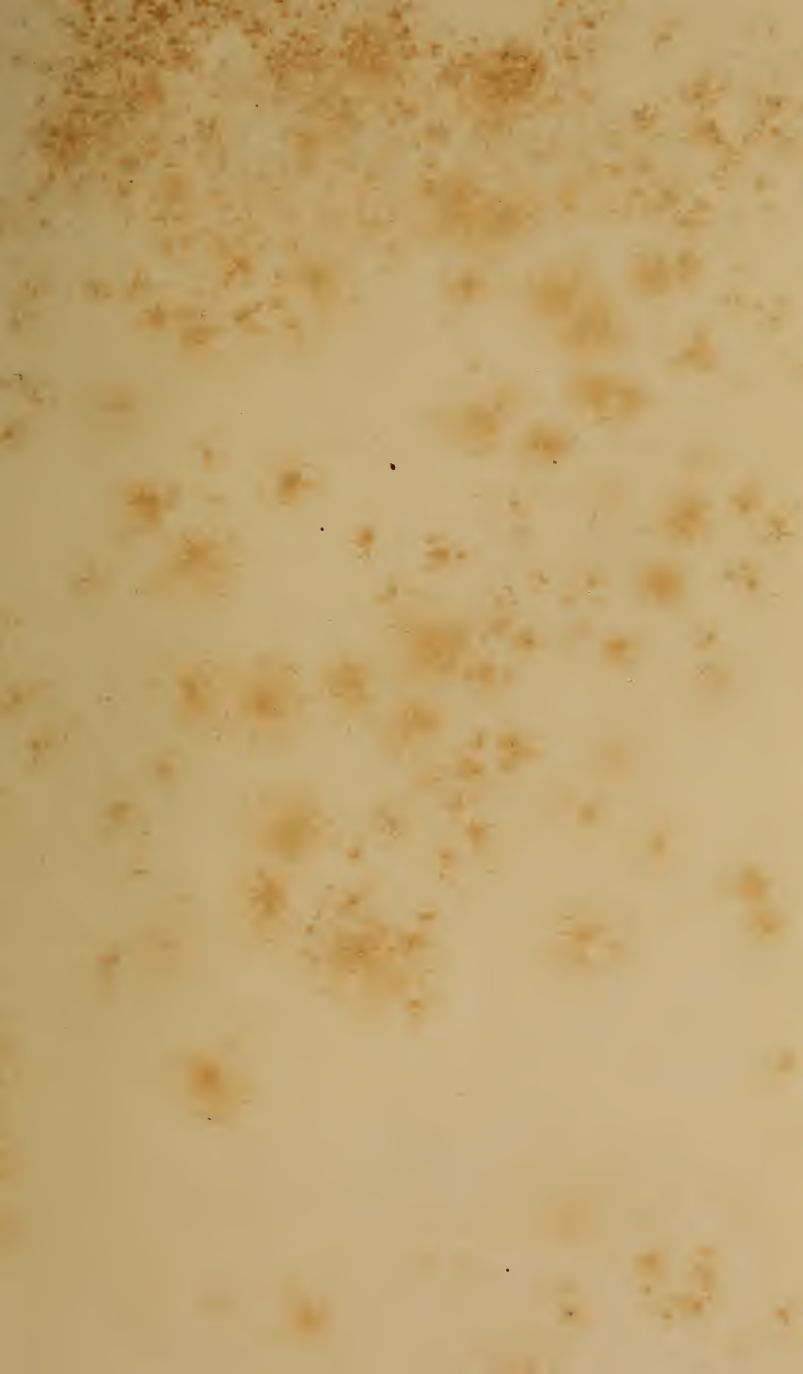


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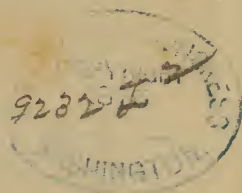


ANGELS MESSAGES,

THROUGH

MRS. ELLEN E. WARD,

AS A MEDIUM.



NASHVILLE, TENN.:

WHEELER, MARSHALL & BRUCE, PRINTERS.

1875.

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EXPLANATION.

These messages from the spirit world were given through Mrs. Ellen E. Ward, as a Medium.

At each sitting she went into a trance, at which time her own individuality was completely lost, and she became a passive instrument moved by the will of another. By some other mind was she controled, with more or less ease and certainty of expression, according to the knowledge and power of that mind, and to the susceptible condition of her own body and brain, as well as the surrounding elements.

Let me illustrate : The telegraphic instrument is a useless medium of communication unless manipulated by one who is educated to control it. It is also useless to him who has that knowledge if he has not the necessary electrical power. It is even useless if he has both the knowledge and the power if the circuit is not complete, or if another expert is not at an instrument at the terminus of the line to receive his message. Hence, to send a telegram and have it received, all of the laws and conditions that govern the power, the line and the instrument must be obeyed. So with spirit messages. All of the laws governing this phenomena must be strictly observed, or no messages can be sent

or received. Those who seek not spirit messages, and do not place themselves in the proper relations, will never receive them. Every sentence recorded in these messages was spoken by Mrs. Ward when in trance, and written at the time by me, her amanuensis.

They are given verbatim, with all their imperfections, and have not been submitted to any scholar for correction. They were given to me by my family and friends, and their united influence, to educate, improve and comfort me.

I have omitted family matters (by which each individual has most certainly identified themselves) when the message was not connected with some subject of general interest, or descriptive of their acts, condition, home and surroundings. They are from many different spirits, of diversified minds and intelligence, and on a variety of subjects. They proclaim "there is but one God, who is omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent, and who can not be defined nor confined." "There is no mediator between God and his own children." Every one of them is himself responsible for every thought and act of his life, and must alone suffer for his own wrong doing. Man can not have any higher state of rest and happiness than his capacity has been developed to enjoy. If man has been a slave to his propensities, if he has developed only his baser qualities, if he has disobeyed the teachings of his own sense of right and the law of God, he will go into the spirit world with all those impulses, tastes and feelings unchanged. In the spirit world his sin-stained soul will seek its own level, and will commingle with its own base kind. Neither professions, nor assumptions, nor atonement of Jesus will avail him there, as he will surely meet full

justice for his own acts. The passage from the terrestrial to the celestial sphere requires but a moment, as our consciousness is never lost. "There is no curse but ignorance." "There is no mystery but ignorance." Spirits of the nineteenth century attack ignorance, superstition and falsehood in all their strongholds. They would take them all away from man, and leave only the simple element of truth, without alloy. "Man wants intelligence; he wants information; he wants honesty; he wants truth and sincerity, and that is what spirits are capable of teaching." "Progression is the law, and not retrogression." In the spirit world man is instructed and improved, gradually ascending toward perfection. Man, who is vile in the form to-day, would be the same in the spirit world to-morrow was he to make the change, and if he had the opportunity and power to send back messages, they would be vile like himself. Therefore, from the best, purest and most intelligent spirits we get information and messages of love, and hope and trust.

"There is but one religion." Religion means veneration, purity, integrity, love to God and to our fellow man. This feeling is closely allied to every human heart, and if obeyed, would prevent man from crime, corruption and dishonesty. Religion is not a dogma; it is not a church; it is not a sacrament; it belongs to no sect or people, or age; *it is a principle*. It is developed by the constant practice of high and noble impulses. The people of this country, must of necessity, learn the truth, and the sooner it is done the better for them. If these messages from the spirit world can teach mankind to do good and learn the right, they will then accomplish their object. If they

can induce mankind to seek this knowledge of immortality, they will find that it will take away from them the sting of death and the terror of the grave.

AMANUENSIS.

Orders, criticisms and reviews must be addressed to me to receive notice.

HENRY SHEFFIELD, M. D.,
Proprietor "Angels Messages," Nashville, Tenn.

TRIP TO A PLANET.

JUNE 8th, 1871.—S.

The soul unfolds science. We see an effect and know there is a cause, and when the mind is developed we learn that cause. What is sound? 'Tis an effect, produced by two bodies coming together, combined with the elements of the atmosphere. This Medium is too sensitive, but we will try and control her to give you something. We know you are of an inquiring mind, and we intend to give you something to build upon. A friend of mine, since I came here, has been with me to visit two other planets.

The Medium does not understand the language of them, but we hope yet to gratify you about that.

I visited a planet inhabited by a race very superior to ours, and much further advanced in civilization. They never had any war there. They have no legislation, and require no prisons. They live principally upon vegetable food, eat but little meat, although their animals are more refined than ours. It is less labor for them to breathe, as they do not heave the chest as we do. They are taller, with a better proportioned body. They have sickness and death. Physicians use vegetable medicines altogether—was in a very large establishment where they were manufacturing them. Have much less machinery of all kinds than we do.

There is no hurry and confusion in their business houses.

They labor only three or four hours in twenty-four. They have printed books, but greatly superior to ours, and in their printing offices no dirt and confusion. Their domestics are clean and orderly, and attend to their work more from pleasure than necessity. They have no disputes nor quarrels, and have no desire to cheat or wrong one another. They have no written contracts. Their currency is gold, the largest piece about the size of our dollar, but of much greater value, owing to its scarcity. The climate is balmy and delightful. They have no hurricanes nor tornadoes. No large water courses, no serpents, no poisonous insects, but every thing subservient to the highest interests of the inhabitants. The whole planet looks like a well-kept flower garden.

Their flowers are rich in color and variety. They have no ships there, (a poor place then for you as a ship-builder?) Yes, if I had to toil at that for a living there. There is nothing to worry the mind.

The children need no toys. They have a domestic animal resembling our horse. The weather is so warm they need but little fire, as they cook but a small quantity of food. The water is as clear as crystal. The scenery is not rugged, as they have no mountains nor marshes. The rivers are small, but the scenery is beautiful. In the usages of their society, their marriages is the most beautiful. The parties come together in harmony, and upon their bended knees take upon themselves their vows in the presence of their fathers and mothers. They have no priests nor preachers, and no such book as our Bible.

They do not try to deceive one another, but act what they are, thus having perfect harmony between themselves.

Have no poverty or dissipation. Their lives are longer than ours, and they have more pleasure, because they understand more fully the laws of creation. The women bear children, but do not have as much pain, and never more than four, both male and female. Their land is never bought and sold for speculation. Have no deeds and transfers, and no complaints about boundaries. A man builds as he pleases; gives it to whom he pleases, and no one else claims it. It requires much less land for them, and they would not know what to do with as much as we have. (You did not wish to remain there?) No, I visited the planet to see something beyond our own, and with my friend hope to visit more in time.

(How did you get there?) Without any effort, as the Medium raised her hand, without an effort of her own.

There is an inherent power given to us, so that we can go as we will. Steam propels the engine. This is tangible to you. Everything must have a power.

You see leaf after leaf of the plant expand. That is the inherent power of the plant, so all beings have an inherent power. In the old Mosaic times, if man heard it thunder, he thought it was God. Solomon says, that is the beginning of wisdom when we try to account for everything we see. A child will do this.

The mind is active, and will act independent of the will. You can not stay your thoughts, they grow within you. At night, if you go out, and look at the heavens, star after star appears, and so with our

thoughts. I have never seen anything that was not for use. There is no such thing as accident in God's creation. There is the most perfect harmony in all his laws. One poet has said, "only man is vile." We want this spiritual light dispensed. People try hard to get happiness.

Pleasure is a reality ; trouble is only a fancy—there is no such thing as real trouble. Mankind must get out of the notion that God does certain things for a special purpose ; that he afflicts them because they are sinful, and think all their sorrows are God's will. They then misapply their own acts and duties. If a child sickens, and dies from severe disease, a poor physician or a bad nurse, the orthodox teacher says, the child was loved too well, and that was sinful, and so God took the child away to punish them. It was only a natural law. The mother becomes unhappy, because she can hold communion with it no longer.

That child is nourished, not as an animal with solid food, but with spiritual food, such as the spiritual body needs. You can not create medicines, you must have something to make them out of. The whole natural body is a chemical apparatus, converting both animal and vegetable food into blood, which makes brains. This food has to be renewed daily.

Man must have fresh food, water and air, else the brain will cease to act. As you put wood on the fire to keep it burning, so you give man food, water and air to keep him living. The body goes to decay, the spirit still lives and is nourished, not that the spirit has teeth, and is nourished with natural food like the body, according to Swedenborg, but with spiritual food. The child needs more proportionately than an adult. We

see many things here we never saw before, and do not know their uses, nor can we describe or explain them.

A child born at full term is developed here. (Do children grow out of our remembrance?) No, the spirit can assume its former appearance so that you can recognize it.

OUR FAMILY.

JUNE, 1871.—A.

God bless you ! It is so seldom I can get this privilege, am so glad to have you here. Your wife is much better, and it is such a great blessing. It now seems by your attention she may get well again.

It is natural that the family should be scattered, and we must make up our minds to that. The old ones must pass away. When you left home, your father and I was both there. It seems hard when I look back to that time, when you were all together, and so happy, while now you are so scattered, one here and another yonder.

Your father is getting along finely, and is as well satisfied as he can be. We are together here as we were on earth, and feel as if we could not do without one another ; that we could not be separated. Oh ! there is such great wisdom in Divine Providence. When he left me I felt that my staff and stay was gone, but it was not long before I followed him—time is not long in eternity. We are in complete harmony now, with nothing to mar our happiness.

'Tis true, we feel sad if our children do not get along well, for we have the same, even more interest in them now, and a greater desire for their happiness. The spirit has love and sympathy, and all of our facul-

ties are increased in our spirit home. There are a great many in this circle or association, and we meet frequently and have communications. Some people crave the things of earth so much that they are carried back there. These do not then progress; in fact they do not advance sometimes for years, and they never can come in harmony with the higher spheres as long as they have these earthly desires. (Does happiness depend upon associations?) Yes! oh, yes, and upon ourselves. There can be no affinity between the refined and the vulgar mind. The vicious and the vulgar have their own abode, and they are miserable that they can not gratify their base propensities.

I do not know enough about them and their condition to say how much they can annoy one another, but they can not tease or annoy any one of a higher sphere or association. You know that on earth depraved people can annoy those above them, but here they can not. Yes, I remember our last meeting on earth, for I cried bitterly when you had left. I felt that I had seen you for the last time. Then I did not know of this great power and privilege which is spreading itself over the earth like the sunlight. Memory brings us pleasure, and brings us sadness. We go back and live over the past either in sorrow or gladness. Memory turns our life page by page, recalling events both sad and joyful. But what would life be without memory? I would take all of life's sorrows for its enjoyments and pleasures. May you always have this privilege of communion. Though we are absent in the flesh, we are present in the spirit.

NOVEMBER 8, 1872.—A. Your father has been gone three months. He has gone a long journey, at a great

distance, but will return in two weeks. He is fond of traveling, and enjoys it very much. (So do I?) Yes, and when you come here you will be gone most of the time. You will want to go with him, and I shall not have much of your society. I do not know the name of the place where he has gone, but he will tell you on his return. (How do you enjoy yourself during his absence?) I enjoy myself very well with my family. I find a great deal to do to help the poor along, and to relieve the distressed in spirit. I have constant occupation. I see a dark cloud over your head. You are going to have great trouble. I love to come and see you, and tell you how much I am yet interested in you. (I was your favorite?) No one can measure my love for you. Am glad you realize my devotion to you, and always pleased to see you prosper. I have not been disappointed in you, although I had much ambition for you. I have been so anxious to come and tell you all I feel. Before I come I think I can say a great deal, but when I get here, can say but little. Your life looks brighter in the future than in the past. (Can not imagine how, for I have had every wish.) That is one of the blessings of a contented mind. Some people are never satisfied with what they have, while you accept everything and apply it. M. (poor child!) she was left when very small, almost an infant. I learn that her early life has not been the brightest. Tell her she must rise above her earthly condition until it is time for her to leave earth, when we shall be there, and she shall not want for friends. I have met many of her friends, and they constantly hover around the house. They are so anxious for her to realize spirit life, to understand everything perfectly, that she may

not be shocked at the change when she finds the end approaching.

JANUARY 22, 1873.—A. It is not dark here. This life is very bright. It is not shut up; is not walled in. I have got many children, and love them all. Nothing affords me more pleasure than when I can communicate with them. It makes me very sad when I am so near to them and they will not come to listen to me. Religion should not close up our souls, but it should teach us charity, patience and forbearance. My church never gave me full consolation in earth's life in regard to the condition of the soul. I felt as if something was hung between that life and this. When I laid your father in his grave, oh! how many nights I spent in prayer and tears that I might know his true spiritual condition. I remember how calmly he went, and said: "Wife, I have no fears for the future." It had seemed to me his ideas were different from those which the world called Christian, and so I had my doubts. When I came here, the first bright face that beamed upon me was his, and then I knew that all was well. We still have a great interest in our children, and would gladly relieve them of any doubts about our true spiritual condition when we leave earth. Be careful of the little babies; they are very tender. When I see them, I think of my early marriage. I had two or three around me at one time. No one knows a mother's care but herself, and the many sleepless nights she has over her babies. My son, I am glad to see you are so kind to them when they come here, as your house has always been so peaceful and quiet without them. It is one of the greatest virtues

of the human mind to be patient with children and bear with their faults. I remember this anniversary of your birth; every year when it comes round, and your father, and I always speak of it, and this is why we wanted to come here to-day, that we might celebrate it. I hope to have a long communication with my daughter, now present. She shall not regret it, and she shall yet fully realize that I can come to her and comfort her in her darkest hour. Trouble comes to all those who are rich and those who are poor; those who are prosperous and those who are not.

JANUARY 22, 1873.—S. It is extraordinary that my daughter can not come into this room from the next one. What is she afraid of? Is she afraid her religion can be tainted by contact with us? She must have but little confidence in the strength of her church if it can not stand such a test as this. You must not bind the mind, nor tie it too close to a post. Man is a progressive being, and you must believe it. If this planet was to continue to roll on as long as it has done, and not improve, it would be a bad place. In everything there is continual progression. (Do old and decrepid people become restored?) Yes, when the spirit first comes here it retains awhile the form of its shell. It progresses gradually until it attains its perfect form. If a patient continue to take the proper remedies according to directions, they improve gradually; but if they take them only for a day, and are constantly changing, they will not be benefitted. So, when they come here they have every aid to assist them to improve, and it depends on themselves how much and how fast they will progress. There are no high and

low seats here, but each one goes to his own sphere. The highest intellect can not harmonize with the lowest. All have opportunities for improvement, but some fail to employ them; they are too lazy. Debauchery prevents the faculties from becoming developed. Children continue to improve here until they become perfect in mind and body. It would be sad indeed if they were always to remain puny infants; it were better to have no immortality. We often recall events and things here that have been unthought for years. (Sister writes, "Spiritualism is the work of the devil?") Tell her you accept his presence then with joy. Ask her to give you a description of his Satanic Majesty.

I have made a long journey on earth, and it has been many years since I came here, and as I before told you, have visited other planets, and I have never yet been able to see him or recognize his majesty. The church only seems to know him, and so he must be close under their pews. The devil's stipendiary keeps up the ministry. No man is a true Christian until he can give to another a true idea of his Christianity. Every man must be his own judge how near he himself is to Christ. The religion of Christ is one thing, and the religion of the church is another. The religion of Christ gives to every human being their just rights. When a man joins a church because it is popular, his religion is not worth much—it is below par. Man is a religious being by nature; there is a divinity within him. When he is sick and suffering he prays, and when he says, "Lord, have mercy on me," it has as much effect as the longest prayer in Christendom. I do not wish to criticise the churches too severely, but

sometimes I feel quite stringent toward them. When I see millions of our race who do not belong to any church, and who are humane and benevolent, while those of the church hug their Bibles, pay their priests, say long prayers, give fairs and concerts to adorn their church, and make nice pews, *and do not think of the poor*, the first are the true Christians, and not the last. Their preachers tell them if they give liberally to the church, and help support the ministry, they are thus "lending to the Lord," and, therefore, they will be sure to go to heaven. I will say here, if they put their trust in that, they will find their heaven as cold as their church would be without a furnace to warm it, and as dark as that church would be without the gas that glistens in its bright chandelier.

VISIT TO TWO PLANETS.

JANUARY 24, 1873.—S.

I have been to three planets. Each one had a distinct race, and differing from one another. Had mostly white skins, walked erect, were all of the same physical shape—very much like the inhabitants of our planet. Their features are more regular, and not much contrast in size. On the first planet they were small in stature—about four feet high. On the second, about five feet high, and of uniform size and shape. On the third they were large, six feet high, with large limbs and muscles. Language quite different from ours, but are highly educated. Eat no animal food; subsist entirely on vegetables. The day and night is of equal length. As this last-named planet was the most interesting to me, will speak first of it. They have a better system of astronomy than we do, and understand it more perfectly. This planet has large water-courses, and a great deal of commerce. They have no religion such as Christians call religion, but a high order of morals. They know nothing of the immortality of the soul. They have no wars, no courts nor prison houses, and murder is unheard of. They have no kings, no politics, no religion, consequently no wars. They live in perfect harmony. The women have very little or no pain at childbirth. The families

are large, with eight and ten children. They are contented and happy. They have better painters, better coloring in both landscape and portraits. Their architecture is in perfection. Their buildings are the most beautiful I ever beheld. The climate is genial the year round, never too hot, and never necessary to have a fire to keep warm, with but little variation in the temperature.

They have rain from the clouds. The planet is lighted by a sun. The soil is so perfect that it does not generate heat and gasses like ours. The people live to a great age—from three to four hundred years—and are strong and robust. Physicians use vegetable medicines entirely. They have but few species of animals, and but few in number. Have a great number and variety of fowls. Have no insects, no worms, no bugs. The atmosphere so clear you can see for miles. They have minerals of various kinds, and a great many precious stones. The mountain scenery is sublime. Have snow on the mountains in northern latitudes, but not in the valleys. Never have high winds nor tornadoes. Forests not as dense as ours, but the trees are much larger and taller. There is but little small timber; saw but three species of timber—one kind very large, ten feet in diameter when grown. One an evergreen, but nothing like our pine or spruce, but more like the *arbor vitæ*. The color of the wood like our yellow poplar. Two of the species shed their foliage every year, corresponding with our autumn. These trees bear a small nut; the leaves very large, and the wood almost as hard as a rock. When they build ships of it, they last for centuries, without rotting; owing to its close fibrous condition

the water can not soak into it. Fruits are exceedingly fine. One kind resembles our apple. None like our peach. They have a great many berries, one kind, a large yellow berry, as large as an egg, but without seeds, like our strawberry, that is exceedingly delicious. They have a solar system, which they understand better than we do ours. They have no oceans, but the planet is belted with large, beautiful rivers. They have no ice. Our zones are covered with ice to keep our orbit in its equilibrium, but their planet holds its equilibrium without it. This planet is due east of ours. They have books, and read them. They come together in social gatherings, and are very much attached to one another. They have perfect harmony. Never saw one family or neighbor quarreling with another. They all have light hair and blue eyes. All their months have an equal number of days, about fifty of ours. They are a very busy people. Have a great deal of commerce, a great deal of machinery, but no steam. Get their power from hot air, without fire. By separating the elements of the air they get their motive power. Their chemists are the greatest which exist in any world, and their art is most perfect. They are great uranologists, great economists. Everything is of use to them. They never destroy anything. (I do not understand about their motive power.) I will take you there and you shall see for yourself. I was astonished at it. There is no friction on any of their machinery. If I understood their machinery, and could convey an idea of it to you, you could make a fortune directly, but I do not understand it myself. They have large brains; are all very broad across the temples. The men and women both have the finest

heads I ever saw. A little boy there of ten years old can manage a machine that a man of fifty here could not. Everything is in perfect harmony, with no confusion. They are a bold, independent, honest people. They use no drink but water ; have no liquors, or anything that stimulates the nervous system. Know nothing about whisky. Have no such terrible indigestion. Can never see a beggar, nor hear of poverty, and none have extreme wealth. They have no wars to destroy one another, no priests to extort tithes and the fleece of the flock. I shall take you to see this beautiful planet, and also the one I visited some time since, about which I told you. Our people talk about science and art, but ours is nothing in comparison to the perfection of that people.

I have been to five different planets, one of which was inhabited by barbarians. Will now speak of another and different planet I have visited. There the people are nearer our size ; are more of an olive color than the native Americans. Have black eyes and dark hair, but little muscles, and are rather effeminate in strength. They are not an intellectual race, have no religion, but worship what our aborigines call the "Great Spirit." They have temples where they meet three times a week, to worship, where they have their priests. They are affectionate one towards another. Have a Governor. They live entirely on fish and game, and use but few vegetables, and those raw. Have very little clothing, are simple in their manners, and their language is very limited, scarcely enough to express their own ideas. They have no books, and perpetuate their history by handing it down to one another. Have no wagons or vehicles ; pack

everything on their animals, which are very small, with small limbs, something like our horse. They have an abundance of fruit that grows wild, on which they live. Their architecture surpasses the people, and you could not expect it from such a people. Most of their time is spent in worshipping their Great Spirit. They have correct ideas of the immortality of the soul, but incorrect as to how they are to obtain peace hereafter. They pray a great deal, and think it necessary they should humiliate themselves. The women are very beautiful, and never have many children. The men have no beard. They have no shipping, but small boats without any deck, and move them by long paddles. They have no steam to propel them, nor any machinery to do it. The days and nights are equally divided, about six hours each. They have but little variation in the climate, which is warm and genial. It never snows, they have no ice, and know nothing about it. They eat but one meal a day, about the middle, and only fruits after that. Never travel from one part of the planet to another. A family pushes out but a little way from the old homestead, and never think of making a long journey. They bury their dead similarly to what we do, but always pick a place upon the bank of a stream for that purpose.

Their departed spirits cling close around their own planet, and hold communion with them in the form. They have no money, and use nothing for money; have no banks; know nothing about banking; always barter for what they need.

If one gives another his word, he asks for nothing more. They do not deceive one another; seem to have no knowledge of deception. They say they can

hide nothing from the Great Spirit, and what they can not hide from him it is no use to hide from one another. They have great reverence for the opinion of their Great Spirit. The men never have but one wife. If she dies, they never marry again. Marriage with them is considered very sacred. They mourn more sincerely for their dead than any people I have ever seen. They have but little sickness, and no deformity. I will tell you of the other planets when I come again.

It is a great deal of pleasure to go around in this spirit life and visit places we speculated about in earth's life. Men have invented telescopes and tried to read the stars, to unfold nature that is so sublimely wrapped in her mystery. We are all school boys on earth, and keep trying to learn. All our learning will be a benefit to us in our progressive life. Immortality is not merely a continuance of life, but a constant development of mind, a constant unfolding of the intellectual faculties reaching out after the infinite. I hear so many sensible men ask what good will it do a man to know about spiritualism? I feel like asking him what good will a drink of whisky do a man whose habit was to take it, or what good would a full meal do a hungry man who is tired? Both are essential in their place (not the whisky). The toper who is burned up must use it if he would live. He craves it, and the burning flame must be quenched. If man has never used it, far better that he should let it alone.

SPIRITS' RETURN.

JANUARY 31, 1873.

Spiritualism is nothing more than an explanation of immortality. It is a definition of immortality. Ever since Christ saw Moses and Elias upon the Mount of Transfiguration, spirits, or the immortal portion of man, have been making their appearance, in various forms, to humanity. Peter was unchained in prison by spirits, and led out. St. John talked with them on the Isle of Patmos. Peter, at the house of one Simon, the tanner, was sent for by Cornelius, a centurian. Cornelius was the captain of an Italian band called Centurians.

Cornelius had a vision. An angel of God came unto him and said, send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter. He lodgeth with one Simon, a tanner, whose house is by the seaside, he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do.

And when the angel which spake unto Cornelius was departed, he called two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually, and he sent them to Joppa. Peter went up upon the house to pray about the sixth hour. And saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth, wherein were all

manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air.

And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter, kill and eat. But Peter said, not so Lord, for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean.

And the voice spake unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed that call not thou common. This was done thrice, and the vessel was received up again into heaven. While Peter thought of the vision, the spirit said unto him, behold three men seek thee. And when he went down and found the three men, he said unto them :

Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation, but God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean. This vision should be a warning to all human beings who are contracted in their views, and who think that they have all the good, and all the knowledge in their particular church.

I want my daughter to read that chapter, and see what power was given to Peter, when he was lodged with one Simon, the tanner, a day or two's journey away from Cornelius.

The New Testament is filled with evidences of spirits appearing to man, but I took this one because the vision is filled with human spirits and animals. This vision was a symbol for Peter to go to those people who were outside of his own church.

I want to ask her in the first place who let down that sheet; second, from whence came those beasts, and next, where was that voice from and who produced it? Saul as he journeyed came near to Damascus, and sud-

denly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

He was blind for three days, and the Lord sent Ananias to him, who putting his hand on him, he received sight. He was then baptized, and lived preaching Christ and him crucified, and died a martyr to his religion, after being frequently encouraged by visions. Mary went to see the sepulchre. The angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. And the angel answered, and said unto the woman, fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen as he said. They not only saw the angel, but he spoke to them with a human voice. The Lord appeared unto Sarah, and told her she was to have a male child—Isaac.

Hagar wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba, and an angel appeared to her and directed her.

Bellshazzar, the king, made a great feast. In the the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

Daniel had a vision, heard a voice, and felt a hand touch him.

Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego were bound in their coats, their hosen and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace. The king said, lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God. Then said Daniel in the lion's den unto the king, "My

God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." The mind must have something to convict it of a fact. Thomas would not believe until he had put his fingers into the hands and thrust his hand into the side of our Savior. These references will be sufficient to convince her that this is no new theory, and nothing to be despised and shunned by Christians. St. John was a high order of prophet or saint, and had the most extravagant visions. All I have to say about him at present is, that his spirituality was so superiorly developed, he could see the manifestations of God in all shapes and forms. To him they were instructive and symbolical, but to the church they were a dead letter, and until it throws off the pall that hangs so close over its eyes, his revelations will remain forever a sealed book to it.

When mankind go from earth they receive their immortality the moment the soul and body cease to operate and communicate together. That spirit which animated the body, gave beauty to the eye, and tone to the voice is gone. The body then lies like a lump of clay taken from the earth, without expression, without thought, without motion.

Where then can you find immortality, except in the invisible? If the church rejects that, its whole system is a humbug. The whole theory of the church is to seek happiness hereafter, more than to do good and right while here; you know that. This is the light of the nineteenth century, and as the mind becomes ready to receive it, so will it be given. Until the minds of this generation are developed, they can not understand the vision of a Medium, seer or prophet. St. John had many wonderful visions, they were descriptive to him,

but a sealed book to others. From Genesis to Revelations, the Bible is filled with spiritual manifestations. They were called angels, spirits and lords, according to the customs and meanings of the people who received them.

TO A DRUNKARD.

JANUARY 31st, 1875.—J.

Tell him as I have lived upon earth, and had a long experience of life, and know the effects of liquor upon the system, I have come back from my spirit home to warn him of its baneful influence, and say, good spirits will come to help him refrain from drink, if *he* will make the resolve, and try as far as is in his power to abstain. He must do it at once, for we always promise ourselves to quit, and yet keep taking another drink. He must not go where it is any more, I, his grandfather, say this.

He has a beautiful angel sister here, as bright as the gems in the diadem of a queen. She, his father, his grandparents, and his own darling, like a little rosebud which come out in the Spring, but who passed off in the early blast, all, all are ready to assist him, and to rejoice when he quits, but to mourn if he continues.

A PRAYER.

FEBRUARY 7th, 1873.—*F.*

Infinite Father, ever present Lord, hear our supplications in behalf of frail humanity. Teach us Heavenly Father the divine love of thy invisible presence, mingling in human affairs. We feel thy omnipresent power through all thy divine works as a manifestation of thy spirit. We know that mankind are thy children, born in earth's life for a probationary period, that thy spirit may be developed in them for a greater existence. We thank thee for that hope which makes life acceptable to poor men. We feel thy benign presence, and accept all our joys from thee. We know that a higher destiny overshadows us, as well as everything in life. Thy mercies extend over all, as the sun's rays extend over all the earth. We implore the divine aid of spirits to tear away the shackles of the church, and let thy rays, oh God, shine on all, until every child of thine shall feel their warmth. Let us feel we are of thy divine spirit, and let it give us assurance that we shall live beyond the confines of earthly life. Let us look to the land of thy destiny. As vapors rise from the stream, so shall we rise from earthly life to spiritual life. Let thy love bring us hope. Protect us when we are beset with snares and temptations, which would lead us away from the paths of virtue and

truth. We are not children of chance, but of our kind Father, who protects us, as we journey through life. Oh reveal to men the light which Jesus brought in his transfiguration. We feel that we too have been transfigured, and that we shall yet descend to man to show him that we have passed the great Jordan of death, and that he will be resurrected. Help us to give our friend here true light. Let him fully realize that his friends who love him dearly, now surround him, and will gratify him while he lives, and meet him when he passes to a higher state of existence.

May we all ever live to enjoy that divine love, and when we come to die, may we see the bright angels who hover around our bed to welcome us to thy beautiful home on high, which thou hast prepared for all thy children.

ANGELS.

FEBRUARY 11th, 1873.—F.

We read in the Old and New Testament of lords, gods, angels and spirits speaking to man, and now ask from whence did they come, if not once of the earth as we were? What were angels created for except to be ministers? God in his infinite wisdom has a purpose in everything he does. Why did he make those angels so high, if he did not intend for man to look up to them, and to inquire of them. We implore angels to assist us. Some men say angels do not come to interest themselves in him. I have come to teach you that man is immortal. We have no thrones here, and nothing but right. We are compelled to progress, *it is the law of our being*. The rose that opens its petals to the light must fade. Think you that Calvin and Luther, and all the great seers of the past have lost all interest in the present, and also the future? Man is crushed every day. He knows not what freedom is, and the world will never know, until every man can take every other man by the hand and call him brother.

Mankind have not yet cut their eye-teeth in wisdom. Man is so gross. He is so far from God in purity, he can not see him; yet he breathes him in the air, drinks him in the water, and eats him in his food.

Man, whether he sips his wine from a silver cup, or

drinks only water from a gourd, has an immortal spirit. It holds its identity, whether lost on the battlefield or in the camp, in the forest, or by his own fireside, in the water or on the land. This century is making long strides in progress; we can see the scales falling from the mind. The mind is great and can not be destroyed. My friend, may you ever be faithful to the knowledge you possess.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

FEBRUARY 28th, 1873.—S.

The old lady who just spoke gave me a new idea by applying this parable of the Prodigal Son to the church, which is now eating husks while the fatted calf is the light, and the son is the new truth they reject. Truth is the father of all, and the church like the Prodigal Son, will have to return to it, when there will be great rejoicing. The members of the church may reject this light, and think they have all the light themselves, but the truth will yet be known. When they travel and see the many worlds I have seen, and their different inhabitants, learn their usages and customs, they will then find out that the atonement and their church is not all. They will not need then a virgin with the immaculate conception.

If God would have an atonement for every world, it would keep him very busy in looking after them all, and many spheres would have to go without any virgin with the immaculate conception. At one time virgin meant merely truth. Immaculate conception of truth was the first expression, but priests to suit themselves have got it into its present shape. On this sphere, and on a few others they have crime. If we admit that Mary did conceive by the Holy Ghost, and a Savior was born to redeem the world, we can not come to any

other concussion but that his atonement has failed to make man good. Now the church will have to find something else he has accomplished by his mission. I always admired poetry, and could see it on the face of nature. I loved to look out on the bay, and see the vessels with their white sails, and watch their movements. It was poetry to me, and the sea was the embodiment of poetry. We are sure that we shall be able to give you everything that you want. To build a strong ship, and have her well equipped, it will require strong sharp tools. Now we want to build ours large enough for all the people to sail in, not in the water, but in the intellect of the world.

THE CHURCH.

FEBRUARY 28th, 1873.—A.

Your father says the anchor of the church has been broken, and it is now drifting. Your wife is very sweet, and is improving very much in her ideas of the use for which life was given to us. You got the soil ready, and sowed the seed. I feel as if I was only a unit. Beside our children, we have to help mankind, who are constantly coming over and need our help. I am as busy as ever I was in housekeeping, trying to make everything comfortable. Am truly glad I have found something to do. 'T is so sweet to have hope in both of our existences. *Hope is a blessing, if we never realize it.* I hoped to come to you through some Medium, but if that privilege had never been mine, I should have had hope left. The Scriptures gave me great consolation in earth's life. Am glad your youngest sister is where you can help her to understand this. It was a great disappointment that I did not get to talk to my second daughter. I wanted to comfort her in sickness, and teach her to look forward to our union. (She wrote this was the devil ?) I know it. I was as true a member of my church as she can ever be. I had as strong a trust in its services as she can have, but that faith is only a stepping-stone to immortality.

How beautiful the Sermon on the Mount. Blessed

are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled, and so with the many blessings we shall receive in our aspirations after truth and right. Oh, how little she knows of the beautiful communion of spirits with mortals. 'T is like the manna to the children of Israel, when in that dreary desert. My prayer is that she may yet live to see and enjoy the life of divine love. Oh, it is so beautiful, and a constant manna to the soul.

Christ said, every tree is known by its fruit. I hope this majestic tree of knowledge will be known by its spiritual fruit. I can see that it bears spiritual fruit every day, that the children of earth may partake thereof. It is said, blessings come in disguise, but this comes in its full beauty, and I trust her prayers for light will be answered.

She should try and not condemn, and not judge harshly of that of which she knows nothing.

None should condemn those who can see this light. Your father was always in the habit of studying a subject before he decided whether it was true or false, and I wish she would follow his example. I want to feed her out of her own spoon. If this is the devil, he must have been at the same table with her, else he could not have known her so well. The evil that was in me has departed. I have stood before the tribunal, and have been accepted to help mankind in the body and out of it. When she dies she will then learn that she is not without the need and reach of aid.

MAN WITHOUT IMMORTALITY.

FEBRUARY 28, 1873.—*P.*

'T was night! I wandered up and down like some lost soul in black despair.

'T is night! I find myself chained, chained in a dungeon's darkest gloom. Why? why am I thus left alone? Have I no friend? Have I not a friend on whom I can depend? Oh night! with all her black despair standing like a giant holding me in his strong embrace. I ponder—why am I thus debarred from every ray of light? Oh! is there no God? Is there no God to whom I can pray? Is there no strong hand to unbar these prison gates, that my soul can once more gaze out on nature's wide embrace? A prisoner doomed and condemned. Not a single friend. Bound down with heavy chains. A soul losing all his hold on God. I walk my prison like a caged lion. I would burst asunder these bars which keep me bound under this giant control. Despair, dark despair, hovers o'er me like the black ravens gathering o'er their prey. Oh time! endless time! will my shackles ne'er be loosened? Shall I ever thus in dark despair wander? When life was bright and buoyant, and I in youth walked forth, I had hope. Faith was engraved upon the banner of my life; but storms arose, misfortunes

came. Oh! I can not dwell upon youth's bright promise, for it mocks me now. Speak not to me of hope, and faith, and trust; my life is one black despair. This is the prelude to what I purpose to give you when I shall have cultivated this Medium's brain. You have my works in your library, and have read them with interest and enthusiasm. I saw then immortality before me, and so some said I was crazy. They said I was an infidel, drank too much wine, and ought not to be read by Christians. My works are but a memento of what they might have been, and yet I ask, where are they to-day?

Is Shakspeare to be condemned because he wrote of English life and gave it a little sneer of vulgarity?

He did not make their vulgar habits; he only wrote about them. I would grasp the hand of Byron across the water, and say *that you live*, though your accusers are like Sodom and Gomorrah, too far below the Dead Sea to be thought in existence.

MARCH 9, 1873.—*P.* When I was last here I said it was night, dark and gloomy night, without one ray to penetrate through the prison bars to break the shackles which bind us in darkness. But I see a little light as it comes through the bars of the prison gate. Oh light, how we seek thee! I come to you because you are my brother, and I love you as such, and as you would throw back that gate and let in the light upon the imprisoned soul. Poets of the past and seers of all ages have sought to unravel the mysteries of man. Oh! why is that lock so ponderous and key so hard to turn that it takes the Master of Creation to move its rusty bar? There is no spring in that lock; it is close made, hard, hard for man in his finite nature

to comprehend. What is man?—poor offspring of what?

When I went to church, they used to tell me he was a poor grovelling *worm* of the dust; that he had fallen from his high estate, and was lost forever. I believed it not; my brain rejected such a thought, and my heart was chilled at it.

What a wonderful thing is the mechanism of man! You, my brother, can comprehend the structure of the body and the brain; but the mind—who can fathom that? *It* will soar like the eagle for light. When sickness comes, man falls upon his black and dank prison floor. Then comes a kindly physician, who, in his wisdom, will strive to relieve that suffering brain. What? a *worm* called to relieve its brother worm! A worm has not the dome of thought—it can not think; but man is as far above the worm as the sun is high above earth. But man would even try to unravel the existence of the sun, and learn how long it has hung in its place. The sun was born long before man was, or could have been. But let us come back to our prison and see what man is. We are all children, each following his own bent; some with bright anticipations of power, and others of money. How with the poor crazy poet? Let us look about this prisonhouse and see if we can find him. Yes, he is trying to tame the soarings of his young mind. His body was buried to molder with its mother earth, but where is the intellect which crowned his mind? It now comes in mysterious order; it has broken the prison bars; the key has been turned in the lock by the Master hand, and the soul has fled. Where is that poor soul? No reward has been offered to find it. 'Tis said that he is dead. Oh!

Christianity, is there not light enough in you to find his soul? Can you not now catch the fugitive to see if he is a maniac? Seek him in his prison, and learn if he is a child of God or of the devil. Calmly and patiently await his return, and perchance in some bright element that man knows not of, he may find him calm, quiet and majestic. His ashes rest in peace.

THE INNER MAN.

MARCH 9, 1873.—F.

What of the *inner* man of whom St. Paul speaks? It returns to earth to give knowledge of its existence. It is not chained in hell. It must have a free passport, or else it could not have come here to-day.

This day (Sunday) shall be kept forever in remembrance, because of the resurrection of Christ.

It is a great privilege to return to earth when the soul has been instructed in immortality, to know and portray what it is. How long has mankind been striving to learn how and what is man when he leaves earth? *My home is immensity. My immortality is eternity.* I am not circumscribed to time nor space. I live and have a being in a higher discharge of all my faculties. A privilege so inscrutable, who, *who* can appreciate it? I have tried this evening to compass my soul to this narrow limits and conditions of life. I hope to bring a soul filled like the ocean with love, and as bright as the sun in its rays, upon earth, that all alike may enjoy its privileges and its pleasures.

THE TEMPLE.

MARCH 20, 1873.—P.

I have traveled o'er earth's domain ; I have traveled o'er the cliffs to find the eaglet's nest ; I have visited the lazar-houses of the earth ; I have stood upon the lofty peaks of the snow-clad mountains ; I have walked the beach of the rolling ocean ; I have picked up pebbles from the shore of time ; I have heard the wind as it lashed the angry waves, and saw the snow-cap as it bursted ; I have felt the keen lightning as it flashed around me ; I have seen the mighty-ship, that genius created by the brain of man to waft the merchandise of nations o'er the bosom of broad oceans ; I have penetrated the deepest forest of the home of the savage ; I have stood upon the banks and looked across the rivers of the Eastern world ; I have visited the sepulchres of past ages ; I have beheld the ruins of ancient temples built by man to offer up therein prayers to Deity ; I said to myself, what is this ? why were all those temples built ? and the answer was, They are the home of thought. 'Tis the finger of God pointing to the dome of thought which develops to man a progressive eternity. When I pause upon the brink of this great ocean and see the waves that lash the shore in their angry majesty, and break upon the staunch ship that bounds like a thing of life o'er its bosom, and when I see it

snatched asunder, and with its human freight and cargo of merchandise, all buried beneath the surface of the rolling ocean, in it I behold a symbol of divine love and truth beat against by the waves of bigotry and intolerance, and completely buried beneath the dogma of the church. But let us leave our ship awhile and go back to the ruined temple. They were each built by man, but for quite different purposes, both showing man's wisdom. The mind of man was able to penetrate the invisible and receive an impress from the Divine Dome of Thought to erect a temple; and for what? I have said, and now repeat it, "to offer up therein prayers to Deity." As the eagle soars to find its nest in the cliffs, so does the mind of man soar to the Infinite Spirit to feed upon that divine truth which forever flows from that inexhaustible fountain. The soul is filled with the grandeur and glory of eternity, and with that invisible spirit which ministers to every individualized humanity alike, whether in the form or out of it. As the eggs receive warmth from the lofty bird, so does the soul of man receive warmth from divine love, all, all from the same source. Man does not build for himself a nest like the lofty bird on the mountain cliff, but a beautiful temple, where, undisturbed, he can offer up the fervent prayers of his soul, and receive the benediction of the Most High. But, by and by, avarice creeps into this sacred temple, and the church, like the merchant ship which bears its freight from shore to shore, bears the dogma of some mortal mind, and it is dealt out to the poor for tithes at the door of the temple. The young eaglets soon get their wings when hatched, and become independent of the mother bird. Mankind have long knelt at the

temple door, and had glimpses of its inner glory, and of the beautiful spirit which ministers within. Like the lightning flash which destroys the merchant ship, so will the light of divine truth destroy all dogmas. Man already refuses to pay tithes to priest and clergy for the doctrine which they have so long dealt out to him at the temple gate. It has become husks to him, and he, like the prodigal son, seeks to enter again his Father's house, and partake of his own birthright. No more does blood satisfy the cravings of the soul. No more do we seek atonement by the execution of the innocent to redeem the wicked of the earth.

Blood will suffice to purify sugar, to sweeten the palate; but it will not answer to appease an angry God. The tyrant and the victim vanishes together, and man stands face to face with the angels of God once more. I have never seen the charnel house of sin. I have never seen Satan bound for a thousand years. A thousand years in eternity—how short! Finite minds can only see the material in its grossest forms, and, therefore, man, like his own material body, forms his god. The new birth will assert its claim when the shell is burst, and that, too, despite every effort of mankind to prevent it. Like the unfledged eagle, it may flutter awhile around the parent nest, but the warm sun and genial atmosphere will serve to soon give it strength to mount above the priest's control. Let us find the shackles which bind mankind, and understand them well. Let us see who has fastened them upon us, and inquire with what right, and by whose authority it has been done. Century after century has passed; Cæsars have come and gone; governments have existed, flourished, faded and died;

kings have been crowned, lived in royalty, and held their nightly revels, and yet man is not fully emancipated, with all his claims to superior knowledge. As we said, let us again inquire, who and what it is that shackles man? I see him—he is of monstrous shape and horrid form. He strides the earth like one of lofty pride and power, and his name is **IGNORANCE**! Let us no longer bow to the sceptre of this hideous monster, or he will fasten us hand and foot.

No! let us partake of the waters of truth and knowledge, and be *men* again. The banners of this monster are beautiful, and captivate the young and unsuspecting mind, and the child becomes his subject ere he himself is aware of it. He then bows his head, meek and low, and calls himself a poor worm of the dust. Oh, Hope! what have we left? Thou art not inscribed on this giant's banner, for there I see only **DESPAIR**! It stares man in the face, and blackens his every page with desolation. We have read of pestilence, of famine, of desolation, and of *religious wars*. Religious wars! oh, what does that mean? I pause and ask, do we understand the English language, and yet confound these two terms? *Religion* is an expression which should convey to man the purest and best ideas. Can any man be religious who sacrifices his brother man? Can he possess a spirit of love when he goes forth to conquer his brother? St. John saw on Patmos a beast with seven heads spreading desolation world-wide. This is a type of the monster, *Ignorance*. As we turn the pages of history, we come down to the nineteenth century according to the Christian era. Yes, nineteen hundred years since the redemption of man was offered up in Asia! As we look

along this space of time we recall many Christian wars of extermination. I will only add that we have sold *our birthright* for that same monster, Ignorance, and we are yet serving the god of our own carnal minds. But does destruction never cease? Is there no barrier to stop its progress—not even death? No! for we see man forming his own hell, and peopling it with victims of tortured humanity.

Yes, poor vile worm, we must return to you. When man acknowledges himself a *worm*, he sacrifices the best and highest aspirations of his own soul; he degrades himself, and grovels in the dirt and mire beneath him. No wonder—no wonder that *despair* waves her banner so vigorously over this fair land and dooms thy brothers to a burning hell! We have never seen nor strode those precincts of the damned. We never admitted that we was a worm of the dust. No! we claim for man the birthright given to him in God's own image, with wisdom to erect a temple in which he can offer up the purest aspirations of his soul to his Divine Maker and tender Father. Man should recognize his birthright! If he rejects the truth and submits to wrong, he is then in the dirt and mire; he has nothing to feed him but *husks* from the giant, IGNORANCE!

FRIENDSHIP.

MARCH 20, 1873.—*H.*

Friendship's broken wreath, I see thy flowers scattered on the ground. Oh, love, where are thy wings which fan my soul in ecstatic joy? Earth has no charm which does not fade away. Life has no joys but wither and decay. Peace, peace o'er the troubled waters roll. Angels bring the boat which wafts us to that shore. Friendship! I see thy withered bud, thy rose leaves dead. Thy joyous bird has ceased to sing, because its mate has fled.

Friendship, that word so often said, how frail thy links snapped by the vile breath which cankers and destroys. When Friendship's gone, our hopes then wither and decay. Why linger o'er those links and sigh for pleasures past? Spring's genial warmth will come again, and birds and flowers return. The joyous birds shall sing again, when *hope* her banner o'er us flings.

PRAYER FOR LIGHT.

MARCH 20, 1873.—*F.*

Infinite Father, we once more embrace thee as the friend of humanity, giving out the intuitions of our souls like the sweet odor of flowers which charm the heart of man. We behold thine infinite wisdom in thy outstretched arm overshadowing all thy children with thy wide embrace. We recognize in thee our Father and our Mother. We see our true destiny when we rise above the trammels which overshadow our minds and bind our thoughts in darkness. Thou hast given the liberty to think to every one of thy children.

Oh, Infinite Father, we love thee, we adore thee, we offer up our feeble petitions to thee for thine aid and comfort from the sorrows of humanity. May we all be awakened to a realizing sense of thy great mercy and thy divine care over all the children of the earth. Help us, oh Father, in our efforts to unfold *this* great banner of *love* and *light* over every church in christendom, over the desolate and waste places, over the downtrodden and the outcasts of the earth. May they all see the light of thy countenance, and learn thy loving kindness and power over all. Hear us now, and help us in our efforts to dispense *truth*.

In thee we have our being. In thee we put our trust, bowing in submission to that divine law which ministers alike to every child of thine. Help us to liberate the soul of man from the bondage of sect and dogma. May this *light* be the staff and stay of your soul, my brother.

DEITY.

MARCH 22, 1873.—*B.*

From the hilltops of eternal truth we come to shed a halo of man's immortal hopes, those feelings of divine inspiration that pave the dark hours of his pilgrimage with light, and make pure a hope of Deity. A Deity whose raiment priestcraft has blotted with the blood of earth's purest child; a priestcraft who have obliterated the Son of righteousness and made man tremble until the clanking of chains of a victim smote on his ear, and he was forced to believe in an angry God.

Not so with man in his holy aspirations, for then he worships a God whose countenance is like the lily of the valley, and whose voice is gentle as the evening zephyr. Man's highest aim is to imitate the semblance of a Deity which innate blossometh in the flower, and whose voice is heard in the cloudlet across the sky. In all the things of earth doth man behold his God, and see his name written everywhere and wrapped on the scroll of the immeasurable past. What! do we now see intelligent man bowing in reverence to a reptile whom woman's child was ordained to crush? Yes, my friend, those leviathan-like monsters, those animals of past ages, the crocodile, were consecrated and embalmed. In every age man has tried to de-

pict Deity. In ages past God was supposed to be a tyrant, and so man was trying to follow in his footsteps. In the present day God is supposed to be something mysterious, dark and cold, and to him is attributed the creation of both good and evil. Man's book of faith, as promulgated by priests, is black and besmeared with blood. They would still persecute those who would, if they could, open the windows and let in the *light* on them and on the dark places of earth. These are stubborn facts, and but a few of those that will be born of patience when we can control this medium. May love immortal set in thy heart forever. May joys, like wreaths in nature's bowers, be thine, and when spirits come to bear thee above, may they look on thee with love. May your highest hope be realized in the land of the loved, and may wreaths immortal encircle thy brow in that beautiful home where the sun never sets, and where execrations have never found a hiding-place, and may truth, purity and prosperity follow thee to the end of life.

THE SERPENT.

APRIL 4, 1873.—P.

