Telephonic Messages

from the

Spirit World

Marion Skidmore Library
Lily Dale, N. Y.

The Vacant Chair

Morning Star's Transition, (called Death!)

TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION

FROM THE

SPIRIT WORLD!

Describing his death-bed experience before transition, reception in the Spirit world, return to his earthly home, knowledge of kind ministrations by loving friends to his memory and material body, proving the continuity of Life, tangibility of Existence, with same distinctive characteristics and peculiarities in the Spirit world as here.

BY

MORNING STAR.

Communicated to (and transcribed verbatim by) his Father, through the mediumistic powers of Rev. Mrs. T. B. STRYKER, the instrument of the Spirit Band, of which MORNING STAR is a member.

PUBLISHED BY

Rev. Mrs. T. B. STRYKER, SPIRITUALISTIC MEDIUM,
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1884.

Presented by Mrs L. H. Loomis
Black River
N. Y.

Rev. Mrs. T. B. STRYKER.

[NOTE.]

"OUR CHOSEN ONE."

THE SPIRIT BAND OF NINE, in their *Counsel Chamber*, daily (as we divide time) give teachings, to an assemblage of thousands, *who are seeking truth.*

Upon the mundane, REV. MRS. T. B. STRYKER is "OUR CHOSEN ONE" (as they express it), for promulgating their intelligence, *proving by her God-given powers*, the immortality of the soul, continuity of life, tangibility, recognition in the spirit world and *visitation of spirit friends to mortal friends here.*

Comfortmarkt



Compliments

Mrs. T. B. Stryker

ARTOTYPE.

What is the object the Spirit Band desires to accomplish through Rev. Mrs. T. B. Stryker, their chosen instrument of communication?

We, the Band of Nine, who are striving through the instrumentality of this mortal organism to reach out to humanity, having become cognizant of the great fundamental law, *Love*, are striving to apply it.

Having come face to face with this fact, that of the brotherhood of man, that all men are necessary to us and we to all men, as individuals we are as atoms, that we cannot rise, without humanity rising, and if humanity falls, we must descend; realizing continuity and tangibility of the future state of the spirit, that as a man lives and dies, so the resurrection to his spirit finds him, which ensues immediately after transition. Realizing full well *that in this, the primary department of life*, the lessons to be acquired here, and the problems to be solved, are more easy upon this plane, than upon the plane which follows. All things that have been, are necessary to the present, ignoring nothing, but utilizing all things. We conceive the idea, in connection with the vast army of workers, who are striving to illume the darkness of bigotry, superstition, and ignorance, striving, through demonstrations such as it is possible for us to give, to prove to the thinking men of to-day, the continuity of the life beyond, also distinct individuality, which each retains.

The grand final object is to establish harmony upon this, the mundane plane; for all disease, sin, and darkness, through which the spirit of man must pass while on the mundane, is the result of inharmony.

Our object, also, is *to teach man to live here*, that they may be prepared to live in the life beyond, which is a continuation of this life.

As we are dependent upon the sphere beyond us, for *our light and intelligence*, as graciously and willingly as it is imparted to us, even so we give our thoughts, accompanied by love, to those beneath us.

Our object is not to tear down; but to build up, add to, and illumine the dark, mystic caverns of theology.

"*Peace upon earth, good will unto men,*" so the angelic choir sang, and we to-day join in the glad anthem, *not in song, but in effort.*

"Peace upon earth, good will unto men," *when harmony is established.*

You and I, mortal and spirit, all that ever has been, is, or shall be, have our part to act, before this can ever be established.

FATHER GUIDE, *Leader of the Band.*

SPIRIT NAMES, OF THE SPIRIT BAND.

Father Guide.	The Least of the Band.
Wisdom.	Lady Lotta.
Kisgar.	Bright Star.
Hebron.	Morning Star.

Truth.

PREFACE.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.—COWPER.

The astounding ignorance of a few people, *as to what spiritualism is, and what manner of people spiritualists are*, CALLS FORTH THIS BOOK.

It is published as an explanation of spiritualism, giving those who have been less favored an insight as to facts and an incentive for investigation.

MORNING STAR'S FATHER WAS A SKEPTIC, as was MORNING STAR *prior to his transition*, but when the heart-strings had been torn asunder, and *an only son and child was in spirit life*, then it was that light, *as to the future life*, was sought, *and after the most searching investigation by a skeptic* THE FACTS as here published were demonstrated.

GOD IS A FORLORN HOPE! Have you ever considered the fact, HOW FEW SEEK GOD, until deep affliction comes upon them—*when all other hopes fail God is our refuge.*

Spiritualists ARE THINKERS FOR THEMSELVES, *healthy in their organism*, and liberal to all.

SPIRITUALISTS NEVER BACKSLIDE; once convinced their conviction is positive, cannot be shaken; OUR RELIGION, IS A RELIGION, OF KNOWLEDGE, *evidenced beyond question.*

G. D. C.

EPITAPH

TO MORNING STAR.

Here lies the ruin'd Cabinet
Of a rich Soul more highly set:
The dross and refuse of a Mind
Too glorious to be here confined.
Earth for a while bespoke his stay,
Only to bait, and so away:
So that what here he doated on
Was merely accommodation.
Not that his active soul could be
At home but in eternity,
Yet, while he bless'd us with the rays
Of his short-continued days,
Each minute had its weight of worth,
Each pregnant hour some star brought forth.
So, while he travel'd here beneath,
He lived when others only breathe:
For not a sand of time slipp'd by
Without its action sweet as high.
So good, so peaceable, so bless'd,—
Angels alone can speak the rest.

R. FLETCHER.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE,

MORNING STAR, *of the Band*,

December 9th, 1883.

Aged 28 years, 9 months, and 4 days.

MY SON!

The sun set, but set not his hope;
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye;
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again.

EMERSON.

Had he ask'd us, well we know
We should cry, "Oh spare this blow!'
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him; let him stay."

"TO PROVE TO MY FATHER THE IMMORTALITY OF MY SOUL," my Spirit Son states in his communication, was his object in returning to the mundane sphere.

Our sympathy and relations for the last eight months of his stay on earth (I being his constant companion day and night) were of the most tender, anxious, trusting and loving nature; my son exhibiting under nine terrible surgical operations and consequent sufferings, Christian patience seldom equaled, while I, anxious to save my only child—my business partner and companion, my staff in declining years—must give him courage, falsify my heart's fears, hope against hope, praying he might be spared to me, knowing it could not be, and under such sufferings and heart-rending scenes I watch him passing away day by day, going where? Our hearts became transparent to each other, I knew his strong love for me, he witnessed daily mine for him. With love intensified by the knowledge of nearing separation, it came! No quailing, no fear, but with kind messages and injunctions, and "God bless you! God bless you!" my son's spirit passed out of its earthly tenement. My son knew, that by proving to me "*the Immortality of his Soul*," that my spirit would seek his; that the object of my life here on the mundane would be to so live that I might reach him, my parents and kindred, when I passed to the spirit world. *My son gives the key to that which all humanity seeks to know*, and, if it is knowledge, instead of a simple belief or faith, is there a question of the result to humanity and consequent betterment to all the world? If a parent, child, husband, wife or kindred, love departed ones, and the positive knowl-

edge is gained that they watch over and are constantly visiting you, that they can come and converse (through mediumistic powers) with you, that the better and more humane life you lead here, the better your existence and on a higher plane it will be in the spirit world for eternity, who would not strive with all their power to live their best that the very short time here (at the longest) might be a passport to their loved ones beyond for eternal union and happiness.

The knowledge of the immortality of my son's soul has changed my character, making me purer in thought and speech, giving me a broader love for humanity. This communication, a personal one, is published hoping that it may be a beacon to many a wandering, heart-broken, knowledge-seeking spirit, and trusting that they may find and prove through its teachings the immortality of their souls and that God is Love.

G. D. C.

Love on his errand bound to go
Can swim the flood and wade through snow,
Where way is none, 'twill creep and wind
And eat through Alps its home to find.

Emerson.

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BELIEF OF SPIRITUALISTS.

1st. A future existence. 2d. Recognition of friends in the spirit world. 3d. *The better the life here, the higher the plane in spirit life.*

WHAT DOES THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY TEACH?

That man is his own savior; must atone himself for every wrong act. That his life upon the mundane governs his spiritual life to a great extent.

That this sphere, is only one sphere of eternal life; *a preparatory school* out of which we graduate at the period *called death*, and enter the higher classes in the life beyond; our position in that life depends solely and entirely upon our life here.

