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EVIDENCES OF A FUTURE LIFE.

“ IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN ? ”

A POSITIVE YES.

BY

CAPT. H. H. BROWN.

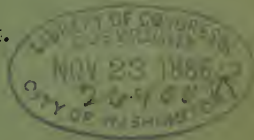
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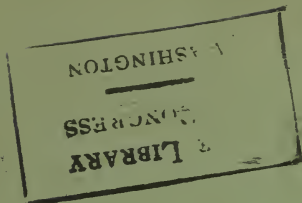
STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

332, Main Street.

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(See Bowles No. 2 for a description of a visit to Faraday.)

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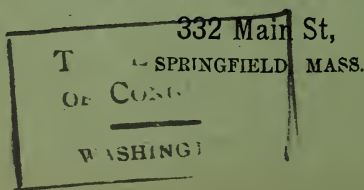
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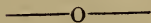
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EVIDENCES OF A FUTURE LIFE.



“ If a man die shall he live again ? ”

This is an old inquiry. It comes into modern thought in this form from the oldest book in the Bible, one probably older than the Jewish race, coming to them from the Arabic. And the inquiry now, as then, is like a sharpened sword, dividing the thinking portion of society into two divisions: those who assert and those who deny, a life beyond the grave.

It is only when the reflective powers of man have developed and not until he has crushed down his natural intuitions, that he asks this question. Not till he has lost the evidence of that life, can doubt arise and give birth to the question: “ Shall I live after death ? ” That there is no such doubt or questioning in the mind of savage or undeveloped man is evidence to us that he knows of that life. Prof. Huxley tells us that the belief in ghosts is universal among savage tribes, that though there are tribes so undeveloped intellectually that they have no word that can be translated “ God ” or “ Deity,” they invariably have words for ghosts or returning dead.

They do not question the fact of a life beyond the grave any more than they do of fair weather after a storm, but are as equally ignorant of the philosophy of each.

Through interrogation man learns. The eternal “ Why ? ” “ How ? ” and “ What ? ” have been the triune path to knowledge. The moment a man asks

a question, he passes the boundary line between brute and man. Unquestioning, he has been like the brute, the unconscious and ignorant servant of law; by questioning he has begun to be the conscious and intelligent servant of law.

The moment he asks himself this question concerning a future life, he is destined to become, if he continues thinking, either an Agnostic or a Spiritualist. If he answers the question from knowledge, "Yes", he is a Spiritualist. If he answers, "I don't know", because he can find no proof, he is an Agnostic. If he dare deny, he is a Materialist. And thus the moment the first man asked this question both Spiritualism and Agnosticism were born. They are the balance of each other. Spiritualism is thus as old as man and is the positive pole of knowledge, and Agnosticism, the negative one of ignorance. I do not say Agnostics are ignorant, but I do emphatically say that the essence of Agnosticism is ignorance of the life beyond the grave. Ignorance on this point, however much it may seem a paradox, is the result of the general intelligence of the non-believer. As a class they average as high in intelligence and morality as any other class of people, but the fact of their being Agnostics, arises from the lack of knowledge on this point—i. e., their want of evidence of future life. Spiritualism asserts positively that future life—i. e., because it has evidence. The two are as necessary to each other as heat and cold, odd and even, or any other of the biune facts of existence. Materialism asserting non-existence, asserts what is incapable of proof and hence is as dogmatic as theology and is only after all a belief.

All faith, hope and belief in every religious system is after all based on the knowledge possessed or supposed to have been possessed by their founders. For instance the Christian belief rests upon the testimony of those who saw Jesus. "Now is Christ risen from the dead," says Paul. The Mohammedans rest their hope on what Mohammed saw. "We testify what we have seen," say the founders of religious systems, and centuries after, belief, faith and hope, flourish in the soil of the real or supposed knowledge of the early prophets of that religion. Hence the theological field occupied by these systems is that of belief alone. Spiritualism, however, deals in knowledge, and Materialism and Agnosticism, in ignorance. Christians believe; Spiritualists know. Agnostics affirm their ignorance and Materialists deny. Science is of necessity to-day materialistic, thus making great inroads into the old realm of belief, and by causing doubts in the minds of the votaries of the old, has greatly recruited the ranks of Agnosticism. But Spiritualism, bringing its positive proofs, and these proofs being in the line of human love and hope, is still faster dividing the cohorts of belief by compelling each one to examine his or her evidences of immortality, and as Christian theology has no evidence that can stand the test of reason or scientific criticism, the ranks of Agnosticism are faster recruited than ever before, consequent upon the rapid increase of Spiritualism; and as general intelligence increases, the ranks of each must be recruited till belief has not a soldier and there are but two classes in the world, Spiritualists who know, and Agnostics who don't

know there is a future life for man. As fast however, as proofs come to the "don't knows," they will recruit our ranks. Thus as Spiritualists, we should remember that we owe it to those whose belief we unsettle, and whom by rational reaction we drive from dogmatic theologic assertion into doubt or negation, that we do our duty still further, and present as fast as possible to them such evidence as shall convince them of the fact of a future life. And while we encourage Materialists and Agnostics as worthy co-workers against theologic and dogmatic authority, we should never forget that they are still our antagonists here from lack of development, and should seek to develop in them, this knowledge by improving the conditions around them for growth.

