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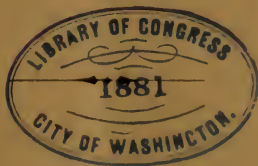
GUIDE-POSTS

ON

IMMORTAL ROADS.

BY

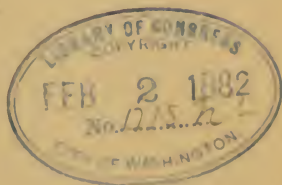
MRS. JACOB MARTIN.



BOSTON:
COLBY & RICH.
9 MONTGOMERY PLACE.
1882.

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As a firefly among the stars, as a ripple on the ocean, I send out this small beacon of hope through the valleys of despair.

Those with better light will not see it, and those with none may be glad of its faint ray.

GUIDE-POSTS ON IMMORTAL ROADS.

From infancy to age, from the cradle to the grave, we trace our loved ones, and *there* we seem to leave them. There we take our last farewell of those dearer than our own lives, and the clods heaped on them seem bruising our trembling hearts and burying all our hopes.

Prayers, tears, and regrets are of no avail, for that which made life seem brightest is blotted out, and henceforth we walk under the cloud of a great sorrow,—a sorrow too pitiless to kill, but strong enough to make our lives *endure*.

Saints and sinners alike are left utterly miserable in the separation caused by death, and the consciousness of their loss softens every heart.

Bigotry (whose bony fingers strangle so many noble impulses) is forgotten for a time, and we give each other all we *have* to give, our hearts' full store of sympathy.

Creeds skulk away and hide their guilty faces in the Church, while loving human nature puts her arms around the desolate, and comforts them with tender words and deeds; and, smiling through her tears, she points to some bright star of hope.

The "white angel of death" has created wonder and fear in all ages and countries, and heathen and Christian are equally helpless when it appears. All rational beings have some conviction regarding it, but neither civilization nor education can make any opinion universal.

In this Christian country some think it a curse, a judgment, a token of God's wrath; and that He takes the lives of the innocent to punish the guilty.

Some think the (so-called) dead lie unconscious through all the great centuries of time, and that on the judgment-day all the bodies, bones and souls, will be put together, and appear before the Lord.

Some believe the body goes to dust, and the spirit to another world; others believe the grave holds *all* there is, and have no hope of future life; and all these views are from the Christian Bible.

There *was* a time, years ago, when I too *tried* to take the Bible for a guide, and accept its dogmas. I read it earnestly and prayerfully, hoping each day that it would lead me into the light, yet finding its pages darker and darker the closer I studied them. Its glaring contradictions, revengeful acts, and reckless assertions completely disheartened me, and I turned from its monstrous conceptions of divinity in sorrow and disgust.

I saw those who claimed it as divine construing it to suit their own tastes, each proving by it that *he* was on the high road to heaven and his neighbor on that to perdition. Individuals, sects; and denominations made it the perpetual bone of contention and wrangled over it continually.

When I turned to its pages for the blessed hope of immortality, and I asked, with a hungry soul, "*Is this life all?*" God's Word said "Yes"; God's Word said "No." It threw me upon my own resources for the true reply.

I was told by the professing Christian to *pray* for light in all matters pertaining to my soul. That God answered those who persevered in earnest petitions. I tried it. I prayed as sincerely and often, perhaps, as any of them, though not in as elegant language or loud voice. I only intended it for God, and supposed he could hear without my shouting, and understand even if I knew no Greek. I begged Him to give me the true understanding of His Word, and to lead my soul aright. What was the result of these anxious prayers? If prayers be answered at all, infidelity was the fruit of mine; *that* was the "light" given me regarding the Bible. So weary and hopeless did the book make me that I determined to put it away, and let common sense, justice, and humanity influence me in my efforts to do right.

I thought it was no wonder that, with *it* for authority, rivers of blood had been shed in the attempt to bring the reason under the whip of "Thus saith the Lord." No wonder that reason itself had so often been dethroned in trying to comprehend how a loving Father and all-wise Creator could be the author of such a composition,—a Father who endows his children with certain capacities, gives them certain beliefs, and finally sends them to an eternal hell because of them,—a Father who can make the whole human family good and happy, but prefers to

make them wicked and wretched. I do not believe in such an unnatural Father, and could not love him if I did. I do not believe the Bible was written by Him, and could not think it infallible if I did. I trace in it nothing but the doings and opinions of *men*, and, as a general thing, of very wicked men at that,—a man-made book, with all the imperfections and disadvantages of the age in which it was written,—a book which is a constant drain on the public purse, requiring, as it does, that men shall be educated and paid purposely to explain it to the people. And what is the result of this? Simply that every priest, bishop, and minister in the world interprets it to suit *himself*, and individually and collectively they argue, dispute, and quarrel over it from one decade to another. Each thinks the other wrong in his comprehensions, and in that respect I am inclined to think them *all* right.

Well, let them cudgel each other with the Bible if they like, I care nothing about the weapon or the war. I shall puzzle no more over the pages of the book, for I do not care whether the whale swallowed Jonah or Jonah swallowed the whale. I don't care how many bullocks were sacrificed, how many wives David had, how many times the Lord repented (?), or how many colors were in Joseph's coat. It is a matter of no earthly or heavenly consequence. But, out of regard to those who attach importance to these matters, I will say as little about the Bible as I can to be honest, and say it as kindly as anyone can who has my views.

By authority of the Scriptures, Christians defend

their doctrines of eternal damnation ; Mormons their polygamy ; Spiritualists their spirit-communion ; and Materialists their belief in annihilation. Even Atheists, as individuals, claim that "God's Word" is so full of cruelties and wickedness that it convinces them there is NO GOD.

Yet, with all this diversity of opinion, Job's question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" continues to be echoed from age to age. No people ask this more sincerely than the Spiritualists and Materialists, the former joyfully answering "yes," and the latter sternly saying "no."

"No," they say, "the Bible proves to *us* that they are dead, they shall not live; they are deceased, they shall not rise."—Isa., 26: 14. They say that "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."—Job, 7: 9.

"But man dieth, and wasteth away,—yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—Job, 14: 10.

"The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward."—Eccl., 9: 5.

"His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish."—Ps., 146: 4.

"For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth the beasts: even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth so dieth the other,—yea, they have all one breath, so that a man has no prominence above a beast."—Eccl., 3: 19.

"All go unto one place."—Eccl., 3: 20.

Here is strong foundation for materialism, though but a small amount of the abundance in the Script-

ures. It is enough to convince anyone relying on them that there is neither soul, heaven, or hell.

On the other hand, those Spiritualists who desire Bible evidence for their belief can find all they want. The manifestations occurring in presence of their mediums are nearly all mentioned in the Bible,—such as speaking in unknown tongues, healing by laying on of hands, prophesying, writing on the wall (or slates and paper), and materialization of spirit.

St. Paul was quite spiritual in some of his views, as fully expressed in various chapters. He says: "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."—1 Cor., 14: 44.

"Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God."—1 Cor., 14: 50.

If that be true, then the resurrection is false; for only the spiritual body will be accepted.

St. John says: "No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man."—John, 3: 13.

According to that, all that the ministers tell us about our "angel friends looking down upon us from heaven" is a mistake; and no one but Christ has entered there yet. On that *last* day "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised."—Cor., 15: 52.

Yet the clergy stand over the open coffins, with the poor, white faces of the dead before them, and declare their spirits are *now* in heaven, or hell, as the case may be. Those who were "children of God" (members of their church) are said to be sing-

ing around the throne, and those who were not are *elsewhere*.

By what authority do they take it upon themselves to say these spirits go from the body at *once* into glory or torment? Do they ignore the judgment-day? Are we to understand that people go to heaven without permission, have a good time till the end of the world, and get back in their graves again in time for a grand resurrection? That others are sent to perdition without the cause being examined, or the case tried? If none of this, pray *what* is the meaning of the sermons we hear?

At this moment I recall but two instances in the Bible where the spirits went *immediately* to rest. One was the thief, to whom Jesus said: "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise."—St. Luke, 23: 43.

The present generation of thieves and murderers seem to think that promise universal, for they *all* go off the gallows to glory. They say and exhort innocent people to "meet them in Jesus." I take it that *their* society would be rather a questionable inducement to get decent people to heaven; and the place would be rather undesirable if crowded with such angels (?).

The other case was of the child "who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron," but who did not. "And her child was caught up unto God, and His throne."—Rev., 12: 5. That was during the war in heaven, when the old dragon was pitched overboard. I sometimes wonder what guarantee we have that there will be no more wars in heaven. It wouldn't be pleasant for anyone but soldiers to arrive there in

the excitement of battle; and even they (not being *sure* which party would conquer) might feel a delicacy about "taking sides." According to orthodoxy, General Beelzebub has so many followers now that he would be pretty hard to rout. And now I remember a third who went directly to the happy land,—“Elijah went by a whirlwind into Heaven.”—2 Kings, 2: 11. How can we harmonize that and the saying of Paul, that “Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God”?

It must be that poor, old Elijah never got there after all, for, snatched up as hurriedly as he was, he had no time to get out of his flesh or clothes either, if I except his mantle, which fell off. Since his horses and carriage were of fire, it is barely possible that he burnt up on the way, and arrived in proper attire, unencumbered with flesh and blood. Anyway, we shall *suppose* the case, just to save mental strain.