Has this life been crowded with self-sacrifice and aspirations to do the right? have we struggled to attain the height of our conception of the right? have we lived as near as possible and applied to our lives the golden rule? If so, then, have we made a success of life. If in life we have lived to self, forgetful of all obligations to God and man, *we find, after transition*, such a person compelled to occupy a very low position.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?—It is the leaven, that leavens the whole lump; it is the philosophy of life. Its tendency is to elevate and advance humanity. *Its phenomena* is but the signal *to stop and think;* it is the demonstration of the philosophy and requisite to the philosophy; *but phenomena is not spiritualism.*

MORNING STAR, *of the Band.*

ALARMING SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM!*

Christianity made very little progress, *until 400 years after the advent of Christ the Messiah*, whose mission on earth was, *to act as mediator between God and man;* (so theology says.)

Modern spiritualism, 35 years ago, (year 1849), as a tidal wave swept over this land, demonstrated at first by tiny raps, at Hydesville, N. Y., through the little Fox girls, 8 and 10 years old.

Statistics prove that its adherents now number from 5 to 10 millions in the United States, avowed believers in its philosophy, *among them a very large percentage of our eminent thinkers, philosophers, scientists and divines.*†

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*NOTE.—Alarming to theologists and orthodoxy.

†A VERY LARGE MAJORITY of NEW YORK CITY AND OTHER EMINENT DIVINES, have *personal knowledge* of spiritualistic philosophy and phenomena. *Several of our eloquent divines*, have in and of their own families, those of great mediumistic gifts. All that is lacking to make spiritualism the universally acknowledged religion, is, POPULARITY! Many of our great divines, are only waiting for its popularity, to publicly avow its truth and their knowledge of it.

As I drew near the end, my spirit seemed less cognizant of the suffering of the body, while conscious of the torture through which the material was passing; I seemed rather to stand beside it, than embodied in it; while yet life seemed to flicker, I was baptized with new strength and new vigor. I had in quiet moments, after I realized that I must go, thought long and often, what I should say when we parted, had prepared many long messages and injunctions, but at this, the crisis, all seemed wanting and incomplete, and I found I must employ the inspiration of the moment, *and father, mother and boy must part.* In order to save pain and scene, I hesitated until the last moment before I bade them good-bye. I was not unconscious one moment, I realized full well when the vital cord was severed which bound spirit and body, at that instant I realized that I was indeed surrounded and in the midst of a host of loving relations and friends, I found myself as tangible a being as I had ever been. Weakened and almost exhausted by prolonged illness, I was under the necessity of still being attended. It is impossible and useless to attempt to describe the complete happiness and joy I experienced at the reception my friends tendered me, each and every one seemed intent upon making me completely happy. The first one I recognized was a very dear aunt, who I loved very dearly in earth life, and it was her delight to minister unto me. My joy was almost complete, when I remembered the loved ones I had left

upon the mundane, and I said, I must go to them! In vain they appealed to me to reconsider my determination, but I heeded not the appeal of those kind and loving friends; but I returned to home scenes, and when I entered the house of mourning and witnessed the grief indescribable of parents mourning their first-born, and saw the now inanimate form I once occupied, then indeed I was miserable; I realized full well the dark cloud which overspread that house, and fully comprehended the depth of that love; then and there registered a vow, if it were possible to return to earth and manifest my presence, I should do so; no task would I consider too great, no toil too arduous to accomplish this end. I lingered long near the inanimate form, watched the ministrations and tokens of love, and was conscious of every kind thought. While thus engaged in trying to calm a fond father's anguish, I was visited by a very beautiful lady, an inhabitant of the world of spirit, whom I afterward learned was called Bright Star, and in a very beautiful and loving manner she promised me that the cord of love which bound us so closely, should not be broken, but that I could and should, through the instrumentality of mortal, reach *my father*, thus quieting my already agitated spirit with the hope, that at no distant day, *I should prove to him the immortality of my soul.* Thus I waited and watched, until they bore my body out of that home, to return in like manner no more; watched with pleasure the offices performed by loving friends,

also followed my inanimate body, not as a mourner, but as one that rejoices, to its last resting place; also followed those sad friends back home, it did not seem home to them, *but like unto a cave, empty, barren, dark, cold and drear.*

Then this beautiful lady informed me that I must first grow strong in spirit and then avail myself of every privilege to shed light into that darkened household, and I determined so to do. I must be taught, all things were so new to me, differing from my ideal of the future state. I found when separated from the body, all environments were separated from me, so far as my material body was concerned. *I found myself the same individual, same tastes and desires. I found myself interested in the same objects I was in earth life. I found myself possessed of all the little peculiar traits of character that marked my individuality in earth life; so natural did I seem and so tangible all surroundings, that at times I was astonished when I realized that my friends in earth life could not recognize me when I entered their midst and endeavored to impress my presence upon them.* In this delightful sphere of life I regained spiritual strength; with love and friendship abounding in my midst, friends endeavoring to promote my happiness; still this burning desire, intensified by time, grown stronger by separation, was upon me to return to my earth friends. Through the kindness, sympathy, and directions of the noble lady aforesaid, I was enabled to reach

my father and impress this desire upon him, and when I fully accomplished the act of impressing this thought upon his brain, through the element of love, my joy was almost complete, but still happier was I when he acted upon the impression, and I was enabled through the instrumentality of others to reach out a thought to him and have it reverberate, then came light into his darkened spirit; then came one crumb of comfort to his troubled heart, and then was I made happy. Then came kind friends to my side and directed me where I might find an open door, *and then through the intervention of spirit forces, was my father directed to the same door*, it seemed to me like unto a wicker gate; when these fond spirit friends had led my father to the outer side of this wicker gate and loving friends had led me down steep mountain side to the mundane, and placed me on the inner side of the wicker gate, imagine, if you can, my complete happiness, when I thrust my hand through the meshes of this gate to grasp his. *Then were the flood gates opened and my spirit wept for joy*.

But momentary seemed this pleasure, for he must go, and I must go. Then I determined that I should toil with renewed vigor to open wide this gate if it were possible, and converse face to face with him that was more than father, also companion, who to-day and has been bearing one of the heaviest burdens that nature could impose upon man. I determined through

effort to aid him to bear the burden, not materially, but spiritually. Then sought I out those who had charge and stood by this wicker gate, and asked permission to unlatch it with my own hand; they, perhaps, thought me presuming—a young man, over-estimating my skill, zealous in this one particular, and they heeded not my request; when to my astonishment, the father of my much beloved mother, came to the front and offered his credentials as a safe guarantee for my success, honesty and integrity of character. Then also came a beloved grand parent, father of my noble father, one whom I had loved dearly in earth life, and watched his progress down the steep hill of time until he passed over. Noble in character he was, it is true, but not assuming, then, in his nobility of character, offered to "serve in any capacity if they would allow the boy to make the effort." Still he who seemed to be authorized to exercise command, heeded not; as a last resort, one of the noble seven, whom I shall ever love and revere (Kisgar), by sympathy stepped out and offered up his position, as a co-worker and co-laborer with this Band, if I might be permitted to operate. He, in the fullness of his nature, said, "*If this youth can be the means of scattering darkness and bringing light; if he can be instrumental in bringing one soul out of darkness into light, I am willing to sacrifice my position, for what more could I do if I should labor forever?*" Then spoke our noble Father Guide and said: "*It is enough,*

retain your position; young man you may be permitted," and I was privileged to undertake the great mystic work of raising this latch and emanating from out of the sphere of spirit into the mundane, and conversing with those I love.

How wonderfully beautiful is the world of spirit and all that pertains to it. I may say that I have been successful in so far as I have been enabled to bring evidence from beyond this (the mundane) sphere to those I love, to prove to them the continuity and tangibility of the life beyond. *No longer does my parent mourn me as dead, but only separated; we meet, and over the dark chasm we stretch forth our hands, and greet each other; the bridge which spans the dirk chasm, the grave, bears me safely over to him, and no longer in dim faith looks he upwards, but in a full consciousness of the knowledge that life is continual.*

MY HOME LIFE IN THE REALM OF DAY.

AUGUST 2, 1884.

I have been requested to describe life and my home in the spirit world. It would be simply impossible to attempt to paint a word picture and expect it to do justice; so meagre and inadequate is language, when brought in contact with the supreme beauty of the supernal realm. Never before have we realized how inefficient the medium, *language*, when compared with

the vast realm of thought, and so we will attempt, under these distressing circumstances, to strive to portray, as best we may, *our home and life in the realm of day.*

I found, immediately after conscious realization of the transition, that I was in possession of a home, "*not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens.*" In earth life I had aspirations in regard to a home, taste and desires, some of which I never attained, and, strange as it may seem, nevertheless the fact, the home into which my spirit was ushered *I found to correspond almost minutely with my earthly aspirations.* They who accompanied my spirit to its destination, informed me that this home was the result of my earth life; the defects were the results, or corresponded with defects in my life, opportunities neglected, wrongs committed, and good omitted. The architectural decorations and all the beautiful adornments; the result of the good, kindness and love of earth life. I found that the defects might be remedied by acts of love and kindness in the near future, and I may say that I am striving, as best I can, to make my home a perfect one.

