

5453

PARKER MEMORIAL HALL

# LECTURES

ON



SALVATION,

PRAYER, .

THE METHODS OF SPIRIT INFLUENCES,

AND

THE NATURE OF DEATH.

BY

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

"How shall they hear without a preacher?"—Paul.

SECOND EDITION.

✓  
BOSTON:

COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS,

No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE.

1880.

5453

## PREFACE.

---



The lectures contained in this little volume, appearing originally in the *Banner of Light*, were inspirationally prepared and delivered in the city of Boston near the close of 1878. And as there have been many calls for them for preservation and reference, I have concluded to give them in the present form to the public. It will be seen at a glance that their aim is to present the advance thought of Spiritualism in its religious aspects. They were delivered under the inspirational influence of spirits, and yet I take the responsibility and father all their shortcomings.

The present tidal wave of Spiritualism is evidently toward a better religious culture and a broader charity. The iconoclastic phase of Spiritualism is subsiding. The religious nature reasserts itself. There is a call for constructors—true master-builders.

Good men and women not only turn to Spiritualism to-day for comfort, and for a confirmation of the hope of immortality, but for a religious communion in which shall be found the *essence* of godliness as well as its form. To aid such, this little work is sent forth with the good wishes of the author.

J. M. PEEBLES.



## SALVATION—WHAT IS IT?

ARE WE SAVED? CAN WE SAVE OURSELVES?  
IS CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR? THE FUTURE  
OF SPIRITUALISM.



"For he said surely they are my people; so he was their Saviour. In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them."—*Isatah* lxiii: 8-9.

"And the angel which redeemed me, bless the lads."—*Genes* xlviii: 16.

"Thou gavest them Saviours who saved them."—*Nehemiah* ix: 26.

"And they said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—*Acts* xi: 30.

Some writer has pronounced man a "religious animal." The phrase is as scientifically exceptionable as distasteful to cultured minds. Man is more than an animal of any sort; he is a reasoning, moral and religious being, endowed with the capacities of eternal unfoldment. And religion is that divine emotion of the soul which, reaching out toward God as revealed in the Good, the Beautiful and the True, binds and rebinds man to moral law, and to the performance of all moral obligations. Theology is an epitaph; but religion is a resurrection and a life.

Religion is not imparted to man from without; but rather it exists innate in the human constitution, and is a factor in the process of salvation. It is as natural for men to be religious, as natural for them to worship, as it is for grasses and buds to push up toward the sunshine in springtime. The Quaker is profoundly religious and worshipful in the quiet stillness of his sittings. The worship of the Oriental stargazers was too deep for any outward utterance.

In travels abroad, I have seen islands gradually rising from ocean depths destitute of vegetation; I have seen cyclopean ruins without walls or gates; I have seen old ruined em-

pires, the names of whose founders were forgotten; I have seen half-buried cities without hieroglyph or history; I have seen the Veddahs of Ceylon and the Hottentots of South Africa; I have seen the Zulus and the Kaffirs in their smoky Kraals; but I never saw that nation, that race, that tribe, that did not cherish some conception of a Supreme Intelligence, and had not some notions and some symbols of worship, however crude, expressive of belief in a future existence.

The textual passages just read from the prophets and the apostles of the past, speak of salvation and redemption through angels. Salvation rightly understood is soul-growth, a process, a natural and rational development of the divinity in humanity. And accordingly, angels and spiritual intelligences were recognized by ancient seers as helps to the process of the soul's redemption. Therefore the invocation, "The angel which redeemed *me*—bless the lads." What was true in the past is true to-day; for truth is forever immutable. It is only our imperfect conceptions of it that change.

It is quite needless for me to affirm that Spiritualism as a phenomenon is among the demonstrated facts of the present century, that many distinguished clergymen have expressed their soul-felt convictions as to the reality of its spiritual marvels, and that learned scientists and *savants* in England, France, Russia, Germany, and other Continental countries admit the positive genuineness of the phenomena. It is also unnecessary for me to remind *you*, and intelligent reading Americans generally, that Judge Edmonds, Professor Hare, Pierpont, Owen, Mapes, Howard, Wade, Lincoln, and other eminent men gracing our country's historical pages, were avowed Spiritualists! Briefly told, there is a great army of Spiritualists in the United States of America—a growing army unorganized and leaderless, estimated all the way from seven to eleven millions.

This being admitted, as it will be, by all the honorable and well-informed men of the times, it is little more than a work of supererogation to dwell upon the phenomena, to recapitulate the cumulated evidences before such an audience as this, and pile up still higher the pyramid of well-authenticated facts!

Happening to meet awhile since an old resident of Cayuga Co., N. Y., I heard of the little steamer *Kate Morgan*, which in earlier times plowed the crystal waters of Cayuga Lake under the eye of young Fulton. On the shore lived the brave General Morgan, prominent in the Revolutionary struggle,



and rather aristocratic in his social tendencies. Between his only daughter, eighteen, beautiful and intellectual, and Robert Fulton, there existed a deep attachment. But then, this dreamy visionary youth was so poor, and obscure also, that the General literally frowned upon any such disposal of his daughter. Time rolled on. Fulton persisted, and finally perfected his invention. The steamer moved, and the day of his triumph had fully come! Elated with the success, he immediately wrote to Gen. Morgan, renewing his request for the daughter's hand. The skeptical old General, the incredulous and stern old soldier, wrote back—"I'll believe what I see with my own eyes. Come you back, scapegrace, to the lake; build and sail a steamboat past my own door, and then, and not till then, shall you have my daughter Kate." Fulton built the steamer, and sailed it, if not close by the door, triumphantly along the General's lake-washed landed estates, securing the daughter as the prize. Of course, he believed, ay more, he now *knew* of the possibilities of steam. But unlike General Morgan, there are little cliques of egotistic scientists and irreligious churchal scoffers who will *not* believe when they see. In fact, they positively deny the testimony of their own senses. They do even worse than this: they rack their rickety brains, inventing or suggesting the most astounding miracles to do away with such natural and rational phenomenal manifestations as impressional dreams, trances, visions, levitations, spirit-writings, speaking in tongues, and other spiritual gifts. The Nazarenean teacher of old said: "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead."

Spiritualism, in contradistinction to a chilling materialism and a dementing sectarianism, is, when considered in its highest sense, more than a passing fact—more than any series of objective phenomena. It is a positive truth—a divine reality embracing the three modern graces, science, true philosophy and rational religion.

If, as an individual, I know anything through my senses, aided by consciousness and the best use of my reasoning faculties, I know that the spirits of the so-called dead hold, under proper conditions, direct converse with mortal men. And I know it in the same way as did Paul, who said: "We *know* that we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." It was not by miracle that he arrived at this knowledge. Spiritual manifestations are not miraculous—they are not wrought by the breaking of any law, but by the coming into action of a higher power

—just as gas will give a balloon the power to rise, not by breaking the law of gravity, but by the potent exercise of another force or psychic forces.

Oriental marvels and manifestations of the past may be helps to belief and faith. They evidently are. But we live in the golden present. If our bodies shrink from the skins that clothed pre-historic savages, so do our minds from many of the theological notions of antiquity. We are Anglo-Saxons, and our souls call for the living bread of truth—for present spiritual sustenance. All that I know of the future existence—be it nothing, be it less or more—I know through the genuine manifestations of modern mediums and psychological sensitives; and millions of my countrymen, so far as they know anything of it, know it through the same means. The *Chronicle and Examiner*, the leading Baptist journal in this country, recently published the following:

“We have seen it stated that the number of Spiritualists in the United States alone is five millions. Now for every adherent of a sect or a creed, it is a well-known (or uniformly taken for granted) fact that you may safely reckon our semi-adherents in the shape of children, dependents and general hangers-on. The number of Spiritualists in the United States alone—if we count, as is but proper, the adherents and semi-adherents—is no less than twenty-five millions; and as the entire population of the United States was, according to the census of 1870, but 38,558,371, the disciples of the Fox sisters have a right to congratulate themselves alike on their present numbers, their rate of increase, and their speedy prospective overshadowing (or rather enlightening) of the entire earth.

A striking feature with reference to this surprising growth of Spiritualism, is the immense obstacles which it has had to encounter. We do not refer so much to sneers and derision, or the more refined incredulity of those who pride themselves on their learning, as to the fact that Spiritualism has, more than any other religion, suffered at the hands of those who

‘Stole the livery of the court of heaven  
To serve the devil in.’

Despite all these hindrances, Spiritualism has grown until it is not only the most widely accepted of the somewhat numerous religions of the United States, but embraces, we are credibly informed, more of wealth and culture and social distinction than any other.” . . .

Such admissions from an Orthodox source are truly telling.

That Spiritualists number believing millions and constitute a power in the land, is a fact almost universally conceded. And now *Cui bono?* What of it? What has it done? What, thus far, has been the practical outcome? Has it made the selfish unselfish? the intemperate temperate? the warlike peaceful? and the notoriously depraved honest and righteous?

How do spirit entrancements and controlling influences affect character? Are mediums who have been entranced, or otherwise influenced by spirits for a score of years or more, really better than other people? Has an almost constant talking with the angels made them truly angelic? Are they more spiritually-minded, more pure and harmonial, than those who are conscious of no supernal aid? Have their familiar spirits beatified and really transfigured them? If not, why? Do we not necessarily grow to be like those with whom we associate? those who psychologically influence us?

Is it out of place to inquire what is the grade, what is the moral exaltation of the spirit-intelligences controlling a majority of American mediums? Spirits, as well as mortals, should understand that a "tree is known by its fruits."

Speaking in general terms, are not Spiritualists, so-called, the worst enemy of Spiritualists and Spiritualism? Are they more upright and honorable than their neighbors? Do they strive to overcome evil with good? Do they judge their fellows kindly? Are we tolerant of others' opinions? Are we charitable in our judgments? Are we rigidly honest? Do we pay our debts? Are the harmonial really harmonious under all circumstances? Are they above petty envies and jealousies? And do mediums, lecturers, and authors generally, constitute one happy family? To whom much is given of such much is required.

Do not construe this questioning as fault-finding. It is a common saying among the Quakers, "let us examine ourselves." And quite possibly introspection may not be out of place or unprofitable to us.

Have Spiritualists been foremost in all the great reforms of the age? Have they sought to soften discords among neighbors, and produce peace in families? Have our rich men been more benevolent than creed-bound sectarists? Have our millionaires made large bequests for the diffusion and upbuilding of the spiritual gospel?

It was reported long ago that Commodore Vanderbilt was a Spiritualist, consulting mediums. This matter is now coming before the public in the trial relating to Vanderbilt's will. In the *New York Tribune* of Sept. 23th I find the following:

"An offer was made to prove that Spiritualism was not merely a speculative belief with the Commodore, but influenced him in business matters. Mr. Lord said he offered to show in Court that the Commodore said he had received several communications from spirits, one from his wife, requiring him to give the property to William, and that he would do so, and that William was aware of such advice."

Did Mr. Vanderbilt use any of his hoarded millions to advance the cause of Spiritualism? Capt. E. B. Ward, of Detroit, was for years a Spiritualist, and is reputed to have acquired a considerable portion of his property through clairvoyant mediumship. But to what extent did he use his millions to benefit Spiritualism? Is there a Ward Memorial Lyceum Hall in Detroit? Did the Adamses, the Singers, and other millionaires professing belief in and a profound love for Spiritualism, erect halls for lyceums? did they establish spiritualistic reading-rooms and libraries? Did they build pleasant homes for widows and aged people? and did they construct quiet retreats for the weary, worn-out mediums through whose instrumentalities they received so many beautiful messages from the spirit-world? The test of any invention, of any science, or of any religion, is in its practicability. How then does the acceptance of Spiritualism affect its believers in practical life? This is the *question of questions*.

Are we saved? Have we risen above the worldliness of the world? Have we learned the lesson of self-denial? Have we become harmonial, self-balanced, full-orbed? Have we subdued our baser natures, enabling us to say with one of old, "I have overcome the world"? Briefly put, What has Spiritualism done for us?

Do I hear some one say, "It enables us to know of a future immortal existence"?

Pardon me, but it does no such thing. We believe in the past, we know of the present, and have faith in the future. Immortality as related to time is the equivalent of eternity. Logically expressed, we can only know what *is*. And as the future does not now exist, at least to us, it cannot be the subject of knowledge.

But another contends that Spiritualism has achieved for us freedom. Yes, but then freedom has its limitations. That wolfish freedom that hunts, slays, and treacherously devours the lambs, is *not* freedom. And liberty is not license. The lesson of the prodigal son was a sad one:

"Headstrong, determined in his own career,  
He thought reproof unjust and truth severe,  
The soul's disease was to its crisis come,  
He first abused, and then abjured his home,  
And when he chose a vagabond to be,  
He made his shame his glory—I'll be free."

A prominent writer says, "We have achieved freedom, and it is not strange that men whose hands and whose limbs have been manacled for years, should have thought the end

of life achieved when they got free. It is not strange if they should feel somewhat as a restive colt after long restraint, turned out into a wide and airy field, like amply exercising the power of this new-gained freedom to the injury perhaps of life, and lung, and limb. And yet, freedom! What is freedom? It is not a thing—not an entity. Freedom is not an end in itself, to be sought for itself, and after the attainment of which men are to sit down as if their laurels were won. Empty space is necessary before you can fill it with a universe; but the empty space itself is worthless. Suppose a man has a large piece of ground placed at his absolute disposal, and then suppose he should sit on the fence and fold his arms and simply look around at it and say, 'Now I am free,' but continues to *sit*; 'I am free, having a piece of ground here to do with just as I please. Over in that corner I can plant wheat, and here potatoes, and there barley, and here corn. I can do just as I please,' and still should sit there all the summer-time on the fence, with his arms folded. Of what special advantage to him is this freedom—this opportunity? This, then, is the point: Freedom in itself is not a thing to be gained and rested in; it is simply an open door—an opportunity; but if you do not take advantage of it, and work out the better things that you are free to accomplish, then this freedom is like a price put into the hands of a fool with which to buy wisdom when he has no heart for it."

And so certain among us have got free from the scare about a semi-omnipotent devil—free from the childhood fright about a sulphurous hell of torment, and they manifest their appreciation of this freedom by sitting on the fence and doing nothing; or else in prancing through the country in defiance of all restraint, all order, and all moral duties. What of their stewardship? What the harvest of their sowing?

Genuine religious Spiritualism quickens the spiritual nature; demonstrates the fact that men exist after their bodies are laid in the grave; opens the door for conscious converse with the loved ones in the circling spheres; deepens the spirit of conviction; intensifies moral obligation; encourages the desponding; strengthens the weak; comforts the disconsolate; brushes away the tears that stream from mourners' eyes, and scatters sunbeams along the pathway of human life. Accordingly it has been given to us Spiritualists to unloose the seals of the book of the mysteries. Into our hands was placed the key, and we have been repeatedly invited to open the door—to talk with min-

istering spirits, and to walk in the beauty of holiness with the angels of God. Have we proved faithful to the sacred trust? Have we walked worthy of the high vocation? Have we carefully tilled the vineyard? Have we been trustworthy co-workers with the heavenly intelligences in the up-building of the better Dispensation? and have we joyfully welcomed to our souls "the Christ that is to be"? If not, then there hangs over our heads the sentence, "Every good tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

"For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

The practical is the true test.

