

ANGELS' VISITS

TO MY FARM IN FLORIDA

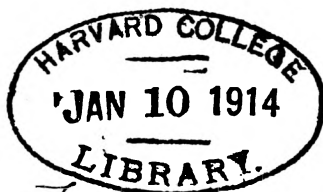
BY
GOLDEN LIGHT

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

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To the

REV. JOHN WESLEY BROWN, D.D.,

*Rector of St. Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church,
New York City.*

I take the liberty of dedicating this little book to you in fragrant memory of the many happy days we spent together under the old home roof near the little Trappe Church in Harford, Maryland, before the war.

I do not ask you to endorse all the sentiments and lessons set forth, but to accept the book as a token of love which has not diminished toward you since the day we parted, so long ago. I am sure you will remember how, in youthful confidence and spiritual ardour, we used to open our hearts to one another, and how, with those who are now exalted among the blest in heaven, we used to sing—

*" Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound."*

GOLDEN LIGHT.

Florida, November 22d, 1891.

ANGELS' VISITS.

CHAPTER I.

A TRIFLE PERSONAL.

I AM not a farmer by the law of heredity. My father was a very capable mechanic, and taught me his trade before I was fifteen years old.

Old-fashioned was father.

He used to say that every boy should be taught a useful trade, so that when the inevitable emergency came along he could turn to with vigor and make his way cheerfully.

How often during the past twenty years have I had occasion to remember father's words, and not without gratitude for his wise forethought !

For, here, on my farm in Florida, I must not confine myself to the ordinary hold or drive work of the farm, but always there is occasion for the application of the mechanic's skill as well as the philosopher's wisdom.

Farm life in Florida is the ideal life. In the great productive West,—to which *El Dorado* the illustrious

farmer, journalist, and statesman, Horace Greeley, used to point the way in this characteristic manner : "Go West, young man ; go West,"—there are immense fields of wheat and corn, annually yielding their golden bounty in the mere routine of plowing, sowing, and reaping.

I have heard them called "the harvest fields of the world," and several other comprehensive and poetical abbreviations, and what an enviable, glorious personage is he, who with skill, labor and patience, not to speak of wisdom, guides the subtle powers which slumber in the earth to such beneficent achievements ! But is he a farmer, and are those vast plains of waving corn farms ?

In a sense—yes.

According to "Gunter"—yes.

Judged by the activity of the grain market—yes. And so forth.

But from a Florida point of view—doubtful at least. I say "doubtful" timidly, but deep down in the profound depth of my agricultural consciousness with a Florida bias—by no means. No !

This is not envy on my part.

If I might indulge myself, I could easily demonstrate my point and clearly show, that, while any ordinary, not to say raw, foreigner, just landed on our shores, can plunge headlong, and in any language, successfully into such farming, it takes an accom-

plished coparcener of nature—a polyglot and polygonal man, so to speak, to seduce from the richer, and more subtle, raw acres of Florida soil the corresponding and seasonable harvests.

Farming in Florida *is* farming.

I intend no joke.

I mean to say that, given knowledge, skill, devotion, patience, well seasoned with the cardamom of common sense; and given likewise a flat-woods farm in Florida, the divine pleasure of farming is realized,—the original meaning of the original commission, given to the original human being, as he stood gazing upon the original farm in the sunshine of the first morning, is understood as it never was in the worn-out glebes of England, and as it never can be in the one-crop blizzard-blasted plains of the West!

“And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it.”

Alas! if the record be true, he, the man, did not keep it long,—I guess he went West. But Paradise is rapidly being restored, and now all inspired signboards read: “Go South, young man; go to Florida.”

CHAPTER II.

LOCATION.

THERE is much in location.

One grows into surroundings—and the place and the man come to complement each other. Where the coveted Alpine flower grows would be a poor place for the cultivation of strawberries or of pine-apples, or of suppadillos.

Hills and high lands for homes and observation ; but flat lands, low lands well drained, for gardens and fields.

For the past quarter century, in Florida, the rage has been, under the fostering care of land agents, for “high, rolling, pine lands.” Every advertising circular describes such lands for homes, orange groves, farms, etc., and the language of puff has long been exhausted.

Thousands of earnest toilers have been swamped, so to speak, in the “high, rolling, pine lands,” and, if there are any surviving settlers within one hundred miles of where I am writing, they are looking with wistful eyes towards the long despised bottoms, or “flat-woods,” lands, just now proving their value and productiveness. In passing through this (South

Florida) country, before it was discovered by "boomers," I was greatly impressed with the fact, that every settlement, every old settler, every "cracker" farmer, and every cattle ranger, lived on some gentle plateau in the flat lands. Settlements were few, and far apart, but when found, they would invariably be found on comparatively low lands, and the growing corn, sugar cane, orange trees, potatoes, peas, and rice would testify to productiveness under the prevailing system of "cowpenning."

Every wild orange grove in Florida will be found in the low, flat lands—and not on the "rolling, high, pine lands." It is quite safe to drive your stake firmly down on any abandoned "patch," once the temporary home of a "cow-boy," or a "cracker" farmer.

They knew good land, and never made a mistake in location.

I can now see from my window just such a "patch." When I saw it for the first time it was surrounded by very low, flat lands, which, during the rainy season, were much flooded. At times, over portions of it, one could easily paddle his canoe.

But a system of drainage has made it available for planting all the year round, and for miles, in every direction, there is no dearth of available land for homes, farms, and gardens. The soil is sandy loam underlaid with clay—the best of soil.

This clay is within five inches, twenty inches, two

feet, eight feet, ten feet, as the case may be, of the warm surface, but there it is, and it forms the basis of successful farming—holding moisture, oxygen gas, retaining fertilizers, and contributing constantly back-bone to the genial surface under cultivation.

Nature's secret springs of action are here in harmonious abundance ; and the sunshine, the rains, the dews, and the human co-operation complete the picture.

The question of drainage is simple enough. The frequent and abundant lakes are almost invariably lower than the flat lands, and drains cut towards and into them, sufficiently drain, even during the rainy season, as a rule.

But an occasional flooding out does no harm, for here we can so rotate and regulate crops, as to be able to lose one or two in a season occasionally.

CHAPTER III.

REMINISCENT.

I HAVE no very special object in view in writing this book—no grudges to pay off, no enemies to punish, no speculation to boom, no pet theories to ventilate.

I am getting along in years and am an old Floridian, a genuine "carpet-bagger" from "way-back," for a generation has passed on and out since I planted my staff in this goodly heritage.

If I am a little garrulous, I hope my manifest sincerity will find charity and patience with my kind reader; and if I become prosy here and there, it will not be difficult for you to put yourself in my place, and so condone the offence in accordance with the sweet spirit of the golden rule.

Out of the quiet orderly life of nature, I fancy myself speaking to the rushing, pushing, energetic, rapid-transit man of affairs, in the pulsing heart of highest civilization; and if I halt in my speech or lose my breath occasionally, I am sure of gentle treatment, for the burden of my speech will bear very close resemblance to the vanished picture of your dreams,

may be, and—who knows?—perhaps the voice may sometimes sound familiar!

I was going on to say that I came into this land many years ago, in easy stages, from the frigid, rigid North, mainly in search of health and balmy breezes.

I have found what I have sought—and several incidentals besides.

I have taken active interest in all current matters from the beginning. I have even dabbled a little in politics, as every good citizen should, and have firmly held to my convictions—prejudices too, perhaps—expressing them in all convenient, and sometimes inconvenient occasions and places. In a word, I have, in a sense, forced myself into Florida conditions physically, morally, and politically.

Inheriting a positive nature and a few convictions, with a decided tendency to see the hopeful side of things, I have had a sufficiently varied experience, and have walked through several haunted paths.

If you will pardon me, I will say that I have personally known every prominent public character, of all shades of ambition and opinion and skin, who has appeared upon the surface of affairs in this State during the eventful years of the past generation. This knowledge fills me with conflicting emotions as I look back.

A few persons who were active and potent in public matters when I planted myself here, still live, and are still active and progressive.

The majority answer here no more when the long roll is called.

It is a sadly interesting review that forces itself upon me at this moment, and I will not yield to the temptation to second the thoughts that naturally arise. Only this I must say: justice and humanity, in the long run, gain upon selfishness and the evil purpose. Beneath the surface of things throbs the great law of rightwardness, and, day and night, in all seasons and under all outward seeming, pulses on, and on, and on.

The evil doer, the schemer for temporary advantage for self or party, the dishonest, and the bitter pessimist, whether working with intelligent intent or in blind servitude—all come to grief in the conquering time. At bottom, the law of Right prevails, and, soon or late, will announce itself in all languages, and to all ears, and along all lines (having the right of way) on top.

Five and twenty years' retrospect must include many alternations in human affairs, and here, in Florida, no less than in the older settled States of this Union.

Doubtless you have heard of "carpet bag rule" in terms of bitterness and reproach, of derision and emphatic denunciation. Speaking for Florida, and without going into particulars, I will say that it was not in all respects a perfect and desirable "rule," nor was it in any respect wholly bad.

No man living or dead, can, with justice, contradict

what I here say :—that the great, the mighty impulse on whose widening and abounding wave we are all coming into fine havens of material and intellectual prosperity to-day, was created and first fostered and recognized by the “Carpet-baggers,” so called, in Florida.

Those who went down in the struggle of material and political reconstruction, earnestly contending for the faith that was in them, do not, in the mind of justice, sleep in unhonored graves,—while those who still live are found in the front rank of honorable, responsible, progressive, and prosperous citizen.. The sons of the “Veterans,” hold the Forts both of principles and possessions so hardly established and vicariously vindicated by their fathers.

The New South is planted in the just purposes and heroic endurance, and unfolds out of the glorious prophecies, of these worthy pioneers of the new age.

And as the years tell their tale, it will appear as part of the brightness of every day, that the “carpet-bag” era and those who responsibly possessed it in Florida, was an era of parturition, and the best things of to-day, of to-morrow, and of many to-morrows, are but the legitimate offsprings thereof. Mark you, I do not speak as a partisan, nor for purposes of controversy.

I state, in the quiet shade, after stormy years of experience and observation, with sufficient participation in events to give impartial character to my testi-

mony, the plain and unquestionable truth in deduction, and in simple justice to the dead and to the living of all shades of complexion and opinion.

As I am not writing a political history, nor setting up a vindication of any particular course of public procedure, nor entering up final judgment on any class of offenders in the struggle which ends in progress,—nothing I have said can rip open old sores, nor call up “Banquo’s ghost,” before you, or you, or you, good sir, no matter whether you agree with me or not.

At any rate you cannot refuse to me the satisfaction, as I look back over all the eventful years since the alarms of war ceased among us, and we were baptized into the new spirit of nationality with very vague intuitions of salvation somehow, of bowing head uncovered, in respectful memory, to the brave and true men and women who, from the chaos and incongruities of the dark days of reconstruction, evolved and projected forth the marvellous achievements and possibilities that so beautify and commend our State of Florida to-day.

Let us imitate the immortal brothers Cheeryble who, when they were about to engage in a particularly enjoyable affair, said :

“For these and all other blessings, brother Charles,” said Ned.

“Lord make us truly thankful, brother Ned,” said Charles.

CHAPTER IV.

SOWING THE SEED.

OUR staples hereabouts are sugar cane, rice, and hay, yet I suppose I may class myself as a truck-farmer—one who attends to the cultivation of vegetables for the early northern markets.

The truck-farmer of our country must be reckoned among the most industrious, wide-awake, and intelligent cultivators of the soil. Theirs is the most difficult and, sometimes, the most precarious task. They are most liberal in the treatment of mother earth, and, in the nature of things, come to understand the deepest secrets of nature. Their constant study is to improve in all directions, and the fascinations of their daily occupations are subtle and unspeakable.

To produce for observation and public approval, a new succulent, a fresh type, a richer expression of garden triumph, is the ambition of every enthusiastic trucker from Long Island to Key Biscayne, and the joy of discovery and successful rivalry are matters of universal participation.

Florida is unequalled for right conditions both of

soil and climate ; and in the coming years the experiments and triumphs of our intelligent farmers, in close confidence with most generous nature, will be the lily work on the top of the pillars of husbandry, for the delight and admiration of the world.

It is now the first week in October, and we have just made our first seed-bed for the season, the seed being cabbage.

If you are a practical gardener you may pass this chapter by, but if you have just settled in Florida, or contemplate doing so soon and are looking about you, prospecting for a place to alight on, just read on, please.

The most important part of the farm, to the trucker, must be the seed-bed.

Mine is just one acre square, and a nice job we have had in bringing it into condition.

It is a sandy loam with clay not far beneath, a little rolling toward the south, and handy to running water.

The chief gardener has taken great pains in plowing, harrowing, re-plowing and re-harrowing this precious bit of mother land. Every rootlet has been taken out. Every lump has been pulverized, the hand doing the finishing touch. Every inch has been vitalized with proper fertilizer, thoroughly distributed, and the long beds, reaching clear across from side to side, running north and south 209 feet or thereabouts,

have been firmed down and raked over with care and perfect skill.

The fertilizer has been distributed with intelligent regard to the natural condition of each portion of the field, taking into the account also the last production. The satisfaction of the farmer, as he leans a moment on his rake, glancing up and down the long partitions, is something contagious. He smiles and nods to each beautiful subdivision as though in reciprocal recognition, and caresses in his thought each bountiful mother-to-be. He does not begrudge the time and labor spent in bringing into responsive readiness this choice field.

Time is very important in this particular work. I mean that one should begin in time and not trust the seed to the germinating bed too soon, nor until you are sure that the fertilizing elements are thoroughly incorporated.

A cold seed-bed is unproductive, and nothing will reach perfect maturity in time from it.

One too hot with fresh fertilizing matter is quite destructive, so that the happy mean, the perfect condition, must be sought, labored for, waited for, and must be found ; and the genuine farmer will not grow impatient, lose courage or temper, while, under his gentle manipulations, the fruitful condition is approaching. Well, we are ready, and to-day, farmer Dan is whistling consolingly to himself and encourag-

ingly to the earth as he pushes the seed planter before him, depositing the seed, covering and rolling in, as he goes.

This is the era of reciprocity, and I felt that our chief statesmen might learn a lesson from farmer Dan and the beautiful seed-bed, as they so cordially complimented each other.

Mazzini used to say that co-operation is the method of the future.

This is the future.

There is always a question about seed, and the desiderata are :—true to name, vitality, and freshness.

Here, sometimes, the very best farmer is caught, for your true farmer is easily victimized along this line, and a much lauded seed will haunt him nights until he learns wisdom by experience.

“ I misdoubt this seed, sir,” said farmer Dan as he reached the end of the drill where I stood.

“ For what reason ? ” I asked.

“ Well, sir, it feels light, and looks oldish, and is not well graded, I doubt.”

My head farmer is a Scotchman, and has a keen eye for signs for and against, besides being enthusiastic in his profession. I suggested that he increase the quantity in the drill as an easement of his fear.

The drills are beautifully finished.

They are over 200 feet in length, 18 inches apart, straight and clean.

How many crops have failed, not for lack of right conditions in the soil, nor because of skimp labor, nor for want of proper fertilizer, but because the seed was poor.

Thousands of dollars are lost every season through the dishonesty of seed vendors, who, sometimes with high reputation, palm upon the too confiding farmer, their old stock.

The seedsman is a most trusted fellow-citizen, and when the millennium of labor and civilization comes, he will deserve to be.

But as yet, quite a few play sad tricks, for it is easy to say that the seed was all right but the man and the land were all wrong.

Moral : get your seed from the most trustworthy seedsmen, men who cannot afford to lose their good name, and whose business is such, both in extent and character, as to inspire with confidence and courage.

Be shy of "novelties" with flaming descriptions and burning prices.

Don't be carried away by some unprecedented result obtained in some mythical paradise of luck, and spend your scarce dollars for something too new to be known.

Go slowly along here.

With you it means a year's labor lost, an increase of debt, a bitter prospect, and an incurable grievance,

Stick to well-known and well-proved varieties for your chief dependence, and deal lightly—very—with the “futures” of the seed chevaliers.

My neighbor Jencks could a tale unfold here-anent, if he would, for it was only last year that he was “sold” in a new and glorious tomato, which was to increase his product at least three-fold, and his bank account by many figures. It proved to be an old and discarded acquaintance brought round again with a fine flourish of words and promises under a new name.

I do not blame Jencks, for he is one of your generous, progressive fellows who is always keenly alive to every real improvement, and who uses on his little plantation the most approved labor-saving tools.

It is your warm, generous, go-ahead fellows who are oftenest taken in by the sharpers of the trade.

“There ye are,” shouted farmer Dan, as he looked back over the finished beds. “Now do yer duty, an’ it plaze ye, and God bless ye for luck.”

I thought I heard a warn “amen” arise from the congregation of seed-beds—but I suppose it was all in my fancy.

CHAPTER V.

SIXTH NOVEMBER.

AN important day this, and one to be remembered by no less a personage than the President of the United States, for on this day in the year of political strife, 1888, Benjamin Harrison was elected to that high position.

Some one has made the odious comparison of a President's induction into office, and his retirement therefrom.

It is a cruel thing to do, because few men can bear the ordeal.

It is an unjust thing to do, because time is all important in estimating character, and the effect of actions and administration.

Hasty conclusions are apt to be overturned by time, and we have had few Presidents of whom it may not be said—"well done."

Of our present President it must be said at this juncture, his term being but half served, that he wisely hides his personality behind very broad, deep, and brilliant acts of statesmanship—giving honor, and

fame to an impersonal administration, and shedding glory upon the American age. All nations beyond seas, and all citizens within our State borders, are feeling mighty pulsations and the national spirit as never before. A sense of progress, safety and security, like an all-pervading atmosphere, is omnipresent and inspiring. Ozone is dominant in the political atmosphere.

Peace is emphasized. Progress is on the stretch and bound—the home-stretch so to speak. We are facing about toward each other from all extremes, and somehow there is a hallowing light on every countenance—a sign of deeper fellowship, and true brotherhood.

Reciprocity is the new word for the old evangelism of humanity, and the distant zones respond.

I see it stated that Mr. Harrison, who must have something to do with all this, is not possibly visible, because he is hidden beneath his “grandfather’s hat !” Good, say I.

Perhaps also he is covered with his grandfather’s mantle ! and perhaps he is inspired with the invincible, loyal, progressive American spirit of all our grandfathers !

It is doubtless so.

Well, five weeks ago we sowed cabbage seed, and to-day we begin to set out the plants.

On time, you see.

The interval has been busy, you may believe, for the land must be prepared, if we would realize the bounty of harvest.

I am an advocate of deep plowing and intensive farming.

Shallow plowing is the rule hereabouts, because, for the most part, the soil is light, sandy and dry.

But it so happens that ours is not so, but is stiff, with a strong clay sub-soil. So we plowed once as deeply as we could, then went over it with the cutaway harrow, then after a few days cross-plowed, going a little deeper.