From beginning to end the Bible has innumerable accounts of the appearance of angels. Mary saw them at the sepulchre.—St. John, 20: 11. Two of them took supper with Lot, and staid all night.—Gen., 19: 1. Three angels visited Abraham, had their feet washed, talked, drank milk, ate cake, butter, and “fatted calf” just like “folks.”—Gen., 18: 2. One comforted poor Hagar when that heartless old wretch, Abraham, sent her and their baby into the wilderness to starve.—Gen., 21: 17. Another kept Abraham from killing his son, Isaac.—Gen., 22: 11. An angel wrestled with Jacob one night, and more than got his match, for Jacob conquered him before

he let him go.—Gen., 32: 24. One came from heaven with the keys of hell, caught the devil, tied him, and threw him into the bottomless pit for a thousand years. (Does history tell what the sinners were doing during that period? It would have been a splendid time for a perfect carnival of crime.) “After that he must be loosed for a little season.”—Rev., 20: 1-4. I suppose the angel had compassion on the old serpent, or he feared he could not hold out without a little vacation. Whether, after the miserable old fellow cooled off a little, the angel threw him into the lower regions again “deponent sayeth not.” I am thankful *I* was not the angel with those keys, for I am sure I would have betrayed my trust. I would not have the heart to keep even the old devil in the torments of hell, but would be sure to let him and his whole burning, wailing gang out. I would instinctively rush for water or pounded ice to cool their parched tongues, and roll their crisped bodies in linseed oil and cotton. Of course I would get roasted eternally for my sympathy, but I would be *obliged* to help them anyhow. I am such a wicked rebel that I could not pitch my voice even to an alto in the heavenly “hallelujahs” if I refused to release even *one* lost soul, nor enjoy myself in any respect, as a well-bred saint ought too.

St. John says: “I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth.”—Rev., 7: 1. Now, while I believe in angels, somehow I cannot believe fully in all the Bible says about them. I cannot imagine four angels lifting such a weight, nor John’s eyesight

good enough to see the extreme limits of the earth if they had. Since the earth had "corners" at that time (and probably a leg under each corner like a table, or bedstead), they must have been ground off by the constant revolution; or, may be the earth is not round now, as we suppose it, but is resting solidly on its four legs. In that case, its legs rest on the ground of course; and the ground rests on — well, I do not know *what*. I guess "that is not for us to understand."

According to Revelation, there are innumerable accounts of angels with keys, books, reeds, vials, swords, crowns, horns, girdles, and sickles,—some on horseback, and some afoot. These beings all came from heaven, or the "heavens opened," and they were visible to the naked eye. The articles they wore and brought with them were, of course, made above, as we claim no commercial relations with the celestial world. In that event, there must be manufactories there, and laborers to run them. Work would necessitate rest and food. Food would require agriculture, and *that* would call for horses and cattle, or steam, or *all* of these.

Even the crowns and harps have to be *made* somehow, and it is not supposable that God puts in His time on such things; neither is it that they are indigenous to the climate or place. For neither through miracle or revelation have we received the slightest hint that crowns and harps *grow* ready-made.

When I read certain portions of the Bible, they invariably suggest these ideas, regardless of any

opinions I may otherwise hold. In Revelation, the angels, heavens, and all they contain, seem brought down on a level with the commonest beings and scenes of earth. For instance: "And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven: 'Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the Great God, that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses.'"—Rev., 19: 18. Or, in other words, angels loll around in the sun, calling the chickens and ducks to eat dead men and horses with God. Now, if that passage of Scripture is not enough to make us shun heaven, I do not know what is. Yet John, a writer of great authority in the Church, sets out this dainty feast for the Lord. Christians think it an unpardonable crime for anyone to believe there is no God, but in my opinion the crime is in trying to think there is *such* a God as the Bible gives us. *No* God is a great improvement on that.

There are thousands of people who cannot tolerate Spiritualists for thinking their spirit friends return and write, or rap. They declare that spirits have something better to do than rap on a table. Yet, if St. John be correct, they are not as intellectually engaged as we might hope. Some of those mentioned by him were standing on rivers of glass, some fighting, and some pouring God's wrath out of little vials.—Rev., 16: 12. The idea of "bottled wrath!" I expect bad whiskey is a mild kind of bottled wrath.

Some were riding around with swords in their

mouths.—Rev., 19: 15. There must be angel hostlers, too, for we are told of red, white, and black horses.—Rev., 6: 2-4, 5. Various passages mention beasts around the throne of God. They were furious-looking animals, but they could talk; and they and “twenty elders” worshipped God together.—Rev., 5: 14.

I feel safe in saying, however foolish Spiritualists may be considered, that they cannot believe beasts and ministers surround the throne. I am afraid they have barely faith enough to think twenty elders were there (for twenty is a large number in that connection), much less the beasts.

No Spiritualist says or believes that the angels call the fowls to supper with God. Spiritualists cannot imagine the Creator sitting down amidst the quacking of geese and crowing of fowls to eat the bodies of dead men. Ugh!—the mere idea is disgusting. It seems worse even than “spirit-rapping.”

There are Christians who claim that the angels are not the spirits of men of earth; their Bible, however, says they *are*. Who but men were the “elders” around the throne? When St. John was in the Isle of Patmos, he talked with an angel who testified to the death of his body. “I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive forevermore.”—Rev., 1: 18.

King Saul knew Samuel’s spirit when he saw it, and the two talked face to face.—1 Sam., 28: 14. Four witnesses recognized Moses and Elias on the mountain.—Mat., 17: 3. Samuel, Moses, and Elias were *men*, and lived and died just as we do. Jesus

lived and died, and his spirit came back at times and fully materialized. On one occasion he was recognized by eleven witnesses. He talked with them, and ate broiled fish and honey-comb. "But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed they had seen a spirit."—St. Luke, 24: 37. Showing that even in that day the return of spirits was believed in.

Since life opens to every human being in the same way, is it not reasonable that it closes the same way for all? If one man return after the change called death, under proper conditions may not *all* do so? I believe they may; but so unsettled had the contradictory statements of the Bible made me regarding future life that I felt at one time the need of evidence. Intuition and hope promised immortality, but did not prove it. I wanted the *truth*, whatever that might be. If materialism, which falls in the open grave, were true, I wanted to know it, thinking its eternal *rest* infinitely better than Christianity's eternal damnation. If Spiritualism, with its eternal progression, were true, I wanted to know whether those we lost here would remember and love us in their new existence.

I asked of Nature no favors, no catering to my tastes; but I asked her to reveal to me the great fact of a hereafter, if she had it to reveal. I wished to hug no delusion to my soul simply because it comforted me for the time being, but to make the best of *facts* whatever they were.

Christianity offered such meagre comfort to the bereaved heart that, when the sympathetic minister gleaned every little grain he could, it was soon for-

gotten. I have seen (as who has not?) heart-broken, inexperienced wives left the sole guides and providers for little children. They had not only to bear the pangs of separation from a loving husband but also the stings of poverty. In their great tribulation they would turn to the Church for solace, and received the assurance that "God doeth all for the best," — that He watched over the sparrows, etc. etc. The poor, mourning souls would try to say: "Thy will be done," but every sob of their pierced hearts, and every murmur of their trembling lips, was one great denial of their submission. They were only human, and being such, could not think it "best" for themselves and little ones to be left so lonely and destitute. Years of toil and poverty made it no clearer to their minds why God took heed for the sparrows and left them and their pale-faced children to suffer. They were told "His ways are mysterious, and past finding out." I should say so.

I have seen Christian parents frantic with grief over the loss of some lovely child, and the only comfort they got from the pulpit was that "God wanted their precious one to adorn heaven." That they had *loved it too much* was why He had taken it. That the "Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away." As if parents could love their children *too much*! One would think from this that only the unloved children can live; that only in homes where they are unwelcome are the innocent spared. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away." Ah, but suppose He *does*, where is the comfort of it? We know this is always called the *comfort* of Christianity, but

surely those who lose the jewels from their hearts find little pleasure in the thought that they delight others.

I, being an unbeliever, have had yet colder comfort offered me in my repeated afflictions. I have been assured by those who are otherwise intellectual that God takes *my* loved ones to break my stubborn will,—that unless I accept the Church dogmas, and follow Christ, there will be no cessation of sorrow. Jesus was a martyr to his opinions. His religion was unpopular in his day, and, because of it, he was crucified. Neither God nor man heeded his dying prayers, though he *believed*. In some respects I do follow him, for my prayers have been unanswered, and I am persecuted for standing by my honest convictions.

As individuals, I love and honor honest church members as well as anyone, and gladly number them among my dear friends; but I detest their religious views as much as they possibly can mine. And while I shock them with my heresy, they shock me with their superstition. I am willing for them to be happy in their belief, but they condemn me here and hereafter for mine. When my innocent babes have been in the pangs of inexpressible torture, the Church has hissed in our ears that God did it all to punish *us* for our unbelief. That He implanted that holiest of feelings, maternal love, in my soul, yet tries to uproot it. Yet I know, should He crush my heart to a mere husk, He will find in its last germ of life pure mother-love. They tell me He purposely takes the sweet lives of my babes, and I am prom-

ised continual desolation here, and eternal torment hereafter, if I do not kiss the hand that smites me. They say that, when my soul was in an ecstasy of happiness and love, He snatched my precious human blossoms from my breast that I might love Him more. Great heavens! can it be that any MOTHER'S love could be so won? No, *no*, I say, *never* while reason lasts!

Though I be doomed to endless misery, I cannot worship this God whose fingers drip with my own children's blood, and whose kingdom I can only enter by being unworthy of their love.

This character given the Creator by His worshippers is not in harmony with anything in nature. No human persecutes another to gain affection. How much less then would God be so unwise and malicious? Even the lower animals have more sense than to love those who torture their offspring; and we never attempt to gain their affection by killing their young. Should we try this experiment, a pair of horns in our ribs, claws in our faces, or sharp teeth in our flesh, would convince us of our error. Have we not as much love and reason as the brute?

Cruelty does *not* beget love, or deserve it; but experience and observation teach us that kindness, justice, love, and respect win love.

Because I am a skeptic, the Church forgets to say to me in my sorrow: "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth."—Heb., 12: 6. If that be true, it ought to see that I am one of His chosen ones. I do not claim that I *am*, but that the text applies to *me* if to anyone.

Take it all in all, I do not blame Him for my dissolution; for I look upon death as the natural result of life. We are born *into* this existence, and we die *out* of it; and one event is as natural as the other. Nature neither consults us about coming or going. It is the inevitable. Therefore, instead of censuring or thanking God for our afflictions, let us help each other bear them as best we can. There is no danger of making too much happiness in this world, nor of being too good, save in our own conceit. Those serve God best who serve mankind, and honest deeds and helpful words will blossom and ripen when worship is forgotten.