And here I say to you frankly, that if the churches that are not free from sectarian trammels better educate and train their children; if they build up nobler men and women; if they do more for the widow and the fatherless; if they plant and perfect grander institutions; if they do more for the amelioration of the hardships of society, for the elimination of its vices and evils, and for the moral elevation of men, then it is *they* and not *we* who will be crowned as those that have done humanity and God's truth the highest service. Think, then, of the pressing duties of the hour, think of the spiritual gifts you possess, think of the voices of the angels that are continually calling, "Come up higher!" and think of your freedom at a golden opportunity for building up the noblest and highest types of manhood and womanhood.

mark  
Casting an eye over the field of unorganized liberalism, taking a survey of the millions professing Spiritualism, and examining *ourselves*, is it not pertinent to pressingly ask: *Are we saved?* Are our natures purged from the dross of selfish worldliness? Do we, like the Brahman sages, own nothing that is not useful and serviceable? Do we, like the Buddhist saints, beg of the rich to give the proceeds to the poor? Do we, like Jesus, go about doing good? Do we love our enemies? do we try to benefit them? Do we forgive and strive to lift up the fallen? Do we walk in the newness of the resurrection? Are we above temptation? Are not the best of us imperfect and erring in some directions? Is our work done, and so *well* done that we are ready this day, this *hour*, to face death and the coffin—death and the tomb? If not, then are we unfit society for the angels of heaven—then are we *not* saved!

→ Can we save ourselves? Can the fish construct itself wings, rise out of the water, and fly through groves and

forests? Can the strongest man lift himself over the garden hedge by his coat-collar? We've had so much tall talk about "be individualized," "be independent," "save yourself," that we have largely grown to be egotistic braggadocios. We are pretty much all claws, like lobsters; all quills, like porcupines; all elbows and fists, like pugilists; all leaders, like the bellowing bulls of Bashan! Carlyle and Emerson are humble and unassuming—humble, trusting and unassuming because they are *truly* great. They rely upon God, upon all mental and moral helps, for growth and salvation.

*Save yourself!* such language is little better than mockery! Put a child down into Mammoth Cave and tell it to see and analyze light. The cry of the poor creature is, "Let me first sense the light! let me feel its quickening force! In a word, help me to the conditions."

Place a kernel of corn upon a barren rock in early March and talk evolution to it—tell it to grow, producing the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear. Growth is impossible without such helps as soil, warmth and moisture.

Take the egg with germinal dot and vesicle perfect, and, placing it upon the cold earth, command it to hatch—to grow—that the developed bird may make music in the forest. You see the impossibility of growth without maternal warmth and tenderest care.

Tell the infant to clothe itself, feed itself, and grow to sterling manhood! Every struggle is eloquent with the cry "Help me! help me, or I perish!" The poet Tennyson tells us that the wisest of men are but "children crying for the light."

Dr. Carpenter informs us that in unrolling a Theban mummy, entombed some three thousand years ago, there were found in the linen folds several grains of wheat, which, when planted, produced their kind in rich luxuriance. Mark well—three thousand years did not suffice to destroy the life-germs in those wheaten kernels; and yet they did not germinate, or the germinal principle, all these thousand years, did not develop till brought under such conditions, such *helps* as soil and sunshine. So human souls may remain days, years, thousands of years in comparative undevelopment unless psychologically touched, warmed and illumined by the Christ-principle of love, truth and purity. The measure of salvation, the standard of the harmonial man, is attained only through effort aided by superior intelligences and the heavenly influences of the spirit. True, the specific personal labor must be done by the individual, but said individual requires helps, *must* have teachers, too, whose hearts

are afire with love and whose minds are enlightened by divine wisdom.

Is *Christ* the saviour of the world?

Principle and personality should never be confounded. Rationally understood, every one is a saviour in a subordinate sense, just so far as he saves, enlightens and confers blessings upon humanity. In Oriental literature the term "saviours" is frequently mentioned. The Hebrew prophet Obadiah said that "Saviours should come upon Mt. Nebo." Lao-tsze, Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, Plato, Apollonius, Jesus, Mahomet, and other great moral chieftains were called *saviours*. But who or *what* saved these saviours? They certainly were not saved—were not perfect from birth. Jesus not only ate, slept, drank, and according to the record got "angered," but he "grew and waxed strong." And further, an apostle says, "he was made perfect through suffering," and "learned obedience by the things he suffered." This was evolution—development of character through sufferings and spirit ministries. "Angels," says the Evangelist, "came and ministered unto him." These were the  
 many Christ-angels.

But what do you mean by the Christ-angels?

I mean Christ-like angels of a holy and heavenly order. I mean angels not of generation, but of redemption. I mean those exalted angelic intelligences of heaven that have outgrown their earth-life perversions and inversions. I mean those angels of peerless perfection that are so unselfishly pure, so divinely illumined by the Christ-principle of holiness, that they delight to do the will of God. The prophets in speaking of these angels say, "The angels of his Presence that saved them," and of "the angel which redeemed him." Soon after the spiritual baptism of Jesus the union became so vital between him and the Christ-principle—the Christ of God—that he could truly say, "I and my Father are one," and he could also pray that "they all might be one" in spirit, one in purpose with himself and the loving Father and Mother of us all.

Angel—*aggelos* in the Greek—signifies primarily a messenger, or a message-bearer. The word may mean a holy spiritual intelligence, a scheming, wicked demon, or a mortal human being. Both the Greek classics and the biblical records confirm this position. Here is a Scriptural sample of each character:

I. "And the angel of the Lord said unto them, 'Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. . . . On earth peace and good will toward men.'"—*Luke 11:10-14.*



II. "They had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name is *Abaddon*."—*Rev. ix:11*.

III. "Unto the angel (that is, the *bishop*) of the church of Ephesus write."—*Rev. iii:1*.

The gates of the heavens and the hells, peopled with Christ-angels, with demons of darkness, and with almost innumerable intermediate orders, are not merely ajar, they are wide open; and the many-graded intelligences that throng the inner life, invisible to most of us, have access through mediumistic agencies direct or remote to our persons, our families, our homes, and our common humanity. It lies mainly with us to choose our company. Shall it be *Abaddon*, or the Christ-angels of truth and purity?

Some of the heavenly hierarchies have their presiding angels. Michael is the champion of the good. Gabriel is the pacific harbinger of peaceful tidings. Uriel is the patron of purest wisdom. Ithuriel is the discoverer of celestial truth; while Abdiel, the everlasting example, bears in his bosom the incense of immortal love. These angels are not idle. The dwellers in the lower spheres, even though they do not like to be disturbed, are to be lifted up. There are moral conflicts in the spheres of immortality. The Holy war upon, or rather seek to subdue and regenerate, the unholy. This conflict deepens as earth-life and spirit-life approach each other.

Among the celestial orders the Christ-angels may be considered the highest and the holiest. Just after the time that Jesus—the welcome child of harmony and love—who had been tried as by fire, was led down into Jordan's waters, "the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him. And lo, a voice from heaven said, This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." The spirit, that is to say, this light that streamed down upon Jesus like the gently descending dove, was the divine aura, the divine effluence that envelopes and infills the homes of these Christ-angels—the harvest angels of God! Rays of this divine light illumined many of the prophets, sages and martyrs of old. It overshadowed and enlightened Gautama Buddha. It was the guiding-star of Pythagoras, when he formed his social community of six hundred in Greece. It was this that came like a rustling wind, and fell like "tongues of flame" upon the primitive pentecostal church. It is the inspiration of every true-souled reformer of to-day.

The Christ-principle—the true Christianity of the ages, remember—was in the world long before Jesus' time. Mel-

chizedec and Zoroaster, Brahma and Pythagoras, Krishna and Gautama Buddha, were all "anointed," were all baptized of "Christ," as was Jesus of Nazareth, whom Peter denominated a "man approved of God." During the in-coming of the higher spiritual dispensation, now at our very doors, God is to be the leader; "Christ," the anointing and illuminating principle, is to be leader; angels that delight to do the will of the Father, are to be leaders; truth and holiness, love and purity—in brief, *divine principles*, and not men and women, are to be the leaders. No man, nor class of men, weighed down with the infirmities of mortality, must presume to lead with unerring infallibility. It is God that leadeth into green pastures and by the side of the still waters. God is spirit, and the spiritual is the central sun around which Spiritualists must revolve, and toward which they must take their circling line of march.

As thinkers we must be careful to distinguish between avoidrupois pounds and principles, between physical man and his diviner overshadowing influences. Considering causes, and the means generally that stimulate and quicken growth, it is just as rational and logical to believe in salvation through Christ as to believe in buds, flowers and ripening harvests through the sunshine.

Am I asked why did Paul, in treating of salvation, say, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins"? and what did John mean by the phrase "*the blood of the Lamb*"? I do not profess to know. But this much is clear: the Syrians, and all the Oriental nations of antiquity, wrote in the language of symbol and parable. Accordingly many of their teachings must be interpreted figuratively.

When the apostle said, "That rock was Christ," he had no reference to a granite boulder composed of mica, feldspar and quartz.

When the evangelist denominated Jesus Christ the "Physician," he had not the remotest reference to diplomas and drugs.

When Jesus said, "I am the good shepherd," he did not intend to convey the idea that he owned a flock of sheep, and pastured them along the banks of the Jordan.

When he exclaimed, "I am the door," he did not mean that he was such a door as mechanics construct.

When he said, "I am the true vine," he did not design to teach that he was a Palestinian grape-vine. And so when he said, "Except ye eat the flesh of the son of man and drink his blood ye have no life in you," (*John vi : 53*.) he had no reference to his own human flesh and blood; but his *flesh*

was a symbol of his moral precepts, and *blood* of the love that thrilled his divine nature. Accordingly, when the New Testament writers speak of being "saved by his blood," and of being "cleansed by his blood," they evidently meant saved by his doctrines, his precepts, and his examples of self-denial and tenderest forgiveness. To this end Jesus himself prayed: "Father, sanctify them through the truth!"

But "why use the word Christ" in connection with the soul's growth? Because it is a legitimate word from the Greek *Kristos*, and that from *Krino*, to anoint. This is the external sense of the term; but in a more spiritual sense—and we are dealing with spiritual matters—it signified the enlightened, the consecrated, and in a still more interiorly divine sense the *illuminating principle*, much as Buddha in the *Pali* language signifies the enlightened, or the life-giving principle of light.

Is it said that "theologians and sectarians have misinterpreted and abused the word *Christ* to narrow creedal ends"? Granted. And so French Communists abused the word *liberty* when they fired Paris; bigamists abuse the word marriage, and libertines the sacred word love. Shall we, therefore, utterly ignore the terms *liberty*, *freedom*, *marriage*, *love*? Would it be wisdom to blot them for such reasons from the American vocabulary?

But, again, does some cavilling Christ-opposer, who ever feels like doubling up his fist in rage when passing a church-edifice, exclaim, "New bottles for new wine and new-coined words for new ideas!" Exactly so; and now be so kind as to tell us precisely what the new ideas are. Dare you affirm that they are essentially and positively *new*? When the would-be wise enunciate ideas that are really *new* and at the same time *true*, they will be justified perhaps in manufacturing new words to express them, providing none of the one hundred and fifteen thousand in Webster's unabridged will suffice the purpose.

Evolution is everywhere manifest. The idea, then the acorn-germ, then the towering oak; the infant, the man, the disenthralled spirit, the Christ-like angel—such is the order of unfoldment. The Christ-angels, alive with the Christ-principle of purity, have outgrown all earthly tastes, tendencies and inversions; they walk in the Divine Presence; they delight to do the will of the Father; they are aflame with holiest love, and, under God, they are the angels of redemption; the "angel which redeemed me," said the old prophet, "bless the lads."

Mediums who are inspired and guided by the Christ-angels

of love and wisdom through mediatorial ministering spirits, grow gentle, beautiful and serenely spiritual. They become almost transfigured while yet in their bodies, and can say with the sad-hearted yet trusting Jesus, "I have a bread to eat that ye know not of. Thy will, oh God, be done!"

As an individualized and unorganized body of Spiritualists, we need personal culture, deeper conviction, and a more divine enthusiasm. We need the zeal of the old martyrs and the wisely-directed energy of the early crusaders. We need salvation now—heaven now! And religion, prayer, spirit-communion, organization, order, music, manual labor, moral education, self-denial, séances with the religious element predominating, toleration toward and working-union with all right-minded liberals, and a more complete consecration to the good and the true, are factors—all factors in the process of salvation. And further, if we are not now saved—if the process of salvation is not largely perfected in us in the present life—then the processes will necessarily have to be continued in the future world, and doubtless under very great disadvantages. Jesus preached to the spirits in prison, the prison-spheres of mental and moral darkness.

The spirit Aaron Knight, a highly intellectual and rigidly truthful spirit, with whom I have conversed frequently for nearly twenty years, entered the world of spirits under the most unfavorable conditions. His young life being wild, reckless, depraved, he remained an earth-bound spirit for weary years. His home was in the lower spheres that encircle the earth. He was not saved, and yet the divinity within him was not quenched. If he suffered the keenest remorse, he had his seasons of aspiration, his moments of prayer. In one of these an angel, "above the brightness of the sun," approached him and tenderly called him *brother*. It melted him to deepest humility. The voice of love quickened within him the Christ-principle of love. By the law of response, love ever answers to love—the Christ within to the Christ without. It was the turning point. Christ saved him, and he has long walked the higher, brighter table-lands of immortality.

During the rising tide of the incoming and outwidening cycle, American Spiritualists must take high grounds—must lift up the standard, and so live as to compel the respect and reverence of the scoffer and the sectarist. Genuine mediums must not only be reasonably protected, they must be rightly conditioned, set apart, and consecrated for the holy work of angel-communion. Then shall we have a descent of the celestial into the spiritual, as we have had for the last thirty

years a continual descent of the spiritual into the natural, or the earthly conditions of human life.

It is the Divine method that the manger precede the mansion, the cross the crown. The struggling, changing childhood of Spiritualism is steadily, surely, merging into a thoughtful, substantial maturity. Its excrescences are falling off, and it is putting on the whole armor of a sterling, religious manhood. From the truth militant it is already a long way toward the truth triumphant.

I look down the vista of time, and I see doubt giving place to faith, and faith to knowledge. I see tyranny dying upon the plains of freedom. I see superstition receding before a rational religion. I see error giving place to truth; vice to virtue; bigotry to toleration; monopoly to coöperation; individualism to communism; lust to love, and discord to harmony. I see a new heaven and a new earth. I see the burning of the tares, the gathering in of the golden sheaves, and a very Eden of peace and good will crowning the world, and baptizing its every heart with the pentecostal fires of purification. The hearts of advanced Spiritualists thrill to-day in harmonious union to the beautiful truths of the Divine paternity and maternity—to the brotherhood and sisterhood of all races—to the eternal unfoldment of all souls, to the overthrow of all sin, the destruction of death, the defeat of hell, the triumph of heaven, and the complete victory of Christ over all the powers of darkness. Can you not say with me:

“I have fed upon manna from Heaven above;  
Have tasted the fruit of a wonderful love;  
I have looked on a land where the sun ever beams,  
And talked with the angels in mystical dreams;  
And, though some visions die away in their birth,  
They still leave the trail of their glory on earth?”

## PRAVER.

TO WHOM SHALL WE PRAY?—BENEFITS OF PRAYER  
—ANSWERS TO PRAYER—SHALL WE PRAY  
TO THE ANGELS?—SHALL WE PRAY  
FOR THE DEAD?—PRAYER IN  
SPIRITUAL CIRCLES.