Spiritualism has, therefore, by its evidences and the doubt raised in the minds of believers, been necessarily a disintegrating force to old organizations, centrifugal power being most prominent. But the field once cleared of error, it will through the centripetal, cohesive power of love, weld all who are equally developed, into harmonious bodies for common work for common weal, and I believe we are now entering that era of crystallization. The first great work of Spiritualism then is to present to the world the evidences of a future life. To do this it must give that which is satisfactory to all natures, and I am sure that when men learn to rightly weigh evidence, all that is needed is to be found in modern spiritualist phenomena, and when they become sufficiently intuitive, enough will be found in each individual life. To-day the masses are not, because of prejudice and a false edu-

cation, a competent jury. Negative evidence, that would be refused in court, outweighs positive evidence. Three witnesses testified that they saw Pat steal the boots, and he said when about to be sentenced ; " An shure yer honor will not commit me when only three saw me steal, for I can bring many more who didn't see me." Those who have seen and heard in this universal court, i. e., the Spiritualists themselves, are too often set aside for those who have neither seen nor heard, and public opinion is formed from their negations.

The only witnesses that can testify are those who know, and all the evidence possible, is to the fact of the existence of a man after death. The testimony of one who don't know is the testimony of a home-staying Spaniard in 1492, against that of the discoverer of a New World, who testified to the fact.

Scorn and the negative evidence of ignorance, with persecution and death, did not weigh with coming generations against Bruno's, Galileo's and Guttenburg's knowledge. Ignorance like this is the only witness against Spiritualism.

Again, the long disuse of any member of the body, renders it incapable of use, and only by a system of movement cure, which by will power compels the vital forces thither, can it be restored to usefulness. In like manner does the mind suffer in the disuse of any faculty. Under the sway of theology, man's reasoning on the religious questions has been in a circle and especially has he been interdicted from reasoning upon his premises and upon the evidences of another life. Not long enough has his mind been making efforts in that direction for the masses to correctly weigh or appreciate the evidences we have.

The discussions forced upon the world, by spiritualist phenomena and oftentimes as much by fraudulent as by genuine manifestations, are a necessary school of discipline, and by-and-by, reason will not be so antagonistic to intuition as it is to-day.

In discussing the evidences of a future life they may be divided into the intuitional, the rational and the sensuous or physical.

The intuitional evidence is the highest man can have, and but a comparatively small number are sufficiently developed to possess this. It is of no value save to its possessors, and to them it is above all price. They know there is a future life, though they have not an argument with which to meet you, and sit silently under them, still despite all the world may say "foolishly, fanatically and insanely," in the opinion of those less fortunate than themselves, they cling to their interior evidence, and living peacefully, at last in blissful assurance of a reunion beyond, pass through the dark valley triumphantly.

These are the poets, religious enthusiasts, the fanatics and hungry-hearted of the world, the misunderstood and sensitive ones who, blessed above all others, are often found in the lowliest places, where they sing songs that awaken the noblest aspirations in us and where they work deeds as kind, and live lives as holy as his of Galilee. No great souls ever held to Materialism. They had the inspiration of an immortal hope. "To pronounce the word man, is to say immortality," says Emerson. Did you ever realize that Materialism has no poet, and I assert that it never can have one. It may have rhymsters and didactic philosophers who write in metre, but a

Homer, or a Shakespeare, a Schiller or a Walt Whitman could never come from that tomb of negation. "In Memoriam" and "To Mary in Heaven," look beyond the grave. The poet is the true prophet, inspirational and intuitional. He listens nearer to the spirit-world than the rest of earth's children and catches the coming thoughts which later are translated by others into sober prose.

That evidence which appeals to reason comes next in value. Many are inclined to call her our highest tribunal. Extol reason as high as you may, and I will endorse all you say, still I must reply with Tennyson;—

"Let her know her place
She is second, not the first,
A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain, and guide
Her footsteps moving side by side
With wisdom like a younger child,
For she is earthy, of the mind,
But wisdom heavenly, of the soul."

Nevertheless he who has evidence that satisfies his reason, should ask for none that appeals to his senses, i. e., evidence upon the physical plane. Make future life seem rational and no more should be asked.