Upon this preparation we scattered the fertilizer :— first, crushed cotton seed, then bone meal and potash at the rate of 1,000 pounds and 200 pounds per. acre respectively.

This we harrowed in thoroughly with the cutaway and smoothed it down nicely with a Meeker harrow. It would rejoice your rustic heart to see the field after this treatment, level, smooth, soft, warm, expectant, and throbbing with life.

And what a subtle fragrance ! Nothing gratifies your true farmer like a well prepared field, unless it be taking from it the abundant harvest.

Well, the one precedes, and is answerable for the other. I wish I could remember my dear old friend Sidney Lanier's poem on Jones of Georgia, who made the discovery, after much travail and failure and

hopping about like a dissatisfied, predatory grass-hopper, that

“There is more in the man than there is in the land.”

Don't fail to read it should it ever fall under your eye.

Sidney was a favorite child of nature, and in all his moods lay close to her great heart and drew thence his almost matchless inspiration. “There is more in man,” who properly considers, appreciates, prepares, and cultivates his land than in the land *per se*; and the lesson is, that if you want your land to break forth in seasonable benedictions, you must give it seasonable co-operation, attention, and help. Just so. You must come into close, confidential relations with your land.

What a luxury it is to work in prime, responsive soil !

And what a delight it is to see and feel the mellow earth, enriched by your care and labor, yielding up its thank-offerings year by year !

A man will grow to his land, until it will seem to him that a new and heartier welcome is breathed and exhaled out toward him every time he approaches it, and the growing harvest to be, speaks, in sweetest tones, of fellowship and genial relationship to his ready ear and responsive heart.

Some farmers I have known first abuse and beat

their land, and then set out to starve it into productiveness.

I dare say you have noticed it yourself, as you have considered the strange ways of men.

Well, the dogs came and licked the beggar's sores as he lay, helpless and friendless and neglected, at the rich man's gate ; and so come the weeds and sedge and vermin covering all the neglected and starved land, out of a pitiful fellow-feeling, perhaps.

I have in my mind's eye at this moment, a certain field owned by farmer Noshucks, and every time I pass by, it seems to look ashamed and disgraced as though *it* were responsible for its forlorn and base appearance.

You can't blame the land.

The man is unworthy of it, and is always mad when he plows it ; abusing it as worthless when it is simply the victim of his stinginess.

Every year Noshucks plants it to corn (without one ounce of fertilizer), and every year the nubbins grow fewer and fewer and wretchedly less.

Last year he didn't have corn enough to breed a worm.

I pity that land, for it would prove its worth if there was more in the man.

Like priest like people,
Like man like land.

There is a spirit in nature that responds sympa-

thetically to the caresses and approach of man, and every true farmer who is on good, familiar terms with his land, and doesn't let it out to mere croppers, is conscious of a sense and relationship other than that of mere ownership.

There is a conscious relationship—a deep, subtle, spiritual affiliation, too real for words.

In this, most of all, lies the pleasure, and the profit too, of farming, especially here in Florida.

My idea is not new, for here are some words of Goethe, conveying in ampler sweep, the same :—

“With every green tree whose rich leafage surrounds us, with every shrub on the roadside where we walk, with every grass that bends to the breeze in the field through which we pass, we have a natural relationship—they are our true compatriots.

“The birds that hop from twig to twig in our gardens, that sing in our bowers, are part of ourselves ; they speak to us from our earliest years, and we learn to understand their language.”

Farmer Dan has just called to say that, on account of the prevailing drought, we must needs use water in setting out the tender plants.

“It's no in reason,” continues farmer Dan, “that thae plants should take ony parteclar an' growsome likin' till the sile (tho' mun but she's in foine fettle), 'thout a wee drap to sustain thae faybers (fibers) in the transection.”

Quite right, farmer Dan, for as the new-born child turns to its mother's bosom for nourishment and does not fail to find the life-giving drop, so these tender plantlets must not find mother Nature's breast dry and moistureless when transplanted—born again—to her.

So the lads were called, and as each planter made the opening in the warm earth in which to set the plant, a cup of water was poured into it, simultaneously with the setting of the plant.

It was deftly done, and each plant lived of the entire 4,000 set out during the day.

“It's a gude start,” said farmer Dan, as we walked homeward through the fields.

CHAPTER VII.

NOSHUCKS.

I HAVE already mentioned one of my fellow-craft—farmer Noshucks.

He is what farmer Dan calls a “Ne’er-do-well.”

He was not born a farmer, as you would at once surmise, should you see him tramping over his unfortunate fields. To whatever trade he was born, it seems evident that he quarrelled with it soon after. I have nothing to do with that, and for fear that I might do him or his ancestry injustice, I will confine my reflections strictly to his sad, shiftless, aimless, and profitless method of farming.

One thing I must say—he is not a “cracker.” Neither is he a “cow-boy,” nor a “cattle king,” nor even an “orange grower.” He is a sort of squatter, in the inoffensive sense, and has settled on the land in a sort of blighting way.

To do him justice, I must not make the impression on your mind that he is quite ignorant, uneducated, and vagrant. He is a busy old fellow. In his farming operations, he is constantly guilty of being too early or too late, and holds to the pernicious

doctrine that, as God made the land, He put everything (except, perhaps, seed,) into it that should be there, and hence to bother with fertilizing compounds is to "go agin natur."

As a consequence, alas ! poor old Noshucks is land-poor, and his land is man-poor. They are ill-mated. He confines his regular farming to raising corn, but, as I have already shown, his achievements in this direction are noteworthy only on account of their barrenness—as to corn. Some years he attempted beans, but he was unfortunate in that he planted late in November ; and as we had a smart frost in January, just as his few beans were maturing, one morning he beheld such desolation as only frost or fire can inflict. Not a bean-stalk remained—and his loss was total. Being quick of temper, he lavished several encomiums on the climate and gave his poor bean patch, that was, "particular fits," as a sympathetic neighbor, who had strolled in to condole with him, described it.

The next year, I remember, he set out to compass success, and planted his beans late in March, the danger from frost being past ; but, alas ! when his beans were ready to gather, some six crates, I believe, the market was glutted from all points of the compass, and his commission-merchant sent him a bill for \$1.50 expenses.

The bill was not collected.

These are little matters to you, Madam, no doubt, yet do they suggest a very important factor or principle in our line of life—namely, seasonableness.

There is a time.

The good book tells us that in plain words,—a time to do this, that, and the other, and so Florida climate and Noshucks' land tell us that there is a time to plant beans so as to avoid the frost and take the market—or *vice versa*.

When your husband fails in business, and his latest speculation bursts asunder leaving him more than bankrupt, and you sell off the *bric-à-brac* to raise the wherewith to bring you to Florida, and, like Noshucks, you descend upon a coveted bit of land whereon to dwell and sit "under your own vine and fig tree," etc., etc., in the bright perspective, so to speak, and, in the quiet meantime you find it necessary to raise beans—you will thank me for holding up before your contemplation the sad mistake of farmer Noshucks—Mr. Jonah Noshucks, late of the hill region of Montana.

What, then, do you ask?

Shall we give up beans?

Noshucks would say that the best way to raise beans is to let them alone; but I do not agree with him.

There *is* a time, and if you will honor me with your company to the end of my gossip about my farm, I think I can promise you a mess, fresh, crisp, tender and meaty for our mutual repast, and an abundant

supply for the distant markets at remunerative prices—and—seasonable.

Has farmer Noshucks then given up, abandoned the free, the healthy, the independent life of the farmer?

By no means. On the contrary he is following the example of statesmen, philosophers, politicians, governors, and candidates for the presidency, more than ever a horny-handed, etc.,—a farmer of farmers, so to speak.

He has joined the Alliance, and has applied—in his zeal for the good of the order—for the arduous laborious thankless, responsible, yet honorable position of Lecturer at large !

Should you ever have the pleasure of listening to farmer Noshuck, his eloquent vindication of Nature's bountifulness, his insinuating and convincing defense of the claims of the oppressed, yet responsible constituents of our nation, the bread-winners of the human race, the oft-fleeced, long-suffering tillers of the soil—the downtrodden farmers “one of whom he owns himself with pride to be,”—you need not for a moment suppose that his knowledge of farming, and his success thereat, did not amount to—beans.

CHAPTER VII.

A BIT OF SUNDAY.

THIS is the 16th of November—and all's well. Planting has gone forward nicely, especially cabbage ; rains have fallen betimes, and the air is full of ozone, balm of gilead, elixir of life itself, and what you will.

Nights, cool and bracing, the gentle breezes from the Gulf yonder seasoning nature's breath and conducting to sweetness of disposition and refreshing sleep.

Sunday on my farm is not what many would call a strictly religious day. There is work to be done—such as looking after the stock, some necessary tinkering sometimes, and always a quiet stroll over the new made fields, making close acquaintance with growing crops. Also, I may as well confess it, most of our plans for continued work are laid and discussed on Sunday.

If one is inclined to sociability, neighbors will drop in, dressed in store clothing (it used to be homespun), and there is no dearth of pleasant gossip, often serious talk, and always cordial greetings.

Farmers, as a rule, especially Florida farmers, are

like their fields, good in spots. Every man has his *faç*, his hobby, his weakness, his faults if you will. But I have noticed through a somewhat observant life, that daily contact with nature, rather apart from the human side of it, fosters a brave and generous disposition within limits, creates an indefinable religiousness, and strengthens moral qualities.

There is an imperceptible education, and as age comes on with its wrinkles and its fatigues, I notice that the faithful farmer ripens and mellows with much of the grace and beauty of his recurring crops. If his life has been uneventful, it has been useful. If it has been monotonous, it has been a steady growth, free from the baleful evils and influences of the higher civilization. To a stalwart physical frame the result of regular habits and hand-in-hand companionship with nature, there is joined a buoyant, hopeful spirit, whose eyes roam, perhaps with no definite purpose, over fairer fields stretching far away into the eternities.

The farmer's life, I mean your genuine farmer, passes amid and close by, the mightiest influences—I might say, divine—immanent in nature, and their subtle powers affect him without knowledge on his part, and you would not suspect any great moral force in his character, any emergency power, any quick, staunch devotion to human interests suddenly put in jeopardy until the occasion should arise—and then your eyes would be opened, and your knowledge

would be increased. This would be a proper place to introduce brilliant illustrations from history—the history of any age or race—presenting the farmer class in the bright radiance of great and noble deeds in behalf of dearest interests.

But then every one is familiar with the fact, and as I am only writing a somewhat gossipy record of the doings on my farm, I may well be excused from the more pretentious talk of the philosopher, the poet, or the preacher.

Besides, you see, I am a farmer myself, and I must have a care lest I appear to be blowing the family horn. But I have not said what was in my thought to say when I set out to moralize on this bright Sunday. I mean to emphasize the fact that it is more a day of rest on the farm than a day of religious activity. The horses know the day, and the oxen, and the birds that mount on graceful wings.

All these good folk relieve the day with their gambols, their observations, and their twitterings.

The barn-yard is a circus and an opera combined, while the studious meditative mule wags his mighty ears back and forth, as I have seen Theodore Thomas wield his *baton* in front of his great orchestra.

I am not opposed to churches, meetings, conventicles, and the like. I love to hear the sabbath bell with its living cadence, calling to higher and holier things. I am partial to the stately music of the church, led

by the deep-toned, many-tongued organ, fingered by some human master in whom dwells the very spirit of harmony.

I can keep awake during an ordinary sermon if the preacher speaks from his heart, and speaks truth for daily use instead of the stately but frozen language of current speculations. But, after all, the religion of the farm is different from that of refined society.

There are no spasms of better purpose to covet or create as in your higher walks of life. Conscience hasn't been on a doubtful journey during the week, and the powers of the mind have not been strained and exhausted in pursuit of questionable things, and the honest heart has not gone a-hankering after forbidden pleasures.—Nothing of the sort.

Vexing questions concerning the future state, divine decrees, eternal hope, destiny of races and all that, have not disturbed the serenity of the honest farmer's life since last Sunday, and therefore your modern preaching would be Greek to him, as I have no doubt it is to most folks, if they would own up. Yet he loves the holy day, and by and large, honors it with all his heart and might, and is sufficiently religious to meet the requirements of nature, and the approbation of God—as spoken, at least, in the familiar voice of his own conscience.

Occasionally, too, we add to the pleasures and duties of our Sunday on the farm, by sacred songs sung in

concert, led by my Miriam on the melodion, and a most interesting talk by our particular friend, Mr. Comfort Miller, who would visit us oftener if he should come at our wish.

Comfort is an old friend,—has seen the world and knows it ; has suffered, and is therefore qualified to sympathize ; is a scholar, and is therefore capable of instructing us, and is as true as steel, a friend in need without flourishes or professions, and does not claim to be religious to speak of.

He might have been a lawyer, or a professor, or a preacher, or a newspaper man even, an almost anything out of the ordinary,—but he has just gone along in his cheerful, helping-hand sort of way, a kind of good Samaritan (only he would not thank me for saying so) and would, I verily believe, help the thief as quickly as he would the victim.

He has old-fashioned notions—has Comfort. For instance, he holds that some time or other, either in this world or another, all wrongs will be righted, and all evil will give place to good.

He says, there are no short cuts to paradise,—and the way winds round about a good deal for some folks, but one day the last straggler will pass through the gates, with all his wits about him, and will know it.

I am sure such doctrine is very comforting, or ought to be, to say, old Noshucks, who sneers at his poor old

fields because they will not grow corn without fertilizer and cultivation.

Well, Mr. Comfort Miller is our guest to-day, and this evening the neighbors will be sure to drop in, and, with Miriam to lead off, we shall have some fine music—and you may be sure Comfort will open his mouth and say something. If you care to know what he says, I will try to repeat it to you, but I warn you that I can't do justice to anything Comfort says,—because, you know, there's a way of saying things that don't go with the repeating by another. Besides, there is always a subtle, wonderful, untransferable something that belongs to the song, that keeps on, and on, and on, long after the song is ended. What is it?

It is so with Comfort's talks.

But I must say no more in this chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMFORT MILLER.

WHAT a beautiful evening, and how bright and expectant every face in our plain sitting-room, as, one by one, the neighbors drop in to meet Comfort and listen to his words.

Our hundred is small, but we know one another pretty well, and we are united in the opinion that an evening spent with Mr. Miller will be well spent.

Our old melodion is somewhat wheezy and out of tune, but Miriam has a knack of bringing plenty of sound out of it, and tuneful sound too.

Comfort has a very mellow voice, and my Miriam is no small affair when it comes to singing and playing—especially when Comfort is by to lead.

I sing a little myself, in a minor sort of way—but I like to keep my voice a little back, so as to hear the fresh rich melody of the young folks.

Somehow my heart beats faster at the sound of fresh young voices attuned to harmony. It carries me back to early days, in a far away settlement, where I used to attend singing-school in the old log

schoolhouse, with Miriam's mother, who sings in heaven to-day.

How like her is Miriam as she sits there at the dear old melodion, her sweet face, thoughtful but bright, and her eyes filled with the soft light of content and love !

While Miriam lives it will be nip and tuck with me as to going or staying—for it's heaven in any event whether I go or whether I stay.

"Shall we sing your favorite song, father?" asked Miriam.

"By all means," I replied, "if you will,"—and this is the song :

"There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O God, the wondrous tale,
Of thy Almighty power.
The birds that rise on quivering wing
Proclaim their Maker's praise,—
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee an anthem raise.

"Shall I be mute, great God, alone,
Midst nature's loud acclaim,
Shall not my heart in answering tone
Breathe forth thy holy Name ?
All nature's debt is small to mine:—
Nature shall cease to be,—
Thou gavest proof of love divine,
Immortal life to me."

Good poetry, and good sense too, I think, but if you could hear Comfort Miller and Miriam sing the words, I don't know what you would think.

Other songs were sung, all joining in according to his or her inspiration, and the sustained sound of the melodion absorbed all the inharmony, for you must know that even good farmers may be rather poor singers. But good sentiment has much to do in producing harmony—and when the theme is homely and touches the nature, a cracked voice becomes quite tuneful.

Comfort said that he desired to give some thoughts about the transfiguration of Jesus, and asked Miriam to read the account of it in Matthew's gospel, seventeenth chapter. This she did with reverent feeling, and this is nearly what Comfort said on the subject :—

Apart from the world's confusion, on a quiet hill-top, and communing with God and the angels. Such, my friends, is the picture the words read set before us.

There are only four persons visible : they are Jesus, Peter, James and John—four human souls and bodies, but one of them feeling for the infinite hands of strength and love.

Our eyes can see that which is visible and palpable to the senses, but we may also sense the unseen.

We do not cast doubt upon the record, because it is in accordance with the natural both in the material and the spiritual.

As we gaze steadfastly in thought, the scene opens like a picture.

The feeler after God does not feel in vain.

His prayer is not a mere mumbling of words, but is the outgoing of soul.

There is uplifting of the spirit.

There is nothing supernatural transpiring.

No miracle is wrought to bring the powers down.

There is the aspiration of the soul of Jesus, by which he is lifted up and out of, and beyond the conditions of evil and mortality, and when he returns to earth he is accompanied by loved and trusted ones who continue their communion and conversation with him as though loth to part.

A great teacher defines prayer as—"Not a soliloquy of the man, not a physiological function, not an address to a deceased man ; but a sally into the infinite spiritual world, whence we bring back light and truth.

How true, for see :—while we look with penetration, the light appears—the halo of divine presence shrouding the invisible but bearing them down.

The white radiance falls upon the earnest face of the Christ, and the brightness of the sun pales before it, and his very garments outshine the noon-day splendor.

We cannot too seriously consider, nor too carefully study, the attitude and condition of Jesus.

He stands before us in the gateway of the worlds and reveals to us the sure thoroughfare.

We gaze with undefinable rapture upon the picture, but we may assuredly take the lesson of privilege and opportunity to ourselves.

The scene is not without precedent, for it suggests a similar event in which Moses, the law-giver, acted a prominent part—as on a mountain apart he raised his appealing arms toward heaven while the battle raged doubtfully beneath. His hands grew tired, and Aaron and Hur supported them until the going down of the sun—and Israel prevailed.

The lesson is in the successful invoking of invisible powers in human extremity, and the swift response.

To come into such conditions is to put ourselves in the way of helpfulness for all mankind, and our transfiguration becomes the occasion of joyful recognitions and manifestations.

The beautiful words of John Keble fittingly finish my lesson :

The course of prayer who knows ?
It springs in silence where it will,
Springs out of sight, and flows
At first a lonely rill,

But streams shall meet it by and by
From thousand sympathetic hearts,
Together swelling high
Their chant of many parts.

Unheard by all but angel ears
The good Cornelius knelt alone,
Nor dreamed his prayers and tears
Would help a world undone.

And Jesus was transfigured before them.

Such is the record which we believe.

Human eyes on this side, angels on the other, watched him as he melted, so to speak, into the divine, and became one in celestial company.

We need not take up time to comment on the mere incidents of this event, the wonder and awe of those human watchers whose eyes were too heavy and holden of earth conditions to penetrate the light and see the forms of celestial visitors as they communed with the transfigured One.