After this manner, therefore, pray ye: Our Father, which art in heaven.—*Matt. vi:9.*

"Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms. Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him."—*James v:13-14.*

"A Jew stepped into a Parsee temple and saw there the holy fire. He spake to the priest: What, do you worship the fire? Not the fire, replied the priest: it is to us an emblem of the sun, and of its genial light. Then asked the Jew, Do you then worship the sun as your God? Do you not know that this also is a creation of the Almighty? That we know, answered the priest, but man being dependent on his senses, needs sensible signs in order to apprehend the Most High. And is not the sun the type of the invisible, incomprehensible Source of light that embraces and blesses all?"

"Then the Israelite answered: Do your people, then, distinguish the type from the prototype? Already they call the sun their god, and even sinking from this again to a lower image, bow before the earthly flame. You charm his external and dazzle his internal eye; and while you hold up before him the earthly light, you withdraw from him the heavenly. You should not make unto thee any image, nor any likeness at all.

"How then, asked the Parsee, do you designate the highest nature? The Jew replied, We call it JEHOVAH ADONAI, that is, the Lord who is, who was, and who will be! Your word is great and glorious, said the Parsee, but it is fearful.

"A Christian then stepped up and said, We call him OUR FATHER. And when we pray we say OUR FATHER. The Gentile and the Jew looked on each other with amazement, and said, That is the nearest

and the highest. But who gives you the courage thus to address the Eternal? Who else, said the Christian, but He, the Father himself? . . .

"And when they understood it they believed, and lifted up their eyes joyfully toward heaven, and said, full of fervor and spirit, Father! dear Father!

"And now all three shook hands and called themselves BROTHERS."—*The Parable.*

The crescent, in some parts of the world, holds the ascendancy over the cross. All religions have their symbols. It is estimated that there are some two hundred millions of Mahometans in Eastern lands, and it is universally conceded by travelers that they are a people given to prayer. The muezzins' calls to prayer sound from the minarets of the mosques five times each day. When the first rays of light stream from Eastern skies, the plaintive half-singing prayer is heard—"Awake, awake and pray. It is better to pray than to sleep. There is but one God, Allah." At noontime the piteous, pleading command goes forth, "Come to prayer—there is only one God, Allah, the merciful." Two hours before sundown, at the going down of the sun in clouds of gold, and again two hours after sunset, the faithful are summoned to prayer.

The Jews for thousands of years have repaired to their synagogues and reverently bowed in prayer to Jehovah, the God of Israel. Hindus and Parsis in their temples, and Roman Catholic, Greek and Protestant Christians, have their set seasons, days and hours for supplication and prayer. Worship and prayer in some form, like the desire for immortality, are almost if not altogether universal. They seem to be innate sentiments of the soul, bubbling up spontaneously, as do crystal streams from living fountains.

It has been said that moles never look up to see the light. This might be expected of burrowing moles. And so swine feast upon acorns in autumn-time, but never look up in thoughtful gratitude to the oak from whence they fell. Men are more than swine. They feast in gratitude upon the divine bounty, and rest in security upon the bosom of the ineffable Presence.

But what is prayer?

What its object and uses?

To whom shall we pray?

What are the benefits of prayer?

Are prayers, thanksgivings and invocations synonyms—that is to say, convertible terms?

Prayer is not posture; not a cold repetition of words; not self-excitation; not chafing the skin; not irritating the throat;

not scarring the knees; not fretting the emotions; not twisting and struggling at our shoe-latchets to lift ourselves to a located heaven; but in the best sense prayer is aspiration; the gushing-up of the soul's desires; the overflowing of the soul's gratitude; the expression of great resolves for high and holy attainments; the silent strugglings of the divinity within after the Infinite Good!

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast."

Prayer, gratitude and invocation must not be confounded. These words have entirely different meanings. The more philosophical seldom pray to God in words. With them prayer is not the term to be used. Their so-called prayers partake more of profound aspiration—deep, up-welling gratitude and thanksgiving. It is useless to pray to God for selfishly personal and special favors, because God is unchangeable, governing the universe by fixed and immutable laws. Conscious, thoughtful souls, therefore, instead of pleading of God to do this and that, reverently render gratitude and thanksgiving to the Infinite Father and Mother of us all. And while they thank God, they invoke the presence and the aid of angels and sympathizing ministering spirits, and they also *pray for the dead*—for the morally dead in this world; and for the so-called dead in the lower spheres of the spirit-world. Phrenologically speaking, man has the cranial organ of reverence, and accordingly aspiration and thanksgivings are natural. As soul emotions, they reach outward and upward toward God, the Infinite All-Father. But prayer as supplication does not change the Deific Mind, nor the divine laws of Nature. These are absolutely immutable. The apple falls; the missile, hurled from the sling, descends to earth; the planets roll in circling grandeur through the interstellar spaces, and no prayers can affect them, nor can a link in the chain of causation be severed!

We grow to be like what we think of. Thinking, then, of God, gratitude to God and aspirations toward God are serviceable, inasmuch as they draw us toward the ideal of all perfection. The Indian, with skiff attached by strips of bark to the mammoth rock in the circular lake, did not, by looking at and pulling, draw the rock to him, but himself to the rock. God is the rock eternal. Changes are in us, not God.

Jesus, in the popular acceptance of the term, was *not* a praying man. If bodily in our midst to-day he would not



patronize twelve o'clock prayer-meetings. He continually rebuked the pious frauds and shams of his age. Sanctimonious hypocrites trembled in his presence. "When thou prayest," said he, "thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men." . . . "Wo unto you, scribes, pharisees, hypocrites, for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation!"

Fearful and abominable are some of the abuses of prayer. During our civil war, with its six hundred battles, chaplains north and south prayed for victories, each with equal fervency. The great Napoleon trusted more, however, "to dry powder and plenty of it," than to prayers. The sectarist in times of drought prays God to send down copious showers; the reformer prays by irrigating his fields and gardens. The sectarist prays God to provide food to feed the starving poor; the philanthropist prays by carrying them well-filled baskets and helping them to remunerative employment. The sectarist prays God to promote the cause of temperance and dry up the drinking saloons; the reformer prays by signing the pledge and inducing others to do the same. The sectarist, digesting a warm meal, kneels by a downy bed and prays God to clothe the widow and comfort the fatherless; the reformer, not lazy enough to ask God to do his work for him, feeds the orphan and cheerfully supports the widow. Sectarists, as governors in Southern States, issue proclamations calling to fasting and prayer to stay the deadly prevalence of the yellow fever, and even the bishop of Ohio puts forth a form of prayer, virtually asking God to arrest the plague at once that is now draping the sunny South in vestures of mourning; the scientist and the royal-souled reformer pray by sending sums of money to the poor sufferers, and by insisting that hereafter Southern cities shall drain their marshes, remove their cess-pools, cleanse their lanes and streets, disinfect their cellars, purify their yards and houses, and rigidly obey the laws of hygiene.

Sectarian Christians say their prayers in sepulchral tones, while reformers and Spiritualists *do* their prayers. Work and prayer should go together. Douglass, the colored orator, said that "when he prayed to his legs and used them" he got his liberty.

Every bush and flower and forest-tree is aflame with aspiration. And prayer in the sense of aspiration is the human feeling after the divine—the human everywhere, in *all* lands, feeling after the divine. Each should pray for himself, pray

a long prayer of ceaseless aspiration after all that is pure and true and holy. He should pray for others by doing them good. He should pray for the dead, whether in mortal bodies or disenthralled from them. He should recognize that divine ideal toward which we are tending—that hopeful longing to be true, to be noble, manly, and more like the immortal gods. The poet Lowell thus expresses it :

“Of all the myriad moods of mind  
That through the soul come thronging,  
Which one was e’er so dear, so kind,  
So beautiful as longing?  
The thing we long for, that we are,  
For one transcendent moment,  
Before the present, poor and bare,  
Can make its sneering comment.

“Still, through our paltry stir and strife,  
Glow down the wished ideal,  
And longing mold in clay what life  
Carves in the marble real ;  
To let the new life in, we know  
Desire must ope the portal ;  
Perhaps the longing to be so  
Helps make the soul immortal.

“Longing is God’s fresh, heavenward will  
With our poor earthward striving ;  
We quench it that we may be still  
Content with merely living ;  
But would we learn that heart’s full scope  
Which we are hourly wronging,  
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,  
And realize our longing.

“Ah, let us hope that to our praise  
Good God not only reckons  
The moments when we tread his ways  
But when the spirit beckons !  
That some slight good is also wrought,  
Beyond self-satisfaction,  
When we are simply good in thought,  
Howe’er we fall in action.”

Spiritualism does not, as certain sectarists have said, detract from belief in and worship of God. Our hearts’ gratitude, our souls’ highest aspirations, ever ascend to God, the Father and Mother of us all. And no enlightened Spiritualist worships spirits and angels in the sense that he does God. There is, as every scholar knows, a wide distinction between *Latria*, gratitude given to God, and *Doulia*, prayers offered to saints, spirits and angels. There is an account given in the nineteenth chapter of Revelations of John’s mistaking an

angel for God. St. Augustine says: "This angel appeared in so glorious a manner that St. John took him to be the eternal God, and was about to give him divine honor, when the angel said, 'See thou do it not. I am an ancient prophet, one of thy fellow-servants; worship God.'" Spiritualists worship neither spirits nor mediums, as did Cornelius the centurion, when he "fell down to worship Peter," and to whom Peter said, "Stand up, for I also am a man."

The apostle James gave this command: "Pray for one another," and why not? Why should we not pray the prayers of good-will, and breathe out good wishes even to our enemies? And why should we not ask, ay, fervently pray for apostles, prophets, and good angels to come into our presence?

Royal-arch companions and Knight Templars can descend and sit in subordinate Lodges to aid and counsel Apprenticed Masons. So martyrs, sages, prophets, and other exalted souls of heaven, though beyond the tears that so often bedim the eyes of mortals, though untroubled by the disappointments and the death-knells that so frequently cast a blight over the beautiful things of youth, still they cherish memories of their long-past mortal years, memories of a once struggling humanity, and can and *do* descend to minister to and guide us to the better, higher life.

Is it not right, then, to pray to them, right to invoke their presence? Are not Roman Catholics justifiable in praying to saints and seraphs? Often prayers are answered in the most wonderful manner—probably this is always so when, all things considered, it would be best.

The books of antiquity abound in records of prayers that were answered by gods, angels, and ministering spirits.

Diodorus Siculus assures us Osiris, one of Egypt's gods, was a great conqueror while living, and deified after his death. During wars he frequently prayed to tutelary gods for aid. Jupiter, according to Cicero, signifies *helping-father*. The Arcadians disputed with the Cretans the honor of giving him birth. Both countries, however, considered him originally a man. After his death he was put in the Pantheon and honored as god; ay, more, vows and prayers were offered to him, believing that he granted the mariner calm, the traveler a safe return, and the soldier victory. Xenophon testifies that Cyrus "prayed for the assistance of the heroes, the guardians of Media, and they helped him in battle." He further said that "the gods who hold the guardian care of mortals help and prosper those who pray to them." History repeats itself. Those in the living present who pray

to angels and sympathizing spirits are often aided by them. Their prayers are answered. Take the following cases among thousands.

In a work by John Richardson Phillips, entitled "Remarkable Answers to Prayer," there are several given, one of which I will quote (page 21):

"A lady who had just sat down to breakfast had a strong impression upon her mind that she must instantly carry a loaf of bread to a poor man who lived about half-a-mile from her house, by the side of a common. Her husband wished her either to postpone taking the loaf of bread till after breakfast, or to send it by her servant, but she chose to take it herself instantly. As she approached the hut she heard the sound of a human voice. Willing to hear what it was, she stepped softly, and, unperceived, opened the door. She now heard the poor man praying, and among other things he said, 'Oh, Lord, help me! Lord, Thou wilt help me: Thy providence cannot fail; Thy listening angels are ever present, and although my wife, self, and children have no bread to eat, and it is now a whole day since we had any, I know Thou wilt supply me (though Thou shouldst again rain down manna from heaven).' The lady could wait no longer; she opened the door, 'Yes,' she replied, 'God has sent you relief. Take this loaf, and be encouraged to cast your care upon Him who careth for you; and when you ever want a loaf of bread come to my house.'"

To many the above may be conclusive proof of the direct answer to the prayer of this needy supplicant. To a mind coldly philosophical, it may simply appear a remarkable coincidence. To the materialistic and hypercritical scientist it may present itself as a superstitious or ridiculous pretence, having no foundation in fact. By the Spiritualist it may be recognized as a truthful record and incontrovertible evidence of the wonderful operation of some admirable sympathetic psychological laws as yet very imperfectly understood.

"Take the perfectly well-authenticated case referred to by Epes Sargent, as related by the late Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Capt. Yount, the Californian, who dreamed that an emigrant party were perishing two hundred miles off in the Carson Valley Pass. He got up an expedition, sent it out at his own expense, and rescued the remnant of a party that had undergone incredible sufferings in the snow. Will any intelligent Spiritualist scout the theory that the prayers of the sufferers may have attracted spirits who made the recipient and impressible mind of Capt. Yount their instrument for bringing about the rescue?"

"It needed no change of a law of Nature to produce these deliverances; and yet they may have been the direct result of the potency of earnest prayers, under certain favorable conditions."

The distinguished English naturalist, Alfred R. Wallace, in treating of the philosophy of and answers to prayers, says:

"The recently discussed question of the efficacy of prayer receives a perfect solution by Spiritualism. Prayer may be often answered, though not directly, by the Deity. Nor does the answer depend wholly on the morality or the religion of the petitioner; but as men who are both moral and religious, and are firm believers in a divine response to prayer, will pray more frequently, more earnestly, and more disinterestedly, they will attract toward them a number of spiritual beings who sympathize with them, and who, when the necessary mediumistic power is present, will be able, as they are often willing, to answer prayer.

"A striking case is that of George Müller, of Bristol, who has now for forty-four years depended wholly for his own support, and that of his wonderful charities, on answer to prayer."

Mr. Wallace further observes, "his, George Müller's, narrative (6th edition, 1860,) should have been referred to in the late discussion, since it furnishes a better demonstration that prayer is sometimes really answered than the hospital experiment proposed by Sir Henry Thomson could possibly have done. In this work we have a precise yearly statement of his receipts and expenditure for many years. He never asked any one, or allowed any one to be asked directly or indirectly, for a penny. No subscriptions or collections were ever made; yet from 1830 (when he married without any income whatever) he has lived, brought up a family, and established institutions which have steadily increased, till now four thousand orphan children are educated, and in part supported. It has happened hundreds of times that there has been no food in his house, and no money to buy any, or no bread, or milk, or sugar for the children. Yet he never took a loaf, or any other article, on credit even for a day; and during the thirty years over which his narrative extends, neither he nor the hundreds of children dependent upon him for their daily food have ever been without a regular meal! They have lived literally from hand to mouth; and his one and *only* resource has been secret prayer. Here is a case which has been going on in the midst of us for forty years, and is still going on; it has been published to the world many years, yet a warm discussion is carried on by eminent men as to the fact of whether prayer is or is not answered, and not one of them exhibits the least knowledge of this most pertinent and illustrative phenomenon! The Spiritualist explains all this as personal influence. The perfect simplicity, faith, boundless charity and goodness of George Müller have enlisted in his cause spiritual beings of a like nature, and his mediumistic powers have enabled them to work for him by influencing others to send him money, food, clothes, and all arriving just at the time most needed."—"Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," Wallace.

The above quotations of facts are sufficient to show that gods, angels and ministering spirits cognize human wants, and under proper conditions answer the prayers of pleading mortals.

Should we pray for the dead—that is to say, should we pray for the low, undeveloped spirits of the spirit-world?