When a person says to me, "The arguments are all reasonable, but I want to SEE something before I accept the doctrines!" he then convinces me that either my arguments are not to him reasonable, or that he is not willing to be led, as he claims, by his reason, and that he yet stands upon the lower plane of development that of the senses and needs evidences upon that plane. For as remarked above, the masses are not sufficiently long emancipated

from theological paralysis to get along without physical phenomena. Hence we must supply them with these, and the demand will keep up the supply ; though you or I may not need physical manifestations, far be it from me to discourage them, for until men are educated off the plane of the physical, they will need even the crudest evidence the Spirit-world can give them through physical phenomena. But I do unhesitatingly condemn the use made of the seance by many Spiritualists as a mere means of gratifying curiosity. I would condemn the degradation of the seance to the level of the show room, and the medium as the equal only of the stage performer. Let us consider seances for physical phenomena as the kindergarten of Spiritualism, and not as is too often the case, regard them as the acme of the cause. Whatever the character of the manifestations, let the seance be ever a sacred place ; like the sacramental table of the church, let it be a place of hallowed communion and approached with a preparation of mind and with reverence and love. Gerald Massey gives us wise directions when he says ;

“ Come with cleanest carriage
Whitely pure be dressed ;
For this heavenly marriage
Earth should wear her best. ”

Now, briefly, I will offer the evidence I have upon these planes, without seeking to carry the analysis so far or to draw the lines of demarcation so close, that it becomes tedious. As my first witness on the intuitional plane I call to love. I can not conceive of a love that terminates at the grave. It

reaches beyond, and by that law of nature through which thirst is gratified, so must the love nature find its demand met beyond the grave. In the tragedy of Ion occurs this passage, the reply of a young man about to die, in answer to the question of his loved one, "Shall we meet again?" "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal, of the clear streams that flow on forever, of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb! But when I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty, that cannot wholly perish: WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, Clemanthe."

An old and prominent Materialist once said in my presence, as he spoke of his wife long since passed to spirit-life, "If I could only know she was alive, and I should meet her," and as the tears rolled down his cheeks, I said 'Those tears are an argument that confutes all your reasoning and by the fact you love her yet, I know she lives to be loved.' As the needle would not point to the North were the pole destroyed, for the attraction would then cease, so did she not exist, the spiritual attraction would cease and there would be no love in the heart of the one that remained, for the destruction of his object of love would have destroyed in man the power to love.

The intellect may hold to annihilation, but I cannot conceive it possible for one to stand by the confined form of mother, wife, child, lover or friend, and not in soul cry for a reunion. Soul is not satisfied, and the desire which in defiance of the intellect will thus assert itself, is to me the highest intuitive evidence of the life beyond.

"Tell me not those we cherished
 In the happy years of yore,
 Who have faded like the flow'rets,
 Sleep in death, to wake no more.
 O, I cannot think them broken,
 All the ties that were so fond,
 For my heart e'en whispers softly,
 Hope beyond, there's hope beyond!"

Never grave so deep as to bury this hope nor one so wide that love did not bridge it and speed over it to meet its own. "Love alone is immortal:" says Ingersoll, and he thus testifies to that life where love survives the shock of death.

ASPIRATION belongs to the same class of evidence as love. It is soul-hunger for more of "the good, the beautiful and the true," and because it is, the where-with to gratify it must be. Never a demand without a supply, though in our ignorance we may be long in finding it. That "haunting dream of better forever at our side," our beautiful ideal, leads us through life, dropping upon us daily some of her own beautiful raiment, but only to become more radiant herself, and when she has led us to the grave, she is yet the unattained, and our desire for her is as intense as ever. She passes on, and must we remain behind? Oh! no; still following that angel of our better life, we shall pass through "The covered way that leads into the light," and still day by day unfold the God in us.

"E'en through our paltry stir and strife
 Glows down the wished ideal,
 And longing mold in clay, what life
 Carves in the marble real;"

and life, the sculptor, is eternal life, ever carving upon the marble of the spirit the design of the angel

of aspiration ! O, had I no other proofs of immortality than love and aspiration, calmly would I float down the stream of earth-life, sure that the veil ahead would by and by, rise upon a fairer stream, where love would again clasp heart to heart its own, and aspiration ever beckon onward to grander endeavors.

But Life itself shall be my witness to the necessity of a life beyond the grave.

If there is none, then Ingersoll's indictment of Nature is just, when he likens her to loading a passenger train and running it to destruction continually with its freight. Life's plans, hopes, aspirations, are all cheats, ay ! worse than lies, if there is no life beyond the grave. As a pier on Manhattan isle compels the pier on the opposite shore of Hudson river to be, so Earth compels Heaven to be, that life may swing its bridge over the River of Death. Wisely and beautifully does that profound thinker, Henry George say in the last page almost of his "Progress and Poverty,"—"What then is the meaning of life—of life absolutely and inevitably bounded by death? To me it only seems intelligible as the avenue and vestibule to another life." So Life, beautiful life, means Eternal life. Not only does Philosophy point to the Future for the solution of Life's problems, but all science is tending that way. Persistency of force says "Life forever," and evolution says "Life is an eternal progress!" It means upward forever!

