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THE TRUE IMAGE OF GOD.

The speculations of Mr. Fernald on the subject of the Personality of God, were read by me with engrossing interest. I was pleased to find that a problem which has vexed my own mind and heart, had been investigated with the same freedom with which I had myself examined it. The difficulties that have oppressed Mr. Fernald I have felt in all their weight. I cannot say that I have attained that representation of God in which I shall finally rest; but I have come to certain conclusions resembling his in many points, though in others differing so widely that he might, perhaps, think that the points of agreement between us might well go for nothing.

It is a characteristic of the theology of the day, that its representatives of the Supreme Being set the head and heart of religious men at variance. While multitudes repose thoughtlessly, and of course quietly, in the current orthodoxy, many, like Strauss, have in thought resolved the Infinite God into an unconscious principle, and virtually denied the possibility of rational worship. Others, taking alarm at the audacious conclusions of the speculative intellect, when exercised without the restraint of authority in the form of written or oral tradition, have taken refuge in the dogmatism of the Roman Church, or in the doctrine of the Plenary Inspiration of Scripture. Those who, like Strauss and Feuerbach, resolve all worship into an expression of human weakness, and therefore call for the repudiation of religion—and those, on the other hand, who, like Pusey and Father Newman, hold all free thought to be an impiety—at least show by the extravagance of their doctrines, at once the insufficiency of either of the extreme views to satisfy the religious sentiment, and the strength of the pressure which is sundering the religious world into two great parties. The ultimate cause of this pressure is to be found in the fact of the evolution in the world's mind, of a more true and satisfactory representation of God than has ever hitherto been accorded to

man. The great helps to the development of this new idea of God, have been the discoveries made in Astronomy, Geology, Psychology, and Biblical Criticism, within the last half century. These discoveries have resulted in setting before the thinking men of the world a marvelous deficiency and *inadequateness* in the views of man and God, which are sacred to Roman Church and Protestant tradition. Hence, each of the above-named sciences has produced its own skeptics to the popular Christianity. Many, like Schlegel, and Newman, and Brownson of our own country, made skeptics by a diligent study of Scripture, and fearing to lose altogether God and Immortality, have made a sudden halt in their speculations, and laid hold of authority as an anchor of faith. Others, like Strauss and his fellow theologians in Germany who advocated the philosophy of Hegel, have gone on boldly to the land's end—inquiring for God and Immortality, without being able to find either. The skeptics of the Psychological school, and those who have become skeptics to the old faith by observing the moral short-comings of the church and churches, are the only classes who have been able to retain faith in God and Immortality, and have come forth from their old views, plumed and ready for a higher flight and a nobler religious progress. On these last classes of new-born believers rests the glorious duty of opening to the world the light of a new age, of removing effete and noisome errors, and introducing order into the chaos of religious opinions. With them rests the hope of receiving and effectually communicating to the world, that idea of God which shall satisfy at once the head and the heart of man. I would essay briefly my own representation of God. I therefore tabulate his attributes as demanded by my heart, and as affirmed or denied by my head.

The heart demands that God be:

1. *Imaginable.*
2. *Picturable in visible forms.*
3. Capable of transient appearances to particular persons: *a*—By conversation and language; *b*—By signs and wonders.
4. Changeable in His moods towards us, according as we change toward Him: *a*—Capable of anger without limit; *b*—Capable of love without limit.
5. Omniscient and omnipotent in all the means of good or evil to us.

There are very beautiful representations of all these attributes in the older books of the Bible. Thus of Nos. 1, 2—Gen. iiii 8, "And they heard the voice of Jehovah Elohim walking in the garden in the cool of the day." Gen. xii 5, "And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded." Exodus xix: 11, "For in the third day the Lord will come down in the sight of all the people." Deut. v: 4, "The Lord talked with you face to face in the Mount, out of the midst of the fire." Exodus xxxi: 18, "Two tables of Testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God." The Pentateuch is full of representations of attributes Nos. 3 and 4. "The mighty works of God," as exhibited in the Old Testament, illustrate attributes No. 5. The pillar of fire, and cloud, and the rainbow, represent God as appearing in signs. In antagonism to these attributes of God, as demanded by the heart, the intellect asserts that God must be:

1. Imaginable, but not adequately picturable to the senses.
2. Incapable of *transient* appearances from change in Himself; incapable of *special* communications by any language or signs.
3. Incapable of varying moods towards men.
4. Incapable of *thinking*, because he is all the while conscious of all that is possible.
5. Omnipotent and all-good.

Now it is remarkable that of the attributes of God demanded by the common heart of man, we are capable of such an education, religiously, as to dispense with (those in the first table, marked) Nos. 2, 3, 4; and many profoundly religious men can be found among us, to-day, who have a *soul-soothing sense of God*, and are rid of them all in their belief. The history of the Jews till the time of the Babylonish captivity, was the history of the struggle of the national mind to rid itself of the feeling that God must be *picturable*. The astonishment of the Roman General, Pompey, at finding *no image of God* when he had penetrated to the inner sanctum of the temple, is an amusing and instructive proof how far the Jewish mind had outgrown the religious notions of the most powerful people on earth. The demand of a *picturable* God is the root of the idolatry now so detestable to Mahom-

medan or Jew. It seems to me it was never very acceptable to Jesus. Swedenborg virtually teaches it, and Mr. Fernald, I think, formally adopts it. However, the craving of the human heart for a picturable God is the foundation of the doctrine of the Incarnation.

If I could admit the possibility of any adequate, moniform image of God, I should agree with Swedenborg that there is a single specific and imaginable Form, in which God eternally appears to the spiritually adult man. For the admission of the possibility of such specific Form of God involves the admission of its reality, inasmuch as the nature of God is such that all that is possible in regard to Him, is necessary. He is and *does* every instant, all He *can* be and do. Now it is surely impossible to demonstrate that God has a specific Form or appearance, peculiar, and solely peculiar, to Himself; for the very simple reason that if God have such a Form, it is *self-evident* that he has it. If Mr. Fernald's position be true, then he should not attempt to *prove* it. He should either say it needs no proof, or verify it on the testimony of an unimpeachable and infallible human witness. But here it behooves us not to fall into the opposite error, and affirm that because it is *not self-evident* to us, it is therefore untrue. Because many truths may be self-evident to a fully grown mind, which are not so to an immature mind. The axioms of mathematics are not self-evident to a child; and there may be propositions conveying an intelligent sense to minds capable of conceiving them, but incapable of seeing them to be self-evident. Because, therefore, the proposition—God is invested with a specific Form—is indemonstrable, it does not follow that it is untrue. But it is strong presumption against it, that so few can see it to be self-evident. So that if the proposition be true, it can be introduced into the world's faith only on the testimony of that ever-increasing number that shall grow up to see it to be self-evident.