This was the custom in Oriental countries, as their sacred

books and scrolls abundantly prove. And then the early church fathers, such as St. Jerome, St. Cyprian, St. Hilary, St. Augustine, Origen, and others, not only believed in the continuance of spiritual gifts, but they believed in praying for "the wicked dead." The first ecclesiastical father who called in question the invocation of angels and prayers for the dead was Vigilantius, who flourished something over three hundred years after Jesus Christ. The church fathers, with one united voice, stigmatized the teachings of the ambitious Vigilantius as untrue and unscriptural. St. Jerome in refuting him wrote: "The apostles and martyrs, while still in their bodies on earth, could pray for others at a time when they ought to have been solicitous concerning their own welfare; how much more natural is it that they should do so now, after the attainment of their crowns, their victories and their triumphs." Paul, the apostle, tells us that two hundred three-score and sixteen souls in the ship with him were saved by his prayers; and am I to believe that the moment he was dissolved, and began to be with Christ Jesus, that then his voice was hushed forever; that he had no longer the power even to breathe a prayer for those who had been evangelized by his preaching?

St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, who wrote in the Greek in the year 351, makes this observation: "We pray for the sick and the afflicted. . . . We commemorate those who have gone before us, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs. . . . We pray for the holy fathers, the bishops, the faithful departed, for all the dead, . . . believing that their souls receive very great relief from these prayers."

St. Hilary, a compeer of Cyril, who wrote about 315, says: "To those who wish to stand firmly, there is not wanting the custody of the saints nor the guardianship of the angels. . . . There are many spiritual powers that are called angels, who preside over churches and persons. They pray for us, and we pray for the dead."

St. Cyprian, who wrote in the year 248, gave this exhortation: "Let us be merciful of one another in our prayers; with one mind and one heart in this world and in the next. Let us always pray with mutual charity relieving our afflictions, and may our prayers for our brethren and sisters in whatever world not cease."

Origen, who flourished near the end of the second century, when treating of prayers, guardian spirits and their influence over mortals, wrote: "Who can doubt that our holy fathers aid us by their prayers, and strengthen and excite us by their examples, and the writings they left behind them?"

The angels of deliverance are ever present; come then, thou angel, receive him that is changed from his former error and from the doctrine of demons. . . . I will pray for the dead. I will invoke all the saints to my assistance. . . . And all the holy men who have quitted this life, retaining their charity toward those whom they left behind, we may be allowed to say that they are anxious for their salvation, and that they assist them with their prayers." . . .

St. Ambrose, in a funeral oration over the two emperors, Valentinians, exclaims: "Blessed shall you both be if my prayers can avail anything. No day shall pass in which I will not make honorable mention of you; no night in which you shall not partake of my prayers."

St. Epiphanius contends that "there is nothing more opportune, nothing more to be admired, than the rite which directs the names of the dead to be mentioned. They are greatly aided by the prayers that are offered for them."

St. Chrysostom declares that "it is not in vain that oblations and prayers are offered and alms given for the dead. . . . Let us not grow weary, then, in affording aid to the dead by offering prayers for them." So runs the chain of testimony from Hindu, Egyptian, Greek and ecclesiastical history. The latter affords the most indubitable proofs that the doctrines of the ministrations of spirits and prayers for the dead, that is, *those* in the world of spirits, flourished almost undisputed from the time of the primitive fathers till after the reign of Constantine.

To think kindly toward—to breathe out even a good wish for those psychologically bound for discipline to the lower spheres of spirit-life, is a prayer for the dead. Let us pray for them, then, most sincerely; let us aid them as the dear angels of the heavenly spheres aid us.

It was common in Oriental lands at one period for certain zealous unselfish persons to be baptized for the dead. To this end the Apostle Paul said: "Else what shall they do, which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why, then, are they baptized for the dead?" Do not infer from this passage that Paul was urging the dogma of baptism by immersion. On the contrary, he thanked God that he "was sent not to baptize" but to "preach the gospel." Water baptism belonged to India and Egypt—to John the Baptist dispensation—rather than to Christ. It is not, and never was, Christian baptism. Jesus Christ baptized with the Holy Ghost; that is to say, with a holy and most excellent spiritual influence. The Greek word here rendered Ghost is *pneuma*, and should read spirit. The spiritual aura

around Jesus Christ was refined, pure and heavenly, so much so that those coming within the range of this aural atmosphere were blest beyond all blessing. This spiritual aura was the magnetic "virtue" that Jesus "felt go out of him."

The Holy Ghost, biblically considered, was a refined, etherealized spirit-substance that "set upon the disciples," that "filled them," that "fell upon those who heard Peter," and was "poured out upon the Gentiles." It is said of Peter and John in Samaria that "they laid their hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost."

It was this holy spiritual influence, this ethereal baptismal aura, together with the great overflowing love-nature of Jesus Christ, that so fitted him to pray for and to preach to the dead—the "spirits in prison." He was also baptized for them—that is, was anointed, illumined and divinely enlightened—that he might aid in redeeming and spiritually enlightening them. The University professor studies, masters the sciences, and becomes learned that he may wisely teach others. So we should study the moral and spiritual constitution of man—should study psychology and the occult forces of nature—should be baptized with the divine aura of the angelspheres—and should become so spiritually illumined that our very presence would benefit the dead in the lower spheres of existence, something as the sunshine touches and turns to gold the purpling clouds of evening.

Life, past, present and future, constitutes one unitive chain. Death severs no conscious link. Our consciousness, our memories and our loves, go with us to the better land. And as our prayers and good wishes help those this side death's peaceful river, so they do those on the thither side. Spiritualism proves that death is no impassable barrier, nor does it in any way prevent the interchange of sweet offices across its tremulous stream. Unseen intelligences, once mortal and bound to us by the tender chords of sympathy, still walk in our midst, stand by our sides, and listen to our echoing voices. And what spiritually benefited them on earth benefits them still. Dr. Hitchman, of Liverpool, one of the most learned Spiritualists in our ranks, says that "dignified conversation with and prayers offered for the souls of the departed is educational, justifiable and highly commendable."

Unhappy earth-bound spirits who led depraved lives while in their physical bodies, and whose ruling loves were selfishness and scheming falsities, have often come to me through mediumistic instrumentalities and asked to be prayed for. Through these mediums they wept the scalding tears of re-



morse and repentance. The evident misery or mental suffering of these unsatisfied sorrowing souls necessarily brings forth at once natural and real prayers, or kind wishes of love, tenderness and comfort.

None can fathom the mightiness of the human soul, nor can they fully comprehend the potency of the *will*, or the moral force of even a single wish. And yet there is a subtle, searching power in it for good or ill. The psychical waves of will-force and sympathy may and evidently *do* travel as certain and as swift as the lightning's flash, from soul to soul, and their comforting influences may be palpably experienced when sympathizers and sympathists are separated by thousands of miles. Distance has little to do with soul-sympathy, and space is as nothing.

The spirit of prayer is trusting, uplifting, beautiful! We should pray, then, when we feel our need; when heavy trials press upon us; when adversity overtakes us; when we think of the sorrowing and the afflicted; when we stand in the midst of mourners, and when we meditate upon the condition of the undeveloped and the suffering ones that people the lower spheres.

In the midst of daily toil we may send up devout thanksgivings for the manifold blessings of life. Meditating in solitude, we may pray for fresh fires from heaven to descend and kindle the incense upon the altars of our hearts. "Surrounded by the clamor of the world, the din of business, the shouts of the rushing throng, our aspirations may go up as gratefully as did the cloud of incense from the golden altar in the temple on Moriah, though hostile hosts surrounded it, and the shout of battle rolled and reverberated through its pillared courts. In the midst of the collisions and strifes of the market and the court, the rumbling of wheels and the din of machinery, the expectant ear may hear the answering words of peace and deliverance, as the longing, watching maiden, at the desperate siege of Lucknow, amid the thunder of artillery, the groans of the wounded and the cries of the starving, caught the distant pibroch note, prophecy and promise of rescue and salvation."

Jesus, upon the authority of Peter, preached to the "spirits in prison." And as preaching, practice and praying usually go and always *ought* to go together, doubtless he also prayed for the spirits in prison, for they were his brothers still; and accordingly, Paul called Jesus "Our elder brother."

The poet, in a moment of inspiration, sang:

"One family we dwell in him,  
 One church, above, beneath,  
 Though now divided by the stream—  
 The swelling stream of death."

This one "church above, beneath," is the great spiritual church, the church of a redeemed humanity.

But why use the word church? Because it is a legitimate word; the Anglo-Saxon *circ*, the Scotch *kirk*, and in the external sense, according to Trench, "any Christian, Jewish or Pagan temple"; and in the spiritual sense—and we are dealing with spiritual subjects—it is a collective body sympathizing in spiritual and religious matters. Our present gathering is a transient church-assemblage. Thomas K. Beecher, in his volume entitled "*The Seven Churches*," says:

"There is not upon earth a visible corporate Church of Christ with headquarters in Jerusalem or Samaria, Rome or Moscow, Peking or Salt Lake City. There are, thank God! millions of unmistakable Christians in the world, but not one Church that can claim for herself as a corporation any preëminence or special title to the name *Christian*."

"The primary import of the word 'church,' is *assembly, company, congregation*. And as deserts take their color from the color of each grain of sand, so churches take their quality and derive their right to the name Christian from the quality of the members. An assembly of genuine Christians is a Christian church, no matter how organized. An assembly of robbers is a thieving church. An assembly of firemen is a fireman's church."

And so an assembly of Spiritualists is a *Spiritualist church*, and if they are harmonious, religious and spiritual, as they ought to be, they constitute a branch of the *spiritual church*, the church of the divine humanity.

And further, every spiritual séance, if orderly and aspirational—if those composing it are really seekers after truth, and spiritually-minded—is a *church*, a spiritual church to all intents and purposes. Such séance-churches should be opened by invocations and prayers, and by the singing of spiritual songs. They should also be permanent. There are a few such in this country, and more in England. Among the latter is that of the Everetts. Those who have attended their séances for the past fifteen years can truly exclaim, "This is the gate of heaven." Here we talk with the angels. These séances have been conducted from the first upon a religious basis. God is recognized. Prayer ascends. The angels are invoked. Musical voices fill the room with harmony, then come the vibrating sounds, the psychic lights, the sweet perfumes, the spirit-voices, and the angelic communications.

It has ever been a source of satisfaction to the more thoughtful and religiously-inclined Spiritualists of the country that the tri-weekly sances connected with the Message Department of the *Banner of Light* are opened with invocations and prayers. Those spirit-voiced thanksgivings through mediumistic lips, rendered to the Divine Presence, or the sweet, trusting, and truly uplifting words of devout prayer, produce just that calmness and receptivity requisite for an influx of heavenly inspiration—an influx of that spiritual light which streams down from the radiant homes of the angels, and from the evergreen gardens of God.

Thinking of the Message Department, and those privileged to speak and identify themselves through it, I plead for its continuance. I plead for it as I plead for the emancipation of the slaves, and their right to be heard; plead for it as I plead when with that Peace Commission for the waning Western Indians, and their right to be heard by representation in our Halls of Congress; plead as I plead for woman's right to deposit her ballot, and be heard in our State Legislatures; plead as I ever plead for the poor, the oppressed and the lowly ones of earth. They are God's children, they have immortal souls, they have innate rights, they are our brothers and our sisters, aflame with angelic possibilities; and ignorant and undeveloped as some of those may be that speak in the Message Department, God and the good angels love them still; and accordingly they have an inalienable right to be heard, a right to come and identify themselves as they do, a right to exhibit, for the time being, their characteristics, and give tests to doubting minds. And palsied be the arm that would proudly, rashly close that gate ajar, and slam the door of silence in the face of those immortal intelligences!

Their messages may not be classic and rhetorical, they may not specially benefit *you*, but why, oh why so selfish? They benefit others, and then they themselves are greatly benefited by their privileges. This, and the future life—the *two worlds* so intimately related—must progress together. The psychic chain of sympathy binds mortals and immortals in one indissoluble unity. The thinking, conscious and moral intelligences of all worlds constitute the family of God, therefore we should despise none, despair of none. They clasp their hands in ours, and the angels say to them and us, "Come up higher." In benefiting the lowest child of earth or spirit-land, we benefit the whole moral universe of God. In angelizing others we make, by the reflex law of compensation, angels of ourselves. In doing good to all we

imitate the highest seraphs of heaven, and withal secure the imperishable crown.

It is ours, then, to know that the soul exists beyond the tomb, it is ours to render gratitude and thanksgiving to God, to pray to angels and ministering spirits, to pray for the "dead," and to do the work of evangelists, making the whole earth one grand cathedral, overarching it with spiritual ideals, transfiguring its roughest, darkest features, and *all* that it may bloom into a garden of transcendent beauty and glory.

# THE METHODS OF SPIRIT INFLUENCES:

## SPIRITUAL VAMPYRISM — OBSESSIONS — SPIRITS LEAVING THEIR BODIES AND TRAVELING IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD — THE WORK THAT SPIRITS DO FOR HUMAN- ITY THROUGH MEDIUMIS- TIC CONTROLS.



"For I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift."—*Paul.*

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits."—*John.*

"For unclean spirits come out of many that were possessed with them."—*Philip.*

"Heal the sick, . . . cast out demons."—*Jesus.*

"And, brethren, it seems to me that we may discern a promise, and a prophecy even, in the universal spirit of questioning and unrest. *God is arising to shake the earth, that the things which cannot be shaken may remain. We are on the threshold of a new era. God gives to each age the gifts that it most needs. The child leans upon its parents, accepts their statements, reasons not, walks by implicit faith. Humanity has lived as a child. But now the period of maturity is approaching when it must put away childish things. We insist upon knowing; we demand proof of all things. . . . I believe that out of this fierce doubting, questioning, praying for light, this restless striving, this heart-hunger that will not be appeased, this wrestling in the darkness with the Unknown One, whom we will not let go except He bless us, will arise a solution grander than we have power to believe. First, that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual. Modern science is laying a foundation of exact methods and infallible results, and these methods are being used in more and more subtle fields of research. I believe that out of the border-land of dream, trance, seership, and the thaumaturgies of all ages, with their confused and baffling results, is yet to arise the Science of Immortality.*"—*Prof. H. B. Norton.*

If there is really any such thing in existence as matter, it is only a mask, a shadow, a changing vesture. God and spirit-substance are the two great realities. God alone is the absolute and the immutable Intelligence, and that form of spirit-substance known as matter is but the garment of the Deific Intelligence. When in ancient times the Platonic Proclus spoke of causation, Plotinus of the universal life-essence, Mahomet of Allah, Zimmerman of intelligent force, Spencer of the unknowable, Emerson of the Over-Soul, and Tyndall of an energizing potency in matter, they all sought to express a belief that there is some being, some divine Presence superior to and acting upon inert, motionless matter. And that divine Presence was, is and eternal-will be God, the loving Father and Mother of us all.