Even could we know that the present was the finale of life, we should be as earnest in well-doing as if an immortal crown awaited us. We should do right for the sake of *right*, and not for reward. And if, in an immortal state, we enjoy the consciousness of our noble efforts (as we surely will), all well. It will be far better for us than to carry with us a remorseful conscience.

To some future life and spirit communion are as well established as any other facts, though not accepted by the multitude. Our purest and brightest intellects are examining and acknowledging the truths of Modern Spiritualism. And many who enjoyed them twenty and twenty-five years ago are no doubt yet interested in the spirit world,—Judge Edmonds among others.

Many of our most profound thinkers and scientists, such as Professors Wallace, Zoellner, Varley, Denton, Crookes, Flammarion, and Kiddle have

probed these phenomena to the core, and pronounce them sound.

But in this small space I attempt to offer nothing but personal evidence, and that as evidence to *me* only. I wish to show some of my reasons for belief, that those who desire may seek and find also. Those who are happy in their convictions I will not disturb, and those who are not I would fain comfort. I want to try and show that there *are* proofs of continued life and recollection of those we mourn as dead, even to obscured people like myself,—that they are *not* dead, but are individual, conscious beings, and can and *do* return.

Even the tiniest little baby feet found their way from the shining shores to my home, and now, as I walk the ways of life, I see where those steps press the flowers in the pathway of the Hereafter. I thankfully cull the blossoms as I go, kiss them tenderly, and slowly follow on. And all along the way I find guide-posts set by those passed on before, showing me the immortal road.

Spiritualism opened up this new way to me, for its philosophy seemed so beautiful when I first read it that I determined to investigate its phenomena also. I decided that if even *one* of its much-abused raps were true there must be something intelligent associated with it.

Raps made by no human I found; and, beginning carefully and patiently with them, I have followed other phases in the same way.

“But,” said some of my friends, “what *good* is Spiritualism?” I answer, what *good* is a butterfly?

a moonbeam? a rainbow, or a wave of the sea? Whether they are *good* or not they exist. What good is a drunken man? the nasal twang of an exhorter, or a last year's calendar? What good is the tooth-ache? a bone fellow? a broken leg? yet, who that has them doubts they are *real*?

Spiritualism has much good in its teachings, but if it had none, it is *true* anyhow.

It is not our experience that only *good* is in the world; evil also exists, and where we find a fact, either good or bad, we should be honest enough to admit it.

Spiritualism speaks through the grave, and tells us that this life is a school of experience, and that just in proportion to our mental and spiritual development here will be our condition hereafter,—that, if we are cruel and wicked, we cannot throw our sins on the innocent at the last moment, stretch our wings, and sail into paradise full-fledged angels,—that such creatures are not to rest in “Abraham's bosom,” or sit around the throne singing hallelujahs, and playing accompaniments on golden harps. But that, through the *conscience*, and clearer perceptions of justice and truth, we shall be punished in proportion to our misdeeds. We cannot progress in spirit till we repent of wrong, nor have full companionship of the pure till we are pure ourselves.

Spiritualism teaches us the uncertainty of doing evil without detection as well as punishment. For, although we bar our doors against worldly things, we cannot close them against spirit. *Invisible presences* may witness every act; we may never be

ALONE. It teaches us that, if our lives are pure enough for them to reach us, the innocent little cherubs we have lost here come to us daily, and thus keep us fresh in their memories.—that our spirit friends rejoice over all the good we do, and regret the wrong, thus giving us the greatest possible *incentive* to do right. For where are the parents who would knowingly take from the joys of their angel children? where the child who would consciously cause its parents to look back through the grave with reproachful eyes? where the true husbands and wives who would not live so that their heavenly companions could revisit them in peace? and where the human heart that would not feel encouraged and happy to know it was loved in a higher sphere?

Spiritualism teaches us *to do our own thinking*, and to shun any system of religion which forbids discussion or criticism, declaring that *truth* fears not investigation. It teaches us that morality, justice, and humanity here insure peace and happiness hereafter. It lifts the soul out of the ruts of despair, and sets it on the fair mountains of hope; and opens the grave to let us pass into immortal joys. Yet, if it did none of these, and were *true*, we would have to accept that fact.

“No,” says the skeptic, “it is not true; for, if spirits returned, I know *my* friends would come to me. I’ll have none of your Spiritualism anyhow, for I know my friends could not be happy if they knew my sufferings. If there are spirits who come back, they are wicked spirits.” The Christian *always* says that to me. He washes his hands of the whole busi-

ness, and seems to think *that* will be the finale. He forgets that if the wicked go to hell (where the Church sends them) that they will not be at liberty to come to this world when they desire,—that Satan gives them no holiday. He forgets also that the orthodox heaven overlooks its roaring furnace of hell, and that the happy, psalm-singing saints see their lost families and friends among the flames, and yet they are happy; that the pious husband can re-adjust his crown and tune his harp while his wife calls to him from below for “just one drop of water”; that the Christian mother can hear the cries of her children, and bless God because *she* is saved. Truly that *must* be a delightful (?) place. Yet Christians shudder at the terrible belief of Spiritualists. They avoid the dews of the garden, but wade the swamps to keep themselves dry. They find the rough mountain no impediment to their way, but groan piteously as they climb over the pebble.

It may be, dear skeptic, that your spirit friends are anxious to come to you, but cannot. They require certain sensitive organizations through which to make themselves known. Unless we have such ourselves, we and the spirits have to depend on those who have. We must give them conditions, though conditions are precisely what you object to. Especially do you object to darkness, for you think that is purposely to hide fraud. And, yet, you believe a grain of wheat sprouts and grows, even though it require darkness to develope it. You do not call it a sham because it does not spring into

form in the palm of your hand,—you give it *conditions*. You do not call the artist a “humbug” because he requires darkness to complete his picture. You do not deny the eclipse of the moon, even though you have the condition of darkness.

These are things which we have to examine and accept under Nature’s laws; and the spiritual phenomena are not outside of these.

I have been as skeptical as any reasoning being could be, and had many heart-aches and discouragements before the “conditions” grew satisfactory. Raps had to come on walls, pictures, and chairs, and give signs of intelligence before I could accept them. Independent voices, writing and spirit forms, had to take place under such conditions that no human agency could have produced them before I was entirely satisfied. These things had to occur, and *did* occur often. Then, like most inexperienced investigators, I got the “mind-reading” bugbear after me. Written and verbal messages had to come about persons and subjects that I knew positively nothing about, and let me discover for myself if they were true. Often and often the friends and subjects which filled my whole thought were never alluded to, and others were brought up, showing that *my mind* was *not* read.

On one occasion I was told some private matters which were taking place with a friend of mine in Europe. The story seemed perfectly improbable; but I was told to wait and find out. In about two years and a half after, an acquaintance wrote and told me the same story, he having just learned the

facts from responsible parties. What was "news" to us mortals had been known all along to the spirits.

I have investigated with prominent true and false mediums, but will name here only those whom I believe to be true. I condemn none because others are false, nor uphold all because one is true. All must give personal proofs of power to convince me it is there.

I give messages word for word to show how connectedly and naturally my little story runs along, and not because I suppose their purport of interest to strangers. The spirit names are not genuine, but everything else is.

MRS. JENNIE HOLMES.

She was the first public medium I ever met, and the time was about 1868. Her circle was large, and her manifestations were entirely physical. She sat in the dark, but under test conditions. While she sang and slapped her hands together in front of us, guitars, drums, bells, and other instruments were pounded on, and seemed to float over our heads. In many parts of the room, near the ceiling, lights appeared, which we were told were magnetic. The room was warm, the doors locked, and yet cool breezes passed over us occasionally. She repeatedly requested one man in the circle to put his foot down, and not break her guitar. He did not do it, but *did*

break the instrument, although none of us could see the danger but the medium.

In the summer of 1871 my good little niece Jennie passed to spirit life, leaving a husband and infant daughter. Her mother, my sister Lizzie, took the child home, and, in constant care of it, tried to reconcile herself to its mother's death, but all in vain. She was shocked and miserable. In about a year after her little charge followed its mother, and she wept afresh for baby Hattie. Partly to satisfy myself, and partly to convince my poor sister of her daughter's continued existence, I began hunting proofs. I tried to get raps, writing, or spirit pictures from her, or any trace that would give her sorrowing mother some hope of reunion; for, being a *skeptical Christian*, she really had *no* comfort. For two years I had no success; but at the end of that time our darling baby-girl, little Bella, was taken away, and I had a new impetus for my work. Nothing on earth was ever sweeter than this child, and nothing more welcome, and no home darker than ours when she left it. Had it not been for this new light which was dawning upon us, and the comforting assurances of Prof. William Denton (who conducted the child's funeral services), I feel as if we would have been in utter despair. But, though we buried our bud of hope in the earth, it blossomed into spirit life, and has been ever since like a star in the heavens, lighting us on our way.

MRS. S. A. LINDSEY.

When I read her card she was an entire stranger to me in all respects, and lived in New York city. I wrote a few words to Jennie, put it in an envelope, and sealed it. Then I stitched envelope and paper through and through with the sewing-machine two rows around, and four rows through the centre. In a few weeks it was returned with nothing torn or open, though I had purposely used the thinnest, poorest paper I could find. After working patiently with a pen-knife, cutting the stitches (and making sure they had not been re-sewed by hand), I found my note and its answer *inside* the letter, sewed through every fold. Here is a copy :—

“My dear Aunt,—

We are *together*,— your little, white lamb and I, and I wish I could tell you how happy we are. I am so glad you give me the chance to write you. The power is weak, and I have no more room on this paper. Come again; do, do!

Lovingly, JENNIE.”

This sewed letter could not have been opened without detection; for, wherever I carefully drew or cut out a stitch, the embossed envelope had a hole in it, showing plainly that it could not be tampered with.

In a few months I received assurance from a trance medium, who knew nothing of this matter, that the letter was genuine, and that Jennie cared for and loved my baby.