The experience through which I passed is a common one; *I am taught that every soul that enters spirit life, has its home, or place, of destination, and that place, the result of their earth life.* It is not in that sphere, as it is in the mundane, that he who has the most material, may have the better abode; but in

that world of the spirit, all things are recognized by the spirit, and we are taught that he who spends a life devoted to selfish purposes—the spirit of the miser and he who bows down to the golden calf, wealth, worshiping and seeing it from a selfish standpoint, who has not developed his spirit nature, that has allowed the material to control the spiritual—are, very often, those who occupy the hut and the hovel in spirit life; for these we have, as well as the mansions and palaces. When we understand this fact, and act upon it, that this life, or the outward semblance of life on the mundane, is not all of life, *but there is a dual, and that life is the indicator, or the controller, of what our after life shall be.* Each act of our every-day life, seen or unseen, adds to, or detracts from the home beyond. When this is realized—when this truth is pressed home to humanity through the beautiful philosophy of spiritualism—then, methinks, and not until then, will the golden rule be taken as a safe guide and a staff by all humanity, and they will realize *it is not all of life to live, or all of death to die.*

I find that in my short experience in spirit life, that those things that I most desire and aspire to, and am worthy of, those things I receive.

The inevitible laws of God to which men on the mundane are subjected to, we are also obedient thereunto.

A wrong impression prevails upon the minds of the masses, those who acceed to a possibility of a life

beyond, expect that life to be transcendently beautiful, although they have done but little in earth life to make it so; they anticipate the robe, the crown, the palm, and the harp, with the endless songs of praise and the endless wanderings beside the quiet river and the throne of God. They also anticipate a marvelous resurrection and transformation that would instantly change them from the material being crowded with material thoughts, aspirations and accumulations, into a being whose only thought is God and the spirit. How little they realize, how limited their thoughts, how narrow their conception, for, would not this be annihilation? would not the old self be annihilated and would the new man recognize himself? We think not! Or would he enjoy himself in an unnatural sphere? The laws of God are immutable and at least common sense, and the interpretation the theologists have placed on the resurrection is extremely *at variance with common sense—unmanlike, and decidedly ungodlike.*

We do not conceive that we have obtained all of the knowledge, but from our short experience we speak. We find spirit life transcendently beautiful beyond description; wonderfully tangible, decidedly natural. The mode of living, varying with the individuality; no so set rule or law have we found compelling all to live alike; no one have we found who loses his individuality in another. We find this illustrated in earth life; sympathy and unity in all things, except in individuality, and that decidedly distinct.

The pleasures, entertainments, and those things which tend to divert and inspire the mind in earth life—all these things we find, only more intensified in spirit life. The decorations and adornments, beautiful draperies and music, art in every department, we have, *if our acts are worthy the aspirations*. Beautiful hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, foliage, which rival our conception of beauty; trees, whose foliage never withers; the soft zephyrs play and fan our brows. We have rocks and we have dells. We have high lands and we have levels. We have great, expansive seas; all things that inspire the heart of man for the beautiful; all these have we in this the realm of the soul.

Heaven, as a distinct place, we recognize not; but all can enter its portals while yet upon the mundane, and if it is not within, previous to transition, it cannot be evolved immediately after transition, and the state or home of that soul is what it makes it.

Like He, of whom we read in the great book, after realizing the tangibility and naturalness of spirit life, I desired to return and convey the glad tidings to those I loved on the earth plane; as a glass of cooling water would I hold it to their parched lips that they might drink and be refreshed spiritually.

MY HOME, PLEASURES, ETC.

The home into which my spirit was ushered seemed tangible and real. When I learned that all material

had a spiritual counterpart, and that material matter is as invisible to the spirit—as much so, perhaps, as the spiritual is to the material eye—then I could understand why, in this realm of the spirit, all things seemed tangible and real.

If on the material plane my home was built, I should say it was composed of marble. The grounds surrounding it are terraced, the pathway leading to the entrance is shaded by shrubs; and, as in earth life, I was excessively fond of flowers, *I found the very love I bore these emblems of beauty, had provided them* for my garden, attached to my spirit home. I found them classified, their beauty and fragrance defies description. I found, also, there were those whose highest aspiration was cultivation of flowers, and they it is that are ready in attendance to care for them.

If my tastes had been consulted and if I had been permitted to have dictated the architecture of my home, it could not have been more complete; not elaborate, but suggestive of ease and comfort. *Each adornment was typical of some kind act while in the material life.* My greatest and most intense sorrow is, that my home was not better adorned; had I understood the great philosophy of life, and comprehended that nothing was lost, either good or evil, my home should have been more completely decorated.

We have no need of windows, or doors, in our homes; there is no trespassing, or invading; no chilling wind, or intense heat of the sun to close out; but the sweet,

soft zephyrs waft in through the apertures, and we have no wish to close them out. Running vines and trailing arbutus I have surrounding my balcony. All things that I aspired to, or could desire, and was worthy of, through unselfishness, charitableness, and willingness to serve others, in such capacity as I could, I found already there.

A great love for pets marked my earth life, and heaven in its grandeur and beauty could not have been heaven to me, as with many others, had I been debarred the pleasure of bestowing my affection *upon the animal kingdom;* but, what may seem strange, yet to me delightful, and goes to make my spirit home to me more beautiful, *is the fact, that those things I loved in earth life, had been accorded me in my spirit home.*

Life in the spirit world, is not monotonous, there is work for willing hearts, willing brains, and willing hands. There is something for each one to do. There is a niche that one fills and each has his specific work to do. There is the advancing and educating of those in darkness; there is the uplifting, and we find that each can lend a helping hand to the others.

I am told by one much esteemed and considered good authority, *that very many return and find broad fields upon the mundane for their labors.* There are those whose highest aspirations were to heal the sick, *the physician cannot ply his vocation in the spirit world, for there is no sickness here, but to the earth plane he*

hastens, on wings of love, *and through the instrumentality of others*, strives to alleviate the suffering of mortals. Is not this grand? is not this glorious? that they who pass beyond may return and add their knowledge to that of earth's in behalf of humanity. Then, again, there are those whose highest aspiration is the construction of machinery; and they return to the mundane, to those whose love is akin to theirs, and through their instrumentality, work out their projects.

I am told *whatever man aspires to be in earth life, whether mechanic, florist, orator, artist, musician, or whatever it may be*, that *he shall be, when he enters spirit life.*

With the busy life in the spirit world *we also have our pleasures;* we have our concerts, the finest art of the past are represented, and all pleasures that the soul desires.

I find no ceaseless marching and ceaseless praise; but all enjoy themselves according to their own desires. What would be pleasure to me, might not be to another. *I find no immutable law, according to all alike. The singers of the past are singers still*, and the great souls of *Mozart* and *Beethoven* are overflowing with music, as in the past.

Spirit life is not a stagnant, but a progressive state. The great literary minds of the past are still interested in their pursuits. The humanitarian and philanthropist are the same still, the great souls which governed their movements, *are not dead, but alive, and returns,*

through such avenues as they may have access to, to work out, for humanity, some good.

Those who can comprehend the thought I wish to convey, will perceive that *the spirit realm is surely a sphere of activity, and they who anticipate an indefinite rest, and state of languor,* with nought else to do, but to praise God, through song and adoration, will be sadly disappointed, *and will learn this truth, that he who loves God most, works hardest,* not for himself alone, but for the brotherhood of mankind.

I find upon investigation, *many homes that are built in a group, and I learn that these are the habitation of families, where they are united.* Sad as the fact is, nevertheless it is true, many families are not united here, they were not upon the earth plane, and how, with any degree of common sense, can they expect to be in this land, where life is truth, how can they expect to be united in this sphere of life, where all are expected to dwell in harmony.

"*In my Father's house are many mansions,*" *so Jesus said,* and so we find it; when one realizes that his habitation is the result of earth life *and with him it rests solely and entirely what sort of a habitation it shall be,* methinks he will strive to make it as pleasant and attractive as it is possible for him to do.

We find also in this realm of life, *that will is the grand force,* that moves all things. If, while in the material body, we wished to reach a certain point, environed as we were by material, it necessitated our

complying with material laws, in order to reach it; when separated from material, all environments pertaining to material ceases, and *we find that the force of will, is the grand motive power that aids us in reaching out, wheresoever we will.* If we will stop, and think, for one moment, and apply this philosophy to our material life, we can readily see, that even while upon the mundane, it is only the material that compels us to comply with material laws.