Some words they heard as they devoutly listened. Forms also they recognized—Moses and Elijah talking with Jesus.

Beyond these incidents they knew nothing, heard nothing.

Their glory and share must not be underrated, however, for they were witnesses to the great fact of the opening of heaven to human approach.

Some questions and affirmations remain for us to consider.

Some one will voice the doubt and boldly ask—
Did it occur ?

Did heaven open around that mountain of prayer ?

Was Jesus glorified with the divine radiance ?

Did he hold converse with spirit friends, and with Moses and with Elijah—two great prophets and reformers whose works yet remained, and whose

words yet uttered themselves throughout the world ?

Did voices of love and sympathy blend with the voice of God in devotion to him, and in needful, timely instruction of his courageous soul as he passed over the threshold of his great conflict and mission ?

These are questions that voice themselves often, and from many sources.

Some ask them timidly, hopefully, with a sob of love in the heart of doubt.

Some ask them flippantly, with a hard, unfeeling, metallic ring of disputation and denial.

We repeat them in the quiet, assured tones of undoubt and confidence, upspringing from a deep sense of triumphant realization, and a yearning desire that the blessed assurance of truth may grow into the consciousness of every human soul.

What, then, transpired ?

This : A consecrated and aspiring soul sought and found audience with God ; sought and found sympathetic companions in the invisible world ; sought and found counsel, strength, encouragement, sympathy and instruction from sources and persons hidden to the mortal and the sinful, in the life of the spirit and its greater world.

The soul of Jesus lifted itself by its aspirations along natural lines of outgoing, into the spiritual, into its fatherland of light, of truth, of holy relationships.

It passed, by natural right, in sublime consecration, beyond the boundary line of the material "whose materiality is God, into the spiritual whose spirituality is God."

He was transfigured before them.

He passed the line while they (his human companions) watched.

His soul grew in stature to the altitude of divine correspondence, while they gazed in drowsy wonder.

Natural Philosophy declares that "God is immanent in Nature ;" Spiritual Philosophy declares with equal emphasis that God is immanent in Man.

Behold his transfiguration !

Under this spell we come to an agreement, and the voices blend in according testimony.

Our physical powers and senses trace and find what we call God in the earth and in the sky ; we realize his presence in the harmony of worlds ; in the beauty and fragrance of the flower ; in the structure of the fragile and the strong.

He is immanent, omnipresent, omniactive.

His breath pervades all, and is the life of all. True, O King !

But let us not deny the same law and facts to the spiritual and to the spirit entity.

Why should the sensing of God in the spiritual, and the cognizance of all the facts of spirit life and spirit communion, be thought unnatural and supersti-

tious more than the sensing of the fragrance of the flower whose cause and whose method are quite as hidden from our knowledge?

Listen to this testimony—it proceeds from one of the most gifted and enlightened minds of this time.

“The world is not nearer to our bodies than God to the soul.

“In him we live and move and have our being. As we have bodily senses to lay hold on matter and supply bodily wants, through which we obtain naturally all needed things : so we have spiritual faculties to lay hold on God, and supply spiritual wants : through them we obtain all needed spiritual things. As we observe the condition of the body, we have nature on our side ; as we observe the Law of the Soul, we have God on our side. He imparts truth to all men who observe these conditions. We have direct access to him, through reason, conscience, and the religious faculty, just as we have access to nature, through the eye, the ear, or the hand. Through these channels, and by means of a law, certain, regular, and universal as gravitation, God inspires men, makes revelation of truth, for is not truth as much a phenomenon of God as motion of matter?

“Therefore if God be omnipresent and omniactive, this inspiration is no miracle, but a regular mode of God's action on conscious spirit, as gravitation on un-

conscious matter. It is not a rare condescension of God, but a universal uplifting of man.

“To obtain a knowledge of duty, a man is not sent away, outside of himself, to ancient documents, for the only rule of faith and practice : the word is nigh him, even in his heart, and by this word he is to try all documents whatsoever.

“Inspiration, like God’s omnipresence, is not limited to a few writers claimed by the Jews, Christians, or Mahometans, but is coextensive with the race. As God fills all space, so all spirit : as he influences and constrains unconscious and necessitated matter, so he inspires and helps free and conscious man.”

• And so, we see the Christ, obeying the law of his spiritual nature, invoking, evoking, reaching out to, and constraining the infinite powers.

No wonder he was transfigured before them.

No wonder, and no marvel, that his countenance shone with the reflection of an unearthly glory. No marvel that at that moment, in that place, while the light of God played about the mountain’s summit, eager voices from the unseen talked with him, encouraged him, and cheered him to his task. These voices were audible to the drowsy disciples and filled them with awe. What if they had heard the talk of God to his soul !

My second thought is, that in this scene and in

the method of it we have unfolded to us the law and the method of our true life.

It is the natural in the spiritual world. The law is that, as with the bodily senses we appreciate and enjoy the material world and all the relations of our physical life, so, by the exercise of our spiritual faculties, in a natural way, we have and may have access to God and the things of God—to all spiritual truth and and to all spiritual fellowships.

The soul must grow, must be transfigured—perpetually rising—rising under the inspiration of God's presence, into the perfect and the best and the permanent of all goodness and beauty and truth.

The method is simple.

It is simple inspiration.

I say simple inspiration because it is natural, universal.

It is the operation of truth within the soul leading it from experience to experience, from fact to fact, from discovery to discovery, from seed to flower and fruit, in the increasing life and in the widening world. Movement toward the highest and the best is the sure sign of this inspiration, and the being, and the realization of the finest and best are the facts of consciousness. A soul thus moving is in frequent transfiguration.

Each new revelation transfigures. Each new height gained in soul growth is but the borning of life into its more perfect state, and a transfiguration of its

elements into all the conditions and privileges it contains.

How else did Enoch walk with God? The walk was but the actual assimilation of his moral and spiritual nature into the perfect image and likeness of the God pattern.

My friends, we have reached a point along this way of life, where we may well pause and feed upon the word of this truth.

One question asks itself: How shall I realize?

What shall I do to reach the height of conscious transfiguration?

The lesson here is simple too.

Perhaps many overlook it because of its simplicity.

Like Naaman the Syrian, white with leprosy, we expect some great and mysterious thing to be done for our healing. We essay to toil and pray and sacrifice, and, in our confusion and impatience, we expect some miraculous intervention on our behalf.

We do all things except—wait.

In spiritual things we are most unspiritual.

We want wings, but are unwilling to submit to the conditions of their growth. We wish to know great truth and realize the marvellous life of the freedom to which it graduates us, but we do not patiently learn the primary lessons.

Growth is not accretion, and growth is not work.

Growth is natural advance out of the ground in

which we are rooted. Our relations are natural, and our growth must be also.

Dr. Drummond truly says: "If the amount of energy lost in trying to grow were spent in fulfilling rather the conditions of growth, we should have many more cubits to our stature."

The answer, therefore, to the anxious question of the thoughtful—"How shall I realize?" is this: Abide in the conditions of growth. Stand still with God.

The great Teacher emphasizes this truth when he says—"Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, so neither can ye, except ye abide in me."

Nothing can be simpler, and nothing is more assuring.

On this ground, then, let us stand, putting up our prayers to God, opening out towards him in all responsive ways, and by the very laws of our spiritual being, we shall grow up towards him, our living cause in all things.

Our fellowship with Christ will be as real and as certain as was his with Moses and Elijah, for we will often draw him and them, and others, to our side, by these, the very conditions of our being, in some valley or on some Mount of Transfiguration.

"We all must patient stand,
Like statues on appointed pedestals:
Yet, we may choose—since choice is given—to shun
Servile contentment or ignoble fears."

In the expression of our altitude :

“ And with far-straining eyes, and hands upcast,
And feet half raised, declare our painful state,
Yearning for wings to reach the fields of truth,
Mourning for wisdom, panting to be free.”

As Comfort ceased speaking, there went up from all our hearts an earnest aspiration, and I must say that I felt a new breath in the atmosphere.

Presently Miriam's gentle fingers moved over the keys of the melodeon, and I think I never felt the divine pathos of her voice as when she sang alone these words—

“ Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil and see,
The Saints above how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.”

“ Many are the friends who are waiting to-day—
Waiting in the better land,
Many are the loved ones calling us away—
To join the heavenly band.
Calling us away ; calling us away ;
Calling to the better land.”

CHAPTER IX.

PLANTING AND TRANSPLANTING.

Look now, beloved, on this web of brodered beauty round,
And feel it ne'er was woven thus so fair but to confound,
Each leafy plant thou seest declares the never-changing laws,
And every flower, loud and more loud, proclaims the Eternal cause.

GOETHE.

WE are now sowing beets for a first crop. The land is prepared as for an onion bed, and the furrows are made and seed dropped by the Planet, Jr, seed-sower—the drills being 18 inches apart.”

The seed-sower is a great improvement over the old back-aching method, and when the work is done the track of the firming wheel is plainly seen, the seed being covered almost an inch and well packed. Light soils do well for quick growth, that is, when well fertilized ; but for a main crop to come into market from March to May, select your best land, a clay subsoil with fine loam on top.

Transplanted beets do well on my farm, especially in such land, and when we come to thin out, there will be no waste of plants. The transplanted beets will take a little longer to mature, but as the best

market is in May, you will be in season if you do your transplanting during the first spring throbblings with us—any time in January—and through February.

We are now enjoying the holiday season—and transplanting cabbage with all our force. The transplanting machine has not yet reached us, but I have a picture of one, and when the boys grow weary I amuse them by exhibiting the picture, with a sort of promise that another season we will try it, and turn their most busy, trying work into a jolly picnic.

Human fingers properly handled, however, are the perfect transplanters, and it is astonishing how rapidly one can put in plants, especially if they are well dipped and the ground is as it should be. As a preventive of many things that might occur, as well as a send-off to the plants, we dip their roots into a solution of cow-dung, just before they are put in place.

If you have never done so, try it. It will reward you manifold in every way.

The great enemy here to the cabbage is the cut-worm, and few gardeners have been able to fight him successfully. We did not lose one per cent., no, not a quarter of one per cent. of plants by this marauder, and I attribute our escape to the precaution I have named. It may be just a fancy of mine, but the fact of escape remains, and the same cannot be said of

some of our neighbors who were kept busy of mornings destroying the ravaging worm and replacing the plants.

The cut-worm, ugly as he is, is a very delicate fellow, has a keen scent, is dainty in his tastes, and does not like to loiter near the cow-dung solution.

The pestiferous fly is sometimes more destructive—a little innocent baby butterfly kind of wanderer—and as they do their work very slyly, close watching is in order. A weak solution of saltpetre, sprinkled over the plants of an evening, once or twice, with a small whisk brush, is a good preventive and costs little. Prevention is better than attempts to cure. Later on, if you see signs of the enemy in any form, upon the growing plants, a good solution of coal-tar water applied in the same way will pay for the trouble. By attending to these little chores one can feel pretty comfortable as he watches and works among these tender, green, fast-growing, bountiful ministers of Providence, making haste to become meat for the Master's use. Some folks, I have been told, look with disdain upon the simple, plebeian business of growing cabbages, beets, onions, potatoes, cauliflowers, and the like, but they must be a dull, hard-headed, unsympathetic kind of people, whose knowledge and love of Nature are derived from picture galleries, or views from the windows of a railway train as it dashes over fertile plains, or glimpses of

festooned banks like those of our great St. John's River, from the deck of a puffing steamboat.

How different to enter a well-tilled field, with its long rows of beautiful, succulent plants, expending their bountiful lives for our delight and appetite ; or with its tall forests of maize snapping, singing, and waving their welcome ; or with the statelier and richer sugar cane with its purple, red, and gold stripes, lines of beauty on the surface, indicative and suggestive of the hidden streams and cells of untold wealth within.

The music of a growing cornfield, or a cane patch at four o'clock in the afternoon, is a fitting serenade of the declining day, which the mock-birds' trill ushered in at five o'clock in the morning. Every true farmer realizes, even if he cannot express, the sweet amenities and divinely social confidences which Nature ordains, and he is a regular Noshucks who does not recognize and maintain the utmost intimacies and relations with all her forms of life, as he walks through her stately aisles, or bends to caress the fragile plant, or inhale the delicate perfumes of the variegated field, to say nothing of the whispering voices that greet his listening ear—voices of angels out for a holiday.

Madam, in your world, what I am describing as a sweet, delicious commerce between the good farmer and his fields, is suggested by the French phrase—

Entente Cordiale,—a reciprocity of good fellowship.

You have felt all this yourself, Madam, while tending the trailing vines in your conservatory, or while pressing your lips to the cool, fragrant rose, or while gazing with inexpressible delight upon a cluster of fuchias, whose rainbow tints bespeak for you, in time to come, the fruition of your fondest hopes.

You tell your real secrets to the sympathetic flowers, and they, in turn, soothe, mollify, or encourage you, beyond the power of mere words.

And, you, my dear child, confined to your lonely garret, could tell a wondrous sweet story, which that single, blooming rose geranium, turned just now towards the sunlight through the window pane, suggests. What confidences you have had together! How tenderly has it ministered to your troubled life, easing your pains, exhaling its aroma of hope and comfort upon you, in answer to your little wail of loneliness and sorrow! It tells you of everything that is sweeter and better than you know, and, somehow, brightens that part of you which the sunshine of human favor has never penetrated.

How I wish you could come away to my farm and take a walk with me through the teeming forests, vocal with melody, or down by the lake, yonder, where palms lift their proud heads, and where the ferns and wild violets nestle so cosily together in sheltered nooks, fringing the banks of the lake, whose

waters, clear and limpid, are splashed about by thousands of roysterous fins.

Shut your weary eyes, child, while I fling into your lap jessamine and honeysuckle, arbutus and delicate ferns, a white lotus or two from the pond down in the meadow, and a bunch of blue violets from Palm Island.

There! let them prophecy to you for the rest of the day—

Flowers, sweet flowers,
Sweet, wildwood flowers,
I gathered them all for you.

CHAPTER X.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

TIME is a steady invader, and death is an incident of time.

Our circle around the evening lamp is not visibly as large as it used to be. This is how it is : Miriam's mother, has not withdrawn the rich presence of her devoted life—although her body lies yonder beneath the violets and pansies and forget-me-nots bordered by deftly arranged shells from the ocean. Her chair is empty, but the home is full of her presence.

Miriam grows into her dear likeness daily, and the tones of her voice have the same tender cadence that my ears never tire of holding.

Tom, our one boy, is making a good name for himself in a distant State, but every week comes a letter, full of devotion and duty, with a fond brother's kisses for Miriam.

The boys of the farm are ambitious, and who can blame them ?

Tom was a good lad on the farm, but after graduating from college, he felt that the farm was a pent-

up Utica for him—and a lawyer he would be. Well, my heart rebelled a little, but Miriam stood up for Tom, and pleaded so eloquently with her sweet words and great swimming eyes that I took on courage to assent to the proposition that Tom should be a lawyer—with the distinct proviso that he would win his way to that place in the profession where a distinguished counsellor once said—“there is room.”

It is no little satisfaction to me, as I note the splendid and proportionate growth of my crops, to know that Tom is growing too, and that he bids fair to find the coveted place.

I am glad for Miriam's sake, yes, and for *her* sake too who, with a mother's devotion, still, although in spirit, watches over us all.

We agree, Miriam and I, that we will not consider that there are any vacancies in our circle,—and I assure you that we take great comfort out of that compact.

The mother's seat is there—and Tom's seat is there,—and there they surely are, in thought, in sympathy, and in spirit.

But just now our circle is greatly enlarged by flesh and blood people,—friends of ours who will brighten our lives for some time at the farm.

First of all, Comfort Miller is with us for a month's recreation, and he has brought with him his friend and fellow student Doctor Flavius Graeme—a chemist

of repute, who is in Florida primarily to investigate the phosphate deposits in the interests of a foreign company of capitalists. He is from London town—and yet he is as plain and unostentatious as if he had been a simple farmer all his life.

Comfort calls him a “great bear” to his face, but Miriam thinks him more of a lion than a bear ; but as he is a long-time friend of Comfort’s, we agree that he must possess all possible good qualities, and, certainly, thus far, he has given us every reason to think so.

We have also with us, for a week only, the Rev. Caleb Soyer, our minister, who is an earnest and devoted missionary, like his Lord and Master, among the common people, and who often favors us with his genial presence, sometimes for a few hours only, but always to our great delight and edification.

This earnest, good man fears that some of us, in matters spiritual, stand in slippery places, seeing that we are not in harmony with that particular creed and system of theological doctrine which he believes, advocates, and which is popularly accepted.

Brother Caleb, I must say, discharges his duty and conscience faithfully, never ceasing to warn, expostulate, and exhort with all earnestness, sincerity, and anxious concern.

He is powerful in prayer and exhortation, and is happy only when sinners tremble beneath the Word.

Everybody respects and reveres him—while to us he is always a benediction. Lastly, I must present to you my Miriam's particular friend, Mary Van Elt, whose beautiful presence always brings sunshine.

I know it is customary in books to give minute and sometimes fulsome descriptions of persons and characters introduced, and it often appears that the finest strokes of genius are found in the happy presentation of the hero or heroine. But as I lack the gifts and graces of fashionable authorship, you must even be content to become acquainted with the good people I have named by the unfolding of my narrative, in which their actions and words will have place rather than by any particular description of the charms of their persons or the salient features of their characters. Yet, I may be pardoned if I add a few words about Mary Van Elt,—for beyond question she is remarkable both for personal beauty and character, and for very rare gifts of intellect and spirit. She is a pronounced spiritualist, and bears about with her an atmosphere of strange warmth and captivating pathos. I suppose she would be recognized as a "Medium" in spiritualistic circles, and yet I am sure that she does not consider herself as possessing extraordinary gifts and powers.

Among friends she is simplicity and confidence personified, and her sweet loving ways, so gentle and unostentatious, so helpful and sympathetic, added to

a most interesting and beautiful personality imbued with a genuine religious spiritual fervor make her the object of almost worship.

Her manners are quiet, her voice tender, pathetic and musical, her face, ruddy and bright with winsome illumination, and, when "under control," speaking under the guidance of unquestionable inspiration, her eyes flash and glow with a light and fire most wonderful and attractive. The strong ties of love which unite this gifted child of the Spirit with my Miriam, who is the angel of my home, as you may guess, brings her also close to me, and, as we have known and loved her for years, my words of confidence may be taken at their full value. For the rest, let me say that Mary is an orphan, left by her devoted parents in comfortable worldly circumstances, and lives in elegance amid all refining influences, with a widowed aunt in a distant city and State.

When at home, her parlors are frequently the scene of delightful conferences, and most distinguished scholars, jurists, divines, poets, and philosophers may be found side by side in interesting discussion with the veteran spiritualists of the world,—while the marvelous grace and spiritual charms of the fair hostess shed radiance upon all.