Admitting it to be true, as Swedenborg affirms, that God is eternally invested with a specific Form, two propositions may be most certainly affirmed in regard to that Form:

1. It could never, through any act of God, transiently appear for limited periods only. The reason is this: whatever is an essential attribute of God is insusceptible of *varying states* by act divine. That divine appearance must have been from eternity to eternity. Indeed, a volution on the part of God, originating and ending in time, is a sheer absurdity.—With God, to be, that is, His *to love*, is to will. His being is a willing, because it is a living. The human universe, that is to say, the universe, perpetually rises before God, because he loves and longs for it.

2. This Form of God could never become, for limited periods, personal, or incarnated in one only human form. The reason is the same as that just given. There can be no *novelties* in the life of the Deity. The impersonation of the Form of God must always have existed and always have been incapable of incarnation for limited periods; because a

temporary incarnation would be something *new* to God himself. The author of the fourth Gospel saw this, and makes his Jesus assert his pre-existence; but he does not get over the difficulty, for the assumption of a body by the Logos, was tantamount, on the part of the Deity, to the adoption of a new attribute. So the pseudo-John's rejection of the miraculous conception, relieved him of one embarrassment only to plunge him into another. The evangelists made Jesus Son of God by investiture; the pseudo-John makes the Logos the *incarnate* Son of God, who deigns to become Jesus, but not by miraculous conception, for the very object of that conception was to represent the creation of a *new* man, who should be relieved of earthly taint by having only one human parent.

I cannot, therefore, admit with Mr. Fernald, that Jesus was the eternal impersonation of the Form of God. If he were, he ought, logically speaking, never to have been born. Nor, if I admitted, with the pseudo-John, that the Form of God was impersonate in what Philo and the Alexandrian Platonists call the Logos, should I allow that he was temporarily incarnate in the person of Jesus. Indeed, I should be compelled to believe that this Form of God could be nothing other than an *appearance* of God visible solely in the heavens, and to such on earth as were or are sufficiently spiritually mature to see it. Its personality as a thing distinct from the divine personality, would be also an impossibility. This Form would be to me the Spiritual Sun which Swedenborg describes as always visible to the angels.

Even if this Form of God be imaginable, it would not follow that it would be adequately picturable in colors and shades, or that any conceivable picture would satisfy the mature religious sense. At an early era in the world, a picturable Form of God did satisfy the religious sense, and the Baal or sun-worship had something of dignity and grace. We may hope that multitudes found in the adoration of the sun a satisfactory glimpse, at times, of the unutterable glory of God. But are we to return thither, once more, to-day?

I have thus far gone on the assumption that this asserted Form of God, which is invisible to the senses, is a reality to a sense yet undeveloped. It remains to inquire whether the heart really needs to conceive of God as invested in a specific Form, to satisfy its craving for Him.

That man, in ages past, has desired a conceivable God, is a fact. It is a fact that the more tangible and palpable his God is, the better is a rude man of strong religious impulses satisfied. But the major part of the modern civilized world can now dispense with a visible God. In countries under the sway of the Roman church, however, a vast multitude of gods, in the shape of saints and angels, has usurped the place of the one God. The worshippers are polytheists, but their deities are canonized men and women.—These facts ought not to be considered conclusive in proof that a specific, imaginable Form of God will always be demanded by the heart of man. One ele-

ment, at least, of true worship is the spontaneous adoration of something inconceivable. The Infinity of Power, Wisdom, Love, is quite credible, but utterly unimaginable. We can *know* each of these attributes to be infinite, but if we could imagine them limited, we could never worship God. We cannot adore aught that we can distinctly imagine or conceive. Full faith that there is an Infinite Goodness, is one form of true worship—a faith that does not require its votary to worship "in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem." I have met with very few possessed of such a faith. But I find great numbers who think they have true faith in God, and the strongest proof they will give me of it, is a kind of night-mare persuasion of the ubiquity of an omnipotent devil. But in such, a true sense of God is yet dormant. Another element of true worship is sympathy with God in His love to men. If I love my fellow-man, then I inspire the bliss and peace of God, and the currents of His blessedness circulate through me. For the soul of man is the bourne whence God's bliss flows back to Himself again. So if I love my fellow, if my joy consists in making him happy, then I come into contact with God. I sympathize with Him; I trust in Him; I feel a presence which no image can adequately embody. The more of good-will I pour out to man, the more does God, by a back-door, as it were, enter my inmost soul. Thus we know God by trusting in an Infinite Goodness—by being borne on its billows, and wafted onwards into the unknown deeps of eternity. What matters it to me whether I can ever conceive of God in a Form? I can feel Him, though I may never be able to imagine Him. How He looks upon me, how He looks upon Himself, how the human universe appears to Him, I cannot conceive adequately. I know by *feeling* that he loves us all—loves us truly and fondly. But if I am assured of this, I am content. I can worship, and I can rest in my worship. If hereafter I should see Him in a Form, it would be joy unspeakable; but I have no assurance that I ever shall. If I shall not, I shall touch Him in my soul, and my inward life will be in contact and sympathy with His for evermore. God is, and I am immortal. What more can I ask? That ocean of the Divine Love and Wisdom, shoreless and fathomless, bathes me and carries me in its bosom, and shall carry me and all I love, when the last glimmer of the stars shall have paled in the voids of space.

Let me, in conclusion, express my great satisfaction in the reading of Mr. Fernald's lectures. If I have uttered with freedom, views antagonistic to his, it has been with no desire to stir up a controversy upon points on which we may differ. We hold in common to the personality of God, and believe with an emphasis that He is love. D. L.

July 30, 1851.

The noblest spirits are those which turn to heaven, not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy; like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse, to soar up in their native element.

[Original.]

"SPIRITS AROUND US."

