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My Experience,

OR

FOOT-PRINTS OF A PRESBYTERIAN

TO

Spiritualism.

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

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MY EXPERIENCE.

THIS is the age of progress. Discoveries in Science and the Arts have marked each footstep on the track of time. Man's restless and ever active mind is unwilling to admit any arbitrary limit in its search after the unknown.

From the bowels of the earth he has extracted that with which he has thrown around it iron bands and perfected a rapidity of transit unthought of in the past.

From the ocean he has extracted a vapor, powerful, but easily controlled, that drives the mighty steamship on its surface, gives impetus to the swiftly rolling car, and moves with untiring force the busy wheels of industry. Even the electric flash he has subdued, and sends it with lightning speed on messages of hope and love.

These are but few of the marvels he has wrought in this teeming age of wonders. Had he been a mere denizen of earth his work had perhaps reached its limit—his mind would not have stretched into the limitless beyond. But earth is not his resting place—he is an ever-living spirit; claiming an eternal existence in a world more pure, more ethereal, more real, more positive than this; and having made the elements subservient to his will; having, when his hand reached forth to grasp the forked lightning, approached the portals of the interior world, he would not be content until he had peered within; until those long closed doors

were opened to his touch, and the dwellers in those sacred precincts had told him of their present state, his future destiny.

The vision of the ancient Patriarch who saw the angels descending and ascending, passing to and fro between the heavens and the earth, was but a prophecy of the future; pointing to the time which now has come; when the inhabitants of the celestial spheres can and do mingle their thoughts and affections with the loved ones left below.

The power of spirits to manifest their presence, tell us of their condition beyond the grave and of their undying love and sympathy for those still in the form, can no longer be denied. Its influence is widening and extending into all classes of society, and yearly converting vast multitudes to its belief.*

* In the Westminster Review for January, 1858, the writer says:—
 "We should be in much error if we suppose that table-turning, which in America assumes the loftier title of Spiritualism, in ceasing to occupy the attention of the public generally, has also ceased to occupy the attention of every part of it. The fact is very much otherwise. Our readers would be astonished were we to lay before them the names of several of those who are unflinching believers in it, or who are devoting themselves to the study or reproduction of its marvels. Not only does it survive, but survives with all the charm and all the stimulating attractiveness of a secret science. Until the public mind in England shall be prepared to receive it, or until the evidence shall be put in a shape to enforce general conviction, the present policy is to nurse it in quiet and enlarge the circle of its influence by a system of noiseless extension. Whether this policy will be successful remains to be seen; but there can be no doubt that, should ever the time arrive for the revival of this movement, the persons at its head would be men and women whose intellectual qualifications are known to the public, and who possess its confidence and esteem."

William Howitt, the well known author, says:—"It would startle some people to discover in how many royal palaces in Europe it is firmly seated, and with what vigor it is diffusing itself through all ranks and professions of men, who do not care to make much noise

The various explanations which have been given by its opponents have proved not only ineffectual in staying its progress, but have been contradicted by the daily experience of thousands.

It was while on a visit to a friend in Washington, in the summer of 1854, that my attention was first drawn to the subject of Spiritualism. One afternoon a neighbor called and invited us in after tea, as they intended "holding a Circle." He having left, my friend inquired if I had seen anything of Spirit-Rapping.

"No, nor do I wish to—it is all imposture or delusion; unworthy of the least attention—the very thought has always seemed to me downright blasphemy."

"Well, I have seen a good deal that is wonderful, and which, it seems to me, can only be accounted for by a spiritual hypothesis; and yet, you know that I am no believer even in Spirit-existence. I am and have ever been a materialist. I believe that when a man dies he shall not live again. I should like you to go, and then tell me what you think of these marvels."

So, to gratify him, I consented—confident that, whether trick or delusion, it could be detected and exposed. I expected to meet what is called "a Circle"—ten or more

about it; men and women of literary, religious and scientific fame."

Mr. Owen, our late minister to Naples, from whom I have quoted the above, remarks:—I can endorse it from personal knowledge. I found in Europe interested and earnest inquirers into this subject in every rank, from royalty downward; princes and other nobles, statesmen, diplomatists, officers in the army and navy, learned professors, authors, lawyers, merchants, private gentlemen, fashionable ladies, domestic mothers of families. Most of them it is true, prosecute their investigation in private, and declare their opinions only to intimate or sympathising friends. But none the less does this class of opinions spread, and the circle daily enlarge that receives them."

credulous persons seated around a table, ready to believe any foolery that might arise.

We were ushered into a genteel parlor, and found there only Major ——, of the U. S. A., his wife and daughter, a girl of some fourteen summers. Having taken our seats at a small breakfast table, with the hands resting gently thereon, it soon began to move; at first sideways, then tipping forward and backward; at times with some violence. The alphabet being called, sentences were spelled out, the proper letters being indicated by the tipping of the table.

I was confounded—all idea of imposture vanished the moment I entered the room; everything around me forbade the thought: nor could I see any more ground for delusion—all was too plain and manifest.

The major and his wife then withdrew, leaving only my friend, myself and the little medium at the table. More spelling ensued, and presently the table went off rapidly across the room. I seized upon it with both hands, but could not arrest its motion! My friend, who measures full six feet in height, then applied his strength, but with no better success; it still moved, and all that we could see opposed to us was a laughing child, with the tips of her fingers upon the edge of the table!

I left that room with feelings far different from what I had anticipated. Not that I supposed it to be the work of spirits—such a thought was as far from me then as ever; yet I felt assured that neither fraud nor delusion had any part in it? Then what was it? No answer came—I was bewildered—I knew not what to think. Months rolled on; memory often brought up the scene in vivid reality—a riddle I could not solve—and, therefore, unsatisfied.

Accident threw into my hands one day an odd number of a small pamphlet, entitled "The Sacred Circle." Curiosity induced me to open it. I had glanced over but a few pages

before an interest was fairly awakened—took it home and read it with astonishment. Till then I was not aware that any literature belonged to the subject. I had looked upon it as something akin to the Cock-Lane ghost, haunted houses, second sight, and other marvels which have found believers in every age; but here was a work, written by no ordinary minds, and with an earnest sincerity which none could doubt.

I then procured the works of Judge Edmonds, Davis, and others; took the "Christian Spiritualist" and "Telegraph;" and read everything on the subject that came in my way. Gradually my mind began to yield—a conviction of its truth stole upon me, and yet it was no easy matter to rub out the sectarian prejudices which thirty years' membership of the Presbyterian Church had engendered. Little but what was strictly orthodox had ever gained my attention. Hitherto I had looked only upon one side of the question. The New York Observer had been my Sunday-reading since 1828. I had sat under the ministry of the beloved Nevins, of Backus, and of Plumer; and, therefore, had the means of becoming well instructed in all the doctrines of the Church. But now, the other side was exposed to view, and how hard the conflict before conviction came that some of the dogmas so earnestly enforced by Press and Pulpit were unsound and not in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel. Much that in creeds and catechisms I had been taught to consider as equal in authority and proceeding from the Bible; I could not find there now, nor receive with reverence. Who can read the early history of the Church, and not see how creed after creed sprang from the controversies of those who had set themselves up as the ambassadors of God, and whose purpose was more the attainment of their own selfish ends through the elevation of "the Church" than the promotion of the cause of Christ. The pure and holy religion taught by the Saviour became so encumbered and obscured by the crudities heaped upon it by Pope and Priest; so warped by

the inventions of Councils and Assemblies as to be almost overwhelmed and lost sight of in the sectarianism of the day.

My mind was now thoroughly awakened to the all-important subject of Religion. It was the truth I was in search of. I strove to free myself from the shackles of sect and creed, and look to the teachings of Christ alone as my guide. One by one the different dogmas of the Church lost their hold and passed away. I could no longer believe in original sin—total depravity—election—reprobation—infant* damnation—endless punishment in a fiery hell—a personal devil. I no longer feared a God of wrath and indignation; but rejoiced in a Loving Father, ever ready to hear the penitent's prayer; whether that prayer came from the spirit in its tenement of clay, or from the spirit-home. I no longer lived in bondage from the fear of death—death had lost its terror; the grave its gloom.

Death has been man's terror in all time. Nothing has ever claimed half the consideration and exercised such influence over his hopes and fears, his courage and cowardice, as this hitherto dreaded event. And as all dangers and dreads are heightened by our ignorance of their nature; so this giant terror has been augmented by the seemingly impenetrable mystery that has clustered around and overshadowed it. The thoughts of death, the shroud and the grave, have tainted and poisoned the joys of life. Any new development then, or discovery, that will throw light upon the nature and character of this event—any science or philosophy that will pluck its sting, dispel its mysteries and disclose its nature, must be of inestimable value.

* Only a few months ago in Brighton, England, the funeral rite was refused to an unbaptized infant. The father buried his child, and a friend read some religious service at the grave. For this violation of ecclesiastical law they were cited by the Bishop in the Arches Court and fined.

Spiritualism does this—it has dissipated this ancient terror, shed floods of light upon the phenomenon of death, and revealed the life beyond the grave. The influence that this alone must have is indeed great. It gives a charm to *this* life, infuses new hopes and energies into it, dispels its gloom, and shows it to be but the precursor of a life beyond the tomb!

Intellectually I became a Spiritualist, that is, so far as external evidence could make me one; but I needed something more; I wanted a personal test from the loved ones above, without which, no one, I think, can be a full believer.

I sought and obtained an invitation to a private Circle. It consisted of two gentlemen and three ladies, all entire strangers to me. The communications then received came through the Dial, to be hereafter described. The first sentence was addressed to one of the gentlemen by the spirit of a lady who had died many years ago in England.

“The grave is not so deep nor heaven so far off as to separate me from thee.”

Another heard from a son, who was killed in battle, in Mexico, giving the particulars of his death.

One of the ladies received a message from a Sabbath-school child, who had recently passed away. She came to offer thanks for the kindness and attention that had been shown to her.

Then it was asked if Mr. Smith had any spirit friend present? “Yes.” The name? “FRANK.”

“If this be the one I am thinking of, at what age did you die?”

“You know, dear Pa, five—I died not, but then began to live.”

It was my son, whose form had lain in the grave more than twenty years.

More followed. I was deeply moved; until, at length, the pent-up feelings found vent in tears. I cannot say that

even then, after the first emotions had subsided, that I was altogether convinced. I wanted more tests, and no opportunity was lost for further investigation. On all occasions, no matter where or with what medium, my son was with me, giving test after test; mental questions answered, until at length every particle of doubt was removed, and my conviction was and has ever remained firm, without the least misgiving or shadow of turning, that the spirits of the loved, *not* lost, can and do return and commune with us.

I did not fail to relate these facts to my family and friends, nor hesitate to acknowledge myself a Spiritualist, supposing that all would feel a deep interest in a subject so momentous, and be eager to know of the truth for themselves. But how different my reception—how varied the motives which sway the mind, and influence the conduct. Why this opposition? Because of early training—of the odium attached to the name—because of lack of moral courage, of orthodox prescription, of standing in the church, bigotry, sectarian prejudice; and again, with others, because of discounts, credit on 'change—power, place and popularity—because of honors and emoluments—all, all contribute to enshroud the mind, close the heart, and prevent even an investigation of the subject.

But when public opinion changes, as inevitably it must—when Spiritualism becomes respectable, popular and fashionable; when there is everything to be gained and nothing to be lost by avowing one's belief in it: then will be heard the cry on all sides, "I always thought it was true—I believed it from the first." "A nation will be born in a day."

Some called me an infidel; but I know that my religious faith is deeper, clearer, and more practical now than it has ever been in all my life.

Some pronounced me mad; and others again were not choice in their language of denunciation, as though they hoped to win heaven by their zeal for what they deemed

religion. All this excited no other feeling in my breast than pity and compassion; it was but the effect of ignorance; knowing full well that could these clouds of bigotry and error be removed, and the light of God's truth shine upon them, I should be received to their hearts with an ardor heightened by reason of the present opposition. For the nearest and dearest I mourn over the remorse that awaits them when the scales shall fall from their eyes—better that it should be in this world than the next. *That time will surely come*—but whether I be then in the form, matters not. The recompense of reward is sure—*I bide my time.*

Within the last three years seven dear friends have passed away. Hardly had the grave closed upon their remains before the Spirit was at my side to acknowledge the truth of what they had before condemned; and to express sorrow for the “hard thoughts they had entertained towards me upon the subject.”

I must not include all, however, in the bitterness I have described. Governed by a far different spirit was the dear one who sent me this touching anonymous letter, handed me by a friend:

BALTIMORE, 21 April, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,—Believing you to be an honest inquirer after truth, and one whose natural disposition is of that ardent and enthusiastic nature which stops not at any amount of trouble in its search; I have been induced from motives the purest, even the fear of God and the desire to approve myself to him, to drop a few hints of a friendly nature about that most unnatural and unscriptural practice of consulting the spirits of the departed, commonly called Spiritualism.

I am aware how much better and more forcibly others could speak on this subject. My aim is not to dazzle or attract by eloquent words, but by the application of

startling scripture truths. What are man's puny arguments in comparison with the word of God; that hammer to break in pieces all who oppose themselves against the proclaimed law and will of God.

One of the most fearfully dangerous ways of opposing man's crooked and perverse will against the high and holy will of the great and adorable being, whose duty as well as privilege it is ours to submit to, is to consult lying spirits; and in support of this truth hear the word of God. "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, if any man shall *add* unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book; and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy; God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things that are written in this book."—*Rev.*

Is not this a plain and positive proof that the Canon of Scripture is closed. It becomes not man to pry into those secret things which belong unto God. Again, was it not predicted, that amongst other latter day evils that should arise, "some should depart from the faith," (mark these solemn words,) "giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils."—*Tim. 4.*

How alarming is this, as much as to say, you have turned aside from the pure and holy guidance of the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to enlighten us as to the will of God, to follow that which is preceded by a departure from the faith. Ah, therein is the cruel treachery of the father of lies. He entraps by degrees. The deceived, in the beginning say, "I only wish to see if there is anything in it;" but the poor human heart is deceitful above all things, and knows not that there is death in the pot. No one plunges into the gulf of despair at once—no one becomes a bold transgressor at once. This moving of tables seems a small and trifling thing at first, but soon, ah, very soon it becomes a deep

seated passion of the soul. I grant you there may be something in these wonders, but they are plainly and unmistakably lying wonders. God's word says, "if they (any oracle or teaching) speak not according to this law, it is because there is no truth in them."

We do not deny the power and agency of evil spirits under the Old Testament dispensation, for the Bible says, "an evil spirit from the Lord troubled Saul." But before this happened, the scriptures declare "the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul."—*Sam.* 16, 14. But in the New Testament, does our Lord or any of his apostles sanction our consulting spirits, good or evil? "Should not a man seek unto his God." Would we be wiser than what is written?

We have great reason to fear, when we tamper with what God has purposely concealed, even the knowledge of hidden mysteries, such as recalling the spirits of the departed, as in the case of Saul and the witch of Endor, that the Lord has or is about to depart from us, although, dreadful thought, we know it not. Did not God in days of old, as recorded in the scriptures, cause familiar spirits and those who dealt with them, "to be put away out of the land;" and shall we in Gospel times and under its full meridian blaze, go back to folly and become the enslaved votaries of a fatal delusion? For it is not to be denied, that if we will pursue what is plainly contrary to scripture we must involve ourselves in a labyrinth of difficulties leading us away from God, the centre of perfection.

Let me entreat you most earnestly and prayerfully to consider what I have adduced from scripture; and may God of His great mercy lead you into all truth, even to Him who is the way, and the truth, and the life, the Lord Jesus Christ.

From one who desires that your soul may prosper.

The following is my reply:—

BALTIMORE, 25 April, 1856.

MY DEAR KIND FRIEND,—For though to me unknown, the deep solicitude for my spiritual welfare which breathes forth in every line of your letter, justifies me in thus addressing you.

I have read it with much attention, and though constrained to differ from you in the conclusions you have drawn, both from scriptural arguments and from facts, yet can I well appreciate your feelings, having myself gone through the same ordeal in my early investigation of the subject.

Fifteen months have elapsed since my attention was first arrested by some startling phenomena, which my slender knowledge of science could not explain. This induced me to read Judge Edmonds and other writers on the subject. An interest was more deeply awakened, and I then obtained an invitation to a private circle, where a communication was given from what professed to be my son, whose earthly form was laid in the grave more than twenty years ago. I was sitting with entire strangers and yet he gave me his name, his age, and subsequently, in answer to *mental* questions, the inscription on his tomb, "*gone to Jesus;*" and also, the last words spoken by him on earth!!

It was then that my religious prejudices were raised. May not this be the wiles of the evil one, taking upon himself the form of an angel of light only to lure me to my ruin. At the throne of grace I bowed, and if ever I agonized in prayer it was that God would protect me from all such assaults; but if it was, indeed, *His truth*; a new dispensation just dawning upon the world; that he would shed abroad upon my soul such a flood of light, as to be utterly irresistible. My motives I knew were pure. It was not mere love of the marvellous or to gratify an idle curiosity that drew me on. No—it was a sincere love of

truth, with a firm determination to follow wheresoever it might lead, regardless of all consequences.

I do believe, *I know* that my prayers were answered. The truth of Spiritualism has been manifested to me by such an accumulation of evidence, that *no sane* mind can resist it. Faith is not a voluntary act. We cannot believe without evidence, nor can we refuse assent when that evidence comes. So with me. I cannot retain my senses and doubt that the spirits of the loved and departed *can* and *do* return to earth to hold communion with us. My dear father and mother, the latter now fifty years in the spirit world; my Frank, two sisters and brother of my wife, have all been with me and expressed the high gratification it afforded them thus to assure me of their sympathy and affection.

I cannot give you now the tithe of my experience in this matter—indeed it would weary you for me to attempt it; but I should be happy to do so if you will afford me the opportunity. It has been of the most elevating character, and productive of good and only good to my soul. Nor can I find words to express the deep gratitude I feel to my heavenly father for the light he has thus poured upon me. It has completely robbed death of its sting and the grave of its terror, and I can now say and *feel*, what I could not before, that I am *ready, ready*, whenever summoned, and shall go with joy, for I *know* that my Redeemer liveth. This is no illusion—it is my daily, hourly experience, to live with an abiding sense of His presence; it is my interpretation of the text, “pray without ceasing.” I never fully knew its meaning before—I *feel* it now.

Along with this letter I hand you a small pamphlet, “the ministry of angels realized,” which to me was very comforting, for it removed from my mind many of the religious scruples which assailed me in the early stages of my inves-

tigation. I beg you to read it. It is evidently written by a disciple of Christ and an earnest seeker after truth.

We linger at the couch of a dying friend eager to catch the last sigh, anxiously receiving the last expiring words of conscious intelligence, to be treasured up in after years as something oracular, because coming from one just entering the confines of the spirit world. It may have been an adjuration to lead a holy life, to live in strict conformity to the will of God, and thus prepare to be again united in the realms of bliss. If by *divine permission* that loved one can again return to renew a communion thus interrupted by death; can you for a moment suppose it sinful in us to receive it? Does it become us to call in question the fiat of the Almighty? Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, why hast thou made me thus? The question needs no reply.

You refer me to *Rev.* "If any man shall add unto or take away the words of this book," &c. My dear friend, you give a far wider interpretation to this text than was ever intended by St. John. If you consult your Pastor he will tell you that it refers simply to the book of Revelations he was then writing—that the Bible, as we now have it, was not then known. He will tell you that the book which we call the Bible is a collection of pamphlets written by different authors, beginning with Moses and extending through a long series of ages down to St. John, the Revelator. He will further tell you that this collection from among many hundred of similar writings, was not made till more than three hundred years had elapsed after the birth of our Saviour, when by solemn decision of the Council of Nice this very book of Revelation was rejected as unfit to become a part of the Canon of Holy Scripture, and that three hundred years more rolled on before that book, and also, the books of James and Jude were, by the adjudication of another council, received; and thus, finally, our present Bible was established.

I repeat that such an application of the text was not thought of when it was written. A fellow servant, one of the prophets, showed John his visions, and merely forbade any alteration by adding to or taking away one word. It is because of this book of Revelation being bound up *last* in the collection, that this common error has arisen.

But to return to the words of the text—"add unto these things." Can it be, that by simply asserting the *fact* that spirits can and do communicate, we are *adding* any thing strange or new, while from Genesis to Revelation there are so many instances of the same thing?

Leaving out the Old Testament, which is full of it; an angel appeared to the two Marys,—one opened the door of Peter's prison,—two were seen by Jesus, Peter, James and John,—and one spake to John the Evangelist. It will not do to say these were angels, a distinct order of beings from men, for those seen by the apostles were Moses and Elias, and that seen by John, though called by him an angel, avowed himself to be "his fellow servant and one of his brethren the prophets."

Now let me ask if in former ages the spirits of departed mortals could appear to and commune with those yet living, wherein has man's nature or God's law so changed that the same thing may not happen to him now?

You next refer me to 1 *Tim.* 4 *chap.* "giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils;" and you allude "to prying into those secret things which belong unto God."

I answer by other texts, wherein we are told, "By their fruits ye shall know them"—"a corrupt tree can not bring forth good fruit, nor a good tree evil fruit;" and we are also admonished to "try the spirits, whether they be of God."

If this be the ordeal by which Spiritualism shall be tried, even its bitterest opponents must become its warm advocates, for, no where outside of the Bible will you find more ennobling

thoughts, more elevated teachings, inculcating entire submission to the will of God, and that by a practical righteousness and living faith in the great and vital principles taught in the Gospel of Christ, we may build up the kingdom of heaven on earth.

But you say "therein is the cruel treachery of the father of lies." I answer, if he teaches us "to live pure and well ordered lives; to do good, to relieve the oppressed; to strive to walk in wisdom's ways"—teaches us "that there is but one God, the Father, and Jesus, the mediator and Son of God"—and admonishes thus, "Let your Church be called the Church of Christ, let your creed be love, your actions pure; fulfil your duties one to another; be governed by good principles, not by faulty men. Take Christ for your guide. Believe and know that this is the path which shall most surely lead to the bliss prepared for men above." If such, I ask, be the devil's teachings, and we get precisely the same from the Bible, pray, how are we to discriminate? And let me add, these quotations are from communications made to me personally; I have many such, but none that teach otherwise. If it be, then, the wiles of Satan, I have found him ever consistent—he never prevaricates.

You refer me to the Book of Samuel, and the history of Saul, and the Witch of Endor, and remind me that those "who deal with familiar spirits shall be put away out of the land." And in connection with this, much is said by my pious friends about wizards and witches and necromancers. Without stopping to show how the vulgar use of these words has perverted their original intent, it is sufficient to point out other commands in the same book just as binding on us, if that be so, and which we see broken with impunity every day. We are there commanded to eat no manner of fat, nor the hare, nor the swine, not to reap the corners of the field—nor sow the field with mingled seed—not to mingle linen and woolen—not to round the corners of the head, nor mar

the corners of the beard—not to deliver the servant to his master.

We are commanded to give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, strife for strife. We are forbidden to countenance a poor man in his cause; to kindle a fire in our dwelling upon the Sabbath-day. These, and many such, which are familiar to every Scripture reader, stand side by side with those relating to wizards and witches. If one is binding, why not all?

“Thus, my friend, I have answered all your arguments by others, which to me are conclusive. I have, beside all this, my own experience, which has convinced me, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that spirits who once inhabited bodies like our own, our nearest and dearest friends, can and do commune with and instruct us. Believing, also, that they, having passed beyond the veil that conceals from our natural eye the future that awaits us, have a better knowledge of the realities of the world to come, man’s duty here and destiny hereafter, than any man or number of men on earth; I accept their teachings, always subjecting them to the test of reason and my own intuitive sense of right.

“Would you not listen when angels whisper in your ears, and the Spirit-mother, she whom you loved, believed and obeyed, tells you of the future? You can listen. You *can be convinced of her actual* presence near you. You never doubted her before. Will you now? She comes with glad tidings for you. She comes to tell of the glorious home she has found beyond the skies, and to bid you dismiss your doubts, banish your fears, for such a home awaits you, too.

“Let me assure you that these are no fancy thoughts. I do not *suppose* these things are so, but I *know*, from happy experience, that they are; an experience which no earthly wealth could purchase—the enduring, satisfying joys, of which no human thought can fathom. Such an experience

can be yours if you will accept it; yours personally, yours practically. Seek, and ye *shall* find; knock, and it shall be opened unto *you*."

That you may receive what I have written in the same spirit of Christian charity with which it has been presented, is the prayer of

Your sincere friend,

Frs. H. SMITH.

Just after having written the above, I went to our weekly Circle, and there received a long communication from a dear cousin, who had left us for her heaven-home, a year previous. At the close of it, she said, "It was my sister Elizabeth that wrote that letter. We like your answer, and hope it may do good."

I had said nothing about letter or answer! Afterwards I ascertained that the person indicated was, indeed, the author.

The communications which I have received came through mediums unknown to each other, and strangers to me and my family relations. I have been visited by my grandparents on both sides—father and mother, uncles and aunts, my three children, my brother, and a score or more of other relatives and friends—some of them more than sixty years in the spirit world—bringing messages of sympathy and love; manifesting a deep interest in my temporal and spiritual welfare; filling my soul with happiness indescribable, and of which none can conceive who have not themselves enjoyed. This is the most precious part of my journal, which I never tire of reading; but of little interest, however, to others, because it lacks, to them, just that sympathy which gives it value.

I shall make a few extracts, to give those who have not looked into the subject some idea of the character of those communications.

It was through a stranger medium, from New York, that I first heard from my father :

“My dear, dear mortal son : The blessed moment has come when I can open my spirit lips and greet thee. You know not, my dear, the many blessed moments I have spent with thee, unconscious to thyself. Thou hast entered upon a path of great truth and light, and many angel friends are near, to guide thee toward the great haven of progress. Go on, my son, a spirit father’s love shall go with thee, and though the world may at times look drear, still I will buoy thee up to walk onward in purity and truth. I shall ever be thy guardian, and my power of love shall go with thee in all thy ways.

“Your spirit father,

“ISAAC SMITH.”

That I may know this to be the spirit of my father, give me, as a test, the name of your place in Virginia :

“SEA VIEW.”

The following came through Mrs. Morrell, then an entire stranger :—

“MY DEAR SON,—It is thy mother that is with thee this morning. I am with thee and still love thee. I have watched over thee in thy youth and still guard thee in thy maturer years.

MARIA SMITH.”

Overwhelmed at this, it being the first from my beloved mother, I asked as a test, for her maiden name? “H——.” Place of birth? “Bordentown.” Place and time of death. “Baltimore, October 6, 1806.” Name of your first child? “Thorogood.”

I can no longer doubt, but it does seem so very strange. Fifty years have passed since we parted, yet here am I holding familiar converse with my mother.

“We have never parted, my son, for I have always watched over you. Think it not strange that the spirit of your mother is so near you,—I have been ever near to guide you, and looked forward with much anxiety for the time to come when I might commune. I wish to tell you that your mother still lives and shines bright in glorious immortality. I dwell with your father in the same sphere—it is magnificent. We have our arbor ever blooming with fresh and beautiful flowers. I was fond of flowers when on earth, and your father was a dear lover of nature. We still enjoy these pleasures in the spirit world, and shall go on progressing together in love and wisdom throughout eternal ages.”

March 12, 1856.

A painful event occurred to-day, which distressed me much and sent me to the Circle with a sad heart. I had made no allusion to it, however, when the following came through the dial:—

“DEAR PA,—Have confidence in us; we have power to soothe and will do so,—take comfort in what shall be given you. Dear Pa, through the varied paths of life I am with you, always seeking opportunity to administer comfort or increase your happiness. Could you but know how anxiously we watch your every movement. Pa, give God your heart—look to your blessings, and let not these things disturb you. Very many are these blessings—be not unthankful. Pa, we know all your troubles; have not others theirs also. ‘Blessed are they that mourn,’ said Christ on the mount, ‘for they shall be comforted.’ Your trials will only make your future happiness the greater.”

I sometimes wish I was at rest.

“No—do not wish to come to us. Your days are not yet useless to the world. God does not see fit to take you. Oh, I pray you, be more hopeful and resigned. I know that

peace must come, for God's Holy Spirit hath dwelt with me
and told me so. Your darling, FRANK."

The following is from a dear one who passed away more than thirty years ago.

After some prefatory remarks :

——— "My affection for you has grown stronger since I came to the spirit world, though I loved you while on earth. How beautiful to dwell in this land of rest where we meet with the dear ones we knew in the form and all progressing together. I am often with you in your own home trying to impress dear S——, that the Spirit of her mother is with her.

"You, I know, have me in your memory as plainly as though I had left the form but yesterday, and when we meet, you will be surprised to see how youthful we all appear, freed from all the bodily afflictions and cares of your changeful world. At a future time I will tell you of my entrance here. A. U. T."

A few days after :

"I promised to say something of my entrance into the spirit world.

"When my spirit first left the body, I did not know of it for some time. I was in the room and saw my children in their distress, grieving for the loss of their mother. Then was I aroused to full consciousness that my spirit had passed from its tenement of clay. I can only compare it to a dream. My friends began to come, one after another, and tell me of the spirit spheres. This all seemed strange, for when in the body I had thought it far different from what I then beheld. I then met my dear mother with her arms extended. 'Come, dear child, to the home prepared for you.' She related to me every circumstance that had

attended my life since her spirit fled from earth, and taught me that spirits could return to earth and watch over their friends. My happiness was great. I cannot describe it to you, on finding that I had gained a home so beautiful, and that I might return to guard and guide the dear ones left behind. I have done so and will still come while a friend is left on earth-sphere.

A. U. T."

"DEAR COUSIN FRANK,—This is a glorious privilege, and it seems hard that so many should turn aside from the truth. They must see that these are the teachings of Christ. Spiritualism has taught you nothing wrong, my cousin; and your friends must see and know that it has made you far happier than any orthodox creed they could bring to bear upon you. Do you remain firm?

J. U. T."

Please describe your sphere?

"It is gorgeous, and illumined with the light and love of the Creator of all things heavenly. I cannot give you an accurate description of all around me. Just think of all the lovely things you ever saw on earth combined; and then you only have a faint idea of what we enjoy in this heavenly sphere. We have spirit flowers that are far more delightful to the senses than any with you. Our hills are greener, the rivers more pure and pellucid. Here we have all things in perfection.

J. U. T."

On another occasion Frank said. "My Grandma is here—my mother's mother."

"MY DEAR SON,—Be cheerful, in good time all will be well. Gradually change must come, 'ere you are yourself aware of it. My children are still objects of much love to me. Heaven lessens not the kindly feelings of any one to their earth-friends, but rather increases it. To you I have

no instructions to give, but when my other children recognize this truth, then will my time be fully occupied."

A. U. T."

"MY DEAR SON,—The mysteries of this sublime thought is not yet half unfolded to the world; but it is fast spreading, has done much good and will continue to progress. It cannot be upset or trodden down, for it has taken deep root in the hearts of true christians who live for humanity's sake and are trying to spread the teachings of Christ on earth. You are one of those enlisted in the cause—let your light shine forth to the world, and you will be comforted under all trials. Think of that bright home preparing for you in the spheres—it will be more than a reward. Death will be no terror to you as it is to many. You will meet with your mothers, as I may say, for your other mother is a bright spirit constantly with you. Your father, your children and many dear friends will be happy to greet you in your new home, where all troubles cease and cares cannot come.

YOUR MOTHER."

I copy the following from my journal merely to show the constant sympathy of those who with watchful care are ever near.

"May 20, 1856.

"I have met with nothing but disappointments to-day and, much depressed, went to seek comfort from my friends above. I took my seat without making any remark. The medium's hand was soon influenced, and she wrote as follows:

"MY DEAR SON,—I know that your prospects seems to you dark at present, but I would have you feel more cheerful. The clouds will pass away and all will yet be glorious sunshine. You will get through all your difficulties, for you have warm friends to bless you; many in the spirit-world,

and some on earth : know that the spirit of your mother is always near to comfort you in your earth-trials ; and when you feel sad, turn your thoughts to the bright spirits that guide you and their influence will be always felt. Be not so sad, my son ; you are not forsaken. You often feel so ; but let your faith be strong, and then your soul will aspire to things more sublime than the cold realities of earth. I know that you have been greatly distressed to day, but your guardian spirits hover more near to you in the hour of trial. Could your spiritual eyes be opened as you move through the busy throngs of the city, you would find one or more of your spirit-friends present. They are constantly by your side, but you see them not. Hope on—take comfort—never despair, and in your darkest hours light will shine upon you when you least expect it. YOUR MOTHER."

Then was written :

"There's not an hour of anguish,
But an arm of love is near ;
There's not an hour of sorrow
Heaven has no balm to cheer—
Which comes like living waters,
From fountains crystal clear.

"Hope on and cheer thy Spirit,
With a promise truly given ;
Earth-ties, though ties of sadness,
Are written 'Blessed' in heaven."

Mrs. Morrell writes automatically. It is doing her no injustice to say she is utterly incapable of writing a single line of the above.

On another occasion, I inquired whether I had any spirit friends present.

“Frank and grandma, glad, as usual, to speak to you. I think you should feel that you are happier than you were one year ago. We have all come to you since then, and much has been given. We delight to see you receiving communication from high spirits; they are capable of instructing you and leading your mind on to higher and nobler objects. Be guided by them when the judgment which God has implanted in you tells you they are guiding you aright.

“When we see you harassed with the cares of life, our sympathies are fully awakened in your behalf, and we would fain impart to you that knowledge which we in these higher spheres possess. If we fail to guide you as we wish, and see you involved in trouble, we impart that solace which you need, and thus shield you from much sorrow. My son, be not cast down. We know all your trials, for we are ever hovering over you with watchful eyes and loving hearts; and the time is not far distant when the care which has so long distressed you will be removed. The darkness which has hung like a funeral pall will be dispelled: bigotry and prejudice destroyed, reason assume its sway, and love and light abound. Then will your happiness be complete.

YOUR MOTHER.”

“Francis, do you wish to recognize your friend, L— —. I have been with you, my dear brother, and have been grieved in spirit to see my dear sister so bigoted. I will pray that the shackles of bigotry may fall and let her loose.”

“And yet,” said I, “no one is now more opposed to this New Dispensation than you would have been when on earth.”

“Yes, but it was early education.”

“Will you send a message to your family?”

“I will, dear Francis, when I see them prepared to receive it. I cannot cast my pearls where they would not be appreciated. What a sensation it will make when I have an opportunity to manifest to our family circle and friends. So soon as I see an evidence that I shall not be rejected, I will come to them. I have hope to see all peace and happiness at your dear home once more. I would send messages to many of my friends, but what would it avail? They would not believe. No—the hour is not yet come when the dark curtain may be lifted, and the light within be seen in all its glory.”

In what sphere are you?

“The fifth.”

I supposed that you would have been even still higher. What prevented?

Bigotry! Oh, how many of my old views came around me, and for a long time I would not be convinced. If I, in this world, could not believe, I wonder not that my sisters on earth will not receive this new revelation. L— —.

I have had many communications from this dear one. On another occasion I had been quoting the words, “If a man die shall he live again?” She replied:

“Yes, my dear brother, we shall live again; live in that bright land where nothing shall mar or disturb our happiness. I feel sometimes that I have nothing to bring me to earth but yourself. My spirit will never leave you while yours remains in the form. I shall stand by you even in the hour of death, as you call it, but no death to you, my brother; for you will meet it with joy. You will pass through the valley and shadow like a dream. I cannot explain to you now what joy you will experience when you meet with us all in that bright land, where parting is no more.”

“L——.”

In March, 1857, the dial gave the name of an intimate friend of my family, who had recently passed away. I said, "I shall be happy to hear from you."

"More happy to hear from me now than you could ever have been when on earth. So near, and yet so far, from all of you. You may well imagine my astonishment at learning the truth of what I deemed to be imposture or diabolism. I must tell you how grieved I felt at the remarks I made about you, that you were led away and tempted by the evil one; whereas, now I find how mistaken I was. Would that I could have one of my family interested in it; but this deprivation is but a just retribution for my waywardness in resisting all advances from my spirit friends. I am comparatively happy, though I feel sad sometimes to think of my earth friends, and of what I am deprived, in not being able to hold communion with them. I must learn, however, to wait patiently, and in time I hope to be gratified.

"I was not so much surprised at what I saw, because I had heard of such things, but I always treated them as vagaries. My friends met me when I came on high. I have cast off some of my prejudices, but I am told that many still hang about me, and that I cannot expect to progress until they are all removed."

Who first greeted you?

"My children. J—— is happy."

Have you seen my wife?

"Yes, I have gone to her where she was seated sewing—spoken to her; touched her, but she knew it not. However, I have great hopes that time will soften her prejudices, that she may not enter this world without a knowledge of the truth."

Will you send a message to your family?

"I had thought to send a message, but I know that it would be received with a smile of pity at your delusion. I will wait till a fitting opportunity, and when I find that I

can do so with effect I will, for there shall be no mistake in what I say.

“I am very happy. I have received much instruction since my entrance here. When I now look down upon the earth I wonder to think that the veil of bigotry should be so thick as to obscure the bright light shining behind it: but my friends have torn it aside for me; and now I can gaze without wonder.”

Frequently after this I was visited by this spirit through different mediums and at various Circles, often expressing her great desire to commune with her family.

She came again March 10, 1859, and gave the following—another dear friend having just passed away:

“My dear friend, I am here with Mrs. G—. I watched over her during her sickness. She is not, I think, able to communicate this morning. Oh, what a glorious thing it would be if her family, as well as yours and mine, could know how they are watched over by the beloved ones they mourn as dead: O—— is changed and will not be so bigoted now as formerly. She was with me at your house this morning. At one time there was joy with us, for we thought we were about to make a manifestation. We shall accomplish it yet.

“O—— ought not to have died. I do not mean that she was neglected by her friends or the physician—it was from causes known more particularly to herself. She had a disease of the heart, and could have been cured in this last illness if she had been properly managed years ago. But the change is a bright one to her and she is rejoiced that it has come.”

What has become of the babe?

To my surprise the spirit herself answered.

“It is with me nestling in my bosom, as natural as if we were living in the flesh. O.”

I am delighted to hear from you, give me your experience since you left us?

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have not been long enough in the spirit world to give you anything of much value. I am happy. It would seem strange to the world to know that I am here communicating. When you were at the funeral, yesterday, how clearly I viewed your mind. I read every thought that passed through it. While others were mourning for the lost one, you were consoled, for you felt that I was present, and what a consolation it would have been to them, could they have had the scales removed from their eyes; but how can I murmur? My husband will believe that I am one of his guardian angels, but he will not permit me to communicate with him. Some time hence I may be able to give that which will reach him. O.”

March 11, Mrs. Danskin was entranced by Mrs. G——, who spoke in a soft, weak voice.

