manifest agonies. At the termination of these struggles, as I have several times intimated, a current of Life never failed to set in, which would bind up her bleeding wounds and give health to her torn and mangled spirit. Often too as God had done to me, so through me he did to her, thrust her still further into the flame; yes, into the very teeth of the lion, that the sap of selfishness might the more perfectly ooze out, or some earthly prop be broken. Thus I learned the wisdom of the apostle's injunction of "*Making a difference; some save with fear, pulling them out of the fire,*" while others are left to consume still further.

During the whole five years I in no instance lacked wisdom to speak the right words, and at the proper moment, for a tranquility of soul like the equilibrium of eternity, and a clearness of perception, was ever given me on these occasions, such as I cannot utter, nor the reader believe till he reaches the full fruition of the Day of God. If such things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? We wish the reader to understand distinctly that we have drawn only the dark side of the picture of the judgment, and that we have not and could not shade it too deeply; yet through it all there is a strong and sustaining consciousness of integrity; a pure and upright motive, and, more than all, frequently a clear perception of the divine presence and approbation, so that the soul in its severest criticisms, or in its darkest hours, even, would not exchange its present condition for any thing it had ever before enjoyed. There is joyous hope in the contemplated escape of the fugitive, however thick and gloomy are the perils he must encounter; and when he realizes, as he often does in the case we are considering, that he has a guide that has once met and baffled all the intrigue and subtlety of the arch slaveholder of the human heart; a guide able to meet the foe in a bold and daylight encounter, or, when needs be, to run him into a safe retreat, his heart grows strong, he "*waxes valiant in fight,*" knowing that he shall eventually "*turn to flight all the armies of the aliens.*" It sometimes feels that its severest sufferings are the same in kind that once proceeded from that Great Heart that exclaimed, "*My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?*" It knows, too, that it is through a similar cross, a crucifixion of all

selfishness, that it must win the crown of the resurrection. Well, says the reader, if you have been through all this, where are you now? What is the result? How does it affect your family? &c., &c. To answer these questions, I reply that law and grace are contrasts, are antipodes. I once controlled my family by the former, I now use the latter. For instance, on a certain time my oldest daughter, then a child, came from school, with her eyes sparkling with animation, and exclaiming, "Father, there are going to be some shows in the village, this evening, and I want to go and see them; *may I go, Father?*" I answered, "I will talk with you about it after tea, my daughter." The circumstance passed from my mind, but tea being over she again came to me with the same request, and added, "I hope you will say *yes*, father." I replied, I would like to have my daughter come and sit by me a little while before she goes. She readily drew her chair up by my side when I gently inclined her head against my shoulder. I opened my mind to the influx of the inner world which readily passed through my spirit and was absorbed by the child; within a very few minutes the current set back upon me, for it does not take long to fill the spiritual void of children, and I motioned her to leave. She arose, and was removing her chair, when I said, Daughter, would you like to go up to the village, this evening? No, father, said she, I don't care any thing about it. This was the end of her desire; the influence from above had satisfied or expelled every earthly wish, and she was as happy as a cherub. On a Sabbath, at early eve, after a very hard day's drive, my boys came to me with a request to visit, for a short time, one of the neighbors. Leave was given, and they disappeared. The village bell struck for 9, and they did not come; this was so unusual, and my physical frame so weary, that I felt somewhat disturbed. They had never served me so before, and I felt that I could not retire without them; I therefore started for the house they had requested me to visit; the lady informed me that they had been absent for a considerable time, though she knew not where they had gone. She added, however, that several boys passed by the house with their fishing rods soon after they came there, and it was her opinion that my boys had gone with them to the fishing grounds. This increased my perplexity, but I felt bound to find them; I started in pursuit, but had not gone many rods from the house when I