In this way we know Mary Van Elt,—but Brother Caleb does not know her so, and is deeply distressed over what he conceives to be her undone condition,

for that she is possessed of at least one devil he has no doubt—from his intensely religious point of view, albeit he admits that the “evil spirit of divination” is harmless enough to all appearance.

It is Brother Caleb’s purpose, good, dear man, to leave nothing undone by way of prayer and exhortation to bring this poor lost sheep within the fold, and save her from the delusions with which she is afflicted.

Let him be forgiven in advance.

“A spiritualist!” he exclaimed to me in his deepest distress—“and a medium at that!”

“Well,” I mildly replied, “Brother Soyer, you should not condemn hastily and without knowledge. You have never been brought in contact with spiritualists, and you are filled with the prejudice of your profession—but you have a good heart and loving, and like the Master whom you serve you will not condemn before a hearing.

“We have known Mary for long years, and know her to be as good as she is beautiful, and, while we do not pretend to fathom the mystery of her marvellous gifts, we know that they are never used for gain or for evil, but always to comfort the afflicted and strengthen the weak.”

“You astonish me Brother Golden” (Caleb always calls me by my first name when he is excited), “when you attempt, a man of your sense and learning and religious training,—a good farmer too, and with a

daughter like Miriam, I say, you strike me dumb with amazement when you attempt to hide the fact that all such people are under the evil spell—children of Satan,—heirs of perdition, being used by the arch enemy to deceive and destroy ! ”

“ Don’t attempt to answer me,” he continued, “ by saying that Miss Van Elt is the child of Inspiration, that she sees and hears what mortals can only dream of—the angels of God and the spirits of the departed ! The days of miracles are past, and the age of the prophets, seers, and prophetesses is the dim nimbus of history two thousand years old. The word of God is not amendable, and he or she who claims to speak by inspiration to-day speaks by the inspiration of the devil ! ”

I do not know how long Brother Caleb would have continued in his intense way, under the paroxysm of religious zeal and sincerity, but Miriam’s sudden appearance caused an abrupt finish for that time. She must have divined the nature of our conversation, for, in her irresistible way, she approached Brother Caleb, and putting her hands on his shoulders, looking intently and lovingly into his honest face the while, said—

“ Dear Uncle Caleb,” (our children in the South generally address our ministers in this familiar and endearing manner), “ you must not worry about sweet Mary Van Elt because she is a spiritualist and a medium. Indeed, Uncle Caleb she is an angel of beauty,

love, and truth, and oh ! won't you try and think of her as my dearest friend, and one whose heart is all love toward everybody ! ”

“Child, child,” cried Brother Caleb, raising his hands, “she is indeed, as you say, an angel of beauty, but alas ! how fast bound in the chains of error and darkness !

“She must be saved.

“The brand must be plucked from the burning, and I call on you, dear child, to unite with me in prayer for this poor deluded soul, as well as for all others, that God, in his mercy, may break the power of Satan ! ”

I never saw Brother Caleb so wrought up as at this moment, and that he was sincere there could be no doubt, for the great tears rolled down his cheeks. I was glad in my heart to see Miriam throw her arms around the good man's neck, and with her innocent lips stop the tears in their great flow, and then run off to the kitchen to hide her own.

“Talk about an angel, Brother Golden,—I say your Miriam there is a long way ahead of any I know of this side the blessed Kingdom, God bless her ! ”

With all a proud father's heart I responded—“amen,” and then we lighted our corn cobs and smoked in silence.

CHAPTER XI.

REVEREND CALEB SOYER.

“The human and fallible should not arrogate a power with which the divine and perfect alone can be safely intrusted.”

Jane Eyre.

WE smoked in silence, Brother Caleb Soyer and I, each looking into vacancy, and each intent upon tracking his own way through it to the perfect rest and the perfect state. It was drawing toward the heel of the day, and I knew that Miriam was anxiously expecting Dr. Graeme, Comfort, and Mary Van Elt, home from a fishing excursion—with fish for supper.

Presently cheerful voices were heard down the garden reach—and soon Dr. Graeme approached, in advance of Mary and Comfort, bearing a string of fine lake bass—the result of the day’s sport.

“Ah! Miss Miriam,” shouted the Doctor, “your lakes are divine providences, and the fish they breed are food for angels.”

Each angler had caught a fish, but Mary could not land hers in the boat on account of its size and weight, and when the gentlemen undertook to haul it in the hook snapped and the fish escaped.

“I was glad to fail,” said Mary, “for it hurt me

as much as it did the poor fish to hook it; besides, the gentlemen had already taken enough for our supper."

The two fishes weighed, when dressed, eleven pounds between them.

Brother Caleb and I concluded to stroll to the plantation where the men were busy hoeing cabbage, and, having learned from Miriam that we had a full hour to wander before supper, away we went.

How delightful it is to walk and talk with one in whom you have implicit confidence, and feel that no restraint exists in either toward the other! Brother Caleb and I are well mated in that respect. I know him to be thoroughly trustworthy and sincere, a man of purest motive, and bent on doing only good. Yet I know that he is narrow, intensely orthodox as one may say, and one who would willingly die for his conviction. Not learned, not a dialectician nor a theologian of the schools, but a simple, ardent, devout, self-sacrificing, cross-bearing, follower of Jesus as he understands Him. He has an intense spirit, and, when excited, commands words that burn and thoughts that breathe. As a preacher he does not excel, having no gift of exposition, but as an exhorter he has few equals, and his appeals to sinners are thunderbolts of power.

He would make a grand redeemer if a readiness to die for mankind were the prime requisite.

He is austere in habit, methodical in all ways, a believer in God, in a personal devil, in Christ, in eternal damnation for the wicked, eternal happiness for the faithful in Christ, and knows no method of human deliverance except the old-fashioned one of "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." He firmly believes that all men fell dead away in Adam, and are totally depraved and lost beyond hope, until faith in Christ quickens the soul to new life in repentance.

To save man from eternal hell is the crowning and masterful motive of his life, and he devotes himself in his earnest way to this work with a pure conscience, out of sheer love and good-will toward his fellow-creatures.

There are preachers and preachers, but Caleb Soyler is one of the preachers, one who preaches what he believes and believes what he preaches, and is, to all who know him, the "living epistle," of which you have heard, easily read, and when read appreciated and respected, even though you may be very far from accepting his teachings for the truth and the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Is he sensational? Yes.

Imaginative? Yes.

Puritanic? Yes.

Denunciatory? Yes.

But also with a heart as tender as your own mother's

and a will like his God's—that's Caleb. If he had chanced to have been with Jesus when he took pity on the poor woman who was taken in adultery, and was about to be stoned by the more guilty mob, I think Caleb would have taken her home and adopted her into his family, as an act of faith and good will—and as a protest to the world. The Master said—"Neither do I condemn thee, go in peace, and sin no more;" but Caleb would have said, "The wicked cowards have slunk away at the just rebuke; but I don't trust them any more for that, and they'll stone you to death as soon as my back is turned, so come along home with me, child, come."

That's Caleb Soyer, Methodist exhorter, a paradoxical fellow, honest, limited, bold, impulsive, great-hearted, a Daniel in judgment, and a Jeremiah in lamentations; a John Baptist, going before and proclaiming the coming Christ, to exalt his friends and punish his enemies—yet ready at any moment to die for them first. And yet Caleb Soyer believes that sweet, gentle gracious, innocent, inspired Mary Van Elt is possessed of the devil, and that all mediums, so called, and spiritualists, as we know them, are under the dominion of the powers of darkness, held in slavish chains of Satan—captive at his will.

That's Caleb Soyer as we saunter along down the reach to the plantation, after his honest tears of pity

for poor, innocent Mary were kissed from his face by the vicarious lips of my Miriam.

Pausing at the great gate at the end of the "reach," Caleb turned toward me abruptly and said :

"Brother Golden, do you observe anything peculiar about my face—a sort of a halo?"

"No, Brother Caleb, I can't say that your face is different from ordinary ; it's a good honest face anyway."

"I never was proud of it before," was the good man's quiet reply.

At that moment we heard Miriam's conch-shell horn calling to supper.

CHAPTER XII.

ALABASTER BOXES.

What lies beyond the common appetite and the common power of appropriation we should keep within ourselves, and it will diffuse over our actions a lustre like a mild radiance of a hidden sun.

GOETHE.

It is a most refreshing interruption of our rather monotonous way at the farm to have a house full of pleasant people.

The days glide swiftly and peacefully away, and the evenings bring memories and revelations that must tell favorably on the future of us all.

When we are quite alone—Miriam and I, we do not grow weary of each other, by no means, for we have a thousand things in common, and although being her father, and therefore by a natural law the object of a filial reverence, yet have we pursued our reading and studies together so long, that our companionship is free from that constraint which so often exists between parent and child. I tell all my thoughts and speculations to Miriam, — and when the latest book finds its way to our table, we proceed to go through it of evenings with the utmost

zest and freedom—reading and entertaining, turn and turn about.

Mary Van Elt's influence upon Miriam is entirely pleasing to me, and I can but notice that they together live in a very pure, spiritual atmosphere.

Mary's peculiar gifts are never paraded, and never spoken of outside the charmed circle of devoted friends, but on her visits to the farm, which occur annually, there is no restraint, no reluctance to talk and act, no fear of encroaching upon dangerous ground, or wounding tender scruples, for Miriam and I are only too delighted to be brought with dear Mary into closer affiliation with the unseen and the occult.

There is something irresistibly attractive in the thought of hearing dear familiar voices of departed ones, seeing their faces peering in upon us from their happy homes, and receiving assurance and token of their abiding natural interest in us as we stumble along here in the dark.

Why it should not all be true, has never occurred to me seriously to ask, because, while not much of a believer in marvels, I have a sort of settlement feeling deep down, that anything necessary is possible, and if possible—may and ought to be.

Immortality is necessary, at least it seems so to me, and to Miriam, and we have come to consider it as an established unchallengable fact, and so it is easily

natural for us to accept anything that is kindly, sincerely, and rationally offered confirmatory of our own convictions and belief. I was reading to Miriam and Mary the other evening from a conversation of Goethe with Eckerman, something that greatly quickened our thoughts. It is about like this :—"Man is rightfully a believer in immortality; it is agreeable to, and harmonious with, his nature, and instincts in this department are strengthened and confined by religious (spiritual) assurances. My belief," says Goethe, "in the immortality of the soul springs from the idea of activity, for when I persevere to the end in a course of restless activity, I have a sort of guarantee from Nature that, when the present form of my existence proves itself inadequate for the energizing of my spirit, she will provide another form more appropriate."

Such a view is worthy of a great mind, and it suggests an explanation of the incident of death that is both consoling and inspiring.

It will be simply putting off the old, and taking on or evolving forth the new form or expression of continued existence without impairment of a single essential element or faculty, and the enlargement of many.

After supper, we shortly adjourned to the parlor, and the evening was most delightfully passed in a conversation that none of us will soon forget.

Brother Caleb, being a minister, and having but a few evenings to stay with us, was given the post of honor, and well did he fill it.

Without abruptness he turned the conversation into spiritual channels, and soon had us all engaged in friendly expressions of hopes, doubts, fears, and longings, until it seemed like an old-fashioned Methodist class meeting—the faithful teacher probing each life and conscience to the quick.

Doctor Graeme held aloof for quite awhile, but Comfort Miller was in his element, while Mary Van Elt's countenance shone with a light that was beautiful to see.

"What we think of Christ," Brother Caleb went on to say, "is important every way, and will elevate or degrade our life."

"Do you mean, Uncle Caleb," asked Miriam, "that our estimate and view of his character, as related to us, will lift us up or weigh us down, according as it shall be appreciative or limited?"

"I mean more than that, child; I mean that we must accept him as the only mediator—the only Saviour, through whose atoning blood and abundant merits, we sinners can find peace to our souls, and immortality. For there is no other name given under heaven and among men whereby we may be saved. In him alone we have redemption, and forgiveness of sins.

“To repudiate him, to substitute others for him, even though they be angels, is simply to deny him and court the wrath of God.

“Bear with me, my friends, if I bring home to you this great matter. It is on my heart to speak freely and plainly to you.

“Some of you do, I fear, seek mediation elsewhere than at his cross, and delude yourselves with visions and dreams, which, while seemingly innocent, are keeping you from a true acceptance of Christ and his salvation. The tendency is to deny him, to crucify him afresh and put him to open shame, to refuse his love and reject his spirit, thereby exposing your precious souls to the greater damnation.”

At this point, Brother Caleb having paused, Comfort Miller, who had been intently watching the face of Mary Van Elt, all aglow as it appeared with strange brightness, expressed great sympathy with the Christ-mission, and suggested that the true view of Christ was not to be had from the commonly accepted standpoint.

He thought that the Christ-spirit, and the Christ-power, and the Christ-mission to humanity, are more correctly declared, and more consistently advocated by true spiritualists—at least by real spiritualism, than by the Christian Church.

He did not contend that all spiritualists believed in the Christ of Christianity, but he did contend that

the genius of spiritualism and of primitive New Testament Christianity—the Christianity of Jesus of Nazareth—was one.

“Christianity,” he said, “entered upon its career of conquest, on the festival day of Pentecost—when the first circle of Christ’s followers received the tuition of spirits. The phenomena appeared before all eyes, in the tongue-shaped aura that crowned each head in the room where they were sitting—as in a séance—and the ears of the gaping multitudes in the streets were astonished and charmed as the now inspired friends of the dead Jesus declared the wondrous truth, in many vernaculars, under the Spirit’s control.

“They spake in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance—is the record.

“They were not learned linguists—but plain, unlettered folk—average common people, gathered to the Master’s side by many and different causes—yet all cohered by the unexpressed expectancy of the humanity of that time.

“A tax-gatherer, several fishermen, a dreamer or two, and a few devout women—a mere handful of, in the main, indifferent people, composed the circle of this great, divinely-gifted Medium—Jesus of Nazareth—whose beautiful life, tragic death, and undoubted reappearance, and public exhibition of his person, fully materialized, as he ascended from the earth into

the heavens, disappearing as a cloud, were the wonderful phenomena of that day, the basic facts of the great pentecostal propaganda, and are to-day the ground and pillars of the Christian faith.

“Who has not heard learned, eloquent descriptions, of ‘the outpouring of the Spirit?’

“What preacher of the Christian faith has not held up these phenomena of Pentecost, as the overwhelming demonstration of spirit communion?

“Peter, at the very hour of pentecostal, spiritual gifts and feasting, set the example when he exclaimed, with a fervour that is contagious to this day—‘These men are not drunken (in answer to the mob’s gibes and sneers), as ye suppose; but this is that which was spoken (foretold) by Joel, the prophet; And it shall come to pass in the last days, (saith God), I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams:’ and much more of the same purport.

“The day had come—and the Spirit bestowments had come; scales fell from the eyes of men and the wondrous visions were seen even as now by the clairvoyant under spirit control; tongues, even of women, were liberated and gave utterance to burning prophecies of hope and comfort in all the languages of the world under the instantaneous tuition of inspiration,

even as now, in these days, by the same law of spirit control.

“Who, among you, who, among the Christian churches of to-day, can be found to dispute the record I have cited, or the deductions I have only indicated, but which are plain enough?

“Who will deny that the whole scene of Pentecost, was accepted by the disciples, Peter and the rest, and is accepted by the entire body of Christian believers to-day, as a proof of Christ's return to the bosom of his Father, God, and that those strange gifts, were the tokens of his continuous love, as well as distinctive demonstrations of his divine powers.

“I do not affirm nor deny.

“My object is to state the facts.

“The philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism stand on the same law, and do but gloriously demonstrate to those who will receive, the same love, the same power, and the same facts, not as pertaining to Jesus of Nazareth only, but, in degrees and conditions of limit or liberty, as pertaining to every one, who, passed through the shadowy gates, has left here to mourn loved ones, whose tearful eyes are gazing after him out upon the viewless way he has vanished.

“The tokens return.

“The voices speak again, as some Peter, or Mary, becomes entranced and controlled by the Spirit—‘as the Spirit gives utterance’—and the broken heart is

healed, and the sombre array and tokens of funereal gloom and superstition give way and vanish before the joyous fellowship of friends restored to one another."

As Comfort ceased speaking, I felt that we were being enclosed by a very comfortable atmosphere of spirit, and I am sure the room in which we were sitting was crowded with those on whom death had conferred freedom.

Dr. Graeme, I was glad to see, took ample notes of the utterances of the evening, being a skillful stenographer, and I am deeply indebted to him for the fullness of my report.

Brother Caleb was greatly affected at times, during Comfort's remarks, doubtless thinking tenderly of his Master, Christ, and longing to see him in the glory with which he invests him—and perhaps wondering, if, after all, he had judged too harshly—although in love—the little woman who sat near him, and whose face fairly shone with joy.

The evening ended with a song—Mary, Miriam and Comfort, with Doctor Graeme as bass—sang the favorite words of Newman—

Lead kindly Light ! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

Oh ! the answering music !
He that hath ears to hear let him hear.

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CHAPTER XIII.

A TRUE MEDIUM.

It was agreed next morning that we would attempt to hold a regular séance on the evening of that day, Brother Caleb being particularly anxious to hear a medium speak—"who was possessed," as he put it, although when the words had passed his lips, I could see regret like a shadow pass over his countenance.

Mary expressed herself, as being willing to be used for the furtherance of truth, and would at once send a message to Mr. and Mrs. Follene, who were guests at a fashionable wintering resort five miles away, to attend if possible, and thus strengthen and harmonize the desired conditions. Mr. and Mrs. Follene were almost strangers to us, but were known to be very intelligent believers in Spiritualism, and were well known to Mary as such. I at once said that Jed should saddle my pony and carry the invitation, but as I made my proposition I noticed a very significant smile wreathing Miriam's face, who, as soon as Brother Caleb had gone out, said: "You forget, papa dear, that Mr.

and Mrs. Follene will get Mary's message by spiritual telegraph, and you need not summon Jed."

"I feel that they will be with us this evening, father," Mary said. (She called me father in our family circle out of regard for Miriam, I suppose, since they were so like sisters) "some good angel will impress them to come,—besides they owe Miriam and me a call and I rather think they have already partly decided to come over to-day."

So I dismissed the matter from my mind, and went about my daily duties on the farm.

Doctor Graeme and Comfort offered their services to farmer Dan to hoe cabbage, and, as we were just a little pushed for hands, their offer was gladly accepted, and they were soon proving their skill and endurance in the fields.

Brother Caleb, who is a prime favorite with farmer Dan, accompanied that most worthy gardiner out to the beet patch and rendered valuable aid in thinning out and transplanting beets. It was a frequent saying of Mr. MacDougall (Dan's full name), that "civilization spiled a gude gard'ner, when she made out o' Mister Caleb a spoutin' parson."

"Well," Brother Caleb would reply,—“our occupations, Mr. MacDougall, are not far apart, nor, in a sense, widely different. You are toiling in Brother Light's gardens, and I am a humble worker in the Lord's Vineyard.”

"Aweell, aweell, maist ony man could make a preecher body, but, man, it taks janious to mak a pritty gard'ner."