Before man, brute was; after man, something higher must be. Limit the law and you have a primal and a final result, and hence have creative power. Thus you destroy all law and all science, and live in the midst of miracles. There can be neither Alpha nor Omec-

ga to the alphabet of nature. Science, materialistic, says every where, "Evolution." Science, spiritualistic, says, "Progression;" this meeting of these two, upon the same plane for the first time in history is the prophecy of a grand accelerated progress for man in the near future. For between them, all antagonism now shall cease. Science also tells me nothing is destroyed; developed matter even never loses its development. Energy can never be destroyed, and energy developed into memory, love, will, and the thousand faculties that make up the human, can never lose that development, and where these are, man must be, for these make him. The true deduction from these positions of science is, since life is one continuous line of existence, there is a link above man, and we call that link the angel. And thus it goes on forever. Says, Festus ;

—"On said God unto the soul
As to the earth 'Forever.' On it goes
A rejoicing nature of the infinite."

I would next present to you the testimony of the savage man. There is a universal belief in ghosts by the undeveloped man. This fact is strong evidence of the fact of ghosts. Whence come these ideas to him? All man's ideas are obtained from natural phenomena. Intuitively they may come to him, but if they do they take form and color from experience, and experience is born of natural phenomena. However great a man may be, he cannot create. He can only find what is. He finds, but does not originate thoughts. It took a divine Shakespeare to re-tell old tales to coming generations. How much greater than Shakespeare must he be, who would ob-

tain a thought that is not. Thoughts, like light are resultants of eternal energy, and as the constituents of the rose enable it to absorb all rays but the red ones, and reflect these, so do the constituents of the brain enable it to receive or reflect thought.

Invention is only the re-arranging of things that are. It takes a great development to invent a bow or spear. Can you conceive of the development it would take to create an idea of that which is not? What a development his was who created the idea of ghosts, if ghosts are not. "Truth is stranger than fiction," because truth ever sits as the model for fiction, and she is natural while fiction is artificial. Now savage tribes who universally have tales of ghosts, must have had some natural phenomenon from which to have obtained the idea. What can it be? Herbert Spencer thinks it originated from dreams, but it seems to me that to derive ghosts from dreams, would be a greater feat for the infantile savage brain than is any of our modern discoveries to the developed brains of to-day. There is no need of such a far-fetched hypothesis when a simpler one will answer better. Realizing that the child whether developed to manhood's physical like the savage, or in our arms, reflects in his thought his surroundings; that, "Children and fools tell the truth," because they do not know enough to lie, are not sufficiently developed intellectually to invent, can we not easily understand how ghosts have become realities to them, only by contact?

It seems to me that these tales, traditions, religious rites, and whatever relates to ghosts in savage climes, can have only one origin, an origin identical with that of the Christian's hope. Some one must have seen a re-

turning dead man. This natural phenomenon, occurring once to one man, may form the basis for all these to rest on, but if no dead had ever returned, then no tales had ever been invented concerning them.

The Feejee Islander, who buried his parents alive before they became decrepid, that they might have serviceable bodies in the spirit-world, could not have originated that idea. It must have been the result of seeing some one from that world in a perfect body, hence his conclusion that if buried old, they would be resurrected old. Said the old Indian chief at Fort Fetterman a few years ago, as he sat by the body of his son: "This is not my son; it is only the teepee in which he lived. He has gone to the happy hunting ground!" "A sublime faith," the world says, but I would say, a glorious knowledge taught him by denizens of that same happy ground. In some tribes not till by long fasting, alone in the wood, he has seen one of his ancestors, and from him taken his totem, does the boy become a brave, and the great change takes place in presence of that apparition. While I might doubt the tales of soothsayer, adept, prophet and magician, while I might find exception to the tale of priest and historian, I cannot doubt the tales of these intuitive children of nature, any more than I could the evidence of the artless child in court, or that of the young Pawnee brought before the Quaker Commission, of whom the old chief, his father said, when they were about to administer the oath: "He no lie; he never see pale face before!"

Next, let me present the little children to you. I have many tales of their seeing spirits and playing with unseen playmates, and have one in my own

household. I will narrate one told me by a lady in whose integrity I have perfect confidence. Her little daughter has an unseen playmate, Lily, with whom she plays as freely and enjoyably as though she was in the form, but she complains occasionally to her mother that Lily don't play fairly, for while she has to go round by the doors into the parlor, Lily goes through the wall. Had she never seen her go through a wall, could she have told the story?

While in Philadelphia not long ago, a gentleman told me that his little son, aged nine years, who had passed to spirit-life last Fall, told his mother one day during his sickness, that he would not live over three weeks. Of this he was warned by spirit friends, and he would probably go sooner. He passed away on the eighteenth day after. His little sister often sees him now, and on a recent occasion said; "George is here," and her face beamed with delight. Suddenly it changed to sadness, and she cried: "O, a man is taking him away!" Then she smiled and said, "He is coming back to bid us Good-by!" Use this as you may, I accept the evidence as conclusive that George was there, and if he lives, we all shall.