Aye, it is true. We may not think it, but it is even so. We may not see them, but they see us. They are round us at morn, and noon, and eventide, "both while we wake, and while we sleep." They are with us alike when we are thinking of goodness, and trying to grow up into the expansion and felicity of heaven, and when we grovel amid the low pleasures of earth, insensible to higher joys, and careless whether we ourselves are possessed of spiritual natures or are aught more than the perishing clods on which we tread. They are *ever* with us. Who are—who are these spirits? Have we ever had aught to do with them? and may we hope to have more? O, fond ecstasy of delight, to know the deep bliss of this answer! They are our friends—those who once loved us, and who still love us—who were once with us, and are yet with us. They are the dear ones of our former affection, to whom our souls were once knit, and with whom we used to walk, hand in hand. They are the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, the sweet children, and still nearer other selves, whom we were wont, but a little while ago, to clasp to our hearts and call our own! They are those who, when about to leave us, and cross the death-river, to launch out upon the untried ocean, bade us this adieu—"Farewell, we shall soon meet again." And so they come now to fulfil that loving, faithful promise. And they *do* fulfil it. They do meet us. They so come that we feel their presence; they so speak that we receive their sympathy; they so whisper in the secret chamber of our souls, that we are all ear to listen to their heavenly message. When we are glad, they rejoice in our joy; when we weep, they soothe our grief and dry our tears; when we are in doubt they instruct us, and when in danger they warn us. They are our best and truest friends, and happy should we be if we gave up ourselves more to their guidance.

Yes, the *angels* are our companions—those who have long passed away. The seraphim are not so glorious and exalted, nor the cherubim so pure and holy, but they still care for their brothers on the earth, and keep watch and ward over them. They were once as weak and imperfect as we, and only through trials and temptations have they themselves progressed to the attainment of their present state. With them, as with us, "No cross, no crown." They know, therefore, how to pity our frailties, help our sincere endeavors to be good. Not one of the great, and the wise, and the virtuous, of all the ages past—be he known as a Jew, a Pagan, or a Christian—be he Patriarch, Prophet, Apostle, Philosopher, or Reformer—not one of all these but revisits the scene of his first development and early education, and beckons every brother here to follow in his foot-steps! God bless the good who have gone, and give us who remain, strength thus to follow.

Yes, there are spirits around us. And I am glad of it. Are not you? Do you wish it were otherwise? Would you

pray to be left alone? O, no! For our own sakes, we will say, No. By the love that binds the angel and human races together, we will say, No. By the deep gratitude we feel toward our spiritual helpers, for the much they have done for us already, No. By the insatiate craving of our souls for higher good, No. By the instinctive longing of our natures for immortality, No. And by the unutterable yearning of our whole being to ascend, to mount upward into the very heavens, and rest not till we nestle close in the bosom of the Almighty Love—by all these, No, No, No. O no, we will not dare to stand alone, but we will say to these holy ones of the upper skies, Be ye ever with us!

Come, then, spirits! Come and dwell with the earth-children. Come and dwell with the meek and lowly of this far-off, mundane sphere! Come and help us live! Come and teach us to worship! Come and make us true, pure, and holy, till we shall grow up to be angels with you! Come, and God come with you, as he *does* come with you! We need not ask him, for he is with us now, and we know that he cannot but love his own. We need not ask him, for he is nearer than ye all, and he works through ye all. We need not ask him, for in him we live, and move, and have our glorious existence. Come, then, our great All-Father-God, and ye fathers whom we have known according to the flesh, and mothers, too, and brothers, sisters, partners, children, and all who have gone—Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Angels, Seraphim, Cherubim, and Jesus—come, all, and dwell in our poor hearts, and change us into Love and into Heaven!

JOSEPH TREAT.

July 18.

THE OLD THEOLOGY.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

It assumes to be, or to possess within its organization and cardinal doctrines, the medium or totality of inspiration; and it arrogantly proclaims itself to be the supreme and sovereign authority. It arbitrarily determines upon what book, or what peculiar combination of books, we shall revere as the "Word of God;" and then denies to us the right of exercising the same amount of intellectual, moral, and religious liberty. It describes the circle in which we shall move, and think, and reason; and then authoritatively and dogmatically denies to us the moral or religious freedom to advance beyond it. It thus imposes what we conceive to be improper and demoralizing restrictions upon our thoughts and investigations—trammels the progressive development of our minds, and peremptorily denies to us the divine privilege of free discussion and a free expression of our inward sentiments.

It unites with society in its unphilosophical and unbrotherly treatment of the criminal, and of the unfortunate victim of crime; and it (that is, popular theology,) sanctions the old barbarian or Mosaic law of capital punishment.

It emphatically justifies society in the perpetuation of personal and national animosities and antagonisms. It permits

war, confiscation of property, and carnage; and it assists to promote successful military chieftains, without regard to other merit or demerit, to the responsible position of emperors and governors.

It sanctions the monarchical despotism of *monopolies*. It smiles with silent approbation upon the conflict between Labor and Capital. It permits the present unjust remuneration of the toiling millions. It permits them to live from day to day without the least guarantee of a home in case of pecuniary adversity or ill health; and more than all, it openly and emphatically sanctions the dark and fearful sin of *human slavery*!

It deforms and enslaves, but it does not reform and emancipate the human mind from the confinements and mournful influences of Sectarianism. Its influence is not positive and reformatory, but it is merely negatively restraining. It opposes almost every measure or movement which originates with the people. It engenders melancholy and erroneous conceptions of the nature and destiny of man. It keeps up a perpetual warfare between the *head* and the *heart*. It encourages a gladiatorial struggle against liberty of speech and freedom of action. It even opposes temperance reformation, unless it originates in the church; and uniformly exerts its multifarious influences to restrain the progress of social and prison reforms upon identical grounds.

It conveys discord into our families. It arrays husbands against wives, and wives against husbands. It produces many private alienations of affection and friendship. It causes the heads of many families to separate and go to different and antagonistic sectarian sanctuaries on the Sabbath; and it develops sad and unwholesome dissensions among friends—between members of society, and disturbs the equilibrium of nations.

It generates cupidity and hypocrisy, by teaching our children to regard certain doctrines as truths, which (because those doctrines are not true,) cannot be felt, but which, nevertheless, are frequently manifested with all the show of confidence in their validity. This leads directly to practical dissimulation and deceit. Many persons are in the constant practice of *exhibiting* piety, who, at the same time, do not (because they cannot,) *feel* such piety to be sacred truth; and this apparently wilful hypocrisy on the part of some individuals, leads directly to the theological assumption—an assumption which has retarded human progress for ages—that the heart of man is desperately wicked and depraved by nature.