With these, and such like pleasant sallies over, they would buckle to, and work like beavers for hours, keeping up a very confidential chat the while in jerky and disjointed sentences ; Caleb talking about the soul and its salvation (farmer Dan is not given to saintliness) and Dan indulging in learned speculations upon the origin, the evolution, and final life expression, of rutabagas, cabbages, and beets.

The evening brought Mr. and Mrs. Follene, sure enough, and a most agreeable addition they proved to our home circle.

"We discussed coming, John and I, just after breakfast this morning, but concluded to wait another day, as quite a picnic was on the *tapis* and a pleasant sail on the lake, but after luncheon, I could not shake off the feeling that we should pay our visit to you to-day, and, as we always try to yield to good impressions, here we are—and, thanks, yes, another cup of tea will refresh me after our ride."

"John does not drink tea," continued Mrs. Follene, "but I assure you he is a capital hand at brewing it—is brewing the right word, Miss Miriam?"

"You say you were impressed to come over this evening, Mrs. Follene?" I ventured to remark.

"I should say so," replied her husband ; "and

pretty strongly too, you may be sure, when we gave up an engagement on account of it."

"We are thankful gainers, good friends, and we, at least a few of us, this very morning heartily desired that you would come, and complete our circle for spiritual instruction this evening."

"Oh, as to that, nothing can be more agreeable, especially with so harmonious a company, and I assure you we had that in our minds too," was the quick response.

"Speaking of impression," said Doctor Graeme, "might not your feeling of this morning, have been caused by the earnest wish of some of our company that you might visit us this evening? I think I heard something said about sending a messenger to invite you—and I really thought it had been done."

"Well, yes," replied Miriam, "you are quite right, Doctor, and the message was sent, not by a flesh and blood messenger, however, but by one of Mary Van's carrier doves."

Brother Caleb broke in at this point, having passed his cup to be filled.

"Now you speak riddles, child,—and pray explain?"

"Ask Mary," said Miriam laughing gaily.

All eyes were fastened on Mary, who sat sipping her tea very demurely, but evidently enjoying the conversation.

"Unriddle the riddle, Miss Mary, do!" urged Doctor Graeme, in which request we all joined.

"Nothing is easier," answered she, "although very wise people may affect to dispute it."

"This morning, father, Miriam and I agreed with the rest of you that we would devote this evening to a spiritual séance, and we resolved to invite John and Selma Follene to join us—and thereupon the message was sent to them, and, as you see, here they are, our most obedient ——"

"Is that all?" queried the doctor.

"Who took the message," demanded Brother Caleb, assuming a semi-serious manner, "and——"

"The message took itself, a trusted thought along one of the invisible lines of sympathy that Nature has ordained for our convenience and——happiness," exclaimed Comfort Miller; whereat we all clapped our hands, and voted him one more cup of tea.

But Brother Caleb was not satisfied with the answer, and wished to know if Comfort really meant what he said, and if that was really his explanation of a matter which, to say the least, was curious indeed.

In reply Comfort said, "Either that or else some good angel impressed the desire of our friends that Mr. and Mrs. Follene might be with us this evening, upon them. Either is solution enough for me, but I really think that the one given is the true one."

Brother Caleb shook his head.

“ Who sent the message ? ” he again asked.

“ I did,” responded Mary. “ I shut my eyes tight, so, (closing her eyes), to see Selma better, and thought at her to come over to-day without fail—but if I did wrong, Uncle Caleb, I am sorry for it.”

“ And I received dear Mary’s message in the form of an impression and desire to come ; so strong and so persistent, that I made John break an engagement to fetch me,” added Mrs. Follene.

“ For which service the aforesaid John, otherwise John Seymour Follene, will exact full pay in due time,” gaily chimed in the dutiful husband. With which dreadful threat, which provoked Mrs. Follene to “ make a face,” at John, we retired from the tea-table in the best of spirits.

Later on we gathered in the parlor, and began the evening with music, Miriam presiding at the melodion. By a sort of selection of the fittest, Comfort Miller, although no audible request was made, assumed the leadership of the séance.

Doctor Graeme, as before, took full notes of everything that was said, and I shall make use of them in my account of the evening.

“ Friends,” Comfort began, “ with one exception, I think I may say that all of us here present, are, in different degrees, believers in what is called spiritualism. We are not speculators in phenomena, nor seekers after novelties to gratify a morbid taste, but

are, I trust, feelers after God, searchers of truth, and conscious correspondents in thought and sympathy with our loved ones, and others, who have passed before us into the great universe of spirit.

“What we know, we know.

“What we have realised in communion with one another and with spirits, according to our belief, is esteemed by us beyond power of words to express. We can afford to listen in silence and without offence to the evil attributed to us, so long as we know ourselves to be pure in life and purpose, and we can render good for evil, by holding fast the beginning of our confidence, and breathing only blessing and goodwill toward our fellow beings who charge us falsely with evil purpose and evil doings.

“Deep down, all honest souls are related to the same work—and sooner or later the light that shines upon us will shine upon all, and the despised doctrines and philosophy of spiritualism will become the household lessons of humanity.

“Since we have been acquainted, we have talked much about some of these truths, and last night we had quite a conversation, in which our friend Mr. Soyer participated, about Jesus of Nazareth, that most illustrious revelation of God to humanity, the greatest and holiest medium of any age of record, since man has occupied this earth.

“We spiritualists, contrary to the popular opinion of

us, do not hold him in disesteem, do not seek to rob him of his own, whether of achievements of devotion while on this earth in the human form, or of power and influence, station and glory, in that exalted sphere in which he now lives resplendent and adored.

“We do not esteem him the Infinite God—the personal creator and preserver of worlds and of man,—nor do we sympathize with the view held by many good people, that his physical life and blood cruelly taken on the Cross of Calvary, was exacted and accepted by Infinite Justice as an atonement for the crimes or sins of finite humanity. In the true spirit of his mission to bless, enlighten and uplift mankind, this dear Christ sought not relief from any task, refused not to drink the bitterest cup, and freely gave up his life—counting it not dear unto himself, uttering, with his last breath, a prayer and a blessing for his cruel murderers, who yet mocked him while he prayed.

“Such love, such devotion, such divine compassion as he exhibited, to the very last, endear him to every one who has heard his name—and forever it will be said of him—

“‘He died, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.’

“But the glory of his life and the powers and sympathies that were so transcendent in him, did not vanish from our world when he ascended.

“He himself declared, that the works which he did—works of mercy and of love—and the power, the Spiritual grace through which they were wrought, would be continued with even greater fullness ‘because I go to my Father.’

“At first it was so, for his immediate disciples, endowed with his spirit and following his instructions, performed mighty works wherever they went, healing the sick of all diseases, cleansing lepers, and bringing to the knowledge of men the true life and immortality.

“What spiritualists believe to-day the early Christians taught; what spiritualists teach and proclaim to-day bring back to the world the pure doctrines and ethics of genuine Christianity.

“We accept, therefore, with reverence and gratitude the proofs of immortality given to us by our friends who are not lost but gone before, and we honor those who are gifted to see and hear the angel bands who press upon us with eager purpose to help and bless us, and we look with expectant gaze for that day to break when humanity shall free itself from the vicious grasp of superstition and error, and hail with joy the light that shines within and upon us, who, whatever be our faults and limitations, are ‘not unmindful of the heavenly vision.’

“I do not claim,” he continued, “to be under any special control or inspiration, at this moment, al-

though I feel the powerful presence of spirits of light, and am conscious of the nearness of dear ones whose voices I most love to hear."

When Comfort had ceased speaking, Brother Caleb said he would like to ask a question.

"You say, dear friend, that you feel the powerful presence of spirits of light, and are conscious of the nearness of dear departed ones; what I want to ask is a more particular account of that feeling and consciousness, something that will preclude the probability that you are simply the creature of a pleasant but not unnatural fancy or fiction?"

"I have often pondered over that very point," Comfort replied, "fearing that my more or less intense yearning for tokens from across the river, became the source and substance of my subsequent sensations. But while to some extent it must be so, I am sure that there is borne in upon me from beyond, the strange warm, delicious, independent feeling, that my friends are near me, that, as in life here, they still feed me with their thoughts and love. My mother has been dead, as you know, since my youth, and yet, should she now enter this room in the flesh, her presence would not be more real to me—the spiritual me—than it is at this moment. I sense her presence, the testimony is in my heart.

"No one but mother could fill that void that aches and calls when she is not.

"The general feeling is that of exaltation, illumination, inward peace and happiness. I do not think the feeling is different from that which I have so often heard you express concerning the peace of God, the presence of Jesus the Lord, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and such terms as cover and stand for a distinct experience in the mind and sensations, which comes through either real actual contact with the persons and things named—or belief that it is so."

"Yes," said Brother Caleb, slowly, and as if musing, "Jesus said when two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. And Paul says, 'If any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his ; and if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin, but the spirit (yours) is life because of righteousness.' Again he says, 'For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God. For ye received not the spirit of bondage again to fear ; but ye received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father. The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God.'"

"That is our contention in brave, strong words, Brother Caleb, and every true spiritualist will find no difficulty in standing in with Paul. Christ in the midst of two or three, is a matter of spiritual recognition and acceptance, otherwise he is not there. To have the Spirit of Christ and Christ in you, as Paul

declares necessary, is, in a realizable and demonstrable way, to be related to him, to be subject to his control, to move forward in sweet accord, consciously, with him, and to carry out his will and purpose. Are these mere fancies, mere fictions of one's brain, or are they realities of sensation and consciousness capable of being analyzed, and worthy of the highest type of character?

“So, with us is the truth, only in its larger significance and application.

“We open the doors of our lives, and as the Sunday school song has it—

“ ‘Let the good angels come in.’

“And they come in, and the Spirit of Christ comes in, just as Paul says he must, and we make him and them welcome, receive their sweet ministries, both of discipline and encouragement, and are by these tokens stronger to bear life's burdens and fight life's battles.

“They settle with emphatic definiteness the question of life's future, the whither and the why of human being and suffering and wandering.

“As Moses and Elijah talked with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, so do our friends talk with us in the time of our transfiguration, and we bear away from these meetings marks and tokens of the

fellowship we have enjoyed and the lessons we have learned."

Brother Caleb thanked Comfort for his words, and then there was silence for a few moments, that is to say, if communing of loving spirits on earth with kindred ones from beyond, can be said to be a matter of silence. On the plane of consciousness, there is noise enough I warrant you.

Presently Mary Van Elt arose and walked across the room to where Brother Caleb was sitting, and in the most gentle manner, and in tones of exquisite tenderness, began to address him, holding his hand the while. Caleb was about to be gratified, for Mary was in a semi-trance state, and spoke, not her own words, but "as the Spirit gave utterance."

Here are the words :

"Caleb, your devout parents gave you this name when you came to cheer their desolation at the old plantation near the banks of the Yemassee, two and fifty years ago. Their dust reposes in the old graveyard where generations preceded them to the rest that remains, but they are not dead, Caleb, but more truly alive and more effectually with you than ever they were or could be on the earth.

"I have opened up a vista for you.

"You are looking back over all the way you have come since childhood to this hour. Fear not the retrospect, Caleb, for, true to your name, and like

Caleb of old, because you possess another spirit and have followed your convictions of duty fully, you shall enter and possess the Canaan of safety and happiness—the spiritual land flowing with milk and honey, where the vales of Beulah invite your sojourn, and long-lost loves shall come again to your embrace.

“Do you remember the happy days before the war, Caleb?

“Do you recall the gay parties of pleasure at the home of her you hold to be the dearest and best of earth or above the earth?

“What delightful pastimes you had together.

“What pride you took in witnessing her complete control of ‘Harry Lee,’ the beautiful thoroughbred you presented to her on the occasion, never to be forgotten, but alas! whose promise was not to be realized for long on earth!

“Oh, Caleb, how the times unroll their record.

“You were pursuing your studies at The Citadel, fondly dreaming of happy days to come, when, an honor to your profession at the Bar, you could clasp to your constant love, her who had exchanged holy vows with you under the old oak on the banks of the Yemassee.

“But it was not to be—not yet.

“An alarm was sounded.

“A cry to arms tore over the country from the

mountains to the seaboard, taking every hamlet in its way where dwelt a youth.

“War—war, cruel, needless, bloody war, swept its fiery waves over all the land, and swept you from yours, dear Caleb, for all these many years.

“Do you remember how you came home only to say good-bye to the widowed mother, whose only prop and stay you were?

“Do you remember how unselfishly and nobly she gave you up for your country, and your home?

“And do you remember, Caleb, who last pressed your hand, folded you to her heart, and sealed her love with a kiss that yet lingers on your lips?

“‘A little while,’ you said, ‘a little while, dearest, and your soldier lover will return to claim his bride, and the days will lengthen, and multiply for our happiness.’ Committing your mother to our love and care, for had not we abundance in lands, servants, flocks, and herds, with money in banks to spare? you left for the seat of war, and soon you were at the front of the terrible strife.

“How drearily the days dragged by, and the nights seemed haunted!

“Letters from your brave hand came often, and the thrilling accounts of battles fought, and victories won, brightened our lonely watch. The months dragged on, and, as dangers thickened, and the battles became more frequent, the marches more ex-

hausting, and the cause less triumphant, letters came at longer intervals, until, after months of painful anxiety, watching and waiting, we settled into the despairing conclusion that you were among the dead—the patriotic dead, on some dread battle-field. Years rolled away, years of fearful, and unspeakable anxiety, and suffering, of bloody strife with you, of grim want, and speechless grief, with us.

“Our substance vanished.

“The plantation where generations had been born and had died in peace, ceased to be a safe home for us, and the stern hand of necessity led us to find shelter in the village hard by, until the war should end, and time bring back to us our loved protectors.

“But it was not to be.

“One by one, weary with watching, and overburdened, the household dwindled, death’s kindly wing sheltering the feeblest from time to time, until, Oh ! Caleb, I alone was left to wait your coming.

“At last, the day of tidings came.

“The roster of the brave men who laid down their arms before the triumphant army was sent across the swamps and valleys to cheer and brighten the yet living loved ones whose eyes had grown prematurely dim with watching and weeping, and whose lives were broken by want and suffering and that gnawing at the heart which fear for the safety of him you love converts into an insatiable wolf.

"The roster came, as I have said, and, oh, joy ! your dear name was there. It was in large, proud letters too, because of the valiant deeds connected with it.

" 'General Soyer,' it said in the list of names, 'the brave General Soyer,' and my heart grew young again.

"Oh, Caleb, I need not recall all the sweet particulars of our meeting.

"The memory is the richness of heaven to-day to me, and to you through all the intervening years, it has been a most sacred memory locked up with miser care in the holiest chamber of your heart.

"How often, dear Caleb, have I surprised you gazing, gazing fondly and tearfully into that face—my face—so deeply and truly engraved on your faithful heart !

"How often I have tried to answer the loving appeal of your spirit, to know if she lives to whom your heart belongs, and if you shall see her again.

"No real, tangible sign has come to you in all these years, and you have been patient, generous, faithful, and a living picture of the blessed Christ, going about doing good for goodness' sake, and denying yourself even the innocent pleasures of life out of sympathy with those who were denied them by fate.

"Well, as you know, the meeting moment came, and with it all the sweet, and heroic explanations—how you wrote and wrote from camp, from field,

from hospital, and from the enemies' prison pens—how you could get no answer from us, and how, at last, you came to fear that all was lost, and you alone remained of the dear old circle to live and suffer.

“The flight of years, and the liberations of death had even intensified the fellowship of my heart with you, dear Caleb, in those darkest days.

“Your fears were nearly realized too, for indeed all had escaped from the evil times of our immediate circle, save you and I.

“And we found each other—and—heaven.

“It was short lived—our earthly union.

“Only one short year of communion, of heaven, of awful happiness, was granted us, and this is how it ended.

“One night—oh, Caleb, you remember—one night a little cry was heard in our home, a little child's cry—oh, so faint, so plaintive, so touching, so inquiring! It thrilled us with nameless joy, for it was our child, come in a gloomy time to brighten our lives and give us new ground of contention as to who should most dearly love the other.

“But, alas! it was a night without a morning.

“The mother and the child, ere day dawned upon the murmuring river, passed together out to the welcoming arms of waiting loved ones, and to find rest in the bosom of God.

“Can you doubt, dear Caleb, that the desolation left

to you was a most touching fact to us, who with all conceivable fondness lingered about, but could not make our presence known to you?

“Not an angel of all the throng that sympathy attracted both for us and you, was there, who did not attempt to certify to you in some way the fact of sympathy and love.

“And you were sustained by divine and spiritual grace and power, and over the coffin containing the earthly remains of your wife and child you consecrated your life to the good work which, without interruption, has filled it ever since—and fills it now.

“The joy of this hour, my dear Caleb, must not be sullied or marred by a single expression of doubt, or fear, or regret, or self-upbraiding.

“This is a reunion, let our recognitions lack nothing essential.

“These friends are walking in the light. They have learned, in part, the great truth which you also know in part. This dear lady, who is called a medium, is gifted by nature, but also prepared by the grace of love to be a door through which many can come to loved and anxious ones like you.

“Spiritualism thus exemplified and taught, dear Caleb is the victory of love over all obstructions, threading its winning way along those ordinances of Nature which have all along been hidden from the great and wise, but are now revealed and simplified to the child-

like in heart and in life, the loving links of harmony in the blessed chain of human progress. You desired to hear a medium speak, dear Caleb, who would speak the words and possess the spirit of another.

“It has come to pass for you, and the happiness of it lies, partly in the fact that the words spoken open up a sealed chapter in your dear life, shared in by one, whom, for many years you have sincerely and lovingly mourned as lost. The spirit possessing, for the moment, the form of Mary Van Elt, is none other than your own lost and found lover and wife, *Salome Benoit Soyer.*”

The voice of the medium died away in a sigh, and as Brother Caleb looked up into her radiant face, as she still stood before him, her great hazel eyes fixed on his, we all pardoned the impulse which brought him to his feet, caught the fragile form of Mary in his arms, and imprinted a chaste kiss upon her cheek, while great tears relieved his overcharged heart.

The pencil dropped from Doctor Graeme's fingers, and a wild sob of feeling and sympathy broke from him as he bowed his head upon the table.

As for the rest of us, it is needless to say that, for a time, we were held by

A speechless awe that dared not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

When Miriam came to kiss me good-night her face seemed to reflect the love-light of the Angel Mother, —as she sobbed her message of devotion on my breast.

And now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of life among you, but only of the ship. For there stood by me this night an angel of the God whose I am, whom also I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul, thou must stand before Cesar: and lo, God hath granted thee all those that sail with thee.

Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even so as it hath been spoken unto me.
Acts xxvii. 22-25.

CHAPTER XIV.

TAKING BEARINGS

"Land, ho!"

"Where away?"

"Dead ahead, sir."

I CAN give no particular reason for introducing this chapter as I have done—but I fancy a kind of parallel in circumstances between Paul, in the distressful yet hopeful emergency in which he was, and some of us who, with the memory of last night's lessons, greeted one another on this morning after.