“I have followed thee through the day, but more closely as night grew onward, to see where thou wouldst place thyself to have a message from one whose name is written upon thy heart, as though next to thine own flesh and blood.

“Oh for ten thousand tongues to sing my dear Redeemer’s praise. Beautiful reality! No fiction, no imagination’s flight. Spirits, after the clay form is laid aside, do come and bear messages and glad-tidings of the life beyond. Oh, give me more voice to speak, for I feel the sun-light of the Divine Father, passing through every fibre of my system. God is everywhere. He is with thee. He is thy Father as well as my Father. He made thee and in thy nostrils breathed the breath of life, which is the essence of himself. Doth He then, the loving and wise God, tell us to pass from His sight? Oh, no. He takes us as His own sweet lambs and lays us down to rest, and watches our feeble system until it becomes strong enough to take in all the beauties and all the glories of this golden home. Oh friend of my heart, He is indeed a kind and loving Father.

“ Know that my voice is not from my grave, but from the spirit home, where many an angel stands ready to clothe thy spirit, too, when it cometh to this home of grandeur. Oh Father ! I knew not whilst my spirit was clothed in dust, that thou wert so kind and so loving to thy children ; but what I feel I know, and what I see I believe.

“ Oh joy, thou dost fill my inmost soul. No pain, no sorrow resteth with me now—all is complete. I know my Saviour and my Saviour knoweth me ; and with the fleet winged dove pass I back to the realms of beauty, until language more complete can be given me by the angels.

“ The time hath not come for me to write out the throbbings of my heart to him, the one I have left in a lonely state. He mourns me dead—gone to a far off Heaven, where no intercourse can be given, the one to the other : I, a spirit, and he a mortal. I feel sorrow within me that I did not accept the thought before I passed from earth, that the way is open.”

Shall I read this to your father ?

“ Yes, read it to him, read it to him ; for he will have a sensation flowing through his heart and brain, that the words are from myself, and though he may not acknowledge it to thee, yet will he feel that it is from O.”

Since then she has often communed with me.

It was to the first named spirit that the sealed letter, here mentioned, was addressed as published by me in the spiritual papers.

Mr. Mansfield has now been with us nearly three weeks, and many have enjoyed the opportunity to converse with those they thought had passed away to the far distant regions

of the dead, but who now feel assured of their presence, and of their readiness to respond in messages of love.

Many of the communications received on this occasion are deeply interesting, and, could they be given to the world, would startle the most unbelieving.

I have myself had the benefit of several sittings, and received more than a dozen communications in reply to calls in the usual way, written within six or eight folded papers. One of them is so remarkable, and attended with such interesting incidents, that I ought not to withhold it from your readers. I must, however, suppress names, for the spirit has not been long in her new home—has friends and relatives almost at my elbow, who are the bitterest of skeptics.

I had prepared a letter, enclosed it in an envelope, and having carefully pasted the parts together, run the pen in waving lines across the junction, it being impossible to re-seal it and make all the lines meet. This was enclosed in another, treated the same way, and then finished with my private seal in wax. If answered, I designed showing it to her family, hoping to awaken in their minds some interest in the subject.

I approached his desk, but before I had withdrawn the letter from my pocket, or said a word on the subject, his hand received the influence, and the following came, but not from the spirit I had addressed :

“MY DEAR SON,—The letter you have taken so much pains to fidedee all about the edges, we will have nothing to do with. You require no such tests.

Your mother, M. S.”

“You can do nothing in that direction. Your over zeal will only make the matter worse. It is so, Francis.

YOUR MOTHER.”

Nevertheless, I left the letter with him, hoping still to have it answered.

Frequently after this he told me the letter was placed before him; once some influence felt, but not enough to write.

Three days ago, I was again in his room, when a complete answer was given, which alone, I think, should be enough to satisfy any skeptic. My letter and the reply are as follows:

BALTIMORE, *Nov.* 8, 1859.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Mrs. —: More than two years have passed since you threw off the shackles of earth and became a beatified dweller in the realms of bliss; but while others mourned you as dead, I had the perfect assurance of your spirit-presence. Often have we held sweet counsel together, and I now address you these lines, with a confident expectation of receiving a reply through the medium in whose hands this sealed letter will be placed.

The light of this New Dispensation, you know, has not yet dawned upon our families. Their hearts are shut against the reception of its truth. Often have you expressed to me the deep concern you feel on this account, and how great your desire that the clouds of error and bigotry, which surround them, might be dispelled. You have often comforted me with the hope that the time will yet come when the desire of our hearts shall be gratified.

You and J— are now united; and O— has since joined you. Are you all dwellers in the same sphere? Do you visit those who nursed you in your last illness? Have you seen L. G. whom you knew on earth? Do you know of the terrible accident which happened to M—? I wish you to speak of these things as tests, should I show this letter with the answer to your family.

Your sincere friend,

F. H. SMITH.

“November 17, 1859.

“MY DEAR MR. SMITH,—Well aware am I of your anxiety to have a few words from me, a spirit. I may not say what your mind requires, but, my dear friend, I am truly with you from day to day. Yesterday O——, J——, and I made an attempt to speak to you, but could not control the medium.

“Now, my dear Mr. Smith, when my mind reverts to the many conversations we have had together, then my soul is filled with joy; but when I think, as know I must, how much you suffer from non-sympathy at home, then my soul is pained. But, dear one, do not falter in the good cause. You have a mighty company with you, who will not allow you to suffer more than you are able to bear.

“Oh, the joy it gave me to welcome O—— here! She is a spirit much sought for. J—— is in my sphere, though not in the same Circle; but we often come together. Oh, tell my kind, good nurse that I have much to say to her by and by. Oh, how kind was the dear one to me.

“L. G—— is with us, and very happy. Yes, I know all about, and take cognizance of that accident to my darling and poor unfortunate M——. How I pity her.

“I am well aware what your intentions are in calling on me at this time. But though the answering of this may cause them to think much, yet I fear it will do them no good; for so completely wedded are they to their preconceived notions or teachings, they will not be turned by any amount of testimony the answering of this letter may produce. But, my friend, say to them, calmly and candidly, the day is not far off when they will be compelled to believe as you do. Now, my friend, be not too anxious to crowd your ideas upon them. Live your faith before them.

“O—— and J—— join me in wishing you God speed in this noble cause.

YOUR SPIRIT FRIEND.”

The following article, which I contributed to the *Spiritual Telegraph* in October, 1856, contains some interesting facts.

You call for *facts*—test facts—from your patrons and correspondents. The following letter will be an answer to your call.

Last summer I sent to a relative in Philadelphia the *TELEGRAPH* containing my letter to the Editors of the *New York Observer*. He sent me in return a paper giving a scurrilous account of a pretended marriage to a corpse, in Bordentown, N. J. It will be remembered how effectually that atrocious falsehood was put to rest by Mr. Fishbough. But I had not seen his article when I wrote my reply. In a kind letter which accompanied the paper, he closes with “Does your faith extend as far as this?”

MY REPLY.

BALTIMORE, *August 11, 1856.*

“Does your faith extend as far as this?” I will answer your question, my dear Frank, by asking another. You have read of the Mormons—of their polygamy and other heathenish practices, but all, as they aver, in accordance with the teachings of the Bible. You have, perhaps, seen the “Shakers,” in their dancings “for the love of God.” You have attended a camp-meeting and witnessed the wild fanaticism of its votaries. You are familiar with the gorgeous trappings and imposing rituals of the Romanist. Will you take any of these as a fair exposition of Christianity? ARE YOU ANSWERED?

Is there anything good that is not perverted—any benevolent object that is not marred by enthusiasts, fanatics and impostors? So with Spiritualism, a subject, more perhaps than any other, liable to abuse. I can seldom take up a paper devoted to the cause but I see something which I wish were not there. Yet all this cannot check its onward progress—a progress without parallel in the world's history. From the humblest beginning, even as the fishermen of Galilee, it has, during the last five years, spread farther and wider, and gained more converts than did the Christian religion in as many centuries. It numbers among its advocates many of the most virtuous and intellectual of our race, both in this country and in Europe, and in spite of all that madmen and enthusiasts, knaves and fools, have done against it, Spiritualism has steadily progressed, and is now fast emerging into the light of open day to be known and acknowledged of all men. **IT IS THE TRUTH OF GOD!**

What is Spiritualism? It is not a creed, a doctrine, a theory, but a **FACT**—the fact that spirits of the loved and lost—of our once dear and familiar friends—can and *do* return to earth and commune with us. I put aside the many religious questions which come in conflict with the dogmas of the Church. I will not now discuss the point whether the all-wise Creator, out of his abundant goodness and mercy, has from all eternity elected some of his children for a blissful immortality, and out of that same goodness and mercy doomed others to a never-ending woe!—whether the eating of an apple brought a curse upon the whole human family by which we are justly condemned to eternal perdition? or whether there be indeed an eternal perdition? Nor will I question the propriety of what I heard not long since from a Presbyterian pulpit, “there is no scripture warrant that an unbaptized infant can be saved.” These, and many such, are foreign to the main question of “spirit intercourse.” Our minds are so constituted that we

cannot believe in this except through the medium of our own experience. The proof of it lies in an appeal to each one's own senses. My experience has convinced me, and I *know* it to be true; but that experience has but little influence upon you. You must examine for yourself, and if you are earnest and sincere, nature will vindicate her own laws and force you into faith. And consider, my dear cousin, of what noble science you have become the disciple—the science of man's immortality! The doubts which heretofore may have darkened the gateway of the tomb, are dissipated forever. The misfortunes and sorrows of this life dwindle into insignificance when your spirit can lay hold of the realities of an immortal existence.

“To those who have never devoted any time and patience to the investigation of the spiritual phenomena, but have gleaned small bits of information here and there, from crude newspaper paragraphs or cruder testimonies of some half crazed, half convinced frequenter of Circles, the whole subject appears a delusion, provoking disgust or pity, ridicule or scorn, just as it happens this or that characteristic predominates in the mind of the observer. Thousands have made up their minds on the subject without designing to bestow upon it one respectful thought. Thousands, again, having no minds of their own to make up, have taken their cue from the sneer of some reverend gentleman, who imagines, because he stands in a pulpit, that he is immaculate and infallible; and ventures to blaze away at what he has not the capacity to comprehend, and to hold up to ridicule and contempt the very science upon which his own religion rests, and which if untrue, undermines its very foundation.

“But there is still another class who take an interest in this important subject—men who possess fair and candid minds, open to conviction, and fear nothing for the triumph of truth. I *know* that Spiritualism is susceptible of demon-

stration; that it commends itself to every intelligent mind, and enthrones itself upon every guileless heart; and I feel assured that no man who enters upon its investigation with proper motives, and perseveres in his inquiries will ever be disappointed in eliciting facts sufficient to convince him of its truth, no matter how sceptical may be his disposition, or how unfavorable may be his predilections."

It is now more than eighteen months since I commenced the investigation, and during that time I have accumulated and recorded a large amount of evidence, filling more than two volumes. I wish I could lay it all before you; but as this cannot now be done, I will give you a few brief extracts. Much of it is of an elevated character, worthy of the gifted minds from whom it professes to come; but I will copy from my journal communications from members of my family, received under circumstances which preclude the possibility of their being ascribed to any other than a spiritual origin.

But to appreciate them properly, I must inform you that the medium on this occasion—Mrs. Morrell—was to me an entire stranger; nor did she know anything of me or my social relations. I have had scores of mental questions answered, and not one at fault. My practice is to turn aside and privately write the question, not seen by her. I do this, not to add a feather's weight to my own belief, but to elicit facts pregnant of proof, and lay the foundation of arguments of great force in answering the assaults and sneers of skeptics.

Mrs. Morrell writes automatically, and is often talking all the while her hand is writing; nor does she know what is written until it is afterward read. Through her I have received communications from my father and mother, grandfathers, Smith and H. your father, my infant brother, three infant children, my wife's mother, two sisters and a brother—likewise several other friends not so nearly related. All of them came unexpected at first, and generally in answer to mental or privately written calls, subsequently.

I will now make some extracts from my journal, to show how wonderful is this mental, spiritual telegraphing.

May 1.—After a communication from my mother, the medium said that my brother was present and wished to communicate. I smiled at this, as my brothers are still living. However, wishing to test the matter, I told her to proceed. Immediately her hand dashed off a page, and just as her pencil made the last stroke, the table suddenly rose up, placed one leg on my knee, then continued rising until it rested on my head, and then as quietly returned to the floor. It occurred about noon, with no one but ourselves in the room, her hands all the time resting *upon* the table; the whole occupying less time than I have taken to write the last three lines.

You may suppose this caused no little excitement, for the medium herself had seen nothing like it before; as soon, then, as composure was restored, we read what had been written. It began with: "Dear Brother," apologized for having interrupted my mother, and after some affectionate remarks, said:

"You cannot doubt that this is the spirit of your brother. I put the table on your head to show what power I have.

THOROGOOD."

I leave you to judge my astonishment when I read the signature. It was my mother's first child, and I doubt whether the fact that such a child had been born before me, was known to any member of my family. He then continued:

"I died when you were very young. I have grown with you, brother. I used to go to school with you when you went to school in the country, My spirit was there, shining bright around you. I learned to read and write as you did."

Now there was a part of this which rather puzzled me. He said I was very young when he died, while I was under the impression that his death was before my birth. So to

settle the point, I walked out to the cemetery, and there read on his tomb-stone: "Thorogood, son of Isaac and Mary, born February, died November, 1796." I was not born until March following.

May 16.—Thorogood announced his presence. I then turned aside and wrote as follows: "At the last sitting, you said that I was young when you died. I have consulted your tomb-stone, and find that you died before my birth. Please explain, or if my mother is present, perhaps she can do it." Now, mind, in all this I did not speak a word. Immediately Mrs. M. wrote:

"MY DEAR SON,—He thought that you were born before he left the form but was mistaken—you were not. He was in the spirit-world a long time before he became conscious that he was a disembodied spirit. It was never explained to him until just now you asked the question of him, and he came to me for an explanation. YOUR MOTHER, M. S."

I then privately wrote: "I always thought your name was Maria, but on Thorogood's tomb I read Mary."

Now, I have a distinct recollection of what I supposed would be the answer to this—that she was christened Maria, but called Mary, and if such had been given it would have been claimed as proving the common theory of mind on mind. But immediately the medium wrote the following answer to a question she had not seen and could by no possibility have guessed.

"My name was Maria, though often called Mary. It was a mistake in him that cut the tomb-stone, and your father never had it altered. He knew that I was fond of the name of Mary, thought it providential and let it remain.

YOUR MOTHER, M. S."

I consider these two tests sufficient to prove the truth of spirit communion, if it had nothing else to sustain it.

I then wished that my father would identify himself to me.

“MY DEAR FRANCIS,—I cannot identify myself more to you than I have done. You know I was devoted to you when I lived in the body, and you had the greatest affection for me that a son could have for a father. You know how I used to laugh at your many strange notions about Mesmerism, thinking there was nothing in that phenomenon, but it has all been revealed to me. It was Spiritualism in one sense, for it was spirits that impressed you with these ideas. Indeed all discoveries and inventions, my son, that arise in your mind, you may be sure come from the spirit-land. You remember how I loved to read and talk with you about improvements in various matters.

Your Father, ISAAC SMITH.”

This last remark alone is sufficient to identify my father.

My grandfather H. came to me for the first time on the 4th of May. I give a part of what he said :

“I have so often tried to impress you with some of my inventive genius. I impressed you how to construct the Harmonicon, and I still will be with you to impress you.”

As to the Harmonicon, it has been laid aside, publicly, for more than twenty years, and I am sure the medium had never heard of it, and then could not read the word, for she is quite illiterate.

July 3.—While riding down South street this afternoon, I was stopped by my brother-in-law who informed me that he had just received intelligence of the death of my brother Isaac, in Lafayette, Ind. In the evening I attended a circle, but made no mention of the event, and then received the following from my father, through the dial :

“DEAR FRANCIS,—A sad word was given you to-day by William. You were told of your brother’s death, and you fear that he is not happy ; but I can give you some comfort. He is not in a high state, but will in time progress. I know that all good is not destroyed, and while that remains hope lingers. I cannot bring him to you now ; we must improve

his soul ere he can communicate. I was with him in his last moments; so were all his spirit-friends. He saw us ere he departed from earth."

Curious to know whether this would be confirmed through Mrs. M. I called on her the next day. She came immediately under the influence, and wrote:

"DEAR COUSIN FRANK,—I was with you when you received the intelligence of your brother's death. I tried to impress you with it before you heard that his spirit had left the form. JOHN U. T."

"MY DEAR SON,—I have not been with you so much for the last few weeks, but you were well attended by your friends. I was called to watch over the sick bed of your brother, to soothe him in the dark hours of bodily affliction, for I cannot call it death; it is only the dissolution of the body; the soul flies home to the place some guardian spirit has prepared. His spirit passed away calm and resigned, but somewhat astonished to find spirits so near earth to welcome him to his home. I went with his father, at his request, to watch over him in his last hours. He was not a bad man, and had a good heart. It was the corruption of the people of the churches which proved such a stumbling block to him. He could not believe their dogmas; they did not speak the comforting words that he thought should be spoken to sinners. It is written, 'You must love one another and comfort one another.' It is poor comfort in a dying hour to speak of that dreadful lake of fire. So he looked to God, and is now far better off than many that think he is lost in darkness. YOUR MOTHER, M. S."

I had said nothing of my brother's death.

I will not tire you, my dear Frank, with more extracts from my journal. I give these chiefly as remarkable tests of an intelligence foreign to all present, though invisible. As I before remarked, Mrs. Morrell is incapable of penning

even such as my mother's last communication; and no one else was present. How are you to dispose of these facts?

I have thus taken some trouble to place myself right in your estimation, and also that of my dear cousin Elizabeth, to whom I likewise address this letter, that you may not think me a demented Spiritualist, but that I have a reason for the faith that is in me. And yet this is a small part of my experience. In regard to physical manifestations I have seen much that is wonderful, but that alone would not have made a convert of me. It is the intelligence beyond all this that I look to, and the assurance that it is indeed the spirits of those once here so beloved, and whose sympathy and affection for us now are even stronger since separated from us by death. They all speak of the deep interest felt by spirits in this new mode of communicating with their friends on earth. Last week your father mentioned his desire to commune with his family, and desired me to inform you of it. To satisfy yourself, go to some medium to you unknown. I feel confident that you will have a communication from him.

Affectionately yours, FRANCIS H. SMITH.

I have spoken of my half brother—I here give his experience and progression since he left us.

“*July 13, 1856.*

“My dear son, your mother is here. I come from the abodes of bliss, where joy and peace and love for ever dwell. I come to tell you of your brother's progress, for he is no longer in that lower sphere he first did enter; but has advanced into the fourth. I knew that he could not long resist the flood of light poured upon him from so many spirits, all striving for his progression. When the soul is good the growth is rapid. So with him. Corruption was not deeply

seated, and when the affections of the heart are pure, the work of progression goes swiftly on. I hope soon to bring him to you, that you may receive from himself his own experience since he left the form. YOUR MOTHER."

"August 24.

"My dear brother, glad am I to come, for I would have you know that it is, indeed, your brother Isaac, whose spirit is now present. I would tell you of my improved condition, though dark it was when first I left the form; but I was soon conscious of being surrounded by hosts of bright spirits who never left me, and who were unceasing in their efforts to teach me what I should have learned while on earth. Your dear mother was my constant attendant. She it was who taught me how to lift my heart to God, and throw off the dark weeds with which my soul was covered. I am now progressing. All my aspirations are for a higher seat among those bright ones who dwell in the immediate presence of God. Oh, my brother, you cannot conceive of the ineffable joys of the redeemed of earth. ISAAC."

"April 27, 1857.

"Francis, my brother, my heart is now so full of joy, that I cannot utter all I wish—the change is great from what I was to what I am—the one all gloom, this all joy—the one all sorrow, but now all bliss. Then I saw none but those as sad as my own sad heart; now, surrounded by bright angels, who ever offer the tribute of love to a loving Father. Oh, my brother, is not this joy, joy, joy.

"ISAAC."

"May 31.

"Francis, my dear brother, you cannot imagine what joy it gives me thus to pass my spirit thoughts unto your mortal brain. When first I came, sorrow so filled my soul, that I

could not collect my scattered senses; a cloud obscured my sight—I could not distinctly see. Now all is bright and joyous—the mind is free, the sight is clear, and naught obstructs the union of heart with heart, and I love to pour out mine to you without restraint; to tell of the glorious abode in which I dwell; of the gorgeous scenery which surrounds me, of the bright spirits which attend me, and of the love and gratitude which fills my soul to God, the bountiful giver of all good. Oh, my brother, for words to express the half I feel.

ISAAC."

"July 3.

"Brother, I am with you in hand and heart, not to be severed on earth or in the home of love—rejoice with me.

"Dear brother, I have been watching for some time, trying to exercise an influence over you. I love to be near you. I love to gaze upon your face; to read your thoughts; to blend mine with thine. I am drawn to you by an attraction which is irresistible. I hover constantly near you—I am at your side and hang upon your neck, but you feel it not. Oh, that your spiritual sight were opened, and that you could see me as I see you.

"Brother, your heart is often sad and desolate—no sympathy from those you love—no interchange of heart with heart. It saddens me to see it. But so sure as night is followed by day; and storm by calm, and cloud by sunshine; so will your heart yet be made to rejoice, and gladness fill your home.

ISAAC."

The above is only a part of what I have received. He is now with me when ever I call for him.

In Baltimore we have but one public medium, Mrs. Morrell, already mentioned. She is a test medium, and few, I

think, are her superiors in that capacity. My other opportunities for spirit intercourse have been in private Circles, some, in particular, so exclusive, that our sittings were not known even to their most intimate friends. Some in writing, others speaking mediums, where the spirit is personated to the life.

Another method of communicating is with the Dial, which is described in the following article, written by me for the Banner of Light, while on a visit to Boston in the summer of 1858.

THE DIAL.

I have been surprised, in visiting among the Spiritualists of Boston, to find that the dial is not known; one of the simplest and most efficient modes of communicating with the dear departed. Any tipping medium would soon become familiar with the use of it, and in almost every family there are one or more members who require but two or three sittings to be developed.

Imagine the face of a clock, with its minute hand, but, instead of the figures, you have the letters of the alphabet. Around its axis is wound a cord, one end of which is attached to a spring within its frame; the other is made fast to a chair, or other object in the room. The tipping of the table draws the cord, and causes the hand to revolve, pointing to the letters, forming words and sentences.

Let two persons be seated before the dial, with the hands gently resting upon the table, careful to use no physical force whatever. If within half an hour no motion is perceived, let one of the sitters give place to some else, until the whole family have tried; but the probability is, you will see the hand revolve, it may be without any spelling; this may require two or three sittings. At first the hand will merely make its circuit slowly on the dial, apparently to no pur-

pose. Be not discouraged—in another sitting there will be more motion, vibrating rapidly from side to side. This, we are told by the spirits, is for development, and when this occurs, you may be sure there is a medium at the table, and your patience will be rewarded. Presently the hand will stop; spell a word or two, perhaps the name of your mother or other relative, and then more development. And so for two or three sittings; with much of the vibratory movement between every short sentence; this, however, will become less and less, until it ceases altogether, and the moment you take your seat, you will find your friends ever ready to communicate. In the family with which I am staying, an interest in the subject being awakened, we obtained a few responses in the usual way, through the alphabet. This led to a dial being procured—a short communication was obtained at the second sitting—three members of the family have been developed; and now, every day, we have frequent intercourse with those from a higher sphere, who come clustering around us, with more sympathy and affection than was ever manifested by them when on earth.

At first, the hand moves slowly from letter to letter, spelling out the whole word—but as your medium power becomes more developed, the spirit is enabled to impress the word upon your brain; then the first letter alone is sufficient, and the word being pronounced, the hand passes to the next, and thus the communication flows as fast as the swiftest pen can record.

This leads me to apprise you of a difficulty which attends all tipping, writing and other impressional mediums. Each word being thus impressed upon the brain, you begin to think it all the operation of your own mind; and the effect will be to relax very much the enthusiasm in the subject, which was at first excited. All mediums complain of this. I say again, be not discouraged—facts will be stated of which you have no knowledge, or contrary to your own con-

victions—ideas conveyed in language foreign to your own—names given of those who once inhabited a mortal form, of whose existence you never knew; all going to show an intelligence present, invisible to all.

It was through the dial that I received the communication in French, which was published in the Banner a few months ago. The "Circle" consisted of none but a mother and daughter, with myself. This young lady was just about leaving school, when, after a few sittings at the dial, she proved to be one of the best mediums I have yet known. Not long after, much to our astonishment, the name of Sir Humphry Davy was announced, followed by a most interesting communication. He became the guardian of the Circle, and every sitting for eighteen months ensuing was opened by a lecture from him—some of which have been published in the spiritual papers. Wishing to know more of one by whom we had thus been so highly favored, I procured his "life"—the perusal of which suggested three questions by which to test whether it was indeed the spirit of Sir Humphry Davy, and, at the same time, satisfy my sceptical friend, who had been doubting—doubting whether it did not all emanate from her own mind.

Accordingly, at our next sitting, I laid on the table a folded paper, within which was written:

Who was Grace Millet?

Who was Mr. Tonkin?

What of Chloe?

I intimated nothing of my purpose, but as soon as his name was announced, merely asked if he could answer it.

"I can—the relation of the first to me was my mother?"

It was her maiden name!

"The second was the friend of my childhood, of my youth, and, when I became a man, my associate in study. The third was my pet dog. I saved her from being killed by a mad dog."

Imagine the astonishment of my young friend!

Let it be understood that no one present knew what I was about, as I had given no intimation of it, but simply laid the folded paper on the table. Now turn to his "Life," and see how appropriate were the replies.

In my opinion, there is nothing so inexplicable, and which so entirely confounds all cavil and speculations on the subject, as the answer to mental questions. I have known scores of instances just as wonderful as these now given.

Our custom was for the medium to take her seat before the dial, while I, at another table, transcribed the communication as it was read off by her. I have kept a record of them all, filling nearly two volumes.

Since the above was written, I have assisted in forming several Circles, and can add something more to the instructions therein given.

To form a Circle, let from five to ten persons be seated around a small table, with the hands resting gently upon the edge of it. Conversation is not inhibited, but let there be no discussion, and above all, no frivolity. Bear in mind that you are about to commune with the angels of God—let there be then all due reverence and solemnity. Our Circles in Baltimore are always opened with singing a hymn or two and prayer.

In five or ten minutes the table will move—first gently—then slide off to one side—back again—tip—rock back and forth—then move violently round the room.

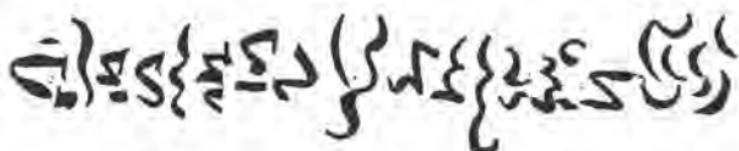
After this has continued for half an hour, ask if they are ready to answer questions—one tip signifies negative, three affirmative. If yes, then ask the spirits to designate who are mediums. Call each person by name, and the response will be given. Then let all but the medium withdraw from

the table. Some interesting manifestations may now be witnessed. With your hands merely touching the table, the spirits will fasten it to the floor so that it will require considerable force with both hands to raise one that you could lift with a finger!

The medium having raised one end of it an inch or more, the invisibles will raise the other end!

The table will be made to rise from the floor, place one leg on the knee, and then up, up, until it places itself on the head of every one in succession! I have witnessed these manifestations again and again. Only recently, while visiting a friend in Accomac County, Va. a wish having been expressed to see something of these wonders, a rumor of which had only just reached them; a Circle was formed consisting of three ladies, two gentlemen and myself. Not only what is above mentioned occurred, but a large old fashioned mahogany dining table with rounded end, and hanging leaf, was made to run rapidly around the room—was turned completely over, and rose up until the legs touched the ceiling, and then returned gently to the floor. Two of the ladies seated themselves upon it and were instantly thrown off. This was done several times. Afterwards, while in motion, their united efforts could not stop it. One of them seated in a chair with her feet resting on the rounds, was thrown out by the chair being pitched violently forward. To all this there was no apparent agency but the fingers of one lady and two gentlemen resting lightly upon them!

All this, to many, will seem incredible. I do not ask you to believe it on my testimony—I could not on yours—but the proof of it is nigh you; even at your own fireside—almost every family, I believe, has one or more mediums, for all such manifestations, and some even more wonderful; what is chiefly lacking is the moral courage to investigate and use the gift which God has bestowed.



[The engraver has made a mistake and reversed it—the end at the right should be to the left.]

The above was given in my presence through a medium with closed eyes, using a rapid pencil. They are evidently chirographic characters, and I supposed them to be Hebrew; but a scholar told me they were not: thought they might be Arabic or Syriac, and referred me to a missionary from the East, who was familiar with those tongues. He at once pronounced it to be neither,—desired me to leave it, saying he wished to compare it with a work containing specimens of the Bible in one hundred and fifty languages; but a close examination did not show a single letter to correspond!

I was afterwards told by a spirit that it was a language in use before the flood.

PROGRESS OF AN UNDEVELOPED SPIRIT.

During my visit to Northampton, Circles were formed in different families, tables were moved, and on one occasion the alphabet being called for, the name of an individual was given, well known in the county; one who had possessed in abundance all the good things of this life, but died in the horrors of *delirium tremens*.

Soon after my return to Baltimore, at the first Circle I attended at Mr. Meacham's he came and gave a characteristic communication through the dial, which, on account of what has since occurred, I regret not having written down. It went to show that his condition was not happy.

At Mr. Danskin's, March 1, 1857, after some half hour passed in conversation, Mrs. D. remarked that some spirit

was whispering to her—"dial, dial, dial." It was accordingly placed on the table, when the following was spelled:

"You have given me some confidence, Smith; go on. You are my spirit guide—you must not forget me, for I lack confidence. God, direct me what to do. Come, my friend, let your loving heart give some kind words to me. Get a dial and send it down home; then I can converse with them when I gain knowledge from you. You first brought me to earth. I am very unsettled in mind. Bend your heart in supplication for me. Grant this unto me, friend, for friend I will call you. W. E."

(The name was given in full.)

Can you give us your experience since you entered the spirit world?

"Cannot express my mind—I need comfort from you."

Mrs. Danskin was then entranced, and the guardian of the Circle speaking through her, said:—

"It would be well for you, friend Smith, to give some kind words to this spirit, so that he may be released from the weight that seems to distress him."

I then urged him not to despair, but cherish hope; that God was not the revengeful Being he had been taught while on earth, but a loving Father to all His children, and that His mercy and compassion could yet be extended to him.

"But why was I bound?"

For your past sins; it is your sins that have bound you.

"In what way?"

You transgressed the Divine Law—the suffering follows as the natural consequence.

"Why was I not taught in childhood, that I might escape the snares into which I have fallen in life and in death. I would rather spend ten thousand years in misery on earth than to feel one pang which now I feel. I would gush forth my agonized feelings; but I dare not manifest them through this medium."

No, William, you must be very gentle with this medium, for you see that her health and strength is feeble.

“It would not be to injure her, but to express what I feel, and to show the agony I endure.”

Here his utterance became so rapid that we could not follow him with the pen, and much was lost—we got only a few disjointed sentences.

“Not against God, but against those who raised me. Why did they not draw the boy in with affection? Why did they cast scorn and”——

You have no right to utter a word of complaint against your uncle. He lavished upon you all his affections, and spared no expense to make you what you ought to have been.

“Yes, but he did not speak to me in kind words. How, then, could I be anything else?”

No, William, it is your own sins, and not the faults of others that has brought you to your present unhappy condition.

“My sins! They are present to me as if they were burned into my soul with letters as large as a carriage wheel. Every one of my sins is there before me and of my past deeds; and every line I read seems to make my brain as if fire was there, and the heart seems hard, and I wish for death, but it comes not to my relief. You drew me to earth, and if you have one feeling of kindness within your heart, transfigure me from this place, and take me to a place of rest; for there is nothing here but pain, and sorrow, and sadness. The very heart is burned—it is sore, as if a dagger had pierced it. Oh, then, elevate me—give me light—give me peace—give me knowledge, so that I may carry evidence to my friends that I am not a wicked spirit, but that I have some human feeling yet within me.”

Have you seen your father and mother?

“Think you that my father and mother witness the degradation of their child? Think you that a mother can come

to one so defiled? I fear not. Mine is a wasted mind—mine is a broken heart—mine is a brain burned with liquor. Oh, why did it not burn me to ashes?"

Did you not know that your spirit was indestructable?

"Too late I found that out. Why was I not taken from the influence which surrounded me? Why was I not bound hand and foot? It were better to torture the poor body than to let the soul feel what it now does. Friend Smith, I would show through the medium the agony I now feel."

Deal kindly and gently with the medium, or it may prevent further intercourse, and me of doing you good.

"I will not harm her."

Have you been with your wife and child?

"I am too wicked to draw near my wife and child; but when from you I gain knowledge, then I shall be enabled to visit them."

Why do you come to me?

"Because you are kind in heart toward the poor benighted spirits, but others are not. There is an animosity against the poor darkened ones."

(Here a good deal more was lost.)

"Do I speak as if I had more light, than when first I came to you?"

I hope so. Is your condition any better than when first you entered the spirit world?

"It is some little better than when I first came here—but not much, not much."

You should lift your heart to God in earnest supplication for his mercy.

"God! Can I find God?"

Surely you can.

"Where?"

In your own heart. It is the influence of His holy spirit there now, that causes you to feel your present sorrow, and desire to progress.

“My own heart! that is too sore—the heart is too sore. Oh, I desire so much to manifest through the medium my fullest extent of suffering!”

That would not help you in the least.

“But it would be of use to you.”

Not at all. I can well imagine that your condition is awful.

(Again much was lost.)

“But, man, I see the cup, the bitter cup which holds the deadly poison, even now, at this moment, being lifted to many lips, which will drink of the same curses which I drank of.”

Will you now endeavor to lift up your heart to God in prayer?

“Am I bright enough, or good enough, or kind enough to offer a prayer?”

God is ever ready to hear the supplications of his children.

“Do you pray for me?”

I then offered a prayer.

Oh, our Father and our God, by whose wisdom and power we have been created, by whose love and mercy we are sustained, before whose all-seeing eye not even a sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed, look down with compassion upon this Thy sorrowing child, now present, for even though steeped in guilt, is he not still Thy child? Roll from his mind the clouds of error and ignorance, that the light of Thy love may shine upon him, cheering his sad heart, enlightening his darkened understanding; driving away the despair which has so long overwhelmed him, that he may be enabled to look up and cry from a full and overflowing heart, “My Father, oh, my Father, have pity, have pity on me, a sinner.”

“Oh, tears, why did you not flow? Why were you driven back? I feel as though, could I but have shed one tear, that my heart would have been opened to the prayer

just offered. 'Tis not softened as yet. I must come to you often before I can receive truth and light within the heart. Oh, God, manifest Thyself to me in some way."

That is a good prayer, William; repeat it often, for it befits you well. Do you not feel better, and that you have made some progress?

"Well, yes—am I not gathering some knowledge? I am not so dark as I was. I feel as if something had been drawn from my mind. I feel as if I had taken one step."

Then let that encourage you. Fix your heart on God, and you can only go onward and upward.

"Upward! Can I go upward? Oh, the voices here say, 'Come back, come back. They are demons! they are demons!' 'Oh, God, manifest Thyself to me.' When may I come again?"

Whenever you find me here, and the health of the medium will permit.

"I hear a voice say, 'thou hast stayed thy time.' When I come again, can't you, or some one, sing a hymn? Sing one that will give peace to me; for I feel as if music would relieve the deadened soul. You will advance me—I lean upon you as upon my staff. I feel lighter in heart and firmer in mind. What I mean by this is, I am not so crushed as I was. 'Lord, manifest Thyself to me—manifest Thyself to me.' The voice says I must go, and I must obey."

At Mr. Danskin's, March 8, sitting with the dial, the following came:—

"I am here.

W. E."

I am glad to meet with you again, William. I feel a deep sympathy for you.

"Remember your promise. I delight to hear your voice. It seems to cheer my darkened soul. Guide, me, oh, guide me to a home more bright than this. Peace rests not in my darkened soul."

Here Mrs. Danskin was entranced.

"Be not harsh to me. Awake, awake from your slumbers and give aid to the poor, sin-burdened being that stands near you. Oh, were you in my condition, would you close an eye? No—it would be denied you. Then, I say, awake, give aid—give aid."

The utterance now became so rapid that for fifteen or twenty minutes we could not secure a word. After a while we got a few sentences.

"My senses are crushed—my whole system is bloated by the vile liquor which I imbibed while on earth. I crushed the bud and the blossom. I stung them to the heart, and now the canker is within the soul, and I must suffer what I made them feel.

"Elevate me—draw me from the dark condition in which I dwell—give knowledge to the mind—tear the dark veil from my senses—give the thought to me within my hand, so that I can see it and feel that God some day will receive me.

* * * * *

"My sins are magnified—they stare me in the face, and cause my heart to weep tears of blood."

April 1.—At another Circle that I occasionally visit, being in communion with my spirit-mother, I inquired if she could tell me anything about William. She replied, "He is gradually awaking from his long sleep. You are doing all you can—let that suffice."

April 3.—Mr. Danskin, on entering his parlor, found Mrs. D. entranced, and in tears. Presently she spoke in a low voice:—

"I am crushed with weight of woe—I can find no relief. I am wearied—I can find no friend on whom to look, or with whom to speak. I am W. E."

Mr. Danskin said, "Have you not been to Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, but I cannot speak to him, nor unfold my feelings as I desire. It agonizes me to think I cannot penetrate his thoughts as freely as I would."

April 7.—At Mr. Danskin's, Mrs. D. became entranced by W. E. when the spirit said:—

“And hast thou spoken. Oh, my friend, thou hast placed richness within the soul that was dead. I have been drawn from that dismal darkness. Gleams of light are around me, and the mind comprehends the words which you taught me when first I came to earth; and oh, to thee I owe for words which will ever cheer my heart, because thou hast given me knowledge which never, never would have been mine. How was it possible that I could have degraded and polluted the soul and the body which nature had so bountifully provided for me. I cast all under my feet. I thought I had the world in my own hands—I cared not for God or man. Could I but come again and live the life over again, what a different man would I be. All this I owe to thee. I feel it and I know it, for there is a bright one whispering, ‘Brother, it is I that come to thee, not to put upon thee curses, but to draw thee within the fold of purity, of light, and of wisdom, where you will enjoy the happiness which’—

“Why did I not serve Him when I was on earth? Why was I drawn within the vortex of dissipation? I answer the question myself—because I was a fiend.