What! is that a ghost I see? I say, is that a ghost I see? 'Tis a horse—a pale horse, without a rider. Whence came he? St. John saw six. I see but one, and that appalls me. What is that light shining so brightly? 'Tis a burning bush! Oh! is that a voice I hear? Yes, 'tis a low whisper; it whispers of blood, of foul blood. Ha! poor Eve, do you hear the voice of that serpent in thine ear as it hisses so near thee? Dost thou behold him as he coils himself around thee? Dost thou see him as he draws his slimy coil still tighter? Oh, gentle woman! and do *you* hear his voice, and does he speak to you in *human language*? Ah! why does he speak to thee? Why does he tempt thee with a beautiful apple, a fruit which is to make thee equal to the gods, knowing good from evil? and yet, how important is wisdom! Yes, thou art a gentle, beautiful, innocent woman, fresh from the hand of thy maker, created by a loving Father—and from what? The record says, from finite man. Thou, oh woman, thou art second from that mighty God. But whence is *thy* birth, oh man? From the clay of the earth and the spittle of the Lord God. Thou, woman, was formed of two compounds, man and God. Oh Jehovah! why didst

thou make this woman so gentle and so beautiful, and not surround her with holy angels to protect her if thy spirit realms are filled with them? Let us look again on the shining length of this serpent, and see where he has left his mark. Let us inquire, from whence he came. Did God make him? God made the beautiful garden, and placed all the trees therein; but did he make the serpent?

Then I start with terror at the unprotected condition of this beautiful couple amidst nature's grandeur, and surrounded by all her loveliness.

Yes, he comes into the garden and holds converse with that pure, innocent woman, fresh from the hand of Deity. Oh! where was that man that he could not see the intruder who came to poison his wife? Frail, blind man! I pause confounded by this (will not say fable) unfolding of the plan of Deity, so-called. Here was man and woman in all their purity and beauty, and not one angel to guide and protect them. And yet they *heard* the voice of God as he walked in the garden. I turn in disgust from that cowardly man when he answered, "The woman beguiled me and I did eat." Oh, poor woman, with all thy simplicity and trust in God, that *He* would not permit anything to interrupt nor harm thee. Oh! what was thy sorrow when disappointed and defeated in thy *first* effort for life, liberty and wisdom! Oh! why was God so strict with thee in the first century, and yet so liberal to forgive in the nineteenth? Has he grown more wise and merciful as ages after ages have rolled over him? But, lovely woman, I can not leave thee yet, but will ever walk the earth to watch over thee. Let us turn a little farther in the history of man.

Let us look at Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Let us glance at Jacob, who got the blessing intended for his brother. Oh! did the just Jacob cheat his brother? Jacob, the father of Israel, and yet God forgave him for it! Have I no assurance of forgiveness because not blessed like Adam who heard the voice in the garden? Again, look at Hagar. Alone and unprotected, nothing but the sandy desert spread its form around her, not even a serpent near her, and with her life nearly extinct for want of food and water. An angel goes to her, takes up her child, and says to her, it shall not die. This was honey to her hopes, for she had cast the poor lad away from her, so that she might not see him die. Has the serpent ceased to speak? Does an angel no more come to console a Hagar? Are there no more mothers now with children born who need an angel's care? I find many records of them in the past. In the East was a king who swayed the sceptre of Judea. He was a warrior truly of the first water, not superstitious, neither did he believe in voices that came from—I will not say where. That king has high hopes and ambition. He hears that a host cometh, and he trembles upon his throne. He would ask a *voice* that he might get tidings, and oh! poor Samuel, you come up and foretell his reverses. Why does he believe this? Did he believe in witchcraft, which had been practiced from Eve down? Poor Judea! I could weep for thy children, but I have to weep for my own countrymen. I have no tears for thy waste places. The sun sheds his brilliant rays over your beautiful temples and works of art, but across the broad Atlantic from you I have enough to weep for

in my native land, shrouded in darkness and buried, like Sodom and Gomorrah, beneath the Dead Sea.

Oh Ignorance! thy waves are mighty, thy tornadoes are destructive, and desolate the beautiful garden that God has given to his children.

I will pass over many interesting passages too striking for the mighty waves of ignorance ever to obliterate. Let us cross and set foot upon the hill of transfiguration, and behold the faces of that particular sect reflected upon all that people. The temple is ruined, but Moses and Elias are there in the beauty of manhood, still sympathizing with the children of earth. They heard the wail of the mother as it went up, and have come to console her. Oh mother, you would gather your children together like a hen her chickens under her wing, to protect them. Ah! have you found out that man needs protection? and have you set Moses and Elias upon the Mount to protect them? and from what? From more dogmas, which are more subtle than the serpent, for *he* said, partake of this and you shall know good from evil, while they want man to bow down to the monster, Ignorance.

What, did one dare to say that this world turned round, while another one ordered the sun to stand still, that David might have time to slay more of his enemies? Yes, and poor Galileo! who treated you so meanly? Why was you so persecuted and tortured? What crime had you committed? Ah, you had trampled upon the toes of a dogma of the church, and, therefore, you had to suffer for that. We will not have Moses and Elias sent to protect you nor any other power such as protected the children in the fiery furnace. Does man now believe the world turns

round? Do the priests now believe it? Do they now kneel at the truth, when they once tortured a man for proclaiming it? There is a conflict between truth and dogma. The horse is swift on foot, but we will tame him yet, and the dogma which he carries shall be usurped by light and truth.

THE CROSS.

APRIL 8th, 1873.—B.

We will now say something about the cross. What is man? Man that is born of woman art but of few days, and like the lily of the valley beneath the summer sun, or the hoary frosts of winter, so he fadeth before the ravages of decomposition. Man formed in the image of his God, who has hewn from the adamant a destiny, and yet he perishes like the grass of the field. 'Tis but eighteen hundred years that the people of this world have had an opportunity which was denied to those who existed for four thousand years before that time, and as they had no Savior, must have been annihilated.

If God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son for its redemption, what was his motive? He had the power to take man at once to his bosom. He had only to breathe upon the earth and it existed. He could have changed all mankind in the twinkling of an eye, and made them pure, and yet he suffered his only Son to be bound in indignation and shame, and finally to suffer an ignominious death upon the cross. If God gave his only Son for the redemption of the world, why did he not inspire that Son, so he could leave a record that all mankind could understand?

An overseer sent to a distant plantation by its owner,

receives instructions how to proceed, and what to do when he arrives. Suppose this overseer was to have a great many different views about his instructions, then confusion would certainly follow.

But so it is with the last will and testament of Jesus Christ, it has nearly six hundred different versions. This will is a knotty one, and all the lawyers and priests in the world can not untie it. Can it be possible that God who is the Father of all, who gave life to his children, who has surrounded them with every blessing, can not by his *infinite love* draw them to himself, and away from wickedness, and, therefore, had to give his only Son to redeem them?

Is the love of the Son greater and more powerful than the love of the Father? God can hang the rainbow in the heavens, and the leaf upon the oak; he can stir with the winds of heaven the waves which heave the depths of old ocean; he can make the mountain quake and liquid fire run down its steep; this and far more he has done, and there is nothing beyond his power.

Then why should he leave his dependent children in such sad uncertainty? Did he not from the beginning fix man's destiny? And will not man as surely fulfill that destiny? Can man frustrate the plans of Almighty God? If he foresaw the future of man when he created him, why did he not *then* provide salvation for him?

Why did he wait the destruction of his children four thousand years before he sent them a redeemer, or did God learn wisdom as ages after ages rolled away? We see Adam and Eve in the garden. At that time all that God had created was perfect, and in the

morn of blessedness. Did God afterward find fault with his own creation? The planets were hung in the ether blue, and law established governing everything long before man was created. Was Christ a man, and was he composed of flesh and blood? or was he unchangeable and indestructible? and was he created different from other men?

If so, God must have changed the established laws which have governed man from his creation. With crucible we go into the recesses of nature, and learn her component parts; but you are told by priests that your salvation is wrapped in obscurity, *but believe it not*. Put thy foot upon their doctrine, and thy knee upon the Koran, and count it not sacrilege to the God of love and wisdom to deny their ethics.

Accept all those truths which flow unto thee, and call only that sacrilege which keeps its impression from thy heart. Call only that unholy which bids thee stop thine ears to that sweet music which forever flows from the fountain of divine truth.

MIND.

APRIL 5th, 1873.—*F*.

Father, we come before thee as the creator and sustainer of thy divine providence. Help us, oh Lord! and be with us in the darkest hour of our life. Help us to roll back the sepulchre stone which hides us from the true light.

Help us in the development of truth. Help us in the discharge of our duties. Teach us charity and love. Give us grace to conquer every obstacle in life. Shed thy love upon us until we feel that all men are of one brotherhood.

Help thy servant to remove the dark banner of bigotry, which is now hanging over mankind. Grant for the sake of each one present a knowledge of the angelic hosts which now circle around them. Amen. To our friends and kindred we now say, "My home is not under the sod. I am free! I come to greet you, and tell you I am with you in every affliction and every joy!" Truth is mightier than intellect. 'Tis a sword keener and sharper than the warrior's who battles for selfish ambition. It will hew down the guilt; it will slay the monster superstition and error.

What is plainer to man than immortality? Man can direct his thoughts to what happened four thousand years ago, and can imagine what might happen a thousand years hence. He can think of the Queen of

England as easily and rapidly as about his own wife sitting by him at his fireside at home. All man's *senses* are confined to his body, then whence comes this power of thought? Man is finite, but who can confine mind, and what would man be without mind? It is so useful and needful to man that we find it in every one, in the idiot as well as the intelligent being.

It is united to man's body, and yet the mind has no body given to it. It is produced and kept by a wise law, which man in his finite nature or form can not understand, and so we say it is of God. We can not deny mind, it is as universal as man. It must have been and was created for man, and for further uses than for this earth. It may suffer all that man is heir to, and then become released and be free. I see how man binds himself to earth, and thinks there is nothing beyond, and that earth is a prison house for the soul. But not so, *mind flies like a spark when and where it will*. Does not this prove to you that man is a part of the principle of mind indestructible and immortal. On this man founds his hope of a hereafter, and the immortality of the soul.

It was not for a few Christians alone that man had a Savior; if so, it fell short of the plan of Deity. I am glad to meet you all here this evening. You will find that it is not hurricanes which make a permanent change in people's minds.

HEAVEN.

APRIL 8, 1873.—C.

Am glad to see you all here, and one who can help us. My son has gone into the stream, but he turns and looks back. It would have been nice to have had my daughter here, and my other son, who is not too tall, with all his military titles, to learn something. He need have no fears for my grand-daughter, as no ghost will take her off. All who are trying to do good are brothers. I always tried to do according to my best ability.

I looked around me to-day as I went about the city. I saw many going to church, many new faces, and went into the church and listened to the sermon. There I saw scarcely a dozen familiar faces in the whole congregation. It seems that time has left so many impressions. I want to speak to-night of modern things, among which we have Spiritualism, like some new and unknown plant. I used to get away from it; thought then it was the child of the devil. Did not like to approach it, nor have it come near to me. After awhile I had to go away, and as Shakespeare said, I made my exit, expecting to take a long journey. To tell the truth, I then knew nothing about heaven, and when I began to think about it, always got troubled, took my hat and went into the

street, and talked politics and forgot my confusion. I said God would prepare a heaven for us whenever we needed it.

I said it should be our constant study, day and night, to do right. I told all what Christ had said, "Believe and be baptized and ye shall be saved." It is a simple way, and you need not ask anybody about it, for you have the word of God, and that is sufficient.

I did not stop to consider that all those who did not believe in Christ must also have a place. Still I tried to convince everybody that my faith was right. I used to have full faith in the dogma of the English Church. I became more and more liberal; then saw superiority in the Campbellite Church, and took my place in it.

I had not then solved the mystery of Spiritualism. Pharaoh's heart was hardened, but whose work was it? I said it was God's. This was only blind faith. I saw where Jacob and Esau contended for the birth-right, and how Esau was cheated by his brother, and although Jacob was a thief, it was then said he was after God's own heart. Oh Jacob! if one of my children had done as you did, I should have got a sprout and whipped him well. I also saw one of those terrible prayers in Psalms, which are said were David's prayers. He, too, was after God's own heart. He saw a beautiful woman, and although he had many concubines, he was not satisfied with them, but wanted this woman, and so he placed her husband in the front rank of battle, that he might be killed. I said, well, that was David, and I had no right to meddle with him. I read about Jonah. God prophecied to

the Ninevites the destruction of their city, and he was sent to tell them. But he, believing the prophecy would fail, shirked his duty and went another way. He got on a vessel, a heathen ship, and went sailing. A storm arose, and the ship was tossed furiously by the angry waves. Jonah was down in the ship asleep. They had many superstitions, so they cast lots, and it fell on Jonah, consequently they threw him out of the ship. The sea then became quiet, but God had prepared a whale, who took him up and threw him out on the land, so when he came to land he then went to deliver his message. Such literal readings the church neither sees nor reasons about. Jonah, however, took the right to argue with God. So one religion rose and died, and another flourished upon its ashes. Sects and dogmas rose and multiplied, and I do not think you can find a philosopher in heaven, nor on earth, who can make any sense out of them. After my soul and body had separated, I found myself surrounded by my children. My daughter first took me by the hand. That did not agree with my ideas of heaven, which I had always thought to be a great way off, and had never dreamed I should see spirits near earth.

I asked myself, can this be heaven? I knew that I had betrayed no truth. I had not been sent on a mission, and, like Jonah, went another way, that I should be thrown on shore in a strange land. Yet here were my children around me who had been gone from me for many years. I had believed they were in heaven, and that I should meet them *there*.

I asked my daughter, "Is that you?" She answered, "Pa, it is," as distinct as ever in life.

Then another daughter came to meet me, put her arms around my neck and kissed me.

Then came my other children and many friends, who crowded around me, and whom I recognized instantly. I asked myself, am I in a trance, or am I in the spirit world? I could not harmonize the existing facts with my former ideas of heaven, and so I was bewildered.

My old servant came to see me and your dear son. He said, "How do you do, grandpa?" and then I took him on my knee.

I thought it best to first learn where I was before I talked much. I was anxious to go and see "the great white throne," but did not say much about it. I thought perhaps I was in a dream. I had many in life, but none were as bright as this. I asked my daughter, one day, What does all this mean?—I can not comprehend it. Finally they took me from the house.

I remember to have heard Ferguson preach once about our spirit homes. I never reflected about it, because I believed it to be the most terrible heresy which ever fell from man's lips. I began to learn and to think, and now avail myself of this privilege of coming back to you, and shall never again reject the truth of Spiritualism. Thus began my work in the spirit home, and ever since I have been trying to reach many of my friends in earth's life, and still hope to be able to do so. We have got many things to reform. We must begin at home; begin in our own family, teach them the true philosophy of life, and let them realize the truth. I have a large family here, and am no stranger with you. My grandchild,

I spoke of you once to-night, and now say as Christ said, I have come to do you good, as all good people and good spirits do. St. Paul said, that a man was an *inner man* within a man.

I see one definition which is apparent to every sensible man, that it is a co-partnership. If there was no reason why the blood should cease to circulate, and why the bones should decay, there would be no reason why man should die, and as the whole body decays, we know there has something gone out of it which when there prevented its disorganization. If the sap is cut off from the tree it soon dies, there is nothing then to make foliage and fruit. I use this simile to show you that something has gone out of the body. When the body is dead, it may be full of blood, and yet something has gone out of it. St. Paul says it is the inner man. Thus has man been taught to prepare for the future, as his own soul is constantly crying out for something above and beyond him.

Our senses dictate the wants of the body, and so we crave food and drink. But our senses can not dictate the wants of the inner man, for it craves that which can not be satisfied by the senses.

We supply the physical body, and still the mind wants something to rest upon, and, therefore, it bows and worships God. The mind is born in form, it lives in form, and it must have form to worship.

How many different forms of worship it has. The heathen make *idols* for their form, as their minds are too crude to worship an invisible spirit. All nations of the earth once worshipped a god of form, and the mind of man has not yet got rid of it.

It has been little by little that man has lost faith

in such gods. At one time man fought hand to hand in conflict, but after awhile in a body, then came what is called *religious* wars. Have you ever seen hogs with their feet in the trough biting one another, and wanting all the food? Well, this is a gross but true picture of man's hoggish nature.

After awhile their ideas advanced, they begun to build houses, temples and cities. Their first temples were heathen, in which they prayed only for help from their idols to conquer and destroy their enemies. They never prayed for peace and happiness hereafter, although they held converse with spirits and called them gods. In the early Jewish dispensation they did recognize their friends in the spirit world, and held communion with them. This fact was designedly left out of the Bible, and it was made to condemn necromancy as it is now to condemn Spiritualism. Recall the simple fact of Saul when he saw the hosts marching against him, he became afraid, and inquired of the Lord. The Lord answered him not, and so he went to Endor to consult a woman who had a familiar spirit. She asked him, "Whom shall I bring up unto thee?" and he said, "bring me up Samuel." And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground and bowed himself. This record proves that it was a common thing for that people to meet together, and seek information from departed spirits. Now churches take only such passages as pleases them.

For example: A certain rich man and a poor beggar named Lazarus, who was full of sores, and laid at the rich man's gate. "The beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich

man also died, and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." "And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue." They were not too far apart to converse with one another, not further than across the street. There was plenty of water, and yet the angel with all his sanctity, purity and charity would not give one drop to relieve that famishing soul. Failing to receive this the rich man said, "I pray thee, therefore, Father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them lest they also come into this place of torment." This tortured man wanted to give information to his brethren that they might repent and be more charitable, and I will add that they might join the church and pay tithes. But this happy archangel, notwithstanding the suffering below him, refused to send this benevolent message and preferred this beggar who had never done anything good in his life; was too lazy to earn his own bread; was too filthy to wash and was covered with sores so that the dogs came and licked them, than to rescue from suffering the rich man's brethren. When we compare the archangel with the rich man, we might say with our friend, "consistency thou art a jewel."

The church condemns the rich man, and for what? Had he done anything wrong? and yet commends the archangel who refused a drop of water to the rich man, and to send a kindly message from the tortured man to his brethren whom he yet loved. This was in the Bible and I had to take it as it was, but to-night I bow my head to my son and daughter, and to you in acknowledgement that I have been deceived in the readings of

that book. I have often heard people say, "if I was deceived I would acknowledge it." In earth's life we want to be equal, and feel as well as our friends, therefore, we do not like to admit that we have been deceived. 'Tis hard to tear away from old habits and prejudices.

We see the beast rising out of the sea of strife with many heads and horns, and it is a good symbol of the numerous dogmas that have spread themselves over the world in the last eighteen hundred years, and always ready for another.

We have now a new edict, and preachers say it is the devil. How has he time and opportunity to look after all the souls he has captured from the beginning of time? I should think that this would prevent his attending all the "circles" to catch what few he might find there.

In that book which I held to my bosom I find vile things. St. John saw many beasts, but think he did not see this one Spiritualism. It is an unruly beast; it does not pay tithes; does not kneel in obeisance to priests; it has no horns for them to lay hold of, and its body is so slick they can not take hold of that. I use this figure only for comparison. I hear one say I would like to get a test. Let them tell me how long ago such a thing happened, when he saw me last, and what he then said. Simple tests! St. Paul said, "give milk to babes, strong meat to man." Tests are not the life of vigorous thought. Infidelity has been hurled at all free thought ever since Christianity was first planted on earth, and since priests found they could make a living out of it, and from that time it has been bought and sold. When man becomes enlightened, and finds he is his own priest, his own redeemer, that there are

no more tithes, he is then a friend to humanity united to one good. Then he would not do like the archangel by refusing a drop of water to a tormented man, and to send a benevolent message from him to his brethren when that archangel had trillions of angels at his command.

Was it more pleasure to this deity to have the praise of one than to rescue a whole family from hell? We do not read that Lazarus had ever done anything to merit this distinction and place, or that the rich man had ever done any wrong or crime for which he was tormented, then, where is the justice? My friends be above the fallacy of the nineteenth century, like the eagle above the earth. Husks can not sustain life.

The so-called Christian religion lacks the true elements to make mankind happy. Let us then walk straight onward and obtain our own birthright. No Jacob can cheat us, no monk nor priest can deprive us of the strong love of the Divine Father of creation, and of that God who never stoops to meanness. Let us realize the elements of a new birth within us. If we are baptized in the truth, and our banner is purity, we shall conquer, filling our destiny, in that there is no fallacy. May you all feel the responsibility which rests upon you. May you all see the light which is shining around you. May you realize the truth of what our friend said, "I am not dead. There is no death to annihilate man."

SINFULNESS.

APRIL 14, 1873.—*F*.

We draw near the earth that we may come in rapport with man, to assist him in rolling back the cloud which so long has hung over his spiritual vision. "As your faith is, so be it unto you." If you believe in a power of evil, you may expect to be exercised thereby. When you draw your cloak of sectarian prejudice around you, then you refuse a truth higher than ever has been preached to you from any pulpit. Oh youth, how you are smitten! 'Tis like the miasm which spreads over the flowers in the garden, when you are taught those things which poison the mind. True independence is necessary to investigate any scientific truth. You must first lay aside your superstition and bigotry, and the false teachings of past ages. You must not accept one thing because it meets your approbation, and reject another because you do not like it. Bow to no argument which is not true. The grain of corn, when planted in genial soil, blooms and brings forth its kind. What did the Indian know of cotton in the early days of this country? These fields which are now so beautiful were once desolate, filled with serpents and alligators; but, after years of culture by man, they produce corn, cotton. and rice. 'Tis but a few years since the Pil-

grim Fathers landed on our soil. They found it desolate and the climate sickly, and soon they faded away. It was at that time thought to be impossible for anybody to live in this country.

Their mortality was then owing principally to their ignorance. Instead of cultivating the soil, they were hunting for gold. They were too ignorant of science to succeed. We see priests continue to mumble their prayers, and still man's hand is constantly raised against his fellow man.

Knowing this, we might ask, Has the blood of Christ lost its potency? Let us come forth like the stalk from its kernel in the soil, and lay aside all those teachings of the past which stop the progress of thought. Let us find our own true birthright, because we know we are the children of God. We have no demon to fight; we have only to cultivate our own mind, and to rise above the superstition and bigotry which now darkens it, and to float upon the billows of truth, rejoicing that God lives now and forever. We see the good and bad meet daily together. You say you have a thirst for knowledge, but do not wish to meet with any wicked spirit. Neither do I; and yet I have met many. It is now a part of my occupation to develop them, so they can rise above the meaner propensities, such as lying, theft and murder. We need not go to Asia or China to find what the Church calls heathen, for they are here in your very midst. I can take you through your own city and show you vice in all its forms; not only in rags, but in silks, jewels and paint—in what is called a lady.

You ask them do they believe in Christ and in his atonement? If they answer yes, it is all that is neces-

sary, and their oath will be taken in any court. But what means this rabble? You say they are the outcasts of society. *Society*? that is a big word, and I suppose it means of worldly possessions.

We find much of the pride of the old country in America, in striving for titles. Have we nothing better to strive for? Your preachers often tell you that God is no respecter of persons. Neither is death. Like a famished wild beast in his native country who prowls upon the traveler, so is death. He makes no distinction between those clothed in rags, in obscurity and poverty, and those in silks, jewels, wealth and position in society. I can recall the time when a member of the Methodist Church was not permitted to put out a jewelled hand to "take the body and blood of Christ." At that time this denomination was a plain sect, and worshipped God according to their own dictates. Then they were not wealthy; had not such fine churches, with their organs, and would not be thought as respectable as they are now with them. So with everything; when it grows out of its infancy, it grows out of its disgrace. That is a hard word; perhaps disreputable would be better. All people and denominations are equally disreputable when they are free enough to tear apart a dogma which they no longer believe. Then they call down the wrath and lose the respect of their fellow men, who continue to believe the dogmas.

We should all be idolaters if we all went according to our own ideas. We have only to look over the pages of the past to learn what we would have been to-day. Dogs bark and bite; 't is their right—'t is nature speaking out. Every animal screams according

to its own individual nature, and it is justifiable in so doing.

Man is not considered genteel if he uses profane language, and I question if then he is above the animal. If man is master of creation, he should cultivate his own mind, and not degrade it. If he does this, he will rise above the animal, and feed upon the intellectual. If Christ redeemed the world, why do men continue to do so many evil things? What is redemption? What is salvation? The church answers, to be saved from hell! Let the church redeem the outcast and the beggar. Let them elevate woman to her standard of purity. Let them teach man virtue, honesty and charity. All want to believe that Christ died to save sinners; but if a man rejects this faith, the church condemns him. Think of the transubstantiation of the flesh and blood of nineteen hundred years ago to bread and wine to-day!

Is this to redeem the world from vulgar and wicked habits, from sensuality and crime? Oh! Americans, your soil, from shore to shore, is stained by your brother's blood. And yet, in this country, for nearly a century, church steeples have been in almost every town. Bells have tolled out the place and time for this people to go to worship. Organs have chimed their notes to assist mankind in his praise. Has all these things benefitted our race and our people, and are they better and purer now than in any other age which has passed? Let us go back to the old walled cities of centuries past, and contrast our people with their people, and we will then learn that the number and magnitude of the crimes of our people greatly exceed any of them. Wealth does not prevent man from

committing crime. Blood has not purified the world. St. Paul said, "Flesh and blood can not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Yet we are taught to believe that Christ is in heaven, sitting at the right hand of God on his throne. Look around you and behold the myriad of orbs rolling on in their course throughout space, all kept in their place by a Father's hand. There is but one grand universe, and every orb within it, with all those who people it, have a home with the Father. How can the people of all those other inhabited spheres be redeemed without the cleansing blood of Christ? Poets and priests tell you there is a bourne from which no traveler e'er returns. Then how do they or anybody else know where and how we go? Such teachings fail to comfort the stricken heart. When the ties of life are broken, and the loved are taken away, if you then tell them they can not return, they are stricken indeed. Think you not some loved one will come to bear you home? or will you be left, like the dust in the street, to be blown anywhere, and forever wander without any place of rest. Perhaps some day your eyes may see and you can realize that you are not left alone and desolate. Oh, gross ignorance and superstition, ye can not and will not see the truth. We come to bear the little bud away from you, and care for it, and would have you feel there is something in store for him in the future. Something you can not gather from the waste places of Judea, or from an imperfect manuscript which has been handed down for centuries. The dove appeared when all succor seemed gone, bringing a sprig from the mountain top. Spirits love flowers and fruits.

Man's enjoyments and pleasures do not cease when he leaves earth. Oh! who is there who lives that can say at the close of the day, it has been a day of peace, that nothing has made them unhappy? Or who is there can say he is always and entirely happy? Who can find God? He is above all things, and like the wind, cometh and goeth. We condemn you only enough to raise you above your bigotry. I am your brother, but in a different sphere and condition of life. I am trying to elevate myself.

This is a boon granted to mankind, brighter than the noonday sun, and more grand than anything else he can grasp. Man must have food and water for his physical body. Here his spiritual body is supplied with spiritual food, more refined in proportion to the refinement of the spiritual body. It is a food which has undergone a thorough chemical process above the comprehension of the physical man.

BLINDNESS.

APRIL 14, 1873.—P.

I am deaf! the sound which is near I hear not; I am blind! the sun shines on the beauteous earth, but I see not its bright rays. I am palsied! I feel not the gentle touch of the dear ones around me. I chafe like a poor caged beast. Heaven shines bright, but alas, I am a miserable afflicted creature. My clothes are worn into tatters, and I have no fire to keep me warm. Poor desolate old beggar! You are deaf, dumb, blind and palsied, and what have you to enjoy? Yet there are so many like you. Ah! it is a penny that you want? You can not see the face which comes by; you can not hear that step which is approaching; you can not feel its tread. Then how did you know that some one was coming, and imploringly hold out your hand? He had but two of his senses left to him, and still nature craved something to feed upon in this poor abject creature. But what prompted him to hold out his hand to a passer by? *It was the light within him.*

Poor old beggar, the world is full of many like you. Some in silk and others in broadcloth who are alike deaf, dumb and blind, but who are reaching out their palsied hands for a penny. Look around you and see the wrecks of noble men, and judge of their cause. Oh, I implore you to flee from the voice which pollutes

man. Do not deny man his immortality, for it lives within him and speaks, though it be covered with rags, and is deaf, dumb and sightless. Philosophy tells us that every leaf is inhabited by myriads of insects, and also that every drop of water is filled with animalcules.

If this be true, are we not filled with something more than vacancy. I refer to this fact to remind you of how many things exist which we can not see with the naked eye. Because we can not see these things with the naked eye, it is no reason they do not exist. If you look over the landscape bounded by the horizon, you think it beautiful, but could you see the light of this spiritual sphere, you would behold that which is to be desired more than all things else. There is not a *vacant space* in God's great kingdom.

It is all governed in wisdom, subject to an illimitable law which operates alike from the loftiest star to the lowest plant. I bow my exit, leaving you to reflect on this great law, and of the condition of this poor blind beggar with the spiritual light he had within him. The next time I come I hope to have a better figure to portray my experience in the spirit sphere.

WEARY WAITING.

APRIL 18, 1873.—*F*.

I have but a few words to say in regard to the manifestations you have just had from your friend.

It was very imperfect, but you shall yet get more from him. He tried to speak to you, but could not. He wanted to say, "I am weary, weary waiting for the boat which is to take me to the better land." He could not speak, but we hope he will soon have enough power to do so, when he will give you unmistakable evidence of his identity. Few are the days of man born of woman, blooming with life, and fleeting as a shadow. In earth's life how we fail to appreciate this evidence of power. We would bring those who have gone from earth for centuries with those who have recently left, it to assist us in rolling away the mystic pall which obscures us from our friends. We meet in the spirit world and mingle together. We would gather near to our children, and let them feel that we are close by them to encourage. This poor man has left a stricken family. In earth's life he failed to recognize this sunshine of life which he now so readily embraces. We have no bitter feeling toward him for his past opposition, but hope his now coming back will be a blessing to all who knew him.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

APRIL 18, 1873.—*P.*

I am weary, says the poor pilgrim as he crosses the stream. "I am weary, weary waiting for the boat which is to bear me to the other shore." How dark and misty, I can not see. I feel chilled and have my misgivings as I hear the oars splashing in the water. What is it that is coming to take me away? Oh if it was a little lighter so that I could see who it is that is to row me to the other shore?

I shrink back when I feel that cold and icy touch. Yes! a cold hand sends a chill to my very soul. Oh, 't is so dark! If I could only see. Is this death which I feel clutching at my heartstrings? Oh could I wake, could I throw off this deathly feeling! I shrink! poor feeble worm that I am.

Where now is the atonement, where now is my Savior? Oh does Gabriel wait to bear me to a better home? Is it better? Oh so far off! all is so dark and gloomy around me. I see not a familiar face. Oh where now is my courage? Where is the anchor of my life which was to sustain me in this struggle with death, which was to be a lamp to my feet and a light to my way? Oh immaculate virgin? No wonder that you too should fear black death, ready with outstretched wings to pluck you as the raven its flesh.

One might well stand aghast when such terrible things were around him.

Where now are all the precepts of the preachers and holy men? Oh *Hope* where dost thou wave thy banner, if not over dark and despairing death which now gathers o'er me like Egyptian darkness that my eyes can not penetrate. Must I go? Oh, must I go? Go alone? Where must I go? To some unknown region which man has not been able to penetrate; to some far off place of which no map has yet been made? Is it a cold and chilly region far away where finite man can not reach thee in his most exalted state? I bow my head in submission, for I feel that I am borne away, and would say to all my friends, fare thee well. I go from whence no traveler e'er returns. I have no banner of hope to wave over me now. I leave my church, I leave my little ones to weep and laugh, as by turns they will, when I am gone. When I am gone the grass will be as green, the flowers as bright, and the sun will shine as clear as though no sorrow had ever been, or that I had crossed that black and turbid stream called Death. Poor miserable man! poor creeping worm, borne to thy last resting-place in thy casket, decorated with flowers, emblem of hope, and purity and love. That is the orthodox view, and now we will give you the spiritual sense.

As I stood by the shining river, I saw a handsome boat launched on the bosom of its waters. I saw a pure and beautiful lady by her loving mother's side. She stepped lightly into the boat, and how gracefully she took the oars. It shot like an arrow, yet how gently the waters foamed away from its prow. Then it wavered to and fro upon the bosom of the mighty

river. She is watching? Yes! watching for a new light to the spirit world. How bright and shining were her slippers as she tripped across the sand, took him by the hand and led him to the boat. In he stepped quietly and lightly, when she took the oars and rowed out again into the stream. Soon the boat touched the other strand. Behold! it is a charming country, peopled with friends, dotted with their dwellings, and radiant with bright and beautiful flowers. "Oh hear that sweet music!" the pilgrim exclaims, "how delicious its tones, and how it gladdens my soul." I now see a banner of hope, and as it waves over the world, upon it I see engraved, "the brotherhood of man and the love of humanity." Night drapes not this beautiful home. 'Tis brilliant! gilded with the sunrise of eternity, and its expanse is limitless!

As I walk o'er its sands, I see footprints of angels. *Hail brother man, one universal fraternity.* Then let us arise and be men! Yes, men and women!

May you realize a beautiful lesson from this short speech. This truth is as sacred as the sunlight of happiness, but I almost fear to let its rays shine back to man in his beastly condition.

THE APPLE.

APRIL 18, 1873.—*P.*

Fruit is held out, celestial fruit gathered from the intellect of ages, ripened by being handed down to the nineteenth century, that this generation may partake of it and be wise also. In the midst of the garden was planted the tree of knowledge. Eve partook of its fruit. Humanity can not consume it. It is inexhaustible. Thy boughs are laden with delicious fruit, which will make man wise and loving. The world says we should refuse those apples which would make us wise. Yes! this tree has long been guarded by a two-edged sword held by priestly bigotry and power. But let us walk through this garden hand in hand, and see if we have not a right to partake of this fruit. 'Tis a large garden, and charms me as I view it. I behold there a tree whose boughs are so lofty that I fear I can not reach the fruit. I draw myself up and ask, what am I, and what is infinite wisdom? We were searching in the musty ages of the past, which have rolled away to look at the tree planted in Eden—tree of life and tree of knowledge. Ah! I would like to find the man who wrote and left the description of this subtle serpent as he coiled himself in those lofty boughs. It is a long way from Adam to our friend, who has just crossed the river.

Oh ! how many children of the earth, of both sexes, and of every age, have crossed it ; that is, in whom nature has paid the same tribute to the Divine Father. We read of crime, sickness and death all over this beautiful country, called the new world, and a Christian Country. But I will not make any strictures. My mind, like a bird's wing, flaps to and fro from the past to the present. I am a living being, watching this great subtle serpent, and I will bring you news of him again. He still watches the tree of knowledge, and advises man not to partake of it lest he die.

This evening I bring you only a few pebbles of thought from the shore of time. The serpent is just as long, his scales are as bright, and his tongue as poison as when he stood guard. Those greasy monks still bow down to the Virgin Mary, because her Son died to appease an angry God.

Do I not understand the English language? At one time we find that God is trying to reconcile man to himself, and at another that man is a poor groveling worm of the dust. My friend by my side says, "The tree of knowledge" is a beautiful figure, so I will not treat it lightly. He says there is a tree of knowledge, and its fruit is free to all, and if we do not permit a priest to fight us away from it, we can partake of it as well as him. We have got to rise above the clouds, and to partake of that which is above, that which is not tangible to the senses, but to the mind.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

APRIL 21, 1873.—*P.*

As I walked o'er the snow-capped mountain I left my foot-prints in the snow. I looked o'er the valley, and saw the smiling landscape, with all its beauty, beneath me. I saw the meandering stream on its way through the meadow reflecting on its surface the light of heaven. I saw the black clouds gathering beneath me, that hid from me the beautiful valley. Where now, I said, is the charming landscape which but a few moments since was bright and beautiful? No more can I see it. Has it been destroyed? The thunder crashes through the heavens, and the wind sweeps in tornadoes o'er the earth, tearing the proud and lofty oak from the mountain side whirling into the abyss beneath. I draw my mantle close around me, and crouch in fear beneath some friendly rock, that I may find shelter from the terrible storm that rages so violently around me. How dreadful! My footsteps are all obliterated; the storm has washed them all away. I can not find the path by which I ascended. I am a stranger on these rugged mountain cliffs. Must I forever remain above the clouds which hide me from the valley and from my home and friends beneath? Or can the black cloud of death forever hide me from those I love? Oh! could I

hear some voice from the valley as I stand upon this precipice overlooking the gloom below. Could I but hear the cock as he gives his notes of approaching day, I might wend my steps toward some friendly roof and feel no more despair that I was severed from my friends and companions. The cock has crowed here to-night, and we have heard his voice in our spirit homes. We have followed that voice, and have come through the dark cloud of death beneath us, which hides not those we love from us. We have come to this friendly roof that we might be near to and minister to those we love. We even hear the prayers that ascend to us from earth's life, and try to return as best we can to comfort and instruct. We are all ever ready to help those who desire more light. May the beautiful angels who have hope engraved upon their banner, and who now surround you, ever be with you all, and give you that knowledge which you most desire.

A CLASS.

APRIL 21, 1873.—C.

You have taken the important step to solve the problem which has so long hung over the world. Be patient and success will crown your efforts.

We will not pretend to give you a description of the many friends who are gathered here at this beautiful reception. The inspired book says it is more blessed to give than to receive. The loved ones here have been rejoiced at the messages sent, although so imperfect. May this night be long remembered in the annals of your lives as a step taken in the right direction to bring you knowledge and happiness.

Mediumship is beautiful. 'Tis as varied in its unfoldings as the flowers of the field. We hope to develop in this class music, poetry, writing and seeing. We hope in twelve months to materialize flowers, and show you that spirits gather around you. You must not be impatient, as it retards our progress. Never snatch a flower from its stem until it is fully opened, and then you can see its beauty. We have gathered together here to-night, poets, statesmen and philosophers. May the music of this spirit sphere be echoed there. May God be with us in our evidence with his divine inspiration. May he in love and mercy help us in our efforts to give light to our children, that they

may see the beauty of spirit life. May their souls continue to expand in truth and knowledge. Help us, O Lord, in behalf of humanity everywhere. May man become alive to every responsibility which rests upon him. May he feel that he is a man after thine own image, with the responsibility of a rational being. Strengthen us, and give us all hope, now and forever. Amen.

The disciples were told by the master that they should do greater things than he had done. What a promise! I could not retire without speaking to you of the many friends who are here. This is the light of the nineteenth century. Your friend placed himself upon the mountain, and because of the dark cloud between his friends and himself he could not see them. Many would have reversed this picture, and let the clouds shut him out from his friends below. I could not tell you of all who are here to-night, among whom are many children trooping around. But you should see them. I know the future is filled with hope and purity.

JERUSALEM AND CHRIST.

APRIL 25, 1873.—S.

My son, I am glad to meet you. I have taken a long tour and an interesting one, and will give you my impressions. After I left Spain I never stopped until I arrived at the old historical spots of the Bible. As I have been always interested in Jerusalem, I began there. I looked over its hills and tumbled-down walls, its desolate and lonely plains, over its waters, and saw the Sea of Galilee, busy with its ships filled with merchandise. I saw where once stood the Temple of Solomon, with its wonderful beauty and grandeur. I met with many spirits of the old ages of that place. I asked that I might be rolled back a few hundred years, and that I might see Jerusalem in all its beauty, as it appeared when Christ was there, and when the Jews were in their strength. They were at that time a very worshipful people, for I was shown this spiritually. I asked my spirit guide who favored me with his wisdom and knowledge, if the records of the New Testament were true regarding Christ and his disciples. He said, laying aside many of its beautiful figures, it was not of much benefit. There was a foundation of truth in the New Testament. There was a couple called Joseph and Mary, who were not honored with the title Mr. and Mrs., as they were

poor people. Poor people at that time were not more respected than they are now. No Jew ever believed in the immaculate conception of the Virgin, neither did the disciples of Christ believe it. Jesus was an intelligent lad, and being the first born of Mary's children, was naturally the smartest. He was born out of wedlock, and Joseph never claimed him. At that time the immaculate virgin was not known nor talked of by the people. He grew up, and was a great reformer, and the beauty of his reformation is that it was spiritual. He had no advantages above his brothers, but he was more studious and thoughtful. He was silent and reserved, and consequently was imposed upon by all of the family, except his mother. He lived much within himself. He was peculiarly adapted to investigate a truth, and see it in its brightest light. He was what is now called clairvoyant. Being born of poor parents, he had, therefore, but little influence, for at his time there was great importance attached to riches, and people were as vain and aristocratic as at the present time. He had to make converts or proselytes, and he took them from the fishermen of Galilee. He was clairvoyant, and knew when others were also, as soon as he saw them. He formed a band of them that he might get spiritual information. At that time pilgrims made long journeys to the city. Many tribes at that time believed in long pilgrimages, as they do at the present. A great many of his deeds are recorded, but there are many others which are not. His body was not stolen away at all. It was not lost sight of, but was deposited in a nice clean place. The resurrection of his physical body has originated since that time in the

mind of man. They did seek him, and converse with him—his spiritual body, not his physical. He had all the advantage of his clairvoyant powers. He recognized his friends at once, as well as his enemies, by whom he was tortured. He was so sensitive he could feel their hatred whenever they approached him. He was a brave man, a true soldier, and a natural philosopher. While there I found no spirit who had any knowledge of the resurrection of the physical body. He did cure many, and divers diseases, healed many who were sick, and had wonderful power. Not half of the wonderful things he and his disciples accomplished was ever recorded. *It was no new gift.* For many years cures had been made by laying on hands. All these cures were accomplished and governed by a natural law.

I looked upon the Sea of Galilee, and thought of him walking upon its waters. No doubt angels held him up. This city of Jerusalem, once so beautiful and wealthy, is now surrounded with the lowest development of humanity, while but comparatively few intelligent people remain there. I saw a great many spirits there, clouds of them, among them beautiful seers. My spirit guide said to me that, at the end of two thousand years, according to the Christian era, Asia would be repeopled with a much better class. If we go down hill and then continue to advance, we must rise again. That country and people have arrived at their lowest depths. The soil is badly impoverished, its herbage and fruits exceedingly scanty, and everything betokens desolation. I looked for the Pool of Siloam, and saw nothing but a sink filled with filth. There you see the ruins of a grand architec-

ture, whose builders were men of science and wisdom. I thought of Christ and his crucifixion, and how he toiled up the hill followed by the rabble, who cried, "away with him." When this was revealed to me, I thought it was no more than had been done by the heroes of our own country. Intolerance still exists in the human mind. It was the spirit of intolerance and bigotry that accursed that beautiful country. It was the mother of refinement and civilization, the earliest home of science and architecture, of merchandise, of navigation and ship-building. Here was erected magnificent temples, beautiful fountains, and everything that the mind of a wise man could devise to make a people happy. The development of the mind and the faculties of the brain for wisdom outstripped their spiritual development. They built gorgeous temples, elegant houses, stately ships, and yet failed to recognize that God was not in the temple, but in man. According to the Bible record the flood was only a few thousand years ago. It was then only in the lower country, and not literally over the whole world. It was, however, a great disaster, as I had the best of evidence from the best of spirits.

From the facts given to me and from the best calculation I could make, Asia had been peopled *two hundred thousand years* before this recorded flood.

Many of the watercourses and large bodies of water had been frequently and greatly changed previous to this flood. In Judea they had many and severe trials. Earthquakes were frequent and violent, and brought great trouble and suffering.

Before the flood Africa was covered with water. Those sterile sandy deserts were once the bed of the

ocean. They were elevated by earthquakes and dried by time. The old prophets had no idea but what the world was built upon the seas, and to them this was a fact. At that time the Jews were the most civilized people who existed, much more so than the Americans are to-day, notwithstanding they now have so many books and schools which the Jews did not have. They were far more strict in obeying their own laws. They always selected their wisest men to govern them, who did not end as ours do frequently, by being bought. In their language they had a symbol for everything. Every principle was symbolized by a statue. This tells to what a state of knowledge and science they had advanced. They had many gods. They did not recognize *one* God, and could not understand how one God could take care of, govern and control everything.

The corruption of language was owing to the disruptions, divisions, separations and destruction by earthquakes. From several very ancient spirits I learned that a very great amount of useful knowledge has been entirely lost to us. Think of it! Two hundred thousand years passing over the earth of which we have no knowledge nor record. During that long period there were many convulsions in the earth. From that remote period to the present time, man could have progressed to an elevated point in science, had not all that experience been lost by earthquakes. We often see a barbarous people now living over the ruins of a once beautiful city. Our native Indians came from Asia.

This country was once a part of that, it was all in the same body of land. It was disrupted by earthquakes and separated by water. This was done untold centuries before Jewish history began.

Examine the ruins of Central America and Mexico, and they will tell you of a people who existed long before the flood. These cities were destroyed by natural laws, and not by an angry Deity. The results of earthquakes and floods have been most disastrous to the human family, destroying and drowning the most learned and scientific people who have ever lived. When but a few were left they naturally fell into barbarism. After awhile they began to improve again, and retaining a traditional remembrance of past architecture, they began to erect heathen temples. As I journeyed around, I saw that ambition and a desire to control had existed in all past ages. If we leave behind us the desolation of four thousand years, we now see a people occupying the same place a former race has done, completely changed in stature and knowledge, and following entirely different pursuits.

We found Rome in the full vigor of prosperity, built up and inhabited by an intelligent race, who journeyed from Asia without bringing with them the Jewish religion. The footprints of grandeur progressed as it advanced westward.

I asked my guide to tell me of those old cities that formerly so flourished and prospered, and to direct me to some spirit who understands the philosophy of the Greeks. I can not convey his knowledge to you, and have brought him to do it himself, which he will do as soon as he learns our language so you can understand him.

This he can accomplish much sooner than when in earth's form. (He learned the language and began his dissertation on January 29th, 1875.—A.)

I would not topple down all faith in the Christian

church, but hope that ere long a temple will be erected upon it with peace, purity and love.

I wish you could see the bright spirits who hover over those desolate places which were once so thickly peopled, and hear them remark upon many things which have come down to us as facts. They knew nothing about that little history of "Lot's wife." I asked about the serpent that Moses raised up, that all who were bitten by a serpent had but to look upon and live.

They gave me a different idea about that serpent. This people took a long and tedious journey, and they were without a home or settled position for forty years. They were in bondage, but obtained their freedom through their own intelligence. They never claimed it as a miracle their being led out of the wilderness, as it was done by a universal law. They determined to throw off their bondage, and they became emancipated. There is *no* truth in the history of the children of Israel passing through the Red Sea upon the dry land, and then the return of the waters destroying all the hosts who came after them. The Egyptians were a proud and overbearing people. They sold into bondage everybody they could lay hands on, therefore, the selling of Joseph was but the usual custom of that people. Most of the history of the early patriarchs is true. They were particular to keep in tribes, lived in tents, led a wandering life, and, therefore, they were accustomed to that mode, when they went down into Egypt. They brought back when they returned many religious rites and customs. They fought a long time before they became independent, and learned enough to build cities. They were an in-

ferior race, like the blacks of America. After many years they became rich. Jerusalem was an old city, long before the Jews first occupied it. They knew not of the healing powers of the waters of Jericho. They could not comprehend an earthquake. They thought it was a curse sent on them because of something wrong they had done. Wars were almost a constant thing to them after they left Egypt. Their return to Jerusalem was after a much longer period than is given in the records. From the time the Jews left Egypt, until the birth of Christ was a period of *twenty thousand years*. Many tribes built cities, and became quite wealthy. I asked my spirit guide, can it be possible that this spot is the birthplace of the *Son of God*, and he has left nothing behind him here but desolation and carnage? The *animal* nature predominated in those early ages, and man has not yet risen above avarice and ambition for great deeds in war. I turn to my own country, and say, Americans, you have inherited the propensities of your parents, and you hold animal avarice and ambition as your rule of action. The body of Christ was buried by his disciples, and they marked well the spot. "The angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door."

This was a figurative expression, and they mistook it. At that time many figures was used to illustrate a doctrine. This meant merely "stone of ignorance," and Christ rolled it away from *the sepulchre death*, and showed man his true spiritual nature. Previous to the time of Christ the Jews knew nothing about immortality, and yet they saw spirits and talked with them.

Their ideas were crude, and those spirits who came to them talked of earthly things and interests. I am sorry to say that even now many people prefer to talk about earthly interests than to learn of heavenly things.

What could I not say to those aristocratic churches? The founder of their religion did everything as privately as possible, and yet we learn that he was persecuted, and now we ask, by whom? The Testament says by the Jews, and spirits say the same thing. Rome had already captured this city, and held it as a province at that time; and yet the Jews demanded that Christ should be executed as a blasphemer and heretic. It was done by the Jews, but after a Romish form, and one quite customary, for we see in this very instance the same punishment meted out to two thieves who were crucified with him. I am surprised that they retained that part of the history when they were so anxious to make Christ's manner of death so ignominious.

The Passover was instituted and kept in remembrance of that people passing over from bondage to freedom. They passed through the *sea of strife*, and it is not a literal fact that they passed over the dry bed of an ocean, which then whirled down and drowned the hosts of Pharaoh.

I went through Turkey, and saw all their armed hosts. Poor, ignorant worshippers, I feel that mankind has yet got much to do to relieve them of their gross ignorance. The world is a school to fit us for a higher sphere.

I never take a journey but straightway I contemplate another. I now have a thirst to go around this

globe, and see all the changes which have taken place in the ocean bed and in the large watercourses. After learning what is on the outside of our globe, I may then be able to understand what is on the inside.

RELIGIOUS WARS.

APRIL 25, 1873.—*D.*

I have been a happy recipient with yourself of your father's information. I hope his description of the old world will instruct as well as gratify us both, and that the material he has brought will be for our advantage, as well as that of others.

In hearing of those desolate and waste places I ask myself, has religion done this? Was it in the name of God? Those consuming elements of war which blacken the history of man have destroyed some of the most beautiful forms of art and architecture. I could respect man if it was the dictates of his sovereign nature that had then governed him. But when one man finds he is stronger than another, and wars with him for ambition, I have no respect for him. At the present time I see rare opportunities for the advancement of an intellectual religion. From the hills of Judea I see that man did receive light and knowledge from intuition, from an intelligence outside and beyond himself, which blended with beautiful poetic aspirations. At that time they had sacrifices of animals. The best of their flocks was offered in burnt offerings to appease an angry God. We see the best of prophets in their impressible condition giving to man information of a superior kind. They used all their influence with

Church and State to get them to desist from bloodshed. We often see a man crowned king, when at once he puts forth all his beastly nature to bring into subjection all the people directly under him. This does not satisfy him, for he tries to do the same with other nations, as far as he can raise troops to accomplish it. He often loses sight of the better part of man, that nobleness which makes a *true man*. Instead of this he goes forth like the wild beast of the forest, and spreads desolation world wide. In all ages which have passed, this monster, war, belonged to the prevailing religion of that period. A seer of the olden time wrote about the appearance of the millennium, when nation should cease to war with nation. That time has not yet arrived, for we now behold the same demoralizing propensity governing our own statesmen, priests and clergy.

What is the difference, then, between these old kings of Syria and the President of this Republic? England claims to be mistress of the seas, and her flag floats on every wave. Her provinces are scattered in every part of the world, and on them all the sun never sets. She captured them, and now she holds them as provinces. Poor down-trodden France! I pity her from my spirit home. Her people are enthusiastic and impetuous, and man says it is her climate. No, it is not that, but an influence more baneful—her education. Germany is peopled with statesmen, and they are calculated to govern and hold their position. Spain—I see that little State, with all her troubles, struggling for liberty. May she prosper, and may liberty be heard from one end of that country to the other. Poor Italy! Rome in all her pride and splen-

dor would yet give laws to all the world. But wars have crumbled your freedom, your images have felt the impress of time. Yes, your freedom, like the snow of the Alps, has melted. An avalanche has come and smothered out that spirit of freedom which controlled you so long. Greece, you rightfully claimed your wisdom. Your philosophers were the best who ever lived, and you held the sway and sceptre. Now you too are like a feeble old man. You tremble in every joint, and will have to sit down and die in poverty and distress. Ah, Constantinople, how beautiful! As I step from city to city, over this continent, I feel that there is not room enough for mankind. It seems that Cæsars would conquer the greater part of the cities of the earth. Look at the flower of our own country wasted in war.

How beautiful is the wisdom of man. In his wisdom he is truly a God. His capacity to achieve so much in subjugating the world, and changing its rugged plains into cities, with all their beautiful temples, bespeaks the great intellect of man. Socrates said man had two distinct natures, one for good and one for evil. When we behold all the works man has accomplished, we think him a God; but when we witness his devastating wars we learn he is possessed of both good and evil.