was impressed that I must not speak till I had *something to say*. I walked on some half-mile, and heard the sound of voices at the north; I followed the direction of the sound till I came to my youngest son whom I took gently by the hand; he led me directly to the elder brother whom I took in the same way and started for home. I led them into their bed-room, when a voice from the interior heavens said to me, "You yourself have wandered from me a thousand times, and I have received you back without censure." My heart melted in an instant; I felt its truth in my inmost soul; I had not yet spoken, and I saw that I had nothing to say. The "Waters of Life" "that issue from under the throne" flowed copiously; the boys got into bed, and I laid myself down by the side of the oldest; he rapidly absorbed the flowing current and soon burst into tears; still no word was spoken; he soon drew his head up upon my bosom and wept tears of sincere regret; I remained with him till his soul was filled with the unutterable peace of heaven, when I left; no reference was ever made to the matter either then or during his earthly life, nor did either of them ever leave home again without license. On another occasion I had a very passionate hired man; he took some offence at my oldest son, but what about I have never known, and late in a dark evening was going home in a rage, some mile and a half. I said to him, E., won't you come and sit by me a few minutes before you leave? He answered that it was late and that he was going home. This I admitted, but said I would not hinder him long. He again objected, but being kindly urged, he finally seated himself by me; the well-springs of salvation were opened as in the other instances, and he imbibed their healing waters; yes, professor, this *godless* young man, as you would be likely to term him, absorbed those waters like the thirsty sponge; he was filled and satisfied; he arose and hung up his cap, when I asked him if he was not going home? He replied he thought he should not. He often referred to this circumstance, during his after sojourn with me, and expressed a wonder what it was that subdued him; we had neither of us spoken, and yet his anger had vanished and he could not tell even what had made him angry; he could see nought but friends and feel nothing but friendship. *Another case*: On a Sabbath, near sunset, I was impressed to visit a family into whose house I had not entered for more than a year. I obeyed the

heavenly impulse, and as I entered, the lady of the house exclaimed, My mind has been so sorely oppressed for many weeks with a variety of trials, and the burden has become so intolerable for a few of the last days, that I feel I am certainly going deranged; I am verily distracted. I took a chair near her, and she took my hand; for three-fourths of an hour the dews of heaven distilled upon her thirsty spirit. At this time the shades of evening had so far advanced that we were enveloped in darkness; I had not noticed it till at this time the husband came in; I breathed a gentle prayer inwardly upon the flowing tide, that his feelings might not be disturbed, and he took a chair in silence; no word was spoken; as her spirit spread over and through my own I could feel all her trials, but with them I had nothing to do; it was my business only to let Him who is to the righteous "a place of broad rivers and streams," take his own course, which I did for another three-fourths of an hour; the deep tranquility that now pervaded her so recently troubled heart was without a ripple, and I took my hat; as I reached the door I uttered a sentence by way of salutation, and left; some time after, this lady told me that for weeks after that event her spirit seemed as tranquil as the haven of eternal rest. But why should I multiply instances? The spirits of persons that still inhabit mortal bodies have many times visited me when alone, from a distance of many miles, and have been refreshed in a similar way; sometimes I knew the bodies they inhabited, and where they lived, and sometimes I did not know. I have occasionally written to such persons, or their friends, stating the precise time when an important change came over their feelings, and they have replied that what I stated in relation to them was strictly true; these instances did not seem like excited ideality. Such occurrences have usually happened soon after a visit in person among these friends, and the sympathy between us had become very strong as the result of such a visit. I had become deeply interested in their spiritual welfare, while to my mind the philosophy of it is this; the strong attraction that existed between us would draw out our spiritual spheres till they not only met but became completely commingled into one; then, as I have reason to believe, my own attraction being the strongest of the two, *their* spiritual sphere was drawn around my person, and my communion with them was as full and perfect as if their bodies