It instills dark, unwholesome thoughts into the minds of our children. It teaches them to believe in the most soul-revolting doctrines. They are educated to consider themselves as "totally depraved"—and as being under the "curse" of the living God. It teaches them to regard themselves as evil, and "sinners" by nature; and as incapable of being good and heaven-worthy, independent of the Bible and the Church. They are taught to believe in a "God of Love," who, at the same time, encourages hate; and in a "God of Heaven," who, at the same time, permits the everlasting duration of hell!

Thus our youth become contaminated by the existing methods of religious education; and when they advance in years, and become men and women, they become either bigots and sectarians, or skeptics and misanthropes. A sadness and gloom are consequently thrown over our minds; and we deprive ourselves and our children of a large proportion of that enjoyment and progressive happiness which are the inalienable rights of man.

It seeks to array its conservative and authoritative influence against scientific inventions and improvements. It asserts this whole world of human beings to be under an Adamic curse or condemnation. It has most dogmatically pronounced, and still continues to assert it, that all the sorrows, and perplexities, and vicissitudes, and trials, and discords, and diseases, and all the afflictions of this mundane state, are expressly sent by the living God to punish man for his alleged manifold transgressions! And it has openly opposed every medical reform, every social improvement, every benevolent design, upon the fabulous ground that such mortal attempts were wicked, and would prove unavailing, because they were in opposition to the "will" and punishment of God. And it trammels the progress and advancement of mankind, by teaching our children and our communities to believe the erroneous and baneful doctrine, that no improvement or reformation can be permanently accomplished, except through the so-called "divine" instrumentalities and multifarious restrictions and principles of the established church.

It perpetuates social, political, and professional conflicts, by itself manifesting that internal sectarianism and aristocratic intolerance, which are the invariable symptoms and inevitable concomitants of ignorance and pernicious error. It presents to the world numerous examples of jealousy and clerical ambition, which subserve the purpose of sanctioning and confirming, and rendering fashionable, the war of the trades and professions which surrounds us in society, and by which we are more or less injuriously affected.

It unqualifiedly professes not to bring "peace, but a sword."

It discourages and emphatically condemns natural or physical enjoyments. It strives to awaken in our minds what we consider to be imaginary compunctions of conscience. It imposes what we conceive to be unnecessary and deforming "trials" upon us; and causes us to "crucify" ourselves and "bear crosses," that are wholly unnatural and wrong.—We therefore feel that it has defrauded us and the generations that are gone, of two-thirds of the real happiness and mental consolations which we solemnly believe to be ours, according to the human constitution and the universal Providence of God! Yea, it deprives us, and seeks to deprive our children, of proper amusements—it disapproves of singing those joy-giving songs, and of dancing those easy and graceful waltzes which are manifestly natural and useful for man.

It dogmatically asserts Nature, and Reason, and Conscience even, to be subordinate to ecclesiastical authority. It

inculcates the baneful doctrine that our very heart-impulses are naturally sinful and opposed to the "will of God." Here again it creates a false issue between the heart and the head; and thus it has been the sole cause of impelling many minds into sad and hopeless insanity. It sheds a melancholy, dismal gloom over our families, our homes, and the nations of the civilized world. It renders this life a dark, and toilsome, and uncertain gift of God; and with its clouds of ignorance and superstition, it darkens our thoughts and anticipations of the other life. When our friends resign their material forms to the grave, then this theology fills our hearts with sadness, and our minds with distressing doubts, concerning their future welfare and eternal happiness. And thus it spreads gloom, and disconsolation, and suicidal melancholy, and insane despair, and mental misery, where joy, and cheerfulness, and righteousness, and gratitude, and peace, and happiness, should and might exist in abundance.

And we are moved to declare ourselves free and independent of the existing theology in all parts and portions of the earth, more particularly and especially because it endeavors to retard and prevent the march of social improvement and humanitarian progression; because it seeks to vilify and anathematize us—to denounce us—to wound our reputations—to prejudice the multitude against us—to encourage mobs and riots (by inspiring their children with the spirit of sectarianism and intolerance)—to injure us in our commercial or business relations—to array our families against us by misrepresenting our characters and sentiments to our associates and offspring—to calumniate us in our daily walk and conversation; and, more than all the rest, it strives to prevent the free investigation, the general adoption, and the universal expansion of our Harmonical Philosophy, which we do most sacredly believe to be the sublimest incarnation of the essential principles of Christianity, and the spacious vestibule to a temple of Eternal Truth.—*Spirit Messenger.*

ONE—One hour lost in the morning by laying in bed, will put back all the business of the day.

One hour gained by rising early is worth one month of labor in a year.

One hole in a fence will cost ten times as much as it will do to fix it at once.

One drunkard will keep a family poor and make them miserable.

One wife who is always telling how fine her neighbor dresses, and how little she can get, will look pleasanter if she talks about something else.

One husband that is penurious or lazy, and deprives his family of necessary comfort, such as their neighbors enjoy, is not as desirable a husband as he ought to be.

One good newspaper is one good thing in every family.

Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty.

Use the means, and trust to God for the blessing.

EDITORIAL.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1851.

DISCORDANT COMMUNICATIONS.

Let us not forget that the term "discord" will apply to other things besides what purports to come from the spiritual world. We have discordant minds, discordant families, discordant theologies, discordant ministers, discordant characters, discordant Christians, discordant nations.

In admitting that communications are made from the spiritual world to man's external senses, we admit a great and momentous truth—a fact (to many persons) second only in importance to that of the Divine Existence. Because, if our present life is merely rudimentary, and but the beginning of what we are to be in another sphere, then whatever tends to make that sphere manifest, is, and must be, of the highest possible benefit to all men.

Consider some of Nature's analogies. That which tends most to develop the fetal form, and prepare it for its birth into this external world, must be what we mean by *good*, for that fetus; and good for the rudimentary state, because it *tends* to develop the germ into that form which makes a healthy child. And so that kind of food, air, and regimen, which is good for the child, tends to develop manhood and intelligence. And thus it is manifest, that in proportion as human beings are merely rudimentary in the degrees of their development, so will be their inability to comprehend their *future life*. The fetus comprehends nothing of its future existence, by intelligence, because intelligence is not yet developed. But it does anticipate the future *instinctively*. The child has no conscious intelligence of his manhood; but he may have some instinctive anticipations of it. And so mortals often have no knowledge of their future life, though all have more or less of an *instinctive* desire for immortality, or a better state of existence.

At the appropriate time the fetus instinctively *wants* to be born; and in the process of the child's development, he wants to be a man. And the man wants immortality, in proportion as he grows into his true manhood, and becomes able to comprehend the Infinite Design in his mortal existence. But for childhood, the fetal existence would not be a positive *good*; and but for progression to manhood, the infantile state would not be desirable. So true it is, that as soon as we begin to exist, we commence the anticipation of the future:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be blessed."