Oriental conceptions and all the various definitions aside, may we not just as well say with Jesus, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth"?—(*John iv: 24.*) But if God is spirit—absolute and omnipotent spirit—or as Emerson would say, the Infinite Over-Soul governing the physical and moral universe by immutable laws, and if man is made in the "divine image," then he is necessarily a spiritual being. And the spiritual is the real. Matter at most is but a mask. That which is denominated matter is shadowy and unreal. Critical thinkers recognize the palpable and the impalpable, the shadow and the substance, the shell and the substantial soul of things. Materialists, and even some distinguished scientists, deal altogether too much with shells, fossils, and mere objective phenomena. They are spiritually stupid, if not blind. It is quite probable that matter, the visible clothing of spirit, is nothing more than conditioned force, the residuum of spiritual substance. Everything that the physical senses cognize is unstable and unsubstantial. A bit of granite from the rock-ribbed mountains put into the hands of a skillful chemist may, by the action of heat, be transformed into a liquid, a fluid, and an ethereal gaseous substance. Increase the temperature, intensify the heat, and it utterly vanishes from sight. No scientist pretends to have seen the assumed ultimate atoms of matter. They are unknowable. All power, all force, all that is absolutely real and permanent, is unseen by the physical eyes. Gravitation and attraction, instinct, will, thoughts and ideas, are alike invisible, and yet infinitely more real and abiding than the crumbling rocks of the mountain.

Traveling a few years since from Manchester, England, to London, I chanced to take a seat by an English secularist,

who evidently was on excellent terms with himself. Unfolding a Spiritualist journal, and, though reading very quietly, I observed that this gentleman kept glancing at the subject-matter of the columns. Soon he seemed uneasy and really restless. It was evident enough that he was anxious, if not aching for a straightforward lip-and-brain battle. A few words thrown out as pickets, and we were hot in the fray. It was give and take, and no mercy.

After several futile attempts to show the impossibility of "ghosts," spirits, or mind existing outside of the physical organization, he exclaimed with an air of triumph, "Now call up your ghosts, bring out your spirits, right here, now, and let me see them." My reply was: "You, as well as I, believe in the invisible—believe in ozone, oxygen, hydrogen, interstellar ether and many unseen elements and forces. Now bring them out—right out here and *now*—and let me see them."

"But your comparison is not legitimate. I must have time and conditions. These gases and elements of which you speak may be confined, condensed and otherwise so managed by chemists as to become solidified and visible. I can then see them, and seeing is knowing."

"Granted in part; seeing, however, is only an approach at knowing. One may see the stars a lifetime and yet know nothing about their internal structures and hidden forces. And further: the chemists of earth pursue their chemical studies in the heavens. *These*, with the *savants* and sages of the higher spheres, have the power to select, accrete, and so manipulate invisible auras, emanations, etherealized substances and the occult forces of nature as to make spirit-forms visible to the physical eye. I have seen them repeatedly. The process is termed materialization."

"Well, it's nothing to me. I've never seen them, and then I am so organized that I can believe nothing; neither *will* I believe in that which I cannot cognize with my senses, that which I cannot see, hear, smell, taste or feel! And further, I have this thought——"

"Stop—stop right there, sir. You say you have a *thought*. I deny it *in toto*. And now prove it—prove it by your own method of reasoning. Bring out some of your thoughts. Let me see that 'thought' which you say you have—let me hear it, feel it, taste it; let me bite it; let me weigh it in a pair of scales; let me melt it with a blow-pipe."

"But you are going to extremes. I have this idea relating——"

"Stop again, sir! Stop! I deny that you have any ideas.

Prove that you have by your materialistic system of reasoning. Let me see this idea of yours; let me hear it, taste it, touch it. What its weight and color, and can it be fused? And what its shape? Is it oblong, square, spheroidal or triangular? Do your thoughts and ideas bear any such relation to each other as steel to iron? and if so, what amount of heat would be requisite to weld them?" . . . It hardly need be said that his own way of reasoning silenced him.

Not only are thoughts and ideas—but reason, hope, love, memory, intellection, aspiration, intuition, will, psychic force—ay, *all* forces and all the mighty powers of the illimitable universe are invisible. And yet it is these very unseen, invisible forces, powers and principles that constitute the real, the permanent and the immortal.

Algebraically expressed, matter is the unknown quantity—consciousness the known. The hypothetical atom cannot be cognized by the senses. Philosophy is rapidly tending to the position that all we can possibly *know* exists is consciousness and force in their various methods of action.

Kant contends that neither time nor space have any real existence, but are merely forms of thought. Fichte argued that neither matter nor the external world in any of its forms had any real existence, but *all* was due to impressions generated in the mind. Berkley denied the existence of the material universe, contending that Deity acted directly upon the human mind; that the seen was the phenomenal, and that the phenomenal was a shadow—that and nothing more! Lewes says: "I cannot transcend the sphere of my consciousness. I can never know things except as they act upon me." If Herbert Spencer had denominated the soul and spiritual realities generally the Knowable, and matter—whatever it may be or may not be—the Unknowable, he would probably have come nearer the truth.

But what is the soul? The soul is the I, myself—the central, living, indivisible unity; the conscious life-germ, or a potentialized and partially detached portion of the absolute Over-Soul, God, and bearing something the relation to God, psychically, that a tremulous drop bears to the crystal fountain from which it proceeded. It is detached at the sacred moment of embryonic conception—that is to say, sufficiently detached to there and then commence an individuality in relation to outer and grosser things.

It is unphilosophical to say that "man has a soul." The soul *is* the man. And, in the spiritual sense, this soul is old as God, pure as God, immortal as God! When children are born into this world, souls are not mechanically constructed



and put into their infantile forms as you would pour water into leaky pumps to set them going; neither do souls grow up out of physical matter something as do gourds from heaps of muck. It is not only illogical, but morally impossible, for the lesser of itself to produce the greater—for effects to exceed their causes. Materialistic thinkers are very apt to put the carriage before the horse. Had they lived in the times of Cheops, they would have recommended building and pivoting the great pyramid upon the little end, with the base wobbling about loosely up somewhere in the aerial spaces. Mind is not the flower of matter. Under no conditions does matter, so-called, produce conscious souls. Neither can phosphorus solve problems, nor the most lustrous iodine idealize.

Considered subjectively and objectively, man is a trinity in unity, compounded of soul, spiritual body and physical body. This was believed by Hindu gymnosophists and Egyptian hierophants. It was also taught by a large school of Platonian thinkers before the Christian era. In a subsequent period Paul taught the triune nature of man. "I pray God to preserve you," said he, "body, soul and spirit"; and again he speaks of "dividing asunder soul and spirit." The soul, the inmost of man, as we before said, is a divine germ, or a conscious spark from the great central sun of existence, and, unlike brutes, insects, and all the lower orders, man alone is conscious of his consciousness. Man alone knows intuitively of God and immortality.

The old Biblical prophet termed the "soul the candle of the Lord." The candle, similar to the calcium flame, illumines the whole edifice; so the soul lights up and shines out through the human temple. The head is the topmost story of this bodily temple, and the soul is supposed to be located at the delicate point of the Pineal gland, which is a small, conical mass of gray nerve-substance, attached to the floor of the third ventricle just forward of the cerebellum. It is plain that whatever exists must exist somewhere, and somewhere implies location. Accordingly the distinguished Des Cartes taught, and intelligent spirits teach, that the soul is located at the pineal point, *alias* the apex of the conarium.

An orange in some respects may fitly symbolize the man. The outer peel corresponds to the physical body; the richly-colored, juicy pulp, to the spiritual body, and the orange seed, with its germinal life-principle, to the soul. And dying is the process of peeling—the process of severing the co-partnership existing between the grosser earthly and spirit-

ual body. It does not in any wise affect the soul, but it *does* transplant the spiritual body into a fairer garden, with better facilities for symmetrical growth and unfoldment.

Man here is trinal; over there in the better-land he is dual, constituted of soul and an etherealized spiritual body. Consciousness, memory, reason, disposition, desires, and the general tendencies of the man go with him to the world of spirits. These, in a large measure, make up his individuality. Without these traits and qualities he would hardly know himself.

Death is no chemical strainer, filtering away all sins and imperfections in the twinkling of an eye; neither is it a piston-rod forcing "imputed righteousness"—righteousness of any kind or moral goodness of any quality—into the immortal man. It is literally true, however, according to Ballou-Whittemore Universalism, that

—"Judas with a cord  
Outstript his Lord, and got to heaven first."

Each individual enters the spirit-world mentally and morally precisely as he left this—and the spirit-world is here, there, everywhere, for God is spirit, and therefore spirit fills the boundless immensity. The spirit-world should never be confounded with the spiritual world, with the angelic world, nor with the paradisaic heavens of the Christ-angels. There are swarming millions in the world of spirits that have not so much as caught a glimpse of those radiant realms of angel blessedness. "In my Father's house," said Jesus, "are many mansions." This Father's house is the infinite universe, embracing the heavens and the hells, the demons and the angels that do the will of God.

Divine law is universal and immutable. And the same law that permits angel ministries permits demoniacal influences. These latter under assumed names would now, as in New Testament times, almost "deceive the very elect." To this end the apostolic John said, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits." Gerald Massey, though a poet, speaks thus in plain prose:

"As a rule, I believe the greatest manifestations of a physical-force nature are produced by beings on the lowest plane of spiritual existence—earth-spirits; dwellers on the threshold; unhappy souls that have been foully thrust out of this life; spirits that have not passed far into the interior life, but who remain materialized and ponderable, dense, dark as the mere dregs of this life that have sunk to the bottom, compared with the happier, higher souls, that ascend and rarefy, even as matter does in proportion as it rises toward the light. These spirits dominate with the physical-force mediums. Where the phenomena tend to lead the soul into the inner presence-

chamber of God and enrich the spiritual life, the lowliest means may be sanctified; but where the meal is everything, and the miracle goes for nothing except to evoke an encore of the miracle for the sake of another meal, then it is degrading, and of the earth earthy. The phenomena were intended to lift up the eyelids of the mind, and elevate the soul to a perception of the fact that there is a spirit-world about us, close to us, and in communion with us, and not to keep on cultivating the acquaintance of the blackguard and the light-fingered gentry of the other world."

Those whom Massey poetically denominates "the light-fingered gentry of the other world," both Josephus and Jesus called "demons." Swedenborg pronounces them "obsessing demons," walking by our sides unseen. They are our erring, undeveloped brothers, actuated, quite possibly, by selfishness, envy, jealousy, malice, revenge, and perhaps by murderous intentions. These are in this life, so far as we can judge, moral incurables. Punishment does not redeem them. On the contrary, it seems to harden some natures. The most fiendish murders ever perpetrated have been by convicts while imprisoned for crime. Only recently, in a Western Penitentiary, one of these fiendish men, thirteen years confined, and ever troublesome, stabbed and killed two of his fellow-convicts; and while struggling madly to murder the keeper, was shot dead, his last word an oath! Where—what his condition? Is there any reason to expect an immediate moral revolution in such a character? These persons are the demons of this and the demons of the future spirit-world. Reproof, counsel, punishment in prisons did not save them. Punishment never saves. It startles; it may arrest the wicked in their course for the time being, and it may also lead to serious reflection; but the Christ-power of love, repentance, humility, aspiration, moral effort—these are the saving graces! God's love spans all worlds and never wanes. The divine effort will continue till all evil-disposed spirits echo the shout with angel hosts—the Christ of God triumphant! the good victorious!

But we are to deal with both spirits and mortals as they are in the present. The worst of prison characters—murderous tramps—tricky gamblers—persistent libertines—malicious highwaymen—and millions, mad with hate, falling on crimson battle-fields—these are the demons that obsess mortals—that is to say, they psychologically influence, entrance and control certain sensitive persons. Their name is legion. And they incite people to wrong-doing.

Judge Edmonds expressed the opinion to me personally, only a few weeks previous to his departure, that "a majority of the lunatics in asylums are only under the influence of

unwise or evil spirits. I have been instrumental," he further said, "in curing some fifteen cases of this kind. And I said this to the Academy of Science here in New York."

William Howitt, in speaking of obsessions and the infestations of certain mediums in England, says :

"With them the approach of spirits is not a visit, nor simply a visitation, but an inroad. They come, the door once open, in crowds, in mobs, in riotous invasions. They run, they leap, they gesticulate, they sing, they whoop and they curse. They are the most merry and the most bitter of mockers. Wit looms in their words like flashes of infernal lightning. Pantomime is in their action; laughter in their eyes; and a horror which no assumption of innocence can veil, is the effluvia of their presence. There is no question with the wretched sufferers of their phantasmagorical assaults that they are the life and quintessence of hell. Nor is it the mind only of the unfortunate one which they haunt; they have a power over his material movements. They move and remove articles; they fling and toss; they hide and steal; they put things where they ought not to be; they take them from whence they should constantly be. Mind, body, soul, memory and imagination—nay, the very heart—are polluted by the ghostly *canaille*; and the sanctuary of life and the dwelling are invaded, disordered, desecrated and made miserable by them. We have known such sufferers, and know them still."

The celebrated Jung-Stilling furnishes a long list of obsessional cases coming under his immediate inspection. I have seen many sensitives, making no claim to Spiritualism, completely or partially obsessed by dark, undeveloped spirits. Not only have I seen these phenomena in this country, but I saw several well-marked cases in India, and was introduced to one Sivaite priest who devoted every Friday afternoon to the casting out of demons.

The distinguished Unitarian preacher, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, writes: "As regards demoniacal possession I think that Jesus believed in it, and that he spoke to the evil spirits as though they would hear him. A few years ago I thought that he shared a popular error in this, which our century had outgrown. But within a few years I have been led to believe in the reality of Demoniacal Possession. I have myself known personally, or by credible testimony, of at least half-a-dozen instances of persons who seem to have been taken possession of by a low and unclean order of spirits. And the best way of rescuing them, when they were too far gone to help themselves, was to have some other person possessing greater spiritual force to do what Jesus did, namely, *order the spirit to go away*. I believe that in certain places and periods the nervous condition of men is such that the lower order of ghosts may get control over them,

and that when Jesus came, it was just such a time and place as this."

Renan in his "Life of Jesus" informs us that "It was the universal opinion, not only in Judea, but in the whole world, that demons take possession of certain persons and make them act contrary to their own will. And the vocation of an exorcist was a regular profession like that of the physician. . . . Almost down to our day, the men who have done most for the good of their kind have been, whether they wished it or not, Thaumaturgists."

Obsessions prevailed in the past, and do among a class of mediumistic sensitives at present. They may also be witnessed among those not recognized as mediums or Spiritualists. This branch of psychology, relating to Spiritualism, requires the most careful and patient study. And while séances should be conducted upon scientific principles, a religious and prayerful influence should be dominant. Purity, prayer and love call the angels into our presence.

Exorcists, as individuals, should not only be firm and positive, but kind and spiritually-minded, influenced by pure and exalted spirits. And further, those obsessed should leave their accustomed surroundings and flee to some mountainous part of the country. They should breathe the purest atmosphere, and keep their persons rigidly clean and sweet. They should strictly avoid promiscuous séances. Thanking the loving spirit Father for all past blessings, they should pray to good spirits and to the holy angels for help. They should seek the baptism of peace and good-will. And they should moreover exercise their own will-power in the direction of the good and the true, the pure and the beautiful.

In speaking of obsessions and demoniacal influences, I have no reference to that semi-omnipotent and omniscient devil of the mythic Eden time, but rather to ignorant, undeveloped, and sometimes malicious spirits, once of earth yet now peopling the lower spheres. I know nothing of any sylphs, gnomes, goblins, ill-shaped elves, one-eyed Pucks, or any sort of indescribable elementaries. People are apt to see what they hunt for. Imaginations, symbols, psychological presentations and a distorted second-sight should never be confounded with clairvoyance. Independent and thoroughly trained clairvoyants and exalted spiritual intelligences unite in the fact that, while they see or meet spirits originally inhabiting other earths and planets than ours, they see in the spirit-world no fragmentary nondescripts, no postponed possibilities of souls, and no pygmean Pucks just fitted to do any small, out-about jobbing business for

selfish, presuming satraps! Such weird imaginings belong to the dark ages rather than the culture of the nineteenth century.