were in the room with me; they seemed to be there; indeed the real man was there; the sphere of strangers was brought by the attraction not between me and them directly, but by the attraction existing between the spheres of my friends and some of theirs with whom I was not acquainted; thus were they drawn around me like the several links of a chain. I felt the spheres of these strangers and knew what they wanted, but I did not know what bodies they surrounded as their center of emanation when fully at home. Every sphere was wholly distinct from every other, and the sphere of the stranger definitely marked from those of my acquaintance, though the latter might be equally agreeable. I think I have been visited with from twelve to twenty in a single evening, after my family had retired. Not unfrequently, when I had entered into the most retired seclusion for the purpose of freeing myself from the constant annoyance of outward calls, and the Divine spirit had filled my utmost capacity, it would overflow, taking its own direction wholly independent of my will, and pass upon the spiritual sphere of some one wholly out of mind till the instant, and of whose whereabouts I knew nothing, nor they of mine; but within a few minutes that very individual would walk directly to my retreat, and without speaking take his place by my side. This was particularly true of my oldest son for years before he laid off the mortal covering, though it was not confined to him. Thus I learned *within me* the following scripture: "And he goeth up into a mountain and calleth unto him whom he would, and they came unto him;" Mark 8:13. Christ threw out his spiritual sphere upon any congenial spirit he chose; they felt the attraction and at once started for the mountain. I was once drawn off several miles, in a very dark and rainy night, not knowing whence or for what object till I found a hard-hearted man to whom I gave the last faithful warning he will probably have in this world; the arguments he brought to shield himself were scattered by the sword of truth like gossamer; he felt its power to his inmost depths, though I have no reason to think that a lasting good was done him. "There is a savor of death unto death."

It should be remarked that every sphere is agreeable to the one above it, if passive and desirous of instruction; but if anxious to be heard as a teacher it is repulsive. As a further evidence of the commingling of spiritual spheres, and the exact opposite of the

above, I will say that during that year of judgment trial, in which I was not permitted ride except at long intervals and free of charge, I was earnestly solicited by a father to visit, his child who during its sickness, in consequence of my refusal to ride, had been attended by another physician; this physician had given over the child to die, stating that it would not probably live thirty minutes. I felt free to go with the father, and during the last mile's ride I felt a power on me sufficient to arrest the disease and save the child; on my arrival, however, I found the room filled with neighbors who had come in to see the child die; their spheres were entirely uncongenial, and being enveloped in them I could not transmit the influence that was still upon me; the conditions were now distinctly given me; I must in some way get out of the house every person in it, not excepting the parents, for three full hours, during all which time I must remain alone with the child, or I must let it die. Yes, reader, my orders were that for three hours no person must come near, not even to inquire after it. Solitary and alone, with the exception of my God, and the child in my arms, was I required to remain the three hours, or let it die. No reasons could I then assign, (as modern spiritualism was not heard of) but my own convictions, and I shrunk from the task; for, though I felt sure I could cure the child *in spite of its disease*, I did not feel that the power that was on me was sufficient to repel the spiritual spheres in which my own and the spirit of the child was enveloped, besides it seemed rather too much to send a mother from her dying child, and I attempted nothing, but let it die. I realized most deeply how the Savior felt when he could do no mighty works because of surrounding unbelief; why he put them all forth (turned them out of the room, and probably out of the house) who "laughed him to scorn before he lifted Jairus' daughter from her death-bed." What a contrast do these cases present from that of the woman of Canaan who besought Christ's blessing on her grievously afflicted daughter; with the sympathetic wire of her affections (her spiritual sphere) strongly fastened to her child, on the one hand, she wandered from it in an agony of grief to carry the other end and attach it to the battery of the Wonderful Nazarene. Her sympathies had got their hold! Christ knew the case was desperate, and that a charge but little less than would be required to raise the dead would an-

swer her desires ; and he seemed from necessity once and again to test the size and strength of the conductor by present neglect and seeming rebuke. At first, "He answered her not a word ;" then, after a considerable interval, "He was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel ;" and again, after another long delay, while her yearning heart was almost broken, he said, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs." This swelled the sympathies of that afflicted heart, and greatly increased the diameter of the spiritual conductor, and in the fullness and vehemence of her soul she exclaimed, "Truth, Lord ; but the crumbs—THE CRUMBS—my God ! THE CRUMBS—the dogs' portion from your groaning table, is all I ask ; give me these, and my soul is satisfied." The crisis has arrived ; her soul is stretched to its utmost tension ; the wire is touched ; the energies of the Godhead are stirred ; the voice of the Eternal is uttered through his Son—O, woman, great is thy faith ; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. The charge went forth, and, following the line of her sympathies the distance of many miles, drove the unclean spirit from her daughter ; Heaven's blessing filled the house, and a mother's anguished heart was comforted. What a beautiful and far-reaching philosophy is manifest in every sentence of this significant story ; a philosophy based upon the *conditions* that govern all mind in the universe of God.