In the spring of 1874, a strange lady visiting us wrote a few sentences automatically. She wrote for the baby, she said; and gave some of her peculiar child talk, which it was next to impossible for her to counterfeit. She described them, Hattie and Jennie, perfectly, giving the whole death scene of the latter, though it occurred fifty miles from my home, was not published in our papers, and was unknown to all the lady's acquaintances.

She afterwards controlled my daughter May (a child of eight years) to write with planchette. This May did with much more ease and rapidity than writing in any other way; and not only the extra good penmanship but the composition also was proof that May did not do the writing. The spirit controlling eventually gave his name, and proved to be a cousin of May's, who died when she was an infant, and whose existence was unknown to the child. This spirit told us a great many things that happened about people and circumstances which were totally unknown by May, he living a little distance in the country from us during life. He gave us many messages from little Bella, and also from a German girl who had lived in my family for four years.

May and a boy cousin of hers got writing by putting their hands on planchette together. To prove that *mortal* mind had nothing to do with it, we had one of the children repeat the multiplication table aloud while the other read aloud, but this did not disturb the writing in the least. It came from people who left the body forty years before, and

hundreds of miles from any of us,—people whose existence even was entirely unknown to these young mediums.

Jennie used to control my husband to write with planchette, and sometimes we would conceal articles in the next room to him, and the writing would tell us what they were. In the same way a neighbor's son and I once received writing. We got a name repeatedly, but knew no such person. A lady stepping in said it was a spirit friend of her son's.

I sometimes got writing when sitting alone. I often and often wrote the name "Edward," but knew no such spirit, though I afterwards heard of him.

MISS CLARA ROBINSON.

This lady lived in Memphis, and came among us a soft-eyed, fair-faced young girl. She gave hundreds of satisfactory slate-writings, but myself and family received only a few good tests from her. The first thing we did was to satisfy ourselves that *she* neither did nor could do the writing, but obtained it through spirit force. Once, while she and I pressed the slate to the underside of the table and were getting a message, my husband and Col. W—— came in the room. The writing said: "Mr. M——, get us those double slates you were telling the Colonel about." It seems that *on the way* to the house Mr. M—— had remarked that he would get some double slates, but, of course, none of us knew what this con-

versation was. We several times felt spirit hands under the table, and had them take off and put on rings while the medium's hands were in sight. This was always done in daylight.

MRS. MARY J. HOLLIS.

In the month of October, 1874, this lady came to Cairo, an entire stranger to every one here. She gave her first seance on the evening of her arrival, about fifteen people being present. The room was darkened, and we sat in a horse-shoe circle, the medium being in front of us. Our hands and feet were at liberty to feel out in the darkness and "investigate,"—which I suppose every one there did,—thinking, perhaps, to catch something, or some one. But that expectation was not fulfilled.

Whispered voices, independent of the medium, came and identified themselves as our spirit friends. The first one was for me; but, almost afraid that my ears deceived me, I waited for some one else to hear it also, which soon happened. The name of an infant brother was given, who died before I was born, and thirty-five years previous to that evening. His existence was unknown to every one present but myself and husband. He spoke of May, thus giving knowledge of the child, which was entirely unknown to the medium. Every one present received tests, which was always the case in her presence.

The first slate-writing my husband and I had of her came independently,—that is, with the slate pressed closely against the under part of the table, the writing coming between the two, on the slate. A shawl was thrown over the slate and table, and while one of Mrs. Hollis' hands rested on top of the table, the other held the slate with only her wrist and thumb in sight. We sat, 'or stood, on the same side of the table watching her, and the afternoon's sunlight flooded the room as it came in the open window where she sat. Here is part of the message:—

“You know I am not *dead*. May is at school. I would have gone had I lived. The spirits write for me. A B C D. I can do that myself. I will talk to you tonight. Aren't you glad? I am going to try, and Aunt Jennie will help me. She is my cousin, but I call her aunt. She takes care of me. Aunt Lizzie (her mother) does not believe. Yes, mamma, I am with you all the time.—BELLA MARTIN.”

“Aunt Lizzie” was living fifty miles from us, and had never heard of Mrs. Hollis, nor she of her, at the time of the writing.

In our seance that evening, J. P., a citizen, whose remains awaited burial down town, gave us his name, saying: “I am J. P., who died today,—no, I'm not dead either, but as much alive as I ever was. My wife's name is Juliet.”

No one present knew the lady's name, but, on inquiry next day, we found it true.

On the second evening of Mrs. Hollis' stay at my house we had a cabinet seance; and, an hour pre-

vious to it, three ladies, in her presence, examined every article in the small, square English trunk which she brought with her. There was nothing there which could in any way serve her to exhibit the materialization which we witnessed, even had she taken the trunk into the cabinet. I was present every time she made her toilet or retired, as that was the only time we had an opportunity of being together alone. I had the handling of her clothing, and know for *certain* that she carried nothing with her to make up "bogus spirits" with, had she even been inclined to deceive, which she was not.

We arranged a cabinet by stretching some shawls and cambrie across one corner of our back parlor. When the medium first entered it the light was very low, but we afterwards turned on three gas jets at full head. They were in the front parlor, and the room which we occupied was connected by double doors.

At the request of the control, all but four of us stood just inside those doors, and the four were within three and four feet of the cabinet window. After the curtain rose and fell several times, we saw an oblong light, which enlarged with each appearance till it grew into the size and form of a human face. It became plainer and plainer till it shone before us as the *perfect image* of little Bella. Four of us saw her twenty times, and eight persons saw her about half that many. Her sweet face changed in expression from an eager look to one of smiling contentment, just in proportion to our expressed doubt or certainty of her identity. My husband and three

others saw distinctly the color of her eyes and hair; and one gentleman detected a tiny purple spot on her lip (caused by fever). He had no former knowledge of it, but I knew it was *there*, but could not see it.

She only showed to the bust, and was more like *illuminated statuary* than anything I can think of, having the additional charm of emotional expression. Never before, and never again, could I see anything so lovely, unless it be the angel face of some immortal. No unbiased, well-ballanced person could witness this manifestation and believe it fraud, because there was nothing about it that human ingenuity could invent. Even had it been a crayon picture, as some wiseacres tried to think it, we all know that pictures are *flat*, so that you cannot see around them; and we all know that pictures do not change the expression of their faces. They could not in any sense represent what we saw.

The next night we had a dark circle, in which James Nolan, the leader of Mrs. Hollis' band, spoke aloud for more than half an hour. Several of the leading professional gentlemen of our city questioned the control on various scientific subjects, and received immediate and intelligent replies,—replies which the most ardent admirer of the medium could not in all reason credit *her* with. Few women in the world, if any, have ever familiarized themselves with the subjects which James Nolan seems to master; and men of the finest advantages congratulate themselves when they do not come out second best in conversing with him.

After this control was through talking, numbers of messages came for the fifteen or eighteen persons in the circle, and all claimed to receive excellent tests. And little Bella came, too; and her voice seemed so close to me that I instinctively reached my arms out to clasp her, but could find no one. She began like this:—

“Mamma, wake sister May up; I want her to hear me talk. [May was by my side with her head in my lap, asleep.] Uncle D—— [my brother] is with me; and I love him so much! He is so good. Cousin Hattie [Jennie’s baby] plays with me, and we love each other like sisters. You made such pretty wax flowers, and hung round my picture! I tore sister’s picture book once, and I was so sorry. I remember all about it, and I remember all about the little ghost and the mouse-trap, too. I recollect how the mouse put his head into it to eat the meat. I remember his bright, little eyes, and his long tail. And, mamma, I *did* see a ghost on the stairs; and I was so, so scared. It was Aunt Jennie, who wanted me to get acquainted with her before I came to the spirit world; but she was *all white*, and I was afraid of her. She was the first right white lady I ever saw. She is my mamma till you come. I must go. Good-by, sister; good-by, mamma.”

In a moment we heard her voice on the other side of the room. “And now, papa, I come to you. Your brother, uncle A. J., is here. This is the first time he ever came to a circle. I have another uncle here, too; his name is M. Q. A. [Question by some of the audience: ‘Q is a queer letter; are n’t you mistaken, Bella? What does Q stand for in your

uncle's name?'] "He says Q stands for *quizzical*. Aunt Jennie is my spirit mamma. Good-by, papa; good-by, all."

Such was part of the little one's story, though none could appreciate it as we did, who knew its truth. Once, and only once, in her life had the child been frightened; and that was when she was about eighteen months old. I sat sewing under a broad jet of gas, and the doors were all open. The baby was throwing her blocks and marbles and gathering them up and pouring them into my lap when she suddenly ran to me in terror, crying: "Mamma, Bella sees a ghost on the stairs!"

I tried to soothe her, and finally attempted to take her to the stairs to "show me the pretty ghost," but she was too much alarmed. I fancied she had seen her shadow, or some simple thing which I could explain. I afterwards inquired of my whole household but could get no clue to her fears. I bade them not to refer to the matter in any way, hoping she would forget it after a night's sleep, but she *never* entirely forgot it. One day, when she spoke of the circumstance, I took the mouse-trap to her, with its dead prisoner in it. She was delighted with the history I gave her of it. So, to make it answer a purpose, I called it a "sweet little *ghost*." That was all very well, but she would invariably add: "Bella scared at the *lady* ghost on the stairs." I have since heard often that she was quite clairvoyant, and I have no doubt she did see Aunt Jennie's ghost on the stairs, as "ghost" was a word we had no use for, and one she probably never heard.

Afterwards, a lady, who was not in the circle, told me that twenty years before this that she had known M. Q. A. in the State of Indiana, and had heard him laughingly remark that "Q stood for quizzical" in his name.

Of course, skeptics say that the medium did the talking herself, through a horn; but that is *not* the case. I have heard the medium's voice and the spirit's in one breath. I have also sat *alone* with Mrs. Hollis in a room which contained *nothing* at all but ourselves and some chairs, and where I *knew* there were no confederates. While I listened to her full, even respirations, I have heard the spirit voices. Even should we admit she does the talking, where and how could she get the information she imparts? It would be impossible for any *mortal* to know all the simple, private, little affairs of our lives which are told us in seances. To account for it in that way would be total idiotey.