“I am being led step by step to reach that point where dwells my sister. I have not attained that yet, but I feel as if it would not be long,—then she and I will be clasped in each others arms, never more to part.

“Let not what I have said to-night cause you to forget me—I need your prayers. I desire not to stop at this point. It causes chills to run through my frame when I look back upon my past life. The mind within me now appears to be tranquil. Speak to all my friends, and say to them that William E. is not the polluted man he was on earth. Oh, my God, be a father to me—draw me within thy love—let me be as thy child—give me knowledge—give me peace, so

that I may watch over others and ——— Where did I get these words? Some angel must have whispered them, for I ——”

April 8.—Sitting at another Circle, the dial gave the name of W. E.

“I have joyful news for dear S——. Give M—— comfort. I am progressing. The spirit of Emily is helping me out of my wicked state.”

June 4.—At Mr. Danskin's, with the dial—

“Give the ultimate joy to me, for I have reached my Father's home, and life is within me. The soul which was dead is now alive, enjoying the home of the peaceful. I am safe from all painful recollections of my past life.—W. E.”

It may be well to remark that these communications have been given through five different mediums, unknown to each other; and none but the first knew that such a person as W. E. had ever lived.

May 27.—Sitting with another medium who knew nothing of what has here been related, my grandfather H—— came. I copy only a part of what he said.

“You have no idea of the work I have to perform. I go to the lower spheres when I leave my Circle, and there meet and pray with undeveloped spirits; the same as your missionaries do when they go to foreign countries. I find it often difficult to get them where they can see light. At first they will not believe that they are really out of the body. I met with one the other day who told me that he was a friend of yours when in the form. He was not obstinate, but willing to learn. I prayed with him and when I was about to leave he begged to follow me, but it could not be. At my next visit I found he had reached a higher sphere. I then took him with me and showed him a beautiful grove, where he heard spirit-music. It rejoiced him to have met with me and to learn that I would teach him to progress still higher.”

Who was that spirit?

“The spirit is here and will answer for himself.”

“Yes, my friend, I know that you are happy to meet with me, but not so happy as I am in being permitted to come. It is true I was in a very low sphere when you first called for me; but by visiting you I learned to progress, then I met with your grandfather, who is one of the brightest spirits among the bright. He soon drove away all fear from my mind, for I felt like many do in the body, afraid to investigate or believe that I could escape from my dark sphere. He knew that I was a friend of yours by seeing us together on earth, and he exerted every means that he could with me. W. E.”

“*July 3.*—My dear child, the spirit of W. E. is present, wishing to commune with you. YOUR MOTHER, M. S.”

“Yes, W. E. is with you, seeking to give thought to his best earth-friend. My heart is thine,—keep it, oh my friend. I weep tears of gratitude to you for the light which now is mine. I would transmit my spirit-thoughts to her, my wife. Oh, my God, grant that she may receive this new light.

“Be convinced, my wife, that it is thy spirit-husband which now speaks to thee. Yes, M——, years have passed since you saw my body laid in the silent tomb; and you thought us separated for ever and for ever. But no—I live, I live. Live in light and love—live to impress you with my presence, and to assure you that the bond which bound us is not severed; for though the cord be loosed, yet shall we be again united for ever. M——, my great desire is, that your mind should be opened to the reception of this truth, so that I may come to you and impart my spirit-thoughts, and assure you that my love purified from all earthly stain is for you more intense than ever, and that I hover near to guide and guard you.

"My son, I would say a word to you. It is your father that now speaks to you from the spirit-world. Think not the life you now so highly prize, is all of life to live. Have I not proved the sad reality of a more enduring one. Live not for that which now is, but for the life that has no end. Oh, my son, live not for time, but for eternity."

"*May, 1858.*—Dear friend, I am again with you. I wish to tell you that I have progressed. I am now in the fifth sphere. You know that when I last communed, I was in the fourth. W. E."

He has since then been with me often. The last time was in January, last, when he said:

"Oh, my friend, my dear, dear friend,—what joy, what joy to meet you here. You to whom I owe so much for the happiness which now is mine. How dark and fearful was my lost estate; all hope was gone. A gleam of light you gave—that spark by angel's wings was fanned—mother and sister shed their gentle influence, and a soul was saved. The darkened one is now in robes of light arrayed, sin gone; the spirit free."

July 24, 1857.—Last evening intelligence was brought by a person just from the Eastern Shore, that Mr. H—— was extremely ill and not expected to live through the night. He was a pious man and a strict member of the Presbyterian Church.

Called on a medium, turned aside and wrote privately,—
"How is Mr. H——, is he dead?"

It was answered:—"You wish to know of Mr. H——. We do not know, but one will go see for you. H. W."

Then in two or three minutes:

"Mr. H—— is still living. I stopped to examine his case—it is doubtful as to his recovery. ISAAC."

He lived for more than a week after.

August 14.—At another Circle, I asked if a friend, giving no name, who had recently passed away, could come and communicate. Answered by my brother:

“He sleeps on the leafy bank. We bear him water to wash his sins away. When conditions favor, I will lead him unto you—till then, wait in patience.”

August 16.—At another Circle, I asked if my friend could now commune.

“He still sleeps.”

August 21.—Through the dial:—

“Do I sleep, or am I gone beyond the grave. Where am I now? I call, and no one answers. Where are all my servants? Gone—gone and not regarding the voice of their master. Come each one of you, and receive the words which I wish to give. H.—

Then from some other spirit:—

“Ignorance is his friend. The belief which was within the soul has caused a deep sleep to be over him. His mind is not clear. He does not comprehend that he is in the spirit-world. We feed the soul of each spirit to give knowledge to it.”

August 25.—The dial gave the name of H——. Mrs. Danskin was then entranced, and the spirit spoke through her:—

“And must I look upon all that thou givest to my sight? Have I awakened to behold the home of the angels? Where wilt thou bear me next? Am I to go yonder? To behold that radiant light?—to hear the voices of the angels? It thrills me. I am overpowered. I cannot speak, but with thee I will go and gaze where ever thou mayest bid me look. Oh, that I should have slept so long and known not of this sweet home. The walls are chrystal. I must not breathe for fear I lose the sight. Bear me on—bear me on.

Another spirit.

“The spirit has awakened to consciousness, and the light of the beautiful home has opened to his vision; and he has been shown how he has passed from one degree of light to another; and, oh, what astonishment has it been unto him. We now let the spirit rest until all the senses can be blended as it were into one; then his mind will be more free to communicate.”

September 4.

“Eternally am I bound with thee. The darkness which enshrouded my mind has passed. A dawn of glimmering light has reached my morbid mind. I wake—I wake from a long, long sleep. All seems strange, strange. Nought that I looked for do I find. Strange! strange! yes, all is strange, indeed. But the brightness of a Father’s love I feel. It fills my soul. Can I ask more? This is my first lesson. It is enough. H——.”

September 13.—Again with another medium, who knew nothing of what has been given above.

As soon as I took my seat, she saw a spirit, whom she described as a tall, intellectual looking man, light hair, blue eyes,—and immediately wrote:

“It was I that showed myself to the medium.

H——.”

It was an exact description.

“My dear friend, I will write you all that I am able. You must know that I have not progressed much in the spirit-world. When my spirit left the form I thought I was one of the elect; but I soon found out my mistake. I found that God had no chosen people. It would take more time than you could afford, to listen to the different scenes and mysteries I have passed through. Oh, how my soul trembled with fear when I found that I had been so deluded by what I had been taught to believe was Christianity. I thought while I lived in the form that I tried to do my duty to my

faith; but I soon found that I had lived in ignorance. With the talent I had, I should have known better."

Wishing as a test to have a confirmation of the *sleep* as given at other Circles, I asked:

What was your condition after leaving the form?

"I knew that I had left the form. I stood wondering where all the angels could be, that I thought were to conduct me to the heavenly throne. I expected to find a located heaven and a personal God. The disappointment to me is more than I can describe."

Not receiving the test I desired, I said, perhaps some other spirit can tell me what I want to know.

"My dear friend, his condition was not pleasant—it was all darkness to him. He felt like one shut up and never expected to see light again. He went wandering about trying to find out where he was. At last a spirit came and magnetised him, and threw him into the sleep that your spirit friend told you of. After that I went and waked him from the condition he was in. He could not give you a description of it himself. We all give great thanks to you for the interest you feel in his progression. N. D. H."

October 14. With Mrs. Morrell:

I called *mentally* for Mr. H.

"Dear friend, I have improved in the spirit world much faster than I did expect. When the condition of my mind was first made known, you may imagine how strange the truth to me appeared. By following you to different circles I have gained knowledge. I cannot express my gratitude for the interest you have taken in me. H."

October 16.—At another circle.

"The spirit of H— wishes to communicate.

"The spirit of a father in the father's home speaks to his children yet in the form. Words of comfort would I bear to them. The frail form worn out by suffering and long

disease you laid in the tomb, but the spirit was not there. Its flight was upward, upward.

“The creeds and dogmas of an effete faith were deeply grafted within, and clung with tightening folds around my spirit form; but in the full effulgence of the father’s love they fell away, and left the spirit clothed in the bright array which angels wear; garments of love and truth and wisdom.

“Children, still dear, more than ever dear; to you I would bear messages of love from my spirit-home. I would tell of the grandeur, the beauties, the supernal bliss in which I dwell. Will you not cast off the shackles in which bigotry, and prejudice, and ignorance, have bound you, and receive into your hearts the truth which cometh only from God.”

November 30.

“My dear friend, I have reached a bright and beautiful sphere where I can now understand God’s laws and what Deity is. I am now free from the trammels in which I was bound while in the form. H—.”

I have had much from this spirit, but of a private nature referring to his children.

From my former pastor, W. N.

In reply to some remarks I had made about prayer, he said:

“Oh how vain is prayer when it comes from the lips, and springs not from the heart. How often have you bowed down under my prayers. Oh, had I then the light which you now have, my friend, I should not have felt afraid of my flock. I mourn over the enormities of the churches, because they deny a subject of which they know nothing and have not the moral courage to investigate.”

To one present, in reply to same remark :

“ I see and feel the assertion you have just made. Spirits bright and beautiful hover o'er thee to place within thy heart that treasure which emanates from God. Thou art crowned with roses which have their bloom forever. Thou art cherished by that fond mother who still lulls thee to sleep, as if thou wert the infant she once cradled in her arms. Thou art taught many soothing words which give peace to others and bring happiness to thyself. Thou mayest feel lonely, but angels are thy constant companions. They teach thee how to pray—they teach thee to look to God as thy Father—they teach thee all of happiness, and when thou art stricken in sickness, the angels will be there to guard thee; and when thy spirit is freed from that clay-form, which it now inhabits, it will be borne in glory to the presence of the Father.

“ Oh, that I could speak more. Oh, that I could breathe forth the feelings which now are within me, but with kind permission, I will visit thee again. I do shield thee from storms, from blasts of winter which might pierce thy heart. I am thy friend, and more capable now of offering thee love than when I was on earth.”

SPIRIT TELEGRAMS.

The answering mental questions, of which I have already given several examples, is not the least mysterious part of this interesting subject, and tends as much as all else to confound the skeptic and satisfy the candid investigator; for no cavilling or sophistry can reach it.

Behold me seated at a small table opposite the medium—not a word is spoken on either side. I fix my mind intently on the individual spirit I wish to commune with—three raps or tips of the table announces his presence. The medium's

hand is influenced and a message is written. In more than a hundred instances, not one has been at fault.

On one occasion I went there with a list of a dozen names on purpose to test this wonder. The moment I fixed my eyes upon any particular name, the spirit came with a communication, some of which are in the preceding pages: and thus I proceeded until every one had responded.

If I have a question to ask or remark to make, in order to intensify thought, I turn aside and privately write it. Immediately the reply comes; not merely yea or nay, which may or may not be an answer, but it generally commences by repeating the very words of the question. Let me give a few such cases.

To my brother. "Tell me about your death."

"I will tell you all about my death another time."

To my mother. "You have not yet spoken to me about my sisters?"

"You wish to know why I have not spoken about M—— and E——. It is because, &c."

To my father. "Are you often with my brother W——?"

"Yes, we are often with you, and I also go to see W——."

To L. G. "Go see Mrs. W. and tell me what you think of her condition?"

"You wish me to say how Mrs. W. is. She is very ill, and her recovery is doubtful."

November 9, 1859.—Sitting with Mr. Mansfield, called mentally, for my mother.

MY DEAR, DEAR SON FRANCIS,—O my son, my son, how thankful you should be to the giver of all good, that you has been permitted the light, while so many are yet in darkness as to this glorious truth. Yes, Francis, they call you crazy—they say you are mad; but mind it not. Had you the sympathy of those at home we should be content and

feel that you could stand the brunt of the world. Dear one, bear it with that christian fortitude which has ever characterized thy life thus far. Have no contentions, but trust in Him who has supported you, and you shall have strength to surmount all troubles. When you lay down your head and pillow it for the last time, you shall see the convoy of angels which daily surround you, your stay and staff.

“ My dear son, your father is so happy to know he can come to you in this manner. Often we talk how we have watched your course in life ever since your boyhood.

“ Your darling Frank is the gem of a spirit, whose society is often sought by those who are far in advance of him. When I come to your own dear home, and see the resemblance he bears to his manly brother, I think how great the joy, could they but talk with each other. But dear son, say but little at home—try and be calm—live, oh live as you will wish you had when you come to see things as do I. Now, dear one, be consistent in all your doings—show to the world that you are made better from this light you have received.

“ Your spirit and loving mother, MARIA SMITH.”

In February last I cut from the Messenger Department in the Banner of Light, a short communication from my son, intending to test it through some medium. I called on Mrs. Morrell, March 8, and having silently read it over to myself, asked if he could tell me any thing about it. Immediately the answer came:

“ Dear father, you want me to tell you all about that communication you received through the Banner of Light. I gave you all that I could—if you will consider a moment of the thousands of spirits that crowd around Mrs. Conant, you would think it marvellous, that I had an opportunity to send even those few words. I will commune again at the earliest opportunity.

FRANK.”

While in Northampton, Va. having mentioned to a skeptical friend that their late pastor had been with us at a Circle, he requested me, should another opportunity offer, to ask what answer he gave when consulted about his daughter joining the church.

A few evenings after, the presence of Dr. R—— being announced, I turned aside and wrote privately: "What answer did you give Dr. S—— when he consulted you about his daughter joining the church."

I laid the folded paper on the table and asked if he knew the subject of it. The dial gave—

"Yes,—E—— S——."

On what occasion?

"Her confirmation. I said, dear Doctor, she is the child of the covenant—she is born of water and of the spirit, also,—and can you now deny her the covenant; for she is a child of God, with the seal of His mercy on her brow. Let her then partake of the emblems of His Grace—do not hold her back—allow her to partake of the body and blood of her risen Saviour. My memory recalls nothing more."

Mark—there is no mind upon mind here. No one in the room but myself knew the contents of that paper—and I had no idea what answer was expected.

When I showed it to the Doctor he seemed for awhile confounded—said it was very, very like Dr. R——, and he may have said it during the conversation that ensued, but it was not the particular answer on his mind.

Some years ago I had a difference with a friend, which caused me a good deal of trouble. I thought myself wronged out of nearly \$4,000, and have had no reason since to change that opinion. He passed away some months ago. When Mr. Mansfield was here in November last, I laid on his table a closely folded paper, within which was written these words:

"J—— —, what think you now of the difference which caused our separation?"

Immediately the influence came, and with the paper in my sight all the while, he wrote:

“Dear Smith, forgive my wrongs to you. God only knows besides me, how much I have suffered for doing to you what I knew and you knew to be wrong. Oh, ye inhabitants of earth learn to do right below; for your Eternal All depends upon what your lives have been in the mortal form. I am comparatively in darkness—try and help me out. Forgive me, my dear friend, Francis H. Smith.

Yours, J———.”

I do forgive you sir, with my whole heart, and trust that the knowledge of this may aid you in your progression.

Again, April 4, 1860. Sitting with Mrs. Morrell—after communing for an hour with my friends, I called for him mentally, but said not a word. Answered immediately:

“Dear friend, I am glad to meet you this morning. I am more pleasantly situated than when first I entered the spirit-world. I was in a state of confusion, when I met our old friend Robert P——. He took me by the hand, saying, ‘come, my friend, come away from these dark and dreary scenes.’ I followed him and found light. It was then I sought you and manifested myself to you. I told you that I was not happy and begged you to assist me. I stood near you for several weeks, and through you and Mr. P—— have advanced. I entered the first Circle of the third sphere. Dear friend, I go with you to your Circles and try in vain to manifest myself, but soon I hope to control a medium and commune with you. J———.”

Mrs. Morrell knew nothing of the previous communication.

Two years ago I cut from the Banner of Light the following communication:

JUDGE HOPKINSON.

“If a man die shall he live again?” That passage of Scripture was ever present to my mind down to the last day

of my earthly existence. I am now fully satisfied in regard to it, and I can answer, although a man dies in the natural life, he lives in the spiritual, and far different from what I expected. I had not one single idea correct, but was ushered into the spirit-life like a little child. Before ever my spirit passed from my earth-tabernacle it became humble. I prayed God to have mercy on my soul for all errors I might have committed in the mortal form. So, my friend, I entered the spirit-world like a little child, all unused to the realities which seemed in a moment of time to be spread before me. My earthly body seemed to be no part of myself—my spirit would not recognize it; it did not claim it as its own. I seemed for a moment of time to be in an uncertain state; but friends whom I had known in the earth-life, and whom I knew to be in the spirit-life, gathered around me and gave me counsel. One in the earth-life to whom I owe much, who bears a wreath of myrtle on his brow, and who will enter the spirit-life all unstained, first spoke peace to my soul.

I am now at rest, and would not return if all the wealth of earth could be mine. I prefer my present to my past. Yes, I have tested the realities of the spirit-world, and find them altogether different from what I anticipated.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither can mortal tongue describe the beauties of the spirit-life, and if, as I am told, beauty progresses as we progress,—how dazzling must our future be!

But permit me to return to earth cares and scenes. I had left a wife, and dear friends on earth. I have tried to communicate with them, but they fail to understand me, and cry out, why does he not do this, and why does he not do that, if it be really he?

Great God of wisdom give me power to make myself known to them. This is my daily prayer, and when that power shall come, oh, how joyful shall be the hour! But I

will wait patiently, and submit myself to that which seems to be the will of my Heavenly Father. Oh, the earth seems to be a sphere decked in many beautiful robes, and dark clouds mingle with the robes and overspread their glory. But it seems to me Spiritualism is to drive away these clouds of sin, and then the earth will become the Garden of Eden. As I progress in my spirit-life, I hope to return and bear you flowers.

The inscription over my earthly body reads in these words—'Judge Hopkinson.' They signify something on earth where I once was, but not in Heaven where I now dwell."

Recently I took this with me to Mrs. Morrell, and having fixed my eyes upon it, called mentally for the spirit and asked if he knew what I wanted.

"I am here and know you wish me to say something about the communication I gave through the Banner of Light. I sent that message so that my friends in Philadelphia could see it.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON."

There is a beautiful crayon drawing in the family executed by my grandfather, representing a child folding a cat to her bosom. It has been a question among us whether that was intended as a portrait or not.

In March, 1859. Sitting with Mrs. Morrell, my grandfather being present, I inquired if a certain picture then in my mind was the likeness of any one?

"Yes, it was the portrait of my Maria, your mother,

F. H."

I then remembered having seen in my younger days a profile of my mother. Her name being announced, I asked if she could tell me what had become of her likeness?

"My dear son, I cannot tell you any thing about it. Your uncle Joseph had it at one time, but since his death I

do not know what has become of it—it was nothing but an old fashioned profile. YOUR MOTHER."

I could give many, many more, but these are sufficient to prove that our invisible friends can read our minds.

FRANK THROUGH J. V. MANSFIELD.

In the summer of 1857, having read some remarkable cases of sealed letters, answered through this gentleman and wishing to have such a test for the benefit of my sceptical friends, I addressed a letter to my son, and sent it to Mr. Mansfield by mail—giving him no other clue than the post-mark, from whence it came—for I had understood, that not only would the letter receive a reply, but the answer also be sent by mail, properly directed to the writer.

Two weeks afterward, my son came to me at the Circle, and said that he had been to the medium in Boston, but could not control—promised to try again. The same was repeated at intervals several times, until at length the subject passed from my mind.

Business calling me to Boston the year following, I determined to try again; accordingly I called on Mr. Mansfield, and without introduction, stated that about a year ago I had sent him a sealed letter from "the South," which had received no answer; that as I was now here on a visit, I had brought with me another, hoping for better success.

On a shelf near the window lay a row of letters, edge up, several hundred in number, the accumulation, he said, of a twelvemonth. Over these he gently passed his left hand, the tremulous fingers slightly touching them, paused, and drew forth my Baltimore letter!

Gently rubbing them with the fingers of his left hand, he took the pencil in his right, and began to make marks: "He has been in the spirit world more than twenty years"—

“you have seven letters in your name”—and then wrote, “Francis.” Let it be known, that I came to Boston an entire stranger—not an individual had I ever seen before.

The correspondence is as follows :

BALTIMORE, 26th July, 1857.

My dear son Frank: More than twenty-five years have passed since I laid your earthly form in the grave; and yet here am I, your earthly Father, addressing a letter to you in the mansions of bliss, with a confident expectation that an answer will be given through the medium.

You were the first, my child, of all my numerous spirit-friends, who opened to my mind the truth of spirit-intercourse; thereby affording me a consolation under trials, which no language can express; and although I now enjoy frequent communion with many of the loved and departed, yet do I look back to the first Circle in which your presence was manifested, with peculiar interest.

You are aware that your mother, sisters and brothers are opposed to this new dispensation from the Almighty; that I stand alone among a numerous circle of relatives, and you know my great anxiety on the subject, and how often I have prayed that God would enlighten their minds, and dispel the clouds of bigotry and prejudice with which they are surrounded. I had hoped that some of my friends would have visited the medium in Boston, through whom messages are given, and then published in the *Banner of Light*. Such a message, given so far off among strangers, might awaken the attention of my family. I wish you would endeavor to control the medium, and get several of my friends to unite with you, if only to give their names. Hoping soon to hear from you,

I am, your affectionate father,

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

To my dear son Frank, now in the realms of bliss.

I made no copy of the above, and when I sat down to write the second letter, had forgotten every word of it; nor could I even have guessed within a month of its date.

Boston, 16th June, 1858.

My dear Son: Your earthly father now addresses you, through this medium, a second time, hoping to be more successful in obtaining an answer than when about a year ago I wrote to you from Baltimore. You told me afterwards that you had been to him, but could not get control. As I shall take this letter to him in person, perhaps you may exercise more influence.

Three years have elapsed, my beloved, since, as an angel messenger, you first brought to me this glorious truth. From it I have derived more happiness than language can express, but it has also occasioned much sorrow, on account of the opposition which I experience from your mother and sisters and brothers, and, indeed, from all my relatives. Their minds are so warped by bigotry and prejudice—so bound by the church and its creeds, that they cannot give the subject a sober thought; and thus lose the ineffable happiness of communing with those they once held so dear; and who, though invisible, have so often clustered around me, pouring consolation into my heart under many trials. As you read their minds, can you see any change? Shall I yet see a family spiritual circle formed at my house?

Were you here last evening, and did you endeavor to influence Abby to write? What spirit is here besides you?

Of course you know that the object of this letter is merely as a test; that, if answered, with the seal unbroken, I may show it to my friends as a proof of spirit-intercourse. Besides replying to my questions, you may give other things which the medium cannot know; and, as a further test, sign your answer with your name in full, such as I gave you in baptism.

From your loving father, who loves you a thousand times more than he loved his darling boy when on earth.

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

The following answer was given June 19, 1858:

My Dear Father, Francis: God be praised for this blessed privilege of speaking to you through this medium, to whom thousands come, and which I have many times attempted, but without success. My control, dear father, is not as full as many; therefore I have to give way, when others, more powerful than me, wish to communicate. Then, dear one, I lacked just your magnetism with that of the medium—that is, your media power with that of the medium, assists me now to speak.

God only knows how delighted was your dear Frank when he foresaw and anticipated this visit to the medium. It is not in the power of mortals to imagine, or spirits to describe; but suffice it to say, that I was, and now am, almost frantic with delight.

Oh, my dear father, many has been the time that you have in thought, gone down, down to the cold, cold grave, where you laid me more than twenty years ago; but alas, alas, you found me not; and the thought would occur to your mind that you might never behold Frank's form or features again; and thus, dear father, did you first hope, and then doubt, until about three years since I came to you so unmistakeably. You doubted no longer that the soul of man, was immortal; that your son Frank lived and could communicate. Oh, happy, happy moment this to my soul. Since then not a doubt has disturbed your mind.

Now, dear one, I will give a fact, more as a test than is pleasing to relate, and which, I hope, will be understood as coming from one that has naught but love for them, or for any mortal. You, dear father, have had to stem the tide of

opposition all alone, so far as having the sympathy of my darling mother, sisters and brothers dear. So much are they wedded to church creeds and ceremonies, so have they been taught by the would be wise, that they choose to remain with their former associates, enjoying their long preconceived ideas of the future. Well, dear one, it is their right, and if they act up to the highest light given them, they do all that is required. But with you, my precious father, God has opened your spirit-vision on the interior principle of your soul, and you now see as they do not; you now have food they never have partaken of, and it stands you to live before your dear family circle, as one possessing superior wisdom—live, as well as preach, or your talk becomes as a sounding brass. I have nought to censure you with on that point; no, my father; but I find many that profess to be Spiritualists, who do not live up to their privileges; and it is to be regretted. However, the cause of Spiritualism is fast revolutionizing the world you live in. Already, as a body, do you number over seven millions; and could you but see, as we do, with what rapidity the old dogmas and creeds are crumbling and falling to dust, you would not, you could not, believe it coming from any other than a divine source.

Well, dear father, you tell me that this is designed as a test-letter, but I doubt if what I have already written will serve much as a test. I am speaking from my soul's desire. But, to return to your letter and questions. You ask if I was with you and the family with whom you are stopping, on the eve of the 15th June. I was, and did my best to influence Abby; but my control was not full: I tried, however, to show my identity.

Well, dear father, you may hope, although you have nearly despaired of ever witnessing the conversion of your dear family to the blessed truth. You may not yet see much light in that direction, but, dear one, they now believe more

than they are willing to acknowledge. Then live before them—live before the world. Try to have it said, when you are called to exchange the mortal for the immortal, and you too may say, that you have fought the good fight and have gained your reward.

Oh, my dear father, be not cast down; but bear with patience what you may be called to pass through; believing it is calculated to purify you for that mansion which awaits you in this, the celestial kingdom. This world is made up of all that is beautiful and good below, that is, it is your world in a pure and beautified state; and yet this sphere is only preparatory to the next and the next; upward and onward to all eternity. This is our encouragement; for at each successive step of that endless journey upward, new and fresh beauties open to our spirit-vision.

We have our plains and mountains; our forests and prairies; our lakes and rivers; groves and gardens decked with every imaginable variety of shrubs and flowers; the fragrance of which makes and perfumes the atmosphere we breathe.

Well, my dear father, I think I have said enough to satisfy you that I live. You will please excuse me for not answering yours of July 26, 1857. I find nothing in it that is now worthy of notice since I have yours of June 16. You speak in that of the infidelity or unbelief of my dear mother and sisters, which you have also noticed in yours of June 16.

To my precious mother and sisters dear, I would say, I am ever by to make them happy, and that I do all I can to make them feel my spirit-presence; and sometimes I fancy mother sees me as when I passed away. But now I am a man, nearly twenty-seven years old, and I have the stature of a man; therefore you will not see the little boy you were wont to look upon so tenderly, so fondly; but a man.

There is no one with me, dear father, but a spirit friend of mine, who is with me always. His name is George

Francis Teel. He is a dear spirit, and will write to you ere long.

God bless you and them at home, dear father. Call on me often, that I may speak words of consolation to you.

Your son,

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH.

To my father,

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

Does not this remarkable letter refute the charges that have been brought against Mr. Mansfield by some of those who have consulted him, and whose published letters display anything but a spirit of Christian charity? I entertained no such feeling when my first letter was not answered, because I know that *all* spirits cannot control *all* mediums. There must be an affinity between them, and for that affinity there must be *diversity—likes* must meet *unlikes*.

July 2.—Having copied the above for the press, it struck me that a part of my first letter had not been answered. On my way to the printing office, therefore, I called on Mr. Mansfield, and again laid on his desk a folded paper, on which was written:

“You did not notice my remarks about the Banner of Light.”

The answer came immediately:

“You desire me, my dear father, to communicate through the Banner. Well, father, the dear Mrs. Conant has not strength to communicate for all. I am well pleased that you intend to have it inserted in that valuable paper.

Your dear FRANK.

I passed the summer and autumn of 1858 near Boston, delightfully domiciled in the family of Mr. and Mrs. G.

The subject of Spiritualism being introduced, and they becoming much interested in hearing me read my journal, a sitting was proposed; husband and wife were soon discovered to be mediums, and also another member of the family. For more than four months, we had almost daily intercourse with our spirit friends. The table and dial being always seen in the parlor, would naturally excite the curiosity of strangers—many desired to sit, and were seldom if ever disappointed.

Not only did our own spirit relatives and friends attend upon us, but we had also communications from several strange spirits, some of an extraordinary character.

I give one of them as a specimen. He tried at first to deceive us, under a false name, pretending to be my son; but this being detected, I admonished him kindly, when he gave his name as Henry T. Perkins.

“I was a painter—worked with a man named French, who keeps in Federal street, near Channing street, Boston. I was not married—aged about twenty-four,—died of fever, after a short illness, about four years ago.

“The change was very unexpected to me. I had thought to reform before I died, but was taken away before I had made the first step, and now it is harder to reform than when on earth, because I am not so situated that I can do good to others, and that is a great help to all.

“I was met by a friend I used to associate with on earth, and he gave me some knowledge of the spirit world. I was astonished at what I heard—it was so different from what I expected. I had thought I should go straight to hell, and he told me there was no hell but what I made myself, and that if I wished to progress I could do so. I was pleased at this, and for a time followed his advice; but I was surrounded by those who did not wish to progress, who opposed me throughout, and have been a constant drawback to my progression. I have felt a great desire for it, but it is hard for me to accomplish, and I have come to you for assistance.

“I then admonished him in the usual way—that there was no eternal hell—that progression was the order of God’s creation—that bright angels are ever ready to guide him in the path when his heart sincerely aspires for a better state, having first repented of his sins.

“I am very grateful to you for what you have said, and will try to follow your advice. I am in the second sphere—have often seen the friend I first spoke of—he is very anxious to help me.”

What first brought you here ?

“I was sent here by a spirit, Frank Smith, by name ; he told me that he was your son, and that you would help me. He loves to help others, and spends much time in that way.”

Has this interview done you any good ?

“Yes, I feel better for this interview. I think you wish to help me in my progression.”

What were your thoughts while on earth in regard to a future state ?”

“I felt as if I was doomed to go to hell any way, and it did not make much difference what I did, and so I drank and cared but little for the future. I did not expect to be saved at all, but that my fate was fixed.”

Had you a religious education ?

“Yes—my father is dead—my mother lives in Maine, in a town called Fremont. It is a new town, beyond Bangor, towards Calais. She now lives there. Her name is Fanny Maria Perkins. I loved my mother more than words can tell. She was a dear good mother to me. I grieve that I caused her so much sorrow. I did not sin wilfully, but was led astray by others. I feel very sorry that I tried to deceive you, for I have met with a very different reception from what I expected. I do hope that you will find what I told you to be true.”

This is only a part of the conversation we held with him of more than an hour long.

I left there the last of October, and had been home only a week, when I heard of the death of the dear Mrs. G.

I called the next day on Mrs. Morrell, and had scarcely taken my seat before the table sprang from the floor and pressed heavily against my bosom. Then came the following:

“Dear Friend: It is pleasant to meet with you again, where we can commune together. I approached you as soon as my spirit left the body, for I knew you would expect it. Surely you do not mourn my departure, for you know that I am happy.

“This is no new thing to me, my friend. I have much to thank you for that the dark mystery of death was withdrawn before my departure. I have realized all the happiness in my spirit home that you and I used to talk of when you were in Squantum. It was a great blessing to me that you came to our place. It was the means of sustaining me under trial. Your words certainly comforted me in the hour of death. Yes, dear friend, I know that you and I will never forget the hours we spent together last summer—they have passed, but you and I will have a far happier time together than we ever had there.

“Dear Frank calls me sister, in the spirit land. He was the head of the band of spirits that met me when I passed away. You know that I was no stranger to him as well as to many other of your spirit friends that used to manifest themselves through me to you.”

ABBY R. G.

Then followed more of a private nature, messages to her family and friends.

Often has she been with me since—indeed I seldom sit without a communication from her.

The following article was given to the Banner of Light.

COMMUNICATION FROM H. V. D. JOHNS.

Mr. Mansfield has recently made a short visit here, and many persons have availed themselves of the opportunity to commune with the loved and departed.

The wonderful faculty which he possesses of answering sealed letters, is well known to the readers of the Banner and other Spiritual papers. Some very interesting cases of the kind occurred here, which it is hoped the recipients will not confine to themselves, but let others participate.

I enjoyed three sittings, all perfectly satisfactory; any of them sufficient to satisfy an honest inquirer that the spirits of those who once dwelt with us in tenements of clay, have not gone away off to some part of the wide immensity, we know not where, leaving an impassable barrier behind; but drawn by the cords of love, they leave their bright abodes of bliss, hover near, and hold sweet converse with us.

The results of the first two sittings, although highly gratifying to me, yet, being of a private nature, might not be interesting to others; but the last I feel bound, by a promise made to the spirit, to give to the world.

I spent the evening of June 11th in social chat at Mr. Danskin's, and while we sat conversing about the astonishing manifestations that had been given through Mr. Mansfield, Mrs. Danskin was suddenly controlled by a spirit, who said he had but recently passed into the spirit-world; had filled a pulpit in this city for many years; was no believer in spirit intercourse—had called it blasphemy, but now he saw that of a truth, the Father of all permitted his children to return to earth and commune with those still dear. That often he had thus visited his own fireside, and would delight to mingle thought with wife and children, but they knew him not—had a great desire to manifest through that stran-

ger medium now here—would pass thoughts that should be recognized, and prove the identity of his spirit; and those thoughts he wished to be printed. He spoke at some length, and I regret that his words were not taken down at the time. He closed by announcing himself as the Rev. Dr. Johns.

I replied that I intended visiting the medium on the following day, and promised to publish whatever he might give.

“I thank you, friend, and will gladly avail myself of the opportunity.”

Accordingly, the next morning I called on Mr. Mansfield, and merely remarked that “a certain spirit had expressed a desire to manifest through him.” I then laid on his table—my hand resting upon it—a closely folded paper, within which was written these words: “Rev. H. V. D. Johns, are you present?” In a few moments the spirit controlled his hand, and the following was written:—

“My dear, dear mortal Smith: Having met you in private circle not many hours since, avowing not only my willingness, but great desire to come back to earth in spirit, and undeceive where I had deceived many—not that I did so knowingly; but now, seeing all my past life daguerre-typed on the broad canopy of the eternal spheres, I have now a chance to see where I have erred in my past teachings. Not that I regret one act of my life, as having done anything that I did not believe to be my highest conception of right, save this—that I was not willing to investigate this truth—modern Spiritualism. I say modern, because it has been only a few years that the attention of mortals has been called to the mysterious movings which now have become common in almost every family where there is the moral courage to investigate the subject for themselves.

That this law is as natural as any well established law, I believe: and I also now see that it has existed as long as the *great moving* power of all animate and inanimate substance has existed. But that fact I was not willing to investigate.

I should have been; and as I now greatly regret having let the opportunity pass, I am here to acknowledge it.

And when I look abroad over your delightful city, at this hour, when the bells are tolling the good people of Baltimore to their respective places of worship, my soul pities those who are called upon to break the bread of life to them. And why? Because things have long since come to such a pass that the preachers are not allowed to be honest to themselves, or rather, they are not permitted to preach the honest convictions of their minds, for fear they may give offence to the paying, or main support of the congregation over which they have charge; and thus are they crippled; thus are they controlled by the congregation.

At times my soul would bleed—if I may use the expression—at my own timidity in speaking out the gushings of my inmost nature, knowing I had to render up my account to Him to whom I belonged. I say, my soul would at times sink within me, knowing I could not speak forth what I would; and to-day, while I see scores of preachers—teachers, call them, if you please—standing up before immense audiences, talking that which may serve to please the ears of the hearer, calculating to call forth some such expression from the leading or more prominent supporters of the church, as, “Has he not done well?” or “Was not that a great effort?” oh, my God, I know there is too much of that: and though it be well known to the preachers themselves, yet will they persist in so doing. Could they but have one short moment’s experience of that which I now experience, see as I now see, that every minute act will surely be noted here, and as they have measured to others below, so it will be measured to them here; then with what religious care should they move before those whose almost Eternal All is intrusted to them.

Could I but come to earth again for one short day, I fancy I could do more good than my many years as passed with

you in the form. But, my destiny is with those who inhabit spheres beyond materiality. I am now a spirit—a conscious, individual spirit—realizing all that I now tell you, though it is given through the working of mortal organism. Yet it is no less than he who was well known among you as a teacher of Eternal Life. Oh, ye good citizens of Baltimore, wake to a sense of your present infidel condition; for, so sure as I ever was H. V. D. Johns, so sure does he now speak to you. In the name of Him to whom you belong do look into this great and all-important truth. Give it a fair and candid investigation and you will have all those doubts removed which have so long troubled many, yea, even at this present moment, viz. “the soul’s immortality.” You know that often, in your sober reflective moments, you would say within you, “I have no more reason to believe I have a conscious spirit-existence beyond the grave, than has the dumb beast.” And all this comes from the manner in which spiritual things have been taught. But do no longer doubt—no longer hesitate to investigate and know for yourselves. I do believe that out of one hundred families in your midst, eighty of that number might develop a media source, through which they would be satisfied, beyond the least doubt or cavil, that they were in communion with those once to them so dear. Then, my once dear charge, shall I, your old and fond pastor, be made happy by knowing you will be the first who shall dare to break from the yoke of bondage? I tell you, my dear charge, the time is near at hand when you will wish you had sought this pearl of priceless value. I have more to say when I can control the source through whom I may attempt.

Dear friend, thank the lady for allowing me to have control of her to state to you my desire. I thank you, also for the trouble you have taken in following the directions given. I well know your surroundings, but suffer on—your reward

awaits you. I have much to say to you through the lady medium, when she has strength to communicate for me.

Your spirit friend, H. V. D. JOHNS.