Naaman the Syrian and the Centurion's servant, in their process of cure, furnish also striking illustrations of our assertion. When Mr. Davis affirms that the Bible affords no principle of philosophy, we think no man was ever guilty of a greater mistake ; to our mind, it contains a vastly deeper spiritual philosophy, and more of it on every page, than has been uttered by modern seers. Every sentence, every act, of Christ and his apostles is based upon the truest philosophy ; upon a vast comprehension of spiritual relations and the laws that govern them in all worlds ; hence their unparalleled success. *Sympathy*, then, we affirm, is the lightning-rod, the celestial conductor of the heavenly world. It is the telegraphic net-work that binds all pure hearts in heaven's many mansions. It ramifies from the battery within the CENTRAL THRONE, and sends off a branch to every pure spirit in God's vast dominions, each of which, in its turn, becomes in itself a subordinate center to the successive gradations below it, till it reaches

the meanest breast that carries an honest human soul ; and just in proportion to the negative desire of our spirits, is the diameter of the sympathetic wire that reaches us, while this diameter determines the width and depth of the celestial current that flows upon us ; this is the philosophy of prayer, and there can be no other. It was by confidence *in* and sympathy with the Powers above that men, in olden times, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead, raised to life again, and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance that they might obtain a better resurrection. Unbelief, antipathy, is a *non-conductor* ; Heaven's current of *life*, of *light*, of *love*, can no more pass over it than atmospheric electricity can run over silk or rubber. God has no laws, he knows none, by which he can save and make truly happy any spirit who cherisheth an antipathy to goodness, or, in other words, a spirit who repels his love ; he can blast such an one, but he cannot save him. No spirit was ever saved that was "*wholly depraved* ;" no conviction can fasten on such ; no love of truth ever reach them.

SECTION II.

When Mr. Sunderland was lecturing and pathetizing in this vicinity, I think in 1845, I asked him if it was possible for an individual to stand between one of his friends and the grave, and by the strength of his will hold disease completely in abeyance ? He replied that it could unquestionably be done for years, if the conditions were right. I then related to him the following facts. I had a female patient whom I esteemed very highly for her many pleasing qualities ; a sister of this lady had died of consumption, and this one was evidently on her track ; whenever her symptoms became more aggravated than usual, or new ones threatened, I uniformly felt such a rising of my will that, with the use of simple means, her disease did not make any perceptible advancement for three years. During all this time I was frequently at her house, and inspired her with *strong hope*. Why my will should rise against her disease, so far above what it did in other cases, I did not know, I only knew that it was so ; but of any peculiar mental

relation that I occupied to her more than others, I was not aware till one evening during one of my spiritual visits with the inner world, my two existences seemed to be suddenly and completely separated; a perfect consciousness still existed in my physical body, which was seated in a chair with my family, while I saw in the distance, and directly before me, myself—the real man, my spiritual organism. I knew it was myself, and yet I could scarcely call it a form. It was an unutterably deep, inward consciousness that I cannot well clothe with words. I saw this body begin to rise; it passed in a curve directly over my head and was set down the same distance behind me that it was before me when it started, say eighty or one hundred rods. Looking before me in the direction that I saw my better half taken up, I saw this lady in an exact line with the place where I arose; but just as much beyond the spot as the lady was before it, I saw her newly made grave. I now realized where I had stood in relation to her, and that my work was finished. I knew, too, why I was removed, and that now she must die; (she was able at this time to discharge the domestic duties of the family.) There was not an earthly thought about me when my organisms seemed thus divided, nor did I have a thought of the lady until I saw her and her grave. I told some of my family that she must die, and that I should be of no further service to her. From that moment I felt at no time the least desire for her recovery, indeed, no interest, whatever, in her case. I was willing to discharge any outward service, that might soften her descent to the world of spirits; and when, a few months later, I held her hand, as she was about to depart, I said to her, while looking at her fingers, Sister, don't you see *there is no death*? that the life is withdrawing from the extremities that it may concentrate in the inner body, and thus enable you to leap into immortality? With much animation she answered, I know it, *I know it*. The reader will notice that this occurred before aught was known of spiritualism as it is now understood. In the whole nine years since this occurrence, nor till these lines were penned, has it once occurred to the writer that this was a vision; but I am inclined to think that it belongs to that class of phenomena that many spiritualists term visions, and I am not sure but they are properly named.