This life, so new, so grand and beautiful, *so different from the old ideas which were inculcated in our youthful days of earth life,* so much to be unlearned, and so much to learn, this life, in which man stands upon his own basis, knows even as he is known, so full of sublime reality, so tangible, so real.

I stand a pupil of this Spirit Band, and find that truth is abundant, and all that will, can receive of the pure waters of living life, and all it requires, is willingness and desire, on the part of each individual, to strive for knowledge, if he would attain it.

There is no compulsory law in this land, and who among you, experiencing what I have, and the love burning intensely within for those in earth plane, would not have done as I have? Limited as is my knowledge, such as I have, I am willing to bring to the mundane and impart it.

Strange as it may seem, although surrounded in earth life. *with very many blessings, with a brilliant prospect for my future,* with the love and devotion of

parents, the friendship of a host of friends, yet, with all these, *if it were my privilege to return and reinhabit the material body, I should refuse; so transcendently beautiful is this world of the spirit, so delightful to be free from pain and suffering*, knowing that by-and-by, those I love so dearly, will enter also into this, *that in the meantime I can minister and watch over them, keep alive the coals of love, and at last, welcome them in this sphere of life.*

I AM CONTENT! AYE, HAPPY!! this is the united evidence *of all, with whom I have come in contact.*

With undying love to you, my dear father, and to her, my devoted mother, will I watch over you until the sinking sun, signals your earthly work done; bringing all I can, of the happiness I enjoy, into your life, scattering your shadows, and adding to your joys. *Now can I better, than in my earth life*, prove a staff in your declining years, for, can I not now feed the spiritual? *that is all there is of you! for the material crumbles and decays.*

I would be a lamp to your feet, to illume the way; would aid you in your aspirations, and be an incentive to a good, pure, and noble life.

Your son, in Spirit Life.

M. C. C.,

MORNING STAR, *of the Band.*

Note.—

STARTLING PROOF OF MORTALITY.*

MY SON'S TRANSITION took place Dec. 9th, 1883, FORTY-ONE WEEKS AGO, September 21st. *Since his passage to spirit life,* FORTY-ONE SOULS, OF HIS ACQUAINTANCE, of which I have a memorandum, have passed to the spirit world, and two more are lying at the point of death.

MORNING STAR'S FATHER.

Sept. 21, 1884.

*Forty-one deaths in forty-one weeks!—parties whom my son knew!

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Wordsworth.

COMMON SENSE vs. SPIRITS.

WHAT IS THERE OF YOU, EXCEPT YOUR SPIRITUAL NATURE? What is your material body, except the casket, or encasement, for your spirit body? When your spirit has no farther use for the material body, what becomes of it? It passes back to nature—vegetable to vegetable, and mineral to the mineral kingdom; nothing is lost or wasted by nature. *What becomes of your spirit?* It passes to the spirit world, freed from all material entanglements.

If you are requested to perform an act, to which is the request made, to the material, or spiritual of yourself—what, decides, yes, or no? *The spiritual, you answer!* If I make a request which is repugnant and offensive to you, which says yes, or no, and if you accede to the request, which performs the act, is it the material, or spiritual? Which is the life and motive power of the engine, the steam, or engine? Which produces the message, the electricity, or the telegraph wires and poles? *The material body is nothing but dead matter, without its tenant, the spiritual body.*

We know our will! or wont! when in the body.

Apply common sense to the fact of the spirits' superior independence, when bereft of the cumbersome material body, then appreciate the want of sense, when you come to investigate spiritualism, and make a request, or say "*I will believe in it, if the spirit will tell me who appropriated my diamonds, or what horses will win in a race to take place next week,*" or more absurd and degrading requests, for a free and independent spirit to comply with. *If you can gain something material, then you will believe*—WHAT?

You require something tangible and positive, to make you believe; yet few, *if any*, doubt the existence of God; *who has seen him?* The spirits returning do not claim, or state, they have any knowledge of him, *as a personal being*, yet you, believe there is a God (so called) of nature, who controls everything, and is a part of everything. *Why do you believe it?* Not from any knowledge, but from an innate sentiment born with you and part of you.

You are positive of your mother's love, it was born at your conception and increased every day *your dear mother lived.* While her spirit was in the body and great distances separated you, you felt her spiritual influence; *when she died, you knew she watched over you; she was, and is, your guiding angel*, there is no question of the fact, *but how do you know it?* Common sense comes to your aid, and answers, *such love as my mother and I bore each other never can die!*

Do you suppose God, with His love and wisdom, created man for this sphere, gave him the desires for learning, constant reaching out for something grander, to improve and advance himself in the opinion of man and self, simply for this existence, and *when so-called death comes*, all of our studying and searchings, all of our intellectual acquirements, gained by constant toil, all are for nought! *Our innate nature says, I believe there is a future, I believe I shall see my friends, face to face.* I believe the superior intelligence of a man here, will be recognized in spirit life as it is here. I believe this is a school elementary, and the farther advanced here, the higher in the next school I shall grade; all of these facts, *the returning spirits verify*, and must prove an incentive for increased intelligence, and with it *comes God-likeness and betterment of mankind.* In what are we better than the savage, *other than what intelligence has made us?*

Is it common sense? that I should apply to you to do some degrading act, *repulsive to my nature*, and expect you to comply? What is the difference if I apply *to your spirit embodied or disembodied?* Simply, the insult would be the greater, to ask it of the disembodied spirit. Those who will not believe in the return of their mother's spirit, because she will not perform some menial act degrading to her, but more so to the one asking it, must be educated to know that a spirit freed from the body, does not make retrogade movements

and become servile to a menial's wishes; but to the contra, as everything is gained in spirit life by acts of love and kindness, you will find spirits returning and impressing you with elevating thoughts and ever ready to help improve your spiritual advancement, as that is your certificate for position in spirit life. *Spirit life is for advancement, not retrogadation.*

Spirits do not claim infallible knowledge of what is to take place, in material matters, belonging to the mundane; but they see causes and anticipate effects; they do tell you what has taken place, *and prove beyond all question, their individuality*, and knowledge of you and yours. They see and know your spiritual man; *they see the dual of your character and nature.* They convince you of their love and watchfulness over you, *their anxiety for you to be pure and honest here*, that you may reach a higher grade there.

WHERE IS THE SPIRIT WORLD?

On the mundane for those of degraded natures and miserly characters, they remain in and around their haunts of vice and associations; *out from the mundane the different spheres are removed in the aura that surrounds the earth*, and increase in beauty and refinement, as sphere follows sphere, and the spirit takes up its abode, in that sphere which its earthly life has proved itself worthy by its own acts; *same as in life*, the higher and purer in character, life and

morals a man lives here, the higher here his plane in society; *common sense dictates the same rule in spirit life;* it could not be otherwise; *if not so, inharmony, consequently chaos, and that is not God-like.*

"Our Chosen One."

By Inspiration.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.

Milton.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Pope.

For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Spencer.

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone before.

Samuel Rogers.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio.
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Shakespeare.

THE PHENOMENA OF MATERIALIZATION EXPLAINED.

To my Earthly Brother and Pupil:

If I remember correctly, the question put to me, on a previous occasion, was, *If the phenomena* of the writing in the closed box *was a fact*, how was it performed? and our answer was somewhat after this fashion:

All things that you see as material, upon the material plane, *are immaterial with us*, and material, *is as immaterial to the spirit, as the spirit is invisible to the material, or mortal man.*

You dwell in a realm of materialization, all things that you see *are but spirit manifestations, spirit materializations.*

The acorn is embodied in the cabinet of earth, surrounded by the required conditions; *the spirit embodied in the acorn, asserts itself*, pushes out the little tendrils into the earth, drawing the gases, and substances, that it requires, to itself, then pushes up in an opposite direction, its asserted life, through the little blade, above the surface, and draws to itself material from the atmosphere, *the sun, the rain, and the gases that*

abound in the atmosphere and materializes itself, utilizing all things that it requires, to assert its individuality; and year after year, the acorn adds to its materialization, the material that surrounds it, until we behold the king of the forest reaching out its mighty branches, inviting the wayfaring and tired, dusty traveler, to a place of rest.