There was no lack of good cheer, for Mr. and Mrs. Follene, who spent the night with us, made the morning roseate with their contagious cheerfulness. Indeed our entire household assembled in the breakfast hall with healthy appetites and companionable dispositions.

Brother Caleb showed signs of having slept little, I thought, but, barring a slight evidence of pre-occupancy of mind, he was his old self with a gentler flavor, if possible, of tenderness.

The words of Mary to him, purporting to come

from Salome Benoit Soyer, his wife, were revelations to us—supposing them to be true, for, while we have known Brother Caleb for several years, we knew not that such episodes as last night's revelations implied had filled his life. Naturally, therefore, we were all more or less anxious to know how much truth had been told, although, for my part, I doubted not but that the whole was true.

We were not long kept in suspense, for Brother Caleb's straightforward character asserted itself, and, if possible, shone out in grander proportions than ever.

At his request, we all repaired to the parlor after breakfast.

With considerable difficulty Brother Caleb controlled his feelings, as he began to speak to us, but as he warmed up, his voice became steadier and his manner more subdued.

This is what he said :

“My friends, I have asked you to meet me here this morning that I might speak to you out of my heart concerning the very strange, and, to me, most wonderful occurrences of last night. I walk as in a dream—I seem to be some one else.

“I want to say to you, that the words spoken by our young friend, Mary Van Elt—no matter how they came to her—and addressed to me in the name of one long since dead, are true in every sense.

“This strange meeting has brought forth from the deep grave of my heart facts and scenes and memories, known only to her who on that night referred to went out to God, and to me who was left stranded and broken, stricken and afflicted, until it shall please God to restore us again to each other. Salome Benoit was an angel on earth, and for the year that she was my loving and worshipped wife, she made the desert place in which we lived a paradise of God.

“For all these years, since the night God took her from me, I have been going about and in my weak way trying to do good, and make myself worthy to see my angel again when this toilsome day is done. I am, as you know, a Methodist—a Methodist preacher, although an unworthy one.

“I have always attributed spiritualism to the work of the evil one, and have looked upon its believers as, in the one case, deceived and deluded, and in the other (as in the the case of mediums), willing tools of the devil.

“I hope I am forgiven for any uncharity I may have exhibited in adopting such views and living by them.

“I have known this dear family for several years. I consider sweet Miriam and her good father almost members of my flock, but I have known that they were, in a sense, believers in spiritualism, due, as I believed, to the great influence of my friend, Comfort Miller, who, with well-known ability, advocates what

I have heard called Christian spiritualism, a term conveying the idea that spiritualism, as he teaches it, in no way antagonizes genuine Christianity, and we have all felt the power of his words on this subject since we have been so pleasantly associated under this hospitable roof. I will here admit that listening to Brother Miller has much modified my views on the fundamental ideas of spiritualism and the sources of its attractions ; while the most marvellous revelations, if I may call them so, of last night, affecting my personal life, however come by, leave me without reason for feeling aught but kindly and lovingly toward those who are believers in the genuineness of such revelations, and who are gifted to receive and to declare them.

“I cannot say that I believe. I cannot formulate my feelings. I am filled with mixed emotions.

“My heart has been torn open by mighty memories brought up by the words of this dear child, who I know spoke without previous knowledge. A name has been spoken, which I am sure was never heard before by any of you, a name, dearest of all names, next to that of my Saviour, to me. How account for all this? Who will solve the mystery?

“Is there a solution other than that which you believe?

“I cannot at this moment say whether what has befallen me, what has been said to me, so tenderly and

so sweetly, as coming from my heart's idol, adds to my happiness or increases my doubt. Give me time. Let me think, and pray. Help me with your patience, and with your sympathy.

“Oh, if the church, after all, is a blind leader of the blind! But it is not in me, my friends, to shrink from any proper ordeal, and I shall certainly try and pass through this, and, by study, prayer, and due diligence, get at the truth, find the solvent and be guided thereby.

“We have a few days yet to be together, and I hope between now and the day of my departure more light will shine upon us, and that we may—that I may, find the truth if I have it not. Perhaps I have much to unlearn.

“Perhaps my secret sorrow, which for so many years has burdened me down, has also limited my spiritual vision, and prevented the enlargement of my soul. I believe in immortality and have longed for the hour when this mortal shall put it on, and for the reunion which my religion teaches me shall become a fact in that place where sickness and sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more.

“To realize that we can now and here hold conscious communion with our sainted dead—alive forevermore, is something that I have not thought possible, and, I may say, desirable, and yet, to-day, I find myself longing to hear more, even though my mind

misgives me. My heart yearns, but my mind hesitates, and almost rebels.

“The evidence is clouded, for the fear of a different solution obtrudes. I admit that this may arise from previous and life-long education and inherited belief, and the possibility of sinning against the Holy Ghost is ever present as a growing fear.

“I would give much for the unquestioning faith that you all seem to possess. You are happy, if I may believe your words, and accept your lives, as they now appear to me, as evidence.

“I no longer allow myself to question your sincerity, and I give you my hand in token of my confidence and love

“I suppose I am weak, and I know that I am unstrung, but, God helping me, I will know more of this whole matter, and if there is clearer light and surer evidence, I trust and pray that it may fall on me and come to me.”

Turning to Mary Van Elt, Brother Caleb extended his hand, which Mary warmly clasped, and said :

“To you, dear child, I, at all events, owe thanks,—and perhaps apology.

“You are a revelation to me. I no longer wonder that Brother Golden, Miriam, and the rest, love you with great love. Your face shines with the light of honesty and love. If it is an index and expression of your soul ; that soul is beautiful indeed. Your strange gifts are be-

yond my comprehension, as they appear to be beyond your own. Oh, my child, if it is given to you to talk with angels, to see them as they come and go, and to repeat their burning words of hope and encouragement to struggling mortals, your mission is indeed Christlike and heavenly. Whatever doubt exists in my slow believing mind as to the phenomenal facts as they appear, I beg you to feel that I do not doubt you,—your sincerity, your honesty, your purity and goodness. God bless you, my child, and may His holy angels ever have you in their holy keeping."

We all breathed "Amen!" to Brother Caleb's good prayer and blessing, but Mary did more, she became entranced instantly, and responded to Brother Caleb in words of hope and tenderness worthy of Christ Himself, and brought us all again into the melting mood.

Doctor Graeme attempted to take down her words, but utterly failed, so absorbed was he with the scene and the inspiring utterances. I have heard eloquent preachers in my day—such as Bishop George Pierce, Bishop Matthew Simpson, Henry Ward Beecher and others of high renown, but for impassioned, holy thought, for tender, soul-stirring spirit, for finished diction, together with a nameless something beyond all these, nothing within my memory approached the glorious response of Mary Van Elt to Brother Caleb's noble words.

It left us all exalted on the mountain top of Pisgah

—while dear Brother Caleb was more perplexed than ever.

And so the morning ended, and we went our several ways, after bidding Mr. and Mrs. Follene good-bye, who returned to their hotel as happy as the word will admit of.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS.

The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.—*New Testament.*

THERE are spiritualists and spiritualists. Belief in spirit communion, and the conscious practice of it, too, does not necessarily imply wisdom, love, devotion to humanity, and correct lives. We agree that, rightly viewed, it should do so.

In the exercise of spiritual gifts,—mediumship,—you may often find great contradictions, and, alas! lack of corresponding character and goodness.

It has always been so.

There were lying prophets in the olden times, and many who were gifted and honored as seers and diviners fell victims to evil influences, and after having been the medium of enlightenment to others, themselves became castaways.

The popular cry against spiritualism, because now and then a believer or medium falls, or becomes entangled in evil practices and surroundings; the loud denunciation of mediums, because occasionally one is

detected in the perpetration of fraud for notoriety or gain, ought not, in a just mind, to militate against the truth, nor should it be accepted as the legitimate fruit of spiritualism. If churches were judged by such unfair methods, how long would Christianity be able to present its claims?

Doubtless, there are false mediums, even as there were false prophets and false Christs, and as there are false preachers, but a little common sense and a sincere love of, and search after truth, will soon separate the false from the true, the real from the semblance.

“A tree is known by its fruits.”

“By their fruits shall ye know them.”

After Pentecost the power of the apostles of Jesus greatly augmented, and their followers and dependants multiplied, recruited as they were from the afflicted and poor who were healed and blessed, with astonishing rapidity.

In the record—Acts v. 12-16—it appears that, by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people . . . and believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes, both men and women; insomuch that they even carried out the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that, as Peter came by, at the least his shadow might overshadow some of them. And there also came together the multitude from the

cities round about Jerusalem, bringing sick folk and them that were vexed with unclean spirits ; and they were healed every one.

“ How were they healed ? ”

By touch, by word, by look, by the power of sympathy—spirit-power—in the persons of the apostles and mediums. Their very shadow as they passed had virtue in it, for as it fell in noiseless grace upon the prostrate and helpless victims of disease, health and vigor began to assert themselves.

Nineteenth century blindness and superstition may either deny the record or esteem the mighty works wrought as miracles ; but it is plain that the people of that time did not think so, unless to be endued with spiritual power through spirit control is a miracle. On a certain occasion, as Jesus was teaching and healing, the priesthood demanded of Him, “ ‘ By what authority doest Thou these things ? or who is he that gave Thee this authority ? ’ ” ‘ I will also ask you a question,’ replied He, ‘ and tell Me : The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or from men ? ’ And they reasoned with themselves, saying, If we shall say, from heaven, He will say, Why did ye not believe him ? But if we shall say, From men ; all the people will stone us : for they be persuaded that John was a prophet. And they answered, that they knew not whence it was. And

Jesus said to them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things."

But elsewhere, in his lessons to his disciples, after their failure to cast out evil spirits, he told them that power to do so could only be acquired by "fasting and prayer,"—by consecration and spiritual possession and power.

So, the works of mercy, such as casting out evil spirits, cleansing lepers, opening blind eyes, and healing all manner of diseases, by word, touch, or look, wrought by the apostles,—not to speak of the light of hope shed into dark souls,—caused a great commotion, one day, almost a riot indeed, so that even the lives of the divine healers, were in imminent danger, in the midst of their gracious work; the public streets being the hospitals in which the impotent and sick multitudes lay, waiting to be healed.

The High Priest and the Sadduceean population, filled with rage and jealousy, had the healing mediums arrested and cast into prison. But prison walls are not sufficient barriers to hold in or keep out this power of spirits.

What was the result?

"An angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them out, and said, Go ye, and stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this Life."

This was a bold movement on the part of the angel ;

but, if you will consult the record in Acts v., you will see that he knew his mission and his mediums, and accomplished the good work of vindicating the power that Jesus claimed for himself, and which his disciples, after him, possessed and exercised, by spirit control.

A Pharisee, Gamaliel by name, a noted counsellor at law, gave the jealous, baffled crowd some good advice on that occasion, and as it is exceedingly pertinent now, I may be pardoned for adopting it and offering it in all love to whom it may concern.

"Ye men of Israel," said he, "take heed to yourselves as touching these men, what ye are about to do. For before these days rose up Theudas, giving himself out to be somebody ; to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves : who was slain ; and all, as many as obeyed him, were dispersed, and came to nought. After this man rose up Judas of Galilee in the days of the enrolment, and drew away some of the people after him : he also perished ; and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered abroad. And now, I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone : for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown : but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them ; lest haply ye be found even to be fighting against God."

They agreed to this, and let the healers go about

their ways of mercy—but not until they had beaten them and denounced them roundly.

History, it is said, repeats itself.

Well, let us not be deterred from the right word nor the right work because of detraction or persecution,—but all the more persevere, rejoicing as our early prototypes did, that we are counted worthy to suffer for so good a cause.—Love will conquer. I do not know why I have interjected this chapter, unless it may chance to fall under the eye of some one who is being hounded down for truth's sake, and is just now in need of interference on the part of some good angel.

My dear friend, those with whom we co-operate, and the Infinite One whom we serve, will not leave you to be devoured by the dogs of persecution and detraction. To suffer and be strong is your high calling.

When Jesus was in his great passion in the retreat of Gethsemane, forsaken by nearly all who had reason to cling to him to the last; hunted by his persecutors and subsequent murderers; as he swooned upon the pitying earth, no man being near to sustain or comfort him, an angel dropped beside him and ministered to him. Blessed angel, timely angel; opportune angel; thanks to thee!

So will it always be with the world's Christ with the vicarious teachers and workers of, and for, humanity.

The burdens will grow unseemly heavy ; the darkness will intensify, the fires of persecution will grow hotter and hotter, the human helpers and sympathizers will fall away or be overcome with sleep,— and you must drink the bitter cup alone. Not quite, not utterly. Not at all. Angels are picketing all the way your weary feet must tread.

Every cloud hides them. In the light of every star they shed the radiance of their presence upon you. Along invisible lines they come to you. In the supreme moment they will bear you up in their hands, and bring you through.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

DOCTOR GRAEME led off in the evening by deprecating the fact that so much division exists among spiritualists, some contending for one phase of manifestation and some for another ; some seeking only the excitement of physical phenomena, others denouncing as fraudulent all such.

He was in favor of encouraging all phases, and defending all grades of genuine manifestation from the simple rap on a table up to materialization, and up to the highest gifts of vision and of speech under spirit control.

He advocated organization at some length, and wondered why a universal movement toward it were not visible.

He thought the spirit of liberalism was a danger as well as a blessing, seeing that many were led too far, and were found, as he believed, to be in active opposition to the real trend and mission of the spiritual philosophy.

Brother Caleb took part in the conversation, and offered as an argument against spiritualism the fact that

so many of its advocates, if he understood them, ruled Christ out entirely, and would hear nothing in favor of Christianity, sweeping away all moral barriers, and substituting the human will or, what is worse, the guidance of the senses. He delicately touched upon the argument so often made by ill-informed persons, that the effect of spiritualism was to lower social status, and weaken those ties which, in the social order, answer for the legitimate continuance of the human race, and the increase of public morality.

He said that the subject was painful to him, and that he would be glad indeed to become better informed on these matters, and to be made to see the contrary trend and tendency.

It would seem, he argued, that to live in daily communion with angels of God, and the spirits of departed loved ones, should strengthen all good impulses, emphasize all truth, and make goodness more and more desirable and attractive. It should prove the greatest defence of morality and social goodness, and virtue—and in nowise tend to weaken moral restraints.

He did not, he said, affirm that it did not do so; he only gave utterance to familiar popular opinions and testimony so far as they had fallen under his notice.

He acknowledged that his personal acquaintance with spiritualists was limited, indeed almost to the present company, and he was glad to feel that the

spirit here manifested, was most beautiful and heavenly, and he hoped that it was not necessary for him to say that his objection to spiritualism and spiritualists had not the remotest reference to the dear friends of this household, or of the present circle.

I suggested that perhaps public opinion in many things was based on misconception, and ignorance of the real truth, principles, and facts, underlying and constituting the philosophy of spiritualism. It was of the very first importance, in the first estimate of this philosophy and its adherents and advocates, to know whether or not its principles and teachings are in themselves moral, judged by the highest standards. Is the morality of this philosophy different from that which all pure minds accept, whether it be called Christian or Jewish, Mohammedan or Hindoo Greek or Roman.

Are there several moral codes ?

Is the essence of morality one everywhere, or various, as men conceive it ?

Is morality a creature of rules and regulations of human formulation ?

Is it not rather the soul of right, or the conscience of right, implanted or breathed into humanity and into the universe by the Infinite Creator ?

What is moral law, or the moral law ?

Who shall define it ?

What authority shall interpret it ?

It goes without saying that whatever it is and wherever it is, it is obligatory on all. But where will you search for it? Outside of yourself?

Is it something independent of your consciousness, lying somewhere hidden, waiting to be discovered?

If it is not found within you, where shall you look for it?

Fichte, the German philosopher, says, that, "The formal law of morals is this :

"Always act in conformity with your convictions of duty, (obey your conscience).

"This rule includes two others : First, try to understand clearly what is your duty in every matter ; then, when you are convinced what your duty is, do it, for the sole reason that you are sure that it is your duty."

Spiritualism, as I understand it, adopts and emphasizes this law, even as Jesus did—in his Sermon on the Mount—and as all good Christians do when they truly interpret him.

The criterion of morality is the conscience—not another man's, but your own.

I do not mean that one should not take counsel of other men's consciences, in arriving at right conclusions, but I assert the very contrary, that they should do so. Not for the purpose of lessening the sense of responsibility, but for confirmation of truth and right.

This is the common practice of mankind, and so it is that certain things are settled, because universal, or concrete conscience of mankind through ages, has made them so.

Now, let us bring ourselves to consider spiritualism in relation to all this, and what do we find ?

We find these primal rules cardinal in the philosophy of spiritualism.

How can communion with exalted and gifted and loving spirits—which holy commerce we maintain—set aside, weaken, or obscure such rules, and such order ? In the very nature of things, must not such communion strengthen and refine the moral conscience ?

Who has ever heard a message from a spirit, even through the most humble medium, advising or directing, or sanctioning the breaking of any one of the Ten Commandments, much more the repudiation of the Sermon on the Mount ? Such a thing has never occurred—in spiritualism.

But distinguished “vicars of Christ” have been known to smash all the commandments, and cast the Sermon on the Mount into the Tiber, so to speak, at different times and for very depraved reasons.

High church functionaries and bishops, gave their sanction in Christ’s name to nameless crimes committed by a psoric King of England, in pursuit of guilty pleasures, and gloried in their shame when

they hailed him, reeking with matchless corruption, as the "defender of the faith!"

Evil spirits and evil passions lead men captive, and official christendom has more than once bowed the knee before depravity enthroned and in power.

Misery and sorrow are let loose like overwhelming floods by human disregard of moral restraints and convictions, and the appealing voice of conscience.

Shall we judge Christianity by these awful betrayals?

If a spiritualist is thus betrayed and yields himself to such evil tides and impulses, be sure it is over the beseeching cries, the thundering protests, and the overthrown restraining love of the wise and good spirits, who, with knowledge and all holy teaching, constantly urge and direct him in the better way.

Is it a small reinforcement of conscience to feel that, by your side and for the right, is a sainted mother, a protecting father, a loving wife, a devoted dependent child, in spirit with you, for you, and in you?

Is it a small thing to fellowship, either directly, as we may do, or through some gifted medium, with the illuminated minds and great hearts of the good men and women who, having passed through earth's tribulations with triumph, stand ready to aid and strengthen us, by counsel and sympathy, who are yet amid the seas of struggle?

If you make answer and say, Why not take Christ for your help ?

I reply—We do, and we will ; for, what does that name signify spiritually, but a power, a wisdom, and a grace, through love, which angels and men may and should extend and manifest toward one another ?

What is the Christ spirit, the Christ power, the Christ life—but the exhibition, the possession and exercise of those divine influences and forces, and that devotion to humanity, which in Jesus found fullness of development and expression.