Six years ago I had a patient, of consumptive family, who had

had a severe cough many weeks previous to her accouchment, and was considered in a decline by her friends both before and after that event, which proved very severe and debilitating; dropsy of the whole system supervened, but was finally overcome; then inflammation of one of the lower limbs set in; this was also reduced within a week, when the other limb was attacked in the same way and removed in a couple of weeks more; this was followed by inflammation of the bowels, when, for the fifth time, all hope of her recovery seemed to die in her friends. About this time, having been absent from her a few hours, the husband came for me, stating that his wife was dying, and would not probably survive till I reached his home. I found the chill of death was fully on her; her face and limbs were as cold as marble; within a couple of hours I succeeded in bringing a slight flush to her cheeks, but it was two days before I succeeded in so far rallying the system as to get warmth to the extremities. During this time I was consulted as to the propriety of calling counsel; I replied that I always left that with the wishes of friends, but added that in this case, particularly, my counsel was *on high*; that I was deeply impressed that God would save that woman through me, if he saved her at all; that I had not given her up. The husband's mother replied with a good deal of spirit, "You know, Doctor, that no person in the world ever lived twenty-four hours under her circumstances." I answered, If she dies one at least of my own feet will go into the grave with her before I will relinquish my hold; for I felt, dear reader, that my spirit was grappled into hers with a strength so *super-human* that death itself could not break it, and that till it was broken I should assuredly bind her spirit to its tenement of clay; but if another physician came, it would seem but reasonable to the friends that I should yield to his advice; this would break my hold; the husband felt the force of my remarks, and wept freely; nothing more was said about counsel, and it is needless to add, to those who believe in *spirit power*, that the patient perfectly recovered, and is well to this day.

In 1839 I had a patient whose fever was followed by a violent hemorrhage from the bowels; he voided full three pints of apparently unmixed blood within an hour and a half. As it was the first instance of the kind I had ever witnessed, I stepped across

the highway and invited an allopathic physician to step over and look at my patient. Before he left, I asked him what course he would pursue were the patient his? He replied, I should give him a dose of calomel. He left, and I stepped into another room and turned my mind inward; I saw the condition of the liver, whence the blood was flowing, as plainly as if it had lain on a dissecting table before me; I saw that it was already too much chafed, and that a dose of calomel would assuredly kill the patient; it was equally clear to me that it was generally in consequence of a too free use of mercury in the first stages and progress of fever that induced hemorrhage in the last stages; that this was why I had never seen any thing of the kind in my practice, for I had never used mercury in any form in fevers, and very seldom any where. This patient had taken none, but I had used a vegetable substitute, the Podo. Pel., which I thought I had continued rather too long. I was now directed, under the same illumination, what to do; this was to feed the patient with salt and vinegar as fast as the stomach would bear it, to be followed by an opiate. The hemorrhage was apparently arrested on giving the first teaspoonful. Not another drop of blood was seen, excepting what had evidently congealed in the canal, which was expelled the next day; it was about 2 o'clock, P. M., when the physician alluded to was invited in. During the evening he called again, accompanied by a brother doctor of more age and experience than himself; the latter, after examining the patient very closely, thus addressed him: "I find you much better, Mr. C., than I expected, after the information Dr. B. had given me. Your skin is in a fine, soft condition; pulse free and kind; tongue looks well, and every symptom now indicates that your bleeding will not prove much, if indeed any, hindrance to your speedy recovery; but," said he, "if your hemorrhage should again appear, you may depend it will require more skill than Gridley has got to save you;" and then, in anticipation of such an event, very condescendingly proffered his own and his friend's services. I have never before informed them that after the call of the first-named gentleman that the Powers above took the case into their own hands, and that they generally require very little earthly aid. The patient recovered very rapidly, being able to sit up an hour in his chair, on the third day. In just ten days from that time I had another patient taken

in the same way and under the same circumstances, while the cure was as quickly effected, and by the same means. I have never had but three cases of this kind, and the patients are well and hearty to this day.