Am I asked if spirits, as many affirm, can leave their bodies temporarily, and returning occupy them again? Such is my belief. And the belief is based upon the nature of man, the communications of mediums, and the most positive testimony of spirits that have summered long in the radiant realms of immortality. I am not unmindful that this position is disputed. Our most distinguished clairvoyant medium, Mr. A. J. Davis, says: "The soul is organically wedged up in the body. No man's soul ever goes out of his body but once; then it never returns, for from that moment the body is dead." On the other hand, intelligent spirits entrancing Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, say: "The soul is an absolute, independent entity. The soul of the Bushman is radically identical with that of the Caucasian, because all souls proceed from one primal source. . . . Under proper conditions, and aided by wise and holy intelligences, souls sometimes leave their earthly bodies, gathering knowledge in other spheres of existence. They are attended at these times by their guardian angels."

Now, who is right? Whose statements are the most authoritative? From the placid Bay of Naples may be seen a series of ever-green gardens terracing the backward-rising slope far away toward the summit. Inviting and magnificent almost beyond description, they cause one to think of those golden gardens above, where walk the white-robed angels. But who best understands, or who can best describe those spirit-gardens—the man who standing outside of the walls looks into them, or those who there live, cultivating the flowers, and feasting upon the delicious fruitage? The inquiry is self-answering.

While filling a lecture engagement a few years since at Troy, N. Y., I went down to the hospitable home of Dr. G. L. Ditson, Albany, to spend the night with my friend Dr. E. C. Dunn. Our host and hostess, always entertaining, were eminently interesting till a late hour. Retiring to our apartment the Doctor was entranced by his guardian, Aaron Knight. The theme of our conversation was the nature of the soul, and the interrelations existing between the soul and the spiritual and physical bodies.

When leaving in the morning, I said to Dr. Dunn:

"I move into a new room at Mr. McCoy's to-day; leave your body to-night, come and see it, and write me to-morrow describing what you see."

"If my spirit-guides will both permit and aid me, I will so do."

The next evening I received the following letter, published soon after in the *American Spiritualist*:

"ALBANY, February 12, 1872.

"MR. PEEBLES—*My Dear Friend*: In accordance with your request and with the consent and aid of my friends, I left my body last night and visited you in your room in Troy. And now I will give you an account of what I saw, as near as memory serves me.

"You were lying with your face to the south; your clothing was in a chair near the head of the bed. I saw no coat, however. I noticed a number of pictures on the wall back of the bed, and thought it a very queer place to hang pictures.

"On the table lay a number of books and papers. The latter were in considerable confusion. At the right side of the table I noticed papers lying upon the floor. There was a large book lying upon the table, open at the title-page. As near as I can recollect it was about the 'Fine Arts in Ireland.' There was a pencil in the book, round, smooth and not much worn. On the mantel-piece, to the right of the stove, I saw a book which looked like a Bible; it was open to Revelations, and in it lay the photograph of your guide. Near this book lay your watch and chain. I tried to pick up a pencil upon the table, but failed. I spoke to you several times but could not awake you. Everything seemed as natural as though I was in my physical body, and yet I knew that I was out of it, for I saw the magnetic cord connecting me to it. And further, I took especial notice of my body after leaving it as it lay in bed at Albany. A part of the circle guarded it. I had a very pleasant time with Aaron Knight, who acted as my guide while absent from the body. The sensations were all pleasant except the terrible dread which always comes over me when returning to my body. Believe me ever yours in friendship, love and truth,

E. C. DUNN."

This description of room, books, pictures, papers upon the floor, photograph in the Bible, pencil, watch and chain, &c., could not well have been described with greater accuracy. During these experiences of the Doctor his body becomes rigid, there is no perceptible beating of the pulse, and only an occasional flutter of the heart. At first the phenomenon frightened me; but I soon became familiar with it. For a few years past he has left his body only at comparatively long intervals. The contrast dissatisfied him with earthly things.

The lamented Mrs. Conant frequently left her frail tenement, witnessing magnificent scenes and conversing with loved ones in the heavens. Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, of the Message Department, has had, and continues to have, similar experiences. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond bears explicit testimony to the same fact; and so does Mrs. Lutie M. Murdock, the spirit-artist. Dr. L. G. Smedley, a most excellent medium, and proprietor of the Avon Springs, has interested me

for hours in descriptions of what he saw in spirit-life when temporarily released from his earthly tabernacle. Dr. A. P. Pierce, of Boston, healing and trance medium for twenty-nine years, and an influential and most highly-esteemed citizen, has for years been away from his body during certain nights of the week, listening to lectures and mingling with vast assemblages of the glorified. He has met others in spirit-life similarly conditioned, and they conversed together of the sympathetic and vital relations they still held with their earthly bodies. I could swell this list of witnesses to scores if necessary. Serjeant Cox, President of the London Psychological Society, in speaking of sleep, dream and trance, said: "What, then, is the rational and scientific conclusion from these facts? Is it not that, if there be such an entity, that is neither brain nor body, but sometimes controls both and sometimes is severed from both, a reasonable presumption arises that this entity is the conscious self, a thing distinct from the brain and the body, from which it may at times be severed more or less?"

Therefore, from the independent nature of the conscious soul; from well-established facts in psychological science; from the affirmations of seers, sages and Neo-Platonists; from the positive testimony of reliable mediums; from the testimony of highly intelligent spirits; and from the testimony of many trustworthy clairvoyants, I am morally compelled to believe that spirits, while yet inhabiting human bodies, leave them for a few hours, now and then, to traverse the ether spaces, explore the spirit spheres, and visit those grand educational institutions of the gods. At such times, vital magnetic relations with the body are maintained, and also spirits of wisdom carefully guard the corporeal casket. Other spirits do not, however, during such seasons, get into and, as some have surmised, occupy these bodies. Neither is this the case in the trance state; but just as the psychologist stands a little distance away from the subject, so the entrancing spirit *may* be near, or possibly far distant, while speaking through human lips.

Spiritualism, related to God who is Essential Spirit, is a word of momentous significance. It is the science of the soul, the religion of the ages, and embraces everything that is progressive, pure and holy. Spiritualism demonstrates the fact of a future existence, reproduces the gifts of the apostolic times, finds our lost children, heals the sick, brushes away the mourner's tears, breaks asunder the fetters of the enslaved, and unites in golden bands of love and sympathy all the tribes, races and nations of the earth.



Spiritualism was the immediate agency in freeing our country of its four millions of slaves. I refer to the means brought to bear on President Lincoln's mind, resulting in the emancipation proclamation. I personally know the men and the mediums. Col. S. P. Kase, Esq., of 1601 North 15th street, Philadelphia, is one of the American "railroad kings," having aided in the construction of several railways, and was at one time president of two of them. This gentleman, visiting Washington, D. C., in the autumn of 1862, during our civil war, was walking along Pennsylvania Avenue, when he happened to see the suspended sign of the medium, Mr. J. B. Conklin, and simultaneously, on seeing the sign, heard a voice saying, "Go in and see Conklin; he is in the rooms occupied by you twelve years since." Mr. Kase stepped in and found Dr. Conklin in a half abnormal state, directing a letter, written under spirit-influence, to President Lincoln.

Mr. Conklin said, "You have come in just at the time needed. I want you to take this to the President."

"Well," replied Mr. Kase, "I have no objections, if you will accompany me."

They went to the presidential mansion, and Mr. Kase, having forgot his visiting-cards, sent up his name by the servant—"S. P. Kase," which the President understood as "S. P. Chase," for Salmon P. Chase was at this time a member of the presidential Cabinet. "Bring him up," said the President. Reaching the drawing-room, the mistake was easily explained by the carelessness of the servant.

"Take your seat," said President Lincoln to Mr. Kase; "I know you well, and appreciate the service that your railways are doing in transferring our troops to the South."

After some conversation about the contending armies and the condition of the country, Mr. Kase said, "I have a letter for you, Mr. Lincoln," handing it to him. The President, reading and re-reading it, turned to Mr. Kase and said, "This is very singular! This letter purports to be from spirits—the fathers of our country; do you know anything about Spiritualism?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Kase, "they've called me a Spiritualist for quite a number of years, and I certainly owe my financial successes to the spirit-voice and spirit-guidance."

The spirit-intelligences, in the letter, requested some personal interviews with the President through their medium. This was arranged, and for four succeeding Sundays Dr. Conklin was a guest at the presidential mansion. What the exact result of these séances was, is not known, only so far that the subject of emancipation was immediately broached

in the cabinet-meetings. Soon after the President and Mrs. Lincoln, Judge Wattles, and other distinguished gentlemen and prominent political characters held a séance at the house of Mr. Laurie, a well-known gentleman of Washington, and whose daughter, Mrs. Youngs, is the noted medium in whose presence the piano has been lifted by spirit-power while she was playing.

During this séance, a young lady medium was entranced by one of the "Fathers of the Republic," and addressed President Lincoln in a most sturdy and eloquent manner, upon the conduct of the war, the true policy to be pursued, and the importance of immediately issuing a proclamation that every slave in the country should be freed. I here read the condensed substance of what the spirit said, as furnished me by Mr. Kase:

"You, sir, as President of the Republic, are called to the position you occupy for a very important purpose. The world is not only groaning under the weight of mental and spiritual bondage, but four millions, made in God's image, are enduring *physical* slavery. Their yokes must be broken, the fetters must be severed, and the physically enslaved *must* be set free, before your nation can be restored to its proper station. Freedom was germinally planted in the forest-lands of the West in Washington's time, and is *now* about to bud and bear precious fruitage. This Republic has heretofore led the van of nations in its line of free-thought, but the dark plague-spot of slavery stains its banner. This national evil must be removed.

"There is a spiritual congress supervising the affairs of this nation. This civil war will never cease; the shout of victory will never ring through the North, will never reverberate along the verdant valleys of the South; the olive-branch of peace will never wave over your fields and lakes and mountains, till you issue a proclamation of freedom—a proclamation that shall set forever free the enslaved millions of your distracted country."

Spirits virtually repeated this at subsequent séances, and in less than three weeks from the reception of these spirit-messages from the spirit-congress, President Lincoln issued that great Proclamation of Emancipation.

And from that time, though there were twenty-six battles fought, every battle—with the exception, it may be, of unimportant skirmishes—resulted in a Northern victory. President Lincoln, though the pride of America, was no sectarist, no creed-bound pharisee, but a great, broad humanitarian, living a free-thinker, and dying a Spiritualist. The spirit-world is the world of causes, and this spirit-congress, these spiritual influences—in a word, Spiritualism, abolished American slavery.

Spiritualism not only proves that there is a life beyond this, but it explains the nature of the soul, the purpose of

moral evil, the characteristics of obsession, frees the enslaved and encourages the tenderest charity. Did not Charlotte Brontë refer to Spiritualism when she said, "I hold another creed, which no one ever taught me, and which I seldom mention, but in which I delight, and to which I cling, for it extends hope to all; it makes eternity a rest—a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed I can so clearly distinguish between the criminal and his crime; I can so sincerely forgive the first, while I abhor the last; with this creed revenge never worries my heart; degeneration never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low; I live in calm, looking to the end."

Dickens says: "Who turns his back upon the fallen and disfigured of his kind, abandons them as vile, and does not trace and track the unfenced precipice by which they fell from God, grasping in their fall some tufts or shreds of that lost soil, and clinging to them still when bruised and dying in the gulf below, does wrong to heaven and man, to time and eternity." And again:

"No star is ever lost we once have seen,  
We always may be what we might have been :  
Since good, though only thought, has life and breath,  
God's life can always be redeemed from death,  
And evil in its nature is decay,  
And any hour may blot it all away ;  
The hopes that, lost, in some far distance seen,  
May be the truer life, and this the dream."

And thus they are all beginning to write and to think with Bailey—

"It may be in the coming  
That as we sometime were all worth God's making,  
We may be worth forgiving, taking back  
Into his bosom, pure again—and then  
All shall be one with him, who is one in all."

I feel to close in the words of Whittier, our good Quaker poet:

"In the economy of God, no effort, however small, put forth for the right cause, fails of its effect. No voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth, ever dies amidst the confused noises of Time. Through discords of sin and sorrow, pain and wrong it rises a deathless melody, *whose notes of wailing are hereafter to be changed to those of triumph*, AS THEY BLEND WITH THE GREAT HARMONY OF A RECONCILED UNIVERSE!"

NOTE.—The full and complete statement of Col. S. P. Kase, of Philadelphia, Pa., relative to his séances with the lamented Abraham Lincoln, and the spirit influences brought to bear upon his mind, inducing him to issue the Emancipation Proclamation in 1862, would have appeared in this volume were it not that it had already been published in the columns of *Mind and Matter*.

## THE NATURE OF DEATH:

### THE SPIRITUAL BODY—THE SOUL—WHAT OF INFANTS, OF IDIOTS, AND OF SUICIDES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD?—THE DIFFERENT SPHERES AND EMPLOYMENTS IN HEAVEN.



"There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."—*Paul*.

"There's a world, it is said, full of treasures, lost treasures  
To earth; a great storehouse of pearls and of pleasures;  
Where gems of the purest and fairest formation  
Exist; and 't is said that the way to that station  
Is through the dark valley.

"In that world, it is said, there are streets paved with gold,  
And beautiful gates, all of pearl, which unfold,  
And admit to green meadows within, near that river  
Which gushes and plays through the mountains forever,  
Beyond the dark valley.

"In that world, it is said, there is bliss; oh, what bliss!  
We shall find the lost treasures of earth, and we'll kiss  
Their pure forms; we shall leave them, ah! never,  
But live in the sunlight of glory forever,  
Beyond the dark valley."

—[*Anonymous*].

Life is a musical ripple upon the measureless ocean of existence. It is eternal because allied to God. Death is the shadowy attendant of life; and each in its time and turn is equally beautiful. Before the fresh blade and the rill corn in the ear, the kernel must die in the damp earth; before our gardens and groves can be clothed in spring verdure, they must be stripped by autumn gales; and so, before we can be clothed upon with immortality, and dwell in the perpetual presence of the loved in heaven, our bodies must go down one by one to swell the great city of the dead. Man,

it must be remembered, is a trinity—soul, *spiritual body*, *physical body*! Judge Edmonds gave the following definition of soul:

"The soul is an independent entity or existence of itself—possessing its own individuality and identity independent of all other existence, whether connected or disconnected with it.

"It has its own peculiar attributes of thought and feeling, which it can exercise independently of, as well as in connection with, the body.

"Science has long spoken of the duality of man, conveying the idea of two separate and distinct entities belonging to him. . . .

"These two parts of the entire man are connected together by a third being or entity, which has no separate attribute of thought or feeling, but whose office it is to connect the other two parts together in the earth-life, and to give form and shape to the man in the spirit-life.

"Thus there is in man the soul—an emanation from God—the animal nature in the body, and the connection of the two in what I will designate as the electrical or spiritual body.

"This spiritual body has, among others, two attributes applicable to the matter in hand. *First*, in death it leaves the body, and passes with the soul into the spirit-life, and lives with it there. In the earth-life its presence is manifested by that odle light of which Reichenbach speaks, and in the spirit-world it causes, or rather is, that pale and shadowy form which the seer beholds when he sees spirits. *Second*, it has a power of elasticity, which enables the soul to pass to a distance from the body, and yet retain its connection with it."

It is as natural to die as to be born. The change pertains to all physically organized things and beings.