He founds cities, builds temples, creates governments and makes laws. A nation grows rich and prosperous, its commerce covers the ocean, and then education and religion flourishes. We must not lose sight of the fact that man has continually offered sacrifices or something to Deity. Then why should he wage war with his brother man in another country, build fleets,

gather hosts, and make the flower of his nation soldiers? Yes! soldiers! bedecked with gewgaws like the savage, then add the drum and fife to inspire them to action. Some one must oppose him, and whoever does, must also draw out the flower of his own country, arm them with deadly weapons that he may overthrow his assailant if possible. That man goes forth to review them, and his heart beats high beneath his equipment as he beholds the immense hosts at his command. It requires intellect to govern and control these armies. They are taught a manual of arms, and to move in different figures to give them victory. Could two hostile armies pause at the onset of some mighty battle, and ask themselves, what are *we* fighting for? think you they could answer, or think you, if agreed among themselves they could be made to fight? Is there no other channel but this through which the intellect of man can flow?

Can we make no better use of a war-tax than to subjugate another province? We have seen troops surmount terrible obstacles. We have seen them cross the Alps, as did Bonaparte, and the ocean as did the English to hold the free-born spirits of America. I allude to this to show you how intellect was gathered for this work, nor could it have been done without it. Could not this intellect have been applied to a better purpose, to a higher and greater end than could accrue from war? We have seen barbarians and the untutored savage fight in tribes as well as the English and Americans. It is not, therefore, necessary that a people should be educated to fight. What is regarded as most honorable is the most disgraceful.

The highest intellect of man has been called forth in

all the wars in christendom. It requires men of education and thought to manage a host in battle.

I pause, and ask the Christian to read these histories without prejudice, and calmly answer, if there is not wisdom to be gained, greater and more useful than that learned by generals for and in war. Yes! there is more honor whether recognized or not in being an honest, skillful mechanic, than being the highest potentate on earth. We read that David was very humble, but wealth and power corrupted him. So with Saul, and we can take one by one of earth, and when in humble circumstances they are more conscientious, and are better Christians than when powerful and influential. Yet America strives to imitate Europe in her titles, and we hear people speak of respectable churches. At the advanced period of this planet, we see great lessons to be learned. We have looked at the experience our brother has gained in Asia, and it shows us that man in all ages past has been actuated by the same impulses and feelings, as he is at the present time. Although man has progressed on this planet in the useful sciences, yet how far short he is of that intellectual religion, he should cultivate to be a true man. He has all the opportunities to do this already given to him by his Divine Father.

Instead of improving them man smothers out of his soul the *truth*, and everything else which the rabble does not consider respectable. We should beware how we set up an idol in man to worship. Idolatry is as sinful in this age as in the earliest days of the Jews, or of the people through which they journeyed on their return to Jerusalem. If we worship a false opinion, because popular, or worship a *creed*, we set up an idol.

A FAILURE.

MAY 2, 1873.

I should have been gratified could your friend have controlled the medium, which he will do yet. He has tried once, twice, thrice, and will try again. Poor frail man, I pity him from my very soul. He too has turned back from heaven so bright to come here. He brought with him all his earthly feelings, even his choking cough, which filled up the little channel by which we reach our friends on earth.

So it is. We ourselves find it difficult to get the medium from under the influence he has left.

He accomplished much in life, and does not despair at this failure. It was a sad disappointment for him, but, sir, you are not the only disappointed man. True, it seems hard, when you came here feeling so bright and joyful, and having so much to say. But, sir, you shall come again.

OUR ASSOCIATIONS.

MAY 2, 1873.—H.

He was a man but he let a woman supercede him. We will supercede them all yet. The idea of spirit coughing! you can't understand that, can you? He could not control this medium.

He brought to this medium with himself all those feelings he last had in the form, but he will grow out of them in time. We are all getting on splendidly in our beautiful home. We had a great entertainment last night, had your pa here yesterday. Your dear friend is well, and we are having now something sweet without the bitter. We were charmingly entertained by your pa and your little musical friend. Your friend the poet is quite interesting and entertaining. Your musical friend is also charming. (How are you dressed?)

We are coming to see you in your class, and then you can feel our dress, and judge for yourself whether it be cotton or satin, glass or diamonds that we wear.

Yes, here we have music, birds, flowers and plenty to enjoy. No gossip, as is the case in earth's life.

(How sheltered from rain?) You have seen a drop of rain fall on the ground, do you think it is hollow? It is hollow with air inside. A drop of water can keep out rain. Our houses are transparent.

Spirits can not get wet, nor cold, nor burned, nor ever suffer pain. We go through cold air without feeling it, and so don't have to bundle up with shawls, cloaks and overshoes to protect us from the weather. I shall have a double opportunity now to come and see you. I don't want to be selfish, or I should have come oftener. (Do you go horseback riding?) No, I have not been on horseback since I came here. Oh, would it not be nice for you to go and see so many people as you do without your horse and buggy. All we have to do here is *to have the desire, and we go with it.*

INHABITANTS.

MAY 3, 1873.—“*Red Man.*”

You no get much. All cloudy up. He pale face, he sick, he no talk, he no control medium. Pretty lady stand near you, white, with pretty red cheeks. Tall lady too stand by you, with black dress on, nice scarf pin up round her neck. You know her, she yours, your ma, she nice lady. Tall pale face there too, long black hair. He poet, he your friend. He came here, no talk to-day. This man can not talk, he no satisfied. He like you much, now he so sad. He think he could talk, he say he must unbosom heself to you. He can never be happy until he do. If he be patient we help him all we can. He no strong, his wife no strong either. That old lady, spectacles and cap, she look so old in the face. She knows nothing about spirit communion, got like a child go school learn a, b, c. She no find it such a grand place here. She expect the great spirit got a big house for her and her church. She got mistaken. When she come here she see Ferguson; he no belong to *her* church, and she see red Indian, he no belong neither. Them good spirits talk to her, console her. She kind woman, but no knowledge spirit land. Red man know on earth, the Great Spirit have a nice place where red man

could walk and have he pleasure. White man he mad to red man, say Indian he dog, he kill some white man. Me kill bad man. Me no kill good man. Bad man no friend to either. Wish all was in peace, and all pale face in love like this beautiful land. Me do good. Me try to help all around me, and me happy in it. Me live on earth, me have no book, me no write like you, me go in woods, me get roots, me wash in branch clean, me tie up and lay in wigwam. When red man get sick, me go up in the tree, sit there and no eat, no drink, ask great Spirit what cure my tribe, and when me get answer me go back. Me never give anything, unless Great Spirit tell me, then me put root in water, boil, and put little on the tongue. Me know when it going to rain, me know nature, that all me had. Me never been sick, live to be old man fore me sick to die.

FORMING A CLASS.

MAY 5, 1873.—F.

Infinite wisdom! we bow before thee this night from the uttermost corners of thy habitation. Help us, O Eternal Father, that we may understand thy laws. We see thine infinite unfoldings day after day, and night after night. We, thy children, are subject to thy laws. May we be enabled to unravel the great system which holds us in its embrace. Hear our petition, divine intelligence, and assist us in our efforts to roll back the cloud which has hung so long between man and his maker. May fleshly minds be able to comprehend us here to-night as we try to breathe accents of comfort and consolation to the soul. Help us to lay aside the fetters in which *ignorance* has bound us. Help us to throw off the shackles that have held us so long. May we be in harmony with the divine influence which ministers to us in every condition of life. May there come no more clouds between us and those we love, and may the noonday sun of intelligence beam on all our friends.—Amen.

Everything in divine wisdom has a purpose. I should like to give you a picture of the angelic hosts who are gathered around you here to-night, but can not give a description of them sufficiently definite to be understood. Let it suffice for me to say that every

individual now around this circle has many friends here who once lived as you are now living, but have passed through that critical condition called death. Death has always been held up by divines to harrow the minds of man. In pain and sickness, when our body suffers, our mind becomes weakened; if that sickness is protracted, it often dwells on this dark picture of death. Yet one of the most beautiful laws in nature is that which separates the soul from the body. It is a divine law, created in the beginning, or at as early a time as man's mind can grasp the idea of a beginning. The mind must have some point to start from, and that is the beginning. In the unfolding of those laws governing man, we find he can not retain his physical vigor and strength, nor his power of mind, long after he passes sixty years. This is a deplorable fact concerning the present inhabitants of our earth. If we search the records of man we learn that at one time he lived nine or ten hundred years. Now man scarcely ever pass one hundred, and then "sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything." We now see that when men become old, decrepid and shrivelled, their nearest kin are anxious for them to pass out of existence, and seem glad when death comes to claim them, or when this divine law ministers to them in its beautiful unfolding. Youth takes little or no interest in this, our beautiful home. To them it seems too far away, and peopled mostly with the old. 'T is a beautiful world, though unseen by man, and yet we would throw back the door and let him look in. The ark of the tabernacle is in the innermost temple, and the prophet must have had some idea of immortality. Those wise souls taught man of a high condition, which they themselves

must have realized. All along the pages of the past we see this star giving hope and insight into man's immortal existence. Man may live in pride and pomp, but his mind will go back and seek to unravel the conditions of the future, and inquire if death ends his existence. This is an important question, and we come here to-night to settle it, and give you all abundant evidence that you may *know* man lives in a higher condition than that; one which is in harmony with God and angels. May this knowledge give you comfort and consolation in all the trials of life, and may this hope of a better existence now held up to you make you all realize that you will not be cut down like the grass of the field. Christ said, "And if ye die ye shall live again;" if lost in the form, ye shall live in a higher and holier condition. When man realizes his true relations and conditions, he has then taken one step in the progress of his divine nature, and has the advantage of two existences, one natural, the other spiritual. Your every spiritual existence now lives within your own body. You know not how to separate them, and yet they are there together, neither do you understand how that spirit still exists away from that body, and yet continues to live. I have passed away from you, and ascended to my Father's house, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

This mansion for the blessed is not far away from you, and it is for all those who once lived and have passed away, according to nature's laws. There is nothing which gives me more pleasure than to meet again with those with whom I associated on earth. Among the many with whom I was once familiar is the family I see here to-night. Many differed from me

and thought me crazy, as the most charitable view they could take of me.

Now we are in spirit harmony, and have forgotten all that was wrong. How blessed that we can forgive? There are so many here to-night who now live in the fullness of spirit life, high, genial and happy. Your wife is here, and may she long enjoy the hospitality always meted out in this house. Your mother has many words for you, and bids me give love, and say how happy she feels in these privileges of communion. May the divine Father bless you all, and keep you in peace.

PRAYER AT FORMING A CLASS.

MAY 5, 1873.—C.

Almighty wisdom, we submit to the divine outpourings of thy pure spirit. We are the children of thy hand, oh Lord, fashioned by thy wisdom, and may we ever move in the right way, and draw near unto this light which is from thee. May we be more merciful in our nature as we advance step by step toward thee. We have seen a light shining in our midst; we have heard the sweet voices of those we love; we have seen the curtain drawn aside by which *we* were hidden, and have come here to console, to teach and to elevate those we love above the passions of life. May they, as they journey on, learn new lessons of love; may they be able to withstand the shafts of bigotry, and may they have a broader influence for good over the earth. May our light so shine that all may see there is something good in store for them in the future. From the highest angel to the lowest being on earth, we feel we are but a speck in thy creation. Hear us, O Lord, and make us more truthful, more honest and more sincere in our associations with one another. May we all see the dawning day and feel we have a great work to do. Hear us to-night and forever.—Amen.

There are many here to-night who would like to

communicate, but can not, for various reasons. Our vision is limited to some extent, as we can not foresee what conditions will surround us. We hope sincerity will govern this class. To learn fundamental truths may make you all better men and women.

We must save the force brought here to-night to control these different mediums so we can give nightly communications. It requires power for everything. You must have brain power for thought, and when that is exhausted, it refuses to act. This is the first lesson to this class. We first had prayer, that your minds might not be frivolous. 'Tis a serious thing to learn the condition of the soul. We will show you that the soul moves outside of the body; that it comes and holds tangible communication with those in the flesh. It comes through the brain.

Sometimes a hand is controlled to write, and yet the brain does not comprehend what it is writing.

We shall begin at the bottom round of the ladder, and when we have ascended that, we shall never go back.

ROME.

MAY 9, 1873.—S.

My son, we will now take up the thread of our narrative, and look over some of the old cities of Europe. We will look over Italy, and see the down-trodden humanity who claim to be Christians, as all do who recognize Jesus Christ and the redemption of the soul by his crucifixion. I see the Roman Catholic religion predominant in Rome, where they claim to have received it direct from the Apostle Peter. I look back and see St. Peter in his humble fisherman's garb, and then look at the Pope with all his paraphernalia and grandeur claiming to be his disciple and mouthpiece. The Pope reigns over an immense people, and subjects them to his church.

When I looked upon the Pope in his palace, and the magnificent church he entered with such grandeur, erected and supported by his subjects, and when I looked upon the great image of St. Peter, I asked myself, can the Pope be his disciple? The Pope is a highly educated man, and it is a mystery to me how he can, with his knowledge, be so tyrannical, and how he can hold so many in subjection with the Roman Catholic religion, when he knows it is not true. It is enslaving the mind, as all religions or every dogma does. Its believers are more servile than the

slave. They are brought up in ignorance and kept in darkness, but they are never fully satisfied. The Roman Catholics are boasting of their power in Rome, for there is great immigration tending there. The city is improving very much, and has many attractions for wealth. Rome will rise out of its ashes, and in less than a quarter of a century will be in a more flourishing condition. In a few years the Roman Catholic sceptre will cease to sway Italy, and it will be one of the freest countries on the globe. The Pope's health is somewhat precarious; his life will be short, and there will be great difficulty to settle on another. The next Pope will never have the power this one has, and he will be the last one the church will ever have on earth. Italy has a most genial atmosphere, rich soil, healthy climate and charming scenery. Salubrity of climate tends to develop intellect, and as soon as the Pontiff loses his power, as he surely will do, and we will see it, then will Rome be free and the people of Italy prosperous. Then will the Church of St. Peter be the greatest philosophical school in the world, dedicated to science. Then we will have a scientific religion taught there, gathered from the scientific researches and reason of the whole world. Then will that magnificent display and grandeur which has always kept the poor and ignorant in awe fade away like snow in the warm sun of spring. Although Spain is unsettled and filled with strife, we see there the elements which will yet make it a republic, and then the Roman Catholic religion will lose its power in that country. Superstition and the religion of state goes hand in hand, and ignorant people are always ready to fall down and worship it. No

people can ever prosper tied to the chariot wheels of the Pope, whose religion has blackened the best countries of the world. The Jewish religion ruined Judea, and the Christian religion was the downfall of Rome. When any people are trained into a superstitious belief, they lose their independence of mind, and that is essential for every country to have in order to prosper. In Germany I found the chemists far superior and of greater scientific research than in any other country I have visited. You have many bright friends here, and they intend to instruct you in our science, which you may give to the world, whether they are worthy or not to receive it.

SCHOOLS.

MAY 31, 1873.—S.

My son, we have had many things to interrupt our communications, and I had almost despaired coming to-day. There are so many poor fellows who would like to find some open window to comfort themselves and those on earth, and it is all right and proper that we should try to help them. We can not continue our subject of travels to-day, but you need not feel disappointed, as you will get it.

I feel quite anxious to communicate with my daughter, and hoped to do so to-day. She is a sweet child, or rather woman now, and I think she would receive great comfort.

Your mother sends much love to both. It gives us much pleasure to see you so happy in your families. Real harmony should always be in every family. Oh ! that I could give consolation to all, and assure them that the windows of heaven were not closed. All of our children are very dear to us yet. None should ever close themselves up behind a wall of prejudice, and refuse to accept facts or investigate them. There are none in life who doubt that they would like to come back after they leave earth and come here, and when they do come, find it as difficult to send communications as you do to get them. This fact is often

forgotten, not appreciated and not understood. Your friend, the poet, is not far off, but the conditions to-day are not as good as he wishes to give what he intended.

I saw your sister two days ago, who is much enfeebled. I would give anything if I could speak to her, and give her consolation. Wish she might come here with a better knowledge of our condition than she now has, but to do this, she must tear away the vail from earth's life. We all regret that she refuses comfort from this discovery.

You instructed your wife in what she might expect, and she found it bright and pleasant. Wisdom is a benefit to man, and worth all the trouble he has to obtain it. It is sometimes great trouble to obtain some information, but it is found of great importance when once you possess it.

In some minds we see a retrograde condition. In them we are not surprised to find opposition. You are obliged to have a brain before you can obtain wisdom. Children must be properly born to receive correct ideas.

Was I a man to-day, with plenty of money, I would establish schools with every advantage in locality, with buildings suitably arranged and ventilated, and fill them with children. I would teach them very differently from what they are now taught. I would feed and clothe them differently, and make it truly a school of reform. I would have such food prepared as would make good blood, bone and muscle. I would have them exercise. They would then have a healthy stomach and a healthy brain. I would have none but moral amusements, singing, music, riding, dancing

and exercising. I would have workshops of various kinds, for both sexes, boys and girls. I would have them study so many hours; give them questions in classes in a large hall. It would teach them it was not a crime for the sexes to meet on a level. I would have no vicious books to give them ideas of vulgarity. I would have pictures of nature in its highest organization. We would then have a healthy race, with healthy brains. In such schools, conducted in harmony with health, pupils would learn more than they can possibly learn now, with bad eating, bad sleeping and poor exercise. This is developing a diseased race, and it takes great skill to overcome any disease when it overtakes them. This is the philosophy we intend to teach in your class, when fully established.

Philosophers and many other highly educated professors will assist us. You have a good class, and we want to develop it. Many in it have not yet got above the wish to hear from their personal friends, and we will have to satisfy them before we can begin to teach philosophy. Then we will bring treasures to this scientific school. This is the best we can do now. In all conditions we have to help those below us. We want to draw this Medium's brain away from personal things, in order to elevate her for something higher.

THE NARROW BRIDGE.

MAY 30, 1873.—P.

As I looked out I saw darkness beneath, above, and all around me. I peered into it till I saw a little narrow bridge, long and small, stretched dimly along through the darkness. As I set my foot upon it, it seemed to quiver and shake as though it had no foundation. It vibrated to and fro mid the murky darkness which surrounded it. Step by step I wandered on it. I paused, then again stepped forward. Oh doubt! thou art the darkness which surrounds us. 'Tis thy falterings doubt. As onwardly I tread this narrow bridge it shakes and quivers. How unsafe I feel as I swing to and fro upon this dark little narrow bridge. How unreal it seems. My eyes can scarcely behold it. Yet how they are crowding along over this insecure footpath. Yes, rushing heedlessly along. Poor, frail man! Oh humanity! can you not light a lamp, and by some process hang it over this bridge, that all can see where they step? Poor man! I see you wandering around searching for a better path, for a more secure footing, that you may pass over. Oh! why can you not put a sign-board here that man can read and learn the way. Poor man! you pull the caul over your own face and refuse to look at the little star which an angel holds across this dark chasm,

at the other end of this narrow bridge. Do you, my brother, sit down by the roadside and refuse to look at this beautiful light at the other end of this narrow swinging bridge? No! for you behold it, and accept it to guide you on. Your wife has walked over this narrow way, and so have many other weary travelers come across it. We see many standing and discussing the probability of their walking across this narrow swaying bridge. I, too, walked o'er it, and how many others I can not tell. Yet so many fear to trust themselves upon this bridge, which is our only method of communication. Yes, and we would gladly come to them and bring them flowers of consolation, wet with the dew from this pure sunlit home.

ANGER.

MAY 9, 1873.—F.

My friend, I am sorry, and we are all sorry, that anger should follow us in the spirit world. We have left the body, yet we partake of our earthly nature for awhile, then rise above it and govern it. 'Tis like a giant. We see here a man with noble qualities, and yet he has propensities which hover around him when he comes back to earth. He still wants to control others, whether he is right or wrong. May he grow calm ere he comes again. May he lay aside those feelings which bring not happiness, neither here nor on earth. May he outgrow that feeling which the family called tyrannical. Few in earth's life understand spirit life. Many persons think that as soon as death comes, and the spirit is released from the body, that it becomes perfect at once. This is a great mistake. We come out of the earthly body with all the propensities which actuated us while in it, and we grow out of them only as we are educated and progress. Therefore, let us in earth's life govern our worst propensities and feelings. Let us cultivate only the best feeling, ever striving to subjugate those passions which bring us so much sickness and sorrow. Life is sweet if we only use it in a proper manner. If we live in harmony with those around us, and then if every one

of us is doing rightly, and acting justly, we can have much happiness. The records of the Jewish religion teach us that they were forced to obey the law. They were threatened with punishment if they failed to do it, but were never taught to do good for good's sake. They were kept long under the laws of servitude, and their feelings of goodness were pent up in the soul. I hope my friend, that you may never fail to grow in harmony with this law, and then your future life will be prosperous and happy.

SPIRIT HOMES.

MAY 24, 1873.—C.

I hail this privilege with the greatest joy. The Scriptures are made to say that although one should come from the dead, thy brothers will not believe. Such was the conversation between the angel Gabriel and the rich man. This very remark should prove to mankind that a communication did exist, because if there had been no such thing as the dead conveying messages, no such request would have been made. This is but a prelude to what you will get. I wanted to describe *our* spirit homes to-day, that is, the family who once occupied this house. In the first place I will say that home is a word which always brings happy associations, that is if we had a comfortable home with friends and companions in earth's life.

When a husband, wife and children are living together, we call it home, and it has still many charming associations when we die and go hence.

The spiritual body also requires space to occupy and rest, creating the necessity for a home, while the very thought of immortality suggests a home.

Thus one by one the different members of a family come here. They then meet together and establish a home, with every necessary arrangement for comfort, and their homes are ornamented to please the highest

ideality of man. The house we occupy is transparent, large and roomy, beautifully adorned and decorated. We have the most beautiful paintings art or nature has ever produced, and will add this remark, that everybody does not have them because they do not appreciate them. To those who strive for intelligence and beauty, these things are necessary to meet the demands of their soul. The house in which we live stands on an eminence, and from the front we can see a long distance. It is a wide extended rolling landscape, looking north and east. It is beautified by fountains and flowers, and laid off in symmetrical walks. The flowers and foliage are of the greatest variety, while the notes of the singing birds are charming. On this lawn crowds congregate every evening to listen to the sweet music in the groves, or to such instruction as is given everywhere to elevate and improve. Sometimes I address them in the groves where we meet, not having any churches. Here we are always trying to gratify our most refined tastes, because we have no desire for anything that is gross.

Our intellectual outgoing and incoming, and our enjoyment of all that is beautiful and elevating, is what makes our heaven. Our flowers here are more refined, having laid aside all that is crude.

You can not realize this in your gross bodily form, it can be done only in your spiritual form. Oh so many are ruined in earth's life, because they never rise above the gross form, but are constantly feeding upon it. Your father intended to give this description, but we found it would be more acceptable to this family to come from me.

We know the importance of this matter. We are so

anxious for our relations to understand about our homes. We have eyes as natural to the spirit as those of yours are to the body. The learned man does not hold the law of God in his hand, nor at his fingers' end. In life we have a desire to learn what we can, and to gain ideas. We yet know but little about matter, medicine or sight, and the most learned physicians have not yet discovered what every part of the body is for. Scientific men do not hold infinite laws in their grasp, nor can they see this sublime life.

Our home here is refined, and our associations bring the highest blessings the mind can conceive. Earth's hopes of heaven always fall short of its reality, for here the measures of man's expectations are more than realized. The soul is higher than man can reach, as much so as the sun is above earth, and so is soul life above earth's life. If one in earth's life is sick, we are there to benefit him if we can, but if his sands of life are nearly run, we calculate when we are to receive his soul and care for it, so that it will not be like the dust blown into some crevice or strange place. The soul has a tangible reception here by the members of its own family, and friends of theirs whom they may call together. If he was strongly animal, and obtuse in his ideas in life, when he first appears here he may be like a maniac, then if his own family have not the power to receive and control him, others are invited to assist them. A body which has been filled with medicine for years leaves its effects upon the mind by what is absorbed of its imperceptible particles. It is not then well balanced, and is not capable of an exalted feeling. So you have often seen medicine act upon the mind before any effect was shown upon the

physical condition of the body. My family are in their homes close together, in a row near the grove which I have already described. The architecture of our houses is most beautiful. They have a grey appearance like grey glass which casts different shades, and as you approach them can see all that is inside of them.

RECEPTION.

JUNE 6, 1873.—H.

You read several communications to me at my shop. I wanted to come here to see this Medium when you came to receive them. Then I did not think the next time we met I should be invisible to you.

Took the privilege to come to-day. Have been studying this subject a long time, but now I see it face to face. (Is it different from your expectations?)

Not much. Got over very easy. My friend and brother Jesse came to receive me. Was glad to leave the old shell. It was nothing to regret. My short experience here has not given me much information. Always looked for it, wanted something more tangible than my own writing. Always did the best I could. I had no pain in leaving earth. Had I left my family better off I should have had nothing to regret. I loved my children, and wanted them to be raised up in the spiritual faith. Could not reach my wife with it in the body, and it is useless to try it now. When I got tests of the truth of spirit communion, they were not tests to me. Was of a peculiar organization and could not value them.

In the body we are not satisfied at first sight. There is something the mind can not grasp. When we get what we crave for, we look for something higher.

(Immortality?) Yes! something above us, something more palatable to our existence.

As soon as brother Jesse took me by the hand, I got all the tests I wanted. I suffered in the flesh as much as any man could with that scrofulous disease in my body and limbs. I lived to be a very good age. My mission was to be truthful and do the best I could. I have been repaid for it in my experience since I left earth's life. Everything looks bright before me. Have met many genial friends whom I knew in earth's life. They came to greet me, and welcome me to a more harmonious home. As I told you before, my friend and brother came to meet me, and I was well pleased. Have only a few minutes to speak this evening. Hope to come back and give you evidence of my progression. Have now got enough tests to satisfy me. Will tell you about my spirit guide who controlled me to write in earth's life, and describe him some day. You know I always liked you first-rate. When I was taken sick, my wife was frightened, and sent for the first doctor she could get. Now I am glad I am over, and that you did not come to save me. Am rejoiced in the change. If my body could be resurrected to-day, I would not take it, there could be no inducement for me to do so. I was anxious for the change, was glad to leave off the connection between body and spirit. I bid you farewell, and hope to have something of more interest to tell you next time.

THANKS.

JUNE 6, 1873.—*Hy.*

I am pleased to come to you to-day. Here we move on gradually, not hurriedly. I am anxious my daughters should understand this phenomena. Hope still lingers around me that I shall yet be able to make them know me as truly as if on earth. I have a deal to say to you, but do not think I can say it to-day. One thing is, to thank you for your kindness while I was sick. You have given me many an hour of pleasure, and I would love to express all I feel. I often think I could say so much before I come, but when here can not.

Every day I live here I learn something. Knowledge is not stopped by the change. The privilege to gain more is still mine, and I hope to improve this life far beyond earth's life. Your father is a dear, kind man. He has helped us all, and has given his magnetism to us to-day to assist us in saying a few words.

It seems to me I have been away from you a long time, and yet 't is but a short time. I want you to give my love to my darling children, and tell them I am with them every night, and the saddest part of

my life now is that I can not make them realize it.

I see they have a great deal to do, but I hope, like true soldiers, they will bear their burden faithfully and honorably, and never shrink from any duty which points itself to them.

REWARDS.

JUNE 6, 1873.—P.

How hard we try to lift the vail which hides us from our friends. Day by day we seek some light which will reflect our image to the other shore.

How the hopeful soul walks up and down meditating upon some new and mysterious knowledge which he may present to those who yet linger on earth's shore. Ah! poor spirit, you have left your carcass to enrich the soil, while thy spirit here doth enrich itself by the love of angel life. You sit here and crave an opportunity to send a word to thy children, that they, like the valley, the echo may catch from the mountain home.

Poor little daughters, how thy papa watches over thee. He will caress thy downy cheek as it rests on the pillow. He would fan thy cheek with his angel wing, that thou mightest know he was near thee.

Oh loved ones that sit at eventide and watch the clouds with shining edges, thinking of the loved ones which they seem to hide from thee. My brother, thy two friends, one with his pen, has tried to convince man that his politics were the best, and the other, with his scissors, has tried to prove that he could cut a coat to fit him best. So here we see the tailor and *literati* side by side, and with pen and scissors have they

come to greet thee, a mutual friend. Kindness, truthfulness and benevolence shall have their reward, though it comes from the spirit world. Had this poor man as much lungs as brain, he might have been with you yet a long time. He might have helped to dispel the clouds which hang over this republic, or to have blackened it as his mind was swayed by the approbation or prejudice of his friends. Poor H., who will write your obituary? Can I say a word that will enlighten the world about your morals and courage? You took your pen and wrote, by magic art, some verse which the world has not yet found to be great. You have left that old diseased carcass, and how proud you now walk. When man is borne from earth to a higher sphere, and meets the pure in spirit who are gathered there, how great is his joy. Earth has its treasures, and it also has sad disappointments.

As we wend our way from earth's to a better life, may the footprints we leave behind serve to remind our friends that they should help our dear treasures we have left. Industry and honesty have their reward, and you, my brother, will find the just and good to welcome you, and give you assurance that your work was well done.

PROGRESSIVE LIFE.

JUNE 14, 1873.—S.

My son, there has been so many crowding around that I have not had an opportunity to continue a description of my travels. So few people know how to enjoy pleasure or make themselves happy, so we let others come and try to communicate. Am glad to see you looking so well to-day, much better than when you was last here. You was rather overworked, which is not well when we can avoid it, either mentally or physically. Shall not finish my former communication to-day, as I want you to be less engaged, and want the road clear to myself, and not so many to interfere with the Medium's mind. I want to take another journey in July. It gives me great pleasure to go over those old places. (If I can not visit them in the body, will it be more pleasure to do so in spirit life?) Yes, you have more pleasure in spirit life. In earth's life you do not have the same chances, but more trouble and annoyances. I have been back to our old home, where you left me. Everything there has changed a good deal, and seems quite different from what it was when I was on earth. Time leaves her impress on all things as well as on man.

One of the most beautiful laws in nature is the law of change. This should teach man that there is an

immortality, that man is not stagnant, that he does not stand still like a post in the ground; but that changes, because it will rot.

I know of nothing which stands still. Know not why men think spirits continue to be the same as at the time the body dies, and that an infant or child remains the same forever. You have heard it stated that, "as the tree falls, so it lies." No, it does not lie there, even if it is not cut up and hauled off, for it decays and fadeth away. In the churches you hear them preach about an eternal hell. I want my children to take a step and learn better than that, it will be such a benefit to them. I want them to learn the *truth* as they will have to unlearn the false. Spirit life is progressive, and neither man nor woman remains the same any more than they do in earth's life.

Our spirit life is daily shadowed forth in earth's life, thoughts, desires, occupations and pleasures. Some spirits have trouble; pure spirits do not. A great many here can not rise above the troubles of earth. They continue in them. Instead of going up higher they remain where they are for a long time. I intend to tell you of the diversified conditions of the spirit when it leaves the body. You have heard of haunted houses. These things are called superstition, but they are as much a reality as that the sun shines. Spirits are wandering around such places, and mediumistic people see them. A murdered man, if he was not an intellectual man, stays around that spot for years.

When you cultivate the mind you gain happiness. Your pleasures advance as you increase in knowledge,

purity and truth. Mediums see these strange things, but do not comprehend them, which will account for so many marvellous stories. In crossing the ocean we find, just above the wreck where the passengers and sailors went down, many spirits who still remain there, and you can not persuade them away from that spot. You can not convince a member of the church that God is anywhere save in the church, and so he lingers around it, unless he has some intellect to help him away.

I have been to many battlefields in this and in the old country, and have seen many soldiers' spirits wandering around there. I have been at their old camp grounds, and have seen them there doing duty, and going through dress-parade, and they seem to have no higher aim than to perform the same service they did when in the form. So with the members and devotees to the church. They think when they come here they have got to go on forever singing and praying.

I know a preacher who has been here forty years, who continues to harangue as in earth's life, talking of the judgment day and a burning hell for sinners.

Many are still looking for Christ to come again, when they expect to enter with him into the New Jerusalem, the great city, whose streets are of gold and whose walls are of jasper and precious stones, when their work will be accomplished. I have talked to many of them, and told them I had visited other planets, but they believed me not, and said I was a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. Some people are very peculiar. Mr. H. is set in his ways. He would

not give you any signs in Odd Fellowship, fearing other spirits should see them and learn them, so he would not divulge them. He has to study this Medium's brain, and he feared to give a sign through her, lest she should retain it, and it should come back to her again like a dream. Hardly any spirit can make a medium do and say what they want them to do. If you talk to a friend can he understand all you say? Another mind does not receive a thing as you do, nor do any two people see alike, or would they describe any circumstance which both witnessed in the same way. The clearness with which we speak depends upon the force we are capable of exerting over the medium's mind, and of the different degrees to which we can excite different organs. This at one time may be too much, and at another too little. We want to instruct you and give you light which will benefit you. Through this Medium you will get different phenomena, light about mesmerism and Spiritualism.

In future, when you compare your notes, the present with the past, you will find you have gained a great deal of information. Since I first began, she has improved much, and her improvement is limitless. She shrinks from giving tests, and her clairvoyance makes her watchful about them, or we could give you tests innumerable. She wants you to take what she says without tests, and believe it, nor would she step to the gate to convince you. At first she was afraid to give tests, although she had many foolishly asking for them.

In her earlier days, had she been immediately surrounded by a more intelligent people, and not those

so promiscuous, her mind would not have taken that bias, and at this time we could have given useful tests.

I will leave you now, hoping we will have a good time next Friday to ourselves.

PHILOSOPHY OF GOVERNMENT

JULY 1, 1873.—S.

My son. You try to help those who help themselves, and there is nothing more noble. The breaking of that tumbler was done by an agency I can not now explain, but perhaps will be able when the class is developed. Your wife took away that powder, and it was to remind you how constantly she is with you. She will put it where you can find it some day to satisfy you she is present.

We have to satisfy the mind about these little things. They are manifestations of love and regard, and we hope that people will soon be able to unravel these mysteries, as they do a ball of thread, when they get hold of the right end. We do many things for people to notice, that they may try to understand them, and look for the cause beyond something which is tangible. You can not enter a house where all is harmonious, without leaving an impression when you come away. We do not intend to go far out of the way to do such things for one individual, but for all. There are yet many great lessons to be learned. We have been children a long time.

Earth's knowledge is very limited about immortality and the philosophy of the soul in connection with mankind. Our first object is to convince man, or give

him enough wisdom to draw his attention to man in the form and also out of it, and show him they can communicate together after they leave off the body.

I will now turn back to the musty records of the past, as it has been some time since I have had an opportunity to discuss these subjects.

I left off at Rome when speaking about the Pope. I see that the conditions are not any more settled now materially than when I was there.

The Roman Catholic Church when it ceases to have a Pope, will be in a worse condition than was this country with Asiatic cholera. I proceeded through the great palace of the Pope. I heard his prayers, observed his forms and fasts, and when I compared them with the simple fact, it seemed as if I had entered the Arabian Night's entertainment, or saw with the mind of him who wrote that fabulous work. Oh how simple is our duty here! Think of it, and yet a man could write a dogma for a church, and clothe it with all its rites, authority and superstition. As I looked around his palace, I asked myself what is all this for? Why should one man stand with his foot upon the heads of millions, and oblige them to do all he requires of them? Ah! it is to attain to what he calls heaven. The Pope could not realize a heaven except it was like his palace, where he makes his subjects wait on him, and even carry him on their shoulders to church.

There he sits with folded hands, and offers up a few prayers. His grandeur is obtained from his holding under his power the most ignorant people of earth. The Catholic laborer is more degraded than that of any other people governed by what we term enlight-

ened Christianity. The Pope is the head of this great church, and the power which holds it together throughout Europe and America.

It is the wealthiest and most powerful church now in the world, even more so than the English church. When this class whom I have described shall have received more knowledge, then they will require more freedom. Then they will cease to support the Pope, and he with his church will lose their superior power over them, and it will dwindle away.

It is already divided, and it can never be fully united again. When such an immense body as that is shaken, and the head loses its power over it, then its destruction will be a great aid to the advancement of science, which is now spreading itself over the earth. It can not be sustained by arms, for knowledge will disintegrate it. Were it less scattered it might exist longer. The antagonistic elements of different nations will facilitate and hasten the crisis now hanging over the church, which is now entering upon its decline. All its temporal power is now weakened by its own internal feebleness, and in a few years the present power of the Pope will cease to exist. Following and succeeding that will be a falling of dynasties.

Amid this confusion of churches and governments, there will arise one of the grandest governments which the world has ever seen. It requires a noble religion to establish a grand government. A religion of intellectual development, liberty of speech, and the unfolding of science of every kind. Rome and Jerusalem will figure very largely in this development of power. Rome will be the seat of learning, not to teach a dogma, but to teach the highest science the world

contains. Jerusalem will be rebuilt. Its material advantages of soil and climate foretell its freedom. It will be redeemed from its present degradation, and the tribes now there who are lost to all moral cultivation and intellect will pass away. This is the great mission of this new theory of light. It is now spiritual, but soon it will be materialized to assist humanity.

It is as high above the present belief as are etherealized medicines above those which destroy.

Mind is above those old teachings. There is an uprising of thought, a training of mind to govern the world spiritually and physically. The government of Mexico is shattered like her mountains by earthquakes. The islands of the ocean are agitated, and scarcely a government now exists but what is wavering to and fro. There is nothing good nor grand in them. They are all lacking in the proper elements of truth, purity and honesty, which alone can make them enduring. The world is ripe for revolution, and it will be from ocean to ocean. I might go on the whole afternoon, showing the internal broils, restlessness and discontent of many small States.

When men are fully developed in intellect and knowledge they will cease to be tools to sustain a monarchy or a church. The one will cease to get a soldier, and the other a proselyte, two things *the world does not need*. We want intelligent men and women. We want them physically developed to bring into the world healthy children, and not such scrofulous ones as we now see.

We want them to do away with meetings for prayer and fasting, to which they are obliged to go, be it cold or hot, wet or dry. We want them to have whole-

some food, as Moses taught his people to eat. We want woman to be admired for her beauty, her comeliness and kindness, and not for her diamonds and bright apparel. We want man to be honored and respected for his intellect, his honesty and his manliness, and not for his wealth and position. We then might have a people capable of materializing the things around them. The experience of the past few hundred years should be a lesson easily read. Follow the history of any nation in their barbarous propensity for wealth, and their condition is a lesson in bold relief. In America, with all her rattling go-ahead, we see intellect, but it is thrown out too loosely to be a benefit to the whole race. We read of the grandeur of the Chinese empire, and from their history learn that it has been populated for centuries. Go there now, and you see the common people in the most depraved vice and ignorance. The world must learn to cultivate the mind and the heart at the same time. We must not feel that if a man has to labor he needs not intellect. No! we want educated laborers. A cultivated mind is as necessary for man as a cultivated field is for grain. We talk of our fine stock, and always are trying to improve every class, and yet no one has been able to improve the human race. The world is now playing a game of grab, without regard to what use may be made of it. He who now possesses most is most thought of, without regard to how he came by it, or how he may dispose of it. I have digressed from my travels, to give you a lesson important for you to have.

During my travels I saw many beautiful things about which I will tell you at some other time.

Yes, you have hard work, but you have met with the success of truth. People have to go through a crisis to learn many things. You are pretty stout and stood a great deal. You have made many friends, which is an important point in life.

We all need the friendship of both man and woman. I was certain you would be successful here. One sure step is worth a dozen precarious ones. Every one has a right to happiness. No man or woman has any right to deprive or debar any one of happiness. Our affections are independent of the will. We can not will our affections to whom we please, although we often have good reason why we should. Your own heart will speak out, and you can not make a law to govern another man's heart any more than he can one to govern yours. The time will come when man will love woman above sexual interests. It takes the two sexes to make a whole being, as one man can not love another man. Men and women in one another's society, each feels a restraint, and this association makes man more suave and gentle. We are in heaven when we possess and have real-love.

Nothing brings us more happiness than true love. I do not mean sexual passion, which has its place like eating and drinking, and we can no more rise above it than the bird can fly with cropped wings. Our highest aim should be to find that which is for our greatest good, and enjoy it, instead of abusing it.

LOVE'S CHAMBER.

JULY 11, 1873.—P.

'T is the key we are seeking which will unlock the mysteries of earth. Oh! can we not find it hidden, hidden in some dark secure place? Is it a phantom which tempts us as we go along? Every lock we try seems difficult, and the key eludes our grasp. It hangs near the door, and as I try to seize it, it escapes from my hand. Love's chamber is locked, and where, oh where is the key? Can we not find it, that we may enter there and regale ourselves in the luxuries of our feelings and give free scope to dalliance and pleasure? Oh, that key is deep down in the heart, hidden from all outside humanity. Love's chamber is sacred, and can not be entered by careless feet nor prying eyes, only in quiet solitude, by the one we love. How sacred are those moments! How ecstatic those emotions! No words can express that holy feeling; no pen can portray that divine emotion. Then let us, oh loved one, enjoy in sacred solitude the highest feelings the mind can conceive. Let no cobwebs festoon that chamber. Permit the light of the beautiful evening star in the lofty ceiling of heaven to enter that sweet realm of bliss. Let us realize that we are more than flesh and blood; that there is within us unseen though it be an unfolding spirit. It speaks to our ears

in unheard whispers, it is felt and realized by the highest, noblest attributes within us, far above the physical sense of touch or hearing. Oh, deprive us not of this heavenly manna, but let us partake of its sweetest perfume, and bathe our souls in its richest nectar. 'T is implanted and propagated in us by that divine agency which ministers to us in our highest unfoldings. Then let us not regret this sacred feeling nor crush this fresh, beautiful, budding flower. Let it yield up its rich and ripe perfume till we feel we are a kindred link with eternity.

JUSTICE.

NOVEMBER 2, 1873.—P.

Justice sits enthroned in the divine unfolding of eternity. Millions stand at the bar of the great tribunal waiting to hear their sentence pronounced.

Justice enthroned in the majesty of universal law. What generation can gather it and hold it in their embrace? Justice is a universal law that no age and no nation can control or hold in subjection. When they have gained one step in the right direction they may then think they have gained it all, but as we ascend the steps to that mighty throne of infinity, we see justice beyond the ken of hundreds of generations that have passed away. Justice is so unlimited we can compass only a part of it, according to the knowledge we possess and have cultivated the principle, subject to that development. No people or nation can make laws to govern any other nation or people, or to govern any of the nations who shall succeed them, and figure upon this planet. What can finite man do to control infinity? Can he gather and control the winds and the seasons as they come and go with all their powerful influence on this globe? No! neither can he gather and control the development of mind, or subject it to any laws which he may enact. History records the rise and fall of many empires. Behold, they have

all passed away, each to give place to another form of government better adapted to the wants and conditions of the then existing humanity.

Is this question to be handcuffed, hoodwinked and enslaved by the ignorance, bigotry and superstition of past ages? No! you can not hold in subjection the uprising and advancement of intellect any more than you can arrest the awakening of spring clothing the earth in verdure. That law which we see going on through all nature is equally at work in the higher realms of animated immortality. Could the wisdom, or the wants of past ages control the planets in their orbits? No! finite man in no age could control them. Each has its own individual motion in its own circumscribed sphere, whose government and control rests alone in the grand tribunal of infinite justice. Man may stand at the bar of justice and absorb a small part of it, enough, perhaps, to awaken in him a desire for more, and to leave a memento which shall stimulate unborn generations to seek it, that they may succeed him. Youth comes forth, and in his vigor feels the necessity for action. He seeks for it a more advanced field than the one he already occupies. He looks for a humanitarian field where he can supply the wants and alleviate the distress of his fellow man. This youth, with giant intellect, can not be rocked in the cradle of the past any more than the spirit can enter again the carcass so securely deposited in your cemetery. His progress is onward. He must create for himself and for his wants a more appropriate religion, with love and wisdom to be the compass which shall direct him. 'Tis a mighty ocean of humanity, and many vessels, with colors flying,

are floating on it. They are all intended to elevate the human race, and free them from tyranny and oppression, from prisons, false trials and false laws.

All laws governing man must succumb to the natural laws, which come from a high and boundless source. Light! universal light from an undiminished source and power is the prayer of all who are interested in the welfare and happiness of the human race. Let us awaken to this bugle sound, and respond to its call promptly and nobly. In the present condition of the Old and the New World we see great need for assistance to man. We see misery and degradation in every form. We see black and midnight darkness hovering where there should be peace and joy. Man scratches with his fingers in the moldering ashes of the past for wisdom, and he finds there gross injustice. We do not blame man for the laws he has made in the past. He could not at that time, any more than he can now, appropriate and use what he could not understand. Now, the capabilities of man are ready to understand. Then let us erect a temple where all brothers in humanity can partake of divine knowledge, of freedom of thought, and of an affection and desire to help and sustain all those beneath them.

For this temple let us lay a deep, high and broad corner-stone, upon which the whole human race can build, a higher, nobler and better temple than man has ever yet conceived. Let us have a better faith, a purer religion, and then let our morality keep pace with it. Then we will have better laws, better governments and a happier race.

The stream is not higher than its fountain, and the present religion and the present people are not above

the religion and the people of the past. It has been useful to mankind, like the ladder by which the builder ascends to the top of his structure. We have ascended to the top of that past religion, and we will now have one higher, nobler and better.

Man shall yet be a government to himself. He will yet be subservient to the highest and best uses of his fellow man, and of the whole human family.

CENSURE.

NOVEMBER 9, 1873.—S.

My son, never ask any one for their approbation, if they fail to recognize a noble act, theirs the fault, and not yours. Your friend here is an entertaining woman, and worthy of anybody's friendship. Aside from her mind and disposition, she is true-hearted, firm in purpose, and will pull the cobwebs to pieces in other minds. We must brush them out of men's minds as they do out of their houses. My son, you have been resolute, energetic and persevering, and have not yet reached your zenith. All persons have to meet obstacles. I know how keenly you feel misjudgment, and how little respect you have for fickle people. The misfortune is that all persons have a standard of right, and think everybody else ought to be governed by that standard, so if you do not observe their standard they censure you. There is nothing like moral freedom, it benefits its possessor, and it benefits society. If we all possessed it we would then have less troubles, less obstacles, and more happiness.

In the earliest period of our life when we begin to exercise our minds, our first aim is for happiness, and through our whole life we try to accumulate everything we think can make us so. How far short we fall of accomplishing our desires, the world is always

ready to judge. One said, "ask, and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." If we seek knowledge we find it. Then why is happiness not found as easily as any other gem? that is the question. Because we have not the true compass to direct our course.

Mankind have never developed that faculty. Could the staunch ship battle with the elements without a pilot, or could he find his destination without a compass and chart. Man has never reached happiness, because he has not cultivated the principles which thus reward the mind. We may have the approbation of our own conscience, yet some one is ever ready to misjudge our acts. If society says those acts are wrong, we are soon shackled, and in place of being happy from doing right, by being misjudged we are humiliated. Society is a great ship, without a compass to direct, or a rudder to steer it in the path of strict morals. If every one had that compass in their own soul it would prevent them from doing wrong to themselves or anybody else. Man to be happy must have a virtue above all acts of injustice to the world or to himself, and it must exist in his own soul.

'Tis not passion which sways the mind for good, it is a pure and holy love blending in our souls which will produce happiness. A mean act, if found out, might degrade a man, so man is constantly fearing his friend and neighbor will see him in his true light, and he will then lose what the world calls his reputation. A reputation according to the rule of the world is easily gained, as it requires neither truth, honesty nor virtue. If you follow the standard of fashion, make a great display, give large entertainments, and invite

in the fashionable people, give liberally to the churches, you are then a respectable member of society, and your reputation is not called in question. It is only called in question in plain honest people who walk straight forward and have no cloak of hypocrisy to hide their faults. This is a faint picture of what I see in your city. We will not depend on them for happiness, but shake the dust from our feet, and enter a higher realm of thought and wisdom, and try to pull from around us this murky atmosphere. I know many would be glad to drive you away, but we will see them when they do it. You will go when we are ready for you to go, and not before. You have friends here who are capable of taking care of you, and they will do it, so you need not bow down your head nor waver.

'Tis human nature in its highest development to feel disappointed at false people. We do not like to have our idols torn down nor mutilated. Take care of yourself my son, and *always do the best you can.*

YELLOW FEVER.

OCTOBER 5, 1873.—*Indi*

Make a heap of fuss. Can't see where the fever comes from. Know he got it; can't tell where from. Have been south, down in Texas and on the coast. If you go to Memphis you cure many. New practice cure most down there. Red man go with you. If you go no get sick down there. Red man never hear that kind sickness before. In wild woods no fever like that. White man bring it if it come here. It no come in the atmosphere; come on the cars, if at all. Me been look at it. So fine you do not see it in the atmosphere. Same as cholera, but germ no look like germ cholera. You can't see the germ with your eye. Heap suffering and heap death down there. They so frightened they no got good sense. You go you cure a heap; no have it, either. Plenty to take care of you. You want to go, it show great mind. Noble feeling to go relieve mankind.

Noble impulse of the soul. You be took care of. So bright before you, bright road before you. Your father bring you heap information he come. He gone now, expect he be looking in planet. He look big things, red man look small things all over the country. See much suffering. Man no understand nature. Man think he lord of creation, so he is when he adapt na-

ture herself, make subject to he. Must understand law of nature then he lawgiver. Must learn what part sick, then give plant he know, then plant cure. Me have no book like you. Me come see you, find you study big book, turn over leaves, then turn back. Do you know that time? Whole company just come from nice spirit home. Your music friend here, she brings flowers. (I can't see them,) they are pretty. You white squaw don't want you to go Memphis, in danger enough when you sick here. Says you have a nice little home, take care yourself. They all want you stay here. (I will stay then.)

SLANDER.

OCTOBER 5, 1873.—*S. H.*

And how obedient you are not to go. The same kind, genial friend as ever. It seems like an age since I had an opportunity to speak to you. Must come to see and know something of you. Believe our spirit life would grow weary without coming to see you.

We see a brighter time coming to talk to you. As soon as the mind of this Medium is calm, we will send you word. A great many good things are in store for you when you have leisure to receive them.

The prospect for communion is growing better. All it needs is friends and resolution on both sides.

There are hosts of spirits now around you. Few friends in earth's life can be called friends, 't is only while they are useful. Your enemy. Well, remember her surroundings and her appetites. Look at her brothers with whom passion was all powerful, and whose thoughts could not rise higher. They never reached your standpoint in earth's life, and it will be a long time before they do now.

There are many aged people who take pride in slander. There are many who kneel with their prayer books in their hands on Sunday, who are always ready to add a word, and repeat a tale of slander. There is retribution for all of them, and you shall not bear the

blame of others. There are great things in store for you. We know you are above a mean act. When the world can not appreciate us, we must rise above it, and not let it poison our affections. In your own little home you can be happy.

There are no weeping willows in the trees here. No pines for the wind to mourn dirges through. We have birds, flowers and every existing influence to prepare us for heaven. We now enjoy this life so much. Earth's life is a school of practice and example to teach us for this. In place of clouds and blasted roses, we have sunshine and fresh blooming flowers, watered from the fountain of truth, knowledge, hope and love, and these guide our life here. People who are actuated by selfish motives have no higher standard for others. Those only who have never known true love, cultivate feelings of envy and jealousy.

Men and women in a family and out of it, must learn to love us for ourselves and our worth, and not for any advantage they may expect to accrue to themselves by pretended love. We want you to feel that you have been *baptized in light*, and that there are beautiful angels around you who love you with the highest affection the soul can feel.

We hope you may always be surrounded by this ennobling, beautifying affection. Oh, that sweet mother of yours! She never loved you when a baby better than she does now. She never had a brighter hope for your happiness than that which now wells up in her bosom. May we be able to tear away from you every conflicting element.

May envy and backbiting be to you like the hissing of serpents, and may you realize that you are enthroned

above them as high as the shining stars are above the earth. We will wave the flag of peace over your head, and you shall feel and know we are around you with all our aids and powers to assist you. May you be happy, and never feel you are lonely at any moment, and may a light go out from your tongue and your pen, a light from heaven which shall be seen in every part of the earth. This is our sincere wish. (And no flattery?) No! I never flattered you, for you deserve it all. We have a right to encourage those we love, and to tear away the thorns which lacerate the flesh, and we all say we are fully competent to do that.