Then we have these incidents of the dying, to whom, visions of loved ones have been given. They are common and I need not narrate them. But here is one which so forcibly testifies for us that I must tell it. It was told me by a physician, who had it from a brother physician, whom it convinced of immortality. He was a Materialist. He had a little girl patient of about four years of age. She was sick unto death with small pox. Weak, so she

could scarcely raise her hand, she lay upon her couch and they were looking for her to go. Suddenly such a smile overspread her face," said the narrator "as I never saw before nor since. It seemed as if she had already realized Heaven. Then suddenly she raised herself in the bed with such a look of joyful recognition, stretched out her hands and cried 'Papa!' Since then I have never doubted she saw her father in spirit life." Blessed the ministry of such deaths.

The dying are often clairvoyant and I am not disposed to doubt the evidence of those so near the other life, that they see and converse with those already there; neither are our friends in the church so disposed to doubt, and many a tear has been dried by facts like this, when theology failed to do it. In Fort Dodge, Iowa, a Presbyterian minister in a funeral discourse told of a little boy who saw before he died, his cousin come in at the door and he conversed with him, and the minister said, "I believe he saw his cousin."

I have properly left till the last, the ordinary phenomena of Spiritualism as the positive evidence on the rational. and particularly on the physical plane.

Clairvoyance—clear seeing—has ever been one of the chief phenomena of Spiritualism, and to those who have not lost all faith in the truthfulness of human nature, its evidences should be conclusive of a life beyond. Seers have been developed in every age and nation, and modern Spiritualism owes to seership much of its remarkable progress, and a large proportion of its most valuable philosophy.

Instances of clairvoyant sight are not rare. We have the prophets of the Old Testament, and Jesus,

John, Paul, Peter, James and Stephen, all clairvoyants in the New. The record of the Seeress of Prevorst and the tales of nearly every fireside, substantiate the truth of clairvoyants in modern times. I will give two instances, and neither of the persons who saw the spirits were Spiritualists; and every Spiritualist can readily give authentic tales of similar import.

A lady in a town in Iowa where I lectured, after a long persuasion by her friends, joined the church, having previously declared she would not. When asked her reason, she replied that for three nights her mother's spirit came to her and urged her to do so, and though she would not accept Spiritualism, she was positive she saw her mother and talked with her, and it was evidently as real to her as the visit of her mortal friends. A gentleman in that same town who had been a hard drinker, and resisted all appeals for reformation, suddenly joined the Reform Club of that village, and told them that he had promised his mother's spirit not to drink any more and to join the club and the church. She came to him several nights and plead with him, and at last he did as she requested.

But any one familiar with the phenomena of Spiritualism knows that such scenes are common,—I speak as an expert; I have examined both sides and from thirteen years experience have a right to assert this;—these phenomena are paralleled and duplicated constantly in presence of our seers and mediums, and they are the surest proofs we have of spirit identity.

Claraudience—clear hearing—has been an accompaniment of clairvoyance, and the voice that came to Moses from between the Cherubim in the holy of

holies, to the priest at his oracle, to the Quaker as the "inner voice," to the medicine man in his dance, is a voice from out that spirit world that "lies around us like a cloud," and is like clairvoyance, convincing proof to those who possess these gifts, and also to those who have yet faith in the honesty of man.

Many are the messages brought to us by our psychics, who hear these voices and repeat them to us.

Lost in a wood one day while waiting for a train at a junction, and anxious lest I should wander about and miss it, and consequently my appointment, in the midst of my anxiety I heard a voice say: "This way, papa Henry!" It was the voice of a little spirit-girl, and three times she called to me, and led me out in time to reach the station for the train.

But still this fact remains, that it is the phenomena of mediumship that furnishes the evidence that will save the world from Materialism. Most of the above, valuable to the sensitive and the reasoner, is like water on a duck's back to the average man who must himself see, hear and feel before he will believe.

Thus to the great mass of humanity, evidence must come through manifestations. These have accumulated during the last thirty years, so that were society fully emancipated from those hereditary conditions and that prejudice, which prevent a complete use of the reasoning faculties, very few would question the fact of a future existence. The range of the evidence thus obtained, extends from a little rap to that of a full form materialization, and from the simple quickening of the intellect to that of complete entrancement. Appealing to every one of the five senses comes the evidence to prove that "angels are hov-

ering near;" and whoever will examine honestly will know that immortality is no dream. But those who think more of their own pet theory than they do of truth, and who, to keep that theory from harm, shut their eyes to every thing which will not sustain it, will still cry, "It is all a humbug and a delusion."