Such are the results of progression. The

child is not perfectly happy on realizing its wishes in manhood, not because he has not come into the possession of the object of his wishes, but because his progression has given him new desires, which the future must satisfy, the same as the present satisfies the wants of time that is past. We live for the future, for *immortality*. The *fetus* lives to be an infant; the infant lives to be a child; the child lives to be a man; and the man lives to be a spirit; and the spirit lives to be an angel; and the angel lives to be like God, progressing forever in goodness, justice, and truth.

Hence, we say, that whatever *tends* to make man's future state *manifest*, is to all men a subject of the highest possible benefit. Our highest desire is for *immortality*. No matter whether you believe it or not. The human mind is not capable of desiring a greater good than is comprehended in a happy immortality. "Is there an hereafter?" Is man conscious after death? Does the *thinking, loving* principle live after the dissolution of the external body? The rudimentary, foetal, infantile existence may answer, No! Because the farther back you go towards infancy, or the beginning, the less is comprehended of the future, always. And hence, if the mass of mankind are still in this rudimentary state, and so little advanced that they cannot comprehend the future that awaits them, then whatever tends to their progression and development, so as to enable them to anticipate an unending existence, must be, to them, of the greatest importance. The present existence is temporary—that is, eternal. This is low, that is high. This is discordant, that is harmonious. It is a better world for all.

Hence we say, with this great truth before our eyes, we need not at present assume anything with regard to the *character* of the communications made to mortals from the world of spirits. And having assumed nothing, we have nothing to prove or disprove. There may be ten or ten thousand discordant communications made through every medium in the world. What of that? The great question is not in respect to the character of the medium, or the communications made, but it is as to whether there be a spiritual world or not. And till this mighty question is settled, no "sound," no "sentence spelled out," no "raps" purporting to come from a dog or a donkey, can be said to be "unimportant." That which comes from the spiritual world is of the highest importance to every human being who has not yet passed into that world.

When Lavery assumes the discovery of a new planet, philosophers do not first commence a discussion as to what kind of be-

ings inhabit that planet. They first enquire whether there be such a new world in existence, and when they find it so, they know, as a matter of course, that it must hold its appropriate place, and be governed by the laws which appertain to all other similar bodies in the universe of God.

It seems to us that there is goodness enough in the great truth now in the process of demonstration, to prevent discord among mortals. So it has impressed us. The more we learn of the next sphere, the less we are disposed to dispute with mortals about it. Why dispute about that which neither you, nor I, nor any other mortal, fully understand?

And the attempts often made by different writers, to account for the discordant manifestations from the world of spirits, has excited a feeling of charity. Such is our love for the spiritual, that whenever we witness any effort, however feeble, to free this subject from all embarrassment, we can but bless the mortal who makes the effort, however short he may fall of his object.—The spiritual world makes efforts that do not seem to be successful, for the time. And a similar remark might (reverently) be made of the Deity. Certainly the old theology teaches that God makes efforts, daily, to save his children from hell, but he is not able to do it! Does he not make efforts to bring about maturity in the vegetable kingdom, which fail? And who brings the animal kingdom into life? And when animals die before they are matured, whose failure is it?

Surely those who have been accustomed to speak of God as having failed in carrying out his original design in man's creation, will not be offended at the idea of failure when speaking of human beings, nor should they object to similar language when speaking of Nature's efforts, not excepting those made by the spiritual world.

If we contemplate Nature as comprehended in three kingdoms or spheres, mineral, vegetable, and animal, and notice the corresponding analogies between them all, it may be easy to see similar analogies in what appertains to the spheres above, and the reasons why manifestations from the spiritual world, though discordant, often when compared with themselves, yet, when compared with the universe and the great whole of Nature, they are in perfect and beautiful harmony:

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see,
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good."

BOUND VOLUMES.—The first and second volumes of this paper, bound, may be had at this office. Price, \$1.50 each. They will make a beautiful present for a friend.

PLAGIARISM.—"J. H." complained of by the Banner of the Times, as having committed plagiarism in the lines "Thou Hast Gone," explains that he translated those verses from the "Phonographic Correspondent," published in England, the same work from which he translated "The Infant's Dream," published in a preceding number. The fact of translation he omitted to state, and hence the misapprehension.

NORTH ATTLEBORO', MASS.—The editor lectured in this place, on the Spiritual World, 26th and 27th ult. Audible demonstrations were made by spirits, so as to be heard all over the hall, and it is hoped some good was accomplished.

POSTAGE.—Under the new law, when writing on your own business, *enclose* a post-office stamp wherewith your correspondent can *pre pay* his answer. You will save two cents in the operation.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.—Our friends who may wish copies of this paper for gratuitous circulation, can be supplied, without cost, (except postage,) by making known their wishes to us.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Greensboro', Henry Co., Ind.,
7th month, 14th, 1851.

Esteemed LaRoy Sunderland,—I, my wife, and our son-in-law, Elisha Branson, and my wife's niece, a girl about ten years old, who lives with us, named Mary Jane Rich, (her father and mother deceased some years ago,) all went to Crawfordsville, Indiana, about ninety miles, to hear the "spirit rappings;" and I have two-fold evidence that the "rappings" I heard were not made by human art.—First, I know there was no machinery or contrivance there to make the raps—no knee or toe rapping, or any such thing; and secondly, I know that if there had been any machinery there to make the raps, it could not have answered the questions so correctly as they were answered to me at Crawfordsville, Ind., 7th month, 7th inst., 1851, at the house of a man named Hayse, after noon, in day light. Friend Hayse's boy, perhaps eight or ten years old, was the medium. We seated ourselves around the centre table, and soon the raps commenced. I asked, "Is the spirit of my former wife present?" Rap. "Art thou happy?" Rap, rap, rap. "Art thou my guardian spirit?" Rap. "Will thou rap thy name when I call the right one?" Rap. Then I mentioned several names, and when I said "Hannah," it rapped. I got no raps to any other name. I asked, "Is the spirit of my son Jabez present?" No rap. Friend Hayse asked the spirit of Benjamin Gale if he knew my son Jabez in the spirit world. Rap. "What sphere is he in?" It rapped three times, for the third sphere. He said, "Rap the number of years his

son Jabez has been in the spirit world," and it rapped seven. [Correct.] We did not know then whether it was correct or not, till we considered the matter, and found it was correct. He asked if my son Jabez would communicate with me at some future time, at my house. Rap. Then I proposed that he would rap who would be the medium at my house when I named the right one. Rap. I mentioned several names, and when I said Mary Jane Rich, it rapped. I got no rap to any other name.