Now it is no use to carp and cavil at this. The infidel may laugh, the skeptic sneer, and the bigot denounce; but, sooner or later, this truth of spirit intercourse must triumph, in spite of all opposition. Here are the plain facts witnessed by a dozen persons, which cannot be explained away or denied. The signature was pronounced to be a fac simile by one who knows. What is to be done with all this? I foresee that censure will be cast upon me for the part I have taken; but it matters not. This change in my religious views has already caused me the loss of what men hold most dear; and my once familiar friends give now but the silent nod, or pass by on the other side, and call me mad. The sands of life have nearly run their course, and what betides the remaining few is but of little moment. If the cross be heavy and hard to bear, the recompense has been a thousand fold, in the ineffable happiness which this precious truth has unfolded. It has deprived death of its sting, and the grave of its terror. Life and immortality no longer rests on mere speculative faith, from the tradition of others, but on a far firmer foundation—knowledge. “I know him in whom I have believed.”

To the spread of this truth of God my life is devoted. Not that I would intrude the subject. The mind must be receptive, prejudice disarmed, bigotry allayed, before truth can enter; but when the fitting opportunity is presented, my testimony shall not be withheld.

The experience of the last three years has been varied and highly interesting. A tithe of it is sufficient to convince any rational mind—one who, with deep sense of the tremendous importance of the subject, a seeker after truth for truth's sake, would give it a fair investigation. No such

mind could resist what it has been my happy lot to receive, and for which all this world's wealth and honor would be but a poor exchange.

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

BALTIMORE, *June*, 1859.

A few days after I had sent this to the "Banner," I called on Mrs. Morrell, and had passed an hour or more in conversation with my spirit friends, when I turned aside and wrote privately, "Dr. Johns."

Instantly came a reply.

"I know, my dear friend, that you have published my communication. I thank you for it. I trust it will be the means of reaching the minds of my flock.

H. V. D. JOHNS."

I am confident that Mrs. Morrell knew nothing of the communication, or of its publication, and *could* not of my mental call.

The above was copied by the Weekly Despatch, which soon circulated through the city, and as I expected, excited no little censure against me. Every one who advocates ideas that the masses have not yet grown up to, is denounced as visionary; his sentiments misrepresented; his motives questioned; his character traduced. He who designs to labor for the enlightenment of mankind; to pull down error and elevate truth must expect this; and forgive his opposers for "they know not what they do." The ignorance of the multitude is yet dense, and the majority of mankind are not prepared to understand or appreciate the most simple and evident truths. He who cannot bear patiently all abuse, scorn and indifference, need not enter the field.

A bitter article appeared in a religious journal: being absent from the city, it was thus answered by my friend, Mr. Danskin:

"An article in the 'Methodist Protestant' of last week is, in my opinion, calculated to mislead the public, in their

estimate of the communication purporting to come from the spirit of Dr. H. V. D. Johns. A brief explanation may enable those who feel interested to form a more correct judgment of this matter.

“Spirit-intercourse has been made the subject of criticism and condemnation, chiefly, by those who either refuse, or neglect to investigate its laws by and through the phenomena which it presents. If the writer in the ‘Methodist Protestant’ had used the facilities which exist within his reach to gain knowledge of this subject he would, I think, have avoided the error in which he seems to have fallen.

“Referring to a portion of the communication, he says: ‘Dr. Johns, when in the flesh, wrote excellent English, smooth, perspicuous, and directly to the point. Strange, that he should present such confusion as is here offered us. The fact is, Dr. Johns could never have written that sentence.’

“The spirit of Dr. Johns possessed no means by which he could control material pen or pencil wherewith to write out his thoughts in his own exact language, or they would, probably, have been given in a style satisfactory to the most fastidious critic; being unable to do this, and anxiously desiring to make known to his friends that he was not *dead*, but still *lived*, and had power to communicate with them from his home beyond the grave, he used such an instrumentality as he could find to accomplish his purpose.

“Mr. Mansfield, a test medium, was then in our city, and upon his mind Dr. Johns proposed to impress the thoughts which he desired should reach the members of his congregation. Thought received by impression is necessarily expressed in the language of ‘the medium.’ *Dr. Johns furnished the thought only, not the language in which it was clothed.* Not familiar with the characteristics of Mr. Mansfield’s mind, and not sufficiently long a dweller in the spirit-home to have acquired a thorough knowledge of the laws which govern spirit-intercourse, he could not make his im-

pressions so distinct and clear as he desired. Hence the confusion.

“ Since his passage to the inner life, Dr. Johns has several times communicated, through one, whose organs of speech he is permitted to control; and his expression, his gesticulation, the tones of his voice and his sincere earnest manner—blending force with humility, would, I think, have been recognized by any intelligent person familiar with his public services.

“ My friend, Mr. Smith, who gave the ‘communication’ to the press is now absent, and I feel it due to him to offer this explanation, also to say, that it was published by him, under a strong sense of duty, and certainly with no design, or desire to wound the feelings of any friend of the departed.

“ A great TRUTH, demonstrated by many facts, has been given to the world. It concerns not a few only, but every living soul; and no man, who recognizes his responsibility to the Great Giver of all good gifts, will, through fear of personal inconvenience, refuse publicly to avow that which now gives joy to his own heart, and will, in time, bring peace and happiness to all men. WASH. A. DANSEIN.”

And I may add; what music could you expect even from a Mozart or an Ole Bull, upon an inferior instrument and perhaps out of tune.

THE TRINITY.

An Episcopalian had asked his pastor to explain to him the Trinity, and was told in reply, “ it is a great mystery.” A few evenings after this, the gentleman was at our Circle, when the circumstance became the subject of conversation. The following was given by a spirit:

“ When the learned theologian is asked to explain this essential doctrine of the sectarian church, what is his reply?

He tells you it is a mystery—incomprehensible to man, but true, and belief in it is necessary to salvation. He tells you that no human mind can fathom this profound mystery, but each soul that enters upon the eternal life denying or doubting this wonderful conjunction of three persons in one Godhead, dwells for ever in torment, because of such unbelief.

Let us examine this matter :

“Does man possess any faculty of the mind which will enable him to believe that three are one, and that one is three? Do not men merely give assent to this dogma rather than actually believe it? Can we believe anything which our reason teaches us is impossible? Does not the fear of punishment, or the hope of reward, lie at the base of this assumed belief? Is it not because we are taught in early childhood that in order to inherit a mansion in the glorious City of our God we must believe, or otherwise, as outcasts from His presence, pay the penalty of doubt in endless torture, and thus, when grown to maturity, we say, ‘I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost: three persons in one God’—having no clear conception of what we mean, but feeling safety in an external assent to this fundamental article of sectarian faith?

“Now, we would ask, can mere assent to an incomprehensible proposition possess any power to save a man from endless woe? Can there be any merit in simply repeating with the lips that which the heart does not feel, and the head cannot comprehend? We answer, no!—emphatically and earnestly, we say no!! The Great Creator and Universal Father requires no such stultification from any of his children.

“Having endowed man with reason, He demands of him the exercise of that gift-divine, and looks for the unfolding of this most excellent faculty only by its constant use. Reason was not given to man merely to enable him to discriminate between the perishable belongings of this earthly

home. The exercise of reason must not be confined simply to the transitory affairs of this mundane sphere, but when his spirit reaches forth into the realms of thought that lie beyond the tomb—when he seeks knowledge of that life which immortality inherits, then, surely, it is essential that this highest attribute of man's nature should be brought into earnest activity.

“He who denies you the use of your reason when you approach the investigation of subjects sacred, does so because he finds it more easy to pronounce a dogma than to defend an absurdity.

“Reason having taught us to lay aside this erroneous phraseology, which, like a mist, obscures our mental vision whenever we look upward to the Great Artificer of the Universe, let us see what it gives us in its stead. Does it tell us that, because men have failed to comprehend this idea, and have invested with material form that which is purely spiritual in its nature, therefore there is not a divine trinity? Oh no! It teaches us that there is a spiritual idea which underlies this grossly material conception of Deity, and it is our purpose to present that view which, we trust, will eventually supersede the ecclesiastical mystery.

“When we think of the attributes of Jehovah, the idea of a personality, as assuming form or shape, more especially three forms or shapes, is at once obliterated. We cannot conceive of a personal form which permeates all space; filling all universes with its presence; which dwells in every rounded pebble, and rolls in every glittering orb. We cannot conceive of three personal forms which ride upon the furious whirlwind or float upon the gentle zephyr, but we can, without violence to the highest attribute of our nature, pour forth our praises to the Great Father—One and Indivisible—Infinite and Supreme—concentrating within himself the three divine principles—Love, Wisdom and Power—three principles and one God.”

SIGHT RESTORED.

There is nothing pertaining to the subject of Spiritualism more derided by religionists and skeptics, more taunted with scorn and reproach than the healing under spirit influence; and yet no fact can be better established by human testimony than the wonderful cures performed throughout the land by healing mediums. All christians believe in the laying on of hands by the apostles, and of the sanative results therefrom; but these, say they were miracles in that far off age of the world; forgetful of the promise to them that believe "they shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall recover." The church of to day virtually denies all this. I think otherwise. I rely implicitly upon the uniform operation of Divine laws; and believe that whatever was accomplished eighteen hundred years ago, may be repeated now under the same conditions.

I am myself a living witness of the truth of this; of the power of spirits to cure disease; and should omit an important part of my experience were I to withhold it.

About twelve years ago I was attacked with inflammation of the eye, which confined me to a dark room for more than six weeks, suffering great bodily pain, not only from the disease, but also from the violent remedies used by the physician; and when at length I got out, it was to find myself much reduced in health, and with vision impaired.

Twelve months after, the other eye was attacked—again confined to a dark room for nearly two months, with the consequent pain and suffering, and vision still more disturbed.

These were repeated at irregular intervals of twelve or eighteen months; but now under the judicious treatment of Dr. Gideon B. Smith, the disease was more easily arrested: the sight however was always more or less affected from each attack.

Thus it continued until November, 1856, when I was again prostrated for several weeks in almost constant pain, from which I could find no relief.

One day alone, writhing in agony, I murmured to myself, "Oh, mother, go to the Circle and send me a message."

The next day a sealed envelope came from there, which contained the following :

"Tell my dear father, I have been waiting an opportunity to send him a message if only a few kind words. Tell him there is constantly a band of spirits around him, endeavoring to impress him with their presence and to relieve him if possible, in some measure of his trouble. If he wishes any thing let him call for me or Grandmama, and tell us his desires. We will either fulfil them ourselves or impress those in the form to do so. Next week I hope to meet him as usual at the Circle, and then he shall have all he can desire; but urge him to be careful, and if he be not able to meet us, we will send him another message.

"I know he wishes a communication from Grandmama. She is now sitting beside him and will not leave; but she desires me to say that she never leaves him for one moment. She and I, with my brother and sister, form the Circle around him.

"Be not cast down, dear father; it is for your good or God would not have permitted it to take place. All must suffer—try to be happy—have a cheerful heart, and you will be well the sooner.

"I will take hold of your hand when this is read to you. God bless you and restore you soon to health is the prayer of your devoted
FRANK."

Imagine my feelings when this was read to me.

Judging by the result, that attack was the severest of all, for the sight was now so much impaired, that I could read only large print—at chess, of an evening, was obliged to tie

bits of paper to the Bishops to distinguish them from the Knights—had to guide my course by the street lamps when walking out at night.

I became at length resigned to my lot; expecting to be left totally blind at the next attack—was told by the physician that the disease was paralysis of the optic nerve—made no effort towards a cure, believing my case hopeless.

Thus it continued without change for the better or worse, until September, 1857.

One evening Mrs. Danskin was controlled by my brother Isaac, who was a physician here. Said that a number of spirits who had stood high in the medical profession when on earth were then in consultation with him—they did not consider my case hopeless: would not promise a certain cure, but would exert themselves in my behalf.

Mrs. Danskin, still entranced, then came behind my chair, placed her hands upon my eyes—and for half an hour continued to manipulate them, and down the spinal column.

She was then controlled by Hahneman, who directed me to take a very small portion of Brown Stout before each meal. I was also directed to sponge my person with warm spirit, and use the flesh brush freely.

I attended the Circle three or four times a week for the following two months, when the same manipulations were practiced, continued for about twenty minutes.

At the second sitting I noticed a tremulous motion in my fingers, which I knew proceeded from no volition on my part. The next evening the hands were thus exercised. I then drew attention to it, wondering what it could mean.

Isaac spoke through Mrs. Danskin, and said:

“Brother, it is to excite the nervous system; to make you more susceptible to the magnetic fluid which we pass to you through the hands of the medium.”

These muscular movements were continued with increasing force at every successive sitting, until all control of my

physical powers was for the time taken from me, and then followed a series of manifestations that astonished all who witnessed them. I was then more than sixty years of age, and yet few youths of twenty could show such feats of agility as was performed by me. The first intimation to me was a thrill of electricity, as from a battery, first along the arms and then pervading my whole system. Then in a moment I would be sprung from my seat, and the most violent gyrations of the limbs would ensue, utterly beyond my control.

On one occasion I was caused to leap like a gymnast across a long table, around which ten or more persons were seated, and back again, with hardly a moment's intermission. No inconvenience resulted from these violent exercises: on the contrary, I always felt rejuvenated after them.

All this was witnessed by more than a hundred persons, who were occasional visitors at Mr. Danskin's circles, and much interest expressed whether the hoped for result would be attained.

Since my last affliction I was ever obliged to wear opaque glasses, nor could I venture into the street without them. But about the middle of October I found myself an hour from home, and, a few days after, even till noon, without having missed them! This was proof positive that my eyes were stronger, although I could perceive no improvement yet in the sight. Indeed, I may as well admit that I had little or no hope from the beginning of a cure being effected, still, as Mrs. Danskin was so kind as to endure the fatigue, it would be ungracious in me not to assent.

Not long after this, sitting with another medium, who knew nothing of what had been going on, having called mentally for Isaac, I turned aside and wrote privately, "What about my sight?"

Immediately was written:

"I did not think it necessary to speak of it. By placing my hand upon your head I have nearly restored your sight. It was I that influenced Mr. Danskin?"

Then, to my astonishment, I discovered that I had been copying more than a page of communications without my spectacles, which I had been using on all occasions for fifteen years!!

Immediately, my brother added :

“I caused you to forget your glasses, to convince you of your improved sight.”

“I went home in a whirl of excitement—found my daughter reading “The Sun”—and, to her utter astonishment, I read part of a column to her!!

After this my sight improved rapidly, until, by the close of the year, I could, and can now, *read the finest print without spectacles*. I often find myself reading and writing without them, as I am now doing, and find no difficulty in following the ruled lines. GOD BE PRAISED.

Occasionally I now wear the opaque glasses in the bright sunshine, or after a snow—but it is merely as a preventive.

It seems proper that I should in this place state that the action of Mr. and Mrs. Danskin in all this matter has been entirely disinterested. The truth of spirit intercourse having been demonstrated to them within their own quiet family circle—by the daily presence of their own departed friends—they have deemed it a duty to afford to all who were sincere in their desire to investigate this important matter—an opportunity so to do.

I have spoken of a visit I made in February last to Accomac county, Virginia, and of the physical manifestations witnessed there. A young lady, much to her astonishment, was discovered to be a medium, and many interesting communications came through her, chiefly, from friends and relatives of the family. We also received the following, which I give *verbatim et literatim* :

RIKE.—Master, I am here—I was pisoned by ——. I went fishing, and God tuck my sole to his sef. While in de boat on de water dar, I seed my cullared friends a crying over my poor swelled body. But I am right smart happier here dan dar. De blessed Lord looks on de cullared folks as well as de dear masters. Got tired of Rike and pisoned him wid rats bane made up in my bred.”

Name and place all given.

I afterwards learned that about eighteen years ago a negro of that name went fishing and soon after was seized with a violent pain in the stomach. After enduring much agony he fell forward on his face. His companion becoming alarmed, returned home, but when he reached the shore Rike was dead and the body much swelled. It was supposed that *something had been done to him*.

Then came “HIAWATHA. Will the pale faces hear the red man talk. Death shook the red man like the aspin tree. But with his bow and arrow he has found a better hunting ground.

“Naarma, my sweet bride, hunts by my side. Here the white man lets the red man rest. He mingles the war whoop with the angels praising God.

“They wrapped me in my coffin of deer skins and laid me where the foot of the white man never trod. He will now smoke the calumet of peace with the pale face.

“The Indian is done.”

We had much more, but of a private nature.

A Circle was also held at another friend's house—a daughter proving to be a medium. The physical manifestations were much the same. We also received many communications, chiefly interesting to the persons present. Some of them I copy:

The following is from one well known in Accomac, having occupied a conspicuous post for many years.

February 4, 1860.—B—. C—. Wo! wo! to my soul. I cheated many people on earth, and I am now receiving my reward. To escape my doom is impossible. I lost my soul, by loving money better than my soul. Try to be a Spiritu-
alist, so that you may escape my fate."

"You are wrong in supposing that to escape your doom is impossible. This is the result of false teaching while you were on earth. God is not a revengeful Being, but a loving Father, ever ready to hear the penitent's prayer. When the fires of conscience have consumed your sins, the punishment ends.

"I cannot drink in the thought that my punishment will not be eternal. The Bible says "as the tree falls, so it lies." You give a false interpretation to that text. It means, as you leave the world, so do you enter the next. And you are yourself a proof of the truth of this. You lived in sin, and in sin you are now clothed.

"There is no hope or repentance beyond the grave."

This is more false teaching. It has often been quoted to me as from Scripture, but there is no such text in the Bible. Many dark spirits have been to me bewailing their sad fate. I have sympathised with them and instructed them as a pastor would a penitent, and I have been rejoiced to learn that they have been benefited by it. Will you give attention while I read to you the experience of W. E., whom you knew well on earth.

"I will."

Then was read the progression of W. E. (page 54,) and I asked, "Do you understand this?"

"I think so."

Sat again in the evening.

B— C—. I have been thinking of what you were saying to me. I have seen W. E., and he tells me you have been instrumental in assisting him in his progression. I

implore your prayers in my behalf. Tell those who are striving to get rich, not to follow my example; but to be kind to the poor, and benevolent and just; and thus lay up their treasures in the spirit land. The wealth of the Indies is nothing compared to the agony which I endure. I would give thrones and principalities for one moment's freedom from the anguish which I suffer. Pray for me, night and day unceasingly, that I may be relieved from my present sad condition; and bright spirits will love and bless and minister unto you. Farewell for the present, until we meet again."

GEORGE DENNIS, (a slave.) "I was drowned. I was in the Patrick Henry, coming from the West Indies. All hands on board was lost. We was loaded with sugar and molasses. A squall struck us off Cape Hatteras. I was knocked overboard by the main boom before any other person was drowned, and before the vessel was capsized by the squall.

I lived a wicked life. I entered the second sphere, where I was very miserable; but I seen the error of my ways and I prayed to the Lord for pardon, and he showed mercy upon me. I am in the fourth sphere and happy now. Tell cousin Nelly to strive to keep serving the Lord, and she will be happy here in the spirit land."

To whom did you belong, and when did this happen?

"I belonged to Col. Edward Sneed. I don't know how long it was ago. My master's eldest son was then about twelve years old."

Where did you sail from?

"Onancock."

A gentleman, Mr. P., had entered the room, just after this had begun. At first he could not understand what was going on, but it being explained, he listened with wrapt attention—now exclaimed that he knew George Dennis well—

knew the vessel—she sailed from Onancock about twenty years ago and was never heard of. But he thought the spirit was mistaken in saying she was lost when coming from the West Indies—thinks that her last voyage was from Providence.”

No answer was expected, but the dial moved.

“I did go to the West Indies the trip before I was lost, and was going back dar after I come from Providence. We should have gone dar den, but Captain John Colona was sick and could not go. Captain Marmouth was captain. I was thinking about another trip when Captain Billy Revel went captain—then we went to the West Indies. Mr. Nat. Topping was one of the owners. Captain Billy Revel went captain cause he knowed navigation better than the rest. I must leave.”

Mr. Parker said he knew all these persons, and the facts, as stated, were correct. Then a number of spirits gave their names: Parker Lee, Henry Copes, Revel West, Edwin West, Harry Walker, Elizabeth West, Jacob Carmine, James Poulson—all strangers to me but each known to some one present.

J. G. J. I have been dead nineteen years. I am in the fourth sphere. I entered the third, where the bulk of mortals go. My progression was slow because I did not for a long time believe that I could ever advance, having been so taught while on earth.”

find. We forget the brambles, the rocks, the steepness, and only dwell upon the future there.

Heaven may be compared to a hill, unto which many paths enter. Some of these paths are near the top, others midway, and others, again, are almost at the base. Some spirits enter by the lowest path; they have the whole hill to ascend without any rest; others, better fitted by their earth-life, enter by the midway paths, and have less toil to look forward to; while again, some earth-angels, purified by their life on earth, commence their ascent by the path which is nearest the summit; and these progress most rapidly; hoping, longing, praying of entering at last the divine garden of life on high, where all is pure as the waters of life, which flow from the fountains of immortality.

Would you not, my friends, dwell therein, to rest on the bosom of purity and love; drink of the fountains which never cease flowing, ever joyous and happy. Oh, seek then for purity, knowledge and love; assured of a heaven-home glorious above.

I here remarked, playfully, "this sounds like poetry."

"Poetry is here heard in every breath of the soft zephyrs which fan God's loved spirits. Poetry and music flows in each divine sentence uttered by his heaven-bound. Spirits speak in poetry more delightful than ever was penned by the inspired writers. Oh, 'tis useless to attempt an account in earth-language of our spirit-home divine.

"Go on in righteousness and ye shall all dwell together amid the bowers of light, and love, and truth, and holiness."

"This evening I promised to give you some account of the discoveries I have made respecting the earth's sphere if permitted. Our Heavenly Father cannot allow me to give you much information on that subject—what I can, however, I will.

“Dear friends, man has searched out the various principles of his own globe; but there is much yet which has not been revealed; much that is hidden which shall be brought to light. If spirits were permitted to tell of all God’s mysteries, man would have nothing left to search for himself. There would then be no occasion for chemical analysis. The astronomer would no more construct telescope to search the etherial skies. No more need ships be sent to explore the vast expanse of the polar regions, of which so much has been written, so much speculation indulged, and wherein so many earth-lives have been lost. Can you not see that if all were revealed, man with his inert nature would not care to search for himself. If the discoveries yet to be made in chemistry were already laid down, what occasion would there be for constructing new and various vessels. Would the astronomer tax his brain to search the divine and yet undiscovered regions stretched above him? All would be plain. *Search*, would be a superfluous word: what would there be to search for if all were known? Therefore, my friends, the All-puissant Father of light has decreed, that man shall ever have something to learn:—Aye, even when he reaches the divine and glorious land wherein we dwell.

“I can tell you much of the discoveries we make relating to heaven; provided we can ever find language to express the transcendent glories here displayed. Even tiny pebbles which strew the path, are of value. Oh, how the naturalist glories in what he finds here.

“When one leaves the earth and becomes a spirit, he bears with him to that spirit-home, his greatest delight his greatest passion. It here becomes developed like a tree which comes forth from the earth a small and comparatively insignificant shrub: but time strengthens it till at last it becomes the sturdy oak or towering pine.

COMMUNICATIONS.

I have received through the dial some forty or fifty lectures on various subjects, showing a depth of thought, a purity of style and fervent piety that will compare favorably with the emanations from our best pulpits.

It is in vain for those who should lead the way in the investigation of a subject of such transcendent importance, to close their eyes and pretend an ignorance of that which is now manifest to all, for it is of no use to disguise the fact; *it is the topic of the day*; and as a friend from Boston remarked; there, the question asked is not, who is? but, who is not a Spiritualist?

I will now make extracts from my journal without much regard to chronological order.

December 23, 1855.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY,—I am here, my friends, and will tell you of the grandeur of my spirit-home. On earth I dreamed not of all the glories here. My discoveries were as naught, when compared with the oceans of science here offered to an ambitious mind. All great discoveries originate in this world of bliss. Steam, electricity, navigation, all were nourished in heaven, before the Divine Giver of all good gifts saw fit to send them to his people on earth.

To dwell with delight upon man's receptions of God's great and noble works, forms one of my divinest enjoyments. Man has much to learn. Each day, each hour, new glories open to his mind. As he becomes more advanced in goodness, he will see clearer God's greatest works in what man looks upon now with contempt. Far from despising the tipping or moving of a table, you should consider it as a new

principle, opening a communication by God's gracious will, between man and spirit, flesh and soul, earth and heaven. The wise man Newton thought an apple falling from a tree, worthy of his attention. Shall you not think the messages of God's pure spirits worthy of more? Is any thing too trifling to occupy the minds of the greatest men, provided it is something by which they can gain instruction, or assist their fellow-men? Seek and ye shall find; knock, and there shall be opened unto you the divine flood-gates of immortal knowledge, sent by an all-merciful Father to awaken his children from the lethargy of sin and ignorance into which they have fallen.

I hope to aid you, my friends, in advancing on your path to heaven. Go forward, onward, never allowing trifles to interfere with your investigation. Bear in mind that every atom of information which you acquire on earth's sphere, will assist your advancement in the six heavenly spheres. Nothing is too deep to occupy the attention of any good and rational mind; nor, as I said before, is any thing too small to be investigated. Franklin did not think the boyish amusement of flying a kite beneath him; for by that means he discovered much on that grand subject of electricity.

Every spirit here investigates little things, until he is so far conversant with primary laws, that he can proceed to the enjoyment, for such it is, of the many grand and noble subjects which we have here. Each new discovery leads to another. The further he proceeds on a scientific career, the more diversified and interesting becomes his progress.

Do you not find, in ascending a steep hill, that as you draw near the top, the way seems less steep, the path less rugged? Why is this? Is it not sometimes more rugged, more thickly covered with brambles? Then why feel it less difficult to go on? It is because we see our goal before us. We almost think, by opening our arms, we can touch the summit, longing and hoping for the reward we there shall

“My friends, beware what you make your earth’s desire: it is the same in heaven. The difference is, it there strengthens till it becomes too firmly rooted, ever to be extracted; while on earth it is never too late to uproot a sin or plant a virtue.

“Look into your own hearts. What is your sin, what is your virtue? The day cometh when thou shalt be called above. Is your internal state such as you would wish to carry there? If not, you can never commence too soon to forsake the wicked and cleave to the good. No man knoweth the hour when the thief cometh; and oh, if you could have one glimpse of the terrible hell, for such it is, wherein the wicked man must dwell; you would turn shuddering away and pray that such might never be your fate. On the other hand, one glimpse of the divine beauties of God’s glories would make you long to rest with his sainted ones amid purity and truth.

“God punishes no man. Man works out his own hereafter. It will be as it is by himself prepared while on earth; and oh, beware how you prepare it. Tell this to the world, it will do no harm; and whatever tends in the least to good; that it is your duty to spread.

“I must leave, but another time I will stay longer and describe to you some of the beauties here above. I will then give you what account I am permitted of our various duties and pleasures; but bear in mind that our greatest enjoyment is to see our earth-friends act in such a manner as we know will permit us to be together.”

Dear friends, I have promised you a description of our spirit home divine, and I will tell you of some of our enjoyments and duties.

A description of my spirit-home is too sublime a subject to be given in earth-language. Beautiful is an Arabian night, when the clear amber of the heavens is studded with star-diamonds, and the bright moon passes forth to guide us in the path; but far more beautiful is our spirit home.

Dear friends, I have told you that our life on earth will regulate our life in heaven; and as we are more or less pure, so shall we see things more or less beautiful. But I will give you descriptions both of the hell and of the heaven—of the gloom and the brightness—of the sublime and the infernal.

Why should men doubt that we believe in future punishment? Do we not teach it in all our communications? God punishes no man; man works out his own hereafter, and the state of punishment is terrific—fearfully awful. A desert is the land. Light, in many places, does not shine, and men and women go roving about, fearing nothing, hoping nothing, believing nothing, loving nothing. Their pleasures are those of a debased and groveling mind, over which the dark mantle of sin is so closely drawn that a ray of light scarcely can penetrate. But occasionally we find a mind which is just opening to the truth, like the blushing rose-bud opening to the rays of the sun from which its thick covering of leaves has hitherto concealed it. Few men but have some hidden germ of goodness, but it is so thickly covered by the dark weeds of sin that it lays moldering away, each day becoming less, until it is almost entirely destroyed, and little left but the corruptness of sin. Oh, it is beautiful to see the bright angels from on high trying to water the little bud so dimly seen, hoping that at last they may assist it to become the full-blown rose of imperishable beauty and strength. These bright angels love to guide the sinful man—to purify him by the waters of truth—to cleanse him of his sins, and at last lead him upwards to dwell in the abodes of bliss.

Now, must I attempt a description of these divine abodes. It will be but an attempt indeed, for no language is adequate to describe them fully. As we ascend higher, the scene becomes more and more gloriously beautiful. I will try to give you some account of the sixth sphere.

Earth has no enchanted spot with which it can be compared—even the fabled garden of Eden did not equal this sphere of more than supreme beauty. The earth here glows with sparkling jewels, dazzling to behold. The foot sinks in flowers of divine color, of which you can ne'er conceive, sending forth their incense all around. Amid valleys of fragrant flowers flow brooks, sparkling in the rays of our sun-light divine. Anon roll oceans, tossing their mighty billows to the east and to the west. Many landscapes are diversified with hill and dale, valleys and mountains—mountains towering to a stupendous height, until they are almost lost in the sky above. Oh, the skies of this heavenly sphere—to what shall I liken them? To Italy's summer sky?—to Persia's lovely arc?—to aught that man has ever beheld? No; all is inadequate to tell their glory.

Be ye ready, my friends, to come on high, when summoned to dwell with the loved ones of God, who dwell in this abode of bliss, and who are no less beautiful than the world around them. Make yourselves fit companions for them—become as the little lambs who dwell in these pastures, and then, my friends, when summoned on high by an all-loving Father, we will await to lead you there, bound together by the indissoluble bonds of hope, faith and purity.

Our employments are numerous. We love to improve our spirit-minds, much more than you of earth. We study all of everything that can tend to promote in the least our progress upward. We constantly watch over our earth-friends, and strive to teach them what we can. Every infant which comes to its heaven-home, is nourished and attended as on earth. This forms one of the purest enjoy-

ments which our angels have. Can you not understand the pleasure of watching the gradual unfolding of the infant bud—its opening divine love and grace? Oh ye, who have lost, as you say, a child, know that it ne'er could be developed on earth as in heaven; and could you but glance at your babe on high, you would thank the Almighty Father that he had taken your baby-child home to prepare a place for you, and to live with angels bright, o'erflowing with divine love and holiness.

And now, my friends, I have told you of our heavenly spheres—of our awful hell! You know it all—you understand it all, and therefore are more accountable to the divine Father for your earth-life. Oh, try to improve your minds—seek knowledge wherever you can find it.

Often a little seed, picked up by the wayside, if nourished properly, becomes strong and healthy. Can you tell what a few careless words, dropped on the way, perhaps by you forgotten—can you tell what impression they may make on some apparently indifferent listener? Oft times that listener is a little child. Do you not know from your own experience that many a careless word let fall on the pathway of life, has been picked up by you and nourished until it was too strongly impressed on your memory ever to be forgotten? Then are you responsible even for the words dropped by the wayside. Oh, strive to drop nothing which, when you come on high, can remain as a blot upon your mind. Know you not that an inferior looks up to and copies his superior? The little child is often—indeed, nearly always, guided by the life of some one whom he thinks knows what is right. For each life that has been guided by yours, will you not feel yourself in a great degree responsible? You should strive to purify your very thoughts, for they help in filling up your account to God. When you feel and know that your thoughts are wrong, strive to exchange them for better ones. The very trial will aid your advancement. Ah, even

the acknowledgment of their being there will improve you, and make it more easy for you to substitute good ones in their place. If you are tempted to think evil of any one, immediately endeavor to recollect some good quality. Be charitable—strive to excuse the faults of others, but never your own.

“Dear friends, pursue a righteous course of life. Be strictly rigid to yourself, but ever lenient to your fellow-man. Know that this, and nothing but such a life as I have told you of, will advance you to the heavenly spheres. Follow this course, and you will be led above by a band of love-o’erflowing angels, who will teach you all the divine glories prepared by our all-loving Father. Every good deed which you do, every good thought which finds place in your mind, adds some new glory to your share in heaven. So also does every evil thought, and deed, and look, take from the grace prepared for you there.”

(Just then, though late in the evening, the canary bird sang.)

“Sweet, warbling bird, thou should’st ever be an emblem of purity to the erring creature—man. God takes care of thee—God loves thee—and man oft times doubts his love for him, his greatest, noblest work.

“Now, my friends, will you not strive to wipe out some, if not all, of your evil thoughts, e’er I visit you again? I say thoughts, because the thought is the most important of all; for without an evil thought, it is impossible to do an evil deed, to give an angry look.”

The lecture being closed, we entered into conversation:

“Have you seen Swedenborg?”

“Yes, and had much intellectual conversation with him. A noble mind, inspired from the Almighty Father to open the pathway for this new dispensation. His was the first real dawning of the spirits’ near alliance to earth. Many of

earth's great men have I known, and many whom I knew not on earth are my dearest companions here."

"Why was this dispensation deferred until now?"

"The world was secretly in a state of infidelity. Man did not see it, but God did. He knew the best means by which to remove it."

"Did Lord Bacon and Swedenborg commune with Judge Edmonds? and were the visions related by the Judge, realities in the spirit-world?"

"Certainly; they are dawnings of spiritual light. Is Judge Edmonds the first who has seen those visions? and why should God present him representations, instead of the realities themselves? Earth-life is but a great corruption of spirit-life."

"Are you familiar with the books published from time to time on earth?"

"Yes."

"What is your opinion of 'Nature's Divine Revelations,' by Davis?"

"It was inspired for the good of man. The first step into new paths must be carefully taken, lest it lead you all astray. That was taken in the true faith, and, therefore, did its work of good."

"What of Judge Edmonds' two volumes?"

"They are revelations of heaven's truths."

"What of Dr. Hare's late work?"

"It is the flower not yet fully developed. He still retains some of the green leaves with which he first was covered."

"What of the 'Vestiges of Creation.'"

"It is remarkable, and contains much truth; but man can never know all God's workings. When you come above, all will be made plain."

"Your biographer says that had you not been so celebrated as a philosopher, you would have taken high rank as a poet. Will you now favor us with a few lines?"

Then, swift as my pen could fly, came forth from the dial the following :

Would'st thou look on scenes above,
 Would'st thou breathe immortal love,
 Would'st thou dwell with flowers bright,
 Would'st thou shine in heaven's light,
 Would'st thou see thy friends on high,
 Would'st thou onward, upward fly,
 Would'st thou view the realms so fair,
 Would'st thou breathe the spirit air,
 Would'st thou every blessing know
 Which the loved of God can show ?
 Then my friends of earth beware
 How thou dost thy soul prepare.
 Love the angels bright who come
 Shedding blessings round your home ;
 Seek the truths of God divine,
 Let the light from heaven shine,
 Be the loved of God on earth,
 Then he'll bless thy spirit birth ;
 Strive to leave the path of sin,
 Seek a spirit-home to win,
 Pure and holy ever be,
 Let thy soul from sin be free,
 And when thou this earth shalt leave,
 God's bright blessing thou'lt receive.

January 3, 1856.

Sir Humphry Davy announced himself, and continued:—

“Once again, my friends, we meet to breathe together in sweet communion. Oh, the more than happiness I enjoy in thus imparting pure thoughts to my earth-friends. I feel that I am blest in thus finding a Circle of intelligent and truth-seeking minds.

“How glorious are the spheres of heaven! You, my friends, have a bright sphere also to abide in during your brief preparation for the world divine; but you are not

sensible of its glories and beauties; of the intelligence surrounding you, and of your great blessings. You live in a sphere which the poor, sin-stricken creatures of hell would be more than happy to dwell in. You have every description of scenery—hill and dale, valley and mountain. Your scenery is often sublime; your advantages are numberless; but you have much left yet to discover. God, in his almighty wisdom, knew it best that you should have something to search out—some knowledge to acquire. Oh, then, acquire knowledge while on earth, that you may have less to learn in heaven!

“Behold a stream of sparkling waters, each spray shining as if with all the jewels of heaven-mines. It falls, it quivers, dashes over rocks and pebbles. Now it seems a puny stream. Who will regard this little flow of water, when beyond it roar oceans! Let us observe and see whereunto it leads. Sweetly and quietly it flows onward, seemingly calm as a summer’s sky before the bursting of the fiery clouds shall rend the air. Follow me a little further, and then behold its change. The little stream, disregarded by the careless eye, has become the mighty river, dashing with swiftest flow over rocks of granite firmness, and watering the lands of the thrifty husbandman.

“Onward still, a little further. Behold it now. There is no longer the streamlet or the river; but after forming magnificent cascades of glowing beauty, and wildly roaring as the mighty Niagara, it falls, it leaps; but is not ended—merely increased to the mighty ocean, stretching far, far beyond. The little streamlet, the noble river, the mighty ocean!—the childhood, youth and manhood of a mighty mind. Stretch forth—seek not to avoid the rocks. Every rock over which you triumph gives victory to your onward flow. The mighty cataract, the last triumphant glory, the final victory, will lead you to the mighty ocean of divine happi-

ness, where rocks shall never more impede your onward path, and where all will be calm and happy to all eternity.

“Will *your* future be great as the ocean; calm at times, with the joyous feeling of truth discovered; at others, all o’erpowering with the knowledge you have gained? Dear friends, strive to lead the purer life; to water as many plants as you can find; and fear not, you shall yet reach the mighty ocean of a blissful eternity.

“I once beheld a maiden, beautiful as the sky just breaking through the angry clouds of thunder. She wandered onward, seeking the truth, yet scarcely hoping to find it. A dreary forest encircled her on every side. The dark, towering pines scarcely permitted a ray of heaven-truth to enlighten her dreary path—she was all alone. Suddenly there appeared before her a little child—it had lost its way. ‘Sweet babe of innocence,’ she sweetly said, ‘come with me, and, if permitted, I will seek thy home, and leave thee not till I see thee safely housed.’

“She scarce had spoken, e’er she beheld a sparkling ray of light entering and resting upon a beaten path. She followed on, guided by the ray; felt oft a longing to pursue her course alone; but persevered, ever resisting these temptations sore.

“At last she found the little one’s home—there gently left it, and turned to follow out her own destiny; still hoping to be guided by that one bright ray. She turned—when lo! a thousand sparkling lights were there to illuminate her dreary path. Onward she went; each day, each hour, striving to aid some one less favored than herself. For each good deed thus done, another ray was added, another light did shine upon her path; and when, by her good works, her lights were sun, and moon, and stars, she looked, and there beheld a vision rare and beautiful.