Man upon the material plane, requires something material; hews down and consigns to useful purposes, this materialization of the acorn, thinking he has something material; *while we know, what he calls material, is composed of the gases and juices of earth, the atmosphere and rays from the solar system*; and as it is composed of these elements of earth, it can, through purifying process of fire, be consigned back again to the position it was taken from. *The material acorn, can be consumed by fire, and the smoke and vapor, that arises, go back to its previous state.* So the box, which seems to you material and impossible of penetration, we only view as congealed gases, and to us it is simply immaterial; *and that which is supposed to be a marvelous phenomena*, is but a *simple demonstration of this fact, that the spirit recognizes not material;* and the materialization of the acorn, is but an illustration of life, as we find it, through all the kingdoms of the earth, *from the least to the greatest.*

TRUTH, *of the Band.*

NEW YORK, Aug. 22, 1884.

INDIVIDUAL SENTIMENTS OF THE BAND.

INDIVIDUAL SENTIMENTS *(verbatim)* OF THE SPIRIT BAND *and spirit friends*, TRANSMITTED, TO BE INSCRIBED, IN VOLUMES *(selected by them)* OF EMERSON'S WORKS, WHICH WERE PRESENTED TO REV. MRS. T. B. STRYKER, JULY 28TH, 1884.

We are, what we are, because we are;
We cannot evolve nought but that which is first involved,
We cannot be God-like, if God is not represented within,
Cannot be a saint, if our soul is bathed in sin.

FATHER GUIDE, *of the Band.*

Volume,
Lectures and Biographical Sketches.

Men live from within;
No man can live higher than his aspirations;
He who strives to imitate, makes shipwreck of life.

Volume,
Conduct of Life.

WISDOM, *of the Band.*

Mortal read! then stop and think
What a marvel and a wonder ye are;
And that ye stand upon the brink, or border of the other land.
Look without, and then within,
Then strive to cleanse yourself from sin.

HEBRON, *of the Band.*

Volume,
Nature, Addresses and Lectures.

Thoughts of great men, are as food to our spirit, they reflect our thoughts, to which we could not give utterance.

Volume,
Lectures and Social Aims.

KISGAR, *of the Band.*

The universality of God, we see portrayed in all nature.

Volume,
Society and Solitude. THE LEAST OF THE BAND.

The great minds of the past, make the great minds of the present and the future.

The nations of to-day, are what the nations of the past have made them.

Volume,
Essays—First Series. LADY LOTTA, *of the Band.*

Purity of thought, much more to be desired, than wealth.

Volume,
Representative Men. BRIGHT STAR, *of the Band.*

To them who are wiser than I, I bow an obeisance and say, *all this is within me;* if it were not, it could not be in them.

Wisdom, like pearls, must be sought after; whatever height of wisdom man has attained, *we may attain also.*

Volume,
Miscellaneous. MORNING STAR, *of the Band.*

Pythagoras, Socrates, Jesus of Nazareth, Luther, Gallileo, Newton, Morse, Franklin, Swedenborg, Parker, Emerson, and the ever immortal Plato, *all misunderstood, because they represented Truth, in their time and place; can I expect to be greater than they?*

Volume,
Essays—Second Series.

TRUTH, *of the Band.*

Poetry is a mirror which reflects our thoughts, as a fine stringed instrument which many play, *but few produce music.*

EELEN MOORE, *invited friend of the Band.*

Volume,
Poems.

Life is but a fleeting shadow when 'tis spent;
Each day an arrow, into eternity sent.

EMERSON, *Invited friend of the Band.*

Volume,
English Traits.

By proxy.

JESUS CHRIST A NON-SECTARIAN.

CHRIST'S CHURCH.

Christ was a humanitarian, the founder of no sect; his church was broad as the universe, as high as the heavens, carpeted with the green verdure of the earth, and the canopy of heaven was its dome; ornamented by day, by the grand solar system, and its walls by night, frescoed by the stella world. His pulpit, the mount, the garden, the seaside, and on the raging billows. *His teachings, universal love, universal fatherhood and brotherhood of man.*

Paul, or Saul of Tarsus, who, on the way to Damascus, was overtaken and overpowered by the Angel of Light, to him are we indebted for the formation of the sects which followed.

WISDOM, *of the Band.*

SPIRITUALISM!

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF IT?

The Noble Spirit Band, of which I am an humble instrument of communication, teaches and proves the continuity of life, the tangibility and mutual recognition of friends in the spirit world.

That life here is a reality in its being a school to educate the spirit for the next sphere. That the purer we live here, the greater our happiness here, and the higher plane we reach in the spirit world.

That God is Love for all humanity; and as we love humanity, giving proofs by sympathy, or material aid, according to our ability, so we elevate ourselves here and hereafter. That God neither here or in the next sphere, forsakes the most ungrateful.

Spiritualism does not base itself on faith, but on knowledge; convincing to the most skeptical.

The Bible is the Basic Stone of spiritualism, it promulgates God as Supreme Ruler of the universe, a God of Love Universal.

Spiritualism proves that love born here with the spirit never dies, but passes with the spirit to the

spirit world; comes back to us in parents watching over their children, children watching over their parents and each inspiring the other to do good, be pure, that they may pass into a higher plane in the spirit world.

Spiritualism teaches that as a man lives, so he dies, and goes into the spirit world *himself*, not somebody else; he goes with his peculiar characteristics, he is not changed by transition, only from the material to the spiritual; and when seen with the spiritual eye, he is just as tangible and the self same person.

Spiritualism teaches that we are surrounded by spirit friends and our acts are seen and known by them.

The Bible is the Basic Stone of spiritualism; and to-day the greater majority of intelligent humanity have and are adopting its truths. Spiritualism teaches us to be God-like.

These are a part of the teachings of the Band who control me and *teachings to which my life is devoted.* If humanity could live without material food, habitation, or covering, I would gladly give my time and God-given powers without charge, without price, to benefit humanity in opening up an avenue for their spiritual advancement and eternal happiness.

"*What is the good of it?*" It makes man humane, it soothes the aching heart. *It is a religion based on knowledge.*

Rev. Mrs. T. B. Stryker.

PEARLS OF WISDOM.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

MILTON.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all.

AGONISTES.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

JOHN LOUIS UHLAND.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way.

* * * * *

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

POPE.

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—"Where?"

BYRON.

Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

BURNS.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.

EDMUND BURKE.

Henceforth the Majesty of God revere;
Fear Him and you have nothing else to fear.

Answer to a Gentleman who apologized to the Author for Swearing

JAMES FORDYCE.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Life 's but a means unto an end, that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.

* * * * *

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them: *and the truth of truths is love.*

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

FRANCIS BACON.

God takes a text, and preaches Pa-ti-ence.
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises.

HERBERT.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.
'T is impious in a good man to be sad.
A Christian is the highest style of man.
Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.
By night an atheist half believes a God.

YOUNG.

One God, one law, one element
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

TENNYSON.

(Speaking of justice.) Truth is its handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train; it is the brightest emanation from the gospel, it is the attribute of God.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

YOUNG.

Every one is the son of his own works.

CERVANTES.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.

MILTON.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

WORDSWORTH.

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.

JOHN FLETCHER.

Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
* * * * *

It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Presented by Mrs. P. H. Loomis
Black River
N. Y.

All nature is but art, *unknown to thee;*
All chance, *direction, which thou canst not see;*
All discord, *harmony not understood;*
All partial evil, *universal good;*
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

POPE.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

POPE.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.

YOUNG.

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.

WORDSWORTH.

The old *must die;*
The young *may!*

Proverb.

Biblical Facts of Christ's Returning Twelve Times to Earth in Materialized Form.

FIRST.—To Mary Magdalene:
The Garden.—Mark 16:9-10.

9 ¶ Now when *Jesus* was risen early the first *day* of the week he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.

10 *And* she went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept.

John 20:14.

14 And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

SECOND.—To the women returning home:
The Garden.—Matt. 28:9.

9 ¶ And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

THIRD.—To two disciples going to Emmaus:
Emmaus.—Mark 16:12; Luke 24:13.

12 ¶ After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country.

Luke 24:13.

13 ¶ And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was frcm Jerusalem *about* threescore furlongs.

FOURTH.—To Peter:
Jerusalem.—Luke 24:34; (I. Cor. 15:5).

34 Saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.

I. Cor. 15:5.

5 And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve.

FIFTH.—To ten apostles in the upper room:
Jerusalem.—Luke 24:36; John 20:19.

36 ¶ And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace *be* unto you.

John 20:19.

19 ¶ Then the same day at evening, being the first *day* of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace *be* unto you.

SIXTH.—To the eleven in the upper room:
Jerusalem.—Mark 16:4; John 20:26.

14 ¶ Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.

John 20:26.

26 ¶ And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: *then* came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace *be* unto you.

SEVENTH.—To seven apostles at the Sea of Tiberias:
Tiberias.—John 21:1; 1-24.

1 After these things Jesus shewed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias; and on this wise shewed he *himself*.

Note.—Read John 21, verses 1 to 24.