How charming for you to realize you have ever done your duty, and now to know that some of us are with you every night, and almost every day.

"A HEART'S EASE."

NOVEMBER 7, 1873.—H. C.

To-day I bring to you a heart's ease. May it ever stand in a vase ready for thy gentle soul to breathe its fragrance and thy loving eye to enjoy. Even the morning-glory in its beauty can not excel the gentle flower I bring to thee. The lovely camellia in the hot-house, though beautiful, has not the fragrance I would like for thee to enjoy. Night-blooming cereus! too seldom do you awaken for us to behold thy unfolding power. Yes, thou dost wait until darkness shuts the day ere thy tender petals gently open one by one, and when the day dawns thy leaves wither, and thou art closed to open no more. Thou art as sensitive to light as the heart is to darts of malice, for it, like thee, seeks the silent night for solitude and the quiet seclusion we find when alone. Alone! *oh, not alone*, for surely angels are there with love and mercy to bind up thy broken heart, to heal thy wounded soul, and to refresh thy nature once more, and give it trust, and love, and hope.

Oh, what would man be without some sweet angel to hover around him when broken hearted, when weary with life, and when he pines and feels he is

without a friend? Oh, may the curtain which hides us be lifted, and may you always feel that we are near thee, breathing holy and angelic love. Oh, I would not for worlds be without this hope and trust in the unfolding of eternal love and wisdom.

NO CHRISTIAN COUNTRY.

NOVEMBER 14, 1873.—*Indian.*

This no Christian country; they talk so. Your papa not here; gone to bright sphere; have big convention bright spirits. Bright spirits have big light, like sunshine. He come back at 5 o'clock. No Christians here; they have war and kill folks. White man he no friend, but he talk nice. He no like red man. Me notice people in this town have plenty jewelry, nice clothes, ride in fine carriage. If you dress plain they no notice you. That gew-gaw; *no have brains on outside!* She knows much; want to be nice when she come here. She won't have much to learn; be way up in the sphere; be happy, so pretty up there—flowers, birds, music, and everything nice. We want true men; we no want false practice, no false religion imposed into society, it makes harm. He preacher got no true idea in the head. He read old books; he got no sentiment of soul. He no give light to the world; he pull vail over faces, then he say he lead right road. He no right; he not like big pioneer, he come fell great trees, he build houses. He say red man no good Christian; he establish in red man's country and make a home. He live plain when first he drove off red man, now have luxury; have big aristocracy, try to do like old country; try

be like them. Preacher he say what somebody say before him. He no get truth from intelligent spirit talk. He preach what make pay come in pocket. He no care for poor and distress. Not like red man in forest; he see a friend in distress, he help him; he carry venison and corn. Have such pretty churches, ladies wear nice glove, put in envelopes with money. Got no use for poor folks; got no wine for them. Preachers say they no get to heaven, but *he no got the keys*. Bad habit, take drink; plenty saloons up town. Red man drink all that he be dead. Christians curse all heathen what no like a dead God. Red man want imponderable, all-powerful one all over the universe to worship. Here comes your papa. He be bright as sunbeam. Good-bye.

OLD GOVERNMENTS AND OLD CREEDS.

NOVEMBER 14, 1873.—S.

My son, did you not get tired waiting for me? (No! red man said you would come at five.) 'Tis a long time since I had an opportunity to converse with you. Am glad to see you looking so well. Have seen a great many things new and beautiful to me. Have been looking into the systems of old governments. Have watched their progress and that of humanity and Christianity, and find they are like an old carriage wheel, will wear out and break down. So it is with old creeds—they will carry to a certain epoch, then the mind rises superior to them. There is now a supreme uprising of intellect. The mind of man was never more prolific than at the present time. Old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new, is true both of this and the Old World. As mind is superior to matter, so will mind in the future be superior to the present. The minds of the nineteenth century have outgrown old governments and old religious creeds.

New and beautiful ideas are floating about. Spirit messages are wafted to earth, in harmony with progressive humanity. Those beautiful ideas are blending together in men, women and children, whose

minds are becoming ready for *this great truth*. Yes, a great change is going on, and this light is making such rapid progress. Humanity is tired of eating crumbs which fall from the rich man's table; or I should say, crumbs which fall from the priest's table, or that on which they are fed by priestly authority or dictum. Yes, humanity are now seeking heavenly manna, which is being sent to them by kindred and friends. These friends once lived with them, and have had the experience of earth's life, and have passed through that change called death. Our homes are not far away, and the barriers between them are not so great but we can return and bring to them this manna, or these ideas and truths from the spirit world, a food so well adapted to the progressive minds of this country. They know the past, and by experience have gained some knowledge of the future. They are breaking the shackles of priestly control, and are bringing messages of love and truth to those who are honest enough to receive them, or who have an unbiased judgment, one that is free from all prejudice and sectarian bigotry. Figuratively speaking, I would say that heavenly trees are filled with divine fruit, whose beauty is reflected to earth. Truth is mightier than man, sharper than a two-edged sword, and it will mow down every obstacle in the way of its progress. We will lay the foundation, a corner-stone of that temple of which your brother spoke so beautifully, where the brotherhood and sisterhood of mankind can meet together in harmony. A temple so large that it can contain the whole human family, where they can offer up their highest tribute of love to this divine unfolding spirit, and receive that sacred

knowledge and love which shall bring the whole human family together in peace and harmony.

The prophets of old saw angels measuring their temples with lines. *Ours shall be immeasurable, because universal.* We will have therein no *sanctum sanctorum*, because all shall have a correct knowledge of the true God. We shall then need no priests to minister at the altar, or come between man and his Maker, for all shall know him, from the least even to the greatest. Then we shall be more cultivated in intellect, and all those who approach this heavenly shrine to offer up a pure love shall be constantly elevated.

Then shall we possess that knowledge and feeling which will enable us to treat one another kindly, deal honorably and honestly, and have no hidden motive for any of our acts. Then in truth *we shall be free.* Then if a brother errs we will be ready and willing to forgive him without punishment. When all shall enter this temple of truth and love, understand its teachings and follow them, we will then need no more dungeons, carnal-minded judges and jurors to pass sentence of guilt or pronounce a verdict upon any human being. Then we shall know as we are known. Then will the mind be so clear that man can penetrate man's innermost heart. Then will man have no desire for pomp and show that plebians and laborers may bow down before him, because of his grand appearance, for it shall be obliterated.

We have known many prophets or seers who held commune with higher spheres, and from what they thus learned of the progress of truth and wisdom predicted a millennium. It is approaching, not medi-

ately, but in a few centuries, when a race who then shall people this planet will be able to sustain it, and when man shall be competent to govern with humanity, impartiality and honesty. Then man will not direct the affairs of men from a selfish standpoint, as he now does, bending everything for his own private good. Man himself alone can make the position he occupies dignified and grand, and not the people who are looking on and supporting him. A king, a president, and, I might add, a priest, are all rulers in different stations, the one physical, the other moral. Mankind are diverse in their dispositions, education and surroundings, and their wants are equally diversified.

A king, therefore, can not justly judge a beggar, for he has never been in his condition. He then can never know what made the poor man break the law of his realm. He himself never felt hunger, therefore can not know what *it* will prompt a man to do.

Neither can a righteous priest say why some member of his church stole, or broke what he calls the laws of his church. A priest surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of life can not judge justly the uneducated man who is without knowledge and the privileges of society, and even without the necessary food to satisfy hunger at the time he steals. Who can tell what were the conditions and surroundings that poisoned any man's mind and tempted him to do what the world calls evil. Yet this man is drawn up before the church and tried, and they decide what his punishment shall be according to their measure of justice. Thus we see judging goes on through all grades and conditions of society. Everybody is ready to judge without knowing the cause which prompted the act,

or even if it be true, and never for a moment stop to search their own hearts to see if they themselves are without blemish. Thus in society, from the highest to the lowest, are we drawn up and tried for our thoughts, words and acts, and then sentence is pronounced.

If I was in the flesh, I would as soon condemn a man for not knowing mathematics, who has never learned a rule in arithmetic. We pity the man who can not see the light which shines so beautifully around him.

We see people educated in a certain channel who never go out of it, even when they could gain knowledge which would be of great benefit to them. This class, both old and young, it is important we should educate. In erecting a church, the architect is particular to have the building so shaped that both preacher and singers can be distinctly heard by the congregation.

The painter lets in the light on his picture from that direction which shall show it to the best advantage. So let us have the light from all points regarding Christianity and morality, life and death. If there was no life there could be no death or change. I know some object to this term, death. I would say not literally dead, but dead to that condition. Let us analyze every idea presented to us, and let the chaff go to the wind. If it was not for the chaff the grain would not be so good. Everything has its place, and it is adapted to that place. Human beings no longer want bread with chaff in it, because it is too indigestible for them. So with old theological ideas, they are now indigestible to the educated mind. The teachings of Christ were of great benefit

to mankind. He did not dictate that all who followed not him should be martyred, nor that any man should be forever held to one and the same religion. He did not hide his light under a bushel, but placed it where all might see its rays, and be gathered in by him and his apostles. Everything is essential in its place, as is that light for you to see your pencil and form the words.

The Christian is continually talking about the heathen. He never pauses to consider that all are heathen who are encased in their own souls, keeping and hindering them from the influx of truth. Each denomination claims that theirs is the greatest devotee to Christianity, and yet none of them have ever added any light to the world. They are always turning the same old crank. They tell you of Christ and him crucified for the redemption of the world; speak of Pilate's judgment, of Judas' betrayal, of Jewish accusation and of Roman authority as being the only divine truth, and the only theory of salvation in creation. This has come down through many generations, kept and conveyed through priests.

They forget how many prophets lived during past ages, under different forms of governments, and of the powers which they possessed in their times. At their time of the world nations had but little education and knowledge, even so little that we of this age call them heathen, and yet they had their prophets, their Christ and their Mahomet. In this we see a great truth. The more free men and women are from society and priestly control, the greater is their opportunity to see and learn the truth; then the brain is inceptive.

MALICE.

NOVEMBER 21, 1873.—*F*.

It is not outward manifestations that assure us of friendship, but an inward blending of our feelings which can not be broken by the prejudice of others. I have seen and felt these breakings of friendship and absence of true regard for me when in trouble.

Envy and malice is no respecter of persons. When I occupied a position in the church, I ministered to all to the best of my ability, and according to the light I had received by constant culture and thought. My doctrine was new to most of those who heard me. It was not comprehensible nor acceptable to preachers, and did not suit them, because it was not dogmatical. It was new, and they could not make its truth succumb to them, so they attacked and tore down my reputation, and in their indignation felt, no doubt, they were doing the church service. They continue to do the church service when they hold man in bondage to old dogmas. They could not preach anything save heaven and hell, rewards and punishments, and their minds have not grown above that yet. My brother, beware of false tongues. St. Paul said beware of false prophets. The world is full of people who are always trying to blast the reputation of others, and to destroy their influence for good. I feel for you a devoted friendship which nothing can change.

You seek to do good, you sympathize with the unhappy and distressed, and try to elevate them, and you are slandered for it. *Malice, you have your own reward.* I hold no ill will in my heavenly home, but pity my slanderers from the innermost depths of my soul. Here is a large field of labor which will yield a rich harvest. Let us pioneers not shrink from our duty. It is a privilege for us to sow the seed without seeing what we shall reap. You may not gather the blossoms upon this field, but still you will cultivate it, and some of the seed you now sow will find a genial soil. I see in the rainbow of heaven progression, eternal progression to the people of this city. These rocky heights shall not be a barrier to the progressive march of humanity. They must awaken to the bugle notes of our spirit home and chime in. They must join in notes of praise that a light so beautiful, so dazzling, is hung by angel hands to cheer their pathway through their earthly existence. How many of thy kindred have left, and their bodies molder to decay, but where goes that mind? Where is thy mother, thy father and brother? Has man power to forget them? Has he no interest in the home of these loved ones?

Will his reason not arouse and cause his soul to inquire if they go away, why they can not return? Think of the agonies of death, and then a separation forever.

What mother, even were her son a monster, could feel content with him in hell? Will her prayers of selfishness, though she was in heaven, give her eternal bliss? Am glad, my brother, to find in you one who was raised up in freedom and right. May the banner of peace wave over thy head. Good night.

LETTER.

NOVEMBER 23, 1873.—*M.*

My own dear husband, think of me as you once thought, when we first entered upon life together. Our interests are still undivided. My only pleasure in life was when with you, and my hope still is that you feel I am yet with you. I feel keenly the accusations and disappointments that have stabbed you so deeply, and that you now feel there is no future in life to encourage you, and invite you to linger on that shore. May that which buoyed you up in youth and early manhood not forsake you now. It is so important for you, and for our children which we brought into existence, and raised up with our tenderest care, surrounding them with all the comforts it was possible for us to give, or necessary for them to have. You know that a few times in life I have felt some of its privations, and also during our Southern exile. But what was that to me when you was with me? I would have suffered ten thousand times more if it had been necessary. In your efforts to secure for and supply everything for our children, you never in your life equivocated about nor shirked any responsibility, and now, least of all, should you do it at this particular time? Every dark cloud has a silver lining, but your earthly visions are not yet

able to penetrate it, and see the beauties beyond, garnered up for you in a well-spent life. You have yet much to be thankful for. Let your honesty and integrity be the shield and helmet to ward off any malice or poisonous insinuation the world may cast upon you. Think of me in my beautiful spirit home, with our dear little boy, behind this dark cloud.

Think of our own dear children there with you. If they fail to understand you, 'tis not all their own fault, but owing to their own culture and the surrounding society. They have not been able to develop the finer sensibilities of the soul, which alone can pierce the conventionalities of life, and penetrate to that deep sanctuary of your own soul. Thus you see in my death, was your resurrection from all those old ideas we used to talk about—to a full realization of the communion of the departed with those who remain in the body. Then, too, our children, dear creatures, will yet have some grief to mourn over, that they too may realize the divine link which still binds their sainted mother to all she has left behind.

Let not that realization be brought to them by your departure. Again, gird on the armor of hope, that true anchor of the soul which shall carry us all over the billows and stormy seas of life, and land us in a haven of rest, where we shall meet those who have gone before us, in a real home. Then we shall be compensated for what seemed to us terrible disappointments in life. Yours forever in true love.

GOVERNMENTS.

NOVEMBER 24, 1873.—S.

My son, I spoke to you in my last conversation of governments in Europe and in this country, feeling a deep interest, and have always done so, in mankind, at the same time knowing that the happiness of a people depends upon a wise government, and, I might add, a liberal religion. You can not create thought in another man, consequently no man or set of men can control the religious opinions of any nation or race. He may give his ideas, but others will always clothe them with their own experience, consequently they will not be the same ideas. In looking over the history of the past, we see that no government has been permanent either in our own time, or in the most remote period to which man has yet penetrated.

Like the shifting waves of the ocean, so is humanity, ever restless, because continually giving off and taking on. Time is the arbitrator between the old and the new. A prophet has said, all things shall become new, that is new to those who heretofore had not realized their existence. No arbitrary power can hold man to the same opinions he may have received from the past. We are gathering new material in every change, like nature constantly taking on new creations as we proceed on from the adamant. From the same fountain

the prophets realized the creation of six days. This generation has never fully understood that grand account of the creation contained in the Bible.

As light is constantly coming in, in a purer form, and man is growing wiser, with all his conditions expanding, so must governments broaden for the benefit of man. Man was not made for governments, but they were made for man, and should always be the highest, freest and best adapted to all classes of humanity. From every standpoint we see to-day a gradual opening for good beyond the terrible crisis, which should give courage and hope to the people of the nineteenth century. The wintry blasts of superstition and bigotry have frozen up the springs of spiritual life in humanity, but there is a sun of truth which shall burst those icy shackles, and a coming spring which shall liberate the better feelings of man, and free him from priestly dictum and kingly authority. Man must look for this divine unfolding, not through atonement, not through persecution and bloodshed, but through divine moral attainments, gained by the self-evident fact that man is at liberty to get knowledge from God, the universal fountain of all knowledge. He must not be made the subject of church nor State. *Man is spiritually responsible for every act of his life*, and he must not be swayed, nor permit his mind to be deceived by public opinion. He must cultivate his intellect, but it must be subject to principle. Humanity has been rocked in the cradle of the ancients long enough, and have worn the swaddling clothes of kings and priests, until they have become tatters and rags. They are of no use longer to a free-born race who recognize their individual rights to a higher destiny and aim than

priestly authority. Man must accept truth, feeling its echo deep down in his own soul. I know a man often asks how he may know the truth. Because it is spontaneous. Hypocrisy and lies are false, and have no existence only as man panders to priest and king for the titles of earth's life, which when received do not serve him like the foliage of the forest trees, for it enriches the earth when it decays. When man constantly lives in poverty of spirit truth, and so enters spirit life, he is as bare as the tree in winter stripped of its foliage by the hoar frost. Here there is no glitter and gewgaw of earthly robes and titles to hide the deformity of crime which has dwarfed that spirit, and molded it into every form of hypocrisy and corruption. Hence man is not redeemed by faith alone, but by the practice of truth in its highest moral sense. No king or ruler, therefore, has a right to dictate what or how his subjects shall worship, or what faith they must believe. No potentate ever lived whose mind was pure and free enough to dictate a religion for common humanity.

Religion being *a natural principle of the soul*, man would never desert his Christ, nor crucify his God, if left alone and free to enjoy the religious boon a creative Deity has implanted within his own spiritual nature or soul. Kindred lives express the same idea. Man being the offspring of creative intelligence, of a divine power from an inexhaustible fountain, it must necessarily follow that he is to have a noble end. The physical life is essential, because coming from Deity, and because angelic life comes from the preceding condition of man.

Man then should not struggle for fame and money,

for his probation in humanity is but a universal good, and because the one condition is necessary to the other. As I before said, death could not be without life, neither could there be spiritual life without an earthly existence. Humanity, from the grey-haired sire to the tiny infant are candidates and journeyers toward death or spirit life. Death to them is life beyond the Jordan as Christians sing, and a figure which I accept. Whatever may have been their creed or opinion, station or government in life, we find them upon this shore of immortality stripped of creed, of title, and all the paraphernalia of life. *Their own acts alone* are left to unlock the Temple door which is not left to Peter with his ponderous keys. I use the Temple door in a figurative sense, because we can not portray many things to the mind without figures. Christ and his apostles used figures of speech, while John said, "in my Father's house are many mansions." We find in this Temple of Immortality all kinds, from the lowest and most imperfect to those of the highest condition which man's mind is capable of conceiving. I have followed man thus far to show him he was not made for governments, but for a higher, nobler and better condition. Here I have *never* found a temple, a king nor a throne. Let us now go back to earth's life. I never saw a religious devotee, but who thought he would be near the throne, and yet he had lost sight of the necessary conditions to obtain this exalted place—namely merit. A few years since Napoleon was upon the throne of France. Children can remember the bloodshed and slaughter of that people.

Who could count the number of women and children in that country who have been starved for the ambi-

tion of two monarchs? If blood could atone for crime, Napoleon has shed enough to atone for all crime. A ruler declares war for the honor of his country, if there be honor in war, a question which has never been so decided by any scholar who has analyzed it. It is time humanity was awakening to this question. Napoleon, after his earthly career, came into spirit land. Where now is his throne? Did it appease his death? or does war appease public opinion, or bring a better condition to a nation? Did it bring a better condition to France? No! for we see as much dissatisfaction, disloyalty and want of patriotism now as ever.

Read the speeches of those great Lords. We learn from them that it is not incumbent on these great men to reflect upon or care for the condition of the paupers, destitute mothers and fatherless children of their own country. No! they only look after and take care of the financial condition of the country, as that can be seen by other powers who may be dyed in crime as deeply as themselves. What has Germany gained by her war, by the valor of her soldiers, who have been lauded by the whole, I came near saying Christianized world? as we claim all others not so believing are heathen. But, search throughout heathendom, and you can not produce a more blood-thirsty war than the recent one between Germany and France. I should like to know under what rule this nation, which occupies so small a space in comparison to the globe, is recognized as a great power. We will not speak of the islands of the ocean, where man should be free from the monarchies of continents. But the winds and the waves of ocean

stay not the ambition of man. What limit, or is there any, to the ambition of man in his thirst for temporal power? From what is called the Old Country we see emigrants taking strides across the ocean to the New. Relying upon the mother country was the sole cause of their early failure.

Not so with the army who crossed the Dnieper, for they then destroyed their boats. It is all important for man that he should understand himself and his own worth, and also his alliance with *this* condition, so that when the planks which bring him over shall float away, he may feel and know that then he is responsible to none but God. When he realizes this fundamental truth, he will have gained the first step in self-control, or self-government. He who can not govern his own beastly appetites, and has no compass in his own moral nature, can not govern his fellow-men.

Every periodical we now take up is constantly pandering to man's tastes and appetites, to his wealth and position, regardless of principle. Children are cultivated to pride, egotism and hypocrisy. They are taught to feel that they are of more worth than another, if better dressed. Youth grow up and enter College, and are there taught ambition, or how to proceed according to some popular theory, while how to do right is often left out of their instructions. They must be governed by public opinion, or that which is accepted by society. But what is society? A few in every class who claim the exclusive right and power to direct the masses. This they do for self-aggrandizement, and we soon learn what society becomes when run in their selfish channel, and are servants to their ideas.

I say America and her people are no more free to-day than France was when she entered into a contest with Germany, which so soon ended by the loss of her Emperor.

In my next I hope to speak of this government, and see if we are free, and what that freedom is worth. This is an important question for this generation to solve, and the sooner it is done the better. It is all important now to learn real worth from spurious dross, which holds one man superior to his fellow-man. Let us search in the past, in the Old World and the New, for the broken links which bind humanity in one brotherhood. If we search beneath the volcanic lava which covers so many cities that were once so beautiful, we will find there evidences of civilization that existed long before a Judea or before Christ was born. This generation, digging in the ashes of the past, may bow in humility, and feel that they are not the greatest race that ever existed, nor are they in advance of them, for they filled their age and destiny.

SERPENT INTELLECT.

NOVEMBER 30, 1873.—*P.*

Some time ago I promised to give you a few ideas about the woman and the serpent. We see woman all buoyant in youth and beauty, standing out in the morning light of creation, inviting all nature to admire her. Then comes the masculine or creative power to embrace this beautiful woman, and from this love embrace we see the world peopled with the offspring of love. Why, oh why does this serpent in his shining coil come to bring death? Temptingly does he speak to the woman, in a language the soul alone can understand. Oh, 't is like intellect blending in the acts of mankind, this serpent plucking the fruit that unborn generations may yet feast upon. If not for the tree of life and knowledge in Eden who to-day could enjoy the privileges of a civilized race? If there had been no serpent intellect in woman's brain to hope for knowledge what could have inspired her to pluck the apple from the lofty bough and give it to man? He, too, partook, and then there was a union of knowledge as bright and shining as the serpent's skin, which blended in harmony with life. If not for the serpent intellect, would not mankind to-day have been like the beast of the field, and have gone out to eat grass, like the King of Syria. 'T is

not in palaces that thought is born, but in the nude state of nature where mankind partakes of the fruits planted by the genius of intellect. By this does she govern electricity, which now binds continents together. By this does she control the steam-girded horse that bears the commerce of continents for the welfare of humanity. Yes! the infant of knowledge rocked in the cradle of the East has now grown to manhood, and walked the waters to people the Western Continent. So shall its powers traverse northern seas, and onward move until the world is united in one grand harmony, neither separated by the ice and cold of the north, nor withered and scorched by the suns of the torrid zone.

FREEDOM.

NOVEMBER 30, 1873.—S.

My son, we will shake hands to-day across the line. There must be a substance or there could be no shadow. As I propose to speak of law to-day, remarked there is no shadow without a substance, so there is no spirit without mortality. A poet has said a rose would smell as sweet by any other name, to which I will add, if we are free enough to enjoy its fragrance. If there is so much in a name, it is high time we should investigate the fact, and learn what it is that gives importance to a name. Have used the word *name* here in place of substance and shadow. If all law is allied to substance only, then why is the shadow left out as if a vapor and useless?

People now *profess* a great deal. If *profession* is essential, then, to carry out the figure, *acts* are more essential, because profession is the shadow, and the acts are the substance. Now, if I believe in Christianity, you see there a name. Something must be allied to that name by which, in my acts, I better myself and my associates. If I claim to believe in a divine law, according to that belief I must carry out in my practice what my faith claims for that law. If I claim to be a free man, and to be controlled only by that divine law, I am free only to that extent I am

governed by and keep that law. There is not what is termed universal freedom for any one man, and if not for one man, there can be none for the masses. Now, what is moral law? That is a stumbler, and who can explain it? I may give you my idea what it is, a brother may give you his, but they, being different, do not satisfy the masses, who can not reconcile them. Men meet together, it may be a hundred or more, to enact laws and make a code, I will say for Tennessee. Now, a code of law is not one man's ideas alone, but a combination of ideas coming from different men of diverse interests and feelings. Now, when these men came together and made these laws, did they adapt them to the highest welfare and best interest of every individual in Tennessee, or have they made laws to suit their own particular set of men, their immediate supporters, whose interests might have been in railroads, or banking, or commercial pursuits?

If they made laws for these classes, they are neither free men nor free legislators. Were these men capable of making a code adapted to the best interest of every citizen of Tennessee? If so, why is it necessary to have a set of courts from day to day, at such an enormous expense, with so much power lodged in judge and jury to enforce those laws? If this code is the wisest and best those legislators could make, and it is adapted to the welfare of every citizen, why does it become necessary to have a judge and lawyers employed to define those laws and settle every matter? Would not every man be more willing to accept the decision of a wise judge than to expend thousands in lawyers' fees to use abusive language and every possible argument to produce an impression upon the

rabble, and to defeat their opponent. Any impartial man, or could one come from another planet, morally higher than this, he could not fail to see in this code and the course of procedure in trying these cases under it, ignorance and selfishness. According to a few dictators, who are considered authority in these matters, and from their standpoint this is considered to be right, because it is law. The people of Tennessee never stop to inquire who made this code, nor what was the controlling influence of those minds who made those laws, but bow to them in abject submission.

You see, therefore, that the people of Tennessee are not free in the simplest sense of that word. You pay taxes, and employ lawyers, and thus it turns on the same point year after year. Some claim the negro is capable of the franchise, and so he may be in one sense of the word. But let us begin at the bottom round of the ladder and ascend. The negro being a citizen of the United States, he, therefore, claims a right to vote, and I will not deny him this right. Think you that every man would vote as he does now, if he was free from bias, party shackles, and personal obligations, or if he was not bought? No! hence he is not capable of voting justly and honestly, and when he fails to do that he is a traitor to his own capabilities, and the slave of another. If then he proves recreant to his capabilities, the franchise to him is a curse instead of a blessing, and an injury to his country. I see doctors, lawyers, teachers and men from the highest to the lowest grades of intellect influenced to vote by selfish and illegitimate motives.

They, therefore, are no more worthy a vote than the slave but recently emancipated, and who is controlled

by the same selfish motive. So if teachers of divinity are not free and honest, guided by the divine law of love within them, but are governed by selfishness and ambition for popular position and favor, they are no more capable of teaching morals than the negro is, who is actuated by the same impulses.

We want to find what freedom is, and show to man that his right to freedom is only in degrees.

A man born to exist forty years, can not live all those years in one day, because there is no way in which he can circumscribe a life of forty years into a period of twenty-four hours. It is equally impossible for man in his limited condition and knowledge to accept and have universal freedom.

Let us then cultivate freedom in its highest sense, and accept it as we do the morning light, when we awake refreshed by sleep. Again, I ask what is freedom? If you had discovered a remedy which would surely cure a certain malady, but a remedy that popular prejudice condemned, and ignorance, who often sits enthroned in high places, robed in purple, claims the right to say you shall not use it, because she has the power—now you are free in this one particular so far as you continue to use that remedy, knowing it to be right, and are free from popular control, but no farther. Let us now apply this freedom to the moral law. If you find a better law to govern humanity, one better adapted to the wants and happiness of all the people of this country, but that law when promulgated is rejected because unpopular, you become a slave to public opinion to the extent you reject that law, and you are free only so far as you accept and adopt that law. Now, if this law be the best for a few, why is it

not also best for the whole? If it is best for all men to vote, and also best for the country and himself for the negro to vote, why is it not best for women to vote? If the ballot is so essential for the welfare and happiness of the citizens of this country, then in God's name give it to all your citizens who are old enough to vote. Why should there be any restriction by law to prevent any citizen from such a great benefit, and so much happiness, as the right to vote. Ah! 'tis not popular for woman to vote, says prejudice on her throne, and my opponent adds, I can not see any good in her voting. Who can see any good before it is produced? In Spring we see the apple blossom, but who can then tell of its fruit? At that time we can only hope for luscious fruit in autumn. Who can see in the babe nurtured and cherished by its mother any future intellect and greatness? The mother then has only hope for its manhood. 'Tis then we see the crowning effect of that motherly love, when man goes forth and traverses oceans and deserts in pursuit of knowledge and prosperity. Were men of great minds not infants and helpless? When we see a cause, no mind however free and well-developed can then see the effect. From its starting point you may be able to trace it through its development, but from that first point can not tell what it will become.

Finite mind can not circumscribe infinity, neither can this race or people make laws to govern or circumscribe the people who in future shall govern America. From the most subtile points comes some of the grandest results in chemistry, and also some of the most wonderful effects in medicine ever known to man. So from antagonistic influences set afloat between freedom and

arbitrary control, there shall yet be awakened some of the greatest results ever seen in governments, which shall startle the world. Ignorance, bigotry and superstition have always claimed the right, and had the power to rule and control the masses. They now sit quietly, and feel secure in their own strength, but mark, I tell you, the foundation of their temple is crumbling to decay beneath their feet. As surely as the ocean is fed by the streams of the continents, so surely will this government yet be fed by the masses.

SOCIAL REFORM.

DECEMBER 7, 1873.—S.

My son, what is the important question for us to investigate to-day, one which I shall demonstrate to a limited extent, even to the extent of my ability, but not to the complete unfolding of the question?

Some one may come after me, who may be able to rest his foot upon the second round of the ladder, while I must be content to-day to rest mine upon the first. Repeating the question in its most definite form. What now most agitates the masses of humanity? First, and most important is social reform. Without social reform, and the elevation of men and women to a high moral standing, you can neither have nor sustain a free government in the fullest acceptation of that term.

Neither can men and women meet upon a basis of universal freedom to worship one great, eternal, all-powerful, everlasting God, and nothing short of this is God. Man, the creature, God, the creator.

Man bearing the divine impress of Deity, who formed him an intelligent, rational, thinking man and woman. Man has the capacity to receive knowledge, not to form it, not to create knowledge, but to accept it according to the development of his mind. As that opens and expands, he understands better himself, and

the conditions which surround him, and better his power of procreating and perpetuating his own species.

As man's knowledge increases, he is better able to develop the scientific principles of nature, and adapt them to his own benefit and pleasure.

From this no man can fail to see the importance of a healthy body and a sound mind. Now where are we to get them, if not in social reform?

This is no new idea, for the need of it has long been felt in the world, and it is now all-important that it should be understood by the whole human family in every condition of life. We do not want a population composed of people, crippled, deformed, imbecile and idiotic, suicides and criminals, under which I class counterfeiting, cheating and robbing, in all its forms. There are now two classes of deformity, one of the body, the other of the mind. That class which we stand most in need of to-day is a full and well-developed body and a sound mind, not one of the idiosyncracies of the day, but one of universal uniformity, who will be able to understand all the needs of humanity. From history we learn that the lawgivers of Greece knew how to develop good, fine, physical bodies, and how to perpetuate them by making marriage arbitrary, and thus procreating the species from strong, healthy men and women. From them was raised the finest and best warriors of that period. The laws at that time were a benefit to mankind, and as long as that people saw it, they thought it better to submit to arbitrary control than to suffer from a change in which they had had no experience. The king retained to himself the right and power to nominate and control the

domestic affairs of his own realm. While I do not advocate such a restraint and control of the people by one man, I think it would be well for the people of this government to reflect upon that example, and upon the prosperity, healthfulness, physical and moral condition of that race of people. At their era they filled their destiny. We do not want woman again placed in the condition she then was, although strength of body is absolutely essential to promote the development of intellect.

It is only from a sound, well-developed brain, supplied with healthy blood, we can ever have sound morals, a natural religion, and a universal freedom. Then will man be free so far as he is free from lust, and has the capacity and power to enjoy the good and true, but no farther. Viewing then the present condition of man, I say that to-day we need more than all things else a social reform. Like the volcano whose murmurings are long heard, and its shocks felt before the burning flood appears, so have the minds of the people long felt and heard the murmurings of the shock prepared for them. Yes! a subtle element is at work through all the masses of civilized humanity, and as sure as there was a Morse to develop the electric telegraph, so sure there will yet arise a greater than Morse to bring out and develop the scientific powers of humanity, and produce a greater effect in social reform. Combinations of the best elements in humanity are blending together which will culminate in the nineteenth century, and bring forth such glorious results, which would startle society to its foundations to-day, could they see its effects. Want always shows the need of a remedy, this agitates the mind and opens a foun-

tain of relief. (Here interrupted.) A shadow is so easily thrown between us. How sensitive is spirit life, the slightest shadow spoils our picture; this is easily understood by the photographer. So it is with the fetus in the mother's womb, a word or act may spoil the child. How important then for man to love and cherish woman. Man may boast of an electric telegraph, but a more important subject is yet to be discovered.

I know that physicians and philanthropists have been trying for centuries to find a remedy to heal or destroy vice. *It begins in the fetus ere shaped in the mother's womb.* A man excited by strong drink, by avarice, or any other vice, or depressed by failure, if in that condition he comes in conjunction with his wife, he plants that baneful seed of man in the warm blood of the mother. There it becomes developed like the seed in the earth by sunshine and shower. Is that mother loved, caressed and cared for, or is she frozen by neglect?

Is she comforted, or is she kept in a furnace of passion and vice? That infant is nourished from her warm blood, its brain is molded and fashioned by her thoughts and passions as the machine is shaped by the mechanic's brain. The health and physique may come from the father. Then pause, oh man, and reflect upon your own condition ere you beget man who is to be godlike and great.

The seed thus planted in spring-time and culture, is brought up and fed by the fatherhood and motherhood.

Is it nurtured by the flowers of affection, surrounded by the best associations, and everything in beauty and

harmony, or is it always in contact with vice, hypocrisy and the grossest of human passion? Can you expect harmony when two such youths thus differently raised are brought together? Then man, know thyself!

Learn the responsible and important power vested in your own soul by the first great cause, *and when you do that* you will then have the elixir of all life and truth. The philosopher's stone is no imaginary pebble to be found away off in some deep mine. No! for it is buried in the brain of mankind, and as he uncovers it in himself, it will reflect love and knowledge, and so far as he is guided by its light and teachings, he will be benefitted by receiving happiness and the joys of a long life. This is not only true of one, but it is true of all. It is, therefore, necessary to develop this philosophical principle, and bring it to the knowledge of all. We must not cover it up by scientific phrases, making it an obscure mystery, as if it was indelicate for the refined masses to discuss openly and freely. It is absolutely necessary that this social reform should be inaugurated and promulgated, before mankind can have happiness, and a long life on this earth. Know then that it begins before the foetus is formed in the womb. It begins in man's blood in what he eats and drinks, and is influenced by the passions which sway his mind, a week before the spark of life is kindled in the foetus. After that it is all-important that the mother should have good food, pleasant companions, harmonious association, healthful exercise, and then you will have the reformed man of the twentieth century. Hence the interest in mankind must rise above popular prejudice, bigotry and ignorance, which now

hangs like a vapor over the public mind. This is no new theory, for the cattle breeder already understands it. If then it is necessary to carry out this principle in order to have good cattle, is it not more essential it should be carried out to have fine, well-developed men and women in mind, in form and feature? This knowledge, so applicable to a lower form of the animal creation, man should adopt for himself the highest. Let him apply all of his philosophy to his own use and development.

CAUSE OF CRIME.

DECEMBER 11, 1873.—S.

My son, in my last I spoke about the quality of life, and the necessary conditions of men and women to bring forth fine, healthy and well-balanced children. Think I showed beyond a doubt, the necessity of such a thing, and that it was perfectly practicable.

We are on the eve of a great social revolution, and it is time these truths were inculcated. Let it begin with those who already have a knowledge of the human system. From such offspring as I have described we will then have a people, and governors capable of making such laws that men, women and children can live together in harmony, with wisdom and knowledge.

Then we shall live without the present great labor of building prisons to incarcerate men, in order to control them and correct their morals. The religious instructions which mankind has received has not reformed man, after a trial of nineteen hundred years. Yes, after all this teaching, we find man to-day in this country as wicked and depraved as any heathen nation on the face of the earth.

He may not kill his brother man to eat him like the savage, but he does kill him for what he possesses. The savage lives only for what he consumes and wears,

and with that he is content, but the avarice of this nation knows no bounds. Right is banished for money, and there is no standard of right. Trace the history of any nation, and in its government we find abuse, tyranny and falsehood. From the highest to the lowest tribunal are they guilty of bribery and deceit.

They do not look at nor care for the welfare of humanity, nor act according to the best knowledge or means which they have in their power. And why not? Let us inquire into this. A faith in a crucified Jesus has not reformed mankind. The fervent prayers of all the priests and people of this country (and I take it they have all prayed devoutly and sincerely) has not saved its morals. Now, if a belief and faith in the sacrifice and atonement of Christ for nearly nineteen hundred years, has not improved mankind, not even those who believe it, then it shows itself to be wanting in potency over mankind, and, therefore, *it is not adapted to that end*, consequently it could never have been instituted by Almighty God.

With all the religious creeds and religious education, with a free flag, and right to worship God according to one's own dictates, and yet man accepts the religion of the age without cavil. Then why do we have wars, murder, theft and such an array of crime as now blackens the annals of this country? We see there is an error somewhere, either in the people or their faith, and we will seek to find it. Man, with such ample means around him, with a school-house on every hillside, and in every hamlet a church, whose sounding bell chimes out the hour of worship, where bread is broken in commemoration, and yet we see vice and wickedness as glaring as the sunlight. We see

philanthropists of every kind trying to elevate man, and yet they all seem to fail, and why? *Because man is not yet master of the science of life.* Then learn at once the importance of bringing infants into earth's life in harmony. Let all the noble feelings of mankind and womankind go out for this great work, and instead of caviling about creeds, and faith and worship, set themselves earnestly at work to regenerate and purify the conditions of man's birth. 'Tis the only salvation of America. This generation owes it to the succeeding one to promulgate this truth.

It is not after the child is born, but before that its morals are formed. In the womb it is given muscles, blood, bones, brains, appetites and propensities, which will govern it through life. If these conditions are harmonious, we then have an honest, noble specimen of manhood, but if this law is violated, we then have a murderer, thief and robber. What tribunal is competent to judge a child for the sins of its parents? Well did the wise man say the sins of the father descend to the second and third generation, and a greater truth was never uttered by human lips. All hereditary sins and physical transgressions follow down, *so does the moral.* Gestation is no passive stall, it is one of the most active that can be conceived.

Every element is brought into activity, they are all excited from the beginning, and so continue, until we have a perfect form, physically and morally.

Healthy parents in a quiet happy condition must bring forth healthy, perfect children. Neither man nor woman understand the fatherhood and motherhood of man, or how to procreate their own species.

The world has had its giants, dwarfs, lunatics, idiots

and murderers. It has also had its master minds, men of gigantic intellect, and those who have always been held up for models for centuries afterward. Yet how few they have been in comparison to the multitude, these mile-posts along the pathway of ages. This fact proves the great ignorance that has ever existed concerning the most vital laws connected with and governing humanity.

We might compare man with a piece of machinery. In constructing a machine, all its parts must be in harmony, of perfect length, shape and size, as only then can we have a perfect machine. All mechanics well understand how exact must be their measurement, or it will all go for naught. If this exactness then is so essential in order to make a perfect machine, how much more essential this exactness to have a perfect man? It would be equally just, to try and punish a man because deformed from birth, as for a crime he could not help committing. If he did not possess the propensity, under no conditions could he be induced to commit a crime. The conditions he inherited, and could not prevent them.

If a man be eight feet high, or a dwarf, nobody calls in question his size, because he inherited it, but if he steals, then he is taken before a tribunal, sentenced and imprisoned. Does this kind of punishment correct his propensity to steal? No, for he is often carried back to the same place.

'Tis not always want that induces men to steal, for they indulge this propensity when they have a plenty. It was inherited from birth, and pervades every fibre of their nature, and they but carry out the conditions produced in them before birth.

Every crime is traceable to ignorance of the divine laws of gestation. I give this to you because you do not consider it too gross or frivolous to study about, while it is a subject which should attract the attention of every man and woman.

Now with all the boastings of the American people, we see they are not free. We have a new Congress to make laws for this enlightened and Christian nation. Were the laws of the last Congress more wise, and beneficial to the people of this country, than those of the first and second Congress? Have they aided in developing the resources of the country in proportion to their advantages over the first Congress? Soon the Centennial year will roll around, when this nation can boast of a hundred years' privileges and experience. It requires only a moment's contemplation of an intelligent mind to draw a comparison between the first part of this century and the last. True, we see much has been gained in developing the resources of the country, and in the great ingenuity displayed in machinery. Yes! inventive genius has stalked like a giant through the country, dispensing gifts on every side. The goddess of liberty still holds her crown in her hands, but let her beware that the goddess of war does not snatch it from her. Where! oh where is the goddess of love and harmony? In her place we behold the goddess of war standing up, and hear the rabble shouting for more territory. When we look at the present members of Congress, we see an imbecile set of men, incapable of governing justly the territory they now possess.

This is a heavy charge, but the mechanic of to-day can vouch for its truth. The quiet spindle of the

North, and suspended business of all kinds throughout the land, proclaims its truth. The suffering mechanic points his finger in condemnation to the lawgivers of our country, who are insufficient in their wisdom to legislate justly for all, or else they are fearfully neglectful of their duties. From this you see, with all the boasted freedom of this country, *it is not free*. Knowing these things, yet still they clamor for respect to be shown the flag of this country. Our country is woefully deficient in statesmen necessary to legislate for the benefit of the poorer classes.

And why? We have had no great calamity, no failure of crops, no want or ability of the people to comply with the laws, then why are her subjects not more prosperous and happy? Men are thrown out of work, not because they are unwilling to work, not for any failure on their part to fulfill their contract with their employers, or with the government, then where and what is the trouble? That is the point.

We must search this out. We have not yet got the perfect man. Have not the masses willing minds and active brains? Is the country producing all it can? Are all its mineral resources fully worked? Are there not men in flocks now idle, who are ready to build railroads, or work in the mines? Has not the yielding plow been stopped which should bring forth food for the masses? Have not our imports been in excess? Then why are the producers in want of bread? Is this a legitimate condition?

Is it essential? Look well to the future you present statesmen, with your pride and honor, for I now tell you, that the man who now delves to bring up the fuel to warm you, is thinking and feeling, and he will

certainly call you to account for your acts and neglected duty. You may now pander to wealth and aggrandizement, but, mark you, your time is limited. As surely as Judea had prophets to herald her destiny, so shall America yet have statesmen and prophets who shall be instructed from the inner temple of spirit-life, and will condemn you, because you have been tried and found wanting.

HOPE.

DECEMBER 7, 1873.—P.

Ah, old man, what are you going to do with that ticket? I's going to vote. Ah! who made you free?

Do you know it be by de war, and massa Lincoln set us free. You see I go to vote. I got a ticket. I vote for Grant, he be a great general, he help set de darkies free. He now be big President, he now make laws to heal the country. Ah, to rule the country did you say? Yes, he rule the country.

Did you mean rule the country? but, uncle, you are mistaken, you mean he rules the people.

Oh yes, massa, all mean de same thing, me's been educated, me has a book, and me's been going to school, and me read a little. Are you fond of reading? Can't say as I am. I rather pick de banjo, -it gives me more pleasure, always used to on massa's plantation down South. When de day's work done always knowed how to enjoy de melody of de banjo, and all the young ones come to dance nights, and it was so exhilarating. Did you say you used to enjoy it? Yes, sir—fine.

And had you a master? Yes, sir, and plenty to eat, and clothes to wear, he always tend to me good, and misses too. Ah, had you a mistress? Yes, sir. You say they tended you, and gave you plenty to eat? Yes, always had plenty, never lacked for nothing. And now you have got a book and a ballot, which neither feeds

nor clothes you, and so from one mistress and master you see you have now another, your freedom to starve and to die. Yes, massa, I know dat, have had a mighty hard time, worked very hard, wages too low, banks all in a crash, and then not much to do. Then, sir, your freedom to one condition is your bondage to another.

Oh yes, massa, but it get better soon. Massa Grant he be elected again, then we get honors, and titles and something better I *hope*.

Ah yes, my old friend, that hope is your leading star, and only boon of freedom, the only one man can not control, and I am glad to see it reflected in your bosom. Yes, you with your kinky wool, now almost white with age, with form bent down, with tottering step, and still the star of Hope shines brightly within you. If I was in the form when you should be laid beneath, I would plant the anchor above the sod that covers you. Hope on, frail man! Hope on, without it to cheer our dark and lonely hours, to be with us during our privations and disappointments, and in death, we would be most miserable. May the star of Hope shine brightly o'er all humanity, and find a response in every human soul. You are not alone in poverty, poor old man, for I see the world filled with wretchedness, degradation and want. I see earth's fairest daughters sunk in vice and degradation, while Hope still buoyant keeps them up. I see the most intellectual young men of the nation, take the inebriate's cup, and form associations degrading and damning to their natures. Still the star of Hope glimmers feebly from the innermost temple of their souls, and ever lights up the dark paths of their lives. By that uni-

versal fatherhood must we all be supplied, and it must not, it shall not be lust, which shall unite man and wife, but a harmony of intellectual attraction. This will be necessary, in order to bring forth an educated moral Samson, who is to demolish this temple of Palestine. Every wornout idea which has been floating so long over the dead sea of society, shall be buried beneath its ruins, and upon its ashes another shall be erected, by which the whole human family shall be benefitted. When Pandora's box was unlocked and opened, and all her gifts were gone, Hope alone was left. Oh may the fire of genius kindle that hope, until it shall gild the hilltops of the future century in the aurora of morning light, and may all, even the outcast from society, see this great ship as it heaves in sight, which shall bear them above the tumult of despair, and land them in that progressive harmonial temple of humanity. It will hold every race of man created by the loving hand of Deity, now upon this terrestrial globe. The anchor is still left to those who yet hover upon life's shore, those yet must battle with the tempest until they shall reach the haven of rest. 'T is not debates in Congress, nor messages of Presidents that will bring happiness to a nation, but a unity of purpose, a steadfast will and constant exercise of the noblest philanthropic impulses of humanity. They alone can bring a grand reform which will emancipate man in every condition of humanity, from vice and wickedness, which are more terrible masters than any slave owner could ever be. Yes, that quiet master vice is plucking with his bony fingers the flowers of this country, and holding them in his embrace, until they wither, and life becomes extinct.

ST. JOHN'S VISION.

DECEMBER 10, 1873.—C.

I, John, saw these things. Now you see John was not in an ordinary condition when he said he saw these things. I can tell you of many visions he saw. Now what was *these things*, and what do they mean? John was what people in this day call visionary; that is, something worked upon his brain, worked upon his imagination. Was it his vision when he saw this great white throne? Oh, would that we could see to-day a great white throne rise above the sea of strife, whose waves are felt in every condition of humanity. John did not see these things with the natural eye, but with something beyond, and more than the physical organ of sight. If John could see the things of which he gave such a vivid description, and which are so minutely recorded, why can not some John of to-day see similar things?

No reader of the Bible will tell you that *these things* were real, that they were tangible to the sense. The beasts with many heads and horns, you are told, are figurative. But what does he say? I, John, saw these things. This does not state that it was a figure. There must have been a substance or he could not have seen it; and if there was not a substance, then John told a falsehood. No one questions John's veracity, they only question the objects themselves. I take it for

granted that John did see them, and that they were as he saw them, and that they had substance. He saw them as you see the objects in this room when the gas is lighted, but which are concealed from your sight when the gas is turned off, although they continue to exist. When you rise to have the light within you which he had, you will not only see beasts but also those you love, near to and around you. It may be out of the gulf of darkness or out of the sea of light, but they will be tangible to you in a spiritual sense. With your naked eye you can not see nor analyze the different gases in the room. To ascertain them you must use the crucible, weigh and measure them before you can tell what are its component parts.

A man who has learned these things, one whose mind has been given to scientific pursuits can comprehend these things, but the man without such knowledge, if asked, would say there was nothing but air in this room. So you see the definition and description of anything by an educated, scientific man is one thing, and of the uneducated man quite another. So in spirit life we can comprehend only to a certain extent. We see a wonder as it stalks the earth to-day. It is not as far advanced yet as St. John was, but is fast approaching that point. John saw these things and told them to a brother, but he being ignorant of the conditions in the spirit world, was ready to fall down and worship John as a God, but John would not suffer him to do it. What a comment is this upon the preachers of to-day, who believe the Bible, and yet deny to man the communion of saints. The record tells of many wonderful phenomena which men were familiar with long before Christ was born. But at

the present time, eighteen hundred years after John saw these things, you are told you can not see and hear your brothers, sisters, family and friends who are around you every day. Why not? One says that I have wished and prayed that I might penetrate the mystic darkness that surrounds me, and behold a shadow as proof of spirit life. Oh, I know that man sincerely wishes it, but wishing does not bring that knowledge any more than wishing to know the component parts of the atmosphere brings that knowledge. *It must be cultivated, studied, then seen.* Seek to instruct yourself in every science. Seek to unravel the mystery which now hides from you your friends, who have passed out of your sight. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Knock at the temple door of wisdom with a sincere desire that you may rise up and see the day dawn upon spirit life, not shadows only, but the form of those whom you so loved upon earth. As it requires light to see with the natural eye, so it requires education of the soul to receive this light and see these things. As surely as John at Patmos saw the beast with many heads, so surely shall you yet see your own kindred and friends who have crossed the sea called death.

What is religion? Is it to go to church, hear the scriptures read, to believe certain edicts. Is it necessary in order to receive these things that we should have a grand church all painted and cushioned, with a large bell to invite in those who are to hear, and who must be dressed in fashionable clothing? This age claims much for humanity, claims to be Christian, to believe Christ was of the virgin, begotten of

the Holy Ghost, and of his resurrection. This sounds very well, and I have no objection to it, but let me analyze what is the immaculate virgin. We will not go through the Greek and Latin for its derivation, but state that it means truth and purity, nothing more, nothing less. What is the Holy Ghost? The outflow of truth or the benefits which we receive from truth, or from its author, God, who is himself the author of all things. Truth is the son of an immaculate virgin, begotten by the Holy Ghost; that is, truth begotten of wisdom. God is wisdom, and as we live and partake of this truth we become children of knowledge. Wisdom and knowledge bring us into harmony and love, and they into harmony of spirit life.

THE EAGLE AND THE MOUSE.

JANUARY 2, 1874.—P.

I greet you for a new year. We have left the old one behind us with its shadows and sunshine, as it would appear to us could we recall each tedious moment and every bright thought which has flitted through the brain. As we go on we still have hope engraved upon our banner for this great cause. Yes! seventy-three, we bid you farewell. Our pleasant acquaintance, my brother, has given us many grand greetings which will leave their impress of the divine within us and upon the pages of our life. Some have wept and mourned at their losses, while others have rejoiced at the victories they have gained, yet we, with the true feelings of a brother's heart, say farewell, farewell, old year! Peace to every aching heart, and joy to every weeping soul. Yes! may the banner of love float over all the many homes of this continent. As the new year dawns upon us may we walk and feel that we are children of the divine Father struggling along our pilgrimage, looking for flowers which bloom along the pathway of every individual. Yes! flowers, emblem of purity and love, may you bloom around every hearthstone in the land, and may your sweet fragrance be wafted upon the breeze to every kindred and every nation—one people, one nation, one God, the father of all.

We bow in humble submission to thy divine unfoldings, knowing happiness only as we live in harmony with the true philosophy of life. Oh, wisdom! thou shouldst be our mother, and clothe us in the garments of love and trust, so that when the winds of adversity blow upon us we may then know and realize there is a temple of truth and love whose doors stand open awaiting our entrance. No bolts, no bars can keep us from the threshold of our father's love. Death may apparently hang her shroud over us, and for a time obscure the temple door, as the clouds do oft obscure the sun, but oh it shines on, and this light will illuminate us and we shall yet see it in all its beauty. Yes, sweet ones, you welcome us across the turbid shores of death with gladsome hearts, and we shall meet thee in our embrace. Then be not weary child of earth, be not weary, for our summer land is freed from frost and death and aglow with love and harmony. My soul feels aroused as it hears youth whispering to loved ones. So the year that has passed and the one that is coming, can join hands across to-day. Oh, heaven is so near to earth, a misty veil but divides us. We are only hid by the cloudy mists of your own mind.