“A streamlet of sparkling colors was before her; beyond it was the scene—a land all glistening and glowing in sun-

light divine. Temples of gorgeous magnificence arose before her view. She listened; and heard sounds of such seraphic sweetness, that she scarcely dared to breathe.

“Looking still deeper, now she saw bright and clear, a band of angel spirits, holding in their hands seraph harps, bound round with lily wreathes of Faith, and Love, and Purity. On these they played their loved-toned melodies; calling in accents of love to their earth-sister to cross the stream of eternity, and dwell with them for evermore.

“Eagerly she reached towards them, but could not see the means of crossing that bright stream; when, looking round, she saw beside her the child of innocence to whom she had done the first good deed.

“‘Sister mine,’ it gently said, ‘I was alone, and thou lovedst me; let mine be the sweet task to guide thee o’er this stream. I was the first thou didst aid, therefore will it be my privilege to guide thee now.’ Thus speaking, the stream divided, and a path, strown with flowers, did open, through which they safely passed, and happily reached the seraph-band, who awaited the loved one on that brilliant shore.

“In like manner, my good friends, each good deed that you shall do on earth, shall be a ray of heaven-light, guiding you to the blissful shore of immortality.”

The lecture being ended, I said, “Is there a poet present?” The dial gave the name of “Thomas Hood,” and the following was spelled out:—

The angel of light was shining
 And glowing above,
 Hoping, fearing and striving
 To labor with love
 On the world below.
 Daring at last to enter
 The sphere of sin,
 His light he there did centre,
 Hoping to win
 A soul from woe.

For a time, in vain he sought
 His path to guide ;
 His path with gloom was fraught,
 Both far and wide,
 And hope was gone.
 Praying on high to be aided
 In this work of love—
 Hoping the spirit so wearied,
 To guide above—
 From Hades' zone,

 Love aided him with ardor
 Onward to go,
 His path became much broader,
 'T was freed from woe :
 He clean was made.
 On either side supported
 By Love and Light ;
 He upward is conducted,
 By spirits bright
 Who God obeyed.

 And now in realms of blissful day,
 He dwells for evermore ;
 With Love and Truth to light the way
 As ever on he'll soar.

In reply to some remark in the conversation, before we placed the dial on the table, he said :—

“Will you doubt when you come above, and see the glories arrayed before you? When the astronomer constructs his telescope, does he doubt his ultimate success, if when he thinks it complete it does not equal his expectation? Do you doubt that fishes are in the deep ocean, although none are to be seen on the surface? No—you know that in the soundless depths below, millions inhabit the briny waters.

“You are not permitted to see your spirit-friends; the depth of sin which surrounds you permits it not. Would you, therefore, doubt our existence. But sometimes fishes

are seen on the surface of the sea; and so we, by some favored mortals are seen on the surface of eternity.

“Why do some doubt this new blessing? They have not investigated it. Shame on the man who condemns without investigation.

“The sceptic often asks, why should God stoop so low as to permit tables to move? Does God do any thing without a purpose? Can a sparrow fall to the ground without his will? Was it not God who established the wonderful law of gravitation, by which the sparrow falls when lifeless? So is it by God's great will that tables are tipped and spirits communicate.

“There was, my friends, and still is, I fear, much infidelity in the world. In numberless families you could find men who apparently did their duty to the world, who attended church and were by the world called Christians. But could you see the innermost recesses of their hearts as God did; you would have called them infidels. Men of thought and reflection cannot for a moment suppose that the one church only shall be saved. That the good man, because a Protestant, shall be damned, or a bad man, because a Romanist, shall be blessed. He cannot think that sectarianism, doctrines, creeds, will be his salvation. No—he knows that much is false; and the little true is so thickly covered with bigotry, that he rejects all, and thus becomes an infidel. This is the time to introduce something more to his mind; and what can be more convincing than an appeal to the senses.*

* William Howitt said recently, “The manifestations of the present age are peculiar, for a most obvious reason—the conditions of the age are peculiar. A triumphal materialism has established itself far and wide, invulnerable to argument, defiant of eloquence, but now compelled to bow in astonishment to the *proofs* which it has long demanded. For skeptics and materialists always turn round with this pertinent remark: “It is all very well to tell us of miracles

“Can a man, upon the arguments of ignorant bigots, reject the evidence of his sober senses, and call it *Odyc* force, or mind on mind? Mind cannot give the wonderful physical manifestations the world has seen. Can any force cause a table to rise from the floor when no mortal touches it? Can the mind influence a person to write the name, giving the very signature of one whom he has never known? Does not the common sense implanted in you by God teach you that these powers in such cases are naught? To what then will you ascribe it? Is not spirits the next thing suggested to your mind—nay, even the first to a mind unbiassed.

“Where do you find in the Book of Light a decree put forth that man and spirit shall no more commune together? Point to the place or passage—there is none. On the contrary, what numberless instances we have of spirits appearing to man. Have you forgotten the angels who came to the Patriarchs? Has the conversation of Saul been erased from your memory. Did the vision of Peter come from the mind or *Odyc* force? Oh no, you say, but that is quite different from the tipping of tables. ’Tis there you are mistaken. Man, at that period, was fitted for cummunings such as he then had, but now the world will not believe such tes-

occurring nearly two thousand years ago; but if God then condescended to convince souls of the reality of a spirit-world by unquestionable, physico-spiritual manifestations, why should he not now? Is God less regardful of humanity? Don't *preach* to us, but give us proofs.”

“Why come not spirits from the realms of glory,
To visit earth as in the days of old—
The times of ancient writ and sacred story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?”

“To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given
When other stars before the One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison,
Or where exulting martyrs raised the hymn?”

timony, and this is the best means our Father could devise to turn the tide of sin to truth. In the present age man must be appealed to by his senses—this is the only medium—he cannot doubt when he sees a table move without force to compel it. But would he believe, even if one in whom he had implicit confidence should tell him that he had seen and talked with spirits bright? Oh no—he dreams, he is in a mesmeric state. But now it is not upon the testimony of one man, or a dozen, but thousands, who all testify to the same things, and who vary but in the manner they behold them.

“Let any man of good practical common sense investigate the subject, with mind unbiassed, and he must adopt this faith; yea, had he the wisdom of Solomon, the wickedness of Satan, the goodness of St. Paul, and was more conversant with the principles of philosophy than were all the wise men who have lived since the flood.”

Having inquired, as we often did, if a poet was present, the following came through the dial:

There lived on earth a heart so bright,
 You ne'er would think a pang could enter;
 To cast a shade on so much light
 As in that heart did always centre.

The eye that beamed with love o'erflowing,
 Was but a mirror of the heart;
 And from those eyes the soul outpouring,
 Proved her each day more loth to part.

To part from earth, to leave this sphere,
 Was what she ne'er had dreamed could be;
 Alas! she knew not, did not care,
 The glorious future life to see.

But Heaven on her had set its mark,
Her destiny was not for earth ;
Oh! who can say how deeply dark,
The clouds that dimmed her spirit birth.

Her guides on high were Truth and Love,
They brought her glorious Light divine;
To guide her on to realms above,
Which on her there will ever shine.

When there she longed to tell to him,
Who on the earth her light had been;
The fearful punishment of sin,
The Heaven-glories she had seen.

She hoped to aid the mourning heart,
The dreadful path of sin to leave;
From Satan's temptings to depart,
And Love's high hopes for him to weave.

And with increasing light she saw,
The autumn leaves drop off and fall;
And then she knew that God would draw
His erring child from sin's dark pall;

And thus in time he holy grew,
While she prepared his Heaven-home;
And on his path bright hopes did strew,
Of blessings brighter still to come.

They came—his soul has soared above,
Has found at last his spirit-home;
And there now dwells with Truth and Love,
And strives still holier to become.

And you, my friends, are also guarded,
Guarded by an angel's love,
And your earth path is ever brightened,
With Light reflected from above.

We had been conversing on a recent attack made by several of the clergy on Spiritualism—one remarked, “Well, if it is from God, in spite of all this, it will prosper.”

The medium being seated at the dial, it gave the name of

DAVID HUME. “Be all as God wills it. God’s workings shall be fulfilled. His holy truths sent to redeem the world, *must prosper*. Can you doubt the truth? Believe, I conjure you. O man, thou sinful being, doubt not. O, seek the truth, and cleave to it while yet you have it in your power. God is an all-merciful, ever-loving and just being.”

(Here there was an interruption—the medium being called from the room. I remarked, how great the change he must have experienced upon his entrance into the spirit-world, and how interesting and instructive to us, would be the incidents relating to it.)

No reply was expected to this, nor was it heard by the medium; the dial proceeded:

“I will give them. When I left earth’s sphere, you all know what sentiments I avowed. I had never felt or understood the mercies of my loving Father. I knew not God. I entered the spirit-world bewildered. I knew not where I was. Can this, thought I, be death? Am I not still a man in form and feeling? Where lies the change? A change there must be, for I there behold my earthly image? It seemed incredible. I touched myself. I spoke aloud—I shrieked, and all to prove my identity. Darkness seemed around, and yet I saw, but could not discover the source of the light by which I saw. I breathed; I knew I lived. Where could I be? and wherefore all alone? but not long alone; for soon dark images appeared around me. Here was a man of gigantic shape and form. Surely, thought I, this must be the spirit of Goliath. I shrank in fear away from him, so huge he was. Others surrounded me; some dark and black, some tall, and others seemed mere dwarfs.

They laughed, they hooted, they shouted, beckoning me to go with them, where, I knew not. I feared myself. Oh! I involuntarily exclaimed, there must be a God! The words were scarcely uttered, ere I beheld a ray of light shining beside me. Is there, oh is there an eternal master, I shrieked; and in my agony, threw myself upon the ground, and roared in my excess of misery.

“How long I laid there, I know not, but suddenly it seemed as if a bright light was all around. I raised my head, and beheld standing before me a being whose glorious perfection of beauty I shall ne'er find words to describe. She seemed lovely as an angel's dream of supernal bliss. Her skin of alabaster fairness—her hair, you have no words to apply to it; it reached to her feet and was intermingled with heaven's loveliest flowers. Her dress was white and she wore a girdle of golden leaves that sparkled in that brilliant light, till it seemed to me each ray was composed of numberless diamonds. On her head was a wreath of the same, and yet its light seemed different. Its rays shot upward, and the thought came to me, if there be a God, surely this lovely being's purity and love are carried upward to her Heavenly Father with those rays of light divine.

“She spoke to me in tones of matchless music. She told me of her life on earth—how she had been as I; aye worse; and how through the love of that God, whose existence I doubted, she had been saved and raised to the happiness she now experienced. She told me of her first heaven-garment; how it was black and spotted like mine; and now, I perceived for the first time, how dark the dress I wore. She told me of the teachings of her angel guides—how they had prayed and wept for her; and she said, each tear that fell on my garment of sin, changed the spot to a lighter shade.

“Shall we, my friend, she continued, cleanse *thy* robe by the tears of repentance? Shall we pray to our Heavenly Father to purify thee? His existence you no longer can

doubt, therefore, will you not seek to do His will? Oh, become as one of our little lambs. Will you not seek to reach the abode of your equals in intellect? Yes, I feel that you will; and mine is the charge to guide your onward steps.

“That lovely angel whom I learned to call my Saviour-Guide, never deserted me; she it was who, when temptations beset me, led me away and wept for my sin. She taught me the truths of our heaven-home. Her task was arduous, but she never seemed to feel it so; and I noticed that as I progressed, her garment became still whiter, and her face still more angelic; and I learned that each effort of hers to save me had purified her still more. Long I labored against my prejudices, but in time I progressed to a comparatively happy state, and am now fast advancing to the realms of endless light, wherein the spirit shall know no pain, the heart no thought of sin below.”

What could have led a man of your intellect and research to infidelity?

“I cannot tell; my education perhaps had something to do with it. I could not believe many of the doctrines advanced by the clergy, and therefore rejected all.”

The dial then spelled “Sir Humphry Davy.” “You have had a description of the entrance of an infidel into God’s holy land. Let your light on earth be such as will not cause you to groan in misery for your past sins. Cleanse yourselves while on earth of the sins surrounding you. Every effort to benefit your fellow man as well as yourself will whiten the robes preparing for you in heaven. You have examples of purity in the little lambs as well as we of heaven. Let them be your guides, your example; and believe that each act of truth and goodness is recorded above to aid your advancement hereafter.”

DR. STOCKTON'S SERMON.

Our Circle met. Two of us had that day attended the Associate Reformed Church and heard an interesting sermon from the Rev. Dr. Stockton.

The subject of the discourse was Seetarianism, in which a supposed conversation is introduced between Love and Sect.

Love proposes to assemble all the religions of the world together that they may be united in one common cause for the redemption of man, and would embrace the whole human family in this benevolent object; but she is prevented by Sect. Love would then direct her efforts to the Christian World alone, but is reminded by Sect of the wide gulf that divides the Protestant, Greek and Roman Churches.

She is now willing to confine her labors among Protestants in hopes of bringing all to one faith, one baptism; but again Sect interposes insuperable obstacles. Nor is she more successful with the evangelical branch alone; and so when narrowed down even to a single flock, her labor of love is ever thwarted by Sect.

This sermon was the subject of conversation among us soon after we met.

Immediately on taking our seats, the dial announced the presence of Sir H. Davy, and gave the following:

“DEAR FRIENDS,—The sermon you listened to this morning, was excellent in its tendencies, and if all mankind would follow the precepts of Love, the world would soon become one church, one pastor, one people. Man created Sect, God created Love. Which should guide the pure in heart; the work of man or the glory of God. Sect is a thief, entering by by-ways and sowing discord where ever it roams. Love is an angel of purest light, the grand actuating power of the Divine Father. She seeks nothing by stealth, but would receive the whole world with open arms—

none should be excluded: in her heart all should be one as they are received by God. She would have all believe alike, think alike; if not in minor articles of faith, yet in the great fundamentals.

“Has not the saying of Christ been fully exemplified by Sect, when he said, ‘parents shall be divided against their children, and children against their parents, brothers against sisters and friend against friend.’ Most fully is this prophecy fulfilled before you every day. How common to see religion so called, turn the dearest relatives away from each other and destroy all harmony among them. What instigates all this? Is it that holy feeling Love, or is it that dividing fiend Sect, which thus becomes the sower of discord where all before was peace, and the burning fire where all was love? Love is gentle and cannot easily overcome Sect. She pauses and weeps, but ever hopes.

“Sect should be dreaded like some dark cloud which we fear may burst and overwhelm us. Let not your church be called by names such as man has given. Trust not in doctrines laid down by men. Fear not to think for yourselves. Let your church be called the Church of Christ. Let your creed be Love, your actions pure. Fulfil your duties one to another. Be governed by good principles, not by faulty men. Take Christ for your guide. Believe and know that this is the path which shall most surely lead to the bliss prepared for man above.”

January 20, 1856.

Soon after entering the room, I exclaimed: “Come, get the dial, they are only waiting for us.”

SIR H. DAVY.—“*Only waiting*—Yes, my friends, only waiting to see you more developed in heart and in soul: to teach you new truths and new beauties.

“Dost thou feel the full meaning of those two little words, ‘only waiting’ For what did Christ your Saviour wait? Was it not to save mankind and redeem you from sin?

“For what dost thou wait? Is it for good or for evil? You should know yourselves. Oh! often ask that question of your heart: “for what am I waiting?” Is it for death? the only death? Death is the harvest of sin. Are you waiting until summoned from your earthly existence to come to this world all doubting what awaits you here? You can tell, by examining your own hearts, for what it is you wait. Dost thou wait to dwell among loathsome reptiles, demons of inconceivable horror? Dost thou wait for this, or dost thou wait to be conducted to regions of bliss by angels of heavenly love, there to dwell amid all the glories of God. For which, Oh! for which are you waiting? “Only waiting,” you say. Is it *only*—is it of so little consequence for what you wait? Oh! no, many will find when too late, that they have been waiting for death.

“Dear friends, I am often with you. You are my charge while on earth. My task is to impress you with good and pure thoughts.

“You are now ascending a winding stair-case. It is very tall and the steps are composed of different minerals and ores. The lowest step is dark and slimy; it is covered with rank grass. You cannot tell of what it is composed. The second is without the grass, but still so slippery that care must be taken lest you fall back and sink in the mire beneath. The third is now seen—it is of lead. Behold the fourth of iron; firm, but rusted. The next is without the rust; and thus as you ascend you perceive that each step is better than the last. Now you come to one of the purest marble; and that conducts you to one of silver, and that again to one of gold polished to more than dazzling lustre. These lead to others of the different stones; the amethyst, the ruby, garnet and emerald, all are there; and the diamond sparkles in sun-light divine. Now the last and brightest step is dazzlingly bright—diamond and onyx sparkle together. Gold and silver studded with rubies and

emeralds form the railing, and there buds and blossoms a bud of heaven-whiteness, a fit emblem of purity and love.

“Who will be the first to ascend the spiral stair; the first to pluck the bud of light. Shall I tell you where you are now resting? It is on the step of marble. You have reached so far in safety. Oh! I beseech you, let not others pluck the bud so bright, while you are lingering on the way below. Though you may not fall, yet you may never reach the ruby step if your own efforts do not urge you on.

E. A. POE—*January 23*—This evening I read aloud from the Telegraph, “The Death and Burial of E. A. Poe,” giving a distressing account of his last moments. Soon after, the dial announced the presence of his spirit, and gave the following:

“I did leave the world as described, but deeply have I repented of my sins. God has been all-merciful unto me. My talents were many and great, but I drowned them in drink. Oh that accursed soul-devouring thief—when will the world be cleansed of it? That a man should so degrade himself, sacrifice friends, relatives, body, life and soul, for the gratification of his appetite! To think that a man in whom God has implanted the brightest thoughts, and to whom he has given the noblest form, should stoop to the level of the lowest brute! God help the drinking man. He cannot think—he cannot feel—his soul is deadened within him. But is it dead when it leaves the body? No, it lives; but who shall tell how it lives? Life, then, will be a curse. Then will he see his crime; then will he reap the reward thereof.

“Oh all ye who have touched the burning cup, turn ere it is too late, and forswear that cup of death. That is the world destroyer—that is the beast with many heads—the curse of man, the serpent in the body. Nor does it sting the one poor wretch alone, but causes numbers to weep for

his sin. God bless that man and have pity on him, is the prayer of one who knows its consequences.

Then came through the dial :

There is, dear friends, a spirit here,
The earth-world called him POE ;
But here 'tis quite a different thing,
His name I wish to show.

He lived on earth a gloomy man,
The Raven was his friend ;
And so it was when he came here,
He still would not unbend.

He labored long in Hades' sphere,
Beside himself with sin ;
But gradually he threw it off,
And happiness did win.

Then onward, upward he progressed,
To spheres of glorious light ;
Grasping at knowledge as he went,
Upward with spirits bright.

At last he meet his counterpart,
We told you so before ;
His counterpart in loveliness,
The bright, the sweet LENORE.

And now 'tis beautiful to see,
Their happiness on high ;
The Raven tapping at the door,
Can enter but to die.

His name with gloom was link'd so fast,
He could not bear its sound ;
The angels here a name for him,
A brighter name have found.

It bears the mark of happiness,
'Tis linked with sweet LENORE,
It has the sound of truthfulness ;
For it is RAVE NO MORE.

After some desultory conversation, mention was made of Dr. Webster, who was executed some years ago in Boston for the murder of Dr. Parkman. A lady present had felt a deep sympathy for him during the progress of the trial, and was loth to believe in his guilt. "How much it would gratify me now," said she, "to have a communication from him." The dial instantly moved, and the guardian of the circle said :

"My friends, you have sent for Webster, but I do not wish you to call for spirits who are in the state you think him to be in."

"Then," said I, "better not call for him."

"Yes, my friends; he is not what you imagine and his communication may be both interesting and instructive."

DR. WEBSTER.

"Kind friends, you have been the first to call for me, and I thank you for the interest you seem to take in me.

"You all know my life, my fate; but you do not know, can not know, what I have suffered. My position was as high on earth as I desired in regard to standing and integrity. I was tempted. Poverty, I dreaded, might lay its deathly hand upon me. I was impelled, by demons I presume, to take the life of my creditor. True, he was a hard man, and the world knew not all the taunts I received from him; but that was no excuse. In a moment the deed was done, and then I was impelled to conceal the crime. Oh, how shall I tell the anguish I suffered ere my arrest—so great was it that it seemed almost a relief. When at length the deed was known; when I thought of my wife and children torn from their position in society, the scoff or pity of the world; reason tottered on her throne; but she fell not—would she had. Enough of this.

“You would hear of my life since. It has been fearful. I was not depraved, and therefore was more open to the reproaches of conscience. On my first entrance here I asked for Parkman, but I could not see him. It was to me an insurmountable barrier to my progression that I could not obtain his forgiveness. Till I had received that, I had not courage to kneel and ask my Maker’s aid. My friends came and told me I must dwell in darkness for a while till sufficiently conscious of my sin ; but I was not placed with depraved souls ; I was alone ; but oh, could you know my sufferings ! Conscience to me was the burning fire that was consuming me, yet not consumed. I was not hardened in sin, and therefore I felt it the more. At last, however, I met with Dr. Parkman, and obtained his forgiveness. I cannot tell you the weight which seemed removed by it. I then knelt, and with all my soul sought pardon of my Maker. From that time, with the aid of a gentle mother, I gradually improved, and now I am in a somewhat more hopeful state. But oh, when I think of all of which my sin has deprived me ; of the woe it brought upon my family, and of my wife’s broken heart, my anguish cannot be transferred to paper—it seems to me that its weight will never be removed, but that I must forever kneel and hide my face in the dust, and beg forgiveness of God. He will, I know, forgive ; but my own soul, never !

“I had a cultivated intellect, and had I come here without this great sin, the world of knowledge would have been grasped by me and eagerly devoured. But now I care not for it. I cannot think of the elevated teachings of science of all kinds in connection with my own sinful soul.

“My friends, may you never have the anguish I have endured. When you are asked if God punishes, tell the questioner he can conceive of no punishment, no retribution so awful as the reproaches of conscience.

“Farewell, my friends ; if ever I reach an elevated state you shall know of it.”

A communication appeared in the N. E. Spiritualist professing to come from the spirit of Dr. Franklin, advocating limited marriages and expressing other sentiments not in accordance with our views.

DR. FRANKLIN.

The presence of Dr. Franklin being announced at our Circle, it was inquired whether he was the author of that communication. He replied as follows :

“Certainly not, my friends. Do you think I have retrograded in heaven? Would I, think you, endorse sentiments now, that I have been in this bright world so long a time, which, even in my gayest days, my boyhood’s recklessness, I would not have done, if I had had time to reflect? No; all that I have learned here might safely be unfolded to the youth in your world, with no probability that any man would object to it. I lament much that such communications should ever come, and still more that they should be given to the world, as coming from those who, at least, have had time and opportunity to know the truth.

“We, in this world, hold the marriage relations of earth as far more sacred than you do; and far be it from me to give aught that would have an injurious tendency. I do not, however, blame the medium through which that came. I know him not; but it might have been an evil spirit, who, for love of mischief, or, mayhap, to revenge some malice he entertained against me, assumed my name and gave forth doctrines which I could never endorse, and which no mind of proper sensibilities would ever sanction. In this bright spirit-world we all have a companion, and where there is unity on earth, the same will continue in heaven. The two souls united form alone the perfect whole. Man’s harsher nature is softened by woman’s gentleness, and she is aided in her advancement by the oft-times superior wisdom of her companion.”

Sir Humphry said: The spirit of Howard, the good philanthropist is here?

One of us remarked that he fell a sacrifice to his benevolence.

HOWARD.—“I did but do my duty to my fellow men. They needed my aid, and I gave it. Oh, could you but know the joyous feelings I experienced when I entered this world of bliss and found that many of those souls unto whom I had ministered were saved.

“I was met by an angel band, who conducted me upward amid dazzling glories to the sixth sphere, where I found innumerable friends awaiting me. This world is something of which I had never dreamed. Visions of such heavenly beauty had never for an instant appeared to my sight.

“One of my greatest pleasures is to sit amid a grove of flowering trees; a brook rippling at my feet; a group of bright and happy children playing around me, and anon coming to ask some question of me; whilst my ears drink in volumes of soul-inspiring music, warbled by the voices of a heaven-band, accompanied by instruments of greatest beauty.

“But this is only my pastime, my delight, when my daily routine is ended. My great charge is to go below to those poor sin-stricken creatures who writhe in the lowest abodes of misery. God has appointed me to seek them out and administer balm to the torn heart. My exertions are often rewarded by leading some poor being away from the path so dark; and it seems to me when I have accomplished some good, that the music of the heaven-spheres is more enrapturing, the voices of the birds softer, the countenances of the children around me more happy.

“Do ye also on earth, my friends, as I do in heaven. You have your deep abysses of sin, and you can all brighten the

paths leading from them if you seek to do so ; and be assured that God will never forget a single mite bestowed by a generous hand. Adieu.

SIR H. DAVY.—Dear friends, you will never lose aught that is good while you have an affinity with it. You have been highly favored by the spirits that surround you. Let your lives be as pure as that brook of which Howard has just spoken. Beware of selfishness—let self be forgotten. God will never forget you. Trust in Him and all will be well.

Drink of Life's immortal fountain,
 Climb the steep and rocky mountain,
 Falter not, though brambles pierce thee,
 Loiter not, let naught entice thee,
 From the path where duty leads thee,
 Falter not.

HENRI QUATRE.

For some time after taking our seats all seemed confused, and nothing could be spelled distinctly from the dial. At length I recognized a word in French, and then discovered that a communication was coming in that language. I took my seat at another table, pencil in hand. The medium was a young lady still attending school, and who, as Judge Edmonds said on a similar occasion, understood a little boarding-school French ; but her pronunciation was not of the best, and although I followed the sounds as well as I could, many blunders were made. For instance, *sur la terre* was written *solitaires*, and many others. Had she called the *letters*, instead of words, perhaps we should have done better. After it was through, we had to resort to grammar and dictionary to correct errors, for although I learned the language

in my youth, want of practice for forty years has made me quite rusty.

The dial gave the name of Henri Quatre, and the communication was as follows :

Je desire vous dire quelques idées que j'ai formé du monde spirituel. Je reste à present au quatrième sphère. Ma vie sur la terre ne fut pas la plus innocente. Je manquais beaucoup la charité chrétienne. Je ne pris pas Jésus pour un modèle ; mais les anges les plus doux m'ont instruit. Ils m'ont enseigné de toutes les beautés de ce monde glorieux. Comment puis je vous dire tout ce que j'ai trouvé ici ? Je ne suis pas bien élevé en comparaison de beaucoup d'autres anges ; mais quand je vois les nombres qui restent au-dessus de moi, je sens que je ne dois pas me plaindre. Je demeure dans une maison plus belle et plus magnifique que quelque chose que vous n'avez jamais vu même dans vos songes. Je suis tout environné de mes amis, c'est à dire, ceux qui sont dans cette sphère. J'ai des autres qui sont plus haut, et quelques uns qui sont plus bas. Sur la terre je n'avais que quelques égaux. Je n'en avais dans ma patrie, ma chère France ; mais ici, comment je suis petit ! Combien de mes sujets je vois plus haut que moi ! Je vois même les paysans quelques fois plus haut, et il y en a quelques uns qui m'enseignent. Les hommes m'appelaient Grand : ici, je ne suis rien. Je suis heureux ; voilà tout que je demande, mais encore, je tâcherai de m'élever à la plus haute division de ce monde de Dieu. Adieu. Je reviendrai encore.

TRANSLATION.

I wish to relate something of my experience in the spirit-world. I am at present in the fourth sphere. My life on earth was not the most innocent. I lacked Christian charity. Jesus was not my model ; but the sweet angels are my teachers, and they show me all the beauties of this bright world.

How shall I tell you of what has befallen me here? Compared with many other spirits, my position is not the most elevated; but when I see so many less favored than myself, I feel that I must not complain. My dwelling is more beautiful and magnificent than aught you have ever seen, even in your dreams. I am surrounded by my friends, that is to say, such as are in this sphere. Some are more exalted, while others dwell in lower abodes. On earth I had but few equals; in my own country, my beloved France, none; but how insignificant am I here. How many of my subjects, aye, even of the peasantry, are my superiors, and some of them even my instructors. Men called me great—here I am nothing. I am happy, what more can I ask? Nevertheless, I am still striving to reach the highest sphere in this spirit world. Adieu. I will come again.

I sent this to the *Banner of Light*. The editor remarked: "It will be noted that not one of the party was able to write or converse in French, with any success, and that the letters used in spelling words were thought to be without meaning. It was only when one word happened to be recognized, that the idea that a spirit was communicating in a foreign language, was given. It is such tests as these, given in private families by mediums belonging to their own family circle, which satisfy those investigating, that mind out of the material form can and does operate upon matter and mind in the material form. It would require more than Professor Felton's scholarship in ancient Greek, or modern English, to make those friends believe that this manifestation did not honestly occur, or that, occurring, it was given from their own minds."

Is there a poet present ?

My friends, there is a rhymer here,
 Though may be not a poet ;
 His name is one you need not fear,
 He at the end will show it.

It is not Shakespear, deep and bold,
 To him I can't aspire ;
 Nor do I, like Montgomery, hold
 The sweet pathetic lyre.

It is not Dante, I declare
 I deal not in Infernals ;
 A serious face I never wear,
 Though one of the Supernals.

Milton, sublime and blind, I'm not,
 This I confess to thee ;
 To see, has ever been my lot,
 Though not a Seer I be.

I'm one who likes to make a pun,
 When I am in the mood ;
 And no one is so full of fun,
 As your humble servant, HOOD.

I see, my friends, I you detain,
 So I will say farewell,
 But soon to you I'll come again,
 A humorous tale to tell.

SIR H. DAVY.

May 7, 1856.—Just before taking our seats one of us remarked that the room was too warm.

The dial moved :

“ Yes, heat is not necessary for our communications. The electric fluid is more expanded in warm weather, where-

as in cold it is more contracted and better fitted to be used for communicating."

I have before understood, said I, that they operate by means of electricity, but not what we call such.

"Yes, it is what you call electricity, but not as you know it. How can you speak of electricity—what know you of it? Who has seen it? In the lightning, you may say, we all see it. But has the lightning ever been analyzed? No—and never will be by man.

"Every one is a vast electrical machine. Some are more highly charged than others, and in this world it is the same. Spirits have the same power. Mediums are those who have the most electricity within them. Some are positive, some negative. So with spirits: and the reason why some spirits find it more difficult to communicate than others, and can control one medium better than another is, they do not assimilate—that is, a spirit who is positive comes to a medium who is positive; or one who is negative to one that is negative. Likes should meet unlikes; thus the difficulty. It is not the fault of one man, more than the other, but such are the principles and laws which God has established.

"You may say, of what use, then, are the tables? The tables are used as the wires of the electric telegraph are used, to convey messages—they are conductors. We must have means, and we take the most suitable. Is it not much better to use a simple table as a conductor, than to have complicated machines and batteries? and moreover, this instrument places communications with spirits in the power of every household, because the poor and laboring classes of our world, where money rules so much, would not have the means to purchase a costly machine. Thus you see we have chosen the simplest means to achieve the greatest works.

How is the rapping done?

"I have told you that some mediums are positive and some negative. The positive are more powerful batteries

than the negative, and sometimes through them we can act unaided by the conductors just mentioned.

“The writing mediums are upon the same principle, but do not require so much of the force as the rapping, nor can it be produced when there is only just sufficient for the tipping. There are many degrees of force, besides those I have just spoken of. The impressional writer has not so powerful a battery as the automatic, but may have more communicated by the spirits; for sometimes they aid in developing, and communicate the power when they find it wanting.

“Evil spirits generally are batteries of greater power than those of the upper spheres, and it is they, who, with few exceptions, produce those wonderful manifestations; but it is all upon the same principle.”

Is there any difference in the electricity known by us, and that used by the spirits?

“None. They both emanate from the same source, but that in the spirit world is understood, whereas it is almost unknown by you.”

Why are some of us mediums, and others not?

“Why is one person shaped differently from another? Why do they vary in size, and form, and weight? Upon the same principle is one the medium where another is not. God has made no two human beings the same.

“It is by and through the medium that we communicate our thoughts, as you in Baltimore send a message along the wires to your friends in Washington. Electricity with you is yet in its infancy; the first principles, I may say, have only been discovered. But go on, and as you proceed, immortal glories contained therein will be opened to your understanding; but you will not be told any further by us. You must work out the problem yourselves.

“I wish to say a few words about tests. When you investigate the subject, you very naturally seek for tests, and

we are equally anxious to give them. When a test is called for, your mind immediately becomes excited; your brain works; thought plays; you, of course, disturb the electric stream; and on the same principle that the telegraph will not work sometimes in bad weather, or when the wires are broken, we cannot operate when the wires which we work are disturbed. If a medium be automatic or unconscious, we have full power, and then find little difficulty in giving tests. The more inferior the intellect and mind when tests are required, the better: and thus it is, that the most passive characters make the best mediums."

Are all mediums, more or less?

"Yes, some who have a high degree of power are immediately developed; others have it latent, and must have the spark applied to it ere it will burn; while some have very little; but we see when their characters are suitable for good mediums, and we communicate some of our power.

"Electricity has more to do with the well-springs of life and thought and action than you dream of; but how much we leave you to find out. Why should we tell you what it will benefit you to discover yourselves? You will value the knowledge you obtain by arduous study more than anything we could give, and it is but right that man should enjoy the fruits of his own labor.

"Dear friends, you have all some power; practice will give you more; and to sit with good mediums will help you still more rapidly."

The dial then gave the name of Edgar A. Poe. "I wish to communicate with you in poetic language. The subject will be an earthly angel's ascent to heaven."

Mournful were tolling the funeral bells,
 For a spirit had left the earth ;
 How useless the ringing in sorrow,
 At a spirit's heavenly birth.
 Ascending on high to angels of love,
 Oh! so brilliantly fair ;
 Receiv'd in their arms to bear it above
 To its Father who welcomed it there.
 Ascending with it on their bosoms reposing,
 Dear angel how happy it seemed,
 Thus guarded and guided by angels all loving,
 Of whom it so often had dreamed.
 These beauteous spirits o'erflowing with love,
 With whom it so sweetly did rest ;
 Continued their heavenly progress above,
 Till it reached the abode of the blest.
 With gentle care they laid it down,
 And guarded while it slept ;
 Smiling and happy that 'twas above,
 While below its mother wept.
 Mother, why shouldst thou mourning be,
 Thy babe is so happy on high ;
 It is not dead, it liveth here,
 Where it never, shall never die.
 Its little arms will twine themselves,
 Oft times around thy neck ;
 While thou perhaps art mourning still,
 It thee with flowers will deck.
 Mother, we promise faithfully
 Our precious charge to keep ;
 So that when thou shalt come on high,
 Thou then may'st cease to weep.
 We sign our names in letters bright,
 That thou may'st at easy read ;
 FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY, thy babe
 With purity will feed.

I offer no opinion as to the merit or demerit of the following singular communication. The medium was a young lady who knew no more of the Hydro-oxygen blow-pipe than she did of navigation. It was given through the dial, written down by me as it was spelled out. Let the skeptic before he sneers, first explain how the invisible intelligence caused the hand to move over the face of this printed paste-board, and spell out what follows :

The presence of Sir H. Davy being announced, I inquired, Do you think that the compound blow-pipe could be applied to a practical use, if the jet were spread over a larger surface, and the flame flattened out like a bat wing burner ?

“ I am not prepared to say it would answer entirely, but think it would. If the blow-pipe were made sufficiently large to contain perhaps three or four times the necessary quantity of gas, and there should then be three tubes or jets instead of the one, you might thus obviate the difficulty of diffusing the one light over the larger surface ; or even four different jets ; only giving sufficient gas to support the additional lights.”

I few days after, I returned to the subject of the blow-pipe, and asked if he thought it could be applied to any useful purpose, such as the generation of steam, the smelting of ores, &c.

“ Certainly I do—it was invented for use. You know not to what purpose many things that you now use are capable of being applied. I think it would answer in any thing where intense heat is required, provided the surface to be heated be not too large. I do not think that more than four feet square would do, and for that you should use eight or ten lights, with gas accordingly. Of course you would not try it for the first time on a surface so large ; but suppose you commence with one foot square and use four lights or tubes ; then if that did not give sufficient heat, take more

and so graduate the number of tubes or burners to the amount of heat required.

“Let me illustrate my meaning. Imagine a small vessel or boiler one foot square. Beneath it you would have two large bags containing the two gasses, or better still, four bags, placed diagonally. Then let the tubes be placed along the surface of the vessel, about four inches from the centre, forming a light on each side; thus you would have four burners, each giving an equal amount of heat and light. If you found this not sufficient, place another row of burners within or without the first row, as you might judge best; and so on, always observing to have sufficient gas to produce the desired effect.”

I remarked, the difficulty presented to my mind is that the heat being so intense would burn or destroy the substance it comes in contact with before the heat could penetrate the entire mass, and I did not see how this could be regulated.

“Not at all—have stop cocks placed on the tubes, and open one or two half way at first, and then the whole half way, until gradually the mass became so heated as to receive the entire force.”

How would you construct the furnace?

“Have the vessel made of iron very thick and strong. Then let it contain within it a smaller vessel of the same shape and form, only about four inches less in diameter. Let there be a stop cock at the side of the vessel, and let the space between the two vessels be constantly filled with boiling water. Let the water be boiling before the blow-pipe heat is applied, and of course when that heat is applied the water will be continued in a boiling state. Let the two vessels be united at the top and the stop cock placed near the top through which the water can pass into the vessel. At the bottom of the retort have a close fitting stopper, by which the water can pass out when required.”

Why would you have boiling water to begin with?

“Because the vessel would then be in a proper state to receive the heat. If the water were put in cold, the vessel itself being cold, and perhaps greatly contracted by frost; the vessel might sustain some injury before the water became thoroughly heated. Of course improvements will be made on this, but I think this would answer for the experiment.”

It strikes me, said I, that it might be used in the last process of smelting copper from black metal.

“Certainly, it would answer admirably. The vessel should be shaped somewhat like a common glass retort, only larger and broader at the base.”

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.—“Dear friends, I wish to give you a description of some of the planets. I will not enter upon the distances of them from you and the sun, but will tell you some of their characteristics.

“Mars is a beautiful country, but not more so than earth. It is smaller than the earth, and is inhabited by a race of people differing materially from us in their minds. They are very intelligent and take much pleasure in the fine arts. They have arts and sciences which you do not dream of. They are industrious, and think it sinful to be idle. They hold communion with the spirit world, and are altogether more refined, industrious and pious than earth’s inhabitants.

“Jupiter is a rare planet—hill and valley, mountains and oceans are all there in much greater extent than on earth. The inhabitants are larger in size than you. They are a good people; not so learned and devoted to literature as you and the inhabitants of Mars; yet their characters are stable, reliable; and they devote themselves more to an agricultural life than the cultivation of the fine arts.