EIGHTH.—To eleven apostles on a mountain in Galilee.
Galilee.—Matt. 28:16.

16 ¶ Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

NINTH.—To five hundred brethren at once:
Galilee or Bethany.—(I. Cor. 15:6).

6 After that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.

TENTH.—To James:
(I. Cor. 15:7).

7 After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles.

ELEVENTH.—Ascension:
Bethany.—Mark 16:19; Luke 24:50-51.

19 ¶ So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.

Luke 24:50-51.

50 ¶ And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.

51 And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

TWELFTH.—To Paul:
Damascus.—(I. Cor. 15:8).

8 And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.

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Artotype of Rev. Mrs. T. B. Stryker.

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The Vacant Chair.

THE VACANT CHAIR!

Spiritualism,

BIBLICAL AND MODERN,

EXPLAINED,

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE!

IN SYMPATHY WITH THE

BROKEN HEARTED.

WHEN I DIE.

Let me die, to go and be at rest
With kindred spirits,—spirits who have bless'd
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

JOHN PIERPONT.

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By Mrs. T. B. STRYKER.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

This collection of poems and explanation of spiritualism is issued for humanity's sake, in the hopes and wishes that many an aching heart may herein find solace. My mediumship came to me unsought and I am but an instrument in the hands of my maker, using his gifts to me, for the honest purpose of giving an insight into the future, as revealed through me by the spirits, whose truthfulness can be tested, as all matters pertaining to the future and betterment of mankind should be, by honest inquiry and tests.

Mrs. T. B. STRYKER.

COL. J. WINCHESTER, OF CALIFORNIA, ABOUT MRS. T. B. STRYKER.

Of all the psychometric "readings" or delineations of character, and of the events of life, past and present, with forecast of the future, I have never seen a better than that of Mrs. Fannie Livingston, of Columbia, Cal., by Mrs. T. B. Stryker, of Brooklyn, N. Y. In its wonderful accuracy and startling insight into characteristics and mental phases, as well as its terseness of language, its perusal, to those of us who know Mrs. L. intimately, was a succession of surprises, for its faithfulness to the facts and the absence of generalizations in delineation. A reading so severely practical, so apt, accurate and pointed, shows Mrs. Stryker to stand, in the fullness of her gifts, second to no other psychometrist or medium, and one who cannot fail to satisfy all who test her.

J. WINCHESTER.

Columbia, Cal., June 20, 1883.

NOTE.—Mrs. Stryker moved April last from Brooklyn, N. Y., to her present address, 119 East 28th Street, New York City.

The Vacant Chair.

There is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

There is no Death! *What seems so is transition:*
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again unfold her,
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

DO YOU WISH TO HEAR FROM YOUR CHILD, YOUR PARENTS OR FRIENDS?

(Copy of letter sent Mrs. T. B. Stryker.)

MRS. T. B. STRYKER,

Dear Madame :—Broken hearted, wild with grief at the loss of *my only child*, seeking something to help, sustain me in my deep affliction; thirsting for a message

of love, and communication from the spirit land, (if such things were possible), I was directed to you as a *lady of truth and special mediumistic gifts.* I came to you a skeptic, but willing to acknowledge the truth, and glad to embrace the evidence, if satisfactory tests were given. *How happy I was* in finding, beyond all question in my mind, the fact that my child's death was not annihilation; that I must not wait to cross the wide river to know that my child, and that of parents, children and departed friends, could and do hold communications with their loved ones *here.* All doubts of what the future is, all fears of death, and questions of *God's Love*, were settled. You are specially blessed in being controlled by a band of spirits of grand intellects, pure in their teachings, and desirous to help humanity and guide them in paths that will enable them, *by their acts here*, to build a home of beauty in the spirit world. I take great pleasure in recommending you (to all who seek, in purity of spirit and love, communications from their departed children, parents or friends), as worthy of any confidence that they may place in you, and I say to the broken hearted, if they wish to meet and hear of their friends, who have gone before them, and learn the truth of the hereafter, so mystified, they can find through your instrumentality the end they desire.

I am yours in faith,

C. B. H.

New York City, May 1st, 1884.

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THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

"*Art thou a Mourner ?*--Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days forever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

"Oh live !—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

"The Sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,—
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drown'd in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He cross'd in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see.
Over the river, over the river,
My son stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river, the boatman pale
Carried our boy,—the household pet:
His hand waved in the gentle gale—
Darling! I see him yet.
He cross'd on his bosom his dimpled hands,
And fearlessly enter'd the phantom bark;
We watch'd it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know he is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransom'd and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My darling idol is waiting for me.

IN THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY.

BIBLICAL AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM EXPLAINED.

DID AND DO SPIRITS OF THE DEAD RETURN AND COMMUNE WITH KINDRED SPIRITS OF THE LIVING?

For evidence of Bible Spiritualism you are referred to extracts from a discourse, delivered by the Rev. Dr. ——, one of New York's eminent divines.

As evidence of Modern Spiritualism, I refer you to the pulpit of to-day.

The majority of divines believe it, and the most eloquent are inspired, *but few ministers* are honest enough, to the cause of their master and humanity, to preach what they believe and know is the truth, they fear it is unpopular; bigotry and early education force them to advocate ancient doctrines of orthodoxy, saying to and among themselves, "the public must be gradually educated in the truth of Spiritualism;" in the meantime man dies! and goes to an unknown God, proclaimed by the clergy as an inhuman God of all the universe; *a God* who, in truth, is a God of Love for all humanity, not of a self-electing few. *The*

Bible was written by inspired men, controlled by advanced intellectual spirits of the spirit world, as have been all great men of the church and foremost men in all spheres of life. The humane men are but instruments used and influenced by spirits of intellectual souls of the spirit world, who, in their love for humanity and desire to work out God's will, return with knowledge and Godlikeness to help poor, struggling souls of this sphere in their dire distress.

That this world is but one of the many spheres of existence which the spirit is to fill is a fact acknowledged by the majority of intellectual mankind—*and feared by the balance.*

Gen. Gordon, the commander of the English forces in Egypt, thus expresses his views as to a future life: "I think that this life is only one of a series of lives, which our incarnated part has lived. I have little doubt of our having preëxisted; and that also in the time of our preëxistence we were actively employed. So, therefore, I believe in our active employment in a future life and like the thought. We shall, I think, be far more perfect in a future life, and, indeed, go on toward perfection, but never attain it."

The New York *Times*, in an editorial, published the following: "*Mr. Beecher* tells us that 'ours is a period when men are getting rid of coarser forms.' The impulse of the world in religious matters is undoubtedly toward truth. There is a yearning in the human soul for light. Were man a pure intellectual

and unemotional being, he would be an infidel: being a creature of sensibility as well as reason, he feels the need of a higher power; he feels that a higher power exists. Mr. Beecher advanced the strongest argument for the existence of the Deity when he said, 'I know that I am in the presence of a spirit which encompasses me, inspires me and lifts me up.' Such a feeling can never be reasoned away. It is the voice of nature speaking in the soul."

It seems incredible to a reasoning creature that man should strive for increased knowledge, and each age advance in wisdom, and the soul be annihilated at what is called death. Oh, no! that is not God-like, or common sense.

The spirits, of whom I am an humble instrument, or medium for their communication, teach, "as a man lives, so he dies; and enters a sphere suited to his spirit's character, as he chose to make it here." The selfish, narrow-contracted spirit meets its affinities; it would not be at home elsewhere; the spirit of the murderer, the miserable, groveling spirit of the miser and oppresser of the poor, the rum-selling despoiler of both soul and body, do not meet on the same plane with the philanthropist, George Peabody, the temperance pleader, William E. Dodge, the advocate of freedom, Lloyd Garrison, the patriots, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

If the spirit of the life-long skeptic should be instantly changed at his death, he would enter the spirit

world a new being, not knowing or being acquainted with himself, and an entire stranger to his former associates. That is not the rule of advancement we have been educated in. Where would be his remorse for his examples and consequent results upon his fellow man? Is no atonement required?

Do spirits recognize kindred spirits? Most assuredly. So the Bible teaches. How? All that is material—has a spiritual counterpart. Here in this mundane sphere, *material;* in the spirit world, *spiritual.*

Advocates of advanced ideas, particularly those proclaiming freedom for humanity and freedom for the spirit, have had to fight the bigotry of the self-opiniated disbelievers in everything that emanates outside of themselves, or the creeds they nursed, without knowing or questioning if it was truth or justice. So it has been to those publishing spiritualism. If not nailed to the cross, like unto Christ, for proclaiming a new doctrine, too often they have been crucified by personal opinion; but to-day, the majority of thinking, educated mankind are believers in heart, if not publicly confessed, and they are in unison to-day with the teachings of the far-advanced, great intellect and humane teacher of forty years ago, the Rev. Theodore Parker, who advanced a new doctrine. Believing in God as a humane God, he attacked with grand eloquence the old school ideas of eternal punishment and a brutal God. If here to-day, in the flesh, he would be one of the

foremost in the advancement of spiritual truths, leading to the enlightenment of humanity in solving the problem of eternal life—in the fact, as a man lives, so he dies; but through God's great love, he advances from sphere to sphere, nearing perfection, but never becoming perfect, OR GOD.