Spiritual philosophy is the mind of Christ, and its life and practice the heart of Christ, perpetuated to the world.

There are diversities of gifts, as Paul says, and there are many points of view. The laborers and teachers are not all cast in one mould, yet are all cohered by one power, and all are pressing toward one goal of triumph—the betterment of humanity, its self-recognition and knowledge of divine relationships.

We do not all speak the same language, but the utterance in each and all is by the Spirit. Let us not vex ourselves needlessly nor retard the cause by creating useless diversions, whether in the interest of organization or a greater homogeneity.

There is organization, and there is homogeneity, because there is organic law, the organic law of liberty. There is unity and fraternity—world-wide, because

the Spirit of truth is our leader, and all truth is the goal. When a man asks of spiritualism, *qui bono* ? the answer comes from above, from around, from beneath, from near and from far, until it blazons itself in polyglotal fire over the heavens and the earth that all may read :

“That all may come to the knowledge of the truth.”

It is God's tuition of man.

It is the accommodation of infinite resources to finite necessities, the emptying forth by all spiritual ministrations, of the heart of God upon the hearts of men. As for the angels, “Are not they all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation,” as the good book declares ? and who that reads history, or has ever closely considered his own inner life, is without peculiar and convincing testimony ?

The conversation of the evening was brought to an end at a late hour, but not before Mary Van Elt voiced to us, in poetic language, one of its most inspiring lessons.

I am not much of a poetaster, but as these words fell from Mary's lips, they thrilled me because they seemed to come from an inspired earthly evangel appealing to the heavenly ministers of grace—for sympathy and aid in behalf of the world lying in darkness. Here they are :

Join in my song, ye angels fair,
Strike your bright harps as ye fly with me ;
Silvern this dawning, radiant and rare ;
Equally joyous our song shall be.

Hither and thither we fly,—we fly,—
You from the spheres of ineffable light ;
From the deep valleys of shadows come I—
Skirting the rayless night.

Join in my song, O angels fair,
Strike your soft lyres as ye fly with me ;
Bring we the dawning, radiant and rare,—
From whose rising the night shall flee.

Fly with me, O, come fly with me
Into dark continents,—over the sea ;
Search we for bound ones,
Set we them free :

Search we for blind ones,
Make we them see :
Search for the lost ones,
Home guide them, we.

Brother Caleb was also deeply affected, more, I think, by the enraptured manner of the speaker than by the simple words. For a moment I think he fancied himself at an old-fashioned conference meeting, for no sooner had Mary ceased, than he raised his strong voice, not unmusical either, for Methodist preachers are generally good singers, and sang alone with great feeling, these words to the tune of Asmon :

Angels, assist our mighty joys !
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

I took a turn in the garden after bidding good-night

to my happy guests, with my gentle Miriam by my side, and we both thought that the very stars blinked and burned with unwonted brilliancy, and the voices of nature around us seemed to be rehearsing a new song.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHADOWS AND DAYBREAK.

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.—BURKE.

A shadow came and lingered where the sunshine stood before.
—ANNA K. GREEN.

Until the day break and the shadows flee away.—SOLOMON.

WE feel the pressure of shadows.

Down they unfold from all-where, and thick stud our way like phantom forest trees.

Sometimes they seem to grow downward from above, and they do, most truly, spring up from within. Of the former, perhaps if we knew their purport and their composition, we would feel less concern to have them melt away.

The progressive, sensitive soul, in sensing things invisible that hang about the human horizon, need not fear that they are directed by some malicious power to harass and retard life.

They are rather friendly consorts on the mental sea ; invisible pilots over the stormy passage, more substantial than the thoughtless and unawakened ever think, these accompanying shadows in life's way.

One thing is certain : nothing moves in the spiritual horizon of life rightly guided, to hurt or destroy. Our own creation, fears, and will, must make them so, and by our failure to apprehend or to realize right relations, they fail of their ministry.

There is never a shadow that sweeps across your path out of the mystery of things (not made by your own wrong doing) that is unfriendly.

It signifies only a good token. It tells of something near—something that will unfold good to you.

It is a prophecy of enlargement. It is the advance courier of a new day until it break, as the mists roll up and disappear in the sky before the coming sun.

When the beleaguered prophet of Israel prayed that his servant's eyes might be opened, the astonished young man saw that the very clouds that floated in the heavens round about his master, were full of horses and chariots—a mighty host of angels in battle front, ready to defend and protect the good prophet. He knew they were there.

His ear caught the sound of the approaching angel host. His eye descried their coming over the cloud tops.

Ah ! many among us can tell a similar story.

You whose lives are devoted to the cause of goodness and humanity—you who, in the face of contumely and detraction, poverty and pain, pursue

your faithful way, led by good angels, and sanctified by love, willing to suffer the loss of all things, that an unspiritual and blinded world covets, if so be you can bring light and hope into dark places, you can testify to clouds of witnesses, and clouds of helping hands, and clouds of encouraging angels!

But there are different shadows attending us. When a gifted medium hears the seraphic sounds of angel minstrelsy, and interprets them to our wondering sense, are we to attribute it to delusion or worse?

When one speaks, as though he or she is moved by some earnest, loving spirit, controlling for the time her organism, and the words are pertinent, gracious, calling up scenes and memories, reminiscences and forgotten facts in the life of him to whom they are addressed, shall we call it the work of the evil one—the inspiration of Satan? When another, standing before the great congregation, utters burning words of eloquent appeal, singing words of poetic beauty, powerful words of truth and duty, enticing words of hope and prophecy, tender words of love and grace, as with the breath of divine inspiration, being controlled for the time by some burning and shining angel of light—shall we denounce the unconscious instrument as a fraud, a trickster, a child of the Devil? Shall we pierce the all too sensitive life with the poisoned arrows of our rage and unbelieving raillery?

The guides of humanity must pass along this way. The prophets have always been so treated—and stoned.

The seers and interpreters of truth in the olden time fared thus at the hands of their beneficiaries, from peasant to king. Rude and rough is the world's reception of its saviours and prophets, its liberators and pioneers of progress. It is a shadowy way, through which they must pass who lead, and who must blaze the way for after generations. Paul, whose sufferings for the cause which inspires us read like a chapter of romance, tells his brethren and fellow-sufferers something of the heroic devotion of their ancient pathfinders and seers—who were the prototypes of the true and faithful workers for humanity under divine and angelic direction, to-day : “Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, from weakness were made strong, waxed mighty in war, turned to flight armies of aliens. Women received their dead by a resurrection : and others were tortured, not accepting their deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection. Others had trials of mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment : they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were tempted, they were slain with the sword :

they went about in sheepskins, in goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, evil entreated (of whom the world was not worthy), wandering in deserts and mountains and caves, and the holes of the earth."

We can track their weary footsteps all along the line of progress, to this day. To them the angels gave countenance and good cheer, while the world persecuted and put them to death. Daybreak came to them, and the shadows fled.

We may not be driven by the same whips, but the path of duty, of obedience to the Spirit of truth, of spiritual and moral guidance of mankind, is still thorny—a rugged and a shadowed path.

The bravery of truth must still be exemplified. Who would be accounted worthy to lead, must be ready for sacrifice.

Who would truly interpret the heavenly message to men, must not count the cost.

He who would stand in the breach and hold aloof the standard of progress and life, must not shrink from fiery darts. The world is given to crucifying its saviours.

But inspiration, spirit illumination, knowledge of the truth: these are the unfailing sources of integrity, endurance, and all faithfulness—until the day break.

We shall not falter, nor want courage in the day of trial.

The soldiers in this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

Still other shadows. They are the projections of our own evil doings.

Spiritualism has a message to those who are floundering beneath these.

They have their substantial roots within.

They darken the life with sorrow-laden clouds, and sad are the plaints that ascend.

I do not refer to the ephemeral gusts of shadows that fly out of our oft mistakes ; but of the creations of our wilful moods when we abolish conscience. They are the results of our purposeful wrong-doing, and they closely haunt our way, the very ghosts of our evil selves. They will haunt and hover about us, far into futurity, until by our obedience and submission to truth in the inward parts, the day shall break.

Oh! the wilfully darkened lives ! It is a sad picture—that of a life burdened, inclosed, and clouded with the dark infolding shadows of persistent wrong-doing.

To them the moments are haunted. There is no avenue for thought to travel that is unobstructed.

Although no voice is heard in the darkness, the pendency of awful utterance is an oppression most hard to bear.

• There is constant dread of utterance !

The soul crouches beneath the shadows, and is afraid of the voice it never hears.

For all these things are but the conjurations of guilt by the conscience—and whips of retribution.

Hoarse, horrible and strong, goes up to heaven the agonizing cry,

How long? O God, how long?

This gospel of spiritual light and truth answers :

They must last until the evil effects of the wrongs done are exhausted and expiated.—“Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away.” You must wait, you must suffer; you may hope, and look for the light which one day will break its blessed way to you. Having despised warning and chosen evil, you must bear with yourself and your condition until the day break.

You are not despised, nor doomed nor damned!—you are just self-undone, self-banished, self-encompassed until the day break. It will break and the shadows will flee away. You can hasten it, and help is at hand.

Let me now address some words with particularity to certain conditions of mind and life, within the sphere of loyal duty—yet much in need of encouragement.

There are those among us whose lives are a constant offering on the altar of humanity, and the

shadows about them spring from their inability to see of the travail of their souls.

They see plainly the way of duty in love, leading to sacrifice, and they nobly tread therein. But they do not see the fruit of their devotion, with the same clearness. They are, in a true sense, the vicarious elements in human society.

They bear the burden for the thoughtless and the ungrateful, often.

They are fathers and mothers of reckless sons and daughters, who are ensnared in the follies of their times.

They are also the men and women who espy the paths of life for their race, as I have already described, yet, they think, unavailingly.

They have the conscience of humanity. They realize the stupendous privilege of living. They do not view life as a venture but as a permanence whose path penetrates the unseen and becomes luminous to the appreciative.

They do not insult themselves with the thought of low origin, and they do not offend their mother and father—God, with doubts of goodness and wisdom and perfection in the perpetual outcome.

Life is not a mere probation—a sort of trial existence,—but a glorious beginning whose possibilities are beyond the conception of the mind in its finite

relations, because the perfect in character and enjoyment is not here on earth.

The present, understand me, is not in itself imperfect, it is only unfinished. No life is finished here. Nothing is entire.

Every day's development unfolds beauty, grace, and brings corresponding good,—yet to these advancing souls, the shadows appear.

Progress is slow, sometimes painful, and many faults remain.

And so—until the day break. The perfect is yet to be in all entirety, in spite of the chaos of the doubtful now. Here is but the beginning—hereafter is always—and the to-morrows will be brighter: Brighter for you, brighter for all, brighter forever. Every true life is added leverage to the whole world of humanity, and in the serene heights of *one's* achievement, dwelling in the sunshine and rest of the far progressed life, the goal is realized in which one time all souls shall share.

Until the day break the shadows abide, but the voice of assurance in every quickened soul speaks certainly of the break of day that must be.

The patience of hope is not, therefore, a meaningless expression, but a spiritual one—and humane.

It belongs to the gospel of spiritualism, and is a part of speech in its philosophy. Take courage—somebody must blaze the way,—let it be you.

Somebody must press on with the haste of human necessities, you are a trusted one.

You should be happy in the thought. Forge ahead. The day will break *behind you*. And you? Why, to be sure, you will be revelling with the Angels of Light on the top of Heaven's eternal morning.

Yet again. Are you tired? Be patient with me, and let us go on.

There are those who come into life with feeble germs of faculties, with windows of the soul darkened, and with physical environment of deprivation.

The normal state is never theirs in the mortal life.

There is an inheritance of physical lapse and consequent mental disability.

The hues of life to them are dark, generally

With avenues closed through which the sunshine should and would come but cannot come,—sadness and melancholy settle down over them. Theirs is the most shadowy way, and often, the pain of it is, that they know it and divine its cause.

Sometimes this condition is intensified by unkindness, by wrong, and by neglect on the part of others, and then the darkness thickens and soon culminates in night. Everything suffers eclipse, even love, even the love of God.

Anon, the clouds lift, and through the fugitive rifts, the light breaks. To all such, spiritualism has a

perfect gospel,—and it comes with the joyful assurance of a daybreak to be.

The hour is coming when all bonds shall be broken—and the prison doors of the soul shall be opened by willing angel hands.

The day shall break.

And what a day ! .

What compensations await the patient soul whose earth life has known only the cloud for a canopy, and melancholy hauntings for companionship.

The life has a new beginning—and with an experience of want and limitation and sorrow that becomes a trustworthy adviser—in that time when the day shall break.

Once more : our gospel of spiritual truth, comes to those who walk through life among the tombs. There are many such. Their cry is, my companions and friends are removed far from me, my house is desolate and forsaken.

There is music no more, only silence and death. The sun has gone down forever, and I walk, henceforth, in the shadows.

Will the day ever break ?

The lessons and hopes offered by Christianity are well enough—but do not afford present relief. The hope of physical resurrection is not only forlorn but baseless. The promise of reunion after death in some bright clime where separation will never need

to be more, is consoling in a limited sense, for always there is a standing doubt, and the eyes of faith cannot see for tears.

Reconciliation with such a stroke of loving Providence, does not, in reality, result from the most elaborate Christian instruction. The aching void remains.

The heart, all lacerated by the cruel blows, said to be inflicted by the most merciful hand, is not comforted, and the life henceforth takes on the sombre hues of grief and mourning.

The blessed evangelism of spiritualism comes with peculiar grace and fulness of revelation to such as are thus bereaved. It does not promise resurrection, but it shows its spiritual accomplishment. It does not speak of some meeting again of the cruelly parted, in an indefinite time and state. It parts the veil, and the lost are found to each other. There is hardly a mystery—only a revelation and a recognition.

The living spirit is helped to announce itself, and proves its identity by all the signs that love alone interprets. There is no deception—only natural, spiritual sequence.

It is said that the loving women who went to the tomb of Jesus to lay the fragrant flowers, so emblematic of their fond but fading hopes, at the feet of the dead, saw an Angel at the entrance, who said "He is risen, He is not here."

If such a scene occurred, it must have occurred just so ; but I think the Angel was misunderstood, or the recorder did not appreciate the significance of the occurrence. The Angel doubtless said—*I am risen—I am here*, for it is quite natural to suppose that it was Jesus in spirit form himself, who shortly after, manifested more fully to one of them who mistook him for the gardener.

Spiritualism teaches the uninterrupted, continuous, identical life, whose eclipse in death is but a quick exchange of form with all proper functions and faculties, not intact only, but expanded and intensified. It teaches, and demonstrates, that this life is immediately, if conditions are found—and them also it reveals—manifestible, so as to be recognized and known by all the marks and tokens that the senses can take in.

You may call this phenomenal if so it please you, but it is no small consolation to the mother who realizes her son ; no small delight to the child who feels and knows again the living presence of the parent. The heart's wild beating is quieted. The speechless agony of doubt and despair gives place to exclamations of joyful recognition. Life is even sweeter than before, because it draws its sustenance from both sides of the line, and, in a glorious sense, lives there and here at once, in blissful consciousness.

Sings Gerald Massey :

“One by one the dear old faces fade,
Hands wave their far farewell while beck'ning us
Across the river all must pass alone.
We stand and gaze upon their shining track,
Until the two worlds mingle in a mist,
And the two lives are molten into one :
Familiar things grow phantom-like, remote;
Things visionary draw familiar—near;
The picture that we gaze on seems real,
Looking at us, and we,
The shadows that pass.”

“Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR FATHER, MOTHER, GOD.

God is truth and light his shadow.—PLATO.

I believe in God!" That is a fair and laudable profession; but to *acknowledge* God when and wherever he may reveal himself, this is the only blessedness on earth.—GOETHE.

God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him.—*New Testament*.

It has been a prime season for work in the fields—although suspicion of frost hangs about, and tender plants must needs be carefully guarded.

We have had what we call down here a number of "freezes" thus far this winter; and many delicate plants, such as beans, tomatoes, and early potatoes, have given up life.

Thus far, we have not suffered to any great extent—only a few potatoes and cauliflowers falling victims to the icy breath.

Our company enters heartily into the spirit of the season, and several hours each day are devoted to labor in the fields by our male guests, while Mary and Miriam see to things about the house, and give us cheerful provender at regular intervals.

Doctor Graeme has been busy part of the time, in analyzing specimens of phosphate from neighboring deposits, with a view of reporting to his principals upon their value and extent.

Miriam assigned to him a small detached room to be used as a laboratory, and it has been a most interesting sight and lesson to watch the chemical transformations, disintegrations, and cohesions, as agents and re-agents were introduced to the innocent-looking phosphates.

Graeme is an enthusiast in his profession, and nothing pleases him more than to explain the different processes as they develop in the crucible, or in the test tube.

Some of the specimens have analyzed quite 80 per cent. phosphate of lime, showing a most satisfactory quantity of phosphoric acid, which is the ingredient chiefly sought after.

We have also been experimenting with certain of these phosphates upon vegetation and crops, in a limited way, under Doctor Graeme's directions, and I think important results are unfolding.

"I do not sympathize with some of my brother chemists," said the Doctor to me, yesterday, "as to the necessity of reducing all of these phosphates into a state of availability as fertilizers, by acid treatment. I find in this, for example," holding up a long glass tube filled with a most beautiful golden-hued solu-

tion, "a considerable quantity of soluble phosphate, that is, soluble in water, and at once available for plant food."

He went on to say that such phosphate, found in sufficient quantity, would be a great boon to this state, since it would afford a cheap yet valuable fertilizer, simply ground fine, and applied abundantly to the land.

Our work in the fields among the plants, and Doctor Graeme's labor and studies in the temporary laboratory, fittingly prepare us for the higher studies and grander lessons of each evening as we venture to feel our way from nature up to nature's God. This is the ideal life, and one is tempted sometimes to wish it might be permanent. But I have no doubt that in its essential features it is so, and that by-and-by, as the scales fall from the eyes of humanity, and all barriers of evil conditions are taken down or outgrown, we shall have, and enjoy, the freedom of the universe, and spirits and men become homogenous, and unobstructed highways of consistent commerce, shall connect all worlds, and all sentient beings shall realize kindredship under the reign of Almighty Love.

Ah, there is a God in Israel ! and he is immanent in all things as well as in all men.

But here I am running on with my gossip, while greater matters wait to be told.

Brother Caleb, provokes us all to study and to good works, and his objections to modern spiritualism, urged in the most loving way, make our evening séances altogether delightful. For good spirits, like good men, have their moods, and if you want a perfect manifestation, you must put yourself in the right condition to receive, and also to provoke it.

Now the perfect condition is sincerity. There are other elements, of course, but given a genuine medium (if you are not yourself gifted and developed), an agreeable company, if several are present, and a sincere desire to know and learn; and if you do not tap the fountains of light and truth—I want to know.

But one captious, cranky, pesky, self-inflated, don't-know and don't-believe, and don't-care sort of person, will spoil any séance, even as he is out of harmony with everything.