Friend Hayse would not take any pay for his time and trouble, though I urged him to take pay. He said he never charged. I gave his boy, the medium, ten cents, to please him.

We then went to the house of Charles H. Bowen, whose wife is a medium. We sat till about ten o'clock at night. Soon after seating ourselves around the table, the raps commenced. Not one person was present who was at the former sitting, except ourselves. I asked, "Is the spirit of my father present?" No rap. "Is the spirit of my mother present?" Rap. I asked some other questions, but got no raps.

A woman present asked if she was repulsed. Rap. She then asked if any one present repulsed her. Pointing to every one of us separately, she asked if that one repulsed her. No rap to any of us. She then asked if spirits repulsed her. Rap.

Elisha Branson then asked, "Is the spirit of Price Wickersham present?" Rap, rap. "What sphere are you in?" It rapped three times for the third sphere. "Rap the number of years you have been in the spiritual world." It rapped seven. [Correct.] Elisha asked if the spirit of his brother Addison was present. No rap. He asked Price Wickersham if he knew his brother Addison, in the spiritual world. Rap. He asked if he would bring the spirit of his brother Addison present. Rap. Then Elisha said, "When you get him here, make it known by two raps—each one rap." He asked the spirit of his brother Addison what sphere he was in. It rapped two, for the second sphere. He asked if he knew my son, Jabez Hinshaw, in the spiritual world. Rap. What sphere was he in? It rapped three, for the third sphere. He asked Addison if he was often with him. Rap. Was he often with his mother? Rap. Asked if his mother was in good health? No rap. Was she afflicted? Several raps. [Correct, for she is much afflicted.] Asked how many brothers he had. Rapped seven. [Correct.] How many sisters he had? Rapped four.—[Correct.] He asked, Is the spirit of Daniel Hiatt present? No rap. He asked his brother Addison if he would bring him present. Rap. He then said, When you get him here make it known by three raps—each one rap. After waiting a little while, there were three raps. He asked the spirit of Daniel Hiatt to rap the number of years he had been in the spiritual world. Rapped one. [Correct.] He asked if he had any children in the spiritual world. Rap. How many? Rapped one. [Correct.] His widow had the child soon after his death, and the

child died.] He asked, Is the spirit of Susan Rich present? Rap. [She was the mother of our Mary Jane Rich.] He asked if she would communicate with us, at our house, at some future time? Rap. He asked her to rap the medium when he called the right name. Rap. He mentioned several names, and when he said Mary Jane Rich, it rapped. Asked if she would be a good medium. Rap. He got no rap to any other name.

Elisha asked several mental questions. We heard the raps, but did not know what questions he asked. He says they were answered correctly. Elisha asked the medium if it would operate if she was not touching the table. She said she thought so, and moved off two or three feet, so that she did not touch the table anywhere, and the rapping continued as before.

A woman asked the spirit if it would beat time if one would sing. Rap. She then sung a good song, and the raps beat time most beautifully with the tune.

Another woman present said she was acquainted with a woman by the name of Cronk, who died some time ago, and who believed, in her life time, that all people were happy when they die, and died strong in that faith. She called for her spirit, and said, "Mrs. Cronk, was the universal doctrine you believed in, while living in the body, right?" No rap. "Were you mistaken in some of your views?" Rap. "Were you happy when you first entered into the spirit world?" No rap. "Are you happy now?" Rap. "Will all, eventually, become happy?" Rap, rap, rap. "What sphere are you in?" Rapped once, for the first sphere.

There were a number of questions asked and answered correctly, not stated in this letter. The spirits, by request, rapped six raps for good night, separately for every one of us, and then it was all done—no more raps.

We were entire strangers to the people of Crawfordville.

SETH HINSHAW.

Groves, Rush Co., Ia., July —, 1851.

Mr. Sunderland,—We have no manifestations from spirits, in this place; but our little band who have subscribed for the Spirit World, have concluded to investigate the subject. No one but myself, I believe, feels any way convinced of the reality of the spiritual intercourse. But to me the subject is not mysterious. The only mystery to me is, that the manifestations have been delayed so long. But my belief is not very strong, as I have not seen or heard (to my senses,) any of the new demonstrations. Yet I am an ardent believer, and am doing all I can to advance the new Harmonial Philosophy.

If you can give me any information in regard to the mode and manner to get communications, I would be obliged. I have been a reader of such works as Swedenborg's, and A. J. Davis's, and am exceedingly anxious to have communication, but none come to my relief; and some times I feel discouraged. Can't you send some spirit from your band of spirits, to converse with us? Please try. We are

seekers after truth, for the sake of truth and have made ourselves appear to the masses as visionary, and have had to meet that tide of opposition that you well know all who espouse these truths have to encounter. But we care not, if we are right; and we think nature, reason, history, and intuition, all go to confirm these truths. And if the spiritual world will give me, or in any way demonstrate these things, so that the unadvanced portions of community may be convinced of the reality of a future state and the destiny awaiting us, I am their humble servant.

Now, Brother Sunderland, do as much as you can for us. I am a practitioner of medicine; but I am much pleased with A. J. Davis's theory of diseases and the treatment of them, and think, in the main, he is correct. And if I find that I can do more good to be a teacher of what disease is, and how to cure it, I resign the practice for the duties of the teacher. I hope you and all the master spirits in the external world, that are now toiling and spending so much in the cause of all mankind, will soon realize your reward, which I conceive to be this: the restoration of justice, love, and happiness to all mankind; the regeneration of the entire human race. And, O, what reward is greater! Honor! wealth! a mere bubble of a few days. I now part with you, for I well know your only source of unhappiness is that men will choose darkness rather than light, because these new revelations make me happy in all other things.

Yours, in the bonds of L. P. F.

DAVID BEACH.

Boston, July 26, 1851.

Dear Sir,—“Facts are stubborn things,” and they are the “pricks” the public find it hard to kick against. Allow me, then, to make a statement of facts, and ask your opinion concerning them.

A lady of the highest respectability, well educated, of a clear and comprehensive mind, without superstitious prepossession, and not afraid even of the truth, having heard of the so-called spiritual communications, gave the subject considerable thought. She was pleased, unlike many whom I know, with the idea that friends in the other world could manifest themselves to us here; and after having been assured by acquaintances that the subject was worthy of her particular attention, she visited Mr. Sunderland's house.