Do spirits return to this world? Positively to-day, as in Bible history. Many spirits do not, they had nothing in friendship or otherwise to make earth desirable, leaving no friends or love behind, why should they return? But to those earth-bound by love for parents, children, sisters, brothers, wives and husbands, does it seem reasonable *that with death love is annihilated*—the love of the mother for her children? Oh, no! no one believes that. *So Love*, the great talisman, brings back the departed spirit to guide and watch over its loved ones. Who has not felt the spiritual influence and inspiration of their dear parents that have passed over? What father or mother, having faith in God's love, has not bowed down in grief and appealed to God and Christ, to watch over and protect their darling who is in the spirit land? What parent questions if they will meet and recognize their loved ones when they too pass over. Years may elapse between the departure of our dear ones and our inevitable fate, *death;* how is the love to be kept green, if not by spiritual means, the spirit returning to its kindred love, and keeping memory and love warm. What is this world with our loved ones *gone?* What would the spirit world be

without them? "No one has ever returned to tell us of the spirit world!" Perhaps not to you, because you have never placed yourself in communication.

How do spirits recognize one another? The material body has within itself a spiritual body which is its counterpart. The soul is the tabernacle of the spirit. What the material body is to the physical man, that the soul is to the spirit.

How can spirits return? Just the same as your spirit can return to and describe any place you have visited. You can instantly locate your mind at any point you have been. You cannot describe the Spirit Land; you have not seen it! *But the spirits of your departed ones can!*

How do spirits communicate with friends here? Through me by mesmerizing my brain! using it and my vocal powers, just the same as one in the flesh mesmerizes another in the flesh. *Mesmerism* is the power of mind over mind; spirit over spirit; the most positive taking possession of the less positive, and reflecting upon the brain of the mesmerized the wishes and thoughts it desires to communicate—the brain and vocal powers acting in unison. All know that the mind is controlled by the spirit, not subject to the material body for thoughts. The material body, when the spirit passes out of it, is like our homes when vacated. We as individuals out of our houses feel more freedom and expansion. If so with us of the body—how is it with our spirit—is it not stronger detached from the

material body, which is continually out of sorts, most certainly! If so, and a spirit can magnetize my brain while in its body, most surely it can and does when released from its taxed and weakening influences, and, taking charge of my brain, it communicates through my vocal organs its thoughts and wishes. You can see it is no mystery—*it is simply a phrenological fact.*

What my spirit band teaches, christianity embodied as it is in the 11th Commandment, "That ye love one another." Spirits that have passed over—see your heart, *as it is*, true love stands out, the sycophant is unclothed, and in the spirit world like finds its own. Death, or passage over to the spirit world, does not end work, spirits return as God's messengers on missions of love for poor, blind humanity, and errands of love to comfort the broken hearted.

My spirit band also teaches me, that as a man lives, so his spirit enters its new sphere; as a man sows, so he reaps—but no eternal remorse, no eternal hell—no immediate heaven, but as in this world you earn your own promotion by your acts of love to suffering humanity.

The band of spirits who control me are varied in characteristics. The philosopher, the divine, the ministering angel and others of beautiful and truthful characters, bearing great love for humanity.

The band numbers eight, and I was selected, *by them*, as an humble instrument through which they

communicate their messages for the betterment of mankind. I trust I may, in the future as in the past, be the means of soothing aching hearts and quieting the doubts of what is beyond the grave.

If we believe our friends and loved ones do come and are our guardian angels, can such facts do harm? Oh, no! but will be a constant reminder that we seek truth, do our duty honestly and faithfully for the *short time* we remain here, *that we may spend eternity* with those we love in the spirit land.

With love for humanity, I am

Mrs. T. B. STRYKER,
119 E. 28th Street,
New York.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway or open street,—

That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of Love,
As broad as the blue sky above:

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain:

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's home at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this:
Yet one word more: They only miss
The winning of that perfect bliss

Who will not count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know:
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,—

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, and with curses rife,—
That this is blessing, this is life.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THANATOPSIS.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BIBLICAL ✣ SPIRITUALISM.

Rev. Dr. —, one of New York's eminent Divines,

AT THE

FUNERAL SERVICES OF AN AGED LADY,

Tuesday, January 30, 1883,

AT No. 561 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

[*This is published in the interest of truth. Personal portions of the discourse are omitted.*]

And thus ends another life! In what sense does it end? Not in extinction, but rather in change of condition, in the invisibility of the body to us, but in the perpetual consciousness of the departed.

Individuality is indestructible. Death is a removal and not an annihilation. All that is immaterial and spiritual continues forever. The spirit is a unit and is indissoluble. *The integrity of personal identity is a sublime fact. We can never be less than ourselves, nor more than ourselves, nor other than ourselves.* We must be ourselves with all the integrity of our intellect and moral being. Memory holds the past. The imagination prophesies the future. The judgment, the reason and the understanding remain intact, while the affections hold fast the tender objects of domestic life.

This venerable woman has gone to the bosom of her God, not to sing songs nor to be idle nor indifferent as to the scenes of earth and time. These sons and grandchildren, over whom she watched with tenderest love here, *she will continue to love and guide hereafter.*

How sad must be that heart returning from the grave, feels all was buried there! Earth, indeed, would be poor were the departed forever separated from us; but reason and revelation combine to lead us to the belief that those who have passed to the other side are still working for the interests of those who remain on earth. Humanity is ever asking the question, "Have we heard from beyond the grave!" "What is the proof?" It is twofold: the testimony of persons in all ages, in all countries, of all religions, and the record of facts contained in the Bible, and in

personal experience. *The belief is all but universal that the spirits of the departed have returned to earth.* It is so in China. The best of the Greeks and Romans were strong in this opinion, and those eminent in the Church for learning and piety, have cherished this common faith.

Two worlds met in Bible times. The communications were as real then between earth and heaven as between New York and London to day. From Adam till John there was frequent intercourse between those who had gone and those who were left behind. God spake to Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses and Solomon. Angels dined with Abraham; led Lot out of Sodom; were companions of Daniel in the lion's den; they conversed with Mary; they delivered Peter from prison; they visited Cornelius, the Roman centurion. Celestial visions were given to Isaiah and the prophets, to Paul and the apostles, to Stephen and the martyrs, while Samuel and Moses and Elias were returned to earth. And why should we suppose that there is less interest in heaven for earth now than in the glorious past? *We have the inspired record of the return of five persons to our earth,* three of whom entered the spirit world through the portals of the grave. One was translated and returned, and one was caught up into the third heaven. The first to return was Samuel, the prophet. When a lad in the sanctuary he had heard from beyond the grave, and conversed with the Lord. He died at the advanced age of 98, and was buried at

Ramah. When in great distress, King Saul invoked the spirit of Samuel to return to earth, and the request was granted. Samuel re-appeared in the form and garments most familiar to Saul. What Saul saw was not an apparition, not a semblance, not a confederate of the witch, not an emissary of Satan, but the veritable and venerable Samuel, wearing the same majestic look which Saul had seen before, and speaking with the same authority as when judge and prophet. This is indicated by his intimate knowledge of Saul's past life, by the predictions which were fulfilled, and all this was for the benefit of the nation and for the world. And what information did Samuel give of the spirit world? That sainted souls are there at rest. "Why hast thou disquieted me?" That they have a knowledge of the earth. "The Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thy hand as he spake by me." And that they have information of the future. "The Lord will deliver thee into the hands of the Philistines, and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

From a scene so sad let us turn to one that is cheerful. Let us stand on the summit of Tabor. The Lord is transfigured and the voice of His Father is heard, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," and to attest the divine mission of Jesus to visit us from the present spirit world returned to earth. They stand on Tabor and converse with Christ. One of the two is Moses, who died on Mount Nebo 1,500 years prior to His return. The other is Elijah, who

900 years before the transfiguration had been translated. Moses appeared as Moses, Elijah appeared as Elijah. Moses represented the disembodied, Elijah represented the embodied. *Have we heard from beyond the grave? Yes. What do Moses and Elijah say of the spirit world? That they are there as they were in their personal identity, consciousness and knowledge here; that they know what we are doing and have a deep interest in our spiritual welfare.* "They spake of his death which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." Time does not lessen their interest in earth. The centre of their joy is the suffering and glorified Jesus. They are permitted to do in their glorified state what they were not when on earth. Moses treads the promised land from which he had been excluded. The two worlds meet. "They appeared in glory." Peter, James and John are our witnesses to this communication. How did they know them? By revelation? By spiritual intuition? By conversation? It matters not; they knew them, and thirty years after the event Saint Peter recorded the fact.