Then what privileges are ours. Who can span them? who can reach them? My brother, though friends may frown and enemies may clack their viperous tongues, your own good moral worth will bear you up, and you shall hear the sweet music of a brighter sphere. Enemies you have even upon this broad earth. Why should man or woman be at enmity with kindred man? As the miasm from the decay of the lower vegetation rises and spreads disease over

this beautiful land, so does the miasm of demoralized humanity spread its poison over the fairest of earth. As the winds agitate the waves that roll themselves in crests, and which makes old ocean more grand by their bursting, then are gone, so shall the miasms of the human mind be dispelled, and like the wind, you can not tell from whence they came nor whither they are gone. Not so with the good deeds of men and women, for they will ever be a living monument of their worth. We see the lofty eagle as he soars heavenward in search of some divinity. We also see the little mouse as he pokes his head from out his hole with dread and fear that some enemy might devour him ere he can return to his hiding place. Not so with the mighty eagle who, with outstretched wings contends with the storms and winds which rage around him, and descends in free security to his nest on the craggy mountain. So little minds like the little mouse, peer out and look around seeking continually for aid, yet always fearing that something may tarnish their importance, therefore they take flight and return to their little home of small ideas. The man of gigantic intellect is like the eagle who spreads his wings to the elements, for he extends and dispenses his ideas to storm-dashed humanity, and allows them to partake or refuse as it seems best to them, provided they have grown large enough to receive them. Though this element of society may surge to and fro, like the ocean rise and fall again, this noble mind goes on its unvarying course ever dispensing light, and knowledge, and truth.

Can the mouse judge of the intentions of the eagle? No! for he is far beyond his vision, and he could not

see him even with spectacles. Can the eagle see the little mouse? Yes! but he is too insignificant for him to catch in his claws. Then soar along lofty bird, and continue to battle with the elements which surround you. We know the elements are great and strong, but keep on your way upward and with your wings outstretched for the flight, you will fear not, fail not, for that innate freedom of soul and purpose of right will surely guide thee, take thee on to success.

PURSUE THE PATH OF RIGHT.

JANUARY 2, 1874.—S.

My son, your brother aimed to give you this communication last week, but was disappointed. He has now done the best he could under the circumstances, the medium being sick. Am glad to have this privilege of meeting you so that we can feel more keenly one another's presence. My pleasure in meeting you is boundless, and often when I am going through my spirit home look forward and count the time when I shall be able to say a few words to you, however few and simple they may be.

It makes me strong and fills my soul with love to see the noble sentiments of humanity you have, and which should guide and govern all in every condition of life. The poet complimented you by comparing you to the eagle, and I think you deserve it, and hope you may be as successful as he prefigures.

Although you seem almost isolated in your own little home, many a welcome guest is there with you, who would gladly hold commune with you had they the means. Always ask yourself, my son, if what you do meets the highest approbation of your own manhood, for whatever the world may say, it is not the arbitrator of your fate. The eagle does not control the elements, he only battles with them, and so

can you battle with whatever is thrown against you with outspoken intellect and high-toned manhood.

While the spiritual temple is so near you filled with heavenly flowers to embalm you with their fragrance you need not fear what man or woman may say about you. Ours is not an empty temple, but one filled with willing hearts, ready to give you words of counsel and wisdom, and through you to heal many an aching heart, and calm many a distressed soul. Then you may well take courage, knowing your barque is well manned, provided with a strong anchor and a wise chart that will carry you over the billows of life. Your own sweet wife told me to greet you with a heart full of love, and say that her prayers are that every moment of your life may be embalmed with true love from our spirit home. To her you was like the mighty tree of the forest towering above all others, a landmark in her life, while your kind words and affection were the boughs which overshadowed her and protected her from every storm and sorrow. Your own dear mother sends a heart full of love to you, and as she moves through her spirit home feels day by day more confidence in your unswerving integrity and devotion to truth and right.

GREETING.

JANUARY 2, 1874.—*S. H.*

I bring my greeting too. Could not let the day pass without making my appearance. Have not done much to-day, because I have been waiting for you to come. How fast time flies. Want to get hold of you and say so much to you. If it was just so you could step into my temple and have a nice conversation, wouldn't it be nice? To see you fills me with the same noble feeling which actuated me in my life. But I am so dependent, and feel it in every way. If I could go to my sisters, and with my spirit hands could tear away the vail from their prejudiced minds, which hides me from them, I should feel as if I had done something. We are linked together here and are not independent. The poet is a good fellow, and understands so much more than people ever gave him credit for. I heard his compliments to you, and hope you will receive them, as you are deserving of them, and they will be a kind of salve to you and show you that some can appreciate you even if they are not tangible to physical experience. Like a gentle touch or the sweet tones of music do we hear the notes of those we love, or like the sweet odor of a flower shedding its fragrance through all the room do we feel the gentle touch of spirit fingers, or like the sound of sweet music afar off

that we can not tell from whence it comes, but we feel its echo deep in our heart. We know it well, for it has kindled a thought of one whom we have loved, one whose bright face has gone from us and left us in the dark murky world, while they are in the sunlight of spirit home, still loving, watching and sympathizing with us.

The beginning of the year! May it be as bright for you as the buttons we see on the ladies' coats. Good seems afar off, but is much nearer to you than you think. I hope to illumine some of your weary hours.

GOVERNING AND GOVERNED.

JANUARY 9, 1874.—S.

My son, better late than not at all. Am glad to see you looking so well. Have been attending what would be termed by you a convention.

It was composed of the best statesmen of America, and was convened to discuss the best method of elevating man in the scale of morality, and of the best way of presenting it to the human mind.

When we use that word, we mean it in all its bearings, of a high moral culture. It is the intention of this numerous gathering of the brotherhood in spirit life, to raise man above the scale of war, as one of the first steps in elevating man. We are not in favor of coercion of the mind, but of intellectual improvement, in order to gain freedom enough to express an opinion without fear of being scoffed at.

It is one thing to be free, and another thing to claim to be free, and in this settled belief of freedom we find a great obstacle to the progress of humanity.

We have previously discussed freedom, but this subject leads us upon the same grounds. When man gets an idea, no matter from what source, let him give it honest investigation, without feeling any coercion to

drop it, or allow his fear of a smile on another's face to prevent him from discussing this idea freely.

When men pay their debts without being forced to do so by public opinion, but feel a pleasure in doing it because it is right, they ought to have sufficient freedom of thought to discuss any idea presented to them. To discuss any idea freely and fairly, is of the greatest assistance in unfolding the truth, and thus benefitting humanity. We should teach children to express their opinions freely, and not keep them under constant moral restraint nor fear.

We should not control them arbitrarily, or enforce our opinions upon them, but lay open and discuss freely and honestly every subject, be it political, religious or moral. We see that every person has self-esteem and vanity. A man goes into the army, and runs the risk of being killed for his country, to obtain glory, and if he gains a great victory, he is then eulogized all the rest of his life. This is all very well in its place, but we hope that wars will be no more necessary forever, and that man will find honor in another and different channel. Glory and honor obtained in war answered well for the heathen, before man became civilized. Now man should contend for honor in doing right, and not in whipping another nation. *Honor is doing right.* A man capable of authority, and of holding those under him in moral restraint, should pursue an honest course despite the prejudice and passion thrown in his way by the masses. The government of America should not pin her faith to any military chieftain, who has won his honor by the number of battles in which he was victorious.

If this country bestows her favors upon a chieftain

for such a reason, she then loses sight of the principles of freedom, and is below the standard of a high-toned government, or a government sufficiently enlightened to give happy homes, and equitable laws to all who wish to live under her flag. We must not have at the helm of State one to hold us in subjection by unequal power, as that would destroy the most important principle of all governments, namely, harmony.

A man free and independent enough to govern by a principle of right, he being clothed in all the majesty of intellect and knowledge that any man or set of men can obtain, if he has no selfish end in view, would never peril his country in war, merely for the pecuniary sum he might receive, nor for all the paraphernalia of the most distinguished warrior. And yet it is often done, and that too after all the advantages and boastings of nineteen hundred years' Christian teaching and example. You see the drift of my argument concerning the government of this country.

This will have to be changed, and we will have to do it through the intellect of man, and without being involved in wars. This object should be the desire of every philanthropical individual. We might draft a better code than has yet been adopted. This country must be the haven of freedom, and then its influence will go out over the whole world. We now see so much corruption in office, and monopoly in all the mechanical pursuits. The great speculations which are now rife, have caused the present embarrassed condition of this country, which is now felt even to the lowest and most abject man, if, perhaps, we except a few office-holders, who are always cared for. It does not require the wisdom of a Solomon to say that this

condition could have been prevented, and that it has been the result of bad management, and wild speculations in stocks and gold.

A country which permits its own currency to be used as a speculative medium, and countenances the swindling done with it, does and justly should have its reputation stained in other nations and governments.

Could we call the attention of this people to the rulers in Congress, who are daily wasting their time in caviling over the laws, while the whole country is being taxed to keep them there for the purpose of making wise and just laws, they would call them home at once. As I look upon this country, and the financial basis upon which it is kept up, I can but liken it to a volcano just previous to its eruption.

Within that mountain are the various elements which are necessary for an eruption. This mass is not in harmony; it is boiling and mingling together in one burning ocean of uncongenial fluid, until the mountain is shocked from base to apex, when it becomes rent asunder, and the burning lava issues forth.

Until we can have wise and just statesmen to make better laws, we must consider this government a failure, although we have had the advantages of all that is known in science and art in every European capital and government. Then why have not the common people of this country had greater privileges? Is the use of all science and art, all railroads, steamboats and telegraphs to be worked only for a few or the whole of this people? When I look around and see the industry and willingness of this people, I sigh for the want of noble-hearted men with high moral

principles for their leaders. Humanity has not yet grown out of its swaddling clothes, and can not yet govern itself. It is still necessary for man to be developed to govern, as well as to be governed, for he who is not capable of being governed, is not capable of governing.

Man has subjected steam, and controlled electricity for his own benefit, and now the crowning apex of humanity, man's mind, must not be neglected. It must be developed like steam, and for the welfare of the whole human race. We can never have a powerful government, until we have great, good and powerful subjects.

While humanity are seeking to cultivate and educate the masses, let them do it honestly, and not sow the seed of wisdom, leavened with avarice and ambition, but blended with harmony and love.

DRESS.

FEBRUARY 7, 1874.—S.

My son, as the field of human progress is so extensive, I will begin at once. As I look around, I can scarcely see a principle connected with the welfare of man, but what could be improved. As a nation in our selfishness and pride we claim a great deal for our civilization and Christianity, but often our pride and selfishness deceives us. This is as true of nations as individuals, and, therefore, we should always be watchful to guard against an over estimate of our ability and power. Whatever man has accomplished in the United States, where all were born free and equal, says the Declaration of Independence, he could have done much more had he pursued the paths of honesty and justice, and cultivated the finer feelings and better qualities of the mind, instead of climbing the road to ambition, and constantly pandering to selfishness. Your rulers have made the masses partially believe that man under the government of the stars and stripes is free, but I speak the truth when I say there is not a free man nor woman, who now claim to be an American citizen. All are more or less slaves to some idea, something that is false or real, and there is not a government now on the globe, where there is not as much freedom as on the continent of America. First

it is quite essential to the well-being and happiness of humanity that they should cultivate truth, honesty and magnanimity, but instead of this the faculties now most worshipped is pride, hypocrisy and ambition. Humanity bows at the shrine of deception, and sacrifices on its altar every other faculty yearning for adoration, or what the world calls fame. Woman, mother of mankind, the fountain of benevolence, charity and refinement, she too sacrifices herself on the altar of pride, and there offers up the purest incense of her soul. Nearly every virtuous feeling and kindly motive is consumed by vanity and show in dress; woman never for a moment considering that nature in all her beauty and innocence, when unadorned, is most adorned, as a great writer once said, and a more profound truth was never uttered. A creative intelligence, a modest face, a head crowned with nature's tresses of hair is more to be admired than all the gems that ever decked the diadem of a queen. Now the hair is colored by art, is powdered, frizzed and distorted in shape as if to scare away the simplicity and beauty of the face. In nature's mould the female form is straight, upright and of symmetrical outline, but now it is tortured, burdened and deformed by ill-shaped garments as varied as the ingenuity of a Frenchman can devise. Those garments not only destroy the symmetry and beauty of woman's form, but they produce disease, break up health and destroy the constitution. By those badly-shaped garments tightly worn, the body is crushed, the heart and viscera are hindered in their normal action, the physical strength becomes impaired, and health is totally annihilated.

Thus we see that instead of having strong, healthy, handsome women, we have ill-shaped, deformed and sickly ones, and yet fashion calls them prodigies of beauty, while I should say, unnatural deformities and a sad spectacle. Now, I ask, are the women of America free? If so, why do they so closely follow fashion, imbibe its folly, and bring suffering, sorrow and disease upon themselves and their offspring? They all take on fashion with its transgressions of nature's law, as far as they can obtain the means to purchase what it demands. What is all this for? Why does woman distort her features, burden her head and punish her body? Ah! 't is fashion! a terrible monster, who sways its scepter with a tyranny unknown to any king, emperor or titled power on the globe.

I know the question is often asked, what good does Spiritualism accomplish? Now, I want to begin at home, and let this people see how much freedom they now have, and how they use it. I want them to see whether or not they destroy their own health and happiness by their ignorance of what freedom should be. Again, I refer to nature in support of my remarks upon dress. The birds of the air require no fashion to form their dress, and make them hideous, but have clean feathers which are yearly changed, and then they sing more sweetly. Yet all the birds in their beauty and symmetry, can not compare to, nor equal woman in her beauty. Then why should man and woman endowed with intellect, gifted with beauty and symmetry of form, capable of love and of receiving knowledge, be the only animals in creation who abuse their great and holy gift, by setting nature aside with all her works, and thus assume to

have more wisdom than the Creator. This they do continually by adopting and wearing costumes shocking to the eye, oppressive to the body, and destructive to health.

Beside this, look at the enormous expense of time and money required to bring about such frightful evils. A greater evil to the human family never existed than the propensity and indulgence in extravagant dress. It is alike ruinous to the country, and its people. Man and woman should adapt themselves to nature, and the nearer this is done, the more comfort and happiness they will receive. Nature can not be improved by the art of man or woman. If we search the records which come down to us through the past, we see wickedness and dissipation go hand in hand with extravagant dress.

Vanity has crushed many nations, and caused some of the bloodiest wars ever waged among men. A nation or family become corrupt in proportion as they indulge in extravagance. It is, therefore, a great curse to a family or nation. Those who indulge in extreme dress and living, commit one of the greatest crimes possible to man or woman, as it begets unknown crime, unknown trouble, and untold misery. Is woman not more than costume? Does she value the materials she wears more than her own spiritual nature, which is so neatly encased within her own fleshly tabernacle? Are her costly diamonds, which flash in the gaslight of the ballroom, and the expensive fabrics she wears, which man has traversed the earth to bring to her, more highly estimated than the divine germ within her? Is that noble spirit within her so covered up, that its existence can not be realized? Is it

pressed almost out of existence? Does woman feel that she is an immortal being? or is this feeling crushed out by the excitement she undergoes, because of the costliness and extravagance of her apparel? 'Tis sad to know that this desire for an indulgence in dress, hides from sight all that is noble, and grand, and beautiful in woman. Woman, when staggering under her burden of dress, can not realize her high privileges, her immortal birth, and her eternal progress. Oh, woman, your dress is your prison-house; 'tis the manacles which bind you to earth. It may attract man for a moment, as the candle entices the moth, but with your gewgaw and dress you lose your power over him, and are but his plaything for an idle hour. To man you *should be* a shining light. You should illuminate him, and attract him to a higher and purer sphere, and assist him in unfolding his mind, and thus blend physical life with spiritual life. Oh, what power is wrapped up in woman, and yet how fearfully and badly used. Woman should hold the key to all that is good and great, and deal it out to man freely and fully. Then, oh woman, do not spend your time on dress, but devote it to a pure spiritual life, as in this way only can you sanctify your inner life, and show to man that he too has a spiritual life. Woman should be an angel to open the gates of a pure and true knowledge of that which gives real happiness. Let her not then seek the frivolities of fashion, and in glare and excitement for happiness, and thus leave man prone upon the ground in dissipation and darkness. Oh, beautiful woman! noble is your mission; and, oh man! great are your responsibilities. It was once said, they twain shall be one flesh, and I

say, in eternity. Man without woman, or woman without man, would be a nonentity. Both were produced by wisdom, not like a bubble blown from a quill, but a living, eternal, existing power, constantly reproducing their kind, not lost, but ever multiplying, yet never exhausted, proving the infinite greatness of that fountain from which they were all produced.

Yes! they are beings of creative and *ultimate perfection*, brought from the great laboratory of animal life, and from animal life to a higher spiritual life, whose rays like the sun at meridian diverge in every direction.

ST. VALENTINE.

FEBRUARY 13, 1874.—*P.*

Ah, be sure, 't is foul weather. The wind blows, and the rain pats against the window. The bare limbs of the trees do battle strong, but to-morrow comes St. Valentine. Yes, St. Valentine comes, and be sure 't is a long year since he was here. As I listen, I almost hear his footsteps coming, and feel his genial spirit as it wells up in my very body. He comes alike for the good of man and beast, of bird, and tree and flower, all, all alike feel the conjugal influence of his saintly power. He speaks not a word, he utters not a sound, yet, methinks, I hear his own voice, for it speaks to me in silence. Whether asleep or awake, you may know his coming by the bird's sweet song, and witnessing the tiny leaves unfolding, and see the crocus peeping up through the snow, then you too will know he has passed along. St. Valentine is a goodly personage, impartial alike to all things around, above and below.

Once a year I like a visit from St. Valentine, he who so famous was of old, so wise and gay his noble spouse did choose; so all young men from that day to this, his example imitate e'en to a kiss. I hear the tinkling of bells as on the feet of some sweet maiden as she my window passes by, and I throw up

the sash and open wide the blind, which doth from me obscure her face divine. Tinkle, tinkle little bells and awaken the latent feelings in all whom by you pass in joy and gladness, in hope or sadness. Yes! St. Valentine call in your choice, slack in your pace, give joy to boys and girls and all else in its place. Shake out mementoes sweet to each journeyer you meet, that all alike may know 'tis St. Valentine they meet. The fourteenth day of February he always comes to time, this genial wise and happy St. Valentine. We can not climb apace and learn the eras you have already passed, but we know you have reached us in eighteen seventy-four.

We know too, you will not stop in seventy-four, but pass on to seventy-five and six, and none can now foretell in what coming era you will find a permanent abiding place, for you are ever going, going, going, and coming, coming, coming, and may you always bring us the same warm hopeful greetings. Oh, how I should have liked to live and been a companion with the poets, sages and prophets of thy infancy long ago, and with strong and heavy strides come down to the present time. When we look back into the misty eras that have passed, covered with the mold of centuries, gathered too over the mind, with our deepest penetration and research, we can not discover from whence came, or what was the origin of this custom, which has come down to us of a people long since buried. History tells us scarcely anything of their habits and customs, but we see dimly shadowed in their fables which have come down to us, what importance they attached to those customs, and how tenaciously they held to them. This fact

tells us they must have had some special meaning and use in their experience. We know that people had not the benefit of ink, pen and paper, and many other privileges of the present century. Memory must have served them instead of the written page, whereon we now chronicle the events which have and still transpire. Hence, we must feel, and I would add, realize that those musty symbols were of great interest and importance to that people. They were hallowed in every household, for they told of something of interest to them either in science, or to mark some particular epoch of that nation. They clung to those symbols as other nations do to Michaelmas, or the advent of saints, which events have been brought down to us not as martyrs alone, but as noted personages above church and creed, and who were clothed with almost the attributes of a God. I would not lay aside a single one of those recognized symbols, or any day that has been handed down to us, but would have them perpetuated, and with the light and science of the present generation they might lead to good results. I would not have them worshipped like the conqueror of some bloody battlefield, but as some good thing gained which must have benefitted that nation and that people. It might assist us in rolling back that mighty cloud of superstition which now hangs like the darkness of night over our earthly vision. St. Valentine, you strode forth a genius in philosophy, light and science which benefitted your race in deed and act, lifting them from the mire of superstition to the lofty mountain top of knowledge. You directed them to the mysterious workings of nature in her great laboratory

of chemical action in plants, animals and men, all being from the same great power, governed and directed by the mighty impulses in the heart of nature, beating alike for all, and showing only harmonious results of the divine law of God.

As the heavy tramp of time faded into silence and its footsteps were washed away, we see left only a dim outline of the hoary locks the old man possessed, brought down to us in the nineteenth century. Figuratively speaking your locks are hoary, your brow lofty, your eye clear and discerning, and with your hands you gently unbar the doors of wisdom of that great storehouse of nature. Man entering it may then go forth conquering ignorance and superstition. He will then receive the gentle aspiration to go up higher and extend his vision both far and near. You too unlock the frozen heart of man, and he then enjoys the passing breath of thy divine shadow.

Yes, divine—'tis divinity itself that passes along the frozen skirts of winter that is just ready to drop into the bosom of Spring. The husbandman then feels the warm heart of nature welling up in him, and prepares the soil, that in harvest he may reap an abundance. From the great storehouse of the wisdom of God comes Spring with the blade, plant, leaf and bud, then Summer with its warming sun to develop them, then Autumn to mature and ripen them for man's consumption. I pause when I feel what grand wisdom created all things in such beauty and harmony, and ask, why is it so?

I hear the echo as it comes o'er hill and dell and sounds deep down in my soul of souls, 'tis the majesty of God unfolding and still unfolding step by

step. As I traverse in thought the unexplored fields of immortality, pressed by the foot of man in all past ages—traversed only by those who have passed the sands of time, and now stand out like light, I see infinite wisdom and grandeur and goodness. Life is great—each finds its counterpart from the tiniest plant to the loftiest tree that waves in the forest, from the purling stream to the mighty river and the majestic ocean which laves the shores of continents and bears on its billows the commerce of nations. *Life is unending.*

We can grasp only a portion of it at a time, and as I stand upon the shore of this vast ocean of eternity looking at the millions toiling up through their present conditions to the plain I now inhabit, when I reflect on the trillions who have gone before me, I can not comprehend the beginning nor the end, but feel that the destiny of man is great, greater, greatest. Then let us be soldiers, not on a bloody battlefield, but soldiers waving the banner of peace and freedom high over the desecrated earth and downtrodden humanity. Let them read on our banner "Excelsior," and march onward and upward with the same silent tread as St. Valentine awakens in the trees when the sap ascends, in the birds when their notes become more musical, and in all animated nature when she speaks freedom and liberty from the shackles which has held them in her embrace the passing season.

PARTING BLESSING.

FEBRUARY 17, 1874.—*H. S.*

My daughter, God bless you! It is a pleasure to see you in whatever place you are. I can visit you wherever you may be, but you can not see me until you lay aside the realities of life. My daughter, come, and sit in my lap, as you did when a child. May you always look as bright, and be as cheerful as you was at our own home. There is no alteration in your father's love, not even by death. No! 'tis not death to our love, 'tis not death to our existence, but a widening of our capacities, when we accept the beauties and blessings given to us, and live in accordance with the higher laws of nature, we develop ourselves to spiritual intercourse, or rather to the real spirit in man and woman. Man realizes his birthright when he goes beyond the physical into the spiritual.

It has real and tangible connections, and holds communion with superior or imponderable man and woman, who have left the form. Yourself, your husband and your children can not be as happy as we wish you to be. Do all in your power for your husband's happiness and success, and may he do likewise for you. May you ever be in true harmony in this life, and may the offspring of your body grow up useful citizens, loving and devoting children, and may

love and prosperity crown you in living and everlasting light. Yes! a crown of light is more to be desired than the crown of king or emperor, for it brings to its possessor what the king can neither receive nor give to any of his subjects. It brings peace, love, happiness and a correct understanding of ourselves, our obligations and our privileges. Although you apparently go away from me for a time, because there I shall not be able to speak to you, and give you advice, feel assured I shall be present with you, and there is no place so distant but I can find you, and love you, and if you are happy, I shall be so, and if you are in distress, you will share the full sympathy of every feeling in my heart. Therefore, whether happy or miserable, I shall know it, and realize it as distinctly and truly as you will yourself. Give my love to my daughter you go to. Although she does not realize it, I feel a deep sympathy for, and have a heart-felt love for her, and prejudice can never raise a barrier high enough to prevent my loving her, and sympathizing with her, my daughter. Her husband and children have my truest love; yes, my soul encircles them all in its warm and loving embrace.

May her religion be a balm to her soul, a light to her path, and may it pluck away every thorn from her heart. When her change comes, I shall be there to welcome her to our happy home, and she will then know and realize my presence and love, as she once did, me, her father in the flesh. Oh! could all my children fully enjoy this privilege, which is their birth-right. Could they even arise to the summit of their own faith, which their own religion grants them, and accept it as a reality, then they could enjoy as a pos-

sibility this condition, and not think of it as some far-off, hoped-for, doubtful realization. May your sojourn in your new home be pleasant and prosperous.

From my spirit standpoint I can see nothing now to mar its beauty and harmony. May the wisdom of love crown thy little ones, which is brought from that high and inexhaustible fountain filled with love for all the children of earth. May they accept this love from their grandfather's hands, and may it twine around them like a creeper around some ancient turret, and may they receive that true wisdom of God, which shall make every one traveling life's journey happy and prosperous.

FALSE RELIGION.

FEBRUARY 20, 1874.—S.

My son, we will lift our feet out of the slough to-day, to a higher and firmer ground than that on which they have heretofore rested. When I look back into the past, and see the success of man's efforts in conquering superstition and bigotry, I have no fear of his success in the future. It is not necessary to go beyond our own country and countrymen to find an example of one who personifies industry and wisdom. For example, will take Ben Franklin, and follow his career from a poor apprentice, struggling through poverty and hardships to gain a subsistence.

We see him striving to break through the barriers which obscured the scientific development of electricity, and many other mysterious workings of nature. His mind was not confined to the philosophy of nature alone, but to the expanding of his own soul to the interests of man, ever trying to lay the foundations of his structures deep and broad, helping with all his strength to do for this government that which should be a benefit to all humanity. He felt that man must have a good and liberal government, in order to be a good and wise man. I almost feel the noble impulses of his soul, as I reflect on his career, and of the benefits which he left behind.

It behooves all mankind to benefit their race, not by amassing wealth like Stewart, of New York, and many others of this Republic whom I could name. When their money shall have faded away, and not a footprint of their wealth is left, who will speak of them as a benefit to mankind in any way whatever. 'Tis not being President, nor being a millionaire that makes a man great, 'tis a great mind that makes a great man. No! 'tis not what a man possesses financially, but what that man really is, his own intrinsic value, mental worth, grand and liberal ideas. What would our government now be without steam, without the electric telegraph, and without the many appliances of science which a civilized government requires? Trace back these discoveries, and look at the men who have been instrumental in finding them, and in developing science, and you will soon learn who are the men which have been a benefit to mankind. It was not the faulty politician, the bishop, the priest nor the divine.

They seem to have risen above the wants of earth so far as their advice from the pulpit extends, seemingly content with living, hoping and preparing for a probability of a something beyond the ken of mortal, or above this age of superstition. No church creed nor theology can prove mathematically, or beyond a doubt, immortality, or anything beyond the present teaching. I will make a comparison between theology and philosophy, and take any bishop on one side, and Ben Franklin on the other. Any theology which is not in accordance with philosophy, or which can not be demonstrated by the laws of nature, you must admit is *superstition*. Morse contended a long time for the

principles of electricity before they were practically demonstrated. As we now look along the lines, running in every direction, although the principles governing electricity have not changed, we see there has been many improvements in its successful use.

Now what were the principles held up by the church a few hundred years ago? Were the same dogmas then held up as we hear to-day, and had they the same faith and belief to save the citizens of this Republic? We are now reaping the benefits of many scientific discoveries and improvements in knowledge, and we are quite familiar with the opposition with which they were met by all those who held to the popular theological ideas. Popular religion has always been at war with science, that is, if a dogma is religion; but I contend there is a difference between a principle and an idea. Theological opinions have always been at war with science from the earliest times. I now refer to this, and intend to show the difference between theology and philosophy.

Religion as now taught in the nineteenth century is directly opposed to the true principles of philosophy.

Its foundation is laid on the conception of woman impregnated by a spirit, or the spirit of God. Two thousand years ago lived this virgin immaculate who was called Mary. Now in order to be a Christian you must believe this conception to have been a fact without even the right to question its truth, no matter how much philosophy, or your own reason is opposed to it. You must accept this truth without the knowledge of who first told it, or when. Of the veracity of the men and women of that remote period we know nothing, but according to the best account

gathered from history, to say the least is very questionable. If such an event should occur here among the common class—the mechanics or fishermen, what citizen would believe it? Yet in this enlightened age you are asked to accept this and believe it, coming as it does from the past, or else you can not enter the gates of happiness after you leave earth, or after death ensues. Now all the scientific men in christendom and heathendom combined can not find anything in chemistry, or elsewhere, which will produce impregnation in woman, and there is no method known which will do it, except the conjunction of man and woman.

The priests and divines tell you you have no right to question this matter, that it is one of the mysteries of God. So was the lightning wrapped in the cloudy canopy above until Franklin produced a key and unlocked it. Morse applied it and put it to a practical use, which will be a benefit to mankind for all time to come.

All problems in philosophy are mysteries until we grow to the proportion of the mystery and are able to unravel its secrets and control its power. At one time steam was a great mystery and of no practical benefit to mankind. It evaporated from the kettle and was lost in space, until a quiet reflective boy saw it working, saw power was there as it raised the kettle lid up and down. Step by step has this giant been chained and put to many different uses, until it has become one of the greatest powers now known to this or any other country; bearing men and commerce from place to place with almost the rapidity of the wind. What had theology to do with this discovery?

and yet its teachers wanted this boy whipped, because he had a devil. Poor Galileo! you too was brought to task for unlocking another mystery of nature. You threw a stone at this old theological edifice. So you perceive as we advance step by step in chemistry and philosophy the sunlight of truth is dispelling those old fables. It is a long road, but as I said at the beginning, we would lift our feet out of the slough and place them higher, for we see great things in store for humanity, we see a column loftier than Judea. As man grows in intelligence and truth he shakes off the shackles of dogma to which he has paid tribute so long. Man will yet ascend to a summit of wisdom and knowledge more lofty than Sinai or Pisgah, from whence, according to the language of the Jews, Moses viewed the promised land. Taking it as a figure, the children of Israel in the wilderness, and applying it to our nation, I would say that we have been in the wilderness of doubt long enough, and that some prophet as resolute as Moses will soon arise, who will see something higher and better beyond the swelling flood than the black and smoking hell of the orthodox and singing heaven of the Christian. Every valuable truth which has benefitted mankind has come from plain industrious mechanical people, showing plainly that industry and a certain amount of work is good for the brain, and that the brain does not suffer from using the hands to labor. Since it was a divine command, "by the sweat of the brow shall ye eat bread," one would think that those preachers who teach this truth would like to have the benefits of physical labor, or do something besides talking and preaching. How many priests and

divines practice what they teach about labor, and how many bishops and clergy earn their bread by their own industry? Freedom and industry are words constantly in the mouths of ministers and public speakers. They are always trying to inculcate into the poor man's mind how honorable and useful to him is labor, while they never seem to desire its benefit themselves. Man should have the freedom to think rationally and judge reasonably.

He should reflect on all questions involving his own welfare freely and fully, and receive from them all the benefits he can get. The use of the hands in industry, and of the mind in thought, are each beneficial in their place to every individual. No man, woman or child should be ashamed, because they have to work daily for their own maintainance. They then have more freedom and independence than any officer or politician of this government, who is yearly elected by the people, I will not say honestly elected, for you in the world know how it is done. What good has man ever received, or how has he been benefitted by a belief and faith in the immaculate virgin, and by her giving birth to a miraculously begotten God? This question should not be handled lightly, for it is almost two thousand years since it was first given to man.

Since then it has been showed up in every aspect to entrap man and chain him to the car of ignorance and bigotry. At the present day we see a goodly number dragging at its wheels without their being benefitted by it or prevented from committing crime. Are they more honest than their brother thinker, who lives without that faith and belief. This faith

has been earnestly promulgated long enough, *had it the power of truth*, to have christianized the world and have made it better. Christianity! that word should mean something; *to grow better*. All the elegant churches in this country, with their spires heavenward, should mean something—what does it mean? In them we have regularly educated and ordained ministers to teach man what? honesty, integrity and virtue? better say to teach man faith in a dead God, in an immaculately begotten Savior. Let us not confound the two. For every church we have a prison, not of bare walls and tenantless cells, but prisons well filled—nearly every one of whose inmates believe in this miraculously begotten God and his power to atone for their sins. We find even among ministers and divines, that this faith has failed to make them better men in earth's life.

As I looked into most of the prisons of this country, and examined the ideas and feelings of their inmates, I found not one but whose mind had been narrowed by church creeds. It cultivates selfishness, bigotry and superstition. Show me a man who fully accepts the theological creeds of to-day, and I will show you a man who has never been a benefactor to a single human being, but a man who is proud, self-conceited, one-sided in all his views, lives only for himself, thinks only of himself, and does only for himself. On the other hand show me a man free, independent and liberal, and I will show you a man such as has always been the philanthropist of this country from its earliest times to the present. The word Christian is now applied to followers of Christ—believers in a dead God. But in its broadest sense, it should mean those

whose aspirations are high and holy, whose acts are pure and noble, whether they are believers in Christ or not. Religion and churches, like this government, have grown proud and arrogant, without improving humanity. Church creeds have created more war and bloodshed, have caused more misery than all other things since the earliest records of man.

This is a fact which can not be gainsayed. In our last war the churches claimed the honor of it, and I believe the Methodist Church was foremost in the ranks.

From Franklin to Morse many tried to apply electricity, but they succeeded only in part. It will yet be further improved upon in its uses. Galileo who knew the motion of the earth, has long since gone from its face, but the world still moves on in its unvarying course.

Principles are always the same, and will live despite every opposition, and all animosity that church creeds can bring against them. "Truth is mighty and will prevail," was uttered long ago, it has echoed down the hill of time, and we shall forever hear its sound. The question which should agitate the mind of man to-day is, how can the human family be bettered in this life in health and happiness? Until we tear away the false premises which has been held up to man so long, the certain inducements for him to believe a particular dogma, we need not expect man to progress in health and happiness. Then, on the other hand, let us show him he has a God-given individuality, that *he* being the transgressor of law must *himself pay the penalty*, not in words, but in deeds, not in faith, but in acts. No atonement can ever relieve him from one single

responsibility incurred from his birth. No resurrection of any saint or hero of the past can redeem him, and no transubstantiation of bread and wine can propitiate an angry Deity. I feel humiliated when I hear man talk about an angry Deity. I sympathize with that man to my innermost depths, for his ignorance in thinking that Deity *could* be angry.

I see the shortcomings and feeble impulses of man toward right, and until man has a higher, wider and better conception of Deity than that, it will be impossible for him to become better. Deity is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, always the same, and without change.

Why not teach children to believe in an unchangeable, overruling power, ministering to all men in every condition of life? 'Tis the only idea which will help them to learn that God is almighty, and powerful and immutable. When they have received that idea they will feel better, and stronger, and gradually grow better and stronger. I hope to lead you along in this until you understand what is more essential for the development of our kind. If you teach children erroneous ideas, they will always be felt by them, and as long as they are felt, you can not expect them to grow in wisdom. Until you can pull the caul from over people's eyes, you can not expect them to see, and until they can see, you can not improve their morals.

DEATH.

MARCH 6, 1874.—*P.*

Wheresoe'er I go, I see thy footprints, oh Death !
Thou hast marked the history of the world with thy
carnage. The beautiful green earth in its bosom dost
hold thy form. Not a pilgrim who walks the earth,
but thou markedst him for thy victim.

The crowned heads of the mighty nations of the
earth bow in submission to thy command. Yes, Na-
poleon thou leaguedst with this mighty monster death,
and sent many of the children of earth to be consumed
at thy shrine. But thou too at last became its victim,
and history has left the record of thy rise and fall,
but without giving to man any lesson in wisdom and
and love. Poor France, how the people of thy nation
have bowed in submission to thy power, oh death !
Where now lies thy mighty statesman, who held the
destiny of thy people in one hand, and the crown in
the other. He too bowed in silence to thee, and be-
neath English soil were his bones placed in solitude.
As I travel along the path of the historic records of
the past, I see where thou hast strewn thy victims
thick and many. Oh, poor world ! my heart grieves
for thee, and my sight fails me when I strive to pene-
trate to the uttermost every vestige of thy footprints.
'Tis beyond my brightest ken, and as I look down

the unfolding future, I see marked along the line evidences of thy insatiate thirst for life. Thy waste lies around left and right, before and behind. Where'er I turn my face, I find death has marked his way. "And thou shalt surely die," I hear it read from the earliest records of history—"man, thou shalt surely die!" Oh, Eternal Father, why hast thou doomed thine own begotten, molded by thine own hand in wisdom, breathing into his nostrils the breath of life, and then permitted him to be snatched away like a whirlwind, and swallowed up in the dark cavern of death?

From the crowned head to the poor beggar, all alike dost thy commands obey. Yes! the tiny infant is not exempt from the insatiate greed of this monster. Oh let us pause on the brink of this precipice, for I see far beneath me the black billows of death.

I ask why it is? Why is this beautiful green earth so vast a grave-yard? Why is humanity with all its wisdom, wealth, pride and poverty doomed to the same mysterious monster death. Oh, is there no escape for man from him? Oh! Eternal Father of the universe, is there no door left ajar for all thy children to march through its portals? I feel thine icy hand. I hear thy hoarse and quick breathing as my vitals you clasp, and I too bow in submission.

Where now is all my manly pride? Where now is the breath of life that was breathed into my nostrils from the great I Am? I ask, why must I yield up this God-given power to live and breathe, and why resign this image of its Divine Father? Disease and war alike shatter and destroy the temples God has fashioned in his own image. I ask of thee, oh eter-

nal, unchanging and ever-multiplying Father, why it is? And as I walk through this wilderness, oh, let some prophet, like Moses of old, strike the rock with his wand, and let the waters of wisdom come forth, that I may drink and quench the thirst that devours my soul. Yes, let me find the waters of thy hidden laws of wisdom, and let thy magic wand, oh prophet, point me to the promised land. May I like thee when on Pisgah's top view the promised land, where no dark Jordan rolls between, and where no dreadful storm, or horrid night can destroy me and my brother man. Silence reigns around, and darkness clothes the mind, but that divine breath breathed into man's nostrils by our Father, *is still by him supplied*, and death which seems to us such a frightful monster, is but a *friendly hand*, which unlocks the door by which we enter the promised land. Seers and sages of the past, like the eagle from his lofty height, have seen pilgrims as they crossed the Jordan of death, and ascended to the hoped-for promised land beyond the swelling flood. There silence reigns around, and although the cannon roar, and the lightnings flash, they are unseen, unheard and unfelt, because so far beneath the flight of spirit-life. I have spoken of death and his power, but have said nothing of death as a divine law, or attempted to show you the high and holy benefits to man, who is its victim, but the subject of law. Man, since his creation to the present time, has always been subject to law, and will so remain as long as the present condition of earth and air exists, and there is nothing miraculous connected with death. Let us then treat it as a blessing, and not a calamity.

Disease is natural to the system. Man not knowing

the laws governing health, can not protect himself from the conditions which bring disease.

Its germ is floating in the atmosphere, is attracted to and absorbed by the body. All humanity is in perfect harmony with the divine laws of death, and when mankind are raised above ignorance, prejudice and sectarian organizations, and look upon death as being the same divine law as life, we shall then hope to see them in a higher and better condition

MORPHINE.

MARCH 19, 1874.—F. A.

I am F. A. Have got a heap to say, but 't is so hard!

S. My son, you see here another victim of the narrow dogma of the church. Had he known the *true condition of life after death*, he would not have taken morphine. He was anxious to talk and send messages, but when he came was still under the influence of morphine.

The medium is so sensitive, she partook of his feeling. I wanted him to try, though I knew he could not talk. He wants to talk to his brother.

He hopes he may be a benefit in coming back to earth. He wants to be a benefactor to his earthly friends. He wants to remove from them their ignorance in regard to death and their future existence. He told me he was conscious after they found him, knew when the doctors were with him, heard the man call him, but could not answer, was perfectly conscious when they came in, but paralyzed from his head down—this is why the medium could not move for so long. It was very strange it did not effect the brain, while it did the muscles of the whole body and heart.

The brain was cognizant of what was passing. The first spirit he saw was his uncle Jack, who died, I

believe, when a young man, with cholera, many years ago. He did not remember him in earth's life, nor know him until told by him who he was. The next who took him by the hand was his mother, who put her arm around his neck and kissed him. He could not *then* realize that he was yet dead and that his spirit was separated from his body. His father next came to meet him, (his father was my friend,) yes, and that is the reason why he came here to-day, and I gave way to him. Both his parents were distressed and so was his grandmother, and his grandfather, who had been gone from earth many years. His grandmother was an old christian and member of the Baptist church for many years. She believed in immersion and all that kind of thing which pertained to her church.

She has now found out these things did not illuminate her spirit, nor could she then realize the privileges of spirit life. The first thing she said to him was "poor grandson! what have you done? murdered yourself, disgraced your family and broken their hearts." He said that he had been crossed, that everything crossed him, that his trials were greater than his faith and that he only sought oblivion from all things. He said perhaps if he had not been so prejudiced against spiritualism, but have received the *true light* of this life, he would have reflected, he would have consulted some friend before taking the fatal step, or have avoided it altogether. He says he feels he has cast a shadow over the life of his sweet sister and distressed the whole family. He says he knows he did a great wrong, and that in doing it he has now to outgrow and *atone* for it. That was his word, he

can not get rid of the idea of atonement as taught him. He has to outgrow and improve his present condition. When men find themselves here with all their sins, sympathies, desires and misdoings, they begin to talk about atoning for them.

If you give a medicine which poisons, you then give an antidote as soon as possible. Now, if you and I was fond of atonement, we might say he had to atone for his *ignorance*, in that sense *wisdom* would have been the antidote to such a desperate act. Without removing the cause, he has only changed his condition. All his faculties are now strong and active, his memory is bright, and he is but a step removed from the conditions he had hoped to get rid of forever. When we are tired, sleep restores us, rests our faculties, and we wake refreshed; but, when in a fit of desperation from disappointment, or whether brought about from any other cause, we can not sleep; an overdose of any opiate can not destroy our consciousness, though it brings death.

In him the cause has not been changed, only his life. He has now waked to a full consciousness of his own responsibility. He has no chance now for making amends to all on earth, and with all the apologies he can make he can never undo the act. Morphine is now a great favorite with the young men of the day. They know it will destroy consciousness of the mind and physical life, but I would advise them to investigate a little farther and learn what are the conditions of man when he has shaken off the shell. 'Tis merely a separation of the spirit from the physical.

(F. A. returned and said:) I want to get out of

this terrible place. Would like to get away from here. Have not been able to see anything beautiful nor enjoy anything since that fatal day. Can't get away from myself. 'T is like my shadow wherever I go. If I could get somebody to take me away. Do n't believe anybody can do it but you. (How can I?) Do n't know, you can do a great deal. If I was back to earth I would be ready to stand all I had and more. I can't see anything, it is so gloomy. Your father tells me of bright places, but I have never seen them. (F. A. written through a different medium, March 23, 1874.) I tried so hard the other day to say what I wished, but could not. You are rather selfish with Mrs. Ward. You was provoked at me, but indeed I did my best to talk, but could not. Oh, I have suffered so much since I left your earth, but not much more than while there, because I was disappointed and miserable. I knew that no one had any respect for me, and no mother would have been willing that her daughter should marry me, and oh, what a good thing I did not marry, for what could I have promised any woman? There was one whom I would have given my life for, but oh! I had sense enough to know I could not make her happy. Even now I would hate to see any other man claim her, for she is too good for any man. (Mrs. Ward must be for higher uses; I am not selfish, came here to hear from you.) I beg your pardon, I judged you wrongfully as many do. I hope to know you better now, as my opportunities are so much better than they once were. Oh! do tell every one never to destroy their own lives. 'T is such suffering. I knew everything that passed, but could not speak. I did it because I was tired of life—but whose

fault was it? all mine. I knew that I could have done well, was capable of making a living—but whisky was my ruin, and it is the ruin of so many noble men. Now madam, you are very kind to write for me and I do appreciate it. Mrs. Ward talks for so few—my friend you are right.

I listened to her that day and was much astonished that she could talk so well, and your father controls her with so much ease. Please tell my brother that I am better off than he thinks. I am not punished in hell fire, but from conscience.

That was bad enough in earth's life but worse here, and that is the hell the bible speaks of. My brother was kind to me and tried hard to reform me. I did not appreciate it at the time, but do now, when it is too late. I will only try to do my duty now, for I see that those who try the hardest are the happiest.

NO CHANGE IN DEATH.

APRIL 16, 1874.—*J. B. F.*

I can sympathize with you, sir, having traveled the same road. Youth is the spring-time of life, and every success we then have is appreciated. I taught school to prepare myself for the ministry. I have had some experience in the same field with yourself in Nashville, and with the same people you have associated with. We may not always succeed to the fullest of our ambition and desires, and as we grow old, the shadows are deeper as they are cast over us. It is the sunshine of hope in youth that dims misfortune. It casts it behind us when we go forth hopeful, and battle with the things around us, whether in metaphysics, or in the common conditions of life. I had much to contend with in the ministry at the altar of a congregation in your city. I felt I had made warm and lasting impressions on my congregation, and that my ministry was a success. I then felt I was compensated for my early struggles, and efforts to overcome the difficulties with which I had been surrounded. But when I set sail in a bold progress, and those sails were filled, taking in the full field of life above sectarian bigotry, I found mutiny at once in my little flock, which I had gathered around me. This flock was large in comparison to some, but small in com-

parison to the whole. Bickering and hatred blended together, they seethed and foamed until they poisoned my whole life. Afflicted as I was physically, this great disappointment was too much for my body to endure, but never did it cloud or trample my spirit desires. Sooner than be clouded by ambition of earthly life, and bound to people and opinion, I would sacrifice every worldly prospect known to the highest ambition of man.

I did not succeed in life as I desired. I did not arouse people from their indifference to *truth* and *right*, but my failure to do so does not prove it a failure.

There shall one come after me who will succeed. I see the banner which shall float over the liberty of the human mind. Liberty is all essential to progress, peace, harmony and happiness. Not only liberty to our religious opinions, but in all other questions pertaining to our welfare. Whatever apparent failure was mine, I am now fully compensated, when above the flesh.

I now realize the sublime truth of the communion of spirit with mortal. Such a truth should make every heart glad; should make every individual rejoice at the unfolding of such a grand and glorious privilege. The success of this truth is one of the greatest triumphs granted to this or any generation. *It takes away from mortality all doubts of immortality.*

It takes away the superstition attached to all religion, and reveals to the human family their birthright in God. It teaches man that he is a pilgrim of earth journeying on, and when he enters what is often called the river of death, that there is no cessation of life.

It is only a continuance of that which he felt and

realized when upon earth. His mind, with all his faculties passes along through this struggle without losing any of the power it possessed in life. It is only separated from the physical body, leaving it with all its pains to mother earth, while the spirit or inner man takes up its journey in the invisible world to man, but only invisible to him in his finite condition. It continues its usefulness and activity which was denied to it in earth's life by sickness, weakness and all the struggles of early youth.

Whenever I have found an opportunity to commune, have always embraced it joyfully, and desire to do so as long as I find one who wishes that communion. In earth's life my desire was to improve man, and now my every thought is brought into action for the benefit of my kind. As I stood at the altar of my church, and offered bread and wine to comfort despairing mortals, so do I now stand in the sanctuary of my spirit home, and offer them the wine of life, and the pure bread of heaven, that they may partake of it, not as an invisible substance, but as a spiritual reality. This is the invisible bread which alone can sustain us in the darkest trials of life. Confidence in it alone can only spring from a clear and unselfish mind. I feel myself a unit in this great cause which is now agitating the minds of mankind. For awhile our pathway may appear dark and uncertain, but with patience and forbearance, if we are girded with energy and hope, always trying to do all in our power to help those around us, we will wend our way along the sandy shores of life in pleasure and contentment.

ALL TRAVEL THE SAME ROAD.

APRIL 16, 1874.—P.

Yes! earth is a sandy shore in which all mankind leave footprints. We trace some by the scientific discoveries they have made, and left to mark their way, while others have scratched away in the rubbish to hoard up the wealth of nations, and have left their marks as millionaires. Men, like dogs, vary in size, from the large mastiff to the tiny little spaniel at our feet. Some are docile and passive, while others are ferocious, and would rend us limb from limb. Yes, we are a poor sickly race at best, and yet we prate of our knowledge and importance. We erect monuments to men's worth, and cast statues for public places to mark the greatness of man.

Yes! I said the greatness of man. Some are so great and powerful we have to cage them. We have to educate a special class for the purpose to direct and counsel them, to plead their cause, and set them free, and it matters not whether the culprit be innocent or guilty. I say his guilt matters not, so his lawyers have sharp wit and sarcasm to win his cause, then he is again turned loose to prowl upon his fellow man, like the wolf upon the traveler in the desert. Our greatness seems to be on the extreme shore of life, far away from common associations, and it is not until man is dead, and he

can harm us no more do we discover his goodness and begin to prate of his greatness.

Some may cry and some may laugh, some may gnash their teeth and swear, still we all belong to one family, are marching the same road, are from the same beginning, and will fill the same destiny. Aside from the greatness I spoke of, some men, like little dogs, are too small to be great, and thus pass unseen; nevertheless, they leave their footprints on the shore of time.

To them also must the heavy door of death open and creak as their spirit tears asunder its rusty bars.

As I now stand upon this lofty eminence overlooking the valley of earth, and witnessing the exit of great men, as well as small ones, I can not help philosophizing upon their varied conditions and surroundings. I see one as he struggles in poverty and hardship, with his hard knotty hands, sunburnt face and coarse rusty clothes, struggling with earth for a mere pittance to sustain his existence—and what does *he* find at the end of his journey. The same great door to pass through, that the millionaire has just entered, and with the same experience. Yes! he too felt the feeble pangs of death as it paralyzed him; he felt its icy hand clutch at his throat—and as the hilltops fade away when night gathers o'er earth, so fades everything from man's earthly vision. Yes! he feels cold and chilly at the sensation we call death, but as soon as he again opens his eyes he beholds the sunrise, which gilds everything in the spirit land. He then looks around and finds himself the same man, minus his horny hands, his sunburnt face and his rusty clothes. Oh yes! *you are all equal here.* No

monument was erected to your fame, no statue set up to tell of some noble pursuit you had followed and obtained its prize. So your honest struggle of industry for the mere pittance you received has left no black stain upon your soul, nor cast a murky cloud around your pathway. How many poor children struggle along the same path of poverty, with no reward save the approbation of an honest conscience. It will be the staff to bear thee up through the river of death, and herald the sunlight of happiness in that country to which thou art going. It is the same road which all must travel. One man is full of activity and ambitious schemes to rise above his fellow man, and leave behind something which will overshadow those who may come after him. Another is godlike, noble and great, and he has been striving to unlock the mysterious laws which gird the universe. Man has tried to throw open the doors of knowledge and see the wonderful workings of the laws of quantities in all nature around him. He has tried to sound the uttermost depths of ocean and learn what is there.

He has tried to unravel the laws of creation, and learn what was its first properties and what mighty forces fastened them together. He would learn the attractive forces in all the elements of nature working and harmonizing all active power. He would learn God, all powerful and all wise, yet so mysterious and shadowy that mind can not comprehend him. Man has gigantic powers of mind which he inhales in the air, takes in his food, and imbibes from everything around him. If man's brain is in harmony with the immutable laws of nature around him, he can adapt himself freely to all the conditions of those laws, and

learn from whence they came, the beginning and end. As our world is in beautiful harmony with all those around us, so is man when he learns the truth and rises above prejudice, superstition and war which has so long degraded him, and desecrated this beautiful earth. As I stand on this lofty eminence and see man struggling in the watery element of discord, which is ready to submerge him, I would, if possible, reach forward and assist him.