In this connection, an amusing thing happened about the fourth time I ever sat with Mrs. Hollis. It was in my own home, where we had been having wonderful and varied manifestations for several hours. Towards the close of the seance, it appeared to me that the medium's voice sounded nearer me than it ought, considering that I was in the middle of the half-circle. I could not understand it. Several times I had felt something touch my arm and the back of my chair, and while the last spirit was saying to us good-night, a gentleman shouted out that something had him by the foot. At the same instant I felt the touch again, and, catching at it,

found myself possessed of something, I knew not what. The light was struck, and there I sat facing, and almost touching, the medium, and holding fast to a gentleman's slippered foot. I had been sitting in a child's chair, and had rocked myself entirely in front of the circle. In putting his foot out to "hunt the spirits," the gentleman had brushed my arm and chair. I am sure if the medium had attempted to rise and touch anyone, or whisper or talk, that she would have tripped over me and my chair.

Like the novel-writers, I must ask my readers to "pass over" about four years, during which time I had many proofs of spirit power. One little circumstance comes to my mind of a lady who came among us claiming to be a wonderful medium, but impressing us all as a fraud. She advertised largely, but did nothing for her audiences. I sat with her just once, and she wrote (automatically) a message for me, which purported to be from the spirit of Dr. Young. It said that my infant son would be ill the following month, and told me what to do for him; said if I sent for a physician, I would carry a life-long sorrow in my heart. I gave no heed, for I saw no proof of *spirit* in the message. We forgot the matter, and the following month the baby took violently ill, and, frightened and helpless, we sent for a physician. It grew constantly worse, and, after nearly a week of the most intense suffering, the precious baby found peace in its grave. When it was too late, we thought of the message, and — we carry the sorrow.

To say the least, the strange woman "guessed" well,—too well I think to be all fraud.

Mrs. Hollis knew nothing of the birth or death of my starry-eyed darling, and I, wearing no crape, she could see no outward signs of this affliction about me when I stepped into her home. (Sister Lizzie had also gone to the spirit world, and met those for whom her heart so yearned.)

As soon as I sat down (alone) with Mrs. Hollis, Skiwakee, her Indian control, began talking in a loud and distinct voice. He told me at once that my *two* children were there, and described minutely the baby's illness, and everything connected with it; said this climate was not the proper one for it, or for my family, and advised us to leave here. He gave me some very characteristic messages from M. Q. A. to a lady here, which I delivered; mentioned many names of spirits who wished to be remembered; sent his own love to my family; and made some suggestions about a patent barrel-machine of my husband's; told me he would invent other excellent things; told me the exact condition of my family at home, so that I need have no anxiety while I was in Chicago. His conversation lasted about thirty minutes.

Little Bella then talked in her remarkably rapid though distinct way; and I cannot refrain from giving some of her sayings.

"Mamma, mamma," she said, "*I'm* here with little brother. Is n't he *exactly* like my papa? Yes, he is; and he's *so* sweet, and has such pretty, large, soft eyes. He is n't sick any more; and, mamma,

you must not cry so much for him. If you could see how happy he is, you would be so glad, and never, *never* cry any more. Aunt Jennie is his mamma, too; and he is *her* baby-boy till you come to us. Didn't he have such pretty flowers about him when he went away, and his little clothes were so soft and nice. He was lying on his side, and looked almost as if he was asleep; and in one hand you put a wee boquet, and in the other you hid his little rattle. We all liked his spiritual funeral so well, and the pretty baby song, and Lucy sang it so sweetly. You and papa *know* your little children are not *dead*, and you never do let the preachers get up and say dreadful things, do you? I saw everything only the grave. I could n't see the baby put in that, for I knew it would make you and papa wish you were there too, and I knew you *had* to live.

Old Aunt Betty [colored] was so good to little brother and me, too. I've not forgotten her. Give her my love and a kiss — *Oh, mamma!* you never kissed her in your life, did you? *Poor* Aunt Betty! I *used* to kiss her, and she kissed little brother, and — and, mamma, *I* do n't mind it, *I* kiss her yet.

Aunt Lizzie is here. You know that she came lately. We sent Cousin Hattie to meet her first, and she put her arms around her grandma's neck and loved her and loved her, and that's what made auntie know she was *here*. Kiss papa, and sister, and auntie, and uncle, and dear grandma for me; and tell papa I love him a *barrel*. I say that, you know, because he made a barrel-machine. You must not grieve for fear little brother will forget you, for we will not let him. We bring him to you every day. Only try to be happy, mamma, so that when we come, we can be happy, too. Dear mamma, *I love you*. Do n't, do n't grieve any more. Good-by."

After this, Jennie and her sweet little child talked with me, and assured me of their affection for my adopted little ones. Hattie added: "I want to say something *specially*. I want you to know that I'm not one bit jealous of your children. There's love in mamma's heart for all, and we're all so happy here."

Sister Lizzie came, calling me by my first name in her own peculiar accent, saying: "It's true,—it's true,—it's true! All you told me about the spirit world; and what little I knew of it has been useful to me. Give my love to mother, and tell father it's true. Be sure and tell him, for he is coming soon [which was true]. Give my love to my dear daughter. She'll not believe it, but tell her anyhow. She does not keep my flower garden as well as I used to; but I don't blame her, for it's so much work. Poor girl, she is so lonesome now. Tell her I have all the flowers I want here. Sister, good-by. It's true,—it's so bright and true!"

This happy spirit seemed perfectly overcome with the beautiful realities of her new life, and the actual knowledge of spirit communication. I often hear from her yet, and it is always in some characteristic way.

I had several other seances within a week, and all were as full of comfort and interest as they could be. In one, a light as large as a pint cup built up before me, and the medium said it was my little ones trying to show themselves. The light gradually dissolved in reach of my hand.

I cannot more briefly describe another matter

which happened than by quoting a few words from a letter I had published. (Skiwakee is known among his friends by the name of Ski, and a noble old fellow he is.)

“Ski came and gave a good many tests; among others, the Masonic signs to some gentlemen of that fraternity. This was one of the most wonderful manifestations I ever heard of. The seance contained some eight or ten persons, three or four perhaps being Masons, and they sat beside others as chance or choice dictated. Ski promised to give the tests in words, and that none present but the Masons should hear him. We all listened intently, but not a word did anyone hear except the Masons themselves. Ski pressed them to say ‘yes’ or ‘no,’ whether they had received satisfactory tests or not; and all said ‘Yes.’”

Since these gentlemen were known to be reliable, intelligent men, and some of them, perhaps all, influential citizens, we are obliged to believe them, no matter how singular the facts appear.

When we inquired of the Indian how he could speak without being heard by all, he said he “stuffed magnetism in our ears.”

In this seance I heard spirit-singing for the third time in my life. The spirit mother of a gentleman present sang “Shells of Ocean,” speaking every word distinctly.

Once in my own home a spirit child and May sang a piece of music through, one voice being about as strong as the other.

These are only a portion of the manifestations I

have witnessed in presence of Mrs. Hollis ; all others were just as good.

In a little village a few miles from my home I once sat with a little girl medium. She became partially entranced, and described Bella and Hattie fully ; and I knew she had never seen either one of them in the form. She said Bella held something in one hand which she pointed to with the other. "It is a light " she said, "in shape of the letter Q. No, now it is changed into a square block like those children play with, and it has the letter on it. Bella says she *knows* it is Q, because it has a crooked tail to it ; that Q is a *black* Q."

The day of my child's death, while I held her on my lap, she had me pile her blocks on a book while she tried to play with them. Taking one in her little feverish hand she held it up for me to see, saying : "Mamma, I know Q today, because it has a crooked tail."

No one was present ; and, from what I can learn, the story never passed my lips. In fact, at that time I could not bear to *talk* of these matters.

After my return home, I examined the blocks, which were painted in mixed colors, and I found the letter Q on only two of them, and *both black*. The blocks had been under lock and key ever since the baby hands which played with them were cold. In a few weeks after this I had a nice, little note from her in which she asked me not to give her blocks away. I never have.

Once an eastern lady (with whom I had no acquaintance at all) was having a seance with a

medium, when Bella came to her and begged her to send a message to her parents, giving our address. The lady kindly did so.

I have felt many supposed spirit hands in dark circles, and had musical instruments, fans, keys, rings, combs, slates, and various other articles in the room put in my lap, on my head, or in my hand when there was no *possible* chance for fraud from any party in the room. I believe spirits did this; when there *was* chance for deception, I made up my mind that I did n't know anything about the powers at work.

Once, when I sat with my chair-back square against the wall, and felt repeatedly little hands coming from *behind* my chair, caressing my face and neck, I believed they were spirit hands. In independent writing, obtained soon after this message was written: "Let *me* write for your darling Lamb. — Grandma L—." I gladly consented, and received this test: "Mamma, it was I who showed myself to you in presence of Mrs. Hollis, and it was I who came and put my hands on you.—BELLA." Here the child comes through other mediums (as she often does) and endorses Mrs. Hollis' powers.

I once visited a city where I was a total stranger to every one, and had a seance with a lady who was being developed for independent writing. The table had to be darkened with a cloth, and the medium held one end of the slate underneath, and I held the other. Had she let go for one moment, and tried to use a pencil herself, the slate would have dropped to the floor, for, part of the time, I was purposely not giving it proper support. We would put a pencil on

the slate, and the slate would be twisted, pulled, and turned in every direction so no pencil could stay on; and it would be gone when we looked for it. Finally we put none on, but got just as good writing. Questions written on paper, and put under the table, would be answered correctly and the papers *thrown out*; though we knew the medium could not use one hand only, and do that and hold the slate, too.

The first thing we had was raps, which spelled out the name "Bella Martin." Then we had writing from her and her Cousin Effie. Six of us sat round the table, yet the blessed baby had the power of making herself known at once, and of brightening my soul with this sweet assurance: "*I love you.*" No difference where I go, if there be present an organism through which she can work, she comes to me. She assures me that she is not *gone*, but only lost to sight.

"And ever near us, though unseen,
Their dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life — there are no dead!"