On returning home, she confessed that the interview was extraordinary, but not satisfactory, and she resolved, like a wise woman, to go again, Mrs. Cooper, with her usual kindness, having given her a free and welcome pass at all times. She did go again, but the medium being unwell, was absent. Much disappointed, she began to think it best to give up all thought of the subject; yet on the following Sabbath she was constantly impelled to think of it, and devoted much of the day to going to different rooms in her house, and seating herself at different tables, and soliciting her spirit friends to respond to her, if such a thing ever was or could be done. All this was without effect till towards evening. Being then

in the lower and back part of her dwelling, engaged in some domestic work, and at the moment not thinking of the spirits, she heard very distinct raps on a large table directly beside her! She approached it, and was satisfied she was not deceived. She seated herself, and listened, and she affirms that there appeared to be at least thirty rappers in as many different parts of the table. Fearing that she might be disturbed, she rose and closed a door and again seated herself, the rappings still going on. Seeing another door open, she again rose and closed that, but when she again returned, she was considerably excited, and the rappings became fainter, and soon ceased.

Some weeks since, my wife visited a medium from Providence, and while communing with her spirit friends, requested them to manifest their presence that night, on her pillow. At four o'clock she was awakened by innumerable rappings on her pillow, which continued for some time.

Once, after visiting your house, where I had made a request similar to the above, I had manifestations in the same way; but in my case I was awakened by my wife, who, unaware of the promise my spirit mother had made to me, then having no faith in such exhibitions, requested me to desist from rapping and scratching on my pillow! After a few moments, the rappings ceased, but they returned again as I fell asleep, when my partner again disturbed me.

Do not these three cases show (not that spirits do commune with us, for to doubt that now would show wilful obstinacy or stupidity,) but that the *state* of mind, and not the peculiar structure of it or the brain, constitutes a medium—and that all, by proper training, can become mediums?

D.

Philadelphia, July 28, 1851.

Mr. Sunderland,—Dear Sir: I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of the papers, and thank you for them.

We do not seem to be in favor with the spirits here. They have never made manifestations at our house, nor have I heard of them in the city.

I have never had an opportunity of witnessing the responses. It is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," which interests me in the work. And I still live in hopes to be vouchsafed that blessing, all in good time.

My belief is the result of reading, reasoning, and partly, perhaps, of intuition; for the first exercise of my reasoning powers led me to believe that the world of spirits was not so far removed from this as people seemed to suppose; and since many near and dear friends have gone to that world, that belief has been strengthened; and though they have never manifested themselves by sounds, yet I have felt their presence, often.

These views have long been impressed upon my mind; but I have been enabled to see more clearly, and my faith rendered firmer, by reading the works of A. J. Davis. His "Divine Revelations" I read soon after it came out, and have ever

since been an admirer of his productions. It appears that some of his friends have changed their opinions in regard to his writings; but I have ever considered him one of those choice spirits raised up to prepare the world for the good things which are to follow, some of which are already seen.

After reading my papers [the Spirit World] I always send them to my Western friends, and am in hopes you may get some subscribers from that quarter, for they are all willing to investigate; and some are firm believers, having been blessed with sweet communings from their loved ones invisible.

I fear I have trespassed too long upon your time and patience, and close by wishing you success in the glorious cause you have undertaken.

Yours, with respect,

Mrs. W. H. B.

Portsmouth, Va., July 22, 1851.

Dear Sir,—Your kind letter and the papers were thankfully received. * * * *

Why could not I receive a manifestation? I have those dwelling on the blissful shores of the spirit land—at least so I hope and believe—who were, and still are, endeared to me by no common ties—the wife of my bosom, with whom I have often conversed on the subject, and who always said, that "If you were called home first I would not fear, but really desire and hope for a manifestation; for," said she, affectionately putting her arm around my neck, "I know that you would love me still, and therefore would not harm me. And if I go first, you need not fear, for I will only return to bless you, my love." Oh, I remember, and shall ever remember, the thrilling emotions of that moment; and for months after her decease, I earnestly watched and prayed for some consoling manifestation of her spiritual presence and abiding love. But as this was never granted, it has brought me to the conclusion that direct communications between the inhabitants of the spirit land and those of my own organization, are impossible, and with any organization, highly improbable, except in the most exalted state of clairvoyance, when there is apt to be an imaginary metempsychosis, where the subject, feels, thinks, and responds, as with the spirit of another.

In this connection you will allow me to relate an incident which has made a peculiar impression upon my mind—an incident which many would be willing to receive as an oracle, even as Alexander received the involuntary exclamation of the Priestess of Delphos.

Last Sunday night my mind was much depressed by a sense of loneliness; and I was thinking of the difficulties and improbabilities connected with your alleged manifestations, and felt a desire to investigate, or learn more of it.

As the clock struck ten I made arrangements to retire; and went to my trunk, which has three departments—the bottom, a middle trough or box, with a lid, and top, partitioned off with a trap door, fastened by two buttons. I went there to put away something, and upon opening it I found (laying full before me, on the lid of the central box,) a lock of her hair,

her Daguerreotype, and several letters. The buttons had been turned, and the trap had opened, *since the trunk had been closed*, and they had very naturally fallen upon the lid beneath them.

There was nothing so wonderful in all this; but owing to the peculiar state of my thoughts and feelings at the moment, I was somewhat surprised, especially as it had never happened so before. I opened the topmost letter, and it was one of hers, written shortly before our marriage, and dated July 20th, 1846, precisely five years ago, to a day, and the first sentence which caught my eye was this: "But it is past ten o'clock at night, and I must close, not, however, without again assuring you of the existence of the most tender and ever-abiding affection for you."

"Think not, though distant that thou art,
Thou canst forgotten be;
While Memory lives within this heart,
I will remember thee.

"And when the hand that traced these lines,
In Death's cold grasp shall be,
By all our love and friendship past,
Wilt thou remember me?"

I was surprised at first, and am deeply affected now. Such a number of unaccountable coincidents;—the peculiar state of my feelings, the accidental opening of the upper lid, the falling out of those three cherished mementoes from amongst others, the letter written just five years ago to a day—an hour—perhaps the very minute; and then such appropriate and consoling sentiments; no medium or oracle could be more so! Was this all chance? An accident? It may, it must be so; but there was an unusual number of coincidents which scarcely comes within the range of chance, although all are quite possible. Whatever may be the cause, why or wherefore, I feel that it has left me a keener desire to know more of spiritual matters, and I have therefore come to you.