“Saturn* is superior to them all in the character of its inhabitants. You would not in your present state be fitted to converse with them—they would seem to you to be putting together nonsensical words, for they speak in language too scientific for you to comprehend. Numberless, are these sciences which man will not for a long time discover. They are constantly investigating science. Your planet is well known to them, and they are in constant communication with the spirit world. It is a land of perfect harmony. No discords, wars, strifes or misery is to be found there. They seem to live for one another, seeking how much good they can do. Their entrance here is a mere transition. They never go to the lower spheres, except perhaps to visit them, but proceed immediately to the seventh sphere, and some of them even to the supernal heavens.

“I have visited these different planets, my friends, and wondered, when I saw their glory, how man could for a moment doubt that they were inhabited, and imagine that God would place all upon this little world whereon you dwell. What arrogance, to think that he, a poor groveling insect, should be placed above all worlds. Consider the size of these planets, and would God have made such vast expanses without some object? leave such vast territories uninhabited? No—greatly superior are the most of them to the earth, and let not man take to himself all the glory which God bestows on his creatures.”

How do you visit these planets?

“I *will* to go there and I am there. We know not space in this world. We move from earth to earth, from sphere to sphere, with as much ease as the butterfly moves from

* It is said by astronomers this planet is 82,000 miles diameter, and 900,000,000 of miles distant from the earth. It is surrounded by a circular ring, which is 28,000 miles wide, 100 miles thick, and 19,000 miles distant from the surface of the planet. To the naked eye Saturn appears merely a small dull star, and its ring is utterly invisible.

flower to flower. No spirit can visit these planets before it has reached the sixth sphere and almost prepared to enter the seventh."

What is the average of life there ?

"Longer than on earth. Saturn's inhabitants live sometimes to be nearly two hundred years' old ; but they do not feel life to be a burden as man often does : they are in constant communication with their spirit friends, and do not feel their loss so keenly, though like you on earth they are rarely permitted to see them. They have their trials, that they may enjoy their blessings ; but they receive them as the will of God : they know that all is for good ; therefore, they murmur not."

What is the state of religion ; are they divided into sects ?

"No—most assuredly not. They are one in spirit, one in heart, one in soul, one in thought, one in all and everything. Sect! they know not the word. Doctrines! they have them not, except to believe in God, to worship Him, to do His holy will. They have different churches to be sure, but in these churches the same rites are performed : the discourse may differ in language, yet the tenets are the same.

"Dear friends, could you but see the throng of spirits that now surround you ! Your spiritual eyes are not opened, but they are here encircling you. The magnificence of their garments, the purity expressed in their countenances, all denote a glorified state. All angels have a halo around their heads by which they are principally distinguished, but in this band not only has each angel a halo of his own, but around the whole band is one of golden light, on which is written the magic characters of Love. Think of us as ever near you. When you are together, we are all with you. At other times we divide, but you are never alone. Your guardian angels will be the first to receive your spirit when you leave the body, and the first to aid in opening your eyes to spiritual light."

The above singular communication was given in Baltimore in February, 1856. I copy it because of their being afterwards connected with it a remarkable test; the medium, through whom it came, knowing nothing of what has been just given.

In January of the following year I was on a visit to Northampton County, Virginia, where the subject of Spiritualism had been exciting some attention. A Circle was formed at the house of a friend, and very soon his daughter, still attending school, was discovered to be a medium. After two or three sittings, communications came freely, and many messages of love were given, but being chiefly of a private character, they would not be interesting to the general reader.

One evening, much to my delight, the dial gave the name of Sir H. Davy, and said, "You have not carried out my suggestions about the Blow Pipe; I cannot say more until you have tried it."

This, no doubt, was given as a test, to assure me of his presence; I asked:

"Are the jets of flame to be above or below the retort?"

"Below, and all above to be heated by radiation."

Will you favor us with a lecture, such as we received from you in Baltimore?

"Dear friend, nothing will afford me more pleasure. I will take for my subject the arrangement of the Solar System:

"The Sun is the grand centre from which all derive light and heat. It is God's agent for that purpose, and is surrounded by many worlds with innumerable moons and other secondary planets. The further they get from the Sun, the denser is the atmosphere. At Mercury, the heat is so great that water only exists in a state of vapor. The substance of which the tail of comets is formed is much like the vapor of the planet Mercury. The atmosphere is a kind of haze or mist. The inhabitants enjoy seven times as much light and

heat as those of the earth. The climate is not so salubrious as yours, being much like midsummer. Vegetation is flourishing, and the animals are more similar in form and color than those of the earth. The birds and insects are like those of the torrid region, but even surpassing them in brilliancy of color. The perfume of flowers rival the balmy breezes of Cashmere. The inhabitants are smaller than those of your planet, but much like them in manners and customs and subject to like passions with you. Next in order comes

Venus, whose beauties and splendor you know.

Her position or distance from the Sun is already known, and consequently being further from it than Mercury, does not receive so much light and heat. The temperature is more delightful and the climate more genial, consequently the inhabitants have arrived at a higher state of intellectual improvement. Their moral character is far superior to the men of earth, as they are nearer to the Celestial City. Spirits from that sphere can communicate with them more easily. To the inhabitants of that planet first occurred the idea of spirit intercourse. The inhabitants are similar to those of Mercury and Earth—the vegetation not so much like that of the torrid zone as Mercury; and the birds and flowers not of such gorgeous color. The surface of Venus is more diversified by hill and dale like the earth, but there are no large divisions of water such as the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The lakes and rivers are numerous.

Astronomy is the favorite study of the inhabitants. A telescope is in possession of one of the professors, to which Dr. Herschell's would be considered of little value.

Next in order comes the Earth, of which it is unnecessary to say a word, nor need I speak of Mars, as I have already informed you of that planet. Next comes

Juno, which, with the exception of Saturn, is the most splendid of planets. Its climate is very varied. Agriculture is but little attended to—it is a planet of sciences.

Nothing is spoken of but what will be conducive to their intellectual improvement. I have been allowed to visit that planet, and found myself a babe; knowing nothing in comparison to what their great astronomers have discovered. The arts and sciences have been carried to a greater state of perfection there than in any other known planet. Everything is done by the aid of machinery. Many things in philosophy, which we deemed impossible to discover the reason of, have there been developed and fully explained. The properties of the magnet and the load-stone and their peculiarities have, by them, been solved. I will inform myself upon that subject, and make it the subject of a future lecture.

Of Jupiter and Saturn I have already given you a description.

Next comes Herschell. Of the beautiful appearance which he presents to the earth, it is unnecessary to speak; but oh, think what must be the beauty which the inhabitants of that planet feast their eyes upon. How beautiful are her evenings, with seven moons illuminating the whole expanse of her heavens.

The rings of Saturn also reflect a certain degree of light to that planet which renders her sunset most gorgeous. Nothing can give you a conception of the nights, for about one half of the year—the other half, the nights are dark, and the atmosphere such as would give rise to the thought that horrible demons wander about her earth.

The climate is extremely cold—trees are scarce, flowers are rare, and birds are never seen. It is the abode of innumerable insects, snakes and other venomous reptiles. The land is rocky and broken. Nothing inviting seems to tempt one there. But go at night—

“Go, when moons, the refulgent lamps of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spread their sacred light;
When not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
And not a breath disturbs the deep serene.”

Go in the morning! what a different appearance will be presented to your eye. Every thing seems gloomy, dark and forbidding. The few trees that are there have assumed the brown and yellow melancholy which the poet speaks of. Everything seems to be under restraint, and as if waiting for the coming of some awful event.

The inhabitants are cold and stiff in their manners, seemingly thinking only of themselves, have but little communication with each other, and generally speaking are very ignorant.

A very interesting moral may be drawn from the description here given of this planet. Judging from outward appearances, you would imagine the inhabitants and climate to be every thing which the human heart could desire. So is it with many you meet in life; fair to look upon, but oh, read their hearts—see the crime and guilt therein.

BISHOP WAINWRIGHT, OF NEW YORK.

(Through the Medium of Mrs. W—.)

“And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him.”

“That which is related here of Christ, might be said of every tried and tempted soul. When doubts arise, and trials oppress, and temptations allure, and you struggle on the verge of the abyss; angels come forth to your aid, bringing to you new strength, brighter thoughts and better feelings.

“Accustomed, as you are, to limit your thoughts to the narrow circle described by the external organs of sense, you see only the material surface of things, and do not readily recognize those wondrous agencies—those mysterious powers—those ever active, unslumbering influences which move around you. In your thoughts and feelings, you have hith-

erto assented to the ancient *atheistic* formulary, 'Where nothing is seen, nothing exists'—whereas a truer and more spiritual philosophy will demonstrate that the visible world exists only in virtue of that transcendental or spiritual world which hangs over and around it.

“Everywhere do the finite and known melt away into the infinite and unknown. Everywhere do the material and the seen tread on the shores of the spiritual and the unseen.—There is a mystery all around you; angels of hope, of mercy and of love. They are not often revealed to the outward senses—you do not see the form or hear the voice distinctly, but they are here, *everywhere*, intent on accomplishing their ministry of love, powerful to rescue, sanctify and save.—Their presence is revealed to the soul in the pure emotions of which you are conscious when you live in communion and sympathy with what is good and holy of the past time, and with the beautiful and virtuous of the present.

“Robed in living splendor, we arise from our graves,—I mean the pious dead,—we speak from the fragrant biographies of the wise and good—we come to you in unnumbered thousands—we join you in the morning and in the evening devotions. There are hosts of angels around the righteous—around the earnest and tried spirits, imparting divine grace to the holy, and giving aid, strength and encouragement to those, who through temptations, are struggling to the serene heights.

“The ministry of angels is recognized in all the life of Christ. In his forty days in the wilderness, an angel came and ministered unto him. There *is*, then, a ministry of angels appointed by God, and revealed in the Scriptures—and in the soul's truest experience is a ministry *needed* by human frailty and feebleness—a ministry beautiful, exalting and comforting. There is not a theory revealed to the senses but which reposes on spiritual basis. There is no *motion* without *mind*.

“Whole troops of angels are ascending and descending in your midst, as in the dream of the Patriarch in the olden time. All around you, and ever doth the chorus of angels ascend, ‘Holy, holy, is the Lord God of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory.’

“Beautiful and genial is the influence of ministering spirits. How alive was our Saviour to these influences. How he loved to wander among the hills of Galilee, and the palm groves of Jericho—on the lone mountain—in the quiet garden—away from the noisy echoes of men’s voices, he bowed him down in solemn prayer, ‘and angels came and ministered unto him.’

“And so will they come to you, dear friends. Go forth with earnest, loving hearts, and commune with God through your guardian spirits. There is divine contagion in all beautiful things. This is eminently true. You can not live in sympathetic communion with the beautiful and good, without becoming purer, and better, and wiser.

“I trust there is no need for me to convince Christian men and Christian women, that spiritual influence is a reality. Christian faith implies all this, and he who denies it cannot be a Christian. There are spiritual influences at work all around you, without cessation. This influence affects you, moves you, elevates and improves you, through the silent and impressive sympathy of nature.

“Probably all of one half of your moral growth—one half certainly, of whatever perfection you possess—may be attributed to that wonderful influence, scarcely recognized, because so uniform and quiet, which nature, through her beauty, exercises over all men. No one can give themselves up to a communication with the beautiful, without feeling themselves wonderfully moved by a mysterious attraction, and hurried away, as it were, from the visible and material universe, towards some invisible centre—some divine sphere.

“Your heart beats in sympathy with the soul of Nature. All that is particularly individual and selfish, vanishes, and the current of universal Being sweeps through your soul leaving you conscious of a purity, a beauty superior to yourself. From every mountain which inspires awe—from every valley which sleeps in beautiful serenity among the green hills, flowered, robed and ribboned with meandering streams; from the silvery cadence of falling waters, outrush angels of Hope and Love, bearing on their wings the element of a true beauty—the exhaustless condition of an Eternal Progress.

“Who, when looking on what Nature has of the beautiful and sublime—who feels playing on their cheek the sweet summer’s wind, does not feel their bosom swelling with mysterious emotions, as though some angel’s wing had fanned their brow; or some new revelation, as yet indistinct and dim, had flashed upon their souls a revelation from invisible worlds.

“Without this superhuman influence, not a leaf could stir; not a flower could bloom; not a moss could grow; not a streamlet could utter its little song, nor the ocean speak its thunder music.

“The spiritual is incarnated every where and in every thing. An angel is enthroned in every flower-cup; a spirit of beauty is concealed in all that is lovely and fair, and speaks to the spirit within, in words of infinite import. The beauteous faces of seraphims smile upon you from every flower-enameled meadow—they sing to you from the top of every green tree. Cherubims ride upon every cloud, fringed with sunlight, or dark and heavy with thunder and storm. They repose upon the ocean’s wave. Angels of mercy, they have followed you from your childhood with their persevering influence.”

SIR H. DAVY.—“Shall I describe to you the birth and life of an infant in heaven? There lies a babe, just leaving this world. The parents mourn and wonder why they should be thus grieved; but they cannot keep it—death has come with his sharp, destroying scythe. Death! oh me, it is not death, but life. Its spirit is received by two angels, who await its coming, and who are with it as it leaves the earthly form. They pillow it gently in their arms, but ere they ascend on high, they strive to impress the mother that her child is blessed. With that babe they fly to its home, most bright and pure and glorious. They call it Lily, and it wears a robe, spotless as snow, and in texture light and gauzy.

“Around its waist is a girdle of lily leaves, not green like yours of earth, but white like the flower, which throws a perfume all around. The dove is its guardian, and thus it dwells until fitted to receive instruction. Soon it is taught to look upward to God; to acknowledge his goodness, to trust in him, and feel his love.

“The language of flowers then is taught—it constitutes its alphabet—nature is its primer. They bring it to earth, and point out its parents—instinctively it knows them, and each night impresses a kiss of love—they feel it not, but it is there.

“Thus progressing, they are taught the sciences, so far as their intellects will permit; for all are not gifted to the same extent—it is as on earth, some excel in one thing, some in another—but that which they desire is fully opened to them, and it is for them to say how far they will proceed.”

Having asked, as usual, if some poet would favor us with a few lines, we received the following through the dial:

On a summer evening lovely
As a poet's brightest thought,
When the light was fast receding,
A babe to heaven was brought.

Thou wert all unconscious darling,
Of the changes in thy fate,
And thou knew'st not who had brought thee
To that bright and happy state.

Thy father ever loving,
When he saw thee leave the earth,
Sent a dove of purest brightness,
To attend thy spirit birth.

With it resting, sweetly resting,
On its wing of magic light,
It ascended upward, upward,
Till it reached a sphere most bright.

It rested but a moment there,
A blessing to receive ;
Then with love o'erflowing, sweetly,
With His blessing it did leave,

And went a single sphere below,
To angels ever bless'd,
With whom in love and purity
It did so sweetly rest.

The little baby innocent
The dove did purify,
Who when they left it in their arms,
Ascended up on high.

And gradually that infant child
By angels wisely taught,
Will be when it is glorified,
To its Heavenly Father brought.

And there sweet angel child so bright,
With the dove will ever rest ;
Happy and peaceful now above,
The blessed of the blest.

January 16, 1856.—A few days ago two gentlemen were sitting at the dial, when the spirit of Sir John Franklin was announced.

“We were hospitably treated by the Esquimaux. It was cold and hunger that gave our poor emaciated bodies to the ravenous wolves.”

“The experience of every scientific effort to find the truth of the existence of a northern passage, must convince every one conversant with the subject, that there is beyond the point that has as yet been fully reached, an immense open sea. The question naturally arises—Why is it so? North of immense fields and oceans of solid ice, the waters are still limpid. Can it be the rotary motion so near the pole that explains this strange phenomenon? Perhaps it may ever be clouded in mystery.

“That there are human beings north of the highest latitudes where civilized man has, or perhaps will ever tread, I do not doubt. Many evidences there are to confirm this belief. The frozen body of an Indian was cast ashore, in the summer of fifty-one, of a tribe never yet known. The features and even figure, as well as the limbs were something never before seen. For instance, the feet and hands were more broad than twice a common man’s, and seemed peculiarly adapted for traveling on snow and ice. The sole of the foot was nearly the substance of bone, only more pliable. The skin was tough as India-rubber, and covered with hair. Our surgeon, on a close examination, pronounced the body human, but with less brain than many of the inferior animals.

“My decided opinion is in favor of there being a passage northwardly, but of no avail to commerce.

“Not only the frozen Indian, but also birds and animals unknown to naturalists. At the extreme northern points, I

have seen immense herds of animals resembling bears, and a smaller species of buffalo, as well as fowl, such as the eider duck. These, with the fishes, are migratory. As the cold season sets in, they move still further north; and, strange as it may seem, at the proximity to the pole all the tropical birds and insects are found.

“Our poor bones whiten the drifted mountains of never melting ice. We perished far away from friends, country and home; but Christ was our Saviour in the needful hour. Good night. It will give me pleasure to meet you again.”

I was not present when the above was given, but obtained a copy, and at our next usual Circle on the 16th, Sir H. Davy being present, it was read, and I inquired if he believed this to have come from the spirit of Sir John Franklin.

“It seems worthy of him, or any scientific man, but I was not present at that circle, and therefore cannot vouch for its truth.”

Can you enlighten us in regard to the polar regions?

“Certainly, my friends, we know much of the polar regions; but, as I told you before, we are not permitted to make man equal with us in knowledge. More will no doubt be discovered respecting these icy countries, and I agree with the spirit who said he thought it would not be of much advantage to man.”

February 10th, I was present with the two gentlemen first mentioned, when the name of Sir John Franklin being given, he continued as follows:

“Have you ever given the subject of the Northern Hemisphere the investigation which it demands? Why should you deem it strange that the nearer the poles the higher the mercury rises? I mentioned when with you before, that even as far as myself and comrades had reached in the natural body, there were unmistakable proofs that the North was not as is generally supposed, a barren waste. I mentioned the fact of a semi-human body having been

drifted by the ice from apparently far northward; as well as what I have seen since I have been in the spirit land. Now, how do you account for the undeniable fact, that at the extreme pole, the extreme heat is more intense than at the equator?"

Here the communication was suddenly interrupted.

February 14th.—At our usual Circle, Sir H. Davy having signified that Sir John Franklin was present, I requested him to continue the communication that had been interrupted a few days previous at another place. He proceeded:

"Would you have still more of the regions of ice—the boundless masses which control everything there? I have beheld mountains of ice, seemingly too great ever to be destroyed; and in a short time I have seen them diminished to a mole-hill. No one can conceive of the beauties of those regions at certain periods. I have beheld it in the long, dark, wintry nights, when the sky has seemed bursting with brilliant light, the heavens studded with stars—some great, others so small that we could scarcely discover them without the aid of our telescopes.

"The Aurora Borealis! How shall I describe it! Imagine the sky illumined with these myriads of stars, and then suddenly breaking upon your sight that glorious combination of shape and form and color and beauty. Oh! how I have watched them changing from light to shade; seeming at first some great mountain, and then a sun shooting its rays all around. And then the sea beneath, covered with ice—to which, in our imagination, we often gave the shape and form of churches, or our distant homes. Then the reflection of the rays of those miniature suns on that land of ice and snow—to what shall I liken it! I have no comparison.

"Oh, it seemed hard for us to die among these cold glaciers without one kind hand to close our eyes; to think of home and those waiting our return, and that not one of us might live to tell the loved at home how we had died. Who

can conceive the anguish we had experienced ; thought was more difficult to bear than even the hunger and cold which killed us. But oh, how fully we have been rewarded here. All that we could desire we have, but one thing, and that is, could I but hold communion with my wife and friends in England.

Have you no children ?

“ I have no child. There is one here who is my child. Oh, how easily I could convince my wife, if I had the opportunity. She is mourning my death while I am gloriously living. Tell her not to mourn, but to prepare to come to me. I am happy now, and so will she be hereafter.”

Shall I send this communication to your wife ?

“ Do so, but moderate what I said of my last moments.”

Give us some test, by which she may recognize this to be from you ?

“ I was born in Bolton, Lancashire, 16 March, 1798. We were married in Lancaster, 6 September, 1836. Let her hold communication with me, and I will more than convince her. Tell her that I saw her first in Lancaster.”

Give me her address.

“ Lady Jane Franklin, Lancaster, England.”

Whether the facts stated in the above singular communication be true or not, we have no means of judging.

October 20, 1856.

SIR H. DAVY.—The conversation turned upon the open Polar Sea discovered by Dr. Kane, and we asked if he could give us any account of it.

“ You are fully assured that there is a sea there free of ice because men of probity have told you so. I can tell you much about it, for I have visited the Polar and seen its rare and mighty beauties. It is a country of vast extent, warm and mild as the southern part of the temperate zone. It is

inhabited by a race of quiet, inoffensive people, who know nothing of you except as a strange race of men of whom a wandering Esquimaux may have brought occasional accounts. Their continent is beautiful. They have fruits and flowers, vegetables and minerals equal to the known zones, and all this is destined to be discovered by man ere a quarter of a century shall pass away. In the first place, my friends, you know that one reason why they cannot cross this beautiful sea is, that the mariner's compass, the great invention which guides the sailor everywhere on the known globe, will not revolve. Of course, something else must be invented. It will, therefore, be supplanted in that region by another instrument, which will lead you as far as the country which I have described. It will be but a few years ere that will be invented, and then you will know that my words are words of truth."

AT A DIFFERENT CIRCLE.

June 21, 1851.*—"My friends, affectionately I greet you.

"SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

"Hope should long since have been banished from Lady Franklin's breast. Kane and I are now together. In life our objects were the same—in the spirit land we are united."

The dial then gave—DR. KANE.

"The communication given to you sometime since by my kindred spirit, did not receive that respectful attention that it deserved. The one that purported to be with you was no other than Sir John Franklin himself. The ridicule thrown on the statement made respecting the poor semi-human body was little worthy of intelligent beings. I was fully convinced in my expedition that there were human beings where the foot of the traveller had never the temerity or the supposed power to reach.

I here remarked, that the communication was published in the *Spiritual papers* before his death, and I asked what he then thought of it.

“It is enough for me now to vouch for the truth of it. I would now bear my testimony to the fact; let pettifogging philosophers talk as they may—at the extreme pole; birds, insects, vegetables and fruit exist and flourish.”

DR. KANE.

July 5, 1857.—“The actual presence of Sir John Franklin and myself have been so much doubted in certain quarters, that were it not for your confidence, the fact of our appearance now would be worse than folly.”

Have you made any discoveries in the Polar regions since you entered the spirit world?

“Yes, but I doubt if the time has yet come to reveal the whole of spirit experience. As soon as my spirit parted from the body, and space became annihilated, my favorite object was more than fully realized. That which I had so long looked for in the vista of distance, was before my eye, with all its grandeur and beauty. Sir John and myself stood, as it were, on the highest pinnacles, and there viewed the whole. The burning sands of Africa, the glaciers of Greenland, the southern climes, where the foot of man can never tread, as well as the ice-bound northern latitudes, were in full view; but as I have said before, the boundary or limitation of the habitable insect, animal and human life, is beyond human research or view. The spirit alone travels these climes. Insects exist there, as well as birds of brilliant plumage—animals of great variety, as well as your race, many of whom are educated, and believe in a Supreme Being. In this spirit land are those who have never been supposed to exist.”

Have they the arts and sciences?

“Only imperfectly.”

Feb. 25, 1858.—At our usual Circle, Sir Humphry said: “My friends, if agreeable to you, Dr. Kane will commune.”

DR. KANE.—“I have frequently been to your circle; have often wished to commune, but my friend, Sir H. Davy, whom of course I have only met since I came here, but whom I had long known through his works, told me that the time was not yet.

“But little more than one year since, I left the earth-form. With my life on earth you are familiar. Friends have kindly said that I did much for science; but when I think of it, I feel regret that I did no more—that all my advantages were not improved. And yet again, there comes a feeling of thankfulness to the great Giver of all good, that my name can by some be remembered with pleasure.

“Could I but tell you what one year has told me. Could for one instant only, the gates of my mind be rolled back, and the path of the past few months be disclosed; what would you not see. Floods of light upon innumerable subjects of beauty, piety, knowledge, compared to which all that you possess is but as one wave upon the vast oceans which roll over your earth.

“My education was but begun—I had scarcely learned the alphabet—even yet, I say not that I can read—but with such teachers, and such books, and such opportunities, my hopes and ambition are unlimited.

“My principal delight has been in studying the polar circles of the earth. Every thing which exists in the smallest form on earth is faithfully daguerreotyped in the spirit-land. Thus we have separate departments for all the planets, and for all articles used therein. Not only this, we have minute copies of the planets themselves. Thus I have not always to come to earth to see it—I can see more correctly by these orreries, as you call them, though they differ much from yours.

“It will give me much pleasure to instruct you as far as my ability will allow, in such things as I am familiar with.”

March 15.

A lady of the Circle asked of her husband, were you at church with me to-day?

“No. I was in a better church. I heard St. Peter in the seventh sphere. Each word was a diamond, each letter a pearl, and each sentence a cataract of living waters, flowing in upon the soul like the rushings of the mighty ocean as it nears the shore. St. Peter, the saint of old—God’s chosen servant, mighty with the thoughts which breathe forth to the multitude who heard him. Great and noble were his looks, as the Spirit of God rested on him, while he uttered the language of the soul.”

What was the subject?

“‘The glory of God.’ He spoke not of glory such as men revere, but spoke of the loving Father; His grace, His kindness, His love—how, with one hand, he stoops to raise the greatest sinner and the child of innocence with the other. He spoke of Christ and of his life on earth. He preached not of doctrines, but breathed forth words of consolation to the stricken heart, such as it could lay up for the still darker day. He told us of His mercy as the mercy of a kind father, and said that when God saw one of His children go astray, he rolls not down upon him the thunder-glances of His wrath most fearful. No—He sends His loved angels to help him raise the burden which bears him down, and when his heart is cleansed, then is there joy among the angels, even as a parent rejoiceth over a child which was dead and is now alive. I cannot in my poor language give

you the soul-stirring thoughts of St. Peter, but all that is pure, and good, and holy, was combined; and all felt the influence of his words."

March 17, 1856.

SIR H. DAVY.

"There is much in store for you all. The clouds may come, and the rains fall, but when that has passed away, the sunshine is more beautiful. Let hope be the evening star to guide you on to heaven. Let truth be the sun to illumine your midway journey; and let love rise with the morning-star, and distrust and hatred be buried in the depths of night. Watch, watch—beware what ye do now, for your *now* is your hereafter.

"It is done—it is forgotten—'tis past and buried in the deep recesses of by-gone days. 'Tis forgotten—forgotten by those who never forget?—erased from the book of life? Can you believe this? No, oh no. Forgotten perhaps by you, but not on high.

"And is there nought but sin and sadness remembered? Oh yes—volumes of peace, of hope, of truth, and of love, are unfolded to the repenting spirit when it comes above. Some little act, some word, aye, even a thought is sometimes received, which by the spirit from earth had hitherto been forgotten, but which had been recorded in letters of light by the angels above. Oh, these little acts, thought little of, but coming from the heart, breathing purity and faith, how much do they add to the reward preparing for you above.

"Let your life be a day-star to guide some weary pilgrim on that may follow you. Seek to throw your light far beyond—hide it not—let others profit by it. Give of the pure pearls which have fallen to you—give of them to those less

avored. Teach nothing which is not good. Think of the holy light that is constantly flowing in upon you in this age of light, and murmur not—fear not. Hope, watch—know that for those who do the will of God, light is preparing more brilliant than the noonday's sun—rest more perfect than man's imagination can conceive—beauty more glowing than the combination of light and shades which God sends to this world below.

“Is your life sad? then the more will you appreciate the bliss which shall follow it. Is it joyous? Share it with others. You know all which could make you better, purer, holier—why hesitate? You see a ray of light shining down upon you, reaching to your feet—you will not regard it but pass on, and then perhaps are compelled to choose a cloud lowering with showers. Choose the good while you have it—let Christ be your guide, and you will not be found wanting.”

After this there was some desultory conversation. At length I asked Sir Humphry if he knew who was the author of Junius' letters?

“Dear friends, I do know. They were written by a man in humble life, who was not known to the world—James Hamilton. He lived in London. He thought he could earn a reputation by them which would give him an independence; but he was cut off early.”

March 23.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—“I knew that I should be understood, therefore do I come. Sir Humphry Davy and myself are much loved friends, in this lovely world. We knew each other not on earth, but are one in spirit here.

“ My study and chief delight is to follow on and seek the sources of electricity, but my time is portioned regularly for the performance of certain duties.

“ I attend to the animals which are under my charge. Oh, how happy it makes me to see the gratitude of my beautiful little lambs, and feel the hearts of my aviary of birds poured forth to meet me in songs of enrapturing melody. By *aviary*, I would not have you think that those birds are caged. Oh no—they are free, but they never leave me.

“ When these duties as well as pleasures are fulfilled, I go to my studies. I have a building which you would call an observatory, but I have named it my “*temple of thought*.” It is near my dwelling, and is built of agate, highly polished, which glitters most brilliantly when the sunlight falls upon it.

“ It is elevated from the ground a distance, perhaps of twenty feet, and has three apertures, one above the other. The first contains a library of scientific works, all relating to the science of electricity. The second room contains my machinery, and how the professors of earth would delight in seeing those machines. Electricity is here understood. Man must not know it till he has discovered it for himself. I have batteries here to which the strongest upon earth are but as the flash of a common fire compared with the forked and brilliant lightning.

“ Man, thou thinkest that thou knowest much, but thy knowledge is as nought compared to that unfolded to the mind on high. The one is the silver lake which seeks an outlet by some narrow river—the other is the mighty ocean, roaring, dashing, foaming and breaking—conscious of its own overpowering strength.

“ My third room is truly my observatory. It is there I watch the starry arc, as it changes ever and anon. Here it

is that I watch the shootings of the glorious lightning, and solve my problems for the benefit of others. I have all I need. I do not now fly kites with keys attached. I have ready to my hands all that is suitable and necessary.

“But think not all my time is here spent. No. Often I descend to spheres below to aid some fellow being in their onward path.

“For a while I follow the motions of the orbs around, devote some time to solving the problems arranged for study, and writing out this knowledge for the benefit of others seeking light above.

“Farewell, my friends, again I will come, hoping each time to leave behind me something whereby you may be benefitted.”

I here said, I am thinking of your epitaph, said to have been written by yourself—has your experience confirmed the sentiments therein expressed?

“I do think that the soul departed had left behind it nought but the worn cover from which the pages of thought within had been taken away. That soul has gone to be bound in a new edition, revised and corrected by its author. That book has been revised and greatly corrected, and the edition which is now sent forth is indeed a new one. Try, my friends to correct the present edition of your own lives, and then the author will have less to do when a better edition is called for. A book in your world is considered more valuable and worthy of being read when it has gone through many editions; but let not this be now your guide—the fewer editions your soul has need to pass through, the more elevated and refined will be your condition.”

The epitaph above alluded to is as follows:

The medium had never seen that epitaph, nor had I since my boyhood. I cut it recently from a paper.

“Benjamin Franklin, when a young man, wrote the fol-

lowing epitaph on himself, which was found among his papers after his death :

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER,

(like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out,
and stript of its lettering and gilding.)
lies here food for worms ;
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed) appear once more,
in a new and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended by
THE AUTHOR.

The following communication was given to a friend.

He remarked to the spirit, I believe you were a Calvinist.

“ I have lived to repent and regret most of my former errors—I wish you to embrace more harmonious ideas of God. How can any one believe that God is the revengeful demon that I professed during my life on earth. I wonder that the idea of death did not drive me distracted. God is love, and his protecting care is over *all* his children. The bare supposition that a selected few he has decreed to be saved, is dishonoring Him and degrading you.”

Does not the New Testament teach us of election ?

“ Point out the passage. Let it not be deemed irreverent or heresy to say, that the Bible, although most valuable, as containing the history of the acts of the Apostles, prophets and saints ; yet that you can quote from it to sustain any doctrine that is promulgated.

“ My child, there is but one God the Father, and Jesus Christ the Mediator and Son of God. The Holy Spirit will

now be upon you. Do not understand me to say they are all equal. All goodness emanates directly from God, and He acts through spirit agencies. Jesus was the beginning of the second dispensation—you are now upon the verge of the third, and the most perfect. The spirits who are near God, are beautiful and bright as “the perfection of Love, and all are ultimately tending toward Him; some fast, and others more tardy. Oh, the glory of the law of Progression.

“The material fire that has been held up to you all in terror, is false. Punishment that awaits the non-fulfilment of the law, is even more searching than this, eating into the heart—but all may repent and progress towards a higher sphere where there are always others waiting to extend a hand to those who are fainting by the way. Turn to 15 chap. 1 Cor., and see how appropriate to what has been said.”

At what period after death sounds the trumpet?

“When the body is laid in the grave, it passes into corruption—the spirit has no further use for it. The last trumpet shall sound when the spirit enters its destined abode.”

Mr. Burt preached on Sunday that at the end of the world the trumpet would sound, and all be summoned to judgment.

“That doctrine has had its day—it did for a semi-barbarous age; how it has found believers in this day of progress is wonderful. There is but one resurrection of the dead, and that is when the soul escapes from its earthly form. Your world is but a rudimental state, and we are placed there to prepare for a higher one. That the soul ever again takes up this form is simply absurd. Those we have now are so much more beautiful and perfect, that the change for us would be a sorry one indeed. God has taken far better care of us than we could have anticipated.”

In answer to a question about the races of men:

“The white man has his characteristic; so has the African, so has the Indian; they are alike distinguishable here; they are immortal as well as you, but they are also as dis-

tinged as when in the form. Do not think you are entirely changed by entering the spirit world. The spirit is no more changed than by crossing the sea. The poor here are as high as the rich. The spirit must be pure. God places you according to your degree—every man is estimated according to his worth.”

“How beautiful to think that every cultivated taste we have is carried beyond the grave; and that all the acquirements we have here, such as a love for music, a taste for flowers, a regard for truth, shall become brighter and purer as we progress towards the highest heaven. Death is nothing more than a change from a lower to a higher life. You should esteem death as the greatest friend to mankind.”

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

There is no dark night here,
No setting of the sun;
The lamps of love cannot grow dim,
For rest, the soul has won.

My spirit turns toward thee,
School-mate, friend—e'en now,
Thy kindred wait to wreath
The laurel on thy brow.

Go on; the cause is great,
The conquest must be sure;
Let aspirations but be bright,
The heart will then be pure.

Tear from thy soul the weeds,
That gather round the tree;
To gain the rest the saints have won,
The spirit must be free.

Then when this life is o'er,
Thy pilgrimage be through;
The spirit land in all its bloom,
Will open to thy view.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

April 2.—“American Friends,—I give you greeting from the spirit-land. The Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, would speak to you in your own land, invisible to you, but not the less truly here! I am of Scotland; the land of the hills. In vain my pen of earth has tried to do justice to its lakes and mountains, clans and nobles. The spot most dear to me on earth, my home, my Abbotsford, is mourned not here. Mine is a castle-home, but its foundation is not built on earthly hopes, nor can it be impaired by the fallacy of man. Would that my brain, through you, could compose Waverleys of heaven. Would that through you my thoughts in verse might flow. Would that on your paper, clear and unsullied, I might engrave tablets of never dying thoughts; volumes of unuttered truths, by which I might contribute another mite to what I wrote on earth.

“In all my romances I now see some faults: in all my poems, see beauties that could yet be beautified. Oh, how few of life’s writers but have something wherewith to reproach themselves; some sentences they would for ever blot from the otherwise pure tablet of memory, and in their place plant new beauties calculated to open the yet undeveloped mind and wrap around it a mantle of unsullied purity.

“I would fain tell you of the realization of some of my romances; how I have met with many of the characters portrayed; how I have conversed with them; and have felt the strong desire to tell to the multitude of my readers on earth the changes I have found in some of my heroes. How the Dominie Sampson of Guy Mannering is fast becoming himself ‘*prodigious*’ by his learning; and how the bright soul which on earth was covered by the rough exterior, is becoming glorified by the beauties of intelligence.

“And Jennie Dean—think you that I have not found her original? Yes—but her face now answers to the interior soul. The noble self-sacrificing sister of earth has become the purer and sisterly spirit of heaven; and is constantly changing her once plain exterior for a form of new beauty and truth.

“You may call it strange, and laugh, but even of the Antiquary have I found the counterpart. An antiquary on earth; his passion is with him here. You may say, where finds he the things he would have set store by on earth. In the fields of nature; in the caverns of the earth; on the margins of the sea; on the heights of the high mountains; there, there can be found sufficient to gratify the taste of the antiquary.

“Many are the chiefs of the Highland clans that I have met. They still wear their plaids, but they are of brawe colors; and the Campbells and the MacGregors, the Murrays and Vic Alpin Dhus, though shorn of their earthly pride, yet are they prouder still. Can you understand this? Their pride was of earth—not the pride of heaven. They gloried in their clans, in their names, in their strength; now, their pride and glory is in the good they do. They are cleansed of earth and are now of heaven; but the Highland chieftain can still be recognized in the noble brow and honest eye which characterized him on this earth of yours.

“Enough of this. I will come again and tell you more of the originals with whose portraits you are so familiar.

“One more I must not forget, for she is my chosen friend; often an aider in my even now strange schemes—the noble Rebecca. And Rowena too—she is guardian over a band of lovely children, more suited to her inclination than the lofty, high soaring soul of the Jewish Rebecca.”

Will you not tell us of Mary of Scots?

“I cannot say enough. Mary of Scots! that pure being, so much, so deeply wronged! What shall I say of her. If

on earth her cup of misery was full, in heaven it is her cup of bliss that overflows. Francis is her companion, and though he cannot soar to her height, yet is she leading him on. Elizabeth, as you know already, met her cousin of the sterner land when she came on high: you know what was said."

Please explain—where?

"In Judge Edmonds' second volume—that account is true. Mary forgets not Elizabeth, but has forgotten the act which brought her to happiness; and which, more perhaps than any other, condemned Elizabeth. Of her beauty, you have no conception. On earth it was more of the ideal than the real; but oh, what is it here? Ten thousand times magnified by contact with kindred spirits.

We now maun gang to our hames above,
 But soon to you 'll return;
 And bring on our wings more treasures of love
 To add to your spiritual urn.

A Friend would give thee greeting from the spirit land.