The fourth person who came to us from beyond the grave had always lived there. That was His native land. He was there long before any had arrived on our shores. He then came in bodily form into this life. He is always represented as coming. Having lived thirty-three years he returned to the spirit world, and remained three days. And what does Christ say of that world? There are many mansions there. The

inhabitants live forever. They are in a garden of delights. During those three days between His crucifixion and resurrection Christ was in the spirit land. He first entered Paradise with the trophy of His redemption, for He had said to the dying thief, "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." He then descended into Gehenna, and, according to I Peter iii. 19, He preached to the unhappy spirits, to the antedeluvians, to the Sodomites, to all who had died prior to His crucifixion. Did they accept him? We are not informed. It is reasonable to suppose they did. He then returned to earth, and, after a residence here of forty days, passed into Heaven, and from His throne communicates with His people on earth.

And there was another who was born here and went to that spirit land and returned to us and remained with us from June 44 A. D. till June 64 A. D., a period of twenty years; and six years after he made this declaration public. He said: "I was caught up into the third Heaven." This is leviation, as taught in I Kings xviii. 12, Ezekiel iii. 14, in Acts viii. 39 and 40. He went not only to the place of departed spirits but to Heaven, where he heard unspeakable words. What he heard in successive detail he could not find language adequately to express, and no mind on earth could intelligently receive the exalted thoughts contained therein, for they were designed for him alone, and hence it was not lawful for him to utter them. *What report does St. Paul bring us from*

the spirit world? That there is a power to convey us there; that great thoughts are there communicated to the mind, and that his journey thither begat an earnest desire to return again: "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ." It was to him a perpetual inspiration; it was like Peter's recollection being with the Lord in mind.

Do you say if only one of our own race and time would go and return and witness to us it would be sufficient? Most lawyers are satisfied with one good witness. The law is that two witnesses are sufficient to confirm a fact, but here are eight: Samuel, Moses, Elias, Christ and four apostles. These eight witnesses are as good as eight hundred.

But does the communication between the two worlds continue to this day? Let us not be deterred in answering this question, *because a great Bible fact has been perverted for lust and lucre. Let us rise to the sublimity and purity of the great Bible truth, and on this day of sorrow console our hearts therewith.* It was the opinion of Wesley that Swedenborg was visited by the spirits of his departed friends. Dr. Adam Clark believed that the departed spirits returned to earth. Hannah More, when dying, extended her arms to embrace some one, and calling the name of a dear sister, long before departed, exclaimed, "Joy," then expired. That was an interesting case of Carnaval, whose reason became disturbed by the early death of his intended bride. He would not believe

that she was dead. He mourned her absence and chided her long delay, but when dying, reason regained its throne, and the dying lover in sudden joy stretched forth his arms saying, "Ah! there thou art at last," and then went to her. That was an extraordinary case when the eloquent Buckminster of Boston died suddenly. His father, who in New Hampshire and in a dying state exclaimed, "My son Joseph is dead," and soon thereafter the father expired. It was St. Paul who said, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." In his work called "Man all Immortal," page 108, Bishop D. W. Clark writes thus:

"*There are seasons when the soul seems to recognize*
"*the presence of and to hold communion with the*
"*departed. They are like angelic visitants. We*
"*meet them in our lonely walks, in our deep and*
"*solemn meditations, and in our closest communions.*
"*We meet them when the lengthening shadows hal-*
"*low the even tide. Mysterious and solemn is their*
"*communion. We meet them when sorrows encom-*
"*pass us round about, and hallowed is the influence*
"*their presence imparts. Who shall say that at such*
"*times there is not a real communion between the*
"*living and the dead! Who shall say that there is*
"*not then a real presence of the dead with the liv-*
"*ing!*"

THE BETTER LAND.

" I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore—
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

* * * * *

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For, beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."
RUSSIAN PROVERB.

" Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet cross'd in rest,—
The race is won;

Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace: "
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addrest
Aye for His praise;
Two feet that never rest
Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears:"
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees:
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

My life, which was so straight and plain,
Has now become a tangled skein,
Yet God still holds the thread;
Weave as I may, His hand doth guide
The shuttle's course, however wide
The chain in woof be wed.

One weary night, when months went by,
I plied my loom with tear and sigh,
  In grief unnamed, untold;
But when at last the morning's light
Broke on my vision, fair and bright
  There gleamed a cloth of gold.

And now I never lose my thread,
Weave as I may—and weave I must—
  That God doth hold the thread;
He guides my shuttle on its way,
He makes complete my task each day;
  What more, than, can be said?

CLARA J. MOORE.

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
  Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
  From morn till night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
  A roof, for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
  You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

THE GOOD, GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good, great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great, good man? Three treasures,—love and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

So the multitude goes like the flower and the weed,
That wither away and let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

"*BABES ALWAYS.*"

'Tis late—in my lone chamber,
Borne through the echoing hall,
I hear the wind's hoarse sobbing,
The rain-drops' plashing fall;

And the street-lamp, on the ceiling,
  Throws many a weird-like form—
Tree-shadows, dancing wildly
  To the music of the storm.

Called I my vigil lonely?
  The door is still and fast:
O'er threshold and o'er carpet
  No mortal foot has passed;
No rustle of white raiment
  Or warm breath stirs the air;
Yet I speak aloud my greeting —
  "My darlings! are you there?"

Not the three who, by me kneeling,
  Said, "Our Father," hours ago;
Whose cheeks now dent their pillows—
  Like roses upon snow.
They dream not of the graveyard
  And of the hillocks twain,
Snow-heaped to-night (Lord, help me!)
  And dripping with the rain!

Twelve years!—a manly stripling,
  Our boy, by this had grown!
Is it four years, or twenty,
  Since I kissed the eyelids down
Of her whose baby-sweetness
  Was a later gift from God,

And straightened in the coffin
Wee feet that never trod?

These are not strangers' glances
That eagerly seek mine;
I know the loving straining
Of the arms that round me twine.
Thou hast kept them babes, O Father
Who, not 'mid Heaven's bowers,
Learning the speech of angels,
Forget this home of ours;

Or her, who braved Death's anguish
To win them to her breast,
If they fled into the sunshine—
Free birds from narrow nest—
They come to me when longing
And pain are at their height.
To tell me of the safety,
The love and the delight

Of that eternal dwelling.
(With *our* name upon the door!)
The ring of baby-voices
Shall gladden evermore;
Till, 'neath their tender soothing,
I lift my heart and smile,
And gather faith and courage
To bide my "little while."

MARION HARLAND.

SCHOOL LIFE.

I sat in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward
And seeing his face divine,
So full of the tenderest pity
For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burdens,
The cross that before me lay,
So hard and heavy to carry
That it darkened the light of day.

So, I could not learn my lesson,
And say, *Thy will be done;*
And the Master came not near me
As the weary hours went on.

At last, in my weary sorrow,
I looked from the cross above:
And I saw the Master watching
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard him say:
"*My child, thou must bear thy burden*
And learn thy task to day.

"I may not tell the reason,
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And give this cup of woe."

So I stooped to that weary sorrow;
One look at that face Divine,
Had given me power to trust Him,
And say, "*Thy will, not mine.*"

And thus I learned my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone;
He only knows the tears I shed,
But He has wept His own.

And from them come a brightness
Straight from the Home above,
Where the School Life will be ended,
And the cross will show the love.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

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JUDGMENT WITHOUT INVESTIGATION.

"UNLIMITED SEVERITY OF JUDGMENT WITHOUT INVESTIGATION IS A VIOLATION OF THE LAW OF RIGHT, OFTEN WORSE THAN THE FAULT YOU ARE CONDEMNING. WHEN YOU ARE SENDING OUT ARROWY SENTENCES AND SHARP WORDS IN THE EXERCISE OF THE ANIMAL TENDENCIES OF YOUR HUMAN NATURE, GOD KNOWS IT. WHEN YOU SET YOURSELF AGAINST YOUR FELLOW-MAN IN A SPIRIT OF WANTON CRUELTY, YOU SET YOURSELF FOR THE TIME-BEING AGAINST GOD. THE MAN WHO EXERCISES LOVE AND CHARITY IS A CHRISTIAN. THE MAN WHO DOES NOT IS AN INFIDEL."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.