In one case of most distressing spinal disease, that for several years had confined the patient to the bed a great part of the time, I was not allowed to visit the patient, but in lieu thereof, this text was given me, fresh and direct as from the hand of heaven's first secretary ; it was pressed upon my spirit with a force that became almost burdensome ; nothing of the kind had been sought or even thought of, but it was upon me—all over me—demanding a response : "*Ask what ye will and it shall be done.*" It was not to me a bible text, it was my text ; and from the fullness of my soul I responded : "Lord, I will that that patient be healed." The force still remained on me, till I had replied in the same words the third or fourth time. The pledge was soon fulfilled on this distant patient, but through what spiritual agency the writer never knew, and I believe the patient was equally ignorant of all except the fact. Perhaps I should have said that this text came upon me after an agitation of mind in consequence of the anxiety of the messenger who came for me, to obtain an answer. I finally told him my mind was disturbed and he might go his way, and that I would do the best I could about visiting the patient. I think my mind became tranquil within three minutes after he left, and the result is given. I wrote the same hour to the patient that her recovery was certain, but did not go near her for a considerable time. I might cite instances where the pulse has been reduced thirty beats in as many minutes, in a patient laboring under continued fever, by bringing upon them a baptism from the supernal world, without speaking a word, or making a motion ; a baptism entirely above any magnetic forces that I possess.

In 1839, at darkest midnight, as I was ascending a mountain, on my way to a patient, a limb that I could not see struck my hat and threw it off, in which was a pair of spectacles. I heard them clink among the stones, but from the noise of my carriage I could not tell in what direction. I dismounted, and soon found my hat. I could not well do without my spectacles ; besides, they would be likely to be destroyed by the travel before my return the next day, and as there was no dwelling near, where I could get a light, I

stood perfectly still and quiet to ascertain if my spiritual sphere would not send forth its little tide or extend its feelers in the direction of the lost article. Being soon satisfied on that point, I walked down the hill about a rod behind my carriage, stooped, and laid my hand at first touch on the spectacles without the least possible use of my eyes. On another occasion I was led some forty rods by the same means, and with the same result.

SPIRITS' EMPLOYMENT.

A few questions with their replies will now be given. Sept., 1854, I inquired, Can you tell me, friends, in what manner you occupy most of your time?

A. We have different occupations; we are seldom idle; according to their inclinations, some spirits instruct the young; some are mostly engaged in the work of their own elevation in the circles, others are seeking the good of their friends on earth by trying to elevate their minds to a higher and holier plane, while others still devote most of their time to the sick; the latter spend a great proportion of their time on earth. Those spirit-friends whose inclinations lead them mostly to seek the elevation of their earthly friends, if unsuccessful from the unbelief, and of course the repulsion of their relatives, prefer to abide mostly in their spiritual homes.

SPIRIT TRAVEL.

Q. How fast do you travel, my son?

A. I can travel nearly as fast as friend Bryant. I will give you an illustration that may amuse the children; they know how swift the pigeons fly. Well, I propose to have a race with them; I will therefore give my pigeon sixty miles the start; I will then let her fly from me just one hour, then I will start and overtake her in two seconds. It is proper to remark that we can travel twelve miles above the earth nearly twice as fast, with the same ease, as we can near the surface, and therefore generally rise several miles

when we go to distant places on the earth, for the air is a medium to be overcome, as you are aware, that is much denser than our bodies; the higher up, the easier we travel. At the distance of the fifth circle, as I am informed by friend Bryant and others, they travel six hundred miles as easily as they can one hundred near the earth's surface, and much more pleasantly.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

Several questions, by way of objection, have been raised in relation to some statements made by friend Bryant, in *Astounding Facts*. Among them are the following:

Q. I understood you to say that a spirit cannot rise above its own stratum of refinement; you affirm that you are in the fifth circle, and yet that you have visited Jupiter and Saturn, which must lie beyond the seventh?