One spirit wrote: "Tell John that *I am not dead.*" One of the ladies present said her husband was named John, so it must be for him. On further inquiry we got the spirit's name, and found that her message was for a gentleman living in Texas, and that she was his wife; and we sent the message to him.

All spirits seem to have a great objection to being

called *dead*, and invariably deny it. They say: "We are the real, and you are the shadows," which, in my opinion, is true.

Before Sister Lizzie died, her daughter once gave this message to me for her. "Tell ma that Hattie and I are here, and would be glad to have the same chance to communicate with her that we have with you. Tell her we have found a beautiful and happy home here among the angels.—JENNIE." She also addressed for my benefit: "The letter about the blocks was written by the spirits for Bella."

M. Q. A. once wrote my maiden name in a bold, familiar style. I asked him whether it was a name or a word; as, in either case, it seemed peculiar. The reply was: "That was the name of your mother's daughter." Of course, I agreed with the witty writer.

DR. HENRY SLADE.

I have never seen this gentleman nor Mr. Foster, but it serves my purpose to mention a few items from investigations had with them by my husband. He was an entire stranger in New York city when he stepped into Dr. Slade's parlors. He examined carefully room, floor, chairs, slate, table, and all, but found nothing unfair about them. In the broad glare of day the two sat at one end of a long table and the slate *stood up* on the other, out of reach of them both; and in that position writing was done. Mr. Martin also held the slate on the top of his

head, and the writing still came, and came from familiar persons. Jennie and Bella were both heard from. At my husband's request the table (with large falling leaves) rose, flapped its leaves like some mammoth bird its wings, and lighted on his head; but swung there so lightly that he was not hurt. When it sat down again, spirit hands by the dozen came from under it, patting, shaking, and caressing him,—small, large, and tiny hands. An accordeon was played by invisible hands, and chairs changed position over the room without human control. Dr. Slade has been proven a wonderful medium by the best scientists of this age.

CHARLES H. FOSTER.

Mr. Foster and my husband had never met before when the latter entered Mr. Foster's rooms, and prepared questions on slips of paper. Among others were these: "What materializations did I lately witness?" The answer was: "The baby." He asked again: "*What* baby?" Answer: "*Your* baby, little Bella. She showed herself through Mrs. Hollis' mediumship in Cairo."

Mr. Foster gave names of friends on both sides of life. Gave the whole history of the death of my husband's brother, Ernest; said it was accidental, which was true.

MRS. N. D. MILLER.

In the summer of 1874, I think, Mrs. Miller, of Memphis, gave one seance in this place. It was entirely physical, but given under the best test conditions, and was good. With her hands put through the backs of chairs, and sealed and tied securely, spirit hands and handkerchiefs were waved from the cabinet window. When she came out, the seals were intact. Her slate-writings were very satisfactory to the recipients, but when I went for a writing, she was very ill, and left the city in a few hours. I regret that I have never seen her since.

J. H. MOTT.

This gentleman was so unfavorably situated while in this city that we had no satisfaction with him. Two forms called us to the cabinet and gave names, but the forms were not recognized, and the names were so well known they were no test. The room was entirely too dark to make a certainty of anything to be seen. We have no doubt but Mr. Mott is a good medium, but we have no personal knowledge. Numbers of intelligent, honest people of our acquaintance have visited Mr. Mott in his own home, and declare him an honest, satisfactory medium. I have no doubt of this, and hope yet to realize it for myself.

MRS. JENNIE L. WEBB.

In 1875 I saw Mrs. Webb's card, and wrote: "Please send me the result of a sitting," signing my name and enclosing money.

Her answer was: "A little girl appears, and says she is very happy, and would like to *show* herself again to her papa and mamma as she did once before. [Another proof of her materialization.] Says she will try to write sometime to you. This child says she is yours; and a bright and beautiful spirit she is."

Then followed quite a good little letter from a spirit calling himself Edward, in which he gave a fine reading of my character.

I wrote her again, but told her *nothing*. I only asked her to describe any spirit friends she might see; and enclosed a small lock of hair, the inference being that she would get my magnetism. In her answer we recognized grandma L. (and her Bible) and Bella, both descriptions being good. She said the hair I sent belonged to a man and woman, which was true. I cut the hair from two different heads, and had the little lock not over two inches long; and no mortal eye could detect a difference in color or quality.

I told some of my friends of Mrs. Webb, and she wrote to four besides me. I then took one of Bella's photographs, tore the back off, put it in an envelope without a word of comment, and had a friend direct it to Mrs. Webb. In a few days it was returned to me with the assurance that it was my child's pict-

ure. If Mrs. Webb had been "guessing," she may as well have sent it to anyone else here as to *me*. She also enclosed some verses which she said the child wrote. Some of the letters were turned backwards, but all could be read plainly. Mrs. Webb sent the paper just as (she said) the child printed it in block letters.

"Would you have us come back, dear mother,
And leave our glorious home?
Though we love you dearly, mother,
From Heaven we would not come.

Your world is very fair, mother,
With its sunny hills and glades;
But ours is fairer far, mother,
Its beauty never fades.

Then we 'll rejoice, dear mother,
That on earth I closed my eyes,
For I will guide your steps, mother,
To our home beyond the skies.

I learned to write up in Heaven.—MOTHER'S LITTLE GIRL."

Now, I do not give that as *poetry*, but I must say it is quite good enough for a child of four years, as the writer was at that time. I cannot even say that I *know* it was written by a spirit, but taking all things into consideration, I do believe it, and I also have reasons for believing the medium perfectly honest.

She and four or five other mediums have returned my money when they failed to get writing. If they

were frauds, they would never do so foolish a thing as that.

A lady friend of mine, who lived in the spiritual faith, has repeatedly sent remembrances from the summer-land. She once sent word through a Southern medium. She said she was very happy in her new life, and expressed great desire for one of her sons to sit in seances, so she could come to him. She sent me a message through a letter I had from Jennie once, the letter being a beautiful one indeed.

DR. E. J. WITHERFORD.

In Jan., 1876, I wrote a note to Dr. Witherford, and asked him to send me any independent writing he could get. I knew nothing of him except as I read his advertisement, and I told him nothing about my affairs in any way. Here is what he sent:—

“Dear mamma: You are glad to know I can write. Uncle W. helps me. We did try to make you understand that we were with you at Mrs. Hollis’, but could not kiss you as you wished. I do long to hug you and sit in your lap again. But, mamma, I am often with you, and try to make you feel my hand on your head when you are alone. Good-by, and God bless you. I send my love to you and papa and ——”

Here the writing was too indistinct to read; but, short as it was, it showed that my darling had been conscious of my efforts to reach her. I had a short

time before sent a stitched letter to Mrs. Hollis, but, after keeping it a month, she returned it unanswered. In that letter to the child I had asked her to kiss me, and to that she refers in *this* note.

In July, 1877, I went to Chicago, and had several seances with Dr. Witherford, and was extremely cautious not to give him the faintest idea that I had ever written him. While we each sat holding the slate, he described my children and some of my relations who were present. He also gave me a close description of my own especial guide (he said) Edward, and another renowned immortal, who was in the spirit world many years before I was born, and who claims to be an earnest friend of mine.

Numbers of them wrote me; among others dear Aunt Eliza, whom I had not heard from before since she made "sugar pies" for me in her Ohio home. Here is one of her letters:—

"My dear, I am glad you are so zealous in this work. Go on, God bless you, and we will help you. Dear Effie is here, and wishes to write you. Your guide, Edward, is a noble spirit. If you do as he wishes, you will be happy in your work. Tell your husband I often visit you in your pleasant home, and give him my love. I was surprised to hear you tell this medium that you had forgotten me. Your little ones are here, and send love and kisses to their mamma. Remember me at home.

Affectionately, AUNT ELIZA."

Then came a note from Edward, who had written me long ago through other mediums.

“Dear Lady:—

It is quite a task for us to try to control your mind, but an agreeable one. I wish you to continue my life work for me, if you are willing to submit to our conditions. I could soon control you to write, I think, and you could do good work for us. You are only wasting time by resistance. I once read your life at Mrs. Webb's. We wish to use your mind for the good of the human race.

EDWARD.”

These letters all had the full name signed. I had another message, in which this spirit referred to the note which Mrs. Lindsey answered for me, and which was stitched with the machine. Said he helped concentrate power for Jennie to write.

In Dr. Witherford's cabinet seances, men, women, and children came out, talked, and dematerialized (or seemed to) before us. We all examined the cabinet thoroughly before he entered it; and, at his request, gentlemen in the seance took off and searched every particle of clothing he had on, and found nothing objectionable. Once, while a friend and I were there, and she was getting writing, another spirit took control and wrote this message:—

“Please give my regards to Mrs. Jacob Martin.

S. S. JONES.”

The lady asked the doctor for an explanation of this, and he said I was the lady addressed, though I am confident he could not know me save through spirit intelligence. Mr. Jones will be recognized as the editor (before his death) of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

If Dr. Witherford ever played false, as the papers said, it must have been through the evil influences of that dapple chap with whom he became associated, for one had but to see him to know that he was highly sensitive and impressional; and I do not wonder that his misfortunes were more than he could bear.

MRS. A. J. CROSSE.

As soon as I read that lady's card, I wrote to her, and she gave me many facts, described Bella, Grandma L., and others; described me mentally and physically,—which, by the way, has often been done by other mediums; told me Bella saw the spirit of her aunt on the stairs, thus endorsing the story as told before; said my husband was an inventor, and told what patents he had; told what Bella wished done with an especial article of hers; mentioned many entirely domestic matters, which no one outside the house *could* know, much less a strange person in Boston; predicted an unexpected marriage in my family, which took place three weeks afterward; and, in various ways, convinced me of some intelligence outside of hers being present.

E. V. WILSON.

This renowned lecturer and seer was in Cairo over a month, and large crowds greeted him as a speaker and clairvoyant. He told hundreds of peo-

ple events in their lives which *he* could not have known, giving dates, places, and names correctly. Their spirit friends were *minutely* described, and some of the most secret parts of their personal history were nightly given the audiences. All seemed astonished at these facts, and none denied them, save a few whose records were not immaculate.