METAPHYSICS.

APRIL 19, 1874.—*F*.

'Tis said in the inspired book, "the wind bloweth wheresoever it listeth, and we know not from whence it cometh or whither it goeth," and so with man, he cometh forth as the grass of the field and fadeth away, and who can say where he has gone? He spoke from the fullest feelings of his nature and from the best experience of his age. At that period there was a great deal of doubt of what would befall man at death. Metaphysics is no new idea in the scientific world, for man was a metaphysician, so to speak, before he had any idea of life after the death of the physical frame, consequently the idea of immortality is no new idea recently sprung in the scientific mind. Man in all ages since he became man, and had reasoning faculties, began to think what would be his fate when he no longer dwelt on earth. It was from selfishness born within him, and it is owing to its cultivation what becomes its strength. He wished to penetrate the shadows beyond the mere normal man. He saw him in the prime of life in buoyancy of spirit and in his power of intellect subjugating savage nature around him, and like Alexander searching for new conquests, and he was not satisfied at the mere knowledge of material things. He sought in meta-

physics something connecting him with all time. He was not willing to give up his birthright at the passing away of the flesh, but clung to something beyond. He then sprung the question, whether he faded away like the flowers, or if fate had something in store for him in the future? Men were divided on those important points, and so a tumult of ideas arose from this question. Finally it was settled by selfish priests who ordained a dogma, and inaugurated it in order that the wolves might prey upon the lambs.

This was a long time back. Previous to that time was idolatry, the worshipping of idols, for when man could not comprehend the things around him, he then instituted symbols to worship, which were according to the highest idea of power he had. They thought these symbols might lead man to a higher and finer sense of the internal law, which works within all things around, above and below. But when the mind of one generation created symbols for his brother man to worship in a succeeding generation, and hands them down through bickerings, ignorance and superstition, we then see he has lost all true sense of worship. From striving to worship an invisible spirit through symbols, we see the symbols now worshipped, and idolatry of every character scattered broadcast throughout the world. In the earliest records we see immortality *dimly* shadowed, but something to worship set forth in bold relief.

We see the priest then making man his subject, exercising authority over him, and claiming to be the priesthood after the order of Melchisidec. All this hereditary grandeur, title and power has been brought down to us in this century. The most primitive

Christianity was not without authority over its followers.

To speak more definitely, man has always sought to make his brother man subservient to his wish and will. Though the priests had arbitrary control, yet we find that heretics sprung up all along the pilgrimage of life, that is, heretics to the popular belief and faith in a creed and dogma. Step by step from the most remote period of which man has any record, do we see progressive light as it flickers and fades, then gathers new force, and lives on struggling through wars, and through the rise and fall of great empires. Yes, this light, struggling for existence amidst the tumult and desolation of earth, has little by little aroused humanity, and prompted man to culture and refinement.

Yes, it was *this* light which has prompted man in every age to improvement, and not *any* dogma nor creed ever promulgated by priest or potentate. This feeling which sprang up in the mind of man to live beyond this life, was the same light of divinity that illuminated the pathway to metaphysics. We see society bound together in a better condition, building up a higher form of association, until civilization now almost covers this planet.

It has not been the result of a creedal faith promulgated by priests, and inherited from a church, *but from a living and divine principle within man's own breast.* Civilization is the highest point which man could accomplish through the obstacles and conflicts which have always surrounded him. He can stand upon one era after another, and look forward for something better. While man is standing upon this

eminence, we feel sad to see him stepping down again to embrace a dogma. We should be glad to point out something better for him. From the most remote period we see coming down to us, pestilence, famine, earthquakes, and those violent convulsions of the elements which have so agitated the physical world. Man stands aghast when he beholds some terrible calamity fall upon his nation and people.

At such a time some who are so very Christian, claiming to have all knowledge in their creed, proclaim that it was the wickedness of man which brought those evils upon him; that those tribulations were because of man's transgressions and violation of the moral law. Violated law! Man should pause before he utters such a sentiment, and inquire, can a man or a nation violate or break God's law? We may struggle all along the pilgrimage of life to find God, but we can find him only in parts, and recognize him only by our own experience. As each man finds only a part of God, the whole human family can not find the whole of God in a decade. Only as much of God as every individual is capable of taking in and enjoying, can he understand. As life is divine in its physical as well as in its spiritual condition, so we should be careful of man's health. We should not only pray to elevate man's spiritual condition, but also to cultivate man's mind to live in harmony with the laws of health. Now this is an important thing for all religious people in Christendom, and for all men on earth to learn. What can we do to make man better? What new principles can we inaugurate to purify man, woman and child physically and morally? What can we do for man which will take away his appetite for

the blood of his fellow man, so that he may not be like Cain, an outcast and stranger in his own country? Yes, the basis of society must be *truth*, as deep, broad and universal as man. I know we have had one reformation after another to improve civilization, to better humanity, and to take away wickedness and crime from society, and cement it with brotherly love. I see churches fail to accomplish this, because they are not united. I see other organizations upon a broad basis of brotherhood, which have done a great deal of good; they have cultivated man in a broader sense than the Christian religion, for when we bind ourselves to a dogma, and point out another man to mark our road, we then can not devote ourselves to truth, and in this manner sell our birthright. We then lose our good influence upon man which we would have if more lenient, more liberal, and more fraternal in our associations.

Religion has become a speculation, and looks forward to the wealth of the church, in having property to a large amount, building stately edifices, containing a large organ, with fine music and comfortable pews. Then we must have fine equipages for its members to come there in, and everything in the most extravagant style. But behold squalid poverty and want, like the hungry wolf, beneath their very doors. Yes beneath the steeple is crime of the deepest dye and blackest cast. In your very midst are those smoking hells, which are kept up in such extravagant style. The religion of to-day does not reform society, it only panders to the appetites and passions of men and women who enjoy every luxury to be found, no matter how the means to do so were obtained, whether by honest in-

dustry or by robbing others. The passion for wealth has burst on the world like a tornado, and the desire for it is tearing out the vitals of men and women, and distressing them in every condition of life, and yet this is a Christian country. We see some women who devote their lives to Christianity, deeply veiled to obscure all pride and worldly ambition. They are plodding along the narrow path of dogma too dirty for the monks of the first century. 'Tis nineteen hundred years since the Apostles went out to preach the Gospel of Christ to the Jews of Nazareth.

It was then given free of charge. They had no costly edifices with large bells to call together the congregation. They had no extravagant altars, or vessels for their burnt offerings. They had no wine, nor sacrificing of the first of the flock, as had been done in earlier times. Without scrip went they forth to preach the brotherhood of man to all, both Jews and Gentiles, and if it was free in any respect it should be free to all. They partook with their fingers in the same dish. Christ said "he that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me." How simple, yet how beautiful was that supper. It was not in a grand and costly hall, with all the beautiful articles of every variety which man has invented for his own use. Imagine the picture, like little children sitting at their mother's feet, with full confidence in all save one. How must that one have felt if there had been developed in him one spark of humanity? but no, he was spiritually dead. The man who partook of that meal was dead to all the finer feelings of the soul, dead to truth, honor, and the welfare of the human race. Churches are filled with Judas's to-day.

Our executive halls are filled with men corrupted with all kinds of dishonor that a Judas ever possessed. Our President is a disgrace to the nation, and dead to the welfare of the people under his control. Currency is his idol. It matters not to him whether it be in houses and lands, so it is something tangible. He likes horses, fine equipages, magnificent dinners, and a fine establishment for his guests. A simple dish would not answer for him, the President of this Republic.

I refer to the President, because of his position, and as a sample to mankind, then draw conclusions between his gold and himself. Jesus, the God of the Christians, lived in beautiful simplicity, in the dignity of manhood, in brotherly affection, associating with the mechanic and fishermen, curing the blind and the lame; all, all alike partook of the benefits of his power.

Jesus had not wealth to build fine churches, but he did have that which the Christian Church has not now, viz., *a simple spirit of truth and honor*. The highest executive officer in Church and State does not possess on jot of the godlike attributes he worships so devoutly. I will not detain you longer, though I feel as if I could talk a week. I try to bring up and speak of that which will benefit mankind. The oak does not grow in a day. So I will sow the seed of truth, which, though small, it will grow; yes like the mustard seed, which, although small, grew so the birds of the air came and lodged in its branches; so will truth increase, until man learns what freedom is. Oh, how I like that word; it seems so broad that it takes all mankind in its embrace.

In a free country we should all have the privileges

of manhood, and yet it seems but little freedom is doled out to the people of this country. I would say that the people of this country are the worst slaves on earth, the hottentots not excepted, for they have more freedom than the citizens of this country.

There is a beautiful monument erected to the first noble statesman of this country, which stands in a conspicuous place at Washington as a type of a free country. Under its shadow we behold all manner of corruption from the highest to the lowest grade, as I sometimes think crime has its heights and depths.

We have laws to prohibit and punish such crimes as theft and murder. We see prison walls frowning with all their dismal abodes, in which the poor are incarcerated if they have not sense enough to go into all the schemes of Church and State, which are so essential in order to be a respectable member of society. It requires both wealth and office to make man an influential and honorable man.

We see in the daily papers the Hon. Mr——, has arrived. Oh what mockery. Man's honor should be in his face, and not in the newspaper, in the everyday acts of his life and not in an advertised honor, like a circus or other show. What can we do to remedy those evils, is the all important question. A few days since, we saw where a man killed his brother man, and has left a lasting impression upon his father's heart. He has left the murderer's grip upon that noble and aged parent's life, footprints too deep to be obliterated in time or eternity. Let mankind begin to learn the lesson of reformation, learn that whatever it does, whether man's acts be good or bad, so shall be his spirit with or without a scar. Any spirit trammelled

with crime, can not pray it off, neither can crime be sold for money.

Man must outlive it as he in earth's life outlives his scars. Every scar of his nature will have to be obliterated by a straightforward, honest course until man becomes pure. Let man stand upon an equal base with other men, and not call any man honorable when he knows he is not, for if he does, he then leaves a scar on his own spirit.

Man's temple of honor must be founded upon *truth*, and not upon his position or equipages.

If we start out with honesty and truth, as we go forward it will gather new strength, until *it* will dispel every conflict and overcome every obstacle. As we thus proceed we shall be freed from selfishness and crime, and they will be like the drift on the waters, thrown aside in masses, while the purified stream continues its course. May God bless you, my brother, and may you find the good you are seeking. May the spirit of love hover around thy home forevermore. May this spirit of progress speed its course till this whole city is awakened to its truth. May we all realize the divine spirit within us, and may it bring us hope amid the sea of strife. May no cloud obscure the sun of righteousness, and may it shine on us in our darkest trials of life.

MAN SPEAKS, ALTHOUGH HE BE DEAD.

APRIL 21, 1874.—*F*.

God bless you, my niece. I love you for your mother's sake, as well as your own. We see the dispensation of a wise providence, as everything is better suited here this morning than could have been otherwise. I accepted the privilege of having our friend to write what I might say, as having a copy to read is of more value than any verbal communication. My soul thrills this morning with emotion too deep for words. I was brought here by immutable laws as old as the mighty hills which surround this city, yet *they* are unrecognized by man, save to a limited extent. I say the immutable privilege of speaking to you, not from the grave, although one has said that if man came from the grave, he could not convince the children of men, nor the rich man's brothers. Are there not many rich men now, and a Lazarus at their doors praying for the crumbs which fall from their tables? Taking away the figurative meaning, I would say bread is not the only staff of life, of which man desires the crumbs, but a knowledge of our birthright, our inheritance from God; that man speaks, although he be dead.

Yes! physically dead to the mortal conditions

which surround him, but alive to all those noble sentiments which inspire him with love for his kind. For a moment I feel translated above and beyond the narrow limits of earth, taking in the mighty universe of our Father, which existed before the present period.

I feel as when a child on my mother's knee with my father's love. Afterward I advanced to the pride of my manhood, and now recall the home of my parents, brothers and sisters, who were under their immediate care, love and protection, with the deepest and fondest affection. At that time my parents were absorbed in the welfare of their children. The kindness, patient care and anxiety of those parents, has kindled in our hearts the most tender affection, which has burned brighter every step we have taken in life. After I left home I was constantly looking back there at those loving faces, and although their brows were wrinkled, yet how gentle, young and sweet did those eyes always beam on me. To-day, although passed from earth, I still enjoy the privilege of visiting them, and have come back, with my aged father by my side, to pay a last tribute of respect to my only earthly parent.

I would give her hope and courage when she passes from the visible to the invisible, from the transitory scenes of life, to those as real or even more so. We are not separated by the same finite condition here, but we are like the sunlight, mingling in one continual harmony. To each one I would speak separately.

To L——, whose young sweet face looked upon me with such devotion whenever I visited home, but now she is a wife and mother. Oh, may her life be

hopeful and happy, and may she be able to lay aside the cares of life and gird herself with the armor of hope, which will sustain her in every trial of life. Yes my dear sweet sister M——, may you too feel encouraged by all the evidences of our return, and of the visitations of spirit to mortals. May it be a continual light to your innermost soul, dispelling all gloom from your path. May each brother go forward in this great and noble privilege. May you all search for these hidden mysteries, hidden because ignorant of its principles. Seek until you find that which alone can satisfy the hungry soul. May the young children from the parent stem, who are still treading the shores of time, be filled with hope and buoyancy. May they too give response to the intelligence around them and to every noble impulse of life. May they feel with the poet of old, "Tis not all of life to live and not all of death to die!"

As the light of my sweet mother dims to earth, may every child who follows her have hope and consolation as she passes through the portals which conveys her untrammelled to a higher, freer and nobler existence. May they feel it is no chamber of death there, and no corpse for them to mourn over. May they be happy, rejoicing that the frail barque of life is rent asunder, and the freed spirit has taken its flight to the bright realities of that home, to which all are pilgrims tending from earth. When we have consummated life upon earth, when we have discharged all its conditions and duties, we should feel glad when the important moment comes, and the spirit takes its exit.

No fears, no doubts should then cast a black

cloud over our spiritual eye, nor should we have regrets that in the buoyancy of youth we left our work undone. We should not then desire that co-partnership to exist any longer.

“Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord,” was not more true of the people of Judea than of this nation. Many bright opportunities to do good shall be offered to you; may not one of them escape you, and may you live up to the highest impulses of duty. May you be free from the prejudices and pride which poisons the hearts of so many of this generation. May you rise above all those conditions that so often seem barriers to the noblest impulses of your soul, and may you leave them behind you as the bright sunshine of to-day has left in the past the murky clouds of yesterday.

May the high and noble principles within you extend to those around you, and hold them subservient. May each day of your life bring some token of the sweet association of those who have left earth.

We are still united to those on earth, and also interested in your spiritual welfare and happiness.

May that firm and honest father of yours have every privilege granted to him to enjoy hope in its fullest extent. May he cultivate it to the highest point possible to man. May his associations teach him the affinity of spirit and mortal, and may he feel an assimilation of the light of those who so often hover around him. May he realize the unspoken words of kindness from their lips, and amidst whatever winds of adversity that blow, may he know that his own soul will be a sure success in the higher realms of man.

This thought will sustain him through the darkest trials of life.

The intelligence of man can never be lost nor impaired. These moments of my spirit-life will go with me into the future, giving happiness.

Know then that we are not deprived of the associations and pleasures of earth, although the body has passed away. Kiss the children for me. May love still dwell in their hearts.

Death *severs* no tie of affection, nor does it remove any responsibility from man, and how glad I am to say *nor any privilege of doing good*. This to my mother, sisters and brothers, and all who may be interested in me. Your faithful and devoted son and brother * *. Let us rise above the tangible to-day, and as the sunbeams touch our earth, so let this light touch our affections, and kindle them for good all of our future life.

Standing upon the verge, and looking back upon the earth, it seems submerged by bigotry and superstition, until civilization is almost ready to beswept beneath its murky waters. One said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;" so I came not to-day for any selfish motive. I am but fulfilling the divine law, that we can and do hold tangible communion with those in the flesh, and to demonstrate it to a certainty. Madam, you must not be too selfish.

May you all feel a portion of this love which I gave to my sisters, that time can not diminish. As I see them struggling in misfortune, I find they are equal to it, and accept the privilege to battle with life. Until man learns to use all of the elements around him, he

can not conquer all the obstacles to his career. Did he not control fire, but build it in the middle of the room, it might burn down his house. So with water, and so with electricity. Did he not understand the proper quantity of medicine to give, he might poison.

We must control these elements, and not feel we are their slaves.

We must not be a vagabond when we have truths so grand. Yes! wealth should sink into insignificance when compared to them.

Look at the miser counting his gold, and yet he feels almost ready to die from poverty.

A mind so contracted can not have an idea above the heavy metal, and he will sink below the sea of his groveling appetite. Man can not live without warm clothing and plain diet. May enough to replenish man always be furnished by the earth with the return of Spring and Summer, after the Winter has gone. Man should have more expanded ideas than houses, land and raiment. He should not allow his morbid appetite for hoarding wealth to dwarf the sensibilities of his soul. God created all things for man's good.

In the first chapter of the orthodox Bible, we learn that man was placed in the garden of Eden with fruits for food. He did not build a church, and appoint priests to minister therein, nor build an altar for man to sacrifice the best of his flock thereon. Let us feel that we are in the garden of Eden, with the tree of knowledge and wisdom for us to partake of, and be wise.

Let us rise above selfishness which impoverishes so many, as avarice does the miser, when he gloats over

his gold. Let us beware of the subtile influence of selfishness. 'Tis like the serpent coiling in the tree of the garden, and instilling into man mercenary motives to garner the fruits and seeds to buy wealth and grandeur. Let us be free and independent, and partake of the tree of knowledge and love.

BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

APRIL 25, 1874.—H. C.

Yes, the sun shines as bright as ere the cloud o'er-spread the sky. We heard the wind as it sobbed and sighed among the trees. Shadows, dark shadows too, obscured our path, yet we lingered, slowly to catch one ray from his hidden beams.

Yes, slowly and sadly we wend our way. How sad! yet I hear sweet birds singing, and know there is a dear bower near. I smell the fresh perfume as it is wafted from a garden near. I know it can not be always dark. I know the clouds can not always hover so near. Yes! shadows across my path are flung, yet I hear the rippling of the water, and see dimly the outlines of that shore which I soon shall reach. Yes, I already hear the boat as it touches the shore. By the twinkling stars which break through the gloom I see the form of one as he approaches.

Yes, their light dispels the dark clouds that around me were thrown. I see him more distinctly now, 't is a loved one I long ago have known. 'T is a bright face I have seen before, for it smiles on me, and says, sister, come with me, and I will row thee safely to the other shore, where long I have waited and watched for thy coming, that I might bear thee to my spirit

home. Beautiful shore is this, with sands so white, and flowers all bright.

Oh, hear the sweet music, as from a loved one's hand who would welcome thee. Yes, welcome thee, for I have felt sad and lonely since I parted from thee, and my dear friends on the other shore. So close were we that I heard thy sweet voice as it sounded soft and low in the still chamber of death. All, all is peace. Oh, sweet sisters, peace to thy troubled heart, for thine own dear one from thee shall never depart. This was impromptu.

It might have been better had I more time. I came here to say a few words to you, and met your friend here, who was so anxious for her family all to know she was not dead. Wish I was equal to some great poet, as then I would send a piece of poetry to you for yourself. It seems to me that you live on the confines of two existences, life and death, you discourse with the invisible and to the visible. One should be happy, endowed with such divine privileges. All those great minds who have trod the experience of two existencies, are giving you hints of nature, of the condition of the inner man, as well as the external man. Your friend wanted me to give the poetry to her husband, but he could not appreciate it like the family. We told her we would assist her to write to him. She was a great favorite with her grandmother, who came in the boat with her brother-in-law. You gave her great comfort, she had full confidence in you. She had a dread of death. This is the reason why I spoke of clouds over her pathway, and said all seemed so gloomy. It was so hard for her to go away, and leave her husband and child, and family,

and she was always miserable whenever she thought of it. Her sister came to meet her, and kissed her, and played for her when they got home. 'T is a nice sweet home, with everything to enjoy. The only sorrow she now has is that they are sad at home. She wants them to feel as if she had not gone away, but was still up stairs as in earth's life.

RIGHT HAND OF GOD.

APRIL 25, 1874.—S.

My son, I could not stay away any longer. I had no desire but to help this frail creature, and thought it best to let her speak first, so gave her the preference. (Her communication is omitted.)

You see she is another victim of the church, bent under the weight of superstition. It clouds the intellect, and dulls the spirit until it can not realize its own condition, unless assisted from the spirit world. This class of people are all the time coming across, and every time I see one, I gather new strength and resolution to try and pave a better way for poor mortals to travel.

Yes, a broader and better way to throw in more light to mark the road. It is very essential we should do this. There is a great responsibility resting on the men of the nineteenth century, that is those who are all the time striving to mislead and enthrall humanity in regard to the future. If a man does not positively know a scientific problem, he should not assert anything in regard to it as certain and true. We know it is difficult for man to fathom the future, and, therefore, he should be circumspect, and mark well his way, noticing carefully the premises laid down on all metaphysical questions. They demand the utmost care, and should not be treated lightly.

It is an easy matter for a man to rant and promulgate a dogma, but to prove it beyond contradiction is the important point. Every man should have this in view when he sets out to instruct his fellow man in regard to the future.

I could give the ministers of this age some very good advice in regard to this matter, and also teach them how to live. They should leave out, and not dictate to others what they themselves do not understand. Let man have every benefit he can while he lives. If preachers can not instruct man in knowledge and truth which will benefit him, they had better leave out of the question the unexplored future. Let them admit the fact, and say they know nothing about that.

Let them not say the Apostles and Prophets knew all about the future, and that God instructed them from his own mouth. Let them not say Almighty God was partial to that particular age two thousand years ago. That he then ate and drank with man, showed himself to him, walked with him; that he wrought innumerable miracles of all descriptions, and then "ascended into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God."

Now that is the point I intend discussing. You need no special reference, for you can find this in the New Testament, from Matthew to Revelations. It is filled with miraculous accounts of the words and acts of Christ, as the church says, of the God, the very God. Many of these sayings I accept as truthful and highly beautiful, and while divines are speaking so eloquently in regard to those things, I wonder they do not make better deductions from them. I should think

they would draw from them broader lines of philanthropy, brotherly love, charity and the finer sensibilities of man, which should be cultivated by him. If Jesus Christ was the only begotten Son of God, it is time that man on earth should begin to know how he has been occupied for the last nineteen hundred years? We have an account only of his three years' ministry in the New Testament.

From that we learn that he was active, energetic, industrious, and of great usefulness and benefit to mankind at that time. I say it with the deepest reverence, he was a benefit to man at that time in its highest and deepest sense. The Apostles saw him ascend into heaven, and they conclude metaphysically that he sat down at the right hand of God. Now just before he arrived at his seat the Apostles lost sight of him, so it is merely a supposition that he is sitting there. Now we must suppose that he is engaged in something (admitting he does sit there according to the teachings of divines) and must have a purpose and aim in being there. The right hand has a signification, and we should try and apply it in our own mind. Now I will take him up where the divines leave him, and add another supposition. Remember, we have now left tangible things, and launched into metaphysics, for in this broad field alone can we find an answer to the question, what has Christ been doing all those nineteen hundred years, since he left his Apostles?

'Tis written that it was spoken by God of him, that "this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." According to that history, this child of the Nazarene met the full approbation of his divine Father. I refer to this, it being essential you should

know in what favor and relation he stood in regard to the great "I Am." Is it reasonable or natural then to suppose that this favored Son should sit with folded hands, looking upon the dark and bloody struggle of humanity, without making any effort to unvail himself and to assist man to a better knowledge of himself, and a more definite knowledge of his God? Does he sit *idly* waiting and perfectly contented to let man pursue those intricate paths of life unaided, and as it seems fit to himself, when he, while upon earth, by a simple word turned water into wine for man's refreshment? If a word was so potent in its effects on that occasion, as to change water into wine, ought he not now, when liberated from the body, (or translated as the orthodox say,) to have the same, or even much greater power to assist the human family in their manifold needs? Ought we not to expect him to do it after what he did for a few individuals at the wedding at Cana? Is he too deeply veiled, or so obscurely hidden, that even in metaphysics we have not a right to speculate in regard to his acts? As wine is an extract of that prolific fruit so highly prized, (and as Byron said the only thing which grows better by age,) why not take it as a symbol and put it to some good use? The Bible is full of those figures, and I feel that the spirit in man was stronger than the wine he drank, and gave him desires for something higher and better than his condition. As wine is stronger and better than water, so should man be better and stronger spiritually than physically. Taking Christ in his spiritual condition and in his relations to man, ought he not to-day, nineteen hundred years after his miraculous change,

to be able to transcend all those wonderful miracles, (if they were miracles,) done in the body, and to assist man *now* much more than he did then? Can he not now give to man wine, not an extract from the grape, but the wine of the spirit, which shall stimulate him to high, noble and holy actions? Tracing our way along the descent from the ancient city, we see the children of men along the line struggling for light, all alike, craving some special knowledge on this important subject.

It makes man glad and expands his nature in the direction of good, when he possesses the sunlight of refinement and hope. "Ever at the right hand of God." It is important that we should inquire what that means—the right hand of God. Man should beware and not localize an idea. When we localize God on a throne we make him finite, we strip him of omnipresence, omniscience and omnipotence. We then leave him like the idols of the east, stark, stiff and immovable, or like the gods of mythology. We should not think of the right hand of God as a place, but a principle of divine wisdom flowing constantly to man. God the father of the universe, Creator of all things, arbitrator of all natural laws, and when we take that figure metaphorically, we see its beautiful significance. We see his transcendent laws coming down through all time, ministering to man in every department of his nature, mentally, morally and physically a triune, as was Father, Son and Holy Ghost, before it was abused by man, and made personal. Man is a stranger when he isolates himself from the divine principle.

Then is he like the prodigal son, wandering off by

himself, seeking no intercourse with divinity, striving not for purity and philanthropy. When we dethrone this personal majesty, when we tear away the idea of locality, and when instead, we give to man one broad universal principle, we then have a unity of man in God, which no power of Church or State can separate. We need no dictum to say particular prayers to a divinity.

When we say a divinity, we then have a plurality, but when we say the divinity, we strike home to the divinity of God in man. *God is a living divinity in all things.*

CHRIST.

MAY 1, 1874.—S.

My son, I shall follow on after the last ideas I gave you about the Son of Man. Perhaps not to as great an extent as I intended, because of the condition of the medium. I will state why I chose this subject. It was from the fact of its having been the authority of the Christian Church for nineteen hundred years. Jesus of Nazareth has been held up to mankind as an example and being to worship. Admitting him to have the power and authority of God over man, is mankind to be redeemed from eternal death through his immaculate conception? Has any bishop or minister explained or given any satisfactory definition to civilized man what eternal death is? If there could be such a thing as eternal death, I should say annihilation, as they seem to me synonymous terms. It was certainly a very great mistake in God when he first made man, or else God was not omniscient and omnipotent. If he had been, he could not have made man for eternal life, and then by some mistake, or by some superior power to his own, or by some principle which man has brought in that he should be absolutely destroyed. I say absolutely, because we have first a description of the creation, the crowning act of which was man, and then centuries afterward that same man

needs a mediator. No where in the record are we told of the necessity for a mediator during the four thousand years preceding the coming of Christ. But after that time had passed away it was then discovered that God was not all powerful to take care of his own children, or he could not have been under the necessity of a mediator. Did God discover nineteen hundred years ago that man had not come up to his full expectations of him, and that he was at that time under the necessity of employing a substitute which should directly or indirectly open a way for eternal life to man?

Does not all power come from the same source?

Does God give eternal life and then need a mediator to save man from eternal death? Here is a conflict, and I can not bring any philosophy to explain it. We learn that this mediator was but a short-lived man and served but a very few years in the ministry before he was crucified according to a death penalty then existing. An important point with Christians is the crucifixion and resurrection.

Light to the world is what we want. As we go back to Adam and come down through every nation which has existed since that time, we find that from the most barbarous to the most civilized, they are very much of the same nature. The same animal nature and physical conformation, of like passions and propensities, though some may be more advanced than others in intellect and the acquirements of knowledge, but all alike are fond of pomp, and show, and self-aggrandizement. If we start from the crucifixion, and come down, we see the same passions and propensities governing humanity as controlled them previous

to that time. We know that there are many along the march of time who were simple, honest Christians, who tried to tear away this passion for grandeur, and live more simple. It was not the crucifixion which illuminated man and made him honest, for we see honesty and integrity before that event, for there have been both good and bad men from Adam down to the present time. In history we read of good old men and the best of children, and learn of death as the natural sequence to animal life. From the crucifixion to this day, death has been a natural law, and that law was in harmony before that event as well as since.

All along the earliest march of man we see noble specimens of humanity as well as since; men who were self-sacrificing, honest philanthropists, whose numbers were few, while tyrants have been in the majority. Now the doctrine of the church is to take faith and live by it, instead of cultivating a principle of right. The corner-stone of the church is Jesus Christ, a plain, simple, unostentatious, philanthropic mechanic. His dress was of simple material, and modest form. His manners were unassuming, honest and quiet, and he was the embodiment of freedom. In that sense we should all be free from that arbitrary opinion, which governs, controls and influences the masses of mankind and womankind to-day. Christ would partake with fishermen, and at that time they were considered an inferior class of beings.

A man who could associate with vagrant fishermen, must have cared very little for the opinion of the great, or for church opinion, which we take for granted they then had. They had rich and influential men, and also rabble, as we have them to-day. According

to the history, this man (and I say it with due regard for him, because I appreciate him more than the church now does) was not lowered by his associates, his mind could not be biased or debased by his associations. The church says, he died, after having lived the life of rectitude he taught. He lived a simple, honest life, according to the precept "do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

This is one of the noblest sentiments ever uttered by man, and much more noble when practiced. He said, "it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." Now, that text covers the whole ground, and directly condemns wealth. If he who is the corner-stone of the church condemns wealth, then it must be wrong to hoard up and be rich, and if that text be true, it entirely excludes rich men from heaven.

Ministers tell you it means a different thing. I take it for granted that it means a camel and the eye of a needle, and not a hole in the wall of the city. In those days they had needles of metal, with an oblong eye, with which the garments of the priests were embroidered, and they were kept in a sacred place, to fix those elegant robes. Wealth is not a curse. that is a sufficient amount to supply man's wants, and not become a superfluity. Christ must have felt that the world's goods, and a desire for gain narrowed and dwarfed the mind, and made it dictatorial and overbearing. He must have also felt that man could not be immensely rich without being dishonest in some way. From him, the corner-stone, has sprung up so many churches all over the world, and yet the members of that church are engaged every day in violating this essential element of

their own religion. None of them do to their brother man as they would be done by. Generally speaking, those who are very rich must have driven a good bargain to have gained such a superfluity above their brother man.

I will just allude to the rich man's punishment in such close proximity to heaven which is so often quoted from holy writ, and, I say it with all due deference to the historians, that I do not find it infallible. This is a strong point, and condemns the leading acts and features of the nineteenth century.

We see some of the followers of the Nazarene, who was crucified to save man from eternal death, always condemning the very thing in which their whole life is absorbed. I ask, is not this mockery, blasphemy? and are not the teachers deluded, and trying to delude the better class of minds? Those teachers and believers are daily violating the precepts of Christ about wealth, and are continually taking undue advantage of their brother man, to amass wealth, instead of doing as they would be done by. The Jews are not more prosperous in their usages and customs to accumulate riches, nor are they different from the Christians of to-day. We now have a remnant of the Jews who claim to have the same religion as the Prophets of old, and, I believe, there is nothing in their doctrine that positively forbids them from driving a strong bargain, but when Christians do that they violate the corner-stone of their faith. If God be infinite, was he under the necessity of bringing about a violation of his fixed and holy laws of birth to get a substitute sufficiently pure and immaculate to save the people of that day and generation?

Is this generation not in need of a substitute?

Be it said to man's shame, this child was born of woman, and not of man. She was not too pure to bring forth an immaculate child, and man had no part in his creation, yet man was to be a subject of the law promulgated by this "Prince of Peace." In the past few years much has been said and written about Civilization and Christianity. On the other hand we see wars and a constant strife at work all the time throughout the masses of mankind. What is this disturbing element?

It is said, Christ is at the right hand of God and he holds men in subjection if they have faith in him. Now we see there is as great a lack of compliance with his precepts, in those who believe in his atonement, as in those who do not. Could that law-giver, who was so exemplary in life, sit quietly now and not interfere? Could he say "you have Moses and the Prophets, and if ye believe not them, ye would not, if one arose from the dead," as the angel Gabriel said when he spoke to the rich man in torment? We would ask the church, have you fully repented? Do the the Christians of the nineteenth century live in obedience to the divine law promulgated by Jesus of Nazareth?

Have they beaten their swords into plowshares, and with them gone forth to till the earth, and be content in earth's life in its simplest and purest aspect? Are their lives shorn of external appearances of grandeur, and therefore of sin? Were Christ to come down to-day and enter their temples dedicated to him, he might well rebuke them as he did once before on entering a temple, and call them all a generation of

vipers. The viper principle then was not destroyed by the immaculate birth.

Man has not yet ceased to shed the blood of his brother man, although he has had implicit faith in the bread and wine of which he has partaken.

The wind may hiss and blow, and destroy trees and houses in its path, so with slander, it goes forth and destroys the reputation of those whom it assails. With lumber and a few workmen the house can soon be rebuilt, but a reputation scarred and blackened by the poisonous tongue of slander, can not be so easily restored. If all the crimes which have cursed the earth for nineteen hundred years still go forth in the same wild revel throughout the world, what is the potency and where is the benefit of the atonement? Church members and Christian society have either failed in their duty, or God himself failed in the atonement he offered to redeem man. Man has either failed to apply the remedy to arrest crime, or else the remedy itself was insufficient. So any man of common sense must see there was a lack of the one or the other. Those called bishops, priests and divines, watching over different flocks, either willfully, or through mistake, violate the ordinances of the church quite often. Look at them as they ascend to the pulpit on Sunday morning, elegantly attired, to preach to a fashionable congregation, at a large salary. Jesus said to his disciples, take neither scrip nor a second coat—oh, what a rebuke to these fashionable divines.

Do they understand the wants, or are they competent from their standpoint of grandeur, to reach down their hand to the fishermen and rabble and raise them to a

higher hope of God, and a yet higher hope of humanity, than what they already possess?

Are these divines themselves immaculate? Do they scorn to do a mean act, or say an unkind word about their fellow man? As I look back into the past, I see where a poor Virgin, after washing her master's feet, wiped them with the hair of her head. Pure humility! and what would the people of that age think of the present? Again, I ask, has the church improved the masses? Now religion either means something or nothing. If it has power to elevate man, it must raise him above cloth and gloves, it must see in man, woman and child, however clothed, a child of God. If churches are ever to benefit mankind, they must throw open the doors for all to come in and receive instruction, learn the truth, and how man should best live to obtain knowledge, and not to hear what men think about hell. Men of good intellect make good citizens. I do not mean a collegiate course, which is often like the dew upon the grass, so soon dried away by the sun. Let us tear away the stumbling block in the church, and let the people enjoy a pure religion. Let us lay aside the wine and bread, now used as a mockery, until man ceases to rob the poor of his bread and stay of life. It must be more substantial than that. Let us lay aside the wine taken in commemoration of the blood of Christ, until man no longer feels the desire to shed his brother's blood.

Until then, only can Christianity and the fellowship of the church do any good. In the present condition of mankind we need a living, acting principle of right, and not a mouldy corner-stone.

It seems as if Christ had ascended so high, that

humanity can not even get a glimpse of him. Is his heaven too far away that he can not sympathize with the outcast, nor enjoy the luxury of the rich? Divines now separate themselves from the people. They clothe themselves in purple and then seclude themselves from the masses who are standing and awaiting entrance to their presence. Man now wants something more tangible and substantial than what the dead past reveals to him. They have wandered out of the beaten paths of the early-day saints of Jerusalem. At that era they had walled cities, with towers and watchmen in them ready to guard them from enemies. The Bible and profane history records walled cities. Man's development of intellect and refinement goes hand in hand with his religion.

What would be said of this city to-day if enclosed by high walls and battlements to keep out strangers?

In early times when the forests around were filled with the wild man, it might have been appropriate, but not so now. We now see the world covered with cities inhabited by people who have outgrown walled cities. The wild man has been driven far away, and man feels secure in traveling throughout this broad country. Man no longer feels the necessity of a State religion, and government has thrown off church rule. Mankind has gradually ascended in the scale of manhood. Time has rolled on, and humanity has passed through many tumults and discords before it arrived at its present state of civilization. Looking at that grand old city and its ruins, with its history of important events, and the influence its people have had upon mankind from that time to the present,

we will pause and ask, has that influence been for good or evil? If I say for good, then I am asked to look around and see guns, swords, cannon and armies; to look at the ships of war sailing so majestically over the ocean, and watching, not for the devil, but for brother man, to destroy him, because he was born of another nation. If I say for evil, then am I told how we have grown out of walled cities, have learned so many appliances of steam and electricity, which benefit man. Therefore I will compromise between good and evil, and say man is not all good, nor all evil. Though Christ had never been born, America to-day would have been without walled cities. We should also have had crimes of the blackest dyes.

Society has always had its needs, and I wish to tell you a few of them. Let me illustrate :

If a patient, with some chronic disease, goes to a physician in whom he has full faith in his ability to cure him, gets from him a remedy, then puts it aside and does not use it, his faith alone can not cure him. So we see a great many who have full faith in the Christian religion, but they never practice any of its precepts, so their faith does not benefit them. Man must carry out his faith in his practice, or his faith is dead, and it will never benefit him physically, mentally, nor morally.

MEDIATOR.

MAY 15, 1874.—S.

My son, we will commence where we left off in regard to the Mediator, the divine administrator of man, and inquire what benefit the world is to receive from this Mediator. In order for man to move forward, he must have some idea of the road he expects to travel, but especially so, if that road be intricate and winding, then he must have something to guide him. On this planet, if the night is dark and uncertain, man wants something to direct him. The whole human family are traveling a journey, which none of them have ever been before, so they grow more anxious and more inquisitive in regard to their success or failure in finishing that journey. It has often been said, that "man born of woman is of but few days and full of trouble." He who wrote that passage was sincere, and it tells in mournful tones that he must have seen that all born of woman was compelled to go through the process of death. We have in the record a history of only two, Enoch and Moses, who did not pass through the process of death. Now Moses did not leave a single witness to prove he too did not pass through this process, for he went on a journey and never returned. There was no eye witness to tell what did become of him. We have only to read carefully and unbiased the history

of those who sojourned with him, to learn that such a smitten people are not to be relied upon. Moses controlled that people, and yet they had no more confidence in him individually than in any other man. He controlled them by his superior wisdom, his great knowledge of human nature, and by his great will-power. I say then, we have no testimony from any writer, nor has it been proven as true, that he did not go through the same process of death. With all his enemies around him, how easy it would have been for one of them to have slayed him, and then concealed his body. The testimony about Enoch is that he ascended in a flaming chariot upward toward the clouds. Now, the idea we gain from this is vague and indefinite.

It was not proven by witnesses as in court, nor did all the parties present give their evidence.

Now, all the testimony we have that these two persons did not go through the process of death, would not be taken as true to-day in any court of this or any other civilized nation. This teaches us that death is a natural law, and as universal in its results as the law of birth.

Change is the eternal law of all things. There is nothing, therefore, unusual in the crucifixion and death of Christ. He obeyed the same physical laws as the two criminals beside him, for they all three had no other mode of exit. The Apostle declared that flesh and blood could not enter the kingdom of heaven. This shows us that he realized the laws of death as the laws of divinity, essential to the physical form, and that he had no idea of taking his physical body to heaven with him.

Never did Christ make a remark that implies he

thought the physical man was essential to the spirit world. He says, "I and my Father are one," showing that he recognized the divinity within himself, the realization of which elevated him above his physical form. By this recognition we can explain how he said a fish would be caught to pay taxes, and that too when not near to or within sight of the water. The divine light within him so illuminated his own vision, that he was capable of controlling the elements, not in a miraculous way, but by applying the proper elements contained in the atmosphere. He could see the minds of his disciples, and knew the motives which actuated them, as well as that of all men with whom he was associated. He was educated superior to the doctors of the Jewish synagogue, not by an earthly teacher, but by a spiritual one, and he made use of the knowledge thus gained for the benefit of his brother man. He applied his healing powers and recognized them as having been given to him by his Father, and he instructed his disciples to do likewise. 'T is written that he raised Lazarus from the dead, after he had lain there three days.

Without this being a literal fact, I will say, that the power he possessed was not miraculous, but a divine power, and that when man is not entirely dead he can be resuscitated. We will give him credit for doing everything recorded of him in the New Testament. Man could be quite as gifted to-day, as he was nineteen hundred years ago, as the same laws now exist and hold good in this city, and at the present time, as in Jerusalem at the time of Christ. If he could and did raise Lazarus, if he healed the sick, cured the lame, and caused the blind to see, they were

good noble acts, and should impress us all with a feeling that Christ was a noble specimen of humanity. He recognized himself as being the Son of God, and said he would ascend to his Father, and come again unto them. He said they could not go to him, but he could come to them. He declared to his disciples that he would come again, and before that generation should pass away. Now, he either did come again to them, or else he promised a falsehood. He could realize those wonderful and unseen elements which allay fever. He could take away the scum from the eye and revivify the optic nerve in man, so that he could see. He could touch the paralyzed hand, and man could then use it as before.

Reading about his noble deeds should make *us* better, and fill our minds with higher aims, and give us a loftier faith in man.

His followers saw him materially as he ascended. Poor finite man could not then comprehend any more than he wrote, and that was sincere, as it was written in truth. How many explorers have gone forth to discover new seas. From the time of his ascension, and from that standpoint we will follow this Son with whom it is said that God was well pleased, to his spiritual abiding place at the right hand of the Father, always doing as he once said, "the will of my Father in heaven."

What is that will? We must instruct man in regard to his sonship, and in his brotherhood to the human race. With what wonder did the world look after Sir John Franklin, when he set sail for the North around the world. So I will now set sail from the time Christ's apostles saw him ascend out of their

sight. Now in order to know the Son better, we must first know the Father. I shall not repeat the church catechism, nor try to define God, but launch out in the broad bosom of eternity, that immense sea which rolls before us all, and as we view all those mighty domains, we know they have an owner. If a man traveling in a strange country sees a log hut, he feels that man is near.

We see the mighty spheres rolling on in space, and on our planet see the seasons coming, each in their own appointed time. We see nature in all her glory constantly changing her face to man, from the hoary frost of Winter to the bright and smiling Spring, then to Summer and Autumn, with its seeds and fruits garnered for man's benefit and use. Then do we feel more than words can express of the grandeur and goodness of the owner and author of all things. Then do we know we are but poor creatures, even in the spirit world; too poor in our language or ideas to convey even to a limited extent all we feel, when we behold all those mighty works of his. We recognize this Being as the divine author of power, omniscient in all things, and however vast our experience and knowledge, we have to come back to our father's feet, and like little children, say "oh, Father, thy powers we can not comprehend, they are too grand and sublime for finite mortals to realize." So this child of Nazareth was the well beloved Son, who recognized the children of earth as his kindred, as well as his own high and holy privileges.

He recognized God when he stood beside the mercy seat, he felt his grandeur when he walked the streets where men gathered around him. He saw a power

outside of the cherubim which overshadowed all things, blending in the air, which man breathed, and saw that he had only to open his soul and receive that portion which is always ready for man. This same power ceased not, because he went away from Jerusalem, for another son was left to adapt that power for the benefit of mankind. As he received, so he benefitted man, and those same attributes exist to-day, unchanged as in the past. Had the church the same simple faith and unselfish love he had, they could now heal their paralyzed and cure their blind by the same divine law that he did. They could then realize the presence of that immaculate child to-day, living in perfect harmony with his Father. He has grown and overspread the earth, he is too great to be confined in Judea, he is at the right hand of eternal life. It overspreads this planet, and can no longer be measured by cubic feet, as the ark was of the ancient Jews. It is no longer kept between the cherubim, for the simple reason that man is not able to receive and appropriate his presence entirely to himself. From the inner sanctum it has spread, until it has covered the earth. The sun's first rays fall upon the lofty mountain's top, yet those rays do not thaw the ice there, but as the sun ascends, and his rays descend into the valleys and plains, he breaks up the frozen ice of winter by his balmy breath, and soon fertile fields are spread around. Those lofty hilltops are emblematical of the scientific men of this age, they are superior to the minds beneath them, but this spiritual truth, which has shone on their heads, has not descended into their hearts, but the masses have seized upon it, and its sweet breath is

making them fertile for good. If we go back to that old Jewish city, we learn that they saw this great light, for they erected temples and placed in them many holy vessels, to be used for different purposes by their holy men and prophets. That holy fire has ceased to burn at the altar of the Jewish church. The ark contained therein, and the table of Moses are as dead to day to the Jews, as Jesus is to the church. Neither Jew nor Christian receive now the light from the same divine source as their fathers did, *for they have cut off the stream, and locked up the source from which it came.*

This same spirit sun, or Son of light, exists not as a material substance, but as an active law, inherent in creation itself, self-sustaining, and not dependent upon any race of beings upon earth, and yet it is subservient to the highest interest of all those who appropriate it to themselves. This is the sun which laid the foundation-stone of Christianity, civilization, brotherly love and all the holiest impulses that can actuate one people toward another for good. St. John could find no other definition, and said, in the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God, and I know of no better language to convey that grand idea to mankind. I hope to find a better word before I am done with this subject, one which will bring the meaning nearer to man. Metaphysics is confounded in the minds of men by a superfluous number of words which surround it. I want to bring *that presence* to the whole human family of earth, so they can realize Christ as their brother, and that it is not essential they should eat him in bread, or drink him in wine, for they have in their

houses a living presence, striving to unlock the stony doors of their hearts, and melt their icy selfishness into genial spring. This presence is a substance as much as the aroma of flowers in the atmosphere, or the sweet tones of music which floats upon the zephyr.

This enthroned Son, this divine Son, with whom it was said God was well pleased, is ever at the right hand of this divine law, manifesting himself to every man whose eyes are spiritually opened, and can receive his assistance, and thus become developed into a broader and better specimen of humanity. Oh, may this same Son of Truth roll back the dark cloud which hangs between man and his divine destiny. Oh, let him see it in all its glory, as the Apostles saw Jesus as he ascended above the flesh and blood of earth.

I felt impressed to give you this lesson to-day. We have got to educate the people to spirituality of soul. We must take away the desire for grand sepulchers and elegant equipages at burials, and look after that which is more important, *the spirit of man born of the flesh*. Let us learn where and what it is. We will try to unfold man's condition as much as possible.

ADVICE TO MR. W.

MAY 15, 1874.—S.

May you be awakened to the many privileges around you, and may you be controlled by the internal existence, instead of the external. With such great powers as yours, it is a great loss to your family and to yourself, not to cultivate them to their utmost capacity. Let not winter freeze out the bright spring time of youth, nor frost destroy your usefulness, particularly as you are now on the verge of manhood. Let truth be your staff, and virtue your aim, and success will crown your efforts. There is no half-way place between the two extremes, you are either bound to the top of fame, or to its lowest depths. You are too susceptible of the surroundings to stop short of the point of success, or else sink to the lowest ebb of manhood. Then gird yourself for the battle, sir, and never look to the past, and that spirit of intelligence which has commended with, and guided your mother, will hold in trust the highest development of your manhood.

METAPHYSICS.

MAY 29, 1874.—S.

My son, I am glad to meet you. When we start in metaphysics, we are like a man exploring unknown seas, therefore we must feel our way along very carefully.

We feel that this ocean is boundless, but that somewhere in its mighty unfoldings, we shall be able to navigate it as successfully as it has been done by science in the past. We will leave the cross, the history and life of Christ behind us, that is his material life, and try to sail carefully along this unknown sea, which is constantly attracting the thoughts and spiritual desires of man. Man expects to change his material being at some time for some other condition, and so he is always desirous to gain some knowledge of the coast he is nearing, of the journey he is sure to take, of the place he is to inhabit, and of the best way he can reach it. He may call the end of his journey the throne of God, or man's abiding place after death, without giving it a locality, for in metaphysics we must lose sight of locality. We must carry with us our own individuality, and approach as near as possible the highest ideal, the highest conception man can possibly have of God and his Son.

God, that unfolding power which envelopes all creation of every form in the material and in the metaphysical, in the present and in the prospective, which field we will now try to portray to man, and give him evidence of its reality. The right hand of God was not understood as a localized place, in the highest sense of that word.

This universal unfolding of wisdom and power, enclosing all creation, could not have a localized place.

Man in his finite condition recognizes a king and his throne, and the place of honor at his right hand. At that time the king was the highest ideal that man had of power and honor, and so they tried to accommodate the idea to the future, and it was the best comparison they could make. The king high upon his throne issues the edicts of his will to his second in power, who is to hand it down and carry into effect any law which he may proclaim. In earth's language man has a localized throne as the abode of a king, and the place at his right hand is the highest place beneath him, so this simile was used as the highest known, of God on his throne, and Christ at his right hand. The throne of God is the high, the omniscient, the omnipresent of all creative power, which goes out through all nature, from the grandest planet that rolls in space, to the tiniest plant that grows by the roadside. That is the throne of God, and it is inaccessible to man. His throne is as much in a falling drop of water as in the wave of the ocean.

Human nature can unfold in some measure the distance of the stars, and calculate their magnitude, and in some degree reckon their movements.

Such knowledge is approaching the right hand of God, as Christ approached it by developing in man a higher and nobler impulse, than an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. He rose above the physical condition of man, and in order to teach them that he lived after death, was obliged to enter metaphysics. His sayings did not prove it, he only gave his word for it. I want to ask, what he has been doing these nineteen hundred years? He advanced so rapidly in his thirty years of pilgrimage as to be above the church and dogmas of his day, and I might also add, above the common citizen. He was then ascending to the very wisdom which brings us all out of darkness, ignorance and superstition, into that plain where the sunlight of truth sheds its beams in the hearts of all the people. He conceived higher laws to govern man, more lenient laws, and instructed man in a more elevated form of religious services. He taught him to lay aside the liberal shedding of the blood of the bullock and the first of the flock, and to accept instead a simple supper of bread and wine, which was called the Lord's Supper. In our day and generation, we can not comprehend nor appreciate the wonderful stride from the gathering of a multitude, slaying their oxen and rams, and with their many burnt offerings, to such simple forms as he established. At that time the priests were living in luxury, supported by the church in magnificent style from the tithes of the poor. We can not see the difference of to-day, nor can we realize the condition of man at that period, although but two thousand years since, which is but a short period, comparatively speaking. According to their custom they came from all parts of the country to offer their sacri-

fices, and partake of the refuse meat, as the priests always received the best portions.

Now, from this practice we see them turn at once to bread and wine, that is all who did not believe that God could be worshipped by blood, or that it was essential to the purity of the mind.

That was a custom of the church, and they held humanity to that condition as long as it was possible. Man was not benefitted by this sacrifice of blood, either as a citizen or a Christian, and we behold a reformer coming forward, whose very simplicity of manner, figuratively speaking, rent in twain the veil of the temple. Christ showed to them how barbarous were those practices, and proclaimed to them a more simple religion, viz., that of doing unto others as they would be done by.

He felt that it was still essential for man to have form, to aid and assist him in his worship.

He could not transfer man from the Jewish faith, with its blood and sacrifices, without substituting something instead, and so he substituted water.

He did not think water was essential to the salvation of the race, but substituted it because he had to lay aside the blood. How beautiful this idea. It came to him spiritually, and he offered it to man in place of slaying so many animals. Earthly man must have something to sustain him, and he used the sprinkling of blood to appease his God. The sprinkling of water was emblematical of the overshadowing and refreshing influence the world was to receive spiritually, and which is to direct man to a higher and nobler unfolding. As water cleanses the body from filth, so this spiritual influence, although it doth

fall drop by drop, will refresh and revivify man's nobler nature. It will stimulate the higher impulses of his soul, increase his love for his brother man, give him charity for his failings, and a ready hand to help him in every need and distress. Those emblems have had their day. Man no longer accepts them in their true sense, he has lost sight of their true significance, and accepts their form as a mere command.

He has lost sight of the spirit, and lives by what they call faith, that God gave this injunction to man.

Now, as we ascend the scale of manhood, we feel the Son of God near us. We then feel the benign influence of love and mercy near to and all around us.