Witnesses, whose characters are unimpeachable, live by hundreds in every city and testify to their occurrence. They will tell you of undoubted communication through the entranced, through the hand of the medium by writing or by drawing, by the answering of sealed letters and the moving of ponderable bodies, through writing upon slate, by spirits with and without a pencil, upon paper in locked drawers; they will tell of conversing with friends seen at cabinet doors and windows, and in seances with many a medium. They will tell you of Foster, Slade, Conant, Andrews, Phillips, Mansfield, and many more mediums where these things are of daily occurrence, and by visiting mediums yourselves, each one may be able to say with Thomas, "I believe for I have seen the nail-print and spear-wound."

I can only refer you to our literature and recommend you to read the works of Professors Zoellner, Wallace, Crookes, Hare, and those of Sargeant, Peebles, Watson, Bowles; Faraday, and others, in which you will find sufficiently well attested phenomena to convince you, if you can be and are willing to be convinced, by the evidence of competent witnesses, that the so-called dead do live and communicate with us.

To the bereaved, lovingly seeking to know if their dead yet live, a single rap, unexplained by any

other hypothesis than that of spirit power, outweighs all the pompous theories of the M. D.'s, and a message, though spelled out by table-tipping, is worth all so-called revelation, and the voice of a loved one in the dark circle, or from the materialized form in the cabinet, is more valuable than all the consolations of the church; and in the presence of these manifestations, love recognizing love, flies from the cold negations of Materialism to the positive assertion: "We know, for we have seen, heard and felt our loved return from the grave."

And mediums, co-workers, this is your mission; to make rainbows in the tears of grief; to lay your hand upon the harp of life and still its cords of grief and sorrow: to restore wasted hopes to life; to reknit broken ties and to refill the vacant chair with the loved and supposed lost one. O! how glorious the picture, as these rainbows that sparkle in tears, illumine your sky! How sweet the music, these sobs changed to singing!

Nature everywhere supplies the needs of her children, and the demands of all classes are met in these manifestations. To many of us there are things that are puerile in the seance, and circles oftentimes disgust us. But even so is it in the varied companies of mortals in which we mingle. But these puerile manifestations are the needed food to many, and the circles I have left in disgust, have caused tears to flow from the eyes of others. I have learned this valuable lesson, to try and put myself in the places of others before I judge their needs, and I try to realize that each must be convinced upon his or her own plane and that there are wise spirit-bands who will thus meet each; and since manifestations are thus granted

we should each seek those that meet our wants, leaving others to do likewise; and not till all are philosophers can only deep philosophy be spoken through entranced lips. While this gradation of phenomena exists, all who honestly seek shall find. "Lo, at this table all are fed;" and whenever I am inclined to condemn, I ever remember the poor widow in the seance, whose son, Tommy had died but a little while before.

Tommy came and spelled his name by raps, and the over-joyed mother seized the table in her arms, and weeping over it tears of joy, went home happy. You may smile, but there were only tears in the circle. If I am inclined to smile at this manifestation of mother-love, I am stopped by the remembrance of a sainted mother, who clasped to her bosom the instrument, the looked for letter, that bore from the camp, march, battle or hospital, news of her boy in blue, and I see the beauty of the love that kissed the table which brought the message from the boy in the Summer-land.

Ah, how does love ever drive all cold negations away when once we have the proof of the return of the loved one. I have seen the hard man of business bow in tears as his wife returned and spoke to him words of comfort through some entranced medium, the judge sit with radiant face as he communed with his child at the cabinet; and whole audiences listen spell-bound, to the musical flow of words and the magnetic spell of the trance speaker. To each and all of these have evidences come that there is no death, and why question the method? The great point is to get this truth—"If a

man dies, he lives again,"—and any source whence it comes, is sacred. However humble the instrument, the message makes it for the time being, divine.

This is the message of modern Spiritualism, "Man, thou shalt never die,"

"For Death is but another name for change,
The weary shuffle off their mortal coil,
And think to slumber in eternal night.
But lo! the man though dead, is living still;
Unclothed, is clothed upon, and his mortality
Is swallowed up of Life."

And thus—

"Death with solving rite,
Pours finite into infinite.

It is the mission of Spiritualism through its phenomena and philosophy, to bear this message to those in the darkness of sorrow and the blindness of grief! To hear the cry of the hungry-hearted, and bring to each the answer needed! Glorious nineteenth century! wondrous in its achievements in science, arts and mechanics; wondrous in its diplomacy, that is saving bloodshed through arbitration among the nations; glorious in all that tends to the elevation of man. Among its gifts the first and best, is angel communion. It is the incomparable gem in the crown of evidences of a future life. Before its brightness bows the intellect of man. It is already illumining the halls of science and the study of philosophy. Already are the great, as measured by earth's standard, borrowing its radiance to brighten their path.