BASTIAN AND TAYLOR.

In 1877 I had a seance with these mediums, under the usual test conditions, and have since visited them with no especial results. Many forms appeared, but the lights were too poor for them to be well distinguished. One came for me, and had the lights changed three or four times, so that we might see better, but I could not recognize her. She came out into the room several times, but seemed unable to bear the light. At another medium's, who knew nothing of this, I was told by independent voice that it was Jennie, which was probably true. I have no means of deciding. The physical manifestations in the dark circles seemed to me extremely weak.

CHARLES E. WATKINS.

In Dec., 1876, this young man came to my home and gave us the names and descriptions of most of our spirit friends before he had been there three hours. Little children, entirely unknown to our

citizens, came and talked to us,—one little one reminding me of making a wreath for her coffin years and years ago. She had a very unusual name, but it was given with no trouble.

While Mr. Watkins and I held the slate close against the table, with only a grain of pencil on it, messages, of a great variety of styles in penmanship and composition, came. The first ones were from M. Q. A., and were of the same peculiarly sparkling style which he used in this life. The next was this :

“We come bringing you the olive branch of peace this morning, and we trust that love and prosperity will always be yours. That you may realize the truth of the saying that they are all ministering angels to you, I must close.

Yours in love, JENNIE.”

Across the face of this, and written from the opposite side, were the names of two other friends whom I had known well.

The next writing was on a double slate, which opened like a book, and which my husband prepared to suit himself. The medium sat on the opposite side of the table from me, neither touching it, the slate, or me, but idly rocking himself as if he were unconscious of what was transpiring. The sunlight was all over the room, and I held the slate about a foot *above* the table, and listened and looked at it just as I pleased while the writing went on. It was in a round, small hand, and quite beautiful, and was from Dr. Henry Slade's spirit wife. It was this : —

"My dear friend, we come to greet you with words of good cheer and love, and to prove through this young man's mediumship that my husband is innocent and honest. Tell the world just how you got this. Your friend, A. W. SLADE."

After I washed the slate, never letting the medium have it for one moment, we put a bit of pencil inside, tied the slate over and across with hemp cord, sealed it at every knot (eight times), and the medium and I held it over the table again. The following appeared: —

"Tell Jacob that I am here, and that I am anxious to do all I can toward helping on this new truth. Although he did not once think I could return, still I do. Tell him, when he reads this, that I am *alive*. MARTIN."

This bore the full name of my husband's father, and was the first writing we ever had from him, and was very welcome.

My daughter May and the medium put their hands on the slate, and she received a long message from one of her former school-mates. The father of this little spirit wrote to me, and sent word to his family, giving each of their names. Said he did n't believe in Spiritualism when he lived neighbor to me, but had since changed his mind.

Mr. Watkins also sat for dark circles, and sometimes under very strong test conditions. With heavy gloves on his hands, and the gloves sewed fast all around to his coat sleeves, and the coat

sewed fast together, so he could not pull it off, manifestations went on in his circle anyhow,— the usual touch of spirit hands—which had no gloves—and other physical phenomena.

As a slate-writer, Mr. Watkins is an entire success, and well worthy the attention of honest investigators.

MRS. M. E. WEEKS.

I had only one seance with this medium. She gave some very convincing proofs of her clairvoyant powers. She spoke of one good-natured friend of ours, who confessed his strong love of money while on earth. He regretted that he had not done more good with it, and said he would n't even wear decent clothes, though he was quite wealthy; described a ridiculous old coat he wore to church once, and we knew from some of his family that this was true.

An old lady identified herself as one who had known my husband when he was only three or four years old. She told him of matters happening then, and finally gave her name, and he recollected her. She lived and died in the old country, so that skeptics can hardly think Mrs. Weeks was acquainted with her; and especially unreasonable this seems when I assure them that the old lady died before the medium was born.

My mother-in-law came and referred to a favorite verse in the Bible, and said she understood it now

as being explanatory of Spiritualism. A lady who has come to me with an infant in her arms in various dark circles came again, and was able to identify herself, and explain her anxiety to be known. Mrs. Weeks knew nothing of us, and does not know to this day whom we were.

Once when Thomas Gales Forster (a very prominent scholar and lecturer) was in a circle in Baltimore, little Bella went to him and dictated a note which she asked him to have published, and he kindly did so. It was just a little message of love, in which her favorite uncle, aunt, and grandma were not forgotten. She gave family names quite correctly, and also her parents' full address. One of her uncles was an editor, and, finding this letter in an exchange, he handed it to us.

Another time when the reporter of the R. P. Journal was having a seance, she came to him, and gave a communication for his paper. In this case, also, was she kindly dealt with. I will make an extract from this message:—

“I was a little girl. I gave sunshine to mamma and papa at home, and little sister; but I went away one October day, and left my physical form. But I did not die; for every day I visit my home in Cairo, Ill., and place my wreath of flowers upon my mother's brow. And little sister looked so often in the picture at my face, and the tears stand in her eyes when she thinks she will have to cross the river to see that baby face again.”

In this letter she spoke of two cousins who were with her, and also of her baby brother, giving his

name, and speaking of his beautiful eyes. She said he was brought to us awhile every day.

In a few months after this well-loved lady's death Bella went to a seance and sent a message to us. She said for us not to grieve so much for our lost darling, for another baby would come to take his place in our affections,—that Aunt Lizzie told her so. She begged us to give the child the name she wished, mentioning one that was never heard by us, except in one case. We never knew why she selected it. In about sixteen months *after* she sent the name, the baby came to wear it, and our whole souls seemed blossomed out into happiness and contentment. Two weeks before the child was born, Ski sent word from Europe, to call our boy the same name already sent by Bella, which we did of course. This "spirit child," as the immortals often called him, was foretold by numbers of spirits, in presence of different mediums, and was really a child of prophecy. All our immortal friends seemed to share our joy and interest in him, and Ski adopted him as his especial charge. They all sent congratulations as often as possible, apparently never losing sight of our treasure. Thus was he momentarily watched and loved from both sides of life till he grew into our hearts like their very fibres, and we could seemingly look at no object in life save through his image. In frightened remembrance of our other losses, we tried not to build too much hope on this noble boy, but he was so strong, loving, gentle, and baby-wise, that we could not help it. Day after day he seemed growing into the close resemblance of little Bella,

and I think we loved him for her sweet sake as well as his own. We shrank from imagining life without him,—in fact, there seemed no life to *us* where he was *not*.

As he became older, we found that he had a very sensitive and impressional organization, and that his finely-intuitive mind gained much of its power from the spiritual side of Nature. His physieal, though rarely and wonderfully developed, could not keep pace with his mental growth, though the combination seemed as nearly perfect as earthly things can be. In his third year, happy and fearless and bright, he was suddenly stricken with fever, and we had to see him passing away from us, day by day, hour by hour, with no relief till he found it in another world. And we —— I dare not think what we would do did we believe a revengeful God had given us this life-long blow. I know our whole souls would rise up in rebellion against the hand that would strike out of life that which makes it most pure, tender, and humane,—that which cultivates in us all that is sweetest and truest in human nature.

I know not how we could live without the balm of hope, as given in the harmonial philosophy. *Eternal* separation from those we love would be *too* much to bear. As it is, though we feel how desolate and incomplete our lives are, we have the satisfaction of knowing that, at most, they cannot be long. So, we strive to do our parts with cheerful courage and patience till we gain freedom from these earthly forms. We close our eyes in sleep, saying thankfully to ourselves: “One day *nearer* them.” We

know if we are called away before the morning that it will be to those we love, and we have no moment's fear. We know that somewhere in the shining future a compensation waits, and that in the peaceful summer-land three smiling cherubs keep the gates ajar for us.

MRS. KATE BLADE.

I have had some splendid independent writing through the powers of this agreeable and intelligent lady. Jennie, Edward, Lizzie, and others have written during my several seances with her. One lady, whom I will call Gertrude, sent word to her family, and made to us (privately) some very startling personal revelations. We could not credit her at first, for everything she told us necessarily lowered her in our estimation, but she seemed happier for making a "clean breast of it." Poor girl, I feel sorry for her; for I think her sins were bestowed on her mostly as a birth-gift.

This remorseful spirit followed us from one medium to another, and told the same sad story, and made us wish that we could help her to contentment; but we felt powerless. She had known us in lifetime, and she seemed unable to let us leave a medium without assuring us afresh that what she told was true. I have received in letters from other spirits voluntary statements regarding Gertrude, which conveyed the same information that she gave, — statements in which her name and full descrip-

tion were given. In looking over her past, we can now see where her story is in harmony with things which we could not understand before.

Sister Lizzie wrote very sympathetically about our sorrow, and said all in her power to alleviate it. Jennie did the same, and sent love to her only sister.

Mrs. Blade is a pleasant lady and good medium.

MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

We know from nearly all sources but experience that this beautiful lady is a wonderful medium. We sat in two of her dark circles, and heard others receive wonderful proof of spirit return. One of my little ones put his little hands in mine several times, called me "mamma," and tried to materialize right at my chair, but could not quite succeed. We saw the light of his spirit, but it could not take on human shape. Next day, at another medium's, independent writing told us about him. We found that it was our "starry-eyed darling," as we love to call our boy with the large, splendid eyes.

Our second sitting was going on nicely, and many people were getting good manifestations when they were destroyed by the conduct of some rough chaps who went "for fun." After a few minutes of patient trial, the medium declined sitting, and refused pay from all present. We went away quite disappointed, and bemoaning the fate that kept us

out of her *private* circles. Those are said to be delightfully harmonious and satisfactory.

MRS. ELDRIDGE.

I had a seance with this lady in St. Louis. She requests investigators to write questions on slips of paper, and put them on the slate for an answer. We had word from five or six of our relations; and one of them gave us the name of our little son who had just left us. Ski (being her control) referred to an unsatisfactory message he had given us with another medium, and gave us his reasons for doing no better. A note was written to my mother, which we brought home to her.

The seance was pleasant, and so was the lovely little medium; but I do not enjoy writing for the spirits as well as to have them come without *any* suggestions.