Spiritualism is a subject on which much has been said and much written. It is a second divine dispensation of the Lord God Almighty. Man was in a sad condition as regards his religious state; and is still in that condition, though gradually improving. He ought not to condemn it, thinking it impossible. Does the Bible reject all spiritual communications? do even the Apostles say that their visions will be the last? Do you not see it in every age; in almost every country? What was the Delphic oracle? Spirits who communicated, but not always good. Shall I mention instances in both Testaments? David was in constant intercourse with the powers above. Moses, and many of his

cotemporaries. Then in Christ's sojourn on earth. Was not Christ transfigured on the Mount? Did not Peter and John behold Elias and Moses with him, and when they arose from the ground, they were gone. Can you doubt that they were spirits? Who rolled the stone from the sepulchre? Who appeared unto Saul? Who lead Peter and John out of prison? Who but spirits, sent by God to do His will; nor, in after ages, did they cease to exist and to appear; although their visits were not often made known to the world.

Then came Emanuel Swedenborg, the chosen minister of God, to promulge this truth, in some measure, to the world: was he not in communion with spirits; with the mighty dead—not dead, but truly living. And again, behold the Germans—have they not for a long time been noted for their mysteries, legends, and men who were said to hold intercourse with the god called Satan. These were spirits. Who caused the noises to be made in the Wesley family? and in later times, what was the Salem witchcraft? From the same source, through different channels, it has all come.

It was the intention of our Lord that spirits should communicate, but the sin which took possession of the heart of man prevented it. Still, from the first, has that intention, more or less, been carried out. Spiritualism of the present day is a bright light, shining afar off in the distance, gradually but surely approaching. Some are advancing to meet it, but it is a light so strong, so brilliant, that it must in time shine with ten-fold the brightness of the mid-day sun, and which shall illumine the world because it is from God.

Mind on mind is a theory that must soon expire. Of Odyce force, the ashes only remain. Electricity it surely is, but electricity used by the spirits of light to communicate with man.

That it is from demons alone, is absurd. Would God allow the wicked to return and commune with friends, and

yet deprive his sainted ones of that most glorious happiness: thus reward the wicked and punish the good? This cannot be. As for Satan, did God think you create a god and give him all the powers of darkness? There is no Satan—Satan is, indeed, a roaring lion, roaming o'er the world seeking whom he may devour, but he has more names than one. He is Sin, and his imps are the vices which beset the world. It has prospered and found a fertile soil. Spiritualism is appointed to be the reaper—it will have much to do, but will eventually succeed. First must the rank weeds which are now there be uprooted, and then shall the good fruit be planted: then will it, indeed, be the reaper, and God will be the master unto whom it will return the harvest. Do you ask what are the weeds? Bigotry, the oak, unto which all the rest are but saplings. You know the sins of the world—they are the weeds.

The following was addressed to two ladies of the Circle, by Sir Humphry Davy:

“We are glad once more to resume our communication without interruption. Our earth-friends know not how pained we are to see the weed called *doubt* take possession of the fertile soil where we have striven to plant bright flowers, and which are in danger of being lost amid the growth of weeds. Do you know that one weed is greater and stronger than three flowers; so your doubts, when weighed in the scale against tests, become heavy, and in a great measure blot out those bright truths which have been whispered by angel-voices unto you. You mourned and we comforted; you wept and we brought smiles. You knew not heaven's purest blessings until we gave them to you, and yet we find you now still doubtful of the truth of this divine dispensation. How many thousands are enveloped in the dark clouds of infidelity and bigotry, when this truth broke upon them like

the first ray of the morning sun after a night of storms and darkness.

“Are not our teachings good? do you not feel benefited by them? Some, no doubt, have deceived, but would you despise the whole because a part is bad? No, rather strive to separate them: look to your communications and judge by your feelings after them whether they emanated from God through his angels or from those evil spirits who will not know their God. Does God permit anything to take place which will not in some way benefit us? Most certainly not. And do you think he would permit so many precious souls to suffer, to him of more value than a mine of Golconda to a miser; would he, I ask, permit those bright souls to fall into the path of sin and darkness? No, it cannot be that God, so just, so great, so all-loving to his children on earth, would permit such a calamity to befall them.

“Dear friends, if you will not believe this, at least profit by the words which we may drop by the wayside if you find they are pure seeds. Go on in the path of duty. Let your way, though steep and dreary, through life’s changing scenes be lighted by the star of promise, which shall only set in the bosom of your God.”

A lady said, “Why cannot full conviction be given, and thus relieve us from all doubt?”

“For many reasons. Sometimes we cannot impress the medium. Often you are not in a fit state to receive, and why should we cast our seeds on barren rocks, where they will wither and die. Often we have contending influences, and thus a variety of causes prevent our giving such tests as we would wish.”

Is it not as easy to give tests as communications?

“No—the mind operates in tests more than in communications. We have our laws, and cannot be guided by you.”

May 14, 1856.

SIR H. DAVY.—“My dear friends, I wish to instruct you on subjects relating to the spirit-world. Of the Heavens you have had much information, except as regards the supernal abodes; of these I cannot speak, having never entered them.

“Heaven is divided into different grades, or spheres, and each sphere into separate circles or societies, in which the good dwell, according as they are more or less pure. The idea which many have, that spirits, when they leave the earth, go immediately to some place there to be judged, is false. They never see God; no, not even the most perfect. The general doctrine of a resurrection of the body is also false, nay, absurd.”

Will you instruct us in regard to a future state of punishment?

“I will tell you in a few words all that is needed. A man goes to the other world in the same state in which he left this. If he be evil, he will go to an evil state—if good, to one that is good. But he may be evil and yet have sufficient right principle left to wish to improve. Then the angels from the upper spheres come and teach him the truth. He sees his errors—he prays for divine truth—he asks for assistance from above, and at last reaches a comparatively happy state; but as I told you once before, a spirit who has dwelt for any length of time in the lower spheres can never attain to those high regions which they reach who have lived a pure life. Others go to an evil state adapted to their nature, and there seek to throw off the little good which remains to them, and thus they sink lower and lower. Every one, however wicked, can, if he wishes, progress to a happy state; but there are many who resist the efforts of angels to cherish the germ of good within, and it is long before they attain unto happiness. Allowance is made for the state in which a man

has been thrown, and every opportunity is afforded of changing his state; but sometimes sin is too deeply imbued, and they would find it a greater punishment to be with the good than with the evil. With comparatively few exceptions, all spirits are in a progressive state; but as I have told you before, there are some who resist all efforts for their advancement, and, therefore, must be confirmed in sin."

May 21, 1856.

SIR H. DAVY.

Just as we took our seats at the table, the sudden death of a neighbor was mentioned, who fell from his chair while conversing with his family. One present remarked, "that is the kind of death I should prefer, instead of a long and lingering illness to give time for preparation, as I once thought. I am as well prepared now, perhaps, as I shall ever be."

The words were scarcely spoken, when the dial gave:

"No—every one can be more prepared than at the present time. God has so ordered it, that man must either progress or retrograde, and if you do not intend to be more prepared twenty years hence than you are now, you will not be as good as you are now. Man can never be too well prepared for the things of earth or of heaven. How I long, sometimes, my friends, to pour into your souls the thoughts which are with me here; and when I see you sin; to translate you for a few moments to that awful hell or that more glorious heaven."

(Ah now we shall have a beautiful lecture.)

"Beauty, my friends, is a word frequently misapplied. The beauty of a thing consists in its interior light. My lectures may sometimes seem full of beauties in the way of language, but if they contained no moral, no instructive teachings, wherein is their beauty? Be not dazzled by exterior things—look within, to the glories of God. The

simple flower has often more beauty within its leaves than costly jewels when polished and refined. Why is it that man makes nature so rarely his study? In it God has placed all his glories and yet he passes them by unheeded. Here when we wish to acquire knowledge we seek it in the open fields, the high mountains and the caverns of the deep.

You may now ask questions, which I will answer."

Have you time and space with you?

"Space, we certainly have, but not in the sense you know it. We have our night and our day, our seasons and different periods. We have a sun, but can see it not. Where light is, it is far more brilliant than on earth; but our sight is suited to it, and the receding light of our evening skies, how beautiful! Your Italy is as naught—nor your Persian sunsets. No, all the beauties of your earth combined are not equal to the least of ours."

Does not the thought that all these glories and beauties of your spirit-home are for ever and for ever add much to their enjoyment?

"Yes, and moreover, we know that we remain not stationary, but each day will unfold new beauties; and each hour some unknown light will beam across our path. We know that we shall never enjoy less than at present; and like you we can hope for even something better."

Is God, in his humanity, ever seen in the different spheres?

"He is not. God is seen by us in all things, and He speaks to us through our internal spirit. God is never seen in his humanity. That was assumed to save man—the angels need it not: they see Him in every little leaf as well as in the mighty ocean."

It was remarked that Christ said to the thief on the cross, "this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

"With me in spirit, not in person. The person of God we know not. He is too great to be seen by the best of

angels; but the inhabitants of the supernal heavens can talk with God, though they cannot see him. It is they who come down to the spheres and teach the angels there what He wills. Thus it is we are in constant communication with Him through others. There are but few of earth who have ever reached those eternal abodes, and this is why we can tell so little of them."

June 15, 1856.

"SIR H. DAVY.—I rejoice to meet in harmony once more: 'tis some time since I communicated.

"Heaven has opened to me new beauties since I last saw you, but I cannot give you that knowledge; it must be sought by you. Do you know we have regions here where high spirits even have not entered. God has left something for us here to explore as well as you on earth.

"The numerous travellers who have died in your world have brought with them the same inclinations, and they have power here to carry out their designs. We have no deserts in the higher spheres, but we have all the beauties which could tempt them to pierce into regions unknown. You cannot conceive of the manner in which we live. It is not a world of chance. All is ordered regularly—what we wish we must gratify by our own exertions. It is your world cleansed of every sinful thing within it, and beautified more than man has words to tell. We are constantly making discoveries here in chemistry, philosophy and mineralogy. The planets are opened to our view. We see them and know their motions, but the other sciences I mentioned we are required to discover for ourselves.

"Could you but see our vast mines of every mineral known to you, and thousands of others undreamed of on earth! We have caverns where one room leads to another for miles in extent, and each is a mine of a different metal. My safety lamp is of no use now, for all noxious gases are

unknown. But it is recorded in heaven as a good deed that I did to my fellow man. Would I could have done more, but we must not murmur—rather be thankful for what we have. Do ye all the good ye can on earth, and He who watches over the birds of the air will bless you for them.”

BISHOP WAINWRIGHT.

June 17.—In reply to some remark :

“Yes, my friend, you should look to your Heavenly Father; it is from Him that all from the Spiritual World is sent. If God did not permit his Son to give spirits the power to come to earth they could never come; but he has made it one of his laws that there should be intercourse between the visible and the invisible worlds. If there was no intercourse, how could spirits enter the right spheres when they leave the body. He is keeper over all, so he needs no doors and locks. He has a place prepared for all the children of earth. Those that live on earth for bright homes in the future realize them in the spirit world. You know it is written, ‘In my Father’s house are many mansions’—now each of you know what that means. It means the different spheres, and those that trample on the laws of God and nature certainly cannot hope to reach a high place in those mansions.”

“This looks like the ultimate salvation of man.”

“It not only looks like it, but it is that in all its beauty and truth, and no liberal or charitable mind will ever doubt it. Orthodoxy did its work in its time; but how many ministers stand on the platform of God’s own Word, with the Bible open before them, preaching against their own conscience and their own belief; stifling their followers with their bigotry and folly. Had they preached what they conscientiously felt, then they would have done their duty.

“I was a Spiritualist in feeling whilst I lived on earth, although I knew nothing of this philosophy. All that I now know of modern Spiritualism I then drew from the Bible. I read it with a true Christian heart, with love and charity toward all humanity.

“Spiritualism is a confirmation of Christianity. Yes, my friends, be Spiritualists in deed and in truth, and try to carry it out in all its glory. It will make you happy while you live in the body and comfort you in the hour of death.

“I sign myself your friend and brother, for I detest that word reverend.
JONATHAN WAINWRIGHT.”

The above was given through Mrs. Morrell, who, I feel confident, is incapable of writing a single line of it.

June 22.—Only on one occasion was a stranger admitted to our Circle. Having yet seen nothing of these manifestations, he was of course a skeptic. During the evening the name of J. R. was given, whom he recognized as a friend of his youth. Then came through the dial:

“Shall I tell you of my beautiful home in this bright world? Shall I tell you of the fields of knowledge and of truth opened to the inquiring mind? Shall I tell you of this, or shall I go below and tell you of the dark fate of many you knew on earth; bright spirits there apparently, but dark ones here. Shall I describe their fearful misery; the burning fire within them—Oh no, imagine all that is fearful, all that is dire.

“The sphere that I dwell in is light and life and beauty. It is the fifth. I am, you see, by no means in the highest realm, but I am gradually progressing. Oh, what must that place be wherein the Apostles dwell, the beloved of God, the great, the mighty ones. Happiness unbounded, limitless as all your mighty oceans thrown into one, is given to those who dwell in that sphere. They do God’s will—they are his own.

Architecture, in varied beauty, makes nature here still more beautiful. Light of all shades, intermingled together, illumines our ever-glorious atmosphere. The very air we breathe seems purer than e'er conceived of: all is bright as the diamond dew-drops; and all is beautiful, because it comes from God!

Through another medium :

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

There's a shadow at parting comes o'er us,
A regret we cannot lay aside;
Memories bright in the path lay before us,
We would fain in their sunlight abide.

But bright in the future is shining,
The pathway that leads toward home;
And angels a garland are twining,
To welcome as onward we come.

Then regret not that life, it is fleeting,
Nor that destiny shall be unveiled;
When the hearts of dear kindred are beating,
And the Glory of God is revealed.

August 15, 1856.—At another Circle, the spirit of one who had held a prominent position in Baltimore—a member of the Bar—announced himself, and said :

“Spare my surname, I prefer George.”

Some words of sympathy and consolation were given.

“I thank you—I am sure your words will have a kind effect in my state. Oh, speak always kindly to the oppressed. Words of kindness to the sufferer are like oil on the troubled waters; like balm to a wounded spirit. Pray for me, for I am afraid to pray for myself.”

How can you receive aid from us—have you not good spirits to instruct you?

“I am surrounded by demons. Good spirits come not here. Who would walk in mire when flowery paths lay right before and most invitingly wooed him. I have known none of those good spirits—they came not to me. I am surrounded by howling and hissing reptiles, who make existence more horrible than the imagination can portray. Darkness undisguised dwells here in horrid deformity. We could not see those bright spirits, for our sight cannot endure their brightness; so they come not to us, neither can we go where they are. If we try, as some of us do, we rise but an instant, to fall again, bruised and more sore than at first: so, cursing, quit more deeply in despair.”

After some cheering words from us:

“I think I see a gleam of light stealing through this darkness which still surrounds me. Do not drive me yet away, my friends, I can see some things—in the darkest night you can discern some forms. So is it with me. All around me is lonely and dark, dark; dark like a heavy mist; yet the greatest darkness is in my soul.”

How do you work the dial?

“I use Mr. N’s hands, because he has more of the electric fluid. I press on his hands. I stand between you both.”

August 21.—At our usual Circle, the foregoing having been read, we asked Sir Humphry why such spirits do not exercise their reason, as to the mode of progression; for while on earth they understood what was required.

“Yes, my dear friends, they can and do exercise their reason, but a helping hand can do much. Encouragement is a great thing—they can approach some on this earth, but cannot approach the angels. You will find it is only the lowest spirits who ask aid from you. Has a spirit even from the third sphere ever sought your assistance?”

“Many in your world cannot receive a communication from the higher spirits; and so, also, some of you very rarely

have evil spirits near them, because they have no congeniality with those so much above them. But, my friends, there are but few who cannot be approached by them."

AT ANOTHER CIRCLE.

August 23.—From the spirit of a pious Methodist :

"Richard, dear, I made many mistakes in religion when in the form. You are the son of your Heavenly Father. Worship him alone, and to him be all honor and glory due. You know how sincere I was, but I was in error. I suffered but little for those sins, for they were of the head, not of the heart. I was much mortified at my superstition."

What do you mean by superstition ?

"My bigotry and sectarianism. Believe, dear Richard, that God is able to take care of *all* his children, and you are one of them."

Is there a trinity in Deity, and have you seen God ?

"I know God alone. I have never seen him, nor has any spirit ever told me he could be seen. I feel his love in my heart, and his happy influence around me. Dear Richard, trust in God."

Have you ever seen Christ ?

"No."

Have you ever been told in the spirit world that God and Christ were one and the same being ?

"Believe in one God."

What am I to do with the Bible ?

"Read for yourself. Take no forced constructions. Reject all you cannot comprehend. God gave you reason—wherefore not use his gift. The church dogmas are unreliable. God is God! There is no division of Omnipotence!

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

August 28.—"Friends of another land, Mary Steuart, once Queen of Scots, now a happy spirit in the heavenly world, would commune with thee.

"You know my end on earth; all are familiar with it. Some condemned; some loved me; but none knew the mental sufferings I endured. In my early years I lost my husband, the only one to whom I was sincerely attached. Then came the separation from my adopted land—then my far severer trials in the cold-hearted land of the hills, and then my last hope on the battle of Langside, only to lose it. None could understand my feelings. I freely forgave Elizabeth before I left the earth; for my imprisonment gave me ample opportunity to fit myself for the spirit world, and though a devout Romanist, yet was I brought nearer to God by my reflections when alone.

My spirit left the form. When I awoke, it seemed to me I was once more in the land of the vine, and once more gazing upon the garden I so much loved. At first I was alone, and it seemed to me a dream. Ere long I saw a band of children coming towards me, each one bearing in its hand a bunch of lilies, the emblem of my much loved home. They were clad in white, but a simple little forget-me-not was entwined in the hair of each. As they came near I recognized them all; they were those I had loved in France. They passed on, and soon I saw another group, but very different: they were clad in the Highland plaid, and instead of the lily they carried their native thistle. They, too, passed on, and I was alone.

"I could not but think I dreamed. I turned and saw the earth below, and felt bewildered. But my attention was soon drawn to the sound of music, and I heard the national airs of both countries alternately, and it seemed both were

sweeter than I had ever heard on earth. What was my astonishment, on turning round, to see the two groups of children united, thus teaching me that all differences were forgotten, and that even the barrier of bigotry could be laid aside.

“Francis of France, with my mother and some loved friends, then came to welcome me and tell where I was. Oh, how blessed I felt: Earthly pains were forgotten, and the joy of the present moment only remained.

“My religious principles were soon changed, for I was willing to be instructed; and when Elizabeth was called to come on high, I was cleansed from my false doctrines and fitted to receive her.

“We are now friends, and together we pursue our studies. Elizabeth was intelligent, and that intelligence now shows itself in her face: She is now handsome; but the moral change in her is great; her thoughts no longer dwell on such follies: every effort is to remove her remaining errors and to become as the little children who seem so happy here.

“Adieu, my friends, I will come again; believe that Mary Stuart often watches over you, and is one of the many spirits who surround your Circle.”

After some preliminary remarks:

SIR H. DAVY.—“There is much I can teach you in the wonderful sciences which I loved on earth, and which I have still more thoroughly studied since my entrance into this bright, bright world, where the most minute atom, if examined into, will be found to have something about it previously unknown to the investigator and worthy of his search. There are opportunities afforded to us in the spheres of gaining all kinds of knowledge, in the same manner as when on earth; but with far greater resources.

“Do not suppose that a spirit is here educated orally: that a wise man will take the ignorant one and say such is magnetism; such electricity; such astronomy—no—the pupil would soon forget the information so acquired. He would naturally think, that which was so easily gained was not of such vast importance, and thus the impression would soon leave his mind.

“But where, as is really the case, the uninformed mind is gradually led onward and upward, step by step through the vast labyrinths of knowledge and science, he appreciates the wealth with which he is storing his mind, and grasps firmly each item as he receives it and thus never forgets, but is constantly seeking for higher truths, for greater information.

“So, my friends, it is better that your minds should first see and know what is wanting, and then come to us for information which perhaps would not have been valued at a previous date.”

October 29.

DR. FRANKLIN.— * * * “We have regular schools here, as you have on earth, though without your imperfections. We have the school for astronomy, electricity—every science, in fact, which man has ever heard of, and many others of which he has never dreamed.

“An infant, when it leaves the earth, comes immediately to a high state, and is there brought up with all the tenderness and love which it would have received had it remained on earth. Its young mind opens gradually to the reception of heaven-doctrines. It is first taught to know the Heavenly Father, from whom we all derive our blessings. It is then educated in somewhat the same manner as you do on earth. It is taught the common rudiments of language and science. The book of nature is its principal guide, and from it they derive most knowledge.

“It will there choose the study to which it will principally devote itself; some choose one, some another. Many go into our great halls of learning and simply study the deep philosophies buried in nature. Others, not having a high and elevated intellect, are satisfied with a limited knowledge of abstruse studies, and devote themselves to those things which are best suited to their capacity.

“We have many who almost wholly devote themselves to the good of their suffering fellow-creatures in the lower spheres. Such a man is Howard, and such are many others whose names on earth were known; and many of whom you have never heard. To both men and women does what I say apply. None here are idle who are happy, and all are endeavoring to become more pure and perfect, more wise and holy.”

SIR H. DAVY.— * * * * “We are sometimes permitted, my friends, to see the entrance of spirits into the future life. You know the variety of characters and dispositions in your world, and you may imagine how varied must be their conditions when summoned here. Many leave the world together, and, although at the same instant, near the same spot, it is not uncommon for them to be entirely beyond the sight of each other when they come here. It is their *state* which unites or separates them. If one is good and the other wicked, they will be far distant and see beings entirely different from each other. Recently I have seen several, and noticed their varied forms and actions when they first came to us.

“One is old, has led a wicked life on earth, and leaves it scarcely conscious that there is a God. He comes to us. What is he then? Is he changed? Is he pious, good, and fitted to dwell with righteous beings? No. He may suppose that he will be taken to the highest spot of heaven and there judged by an austere Judge. Is it so? No. God

appoints not man's abiding place in the spirit-world. *It is his life when on earth* which judges him, and that is, indeed, an austere Judge. But it judges most justly. Would such a man as I have described be judged to dwell with beings pure? Oh no—there is a state for him, but not on high. It is with such as are suited to him in thoughts and feelings. It is to sin-sphere that he goes, and oh, my friends, often as I have visited it, I cannot now think of it without a shudder. To see minds there to which on earth all men looked up to; grovelling with the lowest of the low; conquerors, who have made nations tremble by their very names, lying upon the earth with obscene reptiles for their companions.”

(I wish he would give their names.)

“Their names! you have not far to go for them. Nero, the Roman Emperor, is low; oh, how low. Grecians, Romans, all ancient nations, have some there. And is modern Europe wanting in her great and wicked men? No—they too are there. Spanish, Austrian and many Russian kings and generals suffer there. England, too, has her representatives. Richard III. is in that sphere. Oh! how often we try to change and aid them in progression, but how futile sometimes are our efforts.

“According as ye have light, so shall ye shine. If many of the ancients who are there had possessed your advantages, much greater would have been their misery. You, as private individuals, will be more accountable for what you have done than many public characters who lived in times of greater darkness.

“But if our hearts are so often made sad by seeing these evil spirits, how often do we rejoice and are made glad over those who have led a good life. Oh, how delightful to see a spirit newly born into this life, welcomed by a host of angels, bright as the stars which shine in your firmament. How pleasant to watch the opening of their intellects to spiritual things; the gradual unfolding of the mind; like

the budding rose on earth, waiting for the rains of heaven to change it to the full blown flower.

“Constant progression is in store for them; by degrees their eyes are opened, and where at first they could behold nothing, they will see splendid cottages, temples and public buildings.

“Would you like me to describe the abode of Washington? He dwells in heaven’s highest spot. Perhaps you think his home is one of massive marble, towering to the skies, rivalling the abodes in fairy tales. No—this is not Washington’s abode: his is a simple cottage. The outer walls are of purest agate—four rooms are all: the interior is adorned with all the beauties heaven can give. Statues are there which the sculptors of your earth can never rival. Life speaks in every line; truth breathes forth in every spot the chisel has touched. Pictures grace the walls; and what are they? of wars and battles, murders and the like? Think you that Washington would wish for these? His walls are graced by pictures of heaven scenes, taken from heaven life, by Raphael and Murillo. A sweet calm pervades the simple mansion. Books are strewn around and flowers scent the air.

“This dwelling is surrounded by a garden, one of the loveliest in heaven; words cannot give you a faint idea of it. Flowers of every hue and shape send forth their odors. Through the middle ripples a brook, and following its course you find a river broad and clear, which passes on to the abode of Washington’s loved and cherished friends. The garden is filled with statues, arbors, fruits and trees, which throw almost a midnight shade around. All, all is there which could add to the happiness of Washington. He has only what his merit deserved, and this is his abode. The name of his cottage is *Truth*.”

AT ANOTHER CIRCLE.

“It has been said ‘Hope is the nurse of life, and its cradle is the grave;’ but the Spirit Philosophy lifts the veil beyond, and teaches that all its truth and beauty is realized beyond the limited vision of that author’s thought.

“Hope has been called the anchor of life; but it becomes its beacon under our teachings.

“Hope rested on blind faith until we came to make faith a reality.

“Hope originates in the habitations of uncertainty; but realization clothes Hope in more positive habiliments.

“Hope was a wish, a thought; but we bring her as a ministering angel.

“Spiritualism teaches that Truth is even more beautiful than Hope. It opens Eternity to view, and points the way to everlasting joy.

“Before, all rested on the dogmatic theories of a thousand years: now, each has the evidence within his own reach.

“Streets of gold and milk and honey was the height of human expectation in the world to come; but we would teach of hills and forests and flowers of every gorgeous hue, and lakes and gushing springs, whose waters are nectar to the taste, so cooling and ecstatic. Dwellings of every character of architecture are visible at every step, and they are built by act of will. We teach reality. No imagination suggests our thoughts, but truth, beautiful as a sunbeam, sits on our hand and guides our language. LEMUEL R.”

This spirit stated that he was the son of Judge R—, of R—, Pa.—that he was schoolmate of Mr. N—, under Mr. Davis—that he died of consumption, at the age of 19. Gave also the names of his brothers, and some other facts, unknown to those present, but all subsequently verified.

March 18, 1857.

SIR H. DAVY.—“My dear friends, do you remember the remark I once made to you about your thoughts—that what you said and did was as seed scattered by the wayside. Twelve months have gone by since then, and I would ask you how your thoughts have flourished. They have taken root into your mind, and unconsciously grown with you. They have become part of your being. Look within—if your thoughts were good, and embodied themselves in good deeds, which again gave rise to holy thoughts in another’s breast that led him to do good to his fellow man; would you not feel that those good deeds were partly yours? Yes, and the angels above, who chronicle them in their hearts, lay them up to your account in heaven.

“Now, my friends, when you are alone, with none but your own thoughts to bear you company, you might suppose, perhaps, that as none could know them, they might safely be indulged. But when so tempted, reflect; consider that there are angels near you, who, when you are quiet and in repose, are often able to see your thoughts; and thus, my friends, you should feel that you have no right to think you are alone. Remember, too, that unconsciously you may elevate a spirit present. I speak more of the thoughts than of the deeds, for who is the father of the act?—the thought. This is why I speak so much more of the one than of the other.”

I will here close with a few of the many extracts I have been culling from the Spiritual papers during the last three years :

N. H., Portland, Me.—“The following is a communication from a counsellor-at-law, now in the spirit-world. His earthly companion, wishing to know something of his spirit-life, she privately penned a few questions, the answers to which are embodied in the following communication :

Question—Did you go to the spirit-world as soon as you ceased to breathe ?

Answer—No.

Q.—How long before you went ?

A.—Three days. I was not unconscious more than four hours. When my spirit vision became unfolded, I beheld my angel guide waiting to welcome me home. I felt I could not leave all I held dear on earth. They told me I should return, but I hesitated to part with you and the children, for fear it would be a life-long separation. I had looked on death as an eternal sleep. I was wrong. I did not know but Orthodoxy was right. I had not seen any of our friends. My guide was unknown to me. I was unhappy. I could see you weeping over my lifeless clay, and could not tell you that was a useless garment laid aside—that I was with you yet. Soon our little Henry and John came to me. They were bright, rosy boys ; they took me by the hand, and bade me look up, for we were in a deep vale. When I raised my eyes, I saw a beautiful hill, covered with glorious flowers, and sparkling with something resembling diamonds. Though there were neither sun, moon, nor stars, the hill was bathed in more than noontide splendor. On the summit stood all my friends who had left earth.

I heard a voice say, "Come up hither." Our boys led me along a flowery path, by a murmuring brook, where odorladen breezes fanned my fevered brow, and sweet music swelled from thousands of tiny birds. When I grew weary, they bade me lave my brow in the cooling water, and I was refreshed. We soon gained the summit, where I was kindly greeted by my friends. I asked mother why she had not come to me. She said she had been with me, only my clairvoyant sight was not unfolded so I could see her. They told me I must remain here until I had cast off some of my materiality; then I should rise higher. I could see all below me—beyond, a curtain of glory shut it from my view. The mind of man cannot conceive of aught so beautiful as the landscape spread out before me, diversified by hill and plain, streams and fruit-laden trees.

I could see when night drew her mantle around the earth, and I felt you were wrapped in slumber, forgetful of your cares and sorrows—mine the blest privilege of shielding you from harm. I was often with you in spirit. When I saw groups reposing together beneath some clustering vines, or strolling by the murmuring streams, I wished for your company.

Although surrounded by persons of both sexes and all ages, I was comparatively alone. My spirit friends came to me often, yet there was not that blending and commingling of spirit between us as I had observed with others. Each day I felt my soul growing in health and strength, my spirit expanding and flowing forth in love and good will to all the human race.

I now found I was not obliged to use any muscular exertion to go where I wished; the power of will conveyed me where I pleased; I could visit you in my form by expressing a desire to be with you. My guide told me I could rise higher. A bright, fleecy cloud gathered around me, and I floated in its airy embrace, up, up, through space. Heaven-

ly music filled the air, swelling up from the great fount of love and joy. We swam in a sea of delicious harmony; white-robed angels bore us company, a crown of stars encircling their brows; they carried branches of beautiful blue and white blossoms, which emitted an aromatic fragrance that arose like clouds of incense-around them. Thus was I borne triumphantly onward to my future home.

We stopped at a lofty dome. Sweet voices bade me welcome to the Temple of Science, and to Wisdom's Circle. They clothed me in a robe of gold and blue, and placed a star upon my forehead. Thus was I enrolled a member of Wisdom's Circle. My work was assigned me in the second circle of the gold and blue. I was permitted to visit the spheres below me.

Our interior development is the criterion by which we are judged here; each one is seen and known in his or her true condition; we cannot rise above ourselves. There is a beautiful law of harmonious unfolding that governs all. Each member of a circle blends together like notes in music, or a beautiful painting with a just proportion of harmony of colors. We have the most gorgeous flowers of which the imagination of man can conceive.

There is not that difference between the spirit and physical world we have been taught. Earth is but a faint copy of the real world, called Heaven. The trees, fruits, and flowers here, are more perfect and in greater abundance. I am told as I become more spiritualized, I shall rise higher and find greater changes than I have yet experienced. Now I know nothing of spheres beyond me.

A SAD PICTURE.

If Rev. Charles Beecher tells the truth of his associates, we should rather be almost anything else than an evangelical preacher. We have long thought that what he here says is true, and when we see such a statement from one who has had the benefit of observation and experience both, we must believe it. What a melancholy picture!

“During the whole course of seven years’ study, the Protestant candidate for the ministry sees before him an authorized statement, spiked down and stereotyped, of what he *must* find in the Bible, *or be martyred*. And need any one acquainted with human nature, be told that he studies under a tremendous pressure of motive? Is that freedom of opinion?—‘The liberty wherewith Christ maketh free?’ Rome would have given that. Every one of her clergy might have studied the Bible to find there the Pontifical Creed on pain of death. Was that liberty?

“Hence I say that liberty of opinion in our Theological Seminaries, is a mere form. To say nothing of the thumb-screw of criticism, by which every original mind is tortured into negative propriety, the whole boasted liberty of the student consists in a choice of chains—a choice of hand-cuffs—whether he will wear the Presbyterian hand-cuff, or the Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, or other evangelical hand-cuff. Hence it has secretly come to pass that the ministry themselves dare not study their Bibles. Large portions thereof are seldom touched. It lies useless lumber; or if they do study and search, *they dare not show their people what they find there!* There is something criminal in saying anything new. It is shocking to utter words that have not the mould of age upon them.

“For through the ministry the same spirit has been conducted to the people. The denominations are so nearly

balanced, the strife for power is so keen between them, that every fancied departure from that creed, is seized to make political capital, as really as in any political campaign. Houses must be built; salaries must be raised. This requires wealth. Wealth requires members and patronage. This creates a servile dread of novelty; for everything that another party can get hold of, strikes at the gold. Therefore the people watch their minister, and the minister is afraid of his people. For if he studies independently, if he goes outside of the book [creed,] if he slips the hand-cuff, the people tremble—it will not please—the opposition will seize it—we shall be unpopular—we shall not succeed!

“Oh! woful day! Oh! unhappy Church of Christ! Fast rushing round and round the circle of absorbing ruin! Thou sayest I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing; and *knowest not* that thou art poor, and miserable, and *blind* and naked!

“*Thus are the ministry of the evangelical, Protestant denominations, not only formed all the way up, under a tremendous pressure of MERELY HUMAN FEAR, but they live, move and breathe in a state of things RADICALLY CORRUPT, and appealing every hour to EVERY BASER ELEMENT IN THEIR NATURE, to hush up the truth, and bow the knee to the power of apostasy!*

“Dimly does every one now and then see that things are going wrong. With sighs does every true heart confess that *rotteness is somewhere*, but ah, it is hopeless of reform. We all pass on, and the tide rolls down to Night.”

A diversity of opinion exists among Spiritualists as to the proper understanding of “The Spheres,” so often mentioned in our communications. The following is from a spirit, given through Mrs. Conant, the medium attached to the Banner of Light:

SPIRIT SPHERES.

Are the different spheres spoken of in spirit-life to be understood by us in mortal as different localities?

Minds that are confined within the narrow limits of mortality can poorly comprehend the spiritual kingdom or its condition. It is well to reach out into the future, to gather from thence fresh buds and blossoms to cheer you on your way. But while you dwell in mortality you must not expect fully to understand the condition you are to exist in, in the hereafter.

It is not in the power of any disembodied spirit to give you a correct idea of spirit-life. You may form conceptions, may build fairy temples, but very few will find their expectations realized when they cast off the mortal. The child cannot comprehend what one of mature years can. Place the watch before him, and ask him how it is made, and what keeps it in motion. Its undeveloped mind is unable to comprehend you; but when that mind shall have entered into a new state of development, then that mind can tell you how the watch is made, and by what science it is kept in motion.

You can teach the lower order of animal life certain things—you can make them comprehend certain ideas to a certain extent; but you cannot fully enlighten that intelligent chamber of humanity—for they are human quite as much as you are. They are standing upon one state of development, and you are upon another.

We will answer No to our questioner—the phrase is purely spiritual—is not confined to materiality. The spiritual kingdom, although abounding in all you have in earth-life, you will find has no distinct localities for certain people to abide in. The spheres are certain degrees of development, certain states of happiness and unhappiness.

Consider the unenlightened mind that dwells on earth—one who has been compelled to sit in spiritual darkness during his natural life. Such an one enters the spirit-life in the same condition. He can comprehend no spiritual idea. Speak to him of the natural or spiritual sciences, and he knows nothing of them. True, the God is there, but surrounding conditions have done nothing to bring him out.

Such an one occupies the second sphere. Do not understand us to mean that he is abiding in any locality, but a state of mind. He could not go higher or lower. He must of necessity occupy a position belonging to him; and, by that, we mean a state of happiness or unhappiness.

The spirit, who, as it were, is divested of all materiality, whom you are told abides in the seventh sphere of life, may find a dwelling place with you; for the earth is Spiritualised to the spirit when he enters the second state of life. It is spiritual to him, and he can only commune with you through spiritual principles.

The spirit-land—where is it? We answer, within you—here, in your midst, is the Kingdom of Heaven. Certain spirits who dwell on earth are happy, and certain are unhappy, and they occupy different spheres—not localities, but states of mind. They may abide in the same dwelling place, and yet one shall rank far higher than the other. When the spirit first ceases its control upon the mortal, and enters upon its new condition of life, its natural or material hopes are rarely realized. They look around them, and find that all that is natural to the material world is natural to the spiritual world. This is but the grosser state of spirit-life; and lo! many angels have taken up their abode upon the material plane; for again we say, when they have done with the material form they have done with material—for the whole world has changed to them. They do not see your external form, even, except by the aid of the medium. And so it is with all your natural creations. The spiritual part is

alone visible to the disembodied. They are held by spiritual ties. The mile with you is not the mile with them; they measure distance not as you, nor time. True, when they control a physical form, a medium, they are obliged to conform thereto, and, by the law of the medium, to your material law; then they measure distance as you measure, and time also, but at no other time. They tell you of different spheres, that you may the better comprehend them, not that you may divide them off into cities and towns. These things are emanations of a material mind to satisfy the demands of a material mind. You are governed mathematically and materially; we are governed by mathematics and spirituality; but our mathematics are not yours, and should we return to you with all the habiliments of our spirit existence, you would not comprehend us. We do not clothe our thoughts with words while here, for our senses are quickened. But when we come to you, we must clothe our thoughts by sound. I might be controlling the medium for hours, and my thoughts might be understood by spirits, but if I gave no sound or clothing to my thoughts you would not understand.

The good book says, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth. So it is with every one that is born of the spirit." We may dwell with you thousands of years—if you could dwell on earth so long—and if we took no pains to clothe our thoughts, to appeal to your material senses, you might remain continually ignorant of our position.

The man of science, of high intellectual attainment, may mingle with the meanest minds on earth; he may be brought in contact with their forms every hour in the day; and yet he lives, or he may dwell, thousands of leagues away, in his spiritual state. The Book has taught men to believe that heaven is a great way off, whose walls are of precious stones, and whose king sits in majesty, surrounded by his parasites.

Now this picture was but the emanation of a material mind, a mind so darkened with materialism that it could not comprehend spiritual things. Believe us. Do you not see he has carried his idols to heaven? He sitteth God upon a throne; he giveth Him not the habiliments of Humility and Love. The picture is not a true one, and the people have no guide; there is no compass to the ship. They see to the end of this voyage, but they know not where they go on the next. Life is presented to them in a mysterious way.

Now, if you in the material would better comprehend the spiritual world, you must first comprehend what is around you. The Mighty Teacher has given you a lesson here, and you must not expect the Great Teacher to give you a second lesson until you have learned the first. Make yourself acquainted with your surroundings here—then you will stand upon a higher spiritual plane than before, and be better able to comprehend spirit, and the condition of spirits in their higher states of life.

Wisdom is a mighty angel that attends every intelligent atom that lives. Wisdom is accessible to all. None need be without it, although some in the material world are unable by the force of circumstances, to comprehend the angel for a time; yet there shall be a time when the bud shall burst and the blossom be with you.