Yours truly,

B. F.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCIENCE, EDUCATION, HEALTH.

OUR DAILY COMPANIONS.

"Angel's visits," it is said, "are few and far between." But it is not so. We have but to offer them entertainment, and they are near, shedding light and gladness around us ever. We go forth in life's young morning, and find that heaven's blessed almoners have preceded us, and our way is strewn with garlands, fair as the fairest hopes of our wildest dream.

Soon earth casts her chains around us—flower-linked, it may be, drawing us by their sweetness and beauty near to heaven; or heavy and corroding as they oft are, binding us even when we would rise, down to dust. Joys spring up and blossom beneath our tread, or thorns wound us in our way. Still are they with us, those holy visitants, rejoicing with us in our joy, and whispering consolation in our grief. Ever, if we permit, are they by, warning us of evil, and guarding us from sin—bearing on high our petitions,

and bringing thence the allotted dispensation. Spirits, sympathizing with our spirits, they come to us, the fleet-winged messengers of our Father's will. When clouds dim the gorgeousness of our west-east sky, they point to the bow spanning the eastern horizon.

Radiant as sunlight are the visions they give birth to in the heart, and lofty as prayer in the springs they awaken in the soul. Pure as moon-rays are the influences they weave around us, and holy as star-spasms are the revelations they impart to the listening teachable spirit. We see their smiles reflected from the faces of our kindred, and the manna for which the heart yearns they give us to gather from lips we love. They link, with unseen fingers the silken bands that draw together and unite in one, two human hearts. In ways various and mysterious are they daily assimilating our natures to their own; teaching by inward revelations how sacred is the principle of life, and by their holy ministrations imparting to us a foretaste of future blessedness.

You ask of heaven a gift. Life's angel, white-robed and smiling, stoops over your dwelling, and a little immortal is given your embrace. You pour out your soul's thanksgiving, and the blessed dispenser of the precious boon bears thither directed, your spirit-oblation.

Anon sickness and sorrow visit your habitation. Unwelcome visitants are they, though heaven-sent, and you may not bid them hence. They warn you to prepare for another guest. And now the dreadful minister arrives! His face is darkly veiled, a chill atmosphere is around him, and his hand is icy cold! He presses his fingers on the lids of the pain-wearied one, and they close! He breathes upon the groaning sufferer, and her sighs are hushed.

Who shall call that angel unkind? A missioned agent, he has borne away the gem, leaving to dust and decay the now worthless casket. But listen to his attendant, Faith, and he will tell you that the gem, cleansed from the soil and stains of earth, is to be re-set more beautiful than ever, and that you shall again see and possess the perfect jewel.

The time-worn traveller, weary of his pilgrimage, faints by the way-side. They bring to him clear water from Life's sparkling stream. He drinks, and his soul is satisfied. Aged and trembling he longs for rest. They sing to him, and he sleeps. One stamps his signet on his brow, and earth's troubled dreams disturb him no more forever. We stand by the grave where, death-girt, our loved lie mouldering; and there we meet those who, eighteen hundred years ago, in "shining garments," sat within the life-riven sepulchre of our risen Lord. To us, as to those women of Galilee, they say, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Then does the tomb become to us the cold, but hope-illuminated portal through which our mourned ones have passed to a happy home and life incorruptible.

And at last, when that night-clad angel, shuddering mortality's pitying friend, shall enfold us in his chilly arms, and whisper, "Thou art mine," then will re-

joicing conductors, hovering near, sing "Come, come away." And while their sun-lit wings cast a shadow o'er the scenes of sense and time, their glittering sheen will gild the dark waves of Jordan's stream. Even then, upon our clayey lips and brow will linger a smile caught from the radiance of their own glory-beaming faces. Thus are our spirit companions, those perfect comforters, guiding and guarding in life, cheering and sustaining in death, and blessing us ever.

LIZETTE.

—Gospel Banner.

MANIFESTATIONS.

We will detail our experience and belief. We do so from a sense of justice and duty. These manifestations called "spiritual," are ridiculed and scoffed at by readers and editors, when neither, probably, have investigated the causes, or tried to find out the origin of what they so lustily characterize an "ingenious humbug." We suppose the reason why people generally do not believe the detailed and *qualified* evidence which is brought to support the alleged causes of the manifestations, is because they do not see that "spirits" will lend their aid to money speculations—that their communications partake more of religious than of temporal matters—that their professed object is to raise the moral in preference to the sensual and base condition of man. These facts have a tendency to induce belief from us. If any intelligent communications, purporting to be of spiritual origin, teach us to look after truth rather than fiction; to things which will benefit our spiritual rather than our temporal wants, and exhort us to be elevated rather than debased, we surely ought to give the sentiments due consideration, and not ignorantly and blindly pronounce their source to be from humbuggery, because the manifestations of that source are new, or unpopular, or beyond our common idea of things.

But to come more directly to the point: We were at Auburn, the week before last, and made what investigations we could, of the commonly called "spiritual rappings." We were in the presence of several "mediums," and asked a great many questions of the producers of the "rappings" or responses, all of which were answered correctly. We received several communications, spelled out by the alphabet, the nature of which, in the main, was composed of religious advice. We asked a large number of mental questions, all of which were answered as readily and correctly as vocal ones. We took particular notice of the "rappings," so as to discover, if possible, any clue to the causes of them. The "medium" would go into any house, any room, or any part of the room, and the "rappings" were produced in her vicinity. Upon our request, the sounds were produced upon any spot on the floor, on the table, bureau, wall, chair, or any other place in the room. Several "test" questions were answered correctly, when we had good reason to believe that no individual present could have answered them, except ourselves. And in one instance we received information unasked

and unexpected, in regard to a subject which neither any individual in the city, nor ourselves, knew of at the time, nor could have known on that day. Subsequently we found the information to be correct in every particular. These tests, in addition to the general appearance of things, the evidence of numberless little circumstances, the superior intelligence manifested by the invisible agencies, and the humble and pure character of their communications, all impressed our mind with the belief that they are just what they profess to be.

We give this as our opinion, and as the conclusion to which we cannot but come, without asking any one to endorse our belief. One reason, among others, why we speak of it in a public print, is because it is a public matter, and one in which people may be interested. We were interested enough to investigate it; and if we have been humbugged, we have been so most effectually, and without the slightest evidence to our minds that we were being deceived.—*Cortland Democrat*.

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