What shall we do with our dead bodies?

Shall we imitate the Persians and expose them upon "towers of silence"? Shall we thrust them into chemical caves to petrify? Shall they be buried? Shall they be embalmed? Shall they be burned, or buried in the ocean? The angel of the winds or the waters—the angel of earth or the angel of fire, which—when the soul has fled—shall take the mortal casket and safely resolve it back into the original elements?

These inquiries were forcibly impressed upon me while witnessing the burial of a corpse in the Pacific ocean. It was quick work. The ocean was calm, the air soft, and the sun golden. There was a stillness, a thoughtfulness among the passengers, almost painful in pensiveness. It was a child. The innocent spirit had gone up before the perishing body went down to be devoured—or, possibly, to rest upon green seaweeds. I sorrowed with the Hindu mother, but had no sympathy with the mumbling of an outworn church service by a captain more given to profanity than prayer.

"Oh," said a fellow-passenger, "it is so terrible to be buried in the sea and eaten by fishes!"

But who eat the fishes? Does not the disorganized human body become reconstructed in finny tribes and the lowing herds that load our tables? And so the physical elements run their endless rounds, becoming modified and more and more refined by the action of the psychic forces.

Any method of disposing of the dead is preferable to confining the body in a metallic coffin to be placed in a damp vault. These decaying bodies generate gases and mephitic vapors of the most deadly nature. The living are often poisoned by the buried dead. There are few more unhealthy places upon earth than a modern graveyard. Graves are depositories of putridity. A corpse is a crumbling shell—nothing more. Then why visit shells? Why look upon them mournfully? And why put up expensive marble slabs to point where crumbling shells were concealed, that are no longer shells—*only dust!*

The dark drapery, the deathly exhalation, the useless mourning trappings, the measured tread of the undertaker, the dismal, gloomy surroundings, the hollow gaze of spectators, the echo of clods upon the coffin-lid, the officious gravedigger, the sepulchral tones of the solemn-visaged priest—all combine to constitute a Christian burial scene as *fashionable* as it is offensive to the genius of the nineteenth century.

If burying the dead be persisted in, let the cemeteries be located upon high lands, and far away from thickly-inhabited cities. Let the chamber of the dying be calm, pleasant, prayerful. Place in the dead hand a fresh white lily. Strew the coffin with snow-white flowers. There should be no change in the apparel of the living. There should be neither feasting nor fasting, nor immoderate grief. Dying is the process of being transplanted. And accordingly, cemeteries should be called gardens of repose and fields of rest, with everything inviting and beautiful as are groves in the ever-green tropics.

As the Orient returns to more and more influence our Western civilization, the burial of the dead will gradually give place to cremation. It is cheaper, and a far more natural way of transferring the elements back to mother earth. Fire is a symbol of purification. I often witnessed the burning of the dead while in India. It is in no way repulsive. The pyre is symmetrical in construction. The sandal wood, the spices and the precious oils, displace all disagreeable odors. After the burning, there remain only pure white ashes. These are gathered and treasured by the mourners as precious keepsakes.

Observation recognizes three methods of dying : death by accident, purposed death, as in the case of suicides, and death by old age. The last named only is natural and normal to humanity. Every person should live to a good old age, and go out gradually, as does the lamp for lack of oil. Every furrow in the face is a warning. Every white hair is a dead hair. Death generally commences at the extremities, and the process may continue for years. The memory becomes treacherous, the instincts become dulled, the passions die, the digestive powers die, the heart beats irregularly, there are a few beats and then a cessation, the pause between the beats increases, the pulse is no longer perceptible, the hands and feet are cold, the spasmodic action has ceased, the heart-beats are finished, the cycle of life completed—and all is stillness in the death-chamber save the half-repressed sobs of the tearful watchers ! So the aged sleep away into death—rather into life immortal ! Nature, as a tender loving mother, rocks the cradle, and darkness fades away into the radiant brightness of eternity !

Accidental death, being a shock to Nature, usually commences at the heart or brain. This condition is technically called coma, and the dying first lose control of their physical sensations and volitions. The muscles lose their power of action; the heart fails to get its nervous supply from the brain; the physical contortions increase till death closes the scene. And yet, in these last hours there was probably no consciousness of pain. The physical organism is so constituted that it can endure only a certain amount of pain and suffering; when these limits are reached, unconsciousness mercifully ensues. There is no pain in physical death. The dread of death is educational—the fear is only comparable to the fear of the young bird to trust its wings. The spasms, throes and seeming anguish attending the last hours of earthly life are no proof of pain, but rather do they show the strugglings of the spirit to release itself from the impaired, out-worn body.

"If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die."

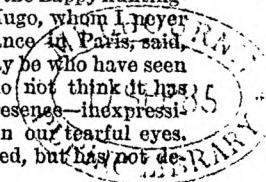
Montaigne in one of his essays describes an accident which happened to him, leaving him senseless. He was taken up for dead. On being restored, he said: "Methought my life only hung upon my lips, and I shut my eyes to help thrust it out and go."

"Children, as soon as I am released," said the mother of John Wesley, "sing a psalm of praise to God."

"Do you not hear that great and wonderful music which

is in Heaven?" exclaimed Servulus. "Do you not perceive the surpassing fragrance of the odors from Heaven filling all the air?"

"I see," said the dying Bertetine, "a brightness so great that the sun pales before it. I see the heavens opened, and a glory above the noonday sun."

Is death the last sleep? "No," said Sir Walter Scott; "it is the last final awakening." And an Indian chief, simple child of nature, said: "Death does not kill; it only makes our braves invisible till we meet them in the happy hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit." Victor Hugo, whom I never met but once, and then at a spiritual séance in Paris, said, in writing of death: "Oh, whoever it may be who have seen a beloved being sinking into the tomb, do not think it has left you. The beauty of death is its presence—inexpressible presence of a soul which smiles upon our tearful eyes. The being that we mourn has disappeared, but has not departed." 

Compare the trust and resignation of these enlightened souls with those who mentally writhe under the influences of a priest-made and God-dishonoring theology. A young lady connected with the Episcopal Church in Baltimore exclaimed, on the day of the funeral, "I'll never love God any more—I never will, for he has taken away my dear papa!" And when they put the ice around the corpse, she shrieked, "Do n't, oh, do n't put ice on my papa! you'll freeze him! you'll freeze him!" Such wild exclamations reveal not only the ignorance, but the weakness and wickedness of pulpit teachings. Wisely said Socrates, "The body is not the man."

A recent *New York Observer* said: "Almost every one has at least one lock of hair cut from the head of one now dwelling in that silent land whence come no messages, no letters, no tokens of any kind to tell of love or of remembrance." This is the status of the so-called Christian world. If not "without hope and without God in the world," they are certainly without any cheering knowledge of a future conscious existence, and may well sing with the Orthodox poet, Dr. Watts:

"The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie,  
Their memory and their sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown."

Harriet Beecher Stowe buried the form of a promising son several years since, after which she is reported to have written: "Who shall roll us the stone away from the door of the sepulchre? There it lies, cold, hard, inexorable, the stone of



silence—since the beginning of the world, there it has been; no tears have melted it, no prayers pierced it. Nothing about the doom of death is so dreadful as this dead, inflexible silence. Could there be, after the passage of the river, one backward signal—one last word, the heart would be appeased."

The Rev. J. G. Smith, Baptist clergyman of New York, published his doubts of a glorious immortality in these words: "Death chills every fibre of my being; I do not even see through a glass darkly. I have hope in Christ; but the future looks dark and cheerless, and I will not disguise the fact."

The Rev. Robert Collyer, a Chicago clergyman, said in a discourse printed in one of the daily city journals: "The silence of the two worlds has not been broken. . . . What proof have we that there is a life to come? None! Not a word has come to us, not a *sound* have we heard."

Genuine Spiritualism is good to live by, and better still to die by; because it proves conclusively that the silence of the "two worlds *has* been broken," and that "sounds and words" *have* come to a cloud of living witnesses. And these words corroborate those of Jesus: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

When that devoted Spiritualist, Mrs. Fenn, was about to leave her frail, feeble body, she said: "They are coming for me—they *are*! My long-gone companion brings a white robe. Oh, how pleasant his features are, and how bright he looks! 'In a few days I shall come,' he says, '*in a few days*!'" The next week she passed over death's peaceful river.

The Rev. J. W. Baily, a very spiritually-minded man, would sing at times before his death. Mrs. Baily said:

"Does it not tire you to sing so much?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "but I am so happy I can't help it."

A little time before he left the body he exclaimed smilingly, "I can see over the river. I can see on both sides. It is beautiful here, but glorious, *glorious* over there. They beckon to me to come. I see Ellen. I see many loved ones. I am going. . . . I am happy, *happy*!"

E. H. Sears nobly, inspiringly says: "In the other life appears the wonderful paradox that the oldest people are the youngest. To grow in age is to come into everlasting youth. To become old in years is to put on the freshness of perpetual prime. We drop from us the *débris* of the past; we breathe the ether of immortality, and our cheeks mantle with eternal bloom."

The philosophy of death when rightly understood is beautiful. It is simply a separation of the physical and spiritual bodies. These grow up together, the soul being the molding force. It is well known that an aura surrounds and that a spirit-substance permeates every object and entity. And so the grape, the peach, the orange—all fruits and all foods are dual, constituted of physical and spiritual substances. Cutting open a delicious pear one day in my library, I said to the spirit, "Aaron Knight, will you have half of this?" Smiling through the medium, "Thank you, sir," was the prompt reply, "I've already eaten the real pear; that is, I have imbibed and appropriated the refined spirit-substance, which was the life of it—the exterior remains for *you*." The grosser physical parts of fruits, and divers kinds of foods, satisfy the earthly body; while the spiritual portions of these foods, together with the auras, invisible emanations, and etherialized essences of the spirit-world supply and build up the more permanent spiritual body. The reaper death cuts these two bodies asunder. That is, as the physical birth of the infant is death to its placenta-envelope, so birth into spirit-life is death and disintegration to the physical casket. The process, as natural as beautiful, involves no disorganization of the spiritual body. Clairvoyants should not mistake the vapory, cloud-like atmosphere around the dying for fragmentary particles of the spiritual body. The spiritual body does not die all to pieces, like the physical. The pulpy orange remains perfect in shape though the peeling be removed. The bird in hatching does not leave the shell in parted fragments to assume shape and consciousness after a time; neither does the spiritual body become disintegrated, passing up in a vapory, cloud-shaped mist over the head of the dying, to re-form or reorganize into human shape. The *soul*—a conscious magnet—is so interrelated to the life-essences of the spiritual body, that it holds it in a continuous organized unity. The analogy of reason as well as the testimony of spirits confirm this position.

A writer in that admirable volume, "The Unseen Universe," says:

"The spiritual body being a perfect resemblance and reproduction, under altered conditions, of the natural body, it might be expected that it should retain the material impressions in which memory is supposed to consist. Successive acts of consciousness leave indelible traces within us. Every thought that rises in our minds is accomplished by some molecular motions and displacements in the brain, and parts of these are in some manner stored up in the brain-cells so as to produce what may be called our physical memory. Other parts of these subtle motions are communicated, we may be-

Heve, to the spiritual or unseen body, and are stored up there forming a memory which may be utilized when that body is set free by death and better able to exercise its functions. It will thus retain its hold on the past, and serve the grand purpose of maintaining a continuous, intelligent existence. Every shade of knowledge and of ignorance, of virtue and of vice, of happiness and of misery, will be found in that illimitable country whither we tend. The spiritual body also will, by its extreme subtlety and perfect subjection to the rule of thought, have means of exhibiting varieties of feeling such as at present we can but faintly imagine.

Memory, like will, must have an organ, or it is a cipher. We shall carry with us into eternity the elements of our own bliss or woe. Heaven and hell spring out of the nature of things. They are indeed present as well as future. They begin in time. We are all even now in one or the other of these states. In the spiritual body the condition of the soul will only become more defined, more intense. Remorse, despair, impenitence, a disturbed conscience—these are hell. The sufferings, however, of the world unseen will be spiritual."

Those who have lived calm, truthful and Christ-like lives do not for a moment lose their consciousness in dying. The change is more real than dreams ever are. It is passing out of a semi-dark room into one more brightly illuminated. It is moving up one step higher. It is leaving the schoolhouse for the academy.

"It is that grand triumphal arch  
Through which the good to glory march."

We dwell in the suburbs; they in the kingly metropolis of immortality. We are in the basement; they, if good on earth, are in something like the royal chambers of princes. We are on this, they are on the thither side of the crystal river, shaded by the tree of life and lighted by the sun of righteousness.

Judge Edmonds was the warm personal friend of Isaac T. Hopper. This good Quaker finally became ill; and it was evident that his useful pilgrimage was ending. The Judge, naturally social, frequently visited him. Calling on a Thursday about four o'clock, he found the invalid Friend very weak and low. He thought, however, he might rally and survive several days—possibly months. This was the evening for the Judge to hold his weekly séance. The party assembled at eight o'clock. All seated, and the séance opened in an orderly manner, a member of the Judge's family became influenced, and it was written with considerable rapidity, "*I am in the spirit-world,*" and signed I. T. H. Who is that? was the passing inquiry.

None seemed to know, until the Judge, adjusting his glasses and looking closely, exclaimed, "*These are the initials of Isaac T. Hopper,* but it can hardly be possible, for I left

his residence a few hours since; he was very feeble, and yet comfortable."

Judge Edmonds throwing on his hat and cloak, and repairing to the residence of his Quaker friend, found the body a corpse and the friends weeping. Returning after a little time to the circle he had left, the medium's hand was again controlled, writing the following: "I am in the spirit-world, and I now understand what the apostle meant when he said, 'We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.' I have not slept. I have not been unconscious for a moment; but I have been changed. I have changed the earthly for the spiritual body. I was met by those whom I knew and loved. I. T. HOPPER."

Those who die through purposed violence, or accident, remain utterly unconscious for a shorter or a longer period of time, depending upon their state of spirituality. The first thing usually cognized after death is the fact of life. *I live*, is the first perception—I maintain my identity, is the dominant reflection. Of these grand realities I am conscious! exclaims the resurrected soul.

The pale, gaseous, cloud-like flame seen by seers above and about the dying, is there placed by guardian spirits during the time of receiving and clothing the newly-born spirit. Spiritual bodies are clothed upon as well as physical. As there were those expecting and awaiting our ingress to this world, so are there thoughtful loving ones ready to receive us at our second birth and clothe us in garments immortal. The beauty and texture of these vestures will correspond to our moral purity. They change according to the changes of the mental state. They are of different styles, according to the taste, the rank and office of the wearers. In the higher spheres of angelic life these garments are not made with hands. They come to the angels something as the leaves come to the tree, or as colors come to the purpling clouds. The angel that appeared at the tomb was clothed in "raiment white as snow." And so our spiritual bodies, if we live kind, charitable, self-sacrificing and Christlike lives, will, upon our entrance into the heavenly world, be arrayed in a beauty and glory above the lilies of the field or the brightness of the sun, and we shall be welcomed by our angel names. Florence Percy, in writing of her earthly name, says:

"I have heard it all too often  
Uttered by unloving lips;  
Earthly care, and sin, and sorrow,  
Dim it with their deep eclipse.

I shall change it like a garment,  
 When I leave this mortal frame,  
 And at life's immortal baptism  
 I shall have another name.

For the angels will not call me  
 By the name I bear on earth;  
 They will speak a holier language  
 Where I have my holier birth;  
 Syllabled in heavenly music,  
 Sweeter far than earth may claim,  
 Very gentle, pure and tender—  
 Such will be my angel name."