As it dispels the darkness of doubt the soul leaps to newer life, and with redoubled vigor, man pursues his aspirations upward, onward, sunward. Those, who, walking with bleeding hearts in the shadows

of a great bereavement, with the soul-fibres all keenly sensitive from the shock of separation, step out into the glorious radiance of this reflected light of heaven, find the intellect dumb, but love knows its own. Severed ties are reknit and broken hopes restored. The path to heaven glows with angel steps, and beckoning hands point to a higher and better life, and death is transformed into a second and a grander birth. Ah! now because of this gift of mediumship, we know beyond all doubt that there is reunion in that beautiful life beyond, and we can realize as a practical, daily, glorious fact that—

“All the boundless universe is life;
There are no dead!”

On the shores of hills immortal,
Just beyond Death's rushing river,
When we've passed the grave's dark portal,
We shall meet to sunder never.

Loved ones will come in garments white,
Waiting in heaven's refulgent light,
To welcome us where is no night,
And we no more shall sever.

They're watching from some heavenly hill,
Waiting till Life's mission we fulfil,
Then in our good Father's will,
Love binds us forever.

Ah! this we know! O Father, thanks,
That Thou hast heard our earnest prayer,
And taught us life is everywhere

And love and life e'ernal;
That when we drop these mortal frames,
Thou wilt give us angel names
And love in fields supernal.

Ay, this we know, for we have seen
Those fields beyond, in living green,
Through clouds by angels, rifted;
And oft they come in shining bands,
Dear spirit-friends from Summer lands,
And all our doubts are lifted.

No. 6.

OBSESSION,

OR

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

A PAPER, GIVEN IN THE INTEREST OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE
BY

PROFESSOR M. FARADAY.

Late Electrician and Chemist of the Royal Institution, London, Eng.

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The last great struggle between France and Germany, was incited by those who had perished in the wars fought in previous centuries, between those nations. Superstitious spirits are great obstacles to a correct understanding of the Spiritual Philosophy. Obsession among Christians and other religious devotees. Political obsession. The cause of delusions. The cure of obsession. The beginning and end of responsibility from a spiritual stand-point. How the involuntary action of the will of the spirit, affects the recipient of earth through the electrical force.

How the will-power of persons friendly to spiritual truth sometimes is made instrumental for trouble by spirit enemies of truth.

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STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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NO. 2.

Contrasts in Spirit Life;

AND

RECENT EXPERIENCES

OF

SAMUEL BOWLES,

Late Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican,

IN THE

First Five Spheres.

ALSO

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Garfield's Reception in the
Spirit World.

WRITTEN THROUGH THE HAND OF
CARRIE E. S. TWING,
WESTFIELD, N. Y.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
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PUBLISHED DECEMBER, 1881.—142 PAGES.

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I have touched upon the contrasts between good and bad people in professional and business life, and would willingly carry these contrasts into the humblest occupations of men, but I think you see my purpose, which is to show you that nature's laws have placed you as a resident of earth for a purpose. Those who have passed to spirit life see the great waste involved by a lack of proper education. Therefore it is our duty to help educate the earth people, and teach them the acts of life do live after death, that nothing is trivial, that every hour means something, either for your eternal happiness, or something to retard that happiness; and when a proper view of this fact is taken, it will show you that all time is worse than wasted that does not tend to purify, physically and spiritually. As weeds in your garden, in a short time, will far out-number its fruits, so you then, with the garden of the soul to care for, must see how much more rapid is the growth of evil than the growth of good.

I would have spiritualism enter into every thing, guiding the child at his play, the student in his work, and the statesman in his power, showing that all immortal souls are precious and capable of wondrous growth for good, or evil. While christians say of spiritualism, begone, they know not what a power they are attempting to cast aside. Neither do they know the help that would come to them by accepting the only real proof of immortality that life gives, save the records of sacred histories. But it is as idle for me to strive to open their hearts by little efforts of mine, as for a boy to expect to overthrow a mighty edifice by hurling pebbles at it. They must learn to let in the light as they have heretofore learned to discard the theory of infant damnation, or the doctrine of brimstone as an ingredient in orthodox hell fire.

After writing the other day of the experience of two physicians, on entrance to spirit life, my mind was most forcibly called back to it by witnessing a scene, where two motherly hearts were trying to direct the steps of one, who even in spirit life was a maniac. "If you take

me there and leave me alone, they will be running in and telling me over and over again that I murdered them," and screams rent the air after this poor unfortunate was persuaded to avail herself of one of the hospitals for sick souls. I listened to her story from one who was acquainted with her in earth life. She said, "No fairer girl ever lived than this poor sick soul at the age of sixteen. Surrounded by love, with all the advantages that wealth could give, she was the petted child of fashion. But the influences at her home were not ennobling. To look well, to dress well, to dance well, and to captivate the opposite sex, was the sum total of her existence. Yet even with these traits, there was much that was lovely in her nature, and had her mother seen the necessity of instilling pure thoughts and principles into her mind, she might have been saved.