A. This statement, as I clearly intimated, should be confined to spirits in the four first circles, or to such as are below the judgment. You can hardly forget, after what we have said, that we mark that event as *the great refining process*, a vivid epoch in the soul's history; when, therefore, angels have passed that "refiner's fire," and been thoroughly cleansed with the "fuller's soap," the home of their affinity is some twenty thousand miles from the earth; they have so far entered the margin of that broad sea of pure magnetic fire that fills all space, though they cannot permanently live in it, yet by permission they can safely live long enough in it to cross it on their way to the planets, as our friends in the body can live harmlessly a few hours, or even days, where they cannot make a permanent home.

VISION OF ANGELS.

Q. How does the moon appear to you?

A. The moon appears to our present vision about twelve times as large as it did to our rudimental eyes.

Q. But how is this? the moon magnified only twelve times, and the stars doubled, as you somewhere state; whereas, the stars must be magnified almost indefinitely to affect their apparent size?

A. It is because we can see more clearly and fully the twinkling illumination that is ever playing around these shining bodies, that gives them, to our present view, an enlarged diameter; if that was

removed they would probably still appear to us as they do to you, under the same circumstances, a mere point.

Q. Why do different men vary so much in their testimony as to the apparent diameter of a full moon?

A. It is owing mainly to the different degrees of contraction in the pupil of the eye. Different human eyes vary much in their power of contraction and expansion; the more the pupil is expanded the greater is the door that admits the rays of light, and of course the larger the image painted on the retina. The truth of this statement you can corroborate by placing a burning lamp a few inches before the eye and looking at the moon through the blaze; the light of the lamp will at once contract the pupil and diminish the area of the moon to one-third its former size. So, again, by looking through a hole in a hat which is held closely about the face, excluding all the rays of light excepting the direct rays that pass through the hole from the moon to the eye; the pupil will now expand, and the moon appear even larger than it did to the open face. Thus, too, a man three hundred feet up appears smaller than one at the same distance on the earth, for when the face is turned upward the rays are more direct and intense, and of course the pupil more contracted, than when light falls upon the eye more obliquely, or in a parallel with the earth. The philosophers of my day had overlooked this fact.

Q. You affirm, friend Bryant, that Swedenborg is in the sixth circle, a circle wholly free from imperfection, as we understand the word, and yet you say he slides the doctor's pen a fraction beyond substantial truth; and you boldly dissent from some things he is made to say, while it would seem that he must certainly know best?

A. You are well aware that our conversation about Swedenborg was thus badly left, out of regard to your own personal feelings. An allusion to a comparison among loving friends, as to who is most advanced, is painful, but as the subject is left in Astounding Facts, I lie open to censure, and the truth to suffer; I feel, therefore, bound in justice to state my reasons for apparently sitting in judgment on the sayings of a spirit above me. They are briefly these: That Swedenborg is in the sixth circle, a degree

above me, is cheerfully admitted, but each of his mediums are in the *fourth*; the aggregate sphere of their influence, therefore, is *fourteen*. I am myself in the *fifth*, while both my mediums, through whom the higher portions of Astounding Facts have been given, are in the same degree with myself; our aggregate sphere, then, is *fifteen*. Our book, I affirm, (I mean the higher moral portions which were mostly given after N. left) have emanated from a higher plane, by one degree, than Judge Edmonds' book, because the mental atmosphere of the communicating spirit must mingle to a great extent and be modified by the mental atmosphere of the medium. I assert, further, that it has issued from the same stand-point that the Apostles occupied when they wrote the New Testament; that the views entertained in this work are not believed because they are found between the leaves of that book, so much as because they have been unfolded in the most interior of my own spirit, as well as in the spirits of my mediums; that if we had never heard of the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John, or the epistles of Paul or Peter, we should have written out much of the same essential truths, or, in other words, should have made a bible much like the old one, from the spiritual materials of our own unfolding natures. The bible is worth very little to any man, any further than its truths are thus unfolded, and become *his*, independent of the record. No man has the gospel in any other way. Your colporteurs would report a hundred to one cases of destitution if they themselves knew what real destitution meant.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.