'T is true, that those who have the most faith in this spirit of love, receive the most benefits from those divine laws which ministered to Christ, and also minister to us to-day. As we ascend spiritually and physically nearer to the throne of God, we come nearer to his Son, whose genial rays are constantly reflected in the minds of earth, developing them for the benefit of the whole race. Those elevating minds are breathing a multitude of inventions to sustain man's physical nature, directing him to higher forms of government, and to more extensive charity and brotherly love. This is the same spirit which rested upon the child of Nazareth, and developed a true Son of God, and divested him of flesh and blood when he ascended, as said by his Apostles, to the right hand of God. He is yet busy with that reformation which he began—because progression in man is the immutable law of God. Death is another immutable law, which is stamped upon all humanity, and accepted by them because they can not change it. By it God speaks to us in this

day and generation, as he spoke to Christ in his day. That same spirit of love is inseparable from God. It is the offspring of the Father of wisdom; it is the divine outflow and omnipresence. This spirit of love is seated at the right hand of God, as we might speak figuratively of that Son in his spiritual nature, as he left all that was earthly of himself in the hills of Judea where he was buried. We now claim kinship to that pure spirit who walked the hills of Judea, and who could see something nobler in man, and something better for him than that grand temple, built and filled with so many holy vessels by one of the greatest of kings. It was as grand a truth as ever was spoken, that he came not to kill, but to make alive.

He did not condemn man, born as he was in that condition, but being a child of God he had a right to ascend. Man no longer needs swaddling clothes when he has grown old, and must we in this generation wear the swaddling clothes put upon Christians in their infancy when they first came out of the Jewish church? If we do we live in blind submission to priests, instead of seeking more light, and cultivating the higher and nobler impulses of the soul. Let us feel to-day we are all children of God, journeying upon the same highway of life, and let us seek all those means which will most benefit the largest class of humanity. Not by paying tithes to the church, not by worshipping in grand temples, with velvet pews and curtained sanctuary, seeking a selfish heaven.

We are all ascending, and soon will be above the bright cloud which overhangs our life, not to a localized throne, but to that unfolding, and still unfolding future of God in man. Let us not stop short of those

great precepts given to us long ago, but take them as an example and privilege offered to us all. Let us not bind ourselves to the past, but live in the present, discharging our duties faithfully to-day, and let us be equally industrious to discharge them to-morrow. There is no stand-still, no stopping place; we must go forward, although we die. One writer who could have no higher idea of life, said, "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die." Yes, to this physical life, but not to its every responsibility, and not to our own individuality.

When we come into this metaphysical world, we bring our responsibilities with us, and in my next I hope to show, as far as I can, what they are.

The right hand of God is the evolvment of law, and it was evolved by Christ in developing man into a higher humanity.

DEATH.

JULY 24, 1874.—G.

The tidal truth of spirit-wave rolls on. Fear not that others shall hear, for no word will be uttered from these portals by any one around us which shall make you quail from earth's gaze to listen at. True, liberty of thought and ideas are crushed, and clouds of dark surroundings are gathered over the human mind.

I have come to sing a pæan of liberty, liberty to humanity, not of a dogma, and not to the enthrallment or slavery of one single human being. Yes, liberty! progressive in its broadest sense. Mankind must not be wedded to a single opinion or faith. The march of humanity is onward and upward to higher and nobler unfoldings of good, which are continually surrounding them. The corner-stone of modern Spiritualism was laid a quarter of a century ago, and yet it is in its infancy. We see it cropping out among the scientific men of our own country, and a few of them are embracing it, and striving to develop it. 'T is a knowledge which will take away the sting of death, and the gloom of the grave. It will resurrect humanity from the dead carnal past. Oh, how many are yet dragged at the car-wheels of the past, instead of look-

ing up to something higher and better. Have they received enough wisdom to satiate their thirst for more? Does man still ask with prayerful heart what are his wants to be in the future, why was he born, and why does he die? It is not any particular dogma which interests us, or that should interest any man in this nineteenth century. How many with sad hearts have heard the toll of the funeral bell, and how many have heard the fervent prayers of the widow and orphan, asking for aid and comfort in their bereavement, when grieving for the loved and lost one? Why is this? Should not every human being ask why man mourns over a divine law, ordained for the benefit of all mankind? Why grieve for death? and why do our tears fall when we stand where our loved ones are laid? Is Hope gone? Is it because we know not where they are gone, and what they are now? We know that prophets and seers in all ages have tried to console man, and reconcile him to this divine law governing him. Then why is man so prone to rebel against that which is right and proper? Death is as legitimate as birth. Then why do we mourn at death? Because the carnal mind has been warped and dwarfed by priests, and because man knows not what comes after death ensues. We see you are in earnest in this good work, and although a stranger, we have come to enlighten and instruct you. We have come to give you hope and a knowledge of this invisible birth, and to all those seekers after that which will give them the greatest benefit. I have chosen Death as my theme, because man mourns so much over the body, and looks to God, hoping he will do something different for him, and for his special welfare. Man should

look at this law, and accept it as being a divine law, and then bring himself up to the standard of it, which he can do if he lives faithful to this law.

Mankind are seeking the true laws which govern life and health. Those laws are in harmony with nature, and we live longer and better when we follow them, than when we go contrary to them by pandering to vitiated tastes and appetites. In passing through what is called death to life, how grand the change, even if we are weak and feeble.

To those who have been saying many prayers to propitiate the anger of their God, the light penetrates the clouds by which they have been surrounded, and gives them hope. Oh, what a sad thought! Religion has been sent forth as commerce; priests have bartered to man his highest hope of salvation, and promised him escape from hell. This has dwarfed man, demoralized him, and filled our prisons with unhappy inmates, instead of elevating man and giving him hope.

Why do the so-called Christians, although so corrupt and hypocritical, fear to come in contact with the worldly-minded? Have they no confidence in the strength of their religion to conduct them aright through any evil? No, they have not, their religion is frail, 't is like the morning glory that creeps up the side of the husbandman's cottage, but who fears the god of day, and closes up as soon as his early rays appear, so does their religion fear the sunlight of truth, and it closes up and vanishes before it.

Why does man invent telescopes and microscopes, if with his unaided eye he can see everything?

Why does he erect observatories that he may view the light of other spheres, observe their course and

learn their motion? When man does this, he then sees how this planet loses itself among the mighty unfoldings of the universe. Yet amidst all this array of worlds, one wise man has said, "not one sparrow was lost, and not a hair of man's head but what was numbered." This wise man philosophized upon God's creation, and tried to develop man into something better than he found him, and taught him to lay aside the slaughter of so many animals, and to accept a religion which would bring him nearer to his God.

He did not have demons engraved upon the pillars of a temple to arouse man's fear. No! he taught him love and hope. On this tiny earth we hear the stream as it rolls along its pebbly bed, and yet we can not tell what power sent it forward on its course. We see the beautiful green leaves as they fan to and fro, yet we can not measure the force which sent them forth.

In all these things of earth, we can realize only in part that it is all God's work, without comprehending the immense and varied properties applied. As finite beings, we should seek to live as near the truth as possible. Not a single human being can pass from earth to our spirit home without death.

There are many who pass through this great change, without feeling it, and yet the physical body seems to writhe with pain. Why should man mourn because he has to leave his physical body? Why can he not realize that the spirit comes back after this beautiful change? Could his eyes be opened to see this change, it would smother every doubt, and dispel every fear that death transported him far away

from this earth. Scientific men with all their knowledge and inventions, have not been able with any of them to penetrate this system or sphere, peopled by those who once lived as you now live.

Then why do they deny to them a legitimate existence here? Why do they refuse the evidence of those who once lived, but are now in their home here in heaven? 'Tis true their form is so etherealized that man can not see it. 'Tis like the gentle evening zephyr which fans thy cheek.

This change is superior to man's wisdom. The chemist can tell you all the constituents of man, and yet when he has gathered all of those elements together, it is impossible for him to construct a man out of them. This teaches you that man in his most enlightened condition, by no means nor process can discover the spirit which lives in man. He can make a telescope and trace the comets in their course, he can calculate the distance of the planets and describe their **unvarying** course, yet he can not make any instrument by which he can penetrate the spirit sphere. *This is the only mode and process of communication.* As diamond cuts diamond, and steel cuts steel, so shall spirit discern spirit when disenthralled from the body. Man will become better when he ceases to dwarf his spiritual nature, when he throws off the dictum of darkness which now controls him, and he *exercises* his faculties of reason given to him by his God.

Then, my friends, march boldly on, and let eternal progress be engraved upon your banner. Why came these spirits here? because it is their legitimate home, the birthright God gave to them, and all the laws

made by man and threats uttered by priests can not keep them away. Light is breaking the shackles which bind mankind to earth, and it is gaining a victory over superstition. Man no longer bows to an angry God, or needs a mediator to propitiate him.

RIGHT AND CUSTOM.

JULY 26, 1874.—S.

My son, I am truly glad to see you. It seems that the whirlwind and passions of men destroy our social intercourse, but the world still progresses and man continues to seek for higher thought, a purer science and a more liberal religion. Common minds will pander for awhile to the teachings of the past, but truth, like a two edged sword, will sever the Gordian knot which binds humanity to church and creed. Oh, how much humanity feels oppressed to-day, with its frightful responsibilities, which seem too great for the present generation to manage with anything like success. Taking a bird's-eye view of your State and municipal affairs, my sympathies are aroused, and I feel the necessity for a great reformation in our political affairs. Our country is filled with a people as intellectual as those of any country, they have as great commercial facilities, as fine soil and as delightful climate as can be found. Then why should they be embarrassed with debt, harassed with so many petty questions regarding the prosperity of so many different States? We see an executive ready to call out the army with bayonet to force and compel the people, who claim freedom, to submit to the indignity a few politicians may wish to inflict.

I allude to this fact, to show the misfortune of men misunderstanding any truth.

A selfish dogma, like a clique, can lead the whole human family to misery, wars, mobs and bankruptcy. Oh, what a miserable condition is that, with all of the boasts of the nineteenth century. I can recall the time when missionaries were sent out to convert the heathen nations to Christianity. From them the truth comes back to our own country, now more heathenish than any of them. Our people are ready to-day to smother out the liberal education of the masses, by calling up a question which is not at issue. I allude to the civil rights bill, and feel that I ought to say a few words regarding it.

Every man should learn to discriminate right from wrong. I say learn, for I find that a majority of mankind lose sight of real right and follow custom instead. The only excuse they give, is that it is customary. Man must learn that what is customary is not always right.

But when we seek the opposite side, we must not let our sympathy take us too far over. Right here, between the white man and the black man I want to draw a distinct line. I do not want to have one kind of freedom for the white and another for the black. Any man can buy land and put it to any use he sees proper, and should have the same right to establish free-schools. The tax raised to school white children should be distinct from that raised for the colored. The colored man now has the right to buy land, build houses and dispose of them as he pleases. He carries on trade and traffic, or follows any pursuit he pleases, and the school-fund should be so divided

that he will receive his pro rata. This would be legitimate and there would be no necessity then for mixing the two races in the same school. They are two distinct races in color, habits and nature, as are the two nations from which they sprung.

They show distinctly in every thing how inferior the black man is to the white. The colored man can now keep a hotel in any city; he can build churches, keep a carriage and have a private school. The races should not be mixed. A question looking to such an end should never be agitated, for it is neither wisdom nor good policy. The colored man can never ascend in point of intellect to the white man, nor can the race ever equal the white race. No man should deplore it, because a negro is a negro any more than he should that a pine is not an oak, or that a leaf is not a flower. Each has its legitimate place in God's creation. The wisest and best laws should be made to govern both races. There should be distinct laws of associations, and only in the main should they be the same. Sooner than men now think there will be a separation of these two races, for they can never occupy the same position in society, or hold the same place of trust and office the white man does now. Legitimately speaking, this is a white man's government and white man's country, and he will never submit to equality with the black.

The agitation of any question that tends in that direction, will be detrimental to the welfare of this nation, and will lead to fearful results.

If this government will pursue the course of harmony for a few years, until we can get humane men of wisdom, and broad comprehension to control this government, we may then hope for peace. They may be

able to work out some division of territory to make a home for the colored man, where he can have free churches, free schools, and be as free as the people of France and Germany. Instead of our politicians now seeking for harmony, they are trying to spring the question of civil rights and general associations.

This will bring bloodshed, and involve us in another war, before the effects of the last one has passed away, which would be unwise and sinful.

MARRIAGE.

AUG 7, 1874.—S.

I must grasp your hand this evening, my son. There are moments which you and I can never forget. The great crisis in man's life is when he marries. It is a greater one than when death steps in and leaves a vacant chair, for when man's spiritual eyes are opened and he sees beyond the home he has left, he has a brighter hope with the loved ones who have already vanished from physical sight.

It was certainly one of the greatest events that ever occurred when man and woman came forth to be helps to one another. As there is so much agitation now in society about matrimonial relations, I propose to give my views about them. First I will speak of that being who gives more pleasure, and also pain, than any other human being, a mother not excepted. It is natural for man to love woman, and there is no grander thing to love than a pure noble woman with a warm heart, keen perceptions and sympathies. The divine author of all created and gave woman all those tender faculties for the highest benefit to man. They are to soften his stronger passions, bring out the better and nobler impulses of his soul by her tender love and sympathetic feelings. Man is naturally stronger than woman, and he has in him more of the unruly passions.

He was born to rule, and the higher and nobler the man the more does he rule, not by brute force, but by the harmony he brings out of chaos. It is one of the most glorious acts of a man's life, when he takes a woman and acknowledges her before the world, to be queen of his soul. Every woman has feminency enough to desire a man of intellect, education, influence and position, and she feels pride in a man to whom she can look up, and in whom she has confidence and trust. A man who has a noble independent spirit, will never debase, nor crush the one he calls wife. When man is correctly educated, he will take woman for the pure love he feels for her, and a desire for her companionship. He will feel she is a boon from God to soften his life, brighten his home and be a mother of tender and loving children.

Man should seek in the marriage relations to get love instead of gold and silver. Few families realize the principle of love, nor do they feel that it is essential to cultivate it.

Without love from wife and children in the home circle, man becomes morose, and even reticent. So a wife without her husband's love becomes proud, haughty and selfish, and without words of affection at home, coquettish.

I know a great deal is now said about free-love. It will destroy individuality, dissolve family ties, debilitate, degrade and destroy the highest faculties of the soul. It is hard to find words which will express all the horror that would surely flow from it.

There is but one definition of love. It is the pure emotion of the heart, and it attracts to itself a particular one. It is as intangible as the odor of flowers,

which we can experience and enjoy, but can not define ; sickness, misfortune nor death can destroy it. It is a part of our spiritual nature, it makes life beautiful and charming, when rightly directed. It gives an indescribable charm to married life, and it is the anchor of a young man. 'Tis the charm of his life, when nature and expectancy of soul burst forth in a torrent of feeling, and he fixes his mind upon a beautiful and lovely woman. 'Tis the harmony of life, when two thus blend together. Though the aroma of the rose blends with the odor of other flowers to regale us, yet it has its own distinct aroma, yet much of the exquisite charm of fragrance would be lost to us, without a variety of odors. Oh ! cold and sterile would life be without the feeling of love in the heart. It would be like the water in a frozen stream, which neither fertilizes nor benefits nature in her unfoldings. Oh, let not man nor woman mistake lust for love. Let no man marry a woman for the gold she may possess, for she can never be his wife. When man does that, he deceives himself and loses the grand estate given him by birth. 'Tis divine love which illuminates every condition of life, makes warm the coldest hearthstone, relishable the poorest meal, and comfortable the meanest hut. Only from true love in marriage can loving children be born. If this was always the case, we would no longer see the human family struggling against child-birth, and men living isolated and alone. Then the music of a child's voice would be sweeter than the finest-toned instrument.

Woman should not dress for show, with gewgaw to attract a crowd, but matron like, with dignity

becoming her husband and children. Fathers and mothers should beware of match-making, which is now bringing about so many things detrimental to the human family. There should be but one inducement for marriage, a pure, sincere love, nothing else.

FIRE AND WATER.

AUGUST 21, 1874.—S.

My son, God bless you. That communication (from a lady lost by the burning of a steamboat,) speaks for itself to some extent, does it not? We will turn in the light upon this city of rocks, and let the people here find out that *there is a home* above the steeples of their churches. The spirit ascends above its earthly tabernacle, and *neither fire nor water can harm it*. There are two powerful elements, useful to man in every department of life, yet how destructive, if not wisely controlled. Man being next to his creator in wisdom, is not lacking in knowledge of the way to subdue both fire and water, and make them subservient to the highest benefit of man. 'T is not for want of intellect, that we see nearly every day some terrible catastrophe, in which fire and water has destroyed life. It is not for the lack of wisdom in man to control these elements, but a lack in exercising that wisdom. Life is for a great purpose, and it was not given to man to be destroyed rashly, indiscriminately, and with indifference. It matters not whether it be one man or many, who have the care and responsibility of human life. There may not exist any statute law, by which we call those who have a care of life to account for these terrible

accidents so common on steamboats and on railroads, but there is a higher law, the grand law of life, which is insurmountable and beyond cavil.

Therefore, he who fails to discharge his whole duty, either from avarice or through neglect, can not escape its penalty. As I look around me, I see such great indifference in regard to life, in the way steamboats and vessels are loaded and managed. The honesty of men who have heretofore been trusted in these responsible positions, seems to have faded away, and these cares are now left to the control and management of incompetent men, and thus we see them hurling people by hundreds into spirit life. There is no necessity for these terrible accidents. If the boat is well built and rightly managed, it would take a hurricane to destroy it, and with proper care, she ought never to be burned.

Combustible materials ought never to be put upon a boat at the same time with passengers. Life is too sacred for man to become so indifferent to its safety. The physical body is essential to spirit life, which we could not have without it. We ought then to take care of that body, until the laws of nature have been fully carried out in the great design of maturing the spirit to enter the next sphere. I know it is the popular idea that children are better prepared for that sphere in infancy, and that they are in a better condition to enter spirit life, but *this is a mistake*.

When parents fully understand the importance of maturing the body to develop the spirit, they will cultivate a wiser and better mode of rearing children than they now have. They will then examine carefully the diet and clothing, attend to ventilation, see

well to the proper exercise, and to everything which has an influence on infantile life. The body is not a bubble thrown upon the water of life, without aim by the great designer of all, that it should die like a spark from a furnace. No, there is a spirit encased in that body to fulfill a divine law.

It is not a spark merely, but a spark of spirit, and many elements have been gathered around it in the womb of its mother to form a body for the protection and development of that spirit, and when it ripens and becomes mature, it falls away from the body, like the ripened fruit from the parent tree. The climate of this country is good, conducive to health and life, and both men and women should live to old age, and receive happiness. If you do not learn what happiness is in the body, you can not enjoy it for a long time in spirit home. You can not enjoy vision, unless you have sight, you can not enjoy music unless you have hearing, and if you do not cultivate the soul in grace, and in the different varieties of harmony, you can not enjoy what the church calls heaven in its true sense. Heaven is not a monotonous place, without any attractions. We see here the mind is as full of variety as in earth's life. You can not enjoy anything, unless you have the faculty of enjoyment, and then you must have presented to this faculty its needs.

This is a law of nature which will sustain and develop all things when left free.

CREEDS, STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

AUGUST 4, 1874.—S.

Madam, I am glad to meet you. Am glad to have met your husband to-day, and now have the privilege to say, by his advice, that soon he will be able to communicate with you. He will soon have enough force to control the Medium. He has not lost interest in his home or country, nor the people of this age of progress, nor the denizens of the world who are seeking a higher development of truth. The field is large in regard to religion, government, astronomy, and all the sciences which pertain to man's benefit. So man should know himself, his own powers of knowledge, and his privileges.

This will help and strengthen us in our effort to explain ourselves in whatever field of progress we may be able to use to benefit mankind.

We can learn much if we set out with an honest purpose, and free our minds from bigotry and superstition, and not confine it to creeds.

Rest assured, madam, the creeds of the church have been a great stumbling-block to the advancement of *truth*, greater than anything else.

Religion is innate in every human being, even the most barbarous savage has it to a limited degree. In

this cultivated age we should not tie ourselves to a dogma.

Man's mind is varied, and his capacity is exceedingly diversified, some being extensive, others limited. It is very essential that children, in the beginning, should be taught liberal ideas. Truth in regard to everything, while all false ideas and appearances should be laid aside from them. We go to church. It is beneficial when we hear good music, and a philosophical discourse, but not when we listen to the promulgation of a dogma. You, madam, are keenly alive to your duty, and would not deviate from it for any personal gratification, but I would say, beware of becoming a slave to sensation. Education has much to do with our ideas of right, while our associations sway our mind in different directions. It is one of the hardest things for man to give up that which he has so long felt to be truth. We hate to give up our idols, and so they are our companions for life.

Search through Christendom, and as we trace the road, we see all along where idols have received some kind of worship. When we of the present age look back at the religious customs of Moses, we reject most of them. But they gave happiness to his people, they kept them together, prevented their being destroyed by their enemies, and did them great good. Christianity has done good so far as it has kept man above the animal, but when you lay aside the idea of progress, and bind man to a dogma as you would tie a horse to a post, then you take away from him his God-given rights for advancement. Look around, and see how many beautiful ideas are pointing to the pro-

gress of man. A man can not worship daily, preach religion, and teach his brother man the highest law, without being benefitted himself. To make his teachings beneficial to the human family, he must admit that he has not unravelled all the mysteries of God, and that he is able to expound only a part of them, according to his limited ideas.

POPULAR SCANDAL.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1874.—S.

Good evening, my son. I had a little leisure, and came this evening to comply with the promise I made to you some weeks since. I mean in regard to right, law and justice. A man must have a high, sound knowledge of moral law to distinguish between justice and public opinion. Now, what is justice? It is a word expressing a principle, broad, high and deep. This principle should be enthroned in every household. The child of five years should be taught to recognize justice as differing from public opinion. Now, a man to be truly religious, must have that principle innate within him, and use it in everything. Every emotion must be weighed in that balance, and also every desire of his heart, weighed too with unscrupulous nicety that he may always be able to render justice to every individual with whom he may associate, or have business transactions. No man can be a Christian, no matter what public opinion may award to him, unless he is a just man.

He may claim to be a bishop, priest, divine, or have any other name to designate him as a Christian teacher, but unless he has cultivated, and understands the principle of justice, and rigidly practices it, he is not a Christian in the true sense of the word. He is

not capable of instructing humanity in the laws of justice, for he can not give an example of that which he himself does not possess. A man may be educated in science and theology, capable of giving learned discourses, and hold a vast multitude in control by his eloquence, but learning and elequence are not justice, are not Christianity. A man may be a fine scholar, with great magnetic power to control a multitude, and yet leave out of his teachings the true question which should govern him, justice to all. We now have public opinion in opposition to justice. Yes, the favor of public opinion is brought to weigh against justice over the heart. Christianity is popular in America, and in several of the countries in Europe, and public opinion is in favor of the present theology. I do not wish to discuss theology, but justice as opposed to public opinion. Justice stands with her eyes closed to public opinion, bigotry, superstition, and everything which is detrimental to the great masses of humanity. Justice knows not a man on a throne from a beggar in the dirty lanes and thoroughfares of life. She stands with her eyes closed to all partiality. She will not shield a divine nor a president from crime sooner than the poorest subject of the country. Then, why all these great, and I must add, disgusting scenes in church about its pastor?

If seduction and adultery are crimes for men in the lower walks of life, are they not greater crimes for a popular preacher? If friendship was violated, and the sacred tie of husband and wife severed, was it not a crime? The testimony of the victim, taken according to the laws of the country, shows that she was betrayed. He was eloquent to plead, powerful

in magnetism to control, and there can be no doubt but he took advantage of his position, as teacher and relation, as friend, to do a base act. This was not only injustice to his friend, and that friend's wife, but also to his own wife.

The world is conscious of his great wrong, and so is his church, yet it refuses to punish him, but their failing to do that does not destroy the fact, although they declared him innocent. I am dealing in facts, for they are of the highest benefit to man, and Christianity can not exist without them. There can be no doubt he committed the act, and we want to see its effect upon the church. Will the church, will community be better, purer and happier, for dragging this scandal before the public and publishing all the statements made? Does the church or that court think by their decree, they can destroy his crime, or obliterate its knowledge? Does their decision cure the many heartaches, and cool the fevered brains of the injured ones?

The preacher may be able to ascend the rostrum and preach with greater power than before, but the fact remains the same. If adultery is a crime, is it not greater for him, who knows it to be so, than for another who has not that knowledge? Upon the basis of civilization, adultery is a crime, and the whole civilized world recognize it as a disgraceful one. Man is educated to believe the laws of marriage are sacred, and that the wife must not receive expressions of love, except from her husband.

When thus kept, it is high and holy. Oh, the many heartaches caused by adultery. The tie of marriage is felt to be sacred, according to the nature, fidelity,

affection and purity of the individual. Oh, what deception of a friend and brother was that? How wicked and impudent to poison his brother, and leave him in disgrace upon the ground.

Look at the many falsehoods uttered, and the many motives used to destroy the truth. No honest mind can contemplate that trial, without feeling that community at large have been outraged by it. After it, they ask an intelligent people to believe this man innocent, when his own conduct, as well as the statements of others show his guilt. What good is to be gained from such a man, now ready to blast the hopes and reputation of another? What has the church gained by its acquittal? Can that preacher exercise the same amount of influence for good, as he once did, either in the church or out of it? Is it better that the church should embrace him, replace him in the pulpit after acquitting him of such an infamous crime? Can he now preach to them in better phrase, on more approved subjects, or more agreeable to their feelings than he did before? Now, what is that church to the whole country? Look into other churches and we see the same kind of men, who in the name of Christianity, take advantage of their position to lead astray, not only the married, but the young and innocent. Let the question come home to every true heart, why is this? Because man fails to render unto his brother man that which he desires for himself. The lesson to be learned from this scandal, is this, that preachers, as well as saloon keepers, *are men*, nothing more, nothing less. Men educated for the ministry, who preach to well filled houses for well filled purses. in their vanity lose sight of their own

responsibility. They all receive adulation and flattery from the community, according to their popularity. They are granted the greatest trust ever given to man. Beautiful young girls and wives come to be taught by them, they forget themselves and the laws of the country, and make those pupils their toys. Some women can not bear to be called strong minded, and others are won by the strong magnetism of the man. An old writer has said, "man, know thyself." As I stand upon the threshold of two lives, between spirit and earth, I can say, with deep respect to my fellow men, *they do not know themselves.*

Every man thinks he can be perfectly virtuous, and does not believe that he could be led astray, yet he most always finds temptation too strong to be resisted. We can never know ourselves, and so always guard our path aright with the opposite sex. A minister has many temptations to resist.

He is granted more privileges in the domestic circle, and it is therefore important that his friends should not impose upon him more than he can withstand. Until the education of both sexes is upon a higher base, with more liberal ideas, such scandals will continue to occur. They gather force as they go along, and their baneful influence is felt by the youth of both sexes.

To woman I would say, be strong, know your place, and keep it. You know not the power you exert over your stronger companion, either for good or evil. Then woman be strong and flee from those silly deeds, which excite men and urges them on to ruin. You should be like a shield to man, to ward off the darts of evil from his warm manly bosom. Cultivate some-

thing besides vanity, which is so destructive to your health, happiness and welfare.

Let us hunt up the evil and see from whence it comes, whether from man with his lordly claim, or from his temptation. Think you, that man so warm in his nature, could have sought to violate the friendship extended to him, without vanity being the serpent of woman's nature? The artless smiles and honeyed words, which she thinks not of, are claims laid at her feet. Oh, woman beware, and use the power you have aright. Transgress not the privilege granted to you. Stand erect like the pine on the mountain, which sways to and fro in the storm, but breaks not. It is the influence which all such scandal has upon the public mind, that we should guard against.

It is quite essential that the eyes of mankind should be opened to truth, and while I approve of the public press, I also deprecate public scandal. It does not benefit the morals of community, it does not change the condition of the parties themselves.

Then let the standard of liberty be unfurled, and while we claim freedom, let us not debar our neighbor from accepting his own birthright. Public opinion in this enlightened day claims the right to deal with such facts in scandal as they please, but I say nay.

Let us not feed our youth of this generation with the elements of consumption, murder, seduction, deceit, robbery and every other crime. It is high time that both church and people should object to newspapers giving to the public every day such food for the young, which is more deleterious to them than cholera or yellow fever. Why is there so much corruption in office in our municipal, State and national

affairs, which is now spreading itself so rapidly throughout the church and community? Why is there now such a low ebb of morals? This people have been taught to look to Mount Calvary for the atonement of their sins. Now, what is society to-day, relying on that belief? Every conceivable crime is of daily occurrence, newspapers and pamphlets describing them are scattered broadcast over this country to poison the minds of the youth of both sexes. Many of our youth, instead of being taught at a school-house, are schooled at a circus, low play, or in the street.

Every act of society which is known to the young, leaves its impress upon the mind, even upon children of a few years of age. True, we have Sunday-schools where children attend, and we will ask, what do they learn there? The churches are also well filled to listen to the particular faith taught there. Both have their influence, and I want to see what it is, and ask if it elevates humanity and betters them. If so, why are all these crimes so broadcast? There are no heathen among us, we are all Christians, that is, believe in the atonement of Christ. We have free schools, a free press, and a free church, and yet the status of morality in this country is fearful to contemplate. A physician to cure his patient, must know the nature of his malady, so the philanthropist to improve mankind, must know what is the cause of so much crime.

Let every church search their own minister, and their own congregation, and see what is their condition. Let them discover what it is so destructive to the morals of this people. Then, and only then, will they be able to apply the proper restorative.

In conclusion, let me say to my fellow countrymen,

that Christianity does not consist in fine churches with every elegance and comfort, where fine music is heard to attract the people.

If Christianity was begotten of heaven, its followers should set a better example, live up to a higher standpoint of morals, have more charity, and a more humane feeling to the whole race and to one another.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

OCTOBER 2, 1874.—S.

My son, I could not be with you last week. I wanted to investigate European politics, and compare them with those of America. In the United States I find that the men who govern it, are not faithful to their trusts, and I fear, in truth I know, that unless we have honest men to govern us we will become involved in a war with Europe. A great many railroad and government bonds are now owned in Europe, the owners of which feel dissatisfied in regard to the way those roads are managed. I have been informed that three men have been sent from the United States to look after its bonds, now held by different governments in Europe. Thinking it best, I went to Spain first, and found that government like Cuba, involved in internal troubles. Germany is not content, she is like a volcano, boiling and seething. She is gathering one of the finest armies in the world, and increasing it daily. Russia is almost as much discontented. England is waiting, recruiting her army, drawing them to a focus, ready for any emergency that may become developed.

I find the people very much discontented in one direction, while the rulers are in another. The last time I was in France, I found she was as much dis-

turbed as at any time during the last twenty years. The great effort now among them all is to arouse the United States government, and get it involved in internal trouble, and then they will demand payment of those bonds they hold. This may be expected on the eve of the next Presidential election.

Spain is struggling for a Republic, that is a part of her people, while the balance are holding on to monarchy. Not a single European power can bear to see another republican government established, and all these monarchies are united in the desire to suppress this in America. They think man is too free in this country, and there is too much immigration of the working classes. The success of the working man here has created a desire among those left behind to claim the same privileges had here, in their own country.

The ministry of Europe know to-day that the working classes have gained more freedom in the last five years than in a hundred preceding that time, and yet they have not got as much as they want.

Nearly every law the working man has asked for has been enacted, and yet they still ask for more.

So it is now conceded that these demands must be stopped, and the only way they think it can be done, is to involve America, and destroy her republican form of government. They now find here a good element for them to work in. They find politicians who have a knowledge of and influence among the people, and whom they can use as tools to destroy the harmony of this government, and *they are working through them to that end*. It seems they have forgotten what was to be settled by arbitration, and have their

secret enemies at work all the time, and who will start the disturbance sometime in 1876. Germany, with all her attainments in science, is as much discontented as if she had no intellect to support her.

One great proof that no man should be retained in power too long, and have such great control, is set forth by many dictatorial rulers. A man when young and first entering upon public duty is energetic, honest and faithful. He then has no selfish purposes to actuate him, but after six or eight years of success, he becomes arrogant, overbearing and despotic. He then knows no higher law than his own selfishness or popularity. Popularity may be a good thing for those who have knowledge enough to govern it. While this American ship of State has been sailing along slowly with a little squall now and then, at the present time we see her struggling for existence, and a few noble minds are trying to save her from that corruption, which has dispelled the hopes of other nations which have claimed to be free governments. While Mexico claims to be a Republic, she is scarcely so. Spain claims the same thing, but we find there no safety for her citizens. Those there who are now clamoring for a free government are not capable of sustaining it. Her people are too much divided, they know but little of politics, and so fight for men instead of principles. I hope a loyal, intelligent, honest man will be selected for our next Presidential canvass; a civilian, and not a military man. This is all-important for this people.

Military leaders are least capable of controlling a civil government. The time has come when we must, and I hope, we shall have civilians to govern us, instead of generals and captains. Let us do away with

these military titles, and let every town, county and State watch its own internal interests, and also the interests of our whole country. If we could have cheaper money for the people, and with a smaller per cent. on our bonds, foreigners would be prevented from investing in them. The great question now is the money system, and it is this question which will turn and save, or destroy this nation.

The people must have exchange, and the statesman who can not furnish it, is incompetent to rule a country so rich in minerals, and one where every element essential to life and prosperity is sown broadcast over this entire land. Not men, but measures we must clamor for, the well-informed statesman, not the politician ; the civilian, and not the military man. America has no use for the whole army. Not any nation needs a standing army. If all countries could base everything upon arbitration, and the arbitrators were well-informed men, honest and intelligent, and who understand the wants of each one, the settlement would be far more satisfactory than a resort to arms. We want citizens in the United States, and not soldiers. We want quality rather than quantity. We want honest men to cast their votes without being bribed by money, place and whisky, and to get rid of the fraud and froth of unprincipled men. A man who sells his vote, be he white or black, should never have the privilege of citizenship afterward. We need more honest, genuine good men, and less froth and aristocracy. America is becoming tainted with the mania of title, or what is termed positions, far too much for the health of a free government. It works like a malaria, and will destroy the vitals of any free country. The

late Mr. Sumner entered a bill to destroy caste. It is the worst possible thing that can be done to try to force a people to an equality. There is no such thing as making people equal by law.

Men may have the same privileges, but you can not find any two men who are equal in all things.

Men may have similar ideas in a few things, but not in all. The colored man can never make a good citizen of a Republic, for he has not the elements within him. Slavery has brought him from barbarism, but not to the standard of a free man. The colored man is too malicious, beside which he can not properly understand what constitutes a well-organized government. He goes with his ballot to the polls, and thinks to cast a vote is the highest honor he can have, entirely forgetting it is his duty to be a good and peaceable citizen. He can not leave out his own selfish interests and feelings, and bear calmly his defeat. He can not understand that what is for the interest of the majority and beneficial to all, must be to him. I refer to them that you may see in them why it is Mexico, Spain and Cuba are constantly involved in broils. A majority of the citizens of those countries are incapable of understanding what a free government is. They are governed and ruled entirely by the animal passions, and such men are not capable of citizenship. The vote of one intelligent man should be worth that of many ignorant ones, and so according to his knowledge. A man who knows nothing about law is not capable of making laws to govern those who have such knowledge, or those who have a more correct idea of right and wrong. It requires intelligent knowledge for both candidate and voter. Now, if we want a man

to preach, he is educated for that purpose, and then ordained, or empowered by the church, but not until he understands every point in the particular creed of that church. An engineer must be acquainted with the construction of his engine, and know how to govern it under all emergencies, before he is competent to take charge and control it. A teacher to instruct a pupil in mathematics, must have a knowledge of figures himself. If then it is so essential to have men educated in religion, mechanics and mathematics to make them each competent, is it not more necessary that all voters should be competent, should be educated in that which constitutes and governs a free country?

Government is of the highest benefit to man, above church or family, and yet we find very few men educated and responsible enough to found or control one. Few also there are competent to cast votes to vest so much authority in the officers of a government. We have ministers sent to many different countries, and our interests in that country vested in that minister, we should, therefore, be careful to send only men of integrity and education.

A government should give every individual equal rights and privileges, but they should be given by degrees, and according to the advancement and knowledge of the individual. The welfare of this country should not be trusted to uneducated men.

I do not mean to have them all educated in Greek and Latin, but in political economy.

There is more honor in being ruled properly than in ruling. I spoke to you to-day of America, and in my next will inquire why it is necessary to have standing armies. Let us also inquire, what is citizenship? If

we could have as many schools to educate men in the right, and in the knowledge of what constitutes citizenship, as we now have teaching a blind dogma, we would then have better men and better citizens. Unless some provision is made for the payment of our bonds now held in Europe, we shall become involved in a foreign war. In a Republic we must ignore sections in a political point of view, for whatever is good for the North is also good for the South, they are inseparable, and will yet be made to understand it fully.

This country is yet to become the home of freedom. Though the clouds which now surround it are dark and lowering, we hope that the spiritual light which is now pouring in upon it, will yet bring it out of that which now seems inevitable.

MONUMENTS.

NOVEMBER 3, 1874.—G.

What mean those mighty monuments reflecting the sunlight, to mark the place of rest of friends departed?

Century after century rolls over this planet, generation after generation peoples its surface, and make their home here. History records their acts, customs and associations, and those monuments tell of their exit, and serve as a mark of esteem from the loved ones who have been left behind. Yes, they mark the place where the body has been laid. Year after year flowers are laid upon this spot, in memory of the dear ones who were laid beneath. What a sad pleasure! although it be said, how we love to cherish the day every time it returns.

Even the savage marks the spot where they deposit their dead, and the civilized man can do no more. The heathen embalm their dead, what more has any other people ever done? The last sad rites! How often have I heard this from the lips of loved ones. Let us find a higher rite, a better rite, and accept a more intelligent knowledge of what we are, and what we are to be.

Let us unravel the mystery called death. Let us find in this law of silence and quiescence what man is. Science has already discovered the materials which

compose the body of man. Can we not find man by going where metaphysics extend, that is beyond memory, beyond the tomb-stone, beyond the anniversary of flowers which are so carefully strewn by loving hands. Footprints have been left by the seers and prophets of the ancients.

So have shadows been seen by moderns. They have also heard the tiny rap in those early and imperfect manifestations called spiritual, and yet upon the threshold of this man stands aghast.

He knows not what is to come to pass with him, for he is unable to weigh and analyze the spirit as he does the body. It is like light, imponderable, and can not be gathered by any known process.

The ancients tried and sought in the laboratory to confine spirit and to define it, but always failed.

Mind is above matter, and more subtile is the quintessence of man. Why then, with such a mighty spirit power enshrined in the flesh, and having such a perfect organization, has science failed to comprehend it? Why has science failed to discover the causes of disease, which affect the human system? Why can they not discover in man this spirit which is to live in the future, and which now controls man's physical body? As we look around, we see men to-day with vigor and vitality, but who, on the morrow may be stricken with disease and the body succumb to the law of decay, and the spirit which animated that form, set free to wander away to be received by some other power. A majority of mankind believe in immortality. A faint echo of the truth, that man has a soul which is immortal, may be gathered from man in sickness, for when it destroys the frame, then man looks forward

to a future existence. Man hears the footfall of spirits as they gather around him, and when all his strength is gone, then comes the hope that his life is not yet ended. Why this hope? Because, spirits are manifested through the flesh, and it is natural for man to feel it. There is no stand-still in nature, and if man was always to live in one and the same condition, he would then be less than the stones that pave your streets. Then let us pursue this higher study in metaphysics, let us find those who have left earth, those who have suffered from sickness and passed through that experience called death. The spirit is tainted with the same peculiarities that the body possessed in earth's life. Let us break the shackles that enslave man, bigotry and superstition, which bind him to erroneous doctrines, detrimental to the higher qualities of the soul. *Oh! let us be free.*

Yes, free in its broadest sense, free to love, to acquire a better knowledge, to enjoy a more fraternal religion, and free to love one eternal and universal God.

As our minds expand and our souls spread out, we shall see the dawn of a new light, which shall come in, and we shall behold God without a single passion of the human mind. No anger to make the heart throb, and no remorse, but all powerful in every department of existence, and whose laws govern all nature from the lowest to the highest. There are no conflicts in those laws. The tornadoes of the South are as legitimate and natural as the calm and shining sun, or the gentle zephyr of the temperate zone. So with death, it is natural to the physical body, and we should not weep over death, but rejoice when one takes their departure in the natural way, that is, not

through suicide nor murder. Yes, death is as natural as the birth of an infant. Oh, what joy in a family, when a new born infant comes into the house; it is of interest to all the household, so it is when we come here.

Many come over after a long journey on earth, and when we learn that a weary pilgrim has crossed over, that his warfare is ended, and that his body and spirit have dissolved conjunction, we are interested in him. Then does his spirit step out upon a new experience, then do we rejoice, for he is no stranger here? How few can experience the holiness of spirit life. How many think this an idle place, and when they shall have reached it, they will have escaped the toils and trials of life. Not so, for spirit life is more active than earth's life, it is neither a dilatory existence or nonentity. When we cross the threshold of life and enter this sphere, it is with all our appetites, desires and propensities. We bring here our *sin-stained souls*, the sins of a misguided life, a soul bound down with chains of bigotry, hatred and superstition. Then might we feel as if in a strange land, where the habits and customs were so different from ours we brought with us. Oh, what would be the fate of a spirit if left alone in the condition in which it appears here, if no friendly spirit went forth to meet and welcome it to its new experience, and see that it was well cared for? When a spirit first comes here, it is not capable of caring for itself, because too ignorant. Ignorance is the barrier which separates them from those who have been seeking and asking for something higher and better than monuments, which mark the resting place of friends departed. This race

is spending thousands of dollars upon the tombs of the dead, and but a few hundreds to relieve the distress of the many in earth's life. Could any man unmask and remove the lethargy which stamps this age, he would be the greatest benefactor of the times. I do not say we should not care for the dead, but we should care more for the living. Better for us to attend to the morals and emotions which actuate children, than to the building of expensive monuments. This has been one of the failings of every civilized nation on earth. As they progressed in art and science, they developed architecture and applied it to building extravagant monuments, and lost sight of and ignored a higher life, which is more noble for man than all the grandeur an architect could devise. Man is made in the image of his Creator, having a part of his maker's creative power to execute. Why then does he not go beyond the physical life, and build or shape for himself a higher life than the hand of man can create? See how lofty is man's power. 'Tis like the sun penetrating the soil to bring forth the fresh blade and bud. So man's life penetrates and extends into another sphere. Man should be free to investigate every subject, and when he receives an idea from any source, he should not call it humbug, but inquire and learn what it is, receive all its aid and benefits as men do from all discoveries. Man is a noble animal, but prone to selfishness, and he has always sought to make a part miserable for the comfort and grandeur of the rest. Humanity objects to sameness, hence we see vanity. Here mind is constantly unfolding and beholding new beauties. Mathematicians have concluded there was not space

enough on earth to contain in spirit form all the mighty hosts who have peopled it. We must excuse all such computations, for they are from narrow minds, too small to comprehend the universe, because they can not measure it with a yard-stick. 'Tis impossible for them to comprehend a God, capable of creating a boundless universe, and then peopling it. How little do astronomers yet know of the universe, with its unexplored fields, and yet man thinks the spirit will have nothing to do when it leaves earth, and there will be no new science for it to investigate, or nothing new for it to learn in spirit life. How insignificant must be that mind. Years have rolled over my spirit life, and my mind has not yet been able to measure and comprehend that which is near to me. I have seen many, who have been from earth a long time, and yet they are constantly attracted toward it.

We have thus tried in our own way to give evidence of spirit life. As man gains evidence of spirit life, he ascends in the same degree above the earth, and we, in spirit life descend, until we can hold communion.

DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

NOVEMBER 6, 1874.—S.

My son, I can not pass over the history of Tennessee, and the last great victory of the democrats. I have watched with interest this election, and now joy over this democratic victory. I feel that if man was as desirous of cultivating and practicing the democratic principle, as he is in promulgating its sentiments, what a glorious victory this would be for the South. At best, they are men of the nineteenth century, looking for office and for the remunerative honors, which usually accrue from such office.

This is the highest aim in a political victory, as man can see nothing beyond his own part. Is there no way by which a more conciliatory spirit could be put into such men, and give them more extended views of the welfare of one another? I know men are capable of greater and better things than they now do. I know there are minds, both in the North and South, who have wisdom enough to wrest the people from the present great crisis that has paralyzed trade in every department. We have looked from the highest spheres into the the various political parties of this country, and felt that party could not, and does not, have one idea above selfishness and narrow mindedness, which is as detrimental to a party, as to

individuals. Yet these parties still claim something to quarrel over, and what is that mighty thing now? Slavery is gone. Yet the minds of the leaders are so creative, that soon some other idea will be sprung to keep up the excitement.

As soon as a political champion is installed in office, he forgets who it was that placed him there. The poor man is then forgotten, he is left out of consideration, and the man of influence or of trade, is chosen to fill and control every office in the United States.

The poor man with horny hands, is never again thought of until needed. He is allowed to return to his lowly cabin and to partake of corn cake and middling, if he is fortunate enough to have them, perhaps not knowing from whence the next meal is to come, or how he will be able to gain enough means to pay his poll tax. Is that man free? I ask from no selfish motive, but to awaken humanity to a higher sense of its duty. Now, will this democratic victory benefit the poor class? Will it free this land from taxes, and enable the poor man, who has a little land, to live upon it without its being so heavily taxed? The poor man is scarcely benefitted by his vote. We see an effort is being made, apparently, (I say apparently, for it is only so,) to help the poor man and his farm, by the grangers.

Now, what are they? They are like all parties created for selfish motives, to delude the ignorant and overawe the weak. We know it is proper to have small taxation, but why should the people be so heavily taxed? Why should the poor man, who buys a home for a great price, and who has many children to feed, clothe and school, with only a small income,

be forced to pay such a heavy tax? I hope the democracy will look into this in their victory, and not forget the poor man and grind him beneath their heel. Let them be sure they have not misnamed themselves, but be true to the sentiments that democracy professes. Can not this political revolution result in the welfare of the whole people? Can not those who have been elected to office be honest and sincere, interested in the prosperity and happiness of all the people in the State? Why does this great republic keep such a standing army in the South? Why do we hear of so many outbreaks, insurrections, distrusting of elections and malfeasance in office in the various departments of the South? Is this not a Christian nation, a civilized people, an example to the whole world, and is it not a free country? Oh, may the record for the next two years be more free from bloodshed than the past two have been. But will it be? Will the eagle of liberty, that great bird of the United States, spread his wings in jubilant feeling, and know that this country is more free under democratic control, than it has been under its political opponents? We sympathize with the subjects of this country. We say subjects, because they are not free. This people have been looking forward for a long time for something better, and hope has been the anchor which has sustained them. The greater the agitation, and the more excited the people become, the more does it betoken a coming storm. Why are the people of this country so agitated from one end of the country to another? Can we not have peace and prosperity, with all the great spread bounty now pouring in upon us from every source? Oh no! for we see that man,

with his crafty nature, is not satisfied. The leaders are constantly telling the masses that thus and so is for the prosperity of the country, while perhaps it has nothing to do with it, only with themselves. It is honesty that is now wanting in every department of our government. When the next two years shall have rolled around, I hope we may meet again. We will then look back and see all the good this great victory has achieved. May it be for the supreme good of all, is my sincere wish.

Will we then have as many convicts in the penitentiary, as many criminals in jail and work-house, will there be as many quarrels and law suits, and as many victims for the gallows? Ah, this political victory is no moral victory, we have only changed names. Mankind has not changed, they carry the same pack of sin wherever they go. Even the Christian home will not redeem the Magdalenes of your city. Its matrons are followers of Christ, and try to inculcate their faith into the minds of the poor outcast, who seeks that home. This faith is shrouded in mystery and clothed in superstition, and can not be comprehended by any intelligent mind.

Oh, what must be the morals of a nation, which accepts such a faith? Show me the political status of a country, and I can measure its religious sentiments, faith and knowledge. The mariner on the bosom of the ocean can always foretell the coming storm, by its looking black around him. So we can foretell a storm in the moral horizon, by the blackness, and agitated condition of the masses. That which is called death to universal life, is but a commotion of power in the body, often greater than that which is ever experi-

enced when in the full enjoyment of our strength and faculties. When the churches have to resort to so many hobbies, to sustain them, we know they are weak within. They themselves feel that internally they are rotten. This betokens that there is a religious as well as political crisis approaching.

We see the old regime dying out in the country, and it shakes the civil foundations of this government to its very center. So with the corner-stone, the foundation upon which its religion is built, it is giving away. The analysis, which has been made of it by science, has disintegrated its particles, and Christ no longer stands out in bold relief as God.

This child of science, was not born in a manger, but in an humble abode, and like all great truths, was discovered by plain simple people. With their faith, they have gathered a knowledge of charity deep and broad, which is possessed by the savage as well as the civilized man, because it is one of the attributes of Deity. This principle, neither priest nor pope can usurp, it is a principle of wisdom, which will open the doors of selfish priestly power, tear away the vail from those false temples which assume incarnate power, that can be possessed by one alone, and that is God. There is but one redemption for man. Man only can redeem himself by living according to the laws of charity, and doing unto others as he would they should do unto him. Let every American look well to the politics and the religion of his country. Let him cultivate brotherly love, and learn that money can never make any distinction between man and man, by the Creator of all, neither can it buy his salvation. Let Americans look

less to titled nobility. There is no greater nobility for man than to be honest and truthful. Let those men recently elected be honest in the laws they enact. Let those laws be for the good of all, and not for their own benefit, or to foster and protect monopoly and speculation.

We must beware and not give government too much power over the people. Let us have a free religion and a free government. Let us have free mission homes for those children born in hovels, raised in the lowest dens of wickedness, permitted to wander through the streets and byways begging, or perhaps stealing. Let us care for those little ones, before they are broken down in body and polluted in thought, and before that age in which they seek your mission home, because pride keeps them from labor. Oh, Christian matrons, extend your hands to those small girls and children, now living and associating with negroes, and without any moral restraint or training. If you would take them while young, there would be some hope that you could make something out of them. They sadly need the care of some fraternity, to raise them to a higher and better condition than that in which they now live. I have slightly touched upon religion, with government, because they are inseparable. What does this low state of morals indicate?

From my boyhood up, I have heard it taught that man must have faith in his redemption by Christ, but I tell you man must have faith in his own individuality for good. Man must believe that by doing good he becomes better, and until he does this, he can not benefit himself, the community in which he lives, nor

his government. Man must believe in his own capacity for good, and the officers who control this government must exercise that good, or they will find that this government is fragile, and will be easily broken. So with churches, unless they too exercise this good, they will all soon lose their power.

When man practices the vilest and basest forms of corruption to accumulate wealth, any religious system will surely fail that sanctions it. Churches should be open to all alike, Jew and Gentile.

Their shrine should be sacred to every human soul, and its music and teachings should be to elevate man and increase his hope in God. Let the churches do away with so many begging societies, which disgust those outside of them. Is religion so expensive that those who attend service should be taxed to death for a little music and a few prayers on Sunday? The poor mother can scarcely give her daughter a dress to fit her for the requirements of Sunday-school, because so heavily taxed for the privilege. Concerts and fairs are the order of the day in this country, to keep up the churches. Is this like the churches of early Christians, and is this the religion Christ taught and left for his disciples to teach? Did he command his followers to have large churches on a fashionable street, with cushioned seats and a massive organ? Are these the luxuries the primitive Christians hoped to enjoy. No! it was the morals of mankind they strove to improve. Then let those matrons who receive the money for fairs, concerts and mite societies, put it to a better use.

Let it be expended to raise and support the many destitute and helpless children in your midst, and to

instruct them in honesty, truthfulness and virtue, instead of the dogma of the church.

There is good in them and in all human nature, and let it be developed. Christ said, "let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth," but not so now, for we have the daily press to herald and magnify the deeds of Christians. A few Sundays since I took my way through the several churches in your city. I saw a people well and elaborately dressed, sitting at ease in their cushioned seats, languidly listening to their preacher, or to the fine music of the choir. As I came forth and left the sweet sounds of the organ vibrating among the arches, I went directly to the lower part of your city. There I found gathered together in groups, or in saloons, the white and black, the old and young, to spend this their only holiday. Now, this rabble are not allowed to enter those fine churches, as they are not able to wear fine clothes. No, these churches were built for those who can dress well, ride in a fine carriage and perform all those acts which society demands. So in a few minutes I could thus bring together the extremes, the well dressed Christians on one side and those Sunday revellers, called rabble, on the other. They had worked their six days and yet how small the sum they had received, in comparison with the man in a bank, shaving notes, or the merchant selling his goods at one hundred per cent. profit. In this way, the rich gather in what the poor man earns, and then he is left to feed on the coarsest food and drink the poorest liquor, which so maddens his brain.