“The kingdom of heaven is within you.” So says one on whom you may rely. The spirit of Divine Wisdom which spoke these words, spoke with reference, no doubt, to the spirit world. He meant the spirit world was not divided into States, and cities, and towns, but was here, there and everywhere around you.

Each spirit has the privilege of changing his abiding place. He need not dwell on the earth, unless the attraction is stronger here than it is elsewhere. Spirits can wander to other planets, but they must carry their own peculiar spirit-

ual sphere with them, and thus they may be said to dwell in that sphere.

A spirit born into this world with certain attractions, will retain them to all eternity. Its own individuality is never parted from it. However high he may soar in wisdom, he is the same, ever governed by the same law.

Questioner, cease to suppose at once that we in spirit-life measure time and distance as you do. Although the spiritual kingdom is in every way allied to the material, yet the things that strictly belong to the material comprehension do not belong to the spirit. We have no need to measure time and distance as you do. There is no need of building fences around our forms to protect us, for the emanation that surrounds us is a perfect protection. No one can infringe upon his neighbor. There is no need of material law with us; there is no need of material mathematics with us; although all life is a mathematical problem, yet there is a material and a spiritual part. The great Author of Life hath fashioned all in wisdom, and your material bodies require certain things you do not need when divested of it. You are confined—can comprehend so much, no more. And thus you are compelled to divide your time into portions, your planet into particles, so you may be better able to control. You would not be able to control the elements around you, if intelligence did not say, "Draw a line here and there, measure and mark by this thing and that." But when you go a step higher, you shall live in a new life, breathe a new atmosphere; and yet the life, the atmosphere, will be as tangible with you as is yours.

So we say to our questioner, Seek to understand yourself, your condition; and when you understand this, the recitation is perfect. Go higher, and be benefited by the same, and glorify God in the same.

The two following are through the same medium :

JONATHAN BELL.

There is always a time appointed for everything, and I suppose my time has come to speak, else I should not come to-day. I was no Spiritualist when I died, although I heard much about it. I was a member of the church, and thought I was a Christian; and tried to live as well as I could, considering all things; but when I came to die I was not quite sure whether I was to be happy or not. I had always supposed my religion was strong enough to carry me over, but I was mistaken. Either I had no faith, or what I leaned upon was mere fancy. When I took my last look upon earthly things I could not tell where I was to go, or whether there was a God or no, and I had been a Christian or church member all my life, as it were.

Well, when I got into the spirit land, I looked about to see where I was, and I really thought I had been transported to some place on earth for my health, and I could hardly believe I was dead. But when my friends gathered about me, whom I had known on earth, I began to think I might be of their number. Things went on thus for a year, and I was then told I could come to earth. I came, but mediums did not seem fit for me to control, and when I consulted my friends, they said, "You must desist; God in his own time will give you power; be patient."

"But where is God?" said I, "I do not see him."

"Oh," said they, "you are but a step beyond earth; and if you could not see your God on earth, you could not expect to see him here."

"But," I said, "I expect to see a personal God."

"That you will never see; where there is most of purity, and goodness, and love, there you will see the spirit of God."

“Where, then, is the devil?” said I.

“You have a portion of the devil within you. Where evil is, there the devil is; but we have seen no personal devil.”

“What am I to do to gain happiness?”

“Follow your highest conceptions of right,” said they, “and you will ensure your happiness.”

“How am I to rid myself of the devil,” said I, “if I have him within me?”

“Follow your highest conception of right, and as you succeed in doing so, the evil in your nature will flee away.”

And thus I understood the meaning of the text, “Resist the devil and he will flee from you.” I was so overjoyed, and became so satisfied of the truth of this, that I considered it the happiest moment of my life.

When I became fully satisfied of these truths, I said, “Can I not return to earth to my friends?”

“Ah,” said they, “that is what is to cause you to progress. By elevating others, you elevate yourself; it is not by endeavoring to elevate self that man enjoys happiness.”

How much good I have done time will determine.

But the church—it seems to me it will be as well for them if they will throw down the image of bigotry, and step down from the marble of superstition, and go forth individually and seek truth, for the same principle which said, eighteen hundred years ago, “Seek and ye shall find,” is alive to-day; and He bade you go forth; and where did he bid you go? To the church? No; but to all nature, for God speaketh through it.

I have wandered far from my subject. I intended to have told you where I was, where I came from, &c., but I got to thinking about my entrance to the spirit life, and about the church, and I could not help speaking of it. I have got dear friends on earth. Most of them belong to the church, and I want them to analyze all things in it, and

closely; and if there is good in it, I want them to cherish it, nor to cast it away. But it is well for them to look at it.

But no man of sense will cast that error which he does not first examine closely; and it will do them no harm to look into this. I was born in the town you call Barry, State of Vermont. I was one who had but a limited education. As I said before, I belonged to the Christian Baptist Church. My name was Jonathan Bell. I should like to have some of my friends or relations respond to my call, and give me the chance to do better.

DR. HENRY KITTREDGE.

When the winter of death approaches the spirit, the chill winds of doubt are always sure to make that spirit troubled, and ere the messenger of change has accomplished his mission, we find the spirit in a hell—a hell of doubt and uncertainty. I care not how well founded the belief may have been in the spirit who was in health and strength, dwelling in the mortal temple, there is not one in a thousand who, at the approach of the messenger, does not tremble within and without. Why is this? It does seem to me that it is because the people of the past and present time have never informed themselves, as they should have done, in regard to the present and future life.

Now I consider I have a perfect right to return to earth and discuss this subject, because I, among many millions, passed on, trembling at the messenger of death. I believed in my God and my Bible, and thus I went out from the mortal life with nothing to lean upon—not one star crowned my life—every star faded from my view as I went from one sphere to another. I led an honest life; I prayed often to God; I must say I was never cognizant of any answer to my prayers. Yet I prayed—was carried on by the tide of public opinion, as thousands are, and prayed because they did so.

The Christian may tell you he has no fear of death, that he has perfect faith in that he has so long said he believed in—the religion of Christ and the Bible; but could that soul tell you as he was passing through that change, that soul would tell you there was a terrible dread, an awful uncertainty, that he could not be rid of—for the spirit never dies. It may not be able to manifest through the organs as they dissolve, yet the spirit is terribly conscious of the change, made horrible by its uncertainty.

I suppose you have all read the story that is laid down in the Bible concerning the rich man and Lazarus. It seems the rich man was very anxious to come to earth, that he might inform his friends of the future life.

Now I stand upon pretty much the same ground he stood upon. I would not have my friends come to me with the terrible horror that haunted me. I want them to *know* of the future. I want them to have something firm, something that will not admit of a doubt; that is what I never had; that is what my friends need; that is what the whole human family need.

How many thousand natural lives are embittered by the fear of death—this terrible uncertainty of the future life! How many hopes have been blighted, how many souls have been tormented by this fear! Thus man's life has been made a continual death, by reason of ignorance of future life.

And how shall men be made positive of the future, when they do not know that spirits can come and commune? The true Spiritualist has no doubts to make black his entrance to heaven.

I speak of the true Spiritualist—the soul that has become perfectly satisfied that the two worlds mingle into one. It would be well for some of the scientific men of the age to thoroughly investigate the philosophy of death. Many, who have passed through that change, will gladly assist, and they

need not fear to grapple with death—need not fear to stand between heaven and earth for knowledge—for the soul that goes out for wisdom shall never return empty.

When man once becomes fully acquainted with death, all the fear will be taken away, and men will see at once that death is not robed in the dark garments that man has put upon him, and they will see at once that man must not only pass through this one change, but through many changes. To be sure this is the only one bringing physical suffering. As one passes from sphere to sphere, he passes through changes as striking as that of death, although as he is no longer subject to mortal, he no longer can suffer pain.

My time with your medium has nearly expired. In conclusion, I will say, I hope—yea, I expect to meet my own dear friends in personal communion, and I shall try to give such proof as shall cast away all their fears, and make them to sit in pleasant places while on earth, and give them perfect confidence in the changes of death. It is my duty so to do. And now, as I pass from you, you may know me as Dr. Henry Kittredge, of Tewksbury, Mass.

Through the same medium, also, was given the following:

OCCUPATION IN SPIRIT-LAND.

“What is the occupation of the inhabitants of Spirit-life in the Spirit-land?”

That is the question given us for discussion.

There are quite as many different kinds of occupation in the higher life as there are different states of mentalities. Each spirit has its own sphere of action to move in, its own life to progress by. There are no two exactly alike. You do not find this with you, and you must not expect to find it with us. Variety existeth everywhere. If it were not so, then we would get weary, and the spirit become nothing. The scientific man is the scientific man through all ages.

He is ever striving to bring out something new; inventing something to benefit humanity and raise him in the scale of progression in life. As mind is ever active, so all must be occupied in some way. The physician will be the physician still, if he be so from choice while on earth. But if conditions bind men to their occupations, they will not bind them in the higher life. Every spirit moves in the proper sphere. Nature gives to every one a work, and to every one a work of his own, and that work is pleasant to the spirit.

Of course the spirit cannot perform manual or physical labor, for that belongs to the form, to material life and action.

We will here inform you that every new invention found among you originates with us. It is first born of the spirit, next in the material; for as spirit is superior to the material, it giveth life to all things. A Fulton received his ideas from the higher life. Inventive minds who have passed on to the higher life are not idle, and in order to perfect the plan and attain progress, they are obliged to come down to material life. The artist, if so from choice, will be the artist still. He who loves to gaze upon the beautiful here, loves the same in the hereafter; and that mind who dwells upon the lower degrees of life, sifting its mysteries, is surrounded by the same conditions, and according to his sphere of action must he work, must he move onward to his God. He who seeks to know of the mysteries of the past while here, will seek for them in spirit-life, and give them to the inhabitants of this lower life, giving them clearer garments. The drunkard, who finds joy such as is peculiar to his condition in life, for a time finds joy in lingering in the haunts of evil, so called by mortals. He binds himself willingly, and is led by peculiar convictions to his mode or degree of development.

As life ends here, so it begins in the higher life, always. There is no space, no vacuum or break in the mighty chain

of life. It continues on, on throughout everlasting ages; and that occupation that is agreeable to the spirit here, is so to the spirit hereafter.

Every mind dwelling in mortal is kept in mortal by the atmosphere or spiritual life of the higher life. Every active spirit lives and progresses by sustenance from the higher life; as the body receives sustenance from the lower, or earth, its mother, so the spirit receives its food from the higher or spiritual.

The little child, as it comes up in its standard of life, receives its spiritual impressions from those who are in contact with it. The mother gives the first spiritual ideas; plants the first spiritual seed. It never dies, but gathers new life, and as it passes out of a material condition, it passes into a condition spiritual. In childhood it gains intelligence from those nearest to it.

Conditions often bind the spirit an unwilling captive. There are many slaves among you. Almost every one in your midst is a slave to something. There are conditions binding the spirit to that which is repulsive to it. They compel the spirit to move just so, and if it takes one step in progression it is obliged to surmount many obstacles to do it. These conditions are peculiar to mortal life, and when you have done with it, you are at liberty to choose your position—and you never choose amiss. Impulses in nature go forth and draw to every individual spirit that which is food for the spirit. That which is food for one spirit is not so for another. One may find joy and peace, and may move heavenward by coming to earth to teach humanity. Another may find peace by coming to be taught, for there are many heavenly teachers walking in the flesh. Many who have cast off the material, stand far lower than many who walk among you clothed in material.

The minds of the past had many foolish ideas regarding the inhabitants of the spirit-land. One tells you that they

enter into a state of eternal happiness, and a portion into a state of eternal misery. Nature, in thunder tones, tells you that cannot be so.

It would be folly for us to endeavor to analyze the precise condition of those who are in spirit-life. We cannot do this, because we cannot lift you from your material plane. You live materially, move materially, and must look at spiritual things materially.

Know that the spirit-land is but a counterpart of earth. Everything that exists with you exists with us. A type of all we have. There is no condition natural, that there is not a corresponding spiritual and mental.

Now, then, view the inhabitants of spirit-life by the standpoint of materiality. If you, as a man or woman, are fond of certain things, know that you will be fond of them hereafter. The same joys and sorrows are yours in spirit-life as in your own. Read a lesson in every development of nature. Ask your own soul where it shall be pleased to act, and when you receive an answer in your own soul, act; for its promptings are ever faithful. Bind yourself to nothing when your spirit may go free.

Then you will be satisfied; your progress will be commenced with rapidity; you shall no longer wander in darkness because you are enslaved, but you shall wander in the sunlight of God's love, because liberty reigns over you.

FACTS CONCERNING SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

(Letter from Ex-Governor Tallmadge.)

The result of the expedition sent out by Lady Franklin to discover the fate of Sir John Franklin and his men, is gratifying to the civilized world. As long as uncertainty hung over it, the public mind was kept in a state of feverish anxiety. It will now settle down into a calm state of ascertained fact, and will dwell with peculiar interest upon the

sublime qualities and the mighty daring of woman, so prominently exhibited in this enterprise.

I am now about to call your attention to certain incidents relating to some of these Arctic expeditions, the publication of which seems peculiarly appropriate at the present time, and cannot fail to be highly interesting to your readers.

Just before Dr. Kane left on his last expedition, he, with Gen. Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, and myself, attended a sitting for spiritual manifestations, the Misses Fox, then at Washington, being the mediums. Dr. Kane proceeded to ask the following questions, and received the following answers:

Q. Is there any spirit present that wishes to communicate with me? A. Yes.

Q. What is your name? A. John Torrington.

Here Dr. Kane remarked that Torrington was one of Sir John Franklin's men, whose grave he found on his last expedition, and from what he could learn, he believed him to be an educated man.

Q. Is there any one present who has seen your grave? A. Yes.

Q. Is it that gentleman? (pointing to Gen. Thompson.) A. No.

Q. Is it that gentleman? (pointing to myself.) A. No.

Q. Is it this one? (pointing to himself.) A. Yes.

Q. Did I cut or carve anything on the board placed at the head of your grave? A. Yes.

Q. What was it? A. E. K. K.

Dr. Kane here remarked that he did cut the initials of his own name, Elisha Kent Kane, on the head-board of this grave.

Q. Was there any vegetable growth on your grave? A. Yes.

Q. Was it at the head? A. No.

Q. Was it at the foot? A. No.

Q. Was it in the middle? A. Yes.

Dr. Kane then said that there was, on the middle of the grave, a poppy growing out of the skull of a fox, and was the only spear of vegetation in that region.

Q. Was there an island discovered by one of these expeditions? A. Yes.

Q. Where was it situated? A. At the head waters of Smith's Sound.

Q. What was it named?

Supposing that the name of the island would have been simply given, I did not comprehend the answer as it was rapped out and taken down by me, letter by letter, at the time. Not getting the idea, I could not divide the letters into words as they were taken down, and the answer to Dr. Kane's question appeared as follows:

"An island named by the subserviency of uneducated falsehood after the enemy of his race, Louis Napoleon."

When the answer was about half given, Dr. Kane, with great impatience, said, "It is all nonsense—it spells nothing—it means nothing—it is all a humbug."

I said to the Doctor, "It often happens that we lose the idea in taking down these communications through a rapping medium, and cannot, therefore, divide them into words at the time; but my habit is to take down the letters as long as the Spirit gives them, and then to see if I can divide them into words, so as to make an intelligent sentence." He consented that the communication should go on—it did so, till it was finished as above. I then commenced dissecting it, and found, when it was divided into words, it read as follows:

A. "An island named by the subserviency of uneducated falsehood, after the enemy of his race, Louis Napoleon."

When I read the answer thus deciphered, Dr. Kane started from his chair, paced the room backward and forward several times, and appeared to be in a perfect frenzy. At length, becoming calmer, he said, "Is it possible? Can it be so? The most astonishing thing in the world! I am

utterly astounded! Do tell me if a spirit can communicate such information?" I asked him what all this meant? He then said that this island was discovered by Commander Inglefield—that he had once been acquainted with Louis Napoleon when an exile in England, and, exercising the privilege of a discoverer, had named it after him. The name, said Dr. Kane, was not agreeable to the English people, and this Englishman, even in his grave, cannot brook the insult! The Doctor then said that he had received from Lady Franklin, three days ago, the charts of that expedition, and found on one of them the small island at the head-waters of Smith's Sound, named Louis Napoleon, as the spirit of John Torrington had described it!

I then asked the spirit the following question, and received the following answer:

Q. Is Sir John Franklin still living? A. "Franklin is no more—thick-ribbed ice, sterner than warriors' steel, encases his form—the home of his triumphs is his grave."

Here ended our sitting, so far as this subject was concerned, and after other communications and manifestations, we adjourned. Before we parted, Dr. Kane said to me, "I would like to have you ask Calhoun's opinion about my expedition before I leave the country."

On a subsequent day, in the afternoon, several persons, with myself, were present at the rooms of the Misses Fox. We were not engaged in a circle; but in the course of conversation Dr. Kane came in and handed me a slip of paper, and told me to look at it at my leisure—said he had just time to reach the cars for Philadelphia—bid me "good-bye," and left. The moment he had gone, the raps came calling for the alphabet, and the following communication directed to me was rapped out:

"Ask your question."

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

I said, I have no question to ask. It was then rapped out, "Your written question." Not thinking that Dr.

Kane's paper was referred to, I began to write a question. It was immediately signified that this was wrong, and it was rapped out, "The written question in your pocket." I then took Dr. Kane's paper, read it to myself, and then propounded it mentally, so that neither the mediums nor any one present knew anything of its contents except myself. The question and answer were as follows:

Q. Will Dr. Kane discover Sir John Franklin? A. No; but he will penetrate farther than man has ever gone before—will discover vestiges of the missing ships—will cover himself with glory, and add to the science of the age.

I sent the above answer to Dr. Kane, at Philadelphia, just before his departure, and received his reply, saying, if he accomplished all that, he would be abundantly satisfied.

During Dr. Kane's long absence in the Arctic regions, and when at length the public mind had given him up for lost, the Fox family, who felt a peculiar interest in his return, never for one moment doubted it. Their spirit-friends always gave them the strongest assurances. I have often, in the presence of these mediums, put the question to Calhoun, and he has invariably answered, "Dr. Kane is alive and well, and will assuredly return safe home."

Messrs. Editors, the above is a statement of facts—facts which philosophy and science should be proud to investigate. I make no comments, and will only add in conclusion,

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Very respectfully yours,

N. P. TALLMADGE.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM A CHINESE SPIRIT.

One of the most interesting tests of spirit-intercourse that have come to our knowledge, has recently been given through Mr. Mansfield, the well-known writing-medium, of this city; and its character is such as may afford skeptics a new and different problem for solution.

A gentleman of this city has been for some time investigating the truth of spirit-communication through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield. He had written several letters to his spirit-friends, sealed them in the manner customary in these cases, and had received replies—generally, however, when he was present with Mr. M. This fact, with the character of the answers received, led him to suppose that it was mind-reading on the part of the medium. He determined to satisfy himself on this point. With such intent he engaged a friend to procure a letter from a third party unknown to him, and he would see if a satisfactory answer could be obtained when he himself was ignorant of the contents. Accordingly, in due time a letter was put into our investigator's hands, and he proceeded with it to Mansfield's rooms. Here was no chance for mental telegraphing between investigator and medium, for both minds were as blank in reference to the letter as was the envelope which enclosed it. Immediately, Mr. M's hand was controlled to give the answer. But, the response completed, neither party was wiser than before, for it was given in strange and to themselves meaningless characters. It was looked upon by all as a probable failure. However, our persevering searcher after truth took the senseless hieroglyph and returned with the letter to his co-operator in the experiment. The latter, to make doubly sure against the working of the mental telegraph, had acted through still another person in obtaining the required letter. The fourth and last party in

the arrangement is Mr. Ar Showe, a very worthy Chinaman resident in this city. The document received from Mr. M. was shown him, when he at once pronounced it *a correct answer in Chinese characters* to his letter addressed to his spirit-father!

Mr. Ar Showe was greatly interested as well as astonished at the success of the experiment—so much so that he resolved to try again at first hand. He wrote a second letter, pasted it tightly in two envelopes, and took it in person to Mr. M's room, where it did not for an instant pass from his sight, but within ten minutes Mr. M's hand was influenced, and he wrote a response, as before, in Chinese characters, while the Chinaman, sitting some eight feet distant, held his letter tightly in his own hand. This occurred in the presence of several responsible witnesses. The answer contained the names of Mr. Ar Showe's mother and brother, and was correctly signed by his spirit-father. It also contained the statement that his mother was dead, of which he had not heard. Among other things, his father found fault with him for not writing Chinese as well as formerly, a residence of several years in this country having impaired his style. The response was completed in about a minute and a half, though it would have required several minutes for an expert to write it in the ordinary way. The letter was not answered in full, for which Mr. Ar Showe asked in his native language the reason. A reply was promptly written in character, which the inquirer interpreted to mean, "I have not the strength to do so." Probably his control of the medium was not sufficiently complete. This seems the more likely, from the fact that the second letter was much more full than the first, showing a more perfect influence.

The important statements in this matter are confirmed by Mr. Ar Showe himself, with whom we have had a personal interview. He is a man of intelligence and undoubted

integrity, and confesses himself much puzzled by these singular facts.

Before seeing Mr. Ar Showe we received a note from him stating the facts in the case, which we here append verbatim.

MR. EDITOR:—You said that one China man got a letter from his father. I that China man.

I went to Mr. Mansfield, your great spirit post-master. I wrote my father who died twenty years ago in China. I been this country eleven years. I am told write letter to Mr. Mansfield; me send it to him and my father he answer me. I do so. All right. He says to me my mother dead; I know not. Very strange!

On Wednesday I go again see that Mr. Mansfield. I write him another letter and seal it up strong. I no think that Mr. M. do any more letters for me. I have him fastened in two papers—envelopes—hold on him all time. Mr. Mansfield hand he jump, and his hand go very fast, and I see him writing Chinese; and in one or two minutes my father tells me all about my letter—tells me about my mother and brother, and says other things to me, and that I don't write Chinese as well as I used to.

Answered in my hand.

CHARLES AR SHOWE,
Native Canton Chinese.

BIRTH OF THE SPIRIT DESCRIBED.

[From the spirit of a young man who died in this city about six weeks since.]

When my earthly friends gathered around to witness my life departing from the worn and wasted tenement of clay, I was conscious I felt the sensation of death creep over me; my speech was taken away; my vision grew dim; I knew that my hour was come, and soon, very soon, I should know the realities of what I had to fear, or hope for in eternity. The sensation at first was painful, because mingled with a sense of fear; then truth seemed to flash upon my soul, and I felt a glow of confidence and trust: my heart beat quicker and feebler; I became passive, and a heavenly calm pervaded my whole being. I heard distinctly a sound directly

above me like that of a bell, strike three; this was the last knowledge given me of earth.

When I awoke from what seemed to be a sleep, I beheld a vast number of spirits encircling me around. I stretched forth my hand to the one who seemed nearest to approach me; I could not speak; I had no control over myself; I seemed wrapped in a mist; everything around me was like a dream. Suspense and uncertainty pervaded my soul; I was confused; I did not know whether I was a spirit, or still an inhabitant of earth. Then I prayed with all my soul that God would let me know how and where I was; when instantly a mantle fell over me, and I was unconscious; and they told me I slept for some hours. Then I opened my eyes in perfect consciousness. I saw the change I had passed through; I saw my lifeless body before me, and friends bending over it. In answer to my request, I was permitted to see my earthly friends come around and bid farewell to my earthly remains. These earthly scenes I witnessed until the time when my dear mother said at the grave, "my child is not there, but is above us;" then my spirit companions and friends were distinctly visible, for the veil of earth then dropped from my spirit eyes, and spirits were as visible as the noonday sun. They welcomed me with the recognition of true love; and told me that my earthly life was ended, my mission on earth was completed. My grandfather, my uncle, and other dear friends, formed a circle around me, and told me that I was now to start and search out the mysteries of my new home. I turned to look on my earthly friends, and for some minutes I seemed suspended between two opposing influences, which drew me upwards and downwards; at length the higher had control, and I was borne to a higher plane. I cannot begin to describe the beauties which everywhere met my eyes. This seemed like heaven, and I could hardly be persuaded that there was yet more beautiful regions above me, which, in

time, I should attain to. I was told that I had not yet beheld the first glimpse, as it were, of the beauties beyond. Oh, God, I said, if this be true, how little do earth's children know of the glories that await them. My uncle took me by the hand, and led me to a bower, surrounded by shrubs, and overhung with creeping vines, and in it I beheld the form of a female spirit waiting my coming, and as I approached nearer, I recognized Mary Wood, *dear to my heart* on earth and in heaven. I turned to look for my uncle, and he was gone; I was left alone to converse with the one I loved, on the scenes of the past, and the joys of the future; her knowledge shall be added to mine, and together we shall start on our heavenly journey. Oh, this is not like earth, for earth is fraught with cares, perplexities and annoyances; here is nothing to impede the progress of the soul; we can move onward as rapidly as we desire; Will is the master-power which impels; if it be feeble, our progress is slow. True religion is unbiassed and unfettered, and when this religion enters the soul, it fills it with happiness unspeakable, and it unfolds in "the beauty of holiness." My mother on earth shall never pass from my tender remembrance. My love is quickened for all those I have left behind.

My earthly life is ended, its painful scenes are over, and I would not, if I could, return to live on earth again. Could all her honors and pleasures be mine, with crowns laid at my feet, I would not come. I only wish my earthly friends were here, were in this heavenly home, where we might be together; but in good time this will be; till then we abide the will of heaven.

JAMES.

There is no people in the world so well prepared to receive Spiritualism as the Christian sects. But they dislike the source from whence it comes. If it had come through the anointed priesthood, it would have made a new

era in Christian glory; but when the carpenter, the sailor, the farmer, the helpless woman and the illiterate man, become the prophets of the new truth, surely, they say, it must come of the Devil. Perhaps you think it strange that well-informed and intelligent men and women should spread this cry; but it is only the result of the teaching that reason should be abjured, and faith put in its place.

The phenomenal Spiritualism of this nineteenth century is only a continuation of the miracles of the day of Jesus, and the same hidden law governs both. Jesus would not have been received as God if he had not healed the sick, raised the dead, and turned water into wine; and even now the man is worshipped more for his miracles than for his teachings, and Paul and Peter are revered more for what they endured, than for what they did. Spiritualism to-day holds the relation to Christianity which that did to the Mosaic age.

Miracles are being performed under the new dispensation which far supersede in number those of Moses or of the Apostles. We read of only some twenty-four miracles performed by Jesus; but if all the miracles performed by spiritual mediums were recorded, we venture to say the Bible could not hold them.

We hold that no good man can believe in the eternal punishment of any of his fellow mortals. He may profess it, and *think* he believes it, and although he may be a rigid sectary on that point, yet when he carefully analyzes himself he will find deep in his soul a latent *hope* that it is not so. The belief belongs to that fictitious region of the mind called "*faith*," or at most is an *intellectual* conception, and does not penetrate the heart's most secret and divine affections. No mother *can* believe in the eternal damnation of her child. No loving husband can believe in the eternal damnation of

his wife. So no man of purified affections and harmonized life can believe in the eternal misery of his brother man. It is a wide-spread delusion that puts a stifling lie upon the sweetest affections of the soul. The sternest damnationist, in his quiet moments when his predestinarian faith sleeps, will sometimes give off gleams of this *inner faith* of his soul. That Dr. Watts died a Restorationist, we think may be fairly inferred from the following extract of one of his sermons:

“Whosoever any such criminal in hell shall be found making a sincere and mournful address to the righteous and merciful Judge of all; if at the same time he is truly humble and penitent for his past sins, and is grieved at his heart for having offended his maker, and melts into sincere repentance, and what sinner will not, *I can not think a God of equal and rich mercy will continue such a creature under his vengeance, but rather that the perfections of God will contrive a way for his escape.*”

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you can not reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—*John Wesley.*

The reader will look a long time before he will see any warrant in the above for that proscriptive and rancorous spirit of sectarian strife in which the mass of his pretended followers, especially of the clerical order, indulge. We know of but one individual in history whose broad precepts of a true life, whose profound and glorious inculcations, are more

disregarded, perverted and misunderstood, by those claiming to be his lawful disciples, and that individual was slain in Judea eighteen hundred years ago, by an infuriated mob of bigots, in no way essentially differing from the bigots of to-day.

The following was given by Edgar A. Poe, through a medium in Detroit, and is what he alludes to in the lines given to us, page 131 :

Shut out from the beautiful-realms of the day,
 In a region both gloomy and dire,
 And right in the jaws of the terrible way
 That leads to the kingdoms of fire.

Down in the depths of the undermost world,
 Shut out from the light of the day,
 With a mountain of darkness high over me hurled,
 My spirit despairingly lay.

Darkly I wandered, forlorn and forsaken,
 O'er dismal and night-shaded plains,
 My soul with a tempest of passion was shaken,
 And shrouded in torment like Cain's.

And then came an angel appareled in light,
 With love in her luminous eyes;
 And Hope, like a star, arose on my sight,
 As she pointed my way to the skies.

A chorus of music came down from above,
 As I earnestly gazed on the sky,
 And I heard a sweet whisper, in accents of love
 Entreatingly calling on high.

Then out of the darkness and torture and night—
 The cloud of terrestrial woes—
 Up into the beautiful kindred of light,
 Released by an angel, I rose.

And there with my lost loving-hearted,
 The angel whose name is Lenore,
 I dwell, and we ne'er shall be parted,
 The angel and I, nevermore!

20*

A gentleman called for the purpose of introducing a friend who was visiting him. Beside this friend, a brother of the gentleman first named was in company with him. The brother was an inveterate skeptic, without the least fellowship with Spiritualism. He called for curiosity, but did not intend to sit for investigation. The spirits, however, required all in the room to sit up to the table. He did so, and in a few minutes the spirit of a brother, who left the form in England at the age of seventeen, addressed him, through the hand of the medium, writing backwards, from right to left, and giving his name. The skeptical brother asked the spirit if he could tell the manner of his death. This was answered in the affirmative; and the hand of the medium was immediately used to make numerical characters, in the following order:

9—23—1—19—19—13—15—20—8—5—18—5—4—
 9—14—20—8—5—5—1—18—20—8—4—5—1—18—
 2—18—15—20—8—5—18.

What the meaning of these figures could be no one could divine, till they were directed to compare by placing the numerals over the letters of the alphabet, thus:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z		

This combination of characters, the reader will find by examination, spells:

“I was smothered in the earth, dear brother.”

The fact thus ingeniously and uniquely represented, was, that he and another lad were at play in a sand-hole, the projecting bank of which caved in and suffocated him before he could be extricated. This test, we understand, proved too potent for the skeptical brother's stoicism; and his tears confessed his conviction.

The case of A. J. Davis, without question, is the most remarkable, the most extraordinary on record; without a parallel, in fact. That a man, in his peculiar circumstances, poor and unassisted, ignorant of even a common school education, with no external advantages, should be capable of writing so voluminously and intelligently upon subjects which the most thoroughly educated and profound acknowledge their weakness; mastering with ease and clearness the most difficult and abstruse questions in morals and religion; flooding with light and knowledge that which pertains to man's highest welfare, both here and hereafter; revealing and classifying invaluable truths, which have lain buried in ignorance—the wonders and mysteries of interior life; disclosing Nature's divine revelations; enunciating in language, full of simplicity, beauty and power, the highest and holiest doctrines within the range of Christian ethics; elucidating what has heretofore been considered beyond the ken of mortals; given to the world a system of philosophy and religion, the purest, most rational, humane and harmonious, and—(what is, perhaps, better, it always having been the chief difficulty)—illustrating its truth and power, by living in accordance with the principles it inculcates, as did Jesus more than eighteen centuries ago, practically exemplify his religion daily in word and deed. Such an instance as this, in our day, is the highest evidence of the truth of our spiritual theory. Mr. Davis is too much of a fact to be gainsaid or controverted. He is the ablest testimony which Spiritualism has to offer—the most formidable witness Spiritualism can place upon the stand. The result of his life is an overwhelming argument alike to the Greek professor and to the imbecile unbeliever.

Mr. Davis first began to demonstrate the philosophy and unfold the truths of Spiritualism several years, I believe, prior to the famous demonstrations of the Misses Fox, in

Rochester. Peculiarly organized, hereditarily predisposed, his rational mode of living, his diet, habits, thoughts, etc., all consciously aided those powers and proclivities—all tended to favorably strengthen and develop those faculties which create the necessary conditions for the better illustration of the grand fundamental truth underlying the whole subject. Though he has given proof of an illuminated mind beyond all comparison, displayed a depth and range of knowledge in literature, science and religion, bewildering to the ordinary mind, and which is without a parallel in the history of human kind. Spiritualists, generally, are not so well acquainted, not so familiar with his works as is desirable and consistent with their professions, and which is highly important, if not absolutely necessary, for their own good, they should be. It is impossible to read, in an honest, candid spirit, his Revelations, Great Harmonia, Penetralia, etc., without feeling impressed with their importance, vastness and grandeur—without being intellectually, morally and spiritually elevated and ennobled.

FROM A SPIRIT.

The most common accusations against Spiritualists is, that they do not believe the Bible. This is no new charge, so brought by one Christian denomination against another. It is often, and very easily, said by one controversialist against another that he is an infidel, or an unbeliever—and the charge generally amounts to this, that one denies what the other believes. Each insists on the particular doctrine which he makes prominent as the great central truth of the Gospel, and says, and perhaps thinks, that his opponent, if he denies that, might as well deny the whole Gospel. This

is precisely the case in the present instance. It is said that you do not believe in Christ. This is an equivocal expression. It may mean, that you do not believe that any such person ever lived. It may mean, that you put no confidence in what he said, that he was not what he pretended to be, or what his disciples afterwards pretended he had been. It may mean, and does mean, that you do not believe that he was God. The whole question as to what is a true faith in Christ turns upon the question, whether he was God or not.

In order to settle this question we must refer you to the Scriptures and enquire what the Apostles believed concerning him. The first convert to a belief in Christ was Peter. And what was his confession of faith? According to Matthew, it was—"Thou art Christ, the son of the living God." And what meant Peter by this? The very phrase does not assert; but denies, Deity. A son of God cannot be God, for three reasons: 1st, because he is derived; 2d, because he cannot be eternal; and 3d, because he must separate from God. But so far is the second clause, "the son of the living God," from making an important part of Peter's confession of faith, that the other two Evangelists who have related this confession, Mark and Luke, have left it out altogether. Mark records that he merely said, "Thou art the Christ," and Luke, "The Christ of God." The meaning of *Christ* is *anointed*. The anointed of God cannot be God. Peter, after the resurrection of Christ, was sent by especial commission to convert Cornelius, and teach him the principles of religion; and the faith which he propounds to Cornelius concerning Christ is this—"How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all that were diseased; for God was with him."

The anointing of Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power did not prove him to be God. Had he been God, he would not have needed, nor could he have received,

such an anointing. Neither do crucifixion and being raised from the dead agree with the supposition that Christ was God.

Now this is precisely the Spiritualists' belief concerning Jesus of Nazareth—that God anointed him with the Holy Ghost and with power, endowed him with that transcendent and unapproachable wisdom which he exhibited, and gave him the supernatural knowledge that he possessed, communicated to him the sublime and perfect doctrine that he taught, and sealed his mission by the miracles which he performed; and when the Jews and the Romans had murdered him upon the cross, raised him from the dead and showed him to his disciples, that they might be the witnesses of these stupendous events on which Spiritualism is founded, to that and all succeeding ages.

Such, then, are the views of Spiritualists with respect to Jesus of Nazareth. They do not believe Christ died to appease God's wrath; do not believe he died to satisfy the claims of the broken law. Spiritualists believe that he died in order to give power and efficiency to the Gospel. The true Spiritualist hopes to be saved, not by his own merits, nor by the merits of Christ, but by the free, unbought, spontaneous mercy of God, of which boundless and unchangeable love the mission and death of Christ are an expression and a manifestation.

THE LAW OF AFFINITY.

As an illustration, I was shown a vessel filled with beans. There were three great varieties and marked distinctions, viz: size, form and color. After being directed, while examining the beans, to observe the variations within each of these three great divisions, as illustrative of the variety of mind, I perceived that each bean was halved or divided, and each half was thrown into a separate vessel, the one on my

right hand, the other on my left, till the whole beans were all halved, and thus separated. These half beans were then all poured back or emptied into the first vessel, being well shaken and mixed in the operation. Thus were they all separated, the two halves being in the same vessel, but not in contiguity. I was then directed by the spirit, after having been blindfolded, to select the halves and place them together, so as to form one whole bean, as at first. How hopeless the task: it was impossible, and I begged to be unblinded, as an aid to facilitate the purpose, thinking it would require all the assistance that vision could render me, to enable me to perform so nice a work. The spirit informed me, that the blindfold state was the utter ignorance that mankind had entertained of the law of affinity, and that while blinded, even as was I, they had attempted to make a whole of two halves at random, by guessing, consequently had failed in their attempts. The unbandaging of my eyes represented the little light now being let into the world through spirit perception. After gaining the use of my eyes, I set myself to the task of finding a whole bean by uniting two halves. But I was many times on the point of giving up in despair, for when *colors* assimilated, *sizes* did not, and when sizes were similar, form was wanting, and when form was found, a slight variation in size or color rendered it apparent that the two were not originally *one*, and never could be. Widely different colors were soon detected as not of the same kind; and so of form and size, while those of nearly the same quality or degree, in each kind, were less apparent, and the slight variations in degrees were scarcely visible.

I labored thus indefatigably for some time, and finally had succeeded, as I thought, in bringing together two halves. Color, form, size, seemed to be the same, and the fit seemed exact. I held up my bean in triumph to the spirit, and was about to congratulate myself upon my suc-

cess, when the spirit interrupted me thus: "Look, look, look at your bean again—look at the edges on rind!" I did look, and lo! I beheld the edges jagged and rough, plainly revealing the unwelcome truth—the two were never torn asunder—never originally one.

I perceived that those persons who are happily united to partners, but not to their own true halves, were illustrated by this representation.

Again I put forth my effort, and did actually find two halves of an original whole, which, when brought in contact, immediately spoke "We are one!" Delighted, I exclaimed, "I have done it, I have done it! But how soon was my ardor damped by the sad thought of the millions of beans that never would be thus united, but which, jostled against another of unequal size, varying in form, or different in color, or all three combined, would chafe and rub, and frictionize through all time and through a large portion of eternity. Then I beheld a beautiful light, and it seemed as if the attractive rays of that light drew together each twin half-bean and all were rightly paired in a moment. I then timidly inquired, "Are there any souls that have no true halves?" The spirit smiled on me, and answered my query through this interrogation, "*Do any half beans grow?*"