WHY DISCORDANT.

This question has been so often asked me from private sources, that I will attempt briefly to reply to it in my own way, though it has been plainly and ably answered in the *Spiritual Telegraph*.

If the reader is a believer in St. John's Revelations, viz.: that in looking through the vista of the future, with a prophet's eye, he saw about this time, as we have fully shown, the "New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven," descending through

the lower circles among the "dogs, sorcerers, whoremongers, idolaters, and all that love and make lies," as he affirms; I say if the reader believes this, then it is clear that all these characters lie and must continue to lie between earth's inhabitants and those within the gates of the descending city, till it has so far 'come down' as to base its everlasting gates on the earth's surface; besides, "as there can in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth or worketh abomination, how many, think you, gentle reader, of earth's inhabitants are prepared, as yet, to hold converse with beings so pure in heart?"

With these considerations, the wonder is how we get so much information from the other world that is reliable and elevating; or, again, if we reflect that that world is made up and constantly replenished from the men and women of this, to the amount of nearly a hundred thousand every day, without any material change of character, and that forty-nine fiftieths of this inconceivable tide are made up of savages, barbarians, or, at best, but half-civilized souls; when we reflect that the more gross and degraded they are, the nearer the earth's surface they are confined; when, I say, we consider that the earth is closely and densely surrounded by a floating ocean of gross spirits who are more or less depraved, and who are ready and waiting to seize any and every opportunity to pour back their foolishness upon the world, the wonder is, again, why the good and pure of that city are so often inclined to cross this "hell gate" of turbulent waters to give us instruction, and testify to the beauty and glory of their celestial homes.

Allowing these things to be so, is it wise, is it just to our friends, to turn our backs on the descending city? or shall we not seek the more earnestly, and strive the more ardently, to penetrate the mists that are before us till we establish an open and uninterrupted union and communion with the city of our God? Till we can do this, let us be content, if need be, to gaze upon her opening glories that are represented as surpassing the brightness of the sun, as we do upon that luminary, through 'darkened glasses,' constantly striving to add to our faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, temperance and all the graces that adorn a meek and quiet spirit, "that so an abundant entrance may be ministered to us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

Such was, evidently, the design of the apostle in the above language; to shoot by these lower degrees at his first exit from earth, and go with a force of spiritual attraction sufficient to carry him at a single bound into the very heart of the capitol. During all the scenes of the judgment the aspiring soul is struggling with a similar design; if it has not yet obtained it, its main concern is with itself, and not with evil spirits; while, if a medium or circle have reached such purity and elevation, evil spirits will have nothing to do with them. If, therefore, any medium or circle is troubled with low, undeveloped, or evil spirits, they should seek the remedy by elevating themselves to a higher purity, and thus strengthen themselves in the mighty God. I am confident we should never have been troubled had our principal medium been what the circle was.

REMARKS.

Reader, are our statements in this work too much for your credence? However improbable, perhaps impossible, they may appear to the uninitiated, we affirm upon the faith of a Christian that none exceed, while many of them do not come up to the truth. For instance, on page 176, where it is said, "*the head of the horse seemed jerked up,*" &c., we might have said that *his head was jerked up*, and that we not only saw it, but the horse *felt* it, and, following the guidance, sprang twice up the bank into the main road, and when he was reined down the third time, and received the whip, his head was held in by an unseen power so that his mouth was forced back nearly to his breast. Again, on page 177, it should have been stated that my wife lay pulseless three-quarters of an hour, during all which time the blood was settling downwards from the eyes till the whole neck and a portion of the chest were as discolored as I ever saw them on any portion of a corpse. Nothing but angelic interposition of great power, after so long a time, could have scattered such a congealed mass, and set it again floating in the circulation, and restore her usual strength, and all within four minutes; besides, had disease alone brought her into such a state, it must have required many days to have restored her, if ever.