MRS. DE WOLF.

This lady is a good trance medium; and here my Sister Lizzie, father, and father-in-law came to comfort us about our dear child, and my mother-in-law (who was one of the best women on earth) said she had the guidance of him in his new life.

Mrs. De Wolf's control told us a great many things about our business affairs, which showed her

well posted. I have had three sittings with this medium, and all satisfactory.

A lady and gentleman who are almost entire strangers to us informed us today of a seance they had with a medium whom we had never heard of before. In independent writing, Bella sent some verses, and talked by independent voice. She told them of a little gift she once had, and the peculiar use made of it. She also told them precisely what her sister and I were doing at the time, which was undoubtedly true. She gave the investigators themselves several good tests, one about a ring, and one about an umbrella.

MRS. R. C. SIMPSON.

We were strangers to this lady, and the first words on the slate proved that the spirits knew us, if she did not. Her writing is obtained with the slate against the under part of the table, just as I have said Mr. Watkins' was, with no possible chance of deception. Her table is simply a stout board about two and a half feet long by one foot wide. (I am only guessing at proportions.) Four pegs hold it, and are dignified by the name of table legs.

She refused to sit until we had examined the room and everything it contained, and positively forced me to search her and her clothing. While she was

holding the slate and telling us the history of Ski (one of her controls), he was writing and claiming us as old friends. He seemed delighted to meet us, and asked me to write a note for him to a gentleman in Louisville. I had never before heard the name he gave me, but found afterwards that it belonged to a very prominent man.

Ski told us some matters regarding a lady whom we had never heard of, and in a few days a gentleman friend incidentally repeated the same thing, he being a personal friend of the lady. This control often tells things of this kind for tests.

He then promised to bring us a flower. We took a goblet half full of water, set it on the slate, one of the medium's hands holding it, and the other being on top of the table. The top of the goblet was pressed close against the table, with no room even for a knife blade between; and my husband held the medium's hand so that even a muscle could not move without his knowledge. I looked at the goblet several times, and saw nothing but the water; but the last time I saw it filled with a beautiful blossom, of a shrub nature. My husband took it out and brought it home.

After our seance, we bade the lady good-by without leaving her the remotest clue of our identity.

Nearly three years after, we unexpectedly stepped into her home again. When we read the first message, we were surprised and pleased with an acknowledgment from the spirits of a boquet we had secretly sent the medium the day before. Then followed numbers of messages for us; and some which

we promised to deliver to our neighbors. Some spirits expressed great regret about the recklessness and ill-doings of their families; saying that these wrongs were not only causing trouble here, but were heaping up remorse for the perpetrators hereafter. Others spoke of business which they had left unfinished, giving us such minute details that we were obliged to understand it. While writing was being obtained under the table, Mrs. Simpson wrote with her own hand on another slate on top of the table, giving us messages from other parties, or sometimes adding testimony to the independent writing.

Gertrude came and told us several family matters which were of the deepest interest to us, and explained mysteries which had happened several years before. One of these referred to a letter of consequence, which she said was written by a different person than the assumed author, and which, by a strange coincidence, we find most likely.

Our own personal friends, my father being prominent among them, gave us most positive proof of their consciousness of, and sympathy with, our daily lives.

Mrs. Simpson is a highly-cultivated lady, of great will power and force of character, and is one of the best, if not the *very* best, mediums on earth. I think she and good old Ski can prove spirit communion to any unprejudiced mind capable of reasoning.

MRS. O. A. BISHOP.

This is perhaps one of the greatest trance mediums on earth, with one of the most agreeable controls. Old Redhand is a perfect jewel of an Indian, and as a control won my heart at once. He literally overwhelms us with his knowledge of people and affairs, of which, I am confident, his medium can know nothing. We were total strangers to Mrs. Bishop, but could scarcely believe it ourselves, so well did her control seem to know us. Our children, parents, brothers, and, in fact, nearly all our spirit friends could communicate freely and fully with us. We received from them the most beautiful remembrances, and all seemed trying to lighten the sorrows which have fallen so heavily upon us. They call the dear child so lately buried a "white rosebud," and said it was sweetly unfolding and blossoming in the summer-land; that, as the flower bursts from the earth's darkness into sunshine, so reached his spirit from the body's prison into the light of immortality; that his spiritual nature was so developed that he would have hungered for purer and higher associations than this life affords. If this be true, it is clearly our duty to rejoice at his removal; but we are only *human*,—we cannot.

Old Redhand fully described the habits and peculiarities of many of our earthly friends, giving the particulars as well as we could give them ourselves. We were posted perfectly regarding the health of those we left at home, and as to what was transpiring in the house at any given time. If we spoke of

personal matters, and made a mistake in dates or places, he at once corrected us. Without suggestions from us, he gave us full advice as to our association with different individuals, and explained to our satisfaction the most complicated doings of some of them. He expressed much contempt for an individual who has proven treacherous and dishonest in friendship and business, and regretted at the same time that the person should be piling up so much future misery for himself.

He gave particulars of some inventions which he said were "growing" in my husband's head, besides those which he had already worked out; also told the prospective results of these. The inventions are "grown," and nearly ripe, but we know not yet the results.

Three years ago the immortals told me of some business that *I* would be obliged to do. Being a domestic woman, I took it as a good joke on myself, but have since been through precisely what they foretold.

In our last seance in Chicago with Mrs. Bishop, Redhand said: "You are going home on a steamboat." We smiled, and expressed our doubt of being able to do so. "Yes, you will," he said; "you will go to a city on the cars; on the following Wednesday you will go home on a boat." Unforeseen circumstances brought this very trip about, though at first it seemed unlikely; and we came on Wednesday, as we remembered when we were on our way.

I have only space to give a mere idea of our experiences with Redhand. To believe, understand, or

appreciate the wonders of this control, all must see for themselves, and take time to weigh the matter well.

He said, from the beginning of President Garfield's illness, that he could not recover; but we hoped against this sad prediction. We, with the rest of the world, watched and waited and hoped. The suffering, bleeding victim lingered weary weeks, wearing his precious life away because of an assassin's cruel deed. Suspense and sorrow drooped the souls of his dear wife and children, and the heart of the Republic ached in sympathy with them. Business suspended, churches opened to the worshipful, and, in the self-same hour, and with one tone, the bells of this great continent reminded all of prayer. The pious and the worldly minds, the parson and the statesman, the politician and the toiler of the soil, the white and colored man, joined in the plea; and in their earnest supplications they forgot all selfish strife. Our wisest and best leaders felt how hard the blow, if our Chief Magistrate should be cut down; and many turned to God in hope and faith, saying: "Wilt Thou in mercy spare our President?"

The great voice of our Union — fifty millions strong — rose in one anthem, wafting that almost universal prayer. Surely, if Omnipotence were ever lenient to mankind, it must be in so good a cause. If prayer were ever heard, it seemed that *this* one which besieged the very heavens would move them unto pity.

Upon her knees our weeping country bowed, her

soul uplifted to her God, while she awaited His reply to her sincere appeal. She heard it in the slow and solemn tolls of muffled bells, and funeral dirge. She raised her tearful eyes, and saw the answer in the clouds of black which draped the silent streets; the Stars and Stripes half mast, and looped with crape; the lines of jet upon the daily press; the old and new world in each other's arms, wiping each other's tears; and scattering flowers together on a *new-made grave*. *This* was the *answer* to the Christians' prayer.

In conclusion I wish to relate a circumstance. One rainy November evening, I was the guest of a lady whose home (which was some sixty miles from mine) I had never entered before, and whose family I had never seen. Her husband and I had our hands on the planchette, and, neither one claiming any magnetic power, we were surprised to find ourselves getting writing. The communication was to me, and addressed me by my first name, which was unknown to anyone around me. It said: "J. sends his love and a kiss to you and E." I asked if J. were in the spirit world. "No," said the writer, "he is standing on the street corner, talking about *our* patent." J. was my husband, and E. was one of our children. The control told me of business matters of my husband's which proved correct, and claimed to be his spirit brother, Ernest. I inquired what interest he had in the patent, and he replied: "I am his partner, and help him to invent."

I never knew this brother, but have heard that he was an excellent machinist. My husband being a strictly temperate man, I could hardly believe that he was talking patents on the street corner, at midnight, in the rain. But he *was*. He and a nephew were waiting for the street cars to take him to the depot, from whence he started from Cincinnati to Washington.

We often hear from Brother Ernest; and his taste for machinery has never left him he says.

But what I want to know of the skeptic is this: How, but by spirit power, could I receive information of what was taking place four hundred miles from me, *at the time it was going on?* Whence came these facts? They could not come from mind-reading, because they were not *in* our minds. They did not emanate from us, because we could not give out what we did not possess.

These manifestations always claim to be from disembodied spirits,—from individual intelligences, who claim existence in a world as real to them as this is to us,—people who take their characteristics with them, and enjoy the affections and spiritual and mental gifts they had in this life in their new also,—people who give the purest and highest moral counsel, and tell us that there is no merit or demerit in belief; but that truth, honesty, and humanity are the passports to eternal happiness. If these phenomena are not caused by spirit power, *what* produces them? Let the skeptic give a better solution to my query than is given by the spiritual philosophy, and I will

accept it. Till then I am firmly convinced of its truth.

In my reference to the Bible I do not offer it as personal authority for my convictions; I only use it to show why people differ who do accept it. It disputes itself so fully that one can take the true or false side of an argument and depend on it to sustain one. It is something as if a jury would be rendering a verdict that a prisoner was "guilty" and "not guilty." The case would certainly require another hearing.

The invisibles encouraged me to write and publish this little experience with them; and should Christian or liberal skeptics condemn their judgment, I do not blame them. We naturally expect perfection from the inhabitants of another world. I have had that disappointed feeling regarding some weak expounder of Christianity who declared himself "called" by the LORD.

Some of these "servants of God" read the Scriptures with tobacco in their mouths, and sign their names thus: "REV. SILAS ^{his} X ^{mark} JINKINS." I have always felt that, if they were really "called," it was either for the purpose of destroying the cause they advocated, or it was the result of a divine blunder.