American independence ought to place its children on too high an elevation, to have them fall down and worship foreign nobility. But such is not the case. To be honored by the notice of one of the class from whom our fathers fought to free themselves, appears to some people to be of great importance. The title of nobleman is thought to be of more value than the possession of a good character. Instead of shielding her daughter from such an acquaintance, this mother encouraged it, and at the age of eighteen, her daughter's virtue had been laid on the shrine of a false nobility. For this man was neither titled nor wealthy, and after borrowing all the money he could of the girl's father, while "waiting for funds," he disappeared. The downcast face of the daughter soon told its story, and the family physician was called in, and under strict promise of secrecy, a little life was sent on its mission to eternity. The daughter recovered; no one, save those interested, knew of this secret sin. Her heart soon healed of the old wound, and within a year she gave her hand in marriage to one in the same fashionable set as herself. She was young and gay, and could not give her time to motherhood, and so one after another, the mother sacrificed her unborn babes.

At last surfeited with fashionable life, she made up her mind it would be really nice to have a child to brighten up the house, and determined to allow nature to take its course. But nature always avenges her own wrongs. With all the care that could be used, she could not go beyond the month in which she had been accustomed to send her children to spirit life. This woman, in some degree, found out her mistake while in earth life, for when her lonely heart cried out

for companionship, the answer to herself was, "I do not deserve the blessing of children, I have given the best of my life to fashion. I have outraged my better nature, and now I am trying to give this poor remnant of a wasted life to bring forth that which all these years I have hindered." So intense was her thought on this subject in the weary days of sickness, that her brain became diseased, and she left earth and entered spirit life a maniac. The subtle chord ever existing between mother and child, tells her constantly which are her children, and their coldness and avoidance of her, is indeed hell to her. She moans for her lost girlhood, prays that the blight may not always be upon her children, but as yet no comforting interchange between mother and children has taken place. The children, so dwarfed to what they might have been, require the wisest care from the best of teachers. Sullen and suspicious in their natures, they are indeed a fitting tribute to lay on fashion's altar."

"How long before a better state of things will come," I ask? "So long," said she, "that children will be born in earth life, grow old, and come over here and find these poor waifs but little farther progressed than now. Though everything will be done for all parties that is possible, yet it takes a long time for the muddy fountain of an immortal soul to become pure."

I pondered long, whether this was a fitting subject to put before you there, or whether it would be rightly understood, but at last made up my mind that whether understood or not, I would do my duty; and if I can by this paper, stay the hand of one abortionist, (and I have in my mind one in your city whose hands are red with the blood from slaughtered innocents,) or cause one woman to stop in her career of wickedness, I would willingly face all possible objections, by saying I have only done my duty. Women who read this, search your past and see what will face you in eternity, and if you do not feel like taking all the responsibilities of married life, do not enter that relation; for as sure as continued existence is a fact, your sin shall find you out. Neither does the mother who allows these wrongs and becomes a partner to them, suffer alone. The husband, engrossed in business and gayety, may not stop to think *there*, but will be made to think *here*. The reproach to him is quite as great, for though his hand has not done the deed, he has paid the abortionist to do it, and therefore, becomes a party to the crime of murdering his own children. His manhood is debased, his self-respect gone. It is a severe punishment to go

for a long period through spirit life, with head bowed down, hardly daring to lift it because he expects reproachful looks. We need no gossiping women to tell tales here, for if we stop to read, each soul has more or less of a history stamped in indelible letters on his face, and spirit life shows us to each other as we are. But if the mother and father suffer in this way, words will fail to picture the sufferings of a person who has builded costly mansions, purchased fine horses, and every day been envied by his apparently less fortunate brethren. As I before remarked, my mind turns to one in your city, who, though it may not be generally known, owes most of his monetary success to the taking of human life. He does not now consider it a sin, and as he thinks, will give wise ideas as to when there is life in the foetus, and smiles pityingly on ignorance that thinks abortion may be wrong at any period. He is enjoying what wealth has come to him at the cost of life. He is respected, and now calls a class of patients from among the wealthy; therefore, is willing to drop the lower classes on whom he first tried his experiments. But if I could to-day draw a pen picture of him as he is, then another of what he will be in spirit life, it would make the stoutest heart quail. For in spirit life there can be no wealth, save that which comes from an honest life. When once the man is stripped of all adornings, he will stand out as he is, wicked, blood stained; one more wicked than the traditional Herod, because then mothers wept. But in murders of this kind the mother is a party, and money, not power is wanted. Think of children fleeing as from a pestilence at his approach, for here children are not told untruths, and turned off with careless answers. They are told the truth and know their friends will not lead them wrong. I can see nought but darkness for a long time for such a life. I would help many if I could, but law is immutable, and must be obeyed. Men and women who have made this dangerous and unlawful practice a part of your life, I am writing to you, and I ask you to study carefully this chapter. Disbelieve it if you will, say all you can against it, but remember you will wake up in eternity to find it a dread reality.*

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1881.

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