What of infants in the world of spirits?

These are the unripe fruit of the garden. Nature tends to maturity. Though innocent, it is nevertheless unfortunate for infants and children to die in the morning-time of their being. They require those experiences that pertain to this preliminary school of existence. There is this recompense, however—their care and education give delight to the angels.

"The angels have need of these tender buds  
 In their gardens so fair;  
 They graft them on immortal stems,  
 To bloom forever there."

When the infant dies it is received by gentle, matronly angels and borne to the sensitive sphere of innocence, to be cherished and cared for by the angels of God. Here it ultimately attains the full stature of a perfected manhood or womanhood, and is often brought by these guardians back to the spheres of earthly friends and mortals, to obtain by and through them such observations and experiences as become necessary for its harmonial unfoldings.

A precocious child in spirit-life communicates thus to its parents:

"In dying I was conscious of an overpoweringly soothing influence, lulling, soft and tender. My room became invested in a cloud as of the purest downy appearance, which gradually gave place to ineffable brightness. All things earthly receded, and I found myself alone with one resplendently-beautiful person. He was clothed in the brightness of a dazzling whiteness, and stood gazing at me with a face full of love and sweetness. At first I shrunk with fear; but his tender, musical words of love drew me to his bosom. He was my guardian angel, and soon conducted me to beautiful gardens, where all the happy spirits suited to my capacity thronged around me. I was lain upon a couch of flowery essence, yielding a supporting perfume, and my soul

was thrilled with songs of welcome. I soon learned things that I cannot explain to you. There are no words that can describe my lovely home. Everything ministers to my happiness, and yet I feel an inexpressible longing to be with those I knew and loved before the transition. My guardian, who helps me write, informs me that my early exit from earth will retard my progress for a season. He often brings me to you in night-time. It is then more calm and quiet. I speak to you, but you do not answer. In the morning you say you dreamed of me. I am brought to you often, and can know all you do. I will come again when permitted, and tell you more." . . .

Beautiful and impressive are such child-like ministries. They are not idle in those heavenly homes.

"They come on errands of love from the mansions above  
To the dear ones that linger below."

Am I asked, "What month, or at what period the unborn becomes an immortal being?"

Important inquiry! The embryo fœtus is immortal from the sacred moment of a well-defined conception. When in marital life the positive and negative relational forces and fluids blend, then and there is the divine incarnation—the implantation of the conscious soul-germ! And Nature takes no retrogressive steps. There is no law of absolute retrogradation. If the sensitive bud is purposely blasted thereafter and violently torn from the maternal tree of life, the case is clearly criminal. Ignorance of facts and consequences on the part of parents is a palliation, but physicians have no excuse. They who do this business are murderers! And to advocate the notion that the premature infant has no soul, or is not immortal till the fifth month, or "twelve weeks previous to natural birth," is teaching immorality by indirectly encouraging fœticide. Only the guilty take offence at this plain talk. I speak and pen what the angels of wisdom say upon this subject.

What of the idiotic in the future world?

There are no idiots in either this or the future state of existence. The sable "blind Tom," though so called, is no idiot. He has rational conceptions of right and wrong, and to the very depths of his being is the soul of music. Where shall we draw the line of demarcation between the well-balanced and the *non compos mentis*? Some excel in this, others in that vocation; and others still, because weak-minded, excel in none. I am partially idiotic in the matter of mechanics. Others have no conception of music. They are idiotic upon the subject of melody and harmony.

Visiting the Syracuse, New York, State Asylum for idiots a few years since, I witnessed the various methods of instructing the imbeciles. The success of these patient teachers astonished me. I saw those originally considered idiots, read, write, and solve mathematical problems, saw their gymnastic exercises, and heard their cheerful songs. To the spiritual vision there are no idiots. The divine spark, or immortal soul-germ, centered in the brain, is unable to make the usually normal and rational manifestations, owing to a derangement or some malformation of the nervo-organization, which if not remedied in this, will be in that better, higher state of existence. Impair the strings of the violin, and there can be no music evoked; and yet, the principle of melody is the same. Repair the instrument, and the harmony thrills to ecstasy. The brain is the soul's keyboard.

Those passing through this life as idiots commence the hereafter march in knowledge and wisdom from the standpoint of infants. The good and the wise ones of the better land delight to minister to and aid in their development. Condescension was one of the brightest gems in Jesus's crown. Death unlocks the door, offering better facilities to all classes and grades of humanity.

What of suicides in the life to come?

This inquiry only provokes another inquiry, Who are to be classed as suicides? Where shall the line be drawn? The inebriate, poisoning the fountains of life, shortens his earthly career—is it suicide? The gourmand, by voracious excesses, hastens his death—is it suicide? I know that suicide proper is deliberately-designed death—and yet excesses of all kinds are suicidal in tendency, and death sudden or measurably prolonged is death, depriving the individual of the ripening influences of a calm, serene old age.

Take the following as an illustration of the suicide: I knew a young attorney-at-law in Michigan, proud and prodigal. His mother had passed on to heaven. The father, wealthy and independent, gave him every advantage of a liberal education. He graduated—was admitted to the bar—but a spendthrift! At last the father refused him money. Driven to momentary madness by the pressing debts of folly, he forged a paper, drew the money, and was about to be arrested. This touched his pride. "What," said he, "I arrested—tried—convicted—and sent to the penitentiary? Never!" He put a pistol to his right temple, and was a corpse.

Months rolled away, when, entrancing a medium and

proving his identity, he related his pitifully sad experience. I give you the gist of it :

"How long I remained unconscious I know not; but waking to a realization of existence, I first observed my mother bending over me in sadness; and then I exultantly said to myself I was *not* arrested, nor convicted, nor imprisoned, but I live in another world—*live!* and maintain my individuality. Then a dark hazy cloud settled around me, my mother departed, and I was left alone—*all alone!* The fatal act haunted me. I saw that I had violated the first law of my being—saw that I had come to a sphere of existence uninvited, unwanted, leaving my earthly work of preparation undone! Oh, these bitter, biting, gnawing, damning pangs of remorse! I have found no peace, no rest, no light—my anguish is intense! Pray for me; help me! I have been made to understand that I must remain near the earth, commence where I left off, and strive to influence others from committing the rash act that ended my mortal life."

I have conversed with him several times since. He is progressing, and yet he feels the stings of regret, and suffers from the overshadowing cloud that follows him. The suicide, in severing life's silver cord, does not get away from himself. Reason, conscience and memory go with each and all into the future state of existence. Spirit-life is a retributive life, a constructive life, a social life, and an intensely active life. Rest consists in change of occupation.

But where is the spirit-world?

God, whose divine influence pervades immensity, is *spirit*, according to the teachings of Jesus. And therefore the spirit-world is not below, nor above, nor far remote, in any local sense. It is here, there, everywhere. It is *in* the physical world not as water is in a goblet, nor as one box is in another, but more as the spiritual body is in the physical, giving life and motion to it. The two bodies, though distinct, are not wholly discreted. Our friends who walk by our sides *now* are spiritual beings. We recognize them as such, and know them as they manifest themselves to us through their material bodies. When the death-angel of deliverance comes, they do not necessarily depart, they only cease to manifest themselves to us as before through their physical organisms. They are of necessity no nearer or farther off as to space than previous to the separation from their earthly tabernacles. It is more logical to say that *we* have departed from them than *they* from us. Their attractions draw them to those they love. This is a ruling principle in all worlds.

The spirit-world should not be confounded with the spir



itual world; nor with the angel-world; nor with paradise; nor with that radiant *Heaven* of heavens where dwell the Christ-angels of holiness. The above distinctions, recognized to a less or greater extent by all trained seers, gave rise to the theory of the spheres. Paul makes mention of being caught up to the "third heaven," which phrase implies a first, revealing the doctrine of different states, conditions, degrees of happiness, and in a measure locations. For as there is an adaptation between the seed and the soil, the fish and the surging sea, the bird and the viewless air, so there must needs be an aural adaptation between spirits and those portions of spirit-space where dwell the different societies of spirits and glorified angels.

Some spirits in depicting the conditions of immortality speak of the spheres of ignorance, criminality, frivolity, indifference and intensified selfishness. There is wisdom in such distinctions, for they are in accordance with the laws of correspondence. The spheres of selfishness and criminality are located within the foulest portions of our earth's atmosphere. This class of spirits haunt houses and incite to evil. To a considerable extent they live their perverted lives over and over again. And this kind of spirits we should control, or influence, something as angelic intelligences should influence us. Each mortal has a guardian angel. Compensation pertains to all worlds. In spirit-life congenial souls meet, and there the grandest ideals of earth are attained and enjoyed. As the turtle bears its shell, and as the spider spins and carries the web that it weaves from itself, so we carry our aural spheres with us here, and shall bear them across the flowing Jordan of death. The judgment seat is within. Memory is the recording angel. And as all the solar rays unite to constitute the white, so in those transcendent abodes of angel life all the higher attributes and aims of the soul blend in love. God is love.

According to the Scriptures some of the ancient Bible characters had not entered heaven in the apostolic times. Peter, speaking upon the day of Pentecost of the exaltation of Jesus, says: "For David is not ascended into the heavens." And yet David's body was dead; he had passed long since into the world of spirits; but his footfall had not, up to the day of Pentecost, echoed along those shining streets ever pressed by the white feet of the Christ-angels.

Speaking in a general way, the spirit spheres, as aural belts, encircle our earth, the grosser being connected with and of course lying nearest to it. The lower spherical belts are within our earth's atmosphere. Each planet and system

of planets have their gaseous, electrical, ethereal and spiritual atmospheres, or aural emanations. These widen outward and extend onward till they blend and interblend with the aural spheres of other worlds and planets, something as the waters of rippling streams and rolling rivers meet and mingle in the fathomless ocean.

The second sphere is largely an efflux from the first, and the third an aural effluence from the second, each becoming more refined and etherealized, fitted to the different states of spiritual intelligences.

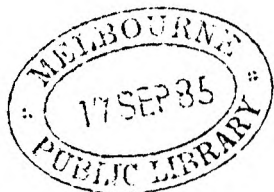
The conduct of this life determines the commencement of the future life. Each at death, by virtue of fixed law, gravitates to his appropriate plane—the plane of his choice—much as the immigrant in a new country looks for rich bottom-lands, cold high-lands, or heavy-timbered forests, but a spirit, owing to the condition of the spiritual body, with many moral considerations, cannot become a permanent resident of a higher spiritual plane than he is spiritually prepared for. The law of adaptation attracts, *chains* them temporarily to the plane of their own preferences.

The haunted house is no myth. Often spirits remain for a long time in the very houses that their bodies were removed from by death. Others take up their immediate abode just above their former homes, casting upon them a powerful psychological influence. Doing this, they gratify their domestic tendencies. Others still, more aspirational, pure and highly unfolded, pass onward and upward till they reach those etherealized planes of spirituality, where resurrected souls have no desire to engage in any social activities beneath their positions. These heavenly souls have become baptized into the celestial life of love. They desire to cultivate the spiritual, the pure and the holy, that they may be instrumental in spiritualizing others. Quite forgetting the things beneath, they seek that ideal of perfection which must ever lie in the infinite beyond. The truly great seers and sages of antiquity, the holiest of earth's inhabitants, dwell in that most exalted state of existence, the Christ-sphere of immortality. Their love-land lawns are radiant with beauty and floral perfection. Their temples are paragons of symmetry and architectural grandeur. They attained those heavenly altitudes through prayer and labor, through self-denial and self-sacrificing toil for others' good. Their lives are truly celestial, and in their full-orbed natures, the spiritual brain-organs, subjecting and over-arching the others, crown *all* with a matchless and an immortal glory.

That better land is real and substantial. It is the paradise supreme—the goal of all the fondest hopes of mortals. There are green meadows; deep, mossy banks; clear, meandering streams; shady bowers; stars of diamond beauty; harps studded with pearls and precious gems; fields, fountains, gardens and massive libraries; schools, lyceums, sanitariums and universities—everything to charm, educate and harmonially unfold the human soul.

We are the dead—*they*, the invisible around us, are the living. Earth is a mammoth cave. Above is light and life eternal. Beautiful and glorious are those homes of mutual love embowered in roses; those palaces of art tinged with electric light; those golden temples of the gods; those heavens of the poets; those brotherhoods of philanthropists, congresses of sages, and parliaments of angels—all adding to the beatific glories of life that obtain on and along the shining shores of immortality.

Oh, my brother, oh, my sister, oh, immortal soul, all this blessedness, *all* these beatific joys are yours when you live the Christ-like life and do the will of the Father.



# WORKS OF J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

## Seers of the Ages.

SIXTH EDITION.—This work, treating of ancient Seers and Sages; of Spiritualism in India, Egypt, China, Persia, Syria, Greece and Rome; of the modern manifestations, with the doctrines of Spiritualists concerning God, Jesus, Inspiration, Faith, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Evil Spirits, Love, the Resurrection, and Immortality, has become a standard work in this and other countries. Price, \$2.00, postage 16 cents.

## Travels Around the World;

OR, WHAT I SAW IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, CHINA, INDIA, ARABIA, EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

This intensely interesting volume of over four hundred pages, fresh with the gleanings of something like two years' travel in Europe and Oriental Lands, is now ready for delivery. As a work embodying personal experiences, descriptions of Asiatic countries and observations relating to the manners, customs, laws, religious and spiritual instincts of different nations, this, in some respects, is the most important and stirring book that has appeared from the author's pen. Price, \$2.00, postage 16 cents.

## Spiritual Harp.

A fine collection of vocal music for the choir, congregation and social circle: is especially adapted for use at Grove Meetings, Picnics, &c. Edited by J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett. E. H. Bailey, Musical Editor. Price, \$2.00, postage 14 cents; full gilt, \$3.00.

## Jesus—Myth, Man or God?

Did Jesus Christ exist? What are the proofs? Was he man, begotten like other men? What Julian and Celsus said of him. The Moral Influence of Christianity and Heathenism compared. These and other subjects are critically discussed. Price, cloth, 75 cents, postage 5 cents; paper, 50 cents.

## Witch-Poison;

OR, THE REV. DR. BALDWIN'S SERMON RELATING TO WITCHES, HELL AND THE DEVIL, REVIEWED.

This is one of the most severe and caustic things published against the Orthodox system of religion. Price, 35 cents, postage 3 cents.

## Spiritualism Defined and Defended.

Being an Introductory Lecture delivered in Temperance Hall, Melbourne, Australia. Price, 15 cents, postage 1 cent.

## The Spiritual Teacher and Songster.

Designed for congregational singing, lyceums and circles; as well as giving a general definition of Spiritualism. Price, 15 cents.

## The Conflict between Spiritualism and Darwinism.

A fearless and vigorously written Pamphlet of forty pages, treating of the origin of man; the early appearance of the fetus; the unity of the human species; the line of demarcation between monkeys and men; the immortality of insects, animals, &c. Price, 20 cents.

## Christ the Corner-Stone of Spiritualism

This Pamphlet treats of the spiritual marvels of Jesus Christ, the philosophy of salvation through Christ, the belief of Spiritualists and the church of the future. Price, 10 cents.

## The Great Ceylon Discussion between the Buddhists and Christians;

With an introduction and comments by J. M. Peebles. Price, 25 cents.

## Our Homes and Our Employments Hereafter;

OR, WHAT A HUNDRED SPIRITS SAY ABOUT LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

This book is now in press, and will soon be ready for delivery.

For sale by COLBY & RICH, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.