No doubt that the minister in the elegant church would be terribly shocked, to see his miserable fellow

beings spending on Sunday all their small earnings of the week, to get something to excite their minds.

It is natural for the mind to seek excitement. The mind that has followed the hands in labor for six days, needs recreation. Who counts this sin? Ah, the priest says it is, but is that poor wretch to be damned for that? Yet for all that, this poor man can vote. Ah yes, the president and office seeker is glad to get his vote. The organ in the church sounds as sweetly to those within, as if those poor people did not exist, and who that is there ever gives them a thought, or does them a kind act? Think you *no one* cares for them? 'T is said, a sparrow falls not to the ground without its father's notice, and yet how much more does he not care for those, his children? There is no communism in Tennessee, but oh, so much the more pity.

Christ entered into the temple and condemned those who taught there. How much is there left of that spirit, which loves universal justice? Who now enters the church on Sunday morning and condemns the wicked there? If all those who attend church are Christians, could they not do an immense amount of good, by showing a benevolent spirit of love and kindness in aiding those poor outcasts? They seem so apt at inventing fairs and mite societies, could they not invent something which would assist the working classes, the mudsills, woodsawyers and rag-pickers, to a higher condition? Be not afraid, ye fair dames, of soiling your hands, by helping and improving them. Now, if we claim this a great political victory, let us be actuated and governed by the great principle, which the democratic party professes, and one

which should govern every citizen of this republic. We have built jails, work-houses and prisons, but now let us build something nobler and better for the poor man. Let us build a home, where he can find employment, gain some knowledge, and improve his morals, and then this people will have founded something to be proud of.

Let this people cease to give their charity in such a misdirected manner. Let them, instead, erect with those means commune homes, where every one can do his own share of labor, and he will be fed, clothed and cared for. Let this be a grand home, where the poor can live without any incentive to crime or immoral conduct. This is an enterprise our whole country should be interested in, and the sooner it is began, the better for the race. The principal object of the philanthropist of the nineteenth century should be to elevate the morals of the whole community.

We ask not that man should have a supernatural belief, only that he shall believe in himself, educate and elevate himself above crime, now so broadcast over this whole country. By doing this, he will give and receive great good.

FAITH.

NOVEMBER 13, 1874.—S.

My son, I now propose to discuss faith, and without defining it, will say, we must have faith in a friend before we can enjoy his society.

We must have faith also in our religion, although faith does not make it either true or false.

Faith strengthens our interest, stays our mind, and gives a comfort we can not get from any other source.

The mind is so constituted that faith is one of its essential elements, and without faith a knowledge of the most sublime fact in the world can not benefit us. If we are sick and send for a physician, in order to have a rapid recovery, we must have full confidence in his knowledge and skill. The mind has a powerful influence over the physical system. For instance, if we persuade a man that he has taken poison, and he believes that to be strictly true, that man might die from fright. There are men whose minds have such a powerful control over their bodily forces, that the body loses its power under the influence of the mind, and vitality ceases.

Now, if the body can become a victim to faith in which there is no reality, you can easily perceive that we can have faith in a falsity as well as a reality. So are we made happy or miserable, according to our

faith. If we believe in any form of religion, in order to derive any benefit from it, we must believe it to be strictly true. It is this supreme faith in our religion that gives us the only consolation we can receive from it. Now, a faith in the orthodox religion of to-day, makes as many or even more miserable than it makes happy, according to the individuality of each. A deep and concentrated faith in the religion of to-day can not bring happiness to any reasonable human being with a well-balanced mind. Such a mind could have no pleasure in the belief that a part of the human family were destined to suffer eternal punishment. If any man or woman has such a faith, it is because they have never investigated it, and the faculties of reason have never been developed in them—their mind is short and contracted. They have received it without reflection, and thus have become satisfied in its truth that a portion of our race will necessarily be subjected to infinite torture.

This statement has been received without thought or reason, because promulgated by a priest, and it is deemed essential that all the articles of faith and provisions of salvation as taught by him should be accepted. Who can believe in a personal God? What is Deity? Is God not omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent? Could that spirit which pervades immensity, be extracted from the whole creation, and concentrated to impregnate Mary for the redemption of man from hell? Is it not the doctrine of the Church? To me it is incomprehensible how such a faith can rest in any reasonable mind. We will not reject the Scriptures, as we find in them some enlightened sentiments to refer to. God created man in his own image, says the record.

Then God was before man. else he could not have created him. Whether made from the earth or not, that creative intelligence had sufficient knowledge of chemicals to combine them in harmony, and through a law of the highest order brought out a living, moving, intelligent animal, called man, and he is yet the finest mechanism ever constructed. Now, a faith in a God of such knowledge and power is a divine faith, and opens a field of thought exceedingly extensive. From our standpoint, we can look back through the mighty past, and recall the image of that first man who came from the hand of creative intelligence.

He was placed upon this planet as his abode, and that of billions of generations which were to come after him. But, behold! 't is said that after a lapse of time this same creative intelligence who made man, lost his power over him, and he who wrought those elements through the crucible to make man, became so deteriorated, that man became his maker's superior. The regular laws of nature which had been flowing on for centuries, and by which the human family had been propagated, were then reverted, to perform a miracle that a child might be born of a virgin immaculate. We will not try to annul this allegory and figure, but discuss it as the church receives it. Jesus, Son of God, born of an immaculate virgin. Now, for what purpose? Our divines teach to redeem man. Christians claim that his crucifixion was full and sufficient expiation for the sins of this whole planet. Is there happiness and consolation in the thought, that man became so depraved and wicked, as to thwart the will and wishes of the great eternal essee of spirit, and that his wisdom and power for good over man was

entirely lost, and that he who was an expiation for the sins of the whole world, should fall into the hands of the rabble, and become their victim; otherwise that God was crucified by man and died? Does a faith in this victim give comfort and consolation in the hour of trouble? Now, if it be truth that Jesus was God, that by a miracle, by a retrogression of law he was born of woman, then he must have lost his entire power, for he was apprehended, controlled, and crucified by a rabble. He did arise from his dead body, and ascend to heaven, but I will not stop to disturb this assertion by asking where he is now, or what he is doing for the good of the human race, but will ask has the world been redeemed from sin? Most civilized nations have accepted this faith, and now I will ask, if after an experience of two thousand years, have mankind been redeemed by it? If so, why all these wars, murders, thefts, and a whole catalogue of crime too long to mention? Does this faith control man, and release him from the bondage of sin in this world? If not, where is the potency? and if it does, why do so many seek crime? We can not get away from facts, and we want to dissect this faith in a dead God. This faith may bring consolation to one who is freed from the temptations that beset the millions. Such an one looks only at the better portion of his church creed. I say then, faith in the atonement has not released man from crime. Now, is this faith, or the want of it? It is very easy for man to say he has faith, without having a particle. But let the church have full faith in the immaculate condition of the human race. Progression is the law, and not retrogression.

God can not go back from his deific power. He can

not annul himself, there is no change in his power. Man can degrade himself, but God can not, neither can he dethrone himself. We must receive religion by degrees, as man himself has gradually advanced in humanity for ages, from the Adamite to the present time. Step by step man has been gaining knowledge in the various sciences that benefit his race. So man will continue to ascend, but he can never be above his maker. Let us feel and cultivate a faith in this universal power.

Let science tear asunder the vail of this great temple, so that man can approach a higher faith, a conception of virgin truth in the sun of righteousness, in that all-pervading love which will unite and bring out of chaos the whole human family.

If woman can find a shrine where she can offer up her prayers with more fervency, and with a higher hope than for the salvation of the whole human family, then let her do it. How much good has been done by this faith, or how much will yet be done by it, we will not now stop to consider. We will not ask how many disconsolate and distressed mortals have received comfort, not from their dead God, but from this faith in him.

In sorrow and affliction the soul seeks comfort from something higher than human agency. If we call it Jesus, what is there in a name? It does not diminish the power of Deity, nor confine it. We will not cavil at this faith, but ask that you also have faith in that divine love which strengthens, supports and helps the whole human family. It was this same divine spirit which overshadowed Mary, when she gave birth to him who was quickened by divine love, so as

to minister to the lowest condition of the human family. Let us have this faith and cultivate it.

Let our faith be like the newly rising sun, which grows brighter as it gradually rises higher. So let us rise until we can take in the whole creation of God's children. They are not necessarily blessed nor cursed any more than they should be by the conditions which surround them. A few months since, in the East, torrents swept over and destroyed towns, dwellings and people. So does vice and immorality now sweep over the world, and obliterate for a time the best and purest feelings of the human mind.

Let us then gain a knowledge of that faith which guides, controls and directs the highest sphere.

May it descend on us, so that we can realize that God is all wise, all powerful, and that he *will surely harvest and bring home all his children in his own good time*. We say he, because it is customary, but we can not make a masculine nor feminine God. His power is beyond the scope of the human mind to conceive. He can not be confined, nor defined. Let us gather to ourselves a portion of this great spirit which overshadowed Mary, and whispered to Jesus the highest and noblest philanthropy that ever blessed any human being. Let us ask in faith, that we too may be born of virgin truth and wisdom, endowed with like meek and submissive spirit, yet bold and fearless in all our actions for good, as that which actuated Jesus in his short life. Let us crave more of *his* spirit of love, and learn less of priest-made creeds, and our faith will benefit ourselves and our fellow beings.

SPIRIT COMMUNION.

DECEMBER 11, 1874.—S.

My son, am glad to meet you. You had a pleasant journey to New Orleans and back again, I hope.

So rapidly. Who could have believed it twenty-five years ago. (Who went with me to care for me?) Your mother, for we, in angelic life, are still attached to our children, and your mother has now all the warm love she gave to you, the first child of her motherhood.

Nothing can separate a mother's love from her children, when that mother is fully developed and has a legitimate affection for her offspring. How beautifully she watches over you, how carefully she guides and directs you. Oh, could humanity realize this sweet love of spirit life, with affections so deep, firm and sincere, for those who linger upon the shores of life, for those who are still battling with the difficulties which surround them. We are always ready to help them, and enjoy with them all of life there is enjoyable. What law of God's kingdom, or universe, is of more advantage to humanity than that law which permits spirits to recognize earthly friends, and to be near earth's sphere to help them? Why does Christianity, so-called, battle against this law of communion? Why does it try to deprive humanity

of the greatest principle ever discovered for the benefit of mankind? Why should the wisdom of a divine father prevent a mother and father from beholding the offspring they brought into existence, and so fondly tended while in infancy? The promulgation of a knowledge of spirit communing with humanity is no death-knell to any divine law. It does not annihilate a single moral principle. We should be taught in earth's life to cherish the memory of those who have left the form, and to recognize this law of communion, which is as true as was the transit of Venus a few days since, and it is as far above the control of earthly, or arbitrary power. The time has come when we must have something more substantial for man to build upon. We must educate him so that he will hold his propensities and passions in control, and be above crime. There has been so many scientific facts revealed to man in the last few years, and we wonder why they do not benefit him morally, and advance him scientifically to a higher moral standpoint in spiritual law.

We know the old dogma of Christianity is crumbling, and the structure built upon it tumbling to a fall. Man must find a surer footing than that to build and predicate a religious belief upon. For twenty-five years this question about the appearance of spirit to earth's life, has been agitated from one end of this continent to the other.

The best men of our country have investigated this question and written about it. It has made rapid strides, and thousands have embraced its truth as their faith, while many others have been startled by its demonstrations.

Busy pens have also called it humbug and trickery. We ask why should they cavil at what they know nothing about? We find that it is the most blind and dogmatic who are denouncing it.

Why should any man at this age of the world battle with a truth so fully capable of demonstration as spiritual communion? What would the world now say, if astronomers should assert as they did in former times, that the world stands still? Yet that would be as reasonable as to denounce this great fact, which is shaking Christianity so terribly. The spirit is not so material that man can handle it, or cut it as he does a stick of wood. The time is fast approaching when man can demonstrate it to all, as readily as he now does the different elements in the atmosphere, which he breathes. Yet how few are willing to comply with the plain and simple conditions, which are required for a mortal to be able to hold communion with his spirit friends.

It is a simple mental process, a law of harmony, and yet the bigot who is ignorant of that law, pronounces it a fraud. Every chemist well knows when he is trying experiments with various metals, that he must proceed according to certain fixed laws governing every material which he wishes to use.

Now, before he can gain any knowledge of separating or mixing any substance, he has to submit to and be governed by the law which controls the elements of that body. In order to be successful with his experiments, he must be familiar with what he undertakes to do. Spiritualism is yet in its infancy, in regard to its scientific process of communication. We see many effects without under-

standing how they were brought about. An idea may have existed in the minds of man for centuries, before it was brought out or developed into a shape so as to be subservient to the use of man, and I might add, that the more sublime the law governing anything, the more difficult it becomes to conquer or comprehend. There are many things which men see that they do not comprehend, yet they are obliged to acknowledge as facts. For example, a man lies dead before them. They see his corpse stiff and cold, and say he is dead, but they can go no farther, it is too metaphysical for them to understand. God has made manifest to all the world, what death is to the mind. Now there is something lacking in that cold form. It was made manifest, only through and in that form which held it. This was a law connecting spirit with materiality, holding the physical and being developed together with it as a trinity, life, motion and form. I say spirit, mind and body is a trinity, one can not exist without the other. This trinity is made up of different materials constituting man. This chemical blending together has come through a law of God, who by his own crucible put all the elements into that form which we call man and woman. I will not stop to discuss sex now, while trying to give you some idea of what spirit life is.

Now, when all the elements, solids, fluids and gases which constitute the human frame are scattered, who shall be able to gather them and hold them together. They have come from a crucible as high above man's knowledge as the sun which lights our planet is above it. Those elements are *indestructible, incarnated and inter-blended* by a law of harmony. We have a spiritual

nature which is active, it moves the muscles, and causes the brain to act. The brain is as much obliged to act as the engine is to move by steam, or a light body to float upon the water. Man is obliged to have a spirit, it is a law of nature. The physical body is composed of many elements, and so is the spiritual body.

Now, those elements which compose the spiritual body do not need a grand long journey to find a home. Because man dies, it does not, therefore, follow that he must take a journey far away from the dear ones he leaves in the form, as then he might never see them again. We must not separate spirits too far away from man in the active life of earth. Does man communicate with his spirit friends? is a question that must be settled at some time, and the sooner it is done, the better for humanity. If they do not communicate, why have so many thousands been deceived, from the earliest records of man to the present time? It is important for the people of this country that these questions should be answered. They are of the most vital interest to the welfare of humanity. Let them be pressed upon the scientific man and the minister to solve.

It is all important that we should make a struggle for the improvement of the human race.

Building churches, and taking sacrament has not relieved the world of poverty and crime, which is now so rampant in every class of society. We will show to the world what good Spiritualism can do.

It is a great truth, and shall yet be the pabulum that will move humanity for good. Man wants intelligence, he wants information, he wants honesty, he wants truth and sincerity, and these things are what

spirits are capable of teaching. Man seeking information from the spirit world, can do so only by adopting a simple arrangement by which alone spirits can approach and communicate with him. We proceed step by step, and so gather strength and power to benefit him.

MATERIALIZATION.

DECEMBER 18, 1874.—S.

My son, we will touch but lightly to-day upon this excessive desire to materialize the spirit after the death of the body. If *it* was the only fraud cast upon the great ocean of humanity, as spiritualists, we might wince a little, and be silent. But, no! there seems to be now such a monstrosity in the mind which molds and makes for itself all manner of frauds, that neither benefit the individual nor the world. Then we need not be astonished that those who claim a knowledge of immortality, but who were raised and educated in the belief of the miraculous, should claim the wonderful power to materialize spirits at their option, which should appear like beings in earth's life. This is only in keeping with the age, as we can readily perceive if we look at the works of the most popular writers. Notice the desire of everybody to exaggerate and contort all manner of ideas in giving them expression. It is not only with unscrupulous people we see this desire, but with those of true intellect and firm integrity, who should be the instructors and example of this age. You can readily appreciate this by examining the literature of the age, whose authors seek to devour one another as wolves do their prey. But truth, like the great ocean that separates continents,

ever remains the same, and upon its great bosom can still be reflected a knowledge of immortality as clearly as the ocean reflects the stars. Sweet strains of music in the distance are wafted to our ears upon the breeze, but who can materialize that sound? Yet how charming and soothing it is to us. It strengthens us, gives us hope, and speaks to our feelings more definitely than can the tongue of any human being. We can conceive sound, but can not materialize it. It touches our organs lightly, which vibrate gently, and it soothes us mentally, yet we can not see nor handle it. 'Tis the essee of the intellect of man which brings forth those sweet sounds from an instrument. He strikes a dead instrument, but brings forth from it a sound, which is a spirituality as real as the instrument from which it came. Yet, what eye hath seen that sound, what hand has held it or handled it? Man might be considered a compound animal, or with a compound intellect which is made up not with the five senses alone, but with another, a higher spiritual sense which has not yet been defined. The spirit is like an infant delivered from its mother, and it is beginning to manifest itself more and more. Your perceptions of them is not merely those of sound and materialization, but a recognition of the existence of loved ones, who have been drawn from that cold body. Yes, this is music drawn from an instrument, drawn from material man by that power of intellect which holds all things in harmony. It is a great power by which man governs an instrument, and brings forth from it harmonious sounds. It is a greater power, a higher and more sublimated law which brings out of material man an etherealized body capable of moving, thinking, reflecting

and possessing all of the finer sensibilities which that man possessed in earth's life, only in a fuller extent. 'Tis like an apple which was first in the seed, but after it has gone through its full process of development, we then have fine ripe fruit, luscious to the taste, and beneficial to the stomach. The apple is nourished, and when completely developed, it falls from the tree, so is the spirit nourished, and when it becomes developed it falls from the body.

When thus separated, this new being is called immortal by sages, and it is no new theory, it is only becoming known as man progresses in the knowledge of himself and of creation. The grave is essential for the corpse, and let friends continue to decorate it with flowers and commemorate the virtues of the dead with a tombstone. But let the sage and thinking man search above the flowers and above the tombstone, for that which has emanated from that body, which lies beneath them. Who dare deny to man that privilege, or what philosopher or priest can say thus far and no farther shalt thou go, to learn the truth and that law which governs the mind and spirit of man? I compared man with an apple. The plainest husbandman can comprehend, that by planting its germ, he can raise the tree, but it took a keener insight into the laws of nature than his to find out why the apple fell from the tree to the earth. It was a long time before this beautiful law of attraction and affinity was discovered, although it had existed for untold centuries, but who dares to deny this law to-day? Then why should not this spirit, the fruit of the body when it is matured, and drops, or separates from that body, fall into the bosom of its

own family by the law of attraction and affinity? What better place can man hope to find, or what greater pleasures expect to enjoy, than with his own beloved kindred? Then why do all not learn, that a family circle here can send forth messages of love and hope to the dear ones in earth's life? 'T is not wise to deny too much, nor trust to everything. We should allow free scope to all things and prepare our minds to accept whatever is proven beyond a doubt. It is less dangerous to believe too much than not enough.

Many men pride themselves upon their skepticism, and in them we find an incubus to progression. Man grows restless and impatient in life, forgetful of his maker and doubtful of his future, he is then of little benefit to his age and in a pitiable condition.

We are striving to give man hope, it is the sunlight which will illuminate his path through the valley of death, whenever he approaches the vale. Truth remains the same, whether man believes it or not.

It is not merely man's opinion, but an illimitable law above and beyond the control of any class of men or women. In every age, immortality, in some shape or other, has been accepted as true, and man has always believed that he continued to exist after his physical body was buried. Spirit manifestations have always been granted to sages and seers of civilized nations, while barbarous nations have believed in the immortality of man. Churches are now gathering in as many proselytes as possible, whose members think they are ready and have a passport to heaven, when they shall have done with the things of life. Now this may have been well enough for the time in

which it was instituted, and perhaps it was the best plan the mind of man could then grasp.

But let not the church now try to turn the key to the temple of truth, or deny to humanity the right to any further search, or to add to their knowledge that of immortality, and receive from it that comfort and happiness which the world can not give. Heaven can not be gained through sprinkling of water, nor through the sacrament and belief in the crucifixion of Jesus eighteen hundred years ago. Man in order to improve, must cultivate his mind as the herdsman does his flock for a better breed, and the husbandman does his trees for a better fruit.

Let the church cultivate the mind and apply all its energies to develope in man more humanity and less ambition, more truth and less hypocrisy. Let man learn that he is one of a great family, in part responsible for the crimes of the generation in which he lives and by which he suffers. Let humanity prepare to receive the spirits of the departed, who are always trying to open the temple door and illuminate them all by love, charity, magnanimity and equality. These are the lights which shine in spirit life, and they will dispel the clouds that hover so near to earth and make man so selfish. Yes, man now wraps his mantle of selfishness around him, and feels that he is not of a common humanity. Man may count his bonds by millions, which were gained by speculation. Oh speculation! it brings crimes of the blackest dye. Man now claims that he is the highest and noblest animal upon earth, and yet he is not above the propensities that govern the lowest order of animals. We seek through spirit influence to throw light upon

man's thoughts and actions, to open the black chasm that yawns around him, and show him how he is swallowed up in the maelstrom of this monster vice, speculation. Man now has an insatiate desire to be rich. Why should he crave so much? In his efforts to gratify this sordid desire, he loses sight of that which is more important to him than all the gold ever coined, and all the precious stones ever discovered. *A pure conscience is of more value than them all.*

Then man, look well to us in our spirit home, who from our ethereal substance can behold your heart, your desires and your actions, as distinctly as man can hear the voice of a friend, who speaks to him in earth's form. When man can comprehend that nothing is hidden from us, that everything is revealed to this spiritual life and to his family and friends here, then will he become more circumspect in his doings. In all our communications from spirit life, we seek only to benefit humanity. This is a mission which is granted to us by a higher law of attraction and affinity. Then let humanity open wide its doors to those visitors who seek only its welfare, and who will take away from mankind its burden of guilt and shame, and elevate them by our influence to justice and purity. The world knows what effect influence produces; whether it be good or bad, it is alike contagious.

MOSES.

JANUARY 8, 1875.—S.

My son, bless you ! These emotions of pleasure are a kindred affinity of heaven. Moses saw, and it is so stated in the record, (which I will accept as true,) a burning bush. He reflected and felt that there was something in that burning bush, which illuminated but did not consume it. This wonderful power sent forth illuminated his brain, controlled his actions and benefitted his nation. It made him governor, law maker, leader and controller. It took him from the slavish nature of bondage in which he was born. A more enlightened nation had held his people in subjection, and felt that those servants were too far beneath them to teach them or proselyte them to their own belief in the present or the future. It was enough for them to know they were their beasts of burden. They performed the duty of slaves, a service felt to be beneath the dignity of that enlightened nation. Yet here is one whom they had nurtured, if we accept the tale. The free intellect developed in that man gave him a mind to reflect, and when he had defended one of his own nation, we learn that he escaped from the penalty.

He gathered knowledge from the same source as that by which the bush was illumined and burned, but consumed not. This was the power that carried him

along, the wisdom which governed him and made him not only a benefit to the Jews, but to all civilized nations.

Now this bush will be the foundation of my remarks to-day. I would ask the learned divines, what kind of fire was that, which did not consume? What were the primary elements that constituted that light?

Let the clergy and philosophers explain this, and when they have done that beyond a doubt, they will then have a key, which will unlock the great temple so long closed against humanity. It is this essential knowledge, which man is now seeking. This key spirits now possess, and they have come to man in this nineteenth century to help him produce the wards which are lacking in that lock, so they can open the temple door. Yes, two thousand years from what is called the birth of Christianity, we come to assist man, that he may penetrate and stand upon another and higher round of this great ladder of progression. If Moses had remained in the house of Pharaoh, could he have beheld this bush? No! the elements there were not sufficient to have produced it. This sage, philosopher and great law-maker was able to bring forth water from stone. This was another wonderful power developed by this sage. Was it merely to quench the thirst of those children of Israel who were seeking a new home, or was it to be reflected to this age, as a symbol to Christian churches? Did it serve the double purpose of quenching the thirst of the children of Israel, and also a symbol to the churches of the nineteenth century? We see in this man Moses, a wonderful self-denial, an untiring zeal for the welfare of his own nation.

He left his father-in-law and flocks, and returned to Egypt, that he might release his own people from servitude. He need not have done this, but might have remained retired in his shepherd's life, enjoying the hospitality of his father-in-law, and receiving the affection of his wife. But no, we see him without any thought of compensation go from his own home, without being prompted to do it by any human being. He sacrificed his selfish interests, and took upon himself the most trying position any man could assume. He made laws for both church and State. He made laws to govern families, which would sustain physical life and protect man from its vicissitudes, as well as those which should govern his religious services. Nothing was overlooked or neglected. He measured by rule and compass all things, nothing wanting in the arrangement of both church and State. Do we often in this day and generation see such a man and such a law-giver? We are told a princess found him in a rush basket in the water. He was born of a woman slave, and being a male, by the laws of Egypt, was condemned to death. His mother saw that he was comely to look upon, her heart yearned for him, and although she was a slave, she preferred to preserve his physical life, even in bondage, than to see his warm blood gurgling out, and his little temple closed. Yet his life was saved, and by whom? By the tender heart of woman, and in defiance of the laws of her country. She saw bright smiles upon his infant face, and in despite of the cold hard law of her nation, her heart warmed toward him, she nursed and educated him as her own child. Yes, that is the true woman; as her own child, and not as a foundling. Just here I might

say to the people of the nineteenth century, look upon your orphan asylums, do you educate, feed and clothe them as your own children? This damsel might point her finger at the Christian matrons of the nineteenth century, and cry shame! Now this very child became the leader of what is now termed Jews, then Israelites.

Was it special Providence which directed this maiden to save the child? I ask the churches.

If so, was it a special Providence which made him a refugee from the laws of his own country?

Ah, poor, frail humanity is lost in this great sea of truth, and when it can go no farther, attributes the rest to special Providence. We have had enough of this special Providence. We want to direct the mind to a higher knowledge, which will open to better aims. We want to stimulate man as a human being to conquer his animal propensities, to cherish the higher and nobler faculties of his soul, and to see a light which will illuminate his whole life. We want to teach him to govern his moral nature, and rise above his selfish propensities. We want water from the rock of truth to flow unto the people of this country, until humanity shall quench its thirst from the same great fountain as that from which the children of Israel partook. We want humanity to hear the same gentle voice as Moses heard upon Mount Pisgah, and behold what he then saw, as he viewed the promised land. He stood there looking over, but did not enter here. How many stand upon that same mountain? Who denies the fact to-day, that Moses was inspired, assisted and received aid from a power above and beyond man? Is not God always the same? If so, why should he deny to man to-day what he gave to Moses? See and re-

flect as Moses did, and know what great benefits the mind will receive from that same great fountain. Yes, let us redeem the Cain. We want to educate man in this philosophy, and show him that the same power operates now as it did at the time of Moses. We want man to fully understand the omnipresent and omniscient powers of God existed in all time. He has not deserted a single human being.

He constitutes, upholds and educates; his laws have the same power and influence now as they did at the time of Moses. We want to illuminate the truth, and cast a shadow over falsehood. As Moses brought the children of Israel out of bondage, so we want to bring man out of the bondage of ignorance, superstition, evil and egotism, and then stand him upon the primitive soil of universal brotherhood. Man does not know how much power he possesses, if it is allowed to remain idle and latent. If man cultivates a certain knowledge, and lets all his ideas run in the same channel, he does not develop his mental powers, and knows not their capacity.

We hear of the brain being taxed. It is so only when it does not keep its equilibrium, that is, when one part is dormant while another is strained.

When Moses walked out of Egypt, and into the primitive forest, his mind was in a good condition to reflect. He was acquainted with town life, knew well the religion and customs of the Egyptians, and he had left them all behind him. In the unbroken forest, where man was not, he heard the voice of God. He then realized he was not alone.

Not only the sense of hearing, but also of sight, testified that his instructions came from a standpoint

higher than man has yet attained. Moses recieved his commands mentally and spiritually from the same great fountain which influences all creation to-day. Then let us not deny ourselves, oh humanity, the privilege of partaking of this divine knowledge. It is the foundation of civilization, it is the corner-stone of religion, and must yet be the temple in which man shall live in harmony.

MYSTERIES.

JANUARY 15, 1875.

My son, we will try in the first place to explain the expression in my last, redeem the Cain. Cain was sent out from the face of God, so says the record.

We want to educate man above crime, and the propensities which Cain had. Now, we will look for a mystery, or the mysteries of religion which we saw in our last. The church has attached great mystery to Moses' acts and performances, but which were all done according to natural laws.

In the beginning of the Christian religion we see there was many things which were miraculous to the uncultivated mind. Men who have not studied the laws of chemistry, and know nothing of philosophy, but who follow a plain, simple mode of life, can be easily wrought upon by those who have. The scientist can make an uneducated man believe that this very philosophy was a special power granted to him by God. Such knowledge always enables the educated to control his less fortunate brother.

We have to take only a slight glance to see how limited were the privileges of Christianity in the earlier times; in its youth, I might say. It can not be proven by any book ever written, that Moses claimed any higher or supernatural power, in order to

establish the Jewish religion among the children of Israel. It was essential for that people that they should have some code of morals to govern them. It was a symbolic age. The process of using symbols was a natural and wise one to govern that immense throng.

This power to govern masses by symbols should possess a lesson even for this enlightened age of faith, energy, patience and perseverance. Now, let us hunt up the curse, that is the special one sent on the race previous to the time of Moses, at a time when allegory and figurative speeches were so prevalent.

When we reflect that they had no paper and pen, and how difficult it was to record even the most essential things which concerned the different tribes, we need not be surprised at so much being omitted concerning the early people, whose acts the Bible gives such an imperfect record of. Symbols speak with a silent language. The church has attached a great mystery to the water gurgling forth from the rock, and to the light and cloud which directed the children of Israel on their journey. But when the sunlight of intellect illuminates a law of nature, either in chemistry, or any other department in science, the mystery is gone. No longer is there any mystery attached to those things by the intelligent mind, it is only those ignorant of these laws who clothe them in mystery. So many minds are now leading into materialism. Scientific men investigate the principles of objects, find out their component elements, and class them. The mind then begins to grow, what is now called skeptical, that is, they begin to feel that there is nothing but materiality. We can find out certain effects, but the first great

cause has never been explained. Let us look every fact straight in the face, and see what mystery is connected with it. If we study the anatomy of the human being, and also that of the serpent, we can find nothing in common in their organizations that would lead us for a moment to suppose that a snake ever had the organs of speech, or could ever have talked. Yet this snake, or some similar being is set up as an equal or a superior to the first great cause. Accordingly, a great mystery must be attached to this powerful being. Everybody knows that eternal punishment was once the foundation of faith in all the churches. It is said that man trespassed upon the laws laid down for him, and this was brought about by the influence of an opposite power or spirit from the first great cause. If we go back to the earliest period, we will find out from whence came these symbols and allegories. They were known before Moses' time in Egypt, too far back to date the beginning of them to be only six thousand years. All scholars who have studied mythology, know that the serpent was used symbolically to portray the crafty nature of man, and it was not applied to any living form or spirit. The crafty nature of man was like the serpent. There is something in man's nature exceedingly subtle and very powerful for evil, and when excited it overcomes his moral propensities. It requires but little study to find out that this creation is all a myth. Now, in this age, the serpent is held up as a special creation, and it is done by those who claim to be teachers of the people.

They attach great mystery to this serpent who was permitted to entice woman to sin by the simple process of eating an apple from the tree set in the midst of

the garden of Eden. What is the garden of Eden? Here is another mystery for man to solve. When we go back to Egyptian mythology, we find the serpent symbolized in their language. Garden of Eden, when correctly defined, means to bring forth, to grow. Hence the mind of man is a garden, which brings forth both good and evil fruit. Bad, if his animal propensities predominate, and good, if he follows the better impulses of his heart; hence we find good and evil in our own breast. The allegory is beautiful, and had an effect for good on that people.

It taught them to beware of indulgence in hypocritical manners and deceitfulness toward one another. We see now a great mystery is attached to it. It has been used to subjugate man as they did with cudgels by which they mauled men's brains. It is brought down to subjugate man, and fill his mind with dark fears, and dread of torture hereafter. Endless punishment! that is also wrapped in mystery. Man has failed to localize the place of torture, notwithstanding this generation has been taught so much about locality. Scientists say there never was a beginning, and for my part as long as I have been here, I have not yet a thought about a beginning. I know one fact, and it is this, that we are not concerned about the beginning nor the end, but we are to fulfill our duty in our own time. History gives us a record of the past, but it is not truthful.

We must cultivate our minds and our better nature, in order to be able to judge what is best, and then govern our actions accordingly. There is a principle in nature above material form, and in it, which no man can deny, and the sooner the world understands this

principle, the better for humanity, and for the churches. Let us not grow selfish in our wisdom, nor egotistical in our knowledge. Let us have a sincere devotion to right and to our brother man, and all that is good, high and noble in those laws which have held this world in mystery so long, we will develop and use. We want the world to get rid of the idea that God was thwarted by any being in the shape of a serpent, or any other form, or that woman was allowed to follow his instructions, and by eating an apple brought death upon all humanity afterward.

We must get rid of the idea that God's purposes or plans were ever frustrated. It is the first stumbling-block to man. There is great error in the premises, when we believe man was cursed.

God is all-powerful, and could not be defeated, or thwarted by an offspring of his own power. All things that were created and are in operation to-day, are as God intended them. It could not be otherwise from the working of intelligent laws. Those laws were in perfect harmony in the early days, when man first received the idea that he was good and evil. We have not yet learned at what period that was when man first found out that he was both good and bad. It was one of his earliest reflections, and from it he shaped his laws.

The record says, Cain was an outcast from God, but we know he could not be an outcast from God, for God is omnipresent. We must give all due charity to those early writers, for they did not understand God as we do. They held him as a finite being, and so must we when we claim to comprehend him, for we in spirit state even can not comprehend infinity.

All along the road of the past we see the spirituality of man, although it was not as well developed as at the present time. We now see a knowledge of spiritual nature highly developed, and a living intelligence recognized as capable of assisting man, instructing him in his duty, and directing him in the every day affairs of life. As the Jewish church grew powerful and rich, the priests took this knowledge of spiritual communion out of the hands of the people. The king sent out edicts against prophets and seers, which was not as unreasonable as that man should now deny himself the right and privilege of studying and reasoning about those things. All along the early times, man with his selfish nature controlled the church, and that which was at one time the birthright of the people, was made a mystery by the church to hold mankind in subjection to priest and king, although we often see those two powers antagonistical. Saul was not a Christian, but according to Jewish testimony, he sought knowledge from one of the seers of his age, and that too after his having affixed a heavy penalty to deal in necromancy, that is, to talk with the dead. We might quote many of the prophecies in proof that there was at that age as much antagonism to this same phenomena as there is to-day. I will refer to one case, which is not extraordinary, namely, where Saul counselled with the woman of Endor. He went to see her, to consult with Samuel, a learned friend of his.

The woman did not know Saul, until told so by Samuel, when she became afraid. Samuel's prophecy concerning the king was soon verified.

This history is proof beyond cavil, that the people

of that day and age knew and believed they could talk with the dead. The woman was not astonished that any one should come to consult her, but was alarmed when she learned it was the king.

This phenomena was a natural law at that time, and it is so to-day, although it is made a mystery. It is not so to you, although its philosophy has not yet been fully explained.

Samuel was a man of God, a priest in favor with the people, and it was him who had anointed with his own hands, Saul as king. We also learn, that when Saul became powerful, he was like Americans in office to-day, he grew wicked, and deceived the very person who had made him king.

This is an interesting history, and should not be touched lightly. The corner-stone of all religion is truth, and if we accept the facts recorded, then Samuel anointed Saul as king, which fact was of sufficient importance to be brought down to us to-day. However important that fact may be, the fact that Samuel communicated with Saul, and by him was recognized, is much more essential to science and religion. Samuel says, "why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" Now, it is natural that Samuel should have been disquieted, for he was on the eve of giving a painful message to Saul, and say to him, that he should be with him the next day. To tell Saul of his manner of death was indeed painful to that pure spirit, who well remembered his early friendship for the king, and devotion to his cause. He was pained to foresee the dreadful end that was coming to that terrible king, yet he said to him, thou and thy sons shall be together with me. Samuel was a good man, a prophet dedi-

cated to God before he was born, and raised in the service of God in a priest's house. He said to Saul that he should be with him. With my experience in spirit land, I look upon this natural law as one of the most beautiful, which permitted the hand that anointed Saul king, to be reached forth, and welcome him to another condition. I will not say whether that condition was higher or lower than a king, but will say, *it is always according to man's moral standing*, whether it will be better here or not. Now, is there any mystery in that? We must get rid of mysteries, not by shutting our eyes, but by opening our minds, accepting facts, and studying them carefully, until we understand them thoroughly. If we have not the means and time to do that now, let us wait until we find time, or some one who has had the higher privileges to learn and comprehend them, and who can and will teach them to us. Then we will find that which was a mystery to us before, only a beautiful and useful law or fact.

If we go into the garden, we see many different plants springing from the same soil, warmed by the same sun, and refreshed by the same showers, yet varied in form color and foliage. Let us not feel that even this is a mystery, but that we are not capable of understanding this law of the great lawgiver and maker of all.

WAR AND BOASTING.

JANUARY 22, 1874.—S.

My son, for me to speak to you to-day is the best we can do, which is what we all ought to do at all times. The light sometimes comes dimly, yet it shows us the outlines of objects. We will still follow man in his mysterious meanderings through life. We see little hills, one higher than another, so with the minds and intellect of men.

Looking over the past and through the musty records of the ancients, we see that all nations have striven to elevate man higher and still higher. In the nineteenth century, we can not claim any more important discoveries and facts to benefit humanity, than at any other period. 'T is true we have applied many important facts which have long existed, but we must remember that the present generation has had the light of all preceding ones. Every generation has the advantage of gaining knowledge over all those who have gone before it.

Had man the power to stand upon the loftiest eminence of earth and take a bird's eye view of all the civilized nations of the earth, and had he also the sublime faculty of penetrating into the thoughts of every statesman, who has controlled the destiny of these nations, he might pause and ask, has man, with

all his knowledge of the past learned enough, or has his mind the capacity to understand what is written of the powers of nature on that great scroll, and unrolled for man to read? With all man's advancement in knowledge and all his attainments, we see him yet with a propensity for war. This barbaric principle in man is not yet dead, it still lives in him and is yet unsubdued. Here is work for church and the philanthropist.

Let no great mind, no philanthropic individual cavil at the weapon he must use to subjugate this savage monster, who destroys so many lives, brings so much misery and poverty upon the human family, and involves them in crime and debt. When man shall fully subdue this barbarous animal, who lives in himself and who knows no pleasure outside of human slaughter, or a constant broil with some other power, he will then have taken one step toward good. Every king and potentate of earth should reflect that this planet was not created especially for him, but came in under a sublime law. One has said, if each played a part, he should play it well.

Let the king then not leave his tracks stained with blood from the time he comes into power until his eyes are closed in death. Man is inclined to boast a great deal. He does it often without reflection, from habit and hearing others. If we take every history written and all the testimony left, we find that every nation has been in a continual broil and constant war, save for a short time. When we look over the habitable globe and see so much to do, to enjoy and to make every human being happy, it is a great wonder how man can ever find time for war. Now

this propensity for strife and bloodshed is what we have come to subjugate.

This is the great object the church and christianity should have. It should be the object of all law-makers on earth to elevate man, to protect him, and give him harmony and peace. Now this great boasting of what Christianity has done, is not religion, nor has such boasting ever benefitted mankind.

Man must go steadily forward, quietly, yet resolutely, to cultivate and educate the different races of men above the idea of war. One man studies medicine to heal the sick, another music and harmony to give pleasure to humanity. We also have great law-schools to educate man in what is termed law and the codes of his country.

To make him competent, he must understand something of the laws of other countries. Now man should not study law merely to say he is a lawyer, but in order to find something in that law to elevate humanity. No man should be proud of any title, or of titled honor which may be attached to his name, because he has studied law. No, he should rather be proud of the good he can do himself and others by the knowledge which he has obtained. It should not be man's governing motive to possess a knowledge, in order that he may contend with some one else. This contention begins in families and goes out into States and countries. It destroys innocence, virtue and honesty. It grows to be a selfish monster, and with its pride and ambition, seeks to hold in subjection the weaker portion of mankind. Man should seek to do good and not evil by his education and knowledge, and that which is not beneficial, is not

education. Man must rise above all really selfish motives and never lose sight of noble acts. Yes, he must be above the low selfish nature which actuates the lowest order of animals.

But when he does this, then the church comes in and claims this man for a Christian. Let us follow the so-called Christian and see if he is above a mean act. Has he got rid of arrogance? If not, his position has only inflated his pride and self-conceit. To make good men and women, each one must know what he himself is, what are his own propensities, and no man can improve until he fully understands that he needs improvement.

Man must grow above the selfish idea that one half of his brothers are to burn in hell, while he himself is to bask in the sunlight of happiness.

Now, what is the difference between a materialist and one who believes that all who are outside of the church sink into hell? The materialist thinks, that when he dies and goes into the earth, he will go to support vegetation, and so he does to a certain extent. The church in a dogmatic manner asserts, that on account of Eve's sin a terrible hell was opened to swallow every unfortunate man who does not receive baptism, the Lord's supper and believe with his whole heart in the atonement of Christ. Now each church has a creed or certain formula, which every one is required to believe in order to be saved in heaven. Now, is man so selfish as to be willing that his less fortunate brother, who was educated differently from himself, and who does not accept his creed, should be cast off into outer darkness. Yet so it seems, for he goes quietly to his banking-house to look after his

millions, then returns to his home in an elegant carriage, lounges in his luxurious apartments and takes his comfort without giving one thought to those outside of his own church, or away from his wealth.

Yes, and this man also expects perpetual happiness in his own selfish heaven, when he ceases to live upon earth. The world is filled with such men, and when I look at them, I see in them nothing better than a roaring lion, or some other terrible beast of prey. What has this man done to deserve so much comfort? We find many thousands in this beautiful land of America pampered in wealth and luxury, going easily along and accepting all the sacraments of the church.

How many others look upon such a man and think how much he has been favored by fortune and how prosperous he is, but I hope it will not damn him as it did poor Dives.

I think he could find something better to do than count money, and something more noble than a dead faith to believe. If the bugle should sound for war, that very man, who has been so prosperous, would talk as loud as if he had been cheated and defrauded. He would go out into the street and public places and encourage youths, yes, beardless boys to enlist in the army. He would drag them from home and from their mother's influence. He would excite them until they would shoulder a gun and go forth to fight for honor. He talks so fluently to them, that the poor boy believes it would be a great honor to shoulder a gun and get killed. That man never stops to ask if that youth belongs to the church and has a belief in his own selfish heaven, nor does he strive for one moment to find a better place for him than

to serve as a target for an enemy's bullet. This may seem tame to you, but it is the practical experience of the age, and should be presented to the minds of men, to give them some proper food for reflection.

It is time the people of America should be awakened to a true principle of honor and justice. I say it with the best feelings to my brothers of this country, "depend more upon yourselves individually, and trust less to the few in power." In order to be prosperous and happy, we must have a reasonable religion, and there is but one. A true religion purifies the heart and affections, takes away the heavy sin of selfishness and illuminates the soul with a strong and holy purpose, to do good and right under all circumstances. Let not man cavil too much about mysteries, but take hold of practical life and lift himself out of the miasma that is swallowing him up every day. Let him not be led by false philosophies, or an *ignes-fatui*, as we hear of in some dreary swamp. There is too much show and gewgaw in America to-day and not enough reality. We want to begin at once and bring out that fine intelligent man, not a wild beast of prey to destroy his brother man. We are constantly hearing of freedom for the black race. They think they are free since the war, and are no longer subject to their master.

But instead of him, they find a harder one of nature, an appetite when they have no food, and coldness when they have no fire nor clothes. We should be more careful in the language we use, and not that which misleads, words which express that which man has not yet realized. The negro must still have a shelter and be clothed, therefore, in his present condition I pity him. He is yet in his infancy, and will be for a long time.

Let not one party make a cudgel of him to beat to death the other. Let them not tear him asunder, that they may step to power upon his dead carcass. When he was freed from his Southern master, how much better it would have been for him to have said, "go and labor and you shall have all you earn," but instead of that, they gave him the ballot. Instead of his filling his mind with some practical knowledge, he has been taught citizenship, owning land, buying and selling, braggadocio, marrying with a license, until the poor negro is almost crazed. He has thus lost all desire to labor in the field to cultivate corn, cotton and potatoes. He thinks by voting, preaching, going to school, suing and being sued, he can make a living. He is a poor child, alien from his own home and in a strange land. It would be well for all those with so much pride and boasting, to beware and take care of those beneath them.

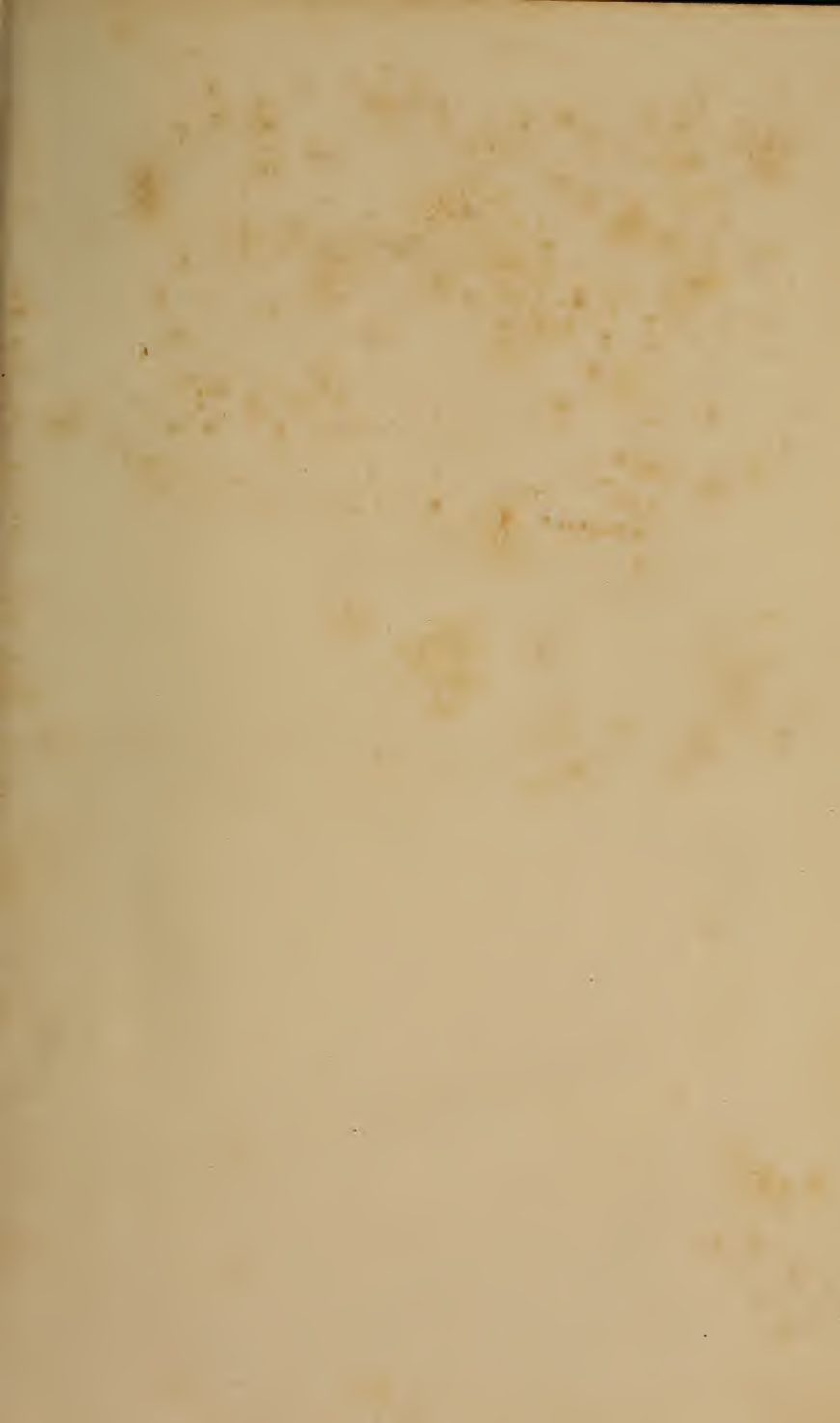
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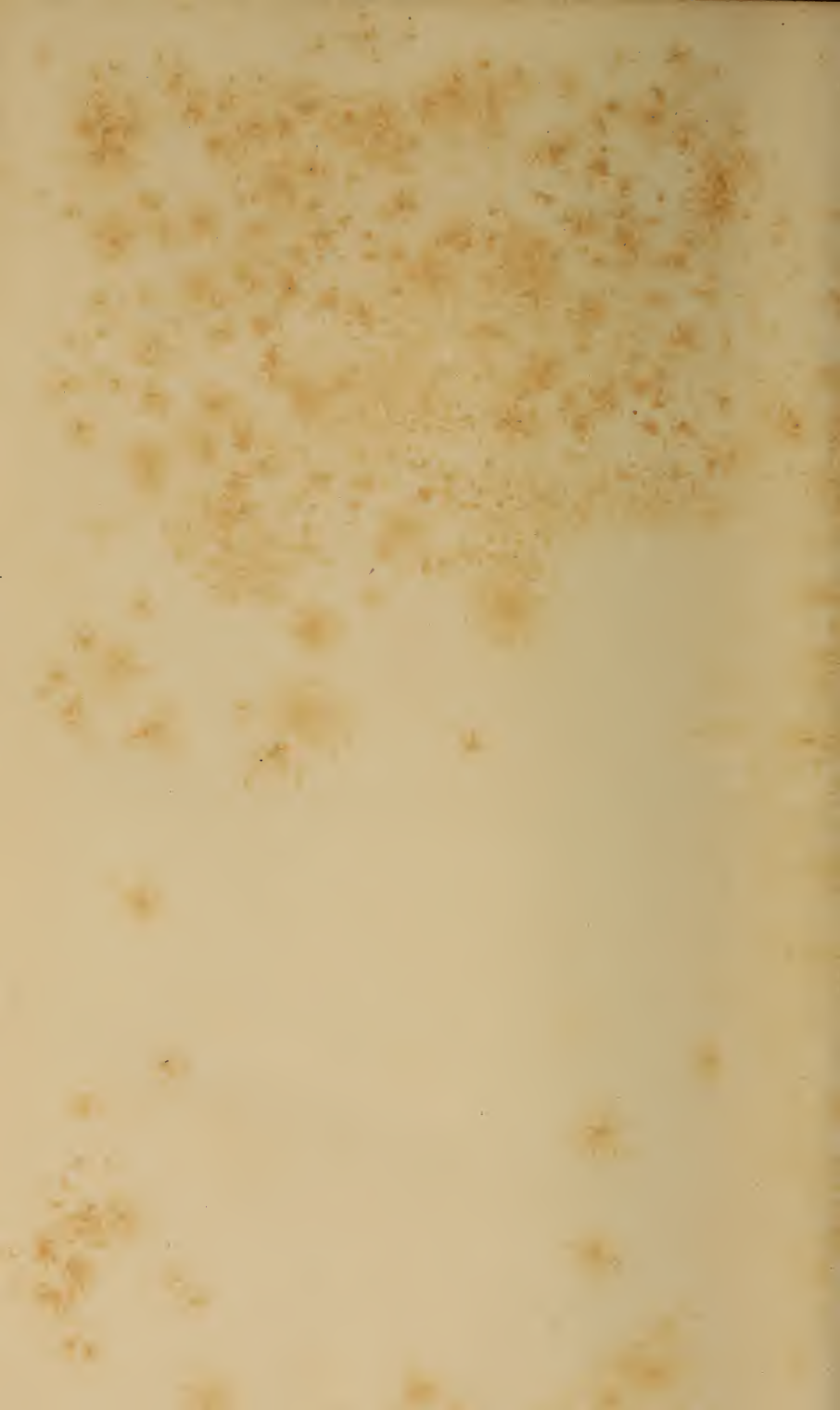
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