There are many such, and, while now and again, one who goes to scoff remains to pray, on the whole, when possible, all such disturbing elements should be excluded from the séance room. There is a flippant sort of spiritualism just as there is a hippodroming Christianity, but no sensible person need be told that these are *Mardi gras* exhibitions, where all wear masks, and all are clowns, and go in for revelry and revenue. I am fully set against exposing the sacred truths and divine amenities of our spiritual sanctuaries

to the inspection, the criticism, and the insults of the vulgar.

There is truth to be told in the most public manner, and warnings to give, and sweet persuasives to be employed, by our speaking and divining mediums,—but when you come to the glorious company of angels in the séance room, to talk and commune with them, are not you on holy ground?

Should such a place and scene be polluted with the presence of mere curiosity mongers, or worse?

No! Keep them out.

The greatest of all mediums, in my faith, Jesus of Nazareth, never admitted the rabble, but only his trusted ones, to the place where he communed with Angels and God, and often he separated himself even from his intimate friends, and went alone into the sanctuary of vision and spiritual communion. Reasons are obvious.

Well, as Brother Caleb had asked us to define the teachings of spiritualism concerning God, an evening was given to it. There was a free conversation, in which all took part,—but it was agreed that the words of Comfort Miller, who seemed to be in a most excellent frame, should be taken as conveying sound spiritual truths on the subject, truths and concepts which the majority of spiritualists would doubtless endorse and accept.

He said :—

“If no other definition of God were presented to us than that he is Love, we should have little difficulty in conceiving of him, and less fear of approaching him. There would spring up in our consciousness the strongest natural tie.

“Our aspirations would be simple, natural, and devout, and our religion would be rational and artless.

“Our ideas of life and duty would take on brighter hues, and doubt of the final outcome would find no place in our thoughts.

“All things would tend towards loveliness, and goodness.

“Duty, pleasure, hardship, disappointment, events, circumstances, and what we call judgments and retributions, would appear in a different light, and would enter into our lives as correctives, occasions of exercise, and as ministers of loving discipline.

“Our conception of the nature and character of God colors all that we see, know, and feel.

It frowns or smiles upon us at the beginning, and at the end, of duty and service.

“It is the sting or the comfort of every trial that befalls us.

“It is the bright or dark fringe of every cloud that hangs low over us, or sweeps across our paths. When we find ourselves in the midst of adversity, when that comes upon us that we do not desire for any cause, and from we know not where,—our

impulse is to connect it with God, or God with it.

"We search for the reason in our conception of him.

"Fear, doubt, despondency, and even almost hate, one at a time, or in a troop, hold court in our feelings and thoughts : and God is also there.

"We are indebted to, what, for want of a better term, I call, 'orthodox Christianity,' for these perversions, and for the pernicious indoctrination responsible for these false views of God.

"The tyranny of entrenched error applies the lash to all our sensibilities, and horrible doubts and agonizing fears possess us, where the utmost serenity should prevail.

"We are taught that He is the framer of our surroundings and the reason of them.

"He has planted us in the midst, and He is the Cause and Beginner of all.

"And questions will arise ; why this or that ; why not otherwise since this is painful to us,—and if God is good? I suffer pain, does God delight in my suffering? Is he gratified because he hath made me capable of pain? I am baffled, disappointed, sorely tried and distressed ; does he take pleasure in my weakness, and is he indifferent to my helplessness?

"What kind of a father is your God? He does not seem to interfere. His hand—the Almighty hand,

does not interpose for my relief. In the dreadful hour of despair I cry out,—my God,—and hast thou forsaken me? and no answer comes from him.

“To all this I venture to make one answer: I venture to say that at bottom there is a wrong conception of God—a wrong one and a false one. And this wrong conception is the motherhood of all the savage brood of spectres, fears, doubts, and despairings—the vultures of false doctrines and views of God preying upon your life.

“It does not make the matter lighter to say that holy Church hath so taught, or holy Bible, either.

“You ask me how I know all this? I answer: Because they have no existence in the consciousness of him who accepts the truth that God is love.

“Perhaps I ought not to say ‘no existence,’ but no power to afflict, to terrorize, to alarm, to embitter, or to dispossess the better mind.

“I know what will be said in reply; this will be said:—But there is much evil in the world; much that is unlovely; much that is terrible; and much that is inconsistent with the idea of goodness in the cause, and wisdom in the end, of the things that we see, and the world that we know.

“But the good order of society is founded upon laws that all may know, feel, and obey, but which may be violated and are violated by ignorance and folly—and so anarchy coexists with law.

"Some keep the law, love the law, and society is subserved.

"The right conception is found in these. Others do not know the law, do not love it, but defy and break it, and so there is confusion, sorrow, pain, and retribution.

"But the law is good.

"And God is good.

"The very storm that howls its terrors through the guilty creature's fears, as he seeks to fly from himself and his self-inflicted evils, speaks also in the still small voice, saying, God is good ; Truth is good ; Life is good ; Duty is good ; Obedience is good.

"God is love.

"Not loving, simply, as though a mere person, exercising an arbitrary faculty. Not a disposition of an entity, a nature, a character, one of many powers and attributes, graces and faculties.

"Not a function or attribute of life, simply. Not an expression of being, but being itself.

"God's nature is love, out of which all else upsprings.

"Such is the natural, and, I will say, the true Christian, definition of God. It is what spiritualism teaches, as I know it.

"God is immanent in nature, and in man.

"Let your observing faculties make a test. Look out.

"Yonder floats a cloud, and far beyond, lost in distance, shine the stars.

"There rests and glows a landscape beneath the sunset glory. Behold yonder mountain backed up against the sky. There winds a rill amid the nodding spires, and—hark ! the royal thunder of the distant sea.

"Feel the ministering atmosphere enclosing you about, and the warm breath of the south wind caressing your brow.

"Open all the inlets of your being, soul and body, and let nature's subtle grace flow in, and flow through.

"Now, tell me your thought ?

"Your thought is great ; it is good ; it is unspeakable.

"But that which caused it is greater and better.

"You whisper—Power. True, there is the sense of power, but power is cold and distant, and, while it impresses, is unapproachable—like the unquickened Christian's gross God.

"But this power is different : it is a real power that, with sweet impressment, holds you bound.

"It is alive, and mindful of you. This immanent power that has thrilled you is spirit ; it is intelligent, and benevolent.

"It awes, but also melts.

"It lifts, by its ministry, the mind up to sublime heights, and it nestles home-like in the heart.

“Love does that.

“And God is love.

“A Christian minister of our own day has said :—
‘The world is the vesture of the unseen God ; its whole atmosphere is charged with his presence.

“‘Whosoever in humble faith, and with a heart which longs for truth and goodness, opens his mouth and draws in his breath, that man is straightway filled, not with some vague influence only, but with all the fullness of God.’* ”

“Now, beloved, the Christ-like life—the highest human type—is to live and act in this interpretation of God.

“To thus live is to bring ourselves into constant intercourse with all good souls on earth, and with all good angels who have passed on. He that abideth in love, abideth in God, and God abideth in him.

“Our glorious gospel and philosophy teach all that these truths imply, and a life thus guided and sanctified is blessed beyond expression. There is no bondage to fear, no subserviency to self, no worship of mammon.

“Such is, in part, at least, our conception and knowledge of God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, and whose goodness extendeth toward all.

“He is not far removed from us, but is as near, and

* Canon Freemantle.

in touch with our souls, as matter is to our senses. There is no mediator required between him and us—he is our Father, and the relation thus recognized is legitimate, and, in our attitude, filial.

“Christ is of him as we are, and is, therefore, our brother, and not our Sacrifice and Redeemer, as the creeds maintain. The Christ-life, in all its humanities, shows us how dear and real is the communion with our Father in our right conception of him. As, toward God, the Christ realized the relationship of love, and union with him, so, toward man, he exhibited and exercised in wondrous devotion, the same.

“In this sense, he could and did say, ‘I and my Father are one.’”

When Comfort had finished we had a delightful song, after which, Brother Caleb spoke for several minutes in a very engaging manner. He expressed himself as being both instructed and surprised. He objected to two expressions in, or rather deductions from, Comfort’s discourse, which, he said, seemed to strike at the very vitals of Christianity.

“They are the substitution of Law for a Personal God, and the denial of the Godhead and atonement of Jesus Christ.”

He talked some time on these points, and, while we felt that he was defending the indefensible, we all felt our hearts warming to him. “He realized,” he said, “the force of certain facts, and was not one of

those to refuse to receive the **Light**, nor to surrender old convictions when they are proved to be erroneous."

Comfort asked Miriam to read a few sentences from Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual world," which he marked in the preface to that remarkable book.

This is what she read :—

"Thus, as the Supernatural becomes slowly Natural, will also the Natural become slowly Supernatural, until in the impersonal authority of Law men everywhere recognize the Authority of God."

Again : "There is a sense of solidity about a Law of Nature which belongs to nothing else in the world. Here, at last, amid all that is shifting, is one thing sure, one thing outside ourselves, unbiassed, unprejudiced, uninfluenced by like or dislike, by doubt or fear ; one thing that holds on its way to me eternally, incorruptible, and undefiled.

"This, more than anything else, makes one eager to see the Reign of Law traced in the Spiritual Sphere.

"And should this seem to some to offer only a surer but not a higher Faith ; should the better ordering of the Spiritual World appear to satisfy the intellect at the sacrifice of reverence, simplicity, or love ; especially, should it seem to substitute a Reign of Law and a Law-giver for a Kingdom of Grace and a Personal God, I will say, with Browning,—

“ ‘I spoke as I saw,
I report, as a man may of God's **work**—*All's love, yet all's Law.*
Now I **lay down** the judgeship He lent me.
Each faculty tasked,
To perceive Him, has gained an abyss where a dewdrop was
asked.’ ”

As to the relation of Christ to these things, Comfort added : “ We do not the less honor and come into touch with him when we deny that his death was an atonement for the sins of humanity, or that he was God incarnate in any other sense than that he manifested God to us along the lines indicated, and by his life and teachings opened up to us the living way into fellowship with the Father, through the spirit of his love.”

CHAPTER XIX.

HERE AND THERE.

The mystery of it.—What is mystery to many men, what feeds their worship, and at the same time spoils it, is that area round all great truth which is really capable of illumination, and into which every learned mind is permitted and commanded to go with a light. We cry mystery long before the region of mystery comes.

True mystery casts no shadows around. It is a sudden and awful gulf yawning across the field of knowledge; its form is irregular, but its lips are clean cut and sharp, and the mind can go to the very verge and look down the precipice into the dim abyss—

“Where writhing clouds unroll,
Striving to utter themselves in shapes.”

We have gone with a light to the very verge of this truth. We have seen that the spiritual life is an endowment from the spiritual world, and that the Living Spirit of Christ dwells in the Christian.

But now the gulf yawns black before us. What more does science know of life? Nothing.

It knows nothing further about its origin in detail. It knows nothing about its ultimate nature. It cannot even define it.—*Drummond, in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."*

The solving power.—All around us lies the world of matter, this vast world above us and about us and beneath us; it proclaims the God of Nature; flower speaking unto flower, star quivering unto star; a God who is resident therein, his law never broke.

In us is a world of consciousness, and as that mirror is made clearer by civilization, I look down and behold the Natural Idea of God, Infinite Cause and Providence, Father and Mother to all that are.

Into our reverent souls God will come as the morning light into the bosom of the opening rose.

This party (Spiritualism) has an idea wider and deeper than that of Catholic or Protestant, namely: that God still inspires men as much as ever; that he is immanent in spirit as in space. For the present purpose the doctrine may be called

* *Spiritualism.*

That relies on no church tradition or scripture, as the last ground and infallible rule.

It counts these things teachers, *if they teach*,—not masters ; helps, *if they help us*,—not authorities.

It relies on the divine presence in the soul of man, the eternal word of God, which is Truth as it speaks through the faculties he has given. It believes God is as near to the soul as matter is to the senses, thinks the canon of revelation not yet closed, nor God exhausted.

It sees Him in Nature's perfect work ; hears Him in all true scriptures, Jewish or Phœnician ; feels Him in the inspiration of the heart ; stoops at the same fountain with Moses and Jesus, and is filled with living water.

It calls God, father, not king ; Christ, brother, not redeemer ; Heaven, home ; and Religion, nature.

It loves and trusts, but does not fear. It sees in Jesus *a man*, living manlike, highly gifted, and with beautiful and blameless fidelity to God. * * * *

It lays down no creed, asks no symbol, reverences exclusively no time nor place, and therefore can use all time and every place. It reckons forms useful to such as they help.

Its temple is all space, its shrine the good heart, its creed all truth, its ritual works of love and utility, its profession of faith a divine life. It takes all the helps it can get ; counts no good word profane, though a heathen spoke it,—no lie sacred, though the greatest prophet said the word.

Its redeemer is within, its salvation within, its heaven and its oracles of God. It falls back on perfect religion—asks no more, is satisfied with no less.

—Theodore Parker.

Intuition God's tuition.—Out of the dust and the din, and mists and observations of life, there come moments when God permits us to see, in a second, farther, wider, and easier, than by ordinary methods of logic we can see in a whole life. Do I undervalue logic when I say it is inferior to intuition? Intuition at a white heat teaches a man in a single moment more than logic ever teaches him.

Logic constructs the walls of thought, throws up ramparts, and lays out highways; but it never *discovers*. The discovering power is intuition.

There are certain times when parts of the mind lift themselves up with a kind of celestial preparation, and we see and think and feel more in a single hour than ordinarily in a year.

However useful and needful reasoning may be as compared with these sudden insights, it is scarcely to be mentioned with respect.

Ordinarily we are under the influence of things which are seen, and of the senses; but now and then, we know, not how, we rise into an atmosphere in which Spirit life, God, Christ, the ransomed throng in

heaven, virtue, truth, faith and love, become more significant to us, and seem to rush down upon us with more force than the very things which our physical senses recognize.

There have been times in which, I declare to you, heaven was more real than earth ; in which my children that were gone spoke more plainly to me than my children that were with me ; in which the blessed estate of the just man in heaven seemed more real and near to me than the estate of any just man upon earth.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Truth ennobles.—It matters little whether born on a throne or in a manger ; when reformers arise in their manhood all conventionalities crumble away, and king and peasant stand in the same light. When sublime intuitions fill their overflowing souls, and they reveal man's relations to the universe and to his fellow-man, distinctions vanish in the rapturous glow of eloquence, as the frost-work of night vanishes in the rays of the rising sun. Confucius was nobly born ; Zoroaster stated his ideas from a throne ; Mohammed was a noble ; their converts count by the hundred million. Eighteen centuries ago a poor carpenter's son was cradled in a manger, and arose, and with a breath

overturned all the cherished idols of his time, and founded a system of transcendental purity, which is the ideal, even now, of the civilized world.—*Hudson Tuttle.*

Resurrection.—The resurrection is not from a state which is subsequent to death, nor from a state which is separated by long intervals from death.

It is not from a state that is intermediate between certain other states.

It is the resurrection of the dead. It has that immediacy.

This opens for men the communion of saints, which is involved in the life of the Church.

They who have gone have not, therefore, passed into a condition of lethargy or vacancy.

They may be nearer to us, as they are nearer to the perfect love.

They may guide us toward a holier and ampler freedom, since they suffer no more the limitations of time.

The veil is rent.

There is with us the presence of the unseen host.

It is not alone their memory that remains, their spirit may be with us.

This brings to us the chastity of hope, "*he that hath this hope in him purifieth himself.*" It becomes the

incentive to effort, "seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."—*Elisha Mulford, in "Republic of God."*

Unseen, but there.—It is not unnatural to feel that they who, by wisdom, by valor, by sacrifice, have contributed to maintain and perfect the institutions which we possess, have also an interest in this day.

To a spirit alive with memories of the time, and rejoicing in its presage of noble futures, recalling the great, the beloved, the heroic, who have labored and joyfully died for its coming, it will not seem too fond an enthusiasm to feel that the air is quick with shapes we cannot see, and glows with faces whose light serene we may not catch.—*Storrs' Oration, July 4, 1876.*

TO THE PURE SPIRIT OF

MY SISTER HENRIETTE,

Who died at Byblus, Sept. 24th, 1861.

Do you remember, from your rest in the bosom of God, those long days at Ghazir, where, alone with you, I wrote these pages, inspired by the scenes we had just traversed?

Silent by my side, you read every leaf, and copied it as soon as written, while the sea, the villages, the ravines, the mountains, were spread out at our feet. When the overwhelming light of the sun had given place to the innumerable army of the stars, your fine and delicate questions, your discreet doubts, brought me back to the sublime object of our common thoughts.

One day you told me that you should love this book, first, because it had been written with you, and also because it pleased you.

If sometimes you feared for it the narrow judgment of the frivolous man, you were always persuaded that spirits truly religious would be pleased with it.

In the midst of these sweet meditations Death struck us both with his wing; the sleep of fever seized us both at the same hour; I awoke alone!

You sleep now in the land of Adonis, near the holy Byblus and the sacred waters where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears. Reveal to me, O my good genius, to me whom you loved, those truths which master Death prevents us from fearing, and makes us almost love.—*Ernest Renan, Preface to "Life of Jesus."*

Epecially.—The loving and the tender will be there. It would seem as if Heaven was in some

especial manner their rightful inheritance : Love is so infinite, and its earthly horizon so bounded, its earthly development so imperfect, its earthly catastrophes so sad ; its undying tenacity, its profound tenderness, and its boundless yearning seem so incongruous, as contrasted with its frail objects, and its poor performances, and its momentary life.

There are those, and the denizens of our anticipated world may consist of them in overflowing proportion, of whose nature affection has been the mainspring, the strength, the sunbeam, the beauty ; whose heart has been their chiefest treasure ; to whom fame, ambition, power, success, have been at best only the casual and outside objects of existence ; who, in a word, lived on love.

Generation after generation, age after age, through the countless cycles of the Past, human creatures have linked themselves together, never dreaming that their connection was limited by time, or that their ties would be severed by the great Destroyer, and have consigned the husk and framework of their cherished companions to the dust, never doubting that these comrades watched over them from the spiritual world, and were waiting to receive them when the years were ripe.

Millions in all times have walked courageously into the Great Darkness, satisfied that they were going to rejoin the company of those whose places had been

long "left void in their earthly homes ;" and, after long yearnings, to satisfy again "the mighty hunger of the heart" in the fulness of eternal joy.

Whatever human affections have been pure, fervent, self-sacrificing, devoted, and enduring, look forward to Heaven for their renewal, their resting-place, and their full fruition.

If this expectation be delusive, what instinct of the heart can henceforth be trusted ?

And the aspiring and spiritual will be at home at last—those whose thoughts have been all prayer ; to whom the blessings promised to the meek, the mourners, and the merciful are as nothing compared to that pronounced upon the "pure in heart ;" to whose thought all other beauties of the heavenly city are swallowed up in this : "That there is no need of the Sun, neither of the Moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." *They shall see God.*

What this may mean ; what may be the nature of that vision by which finite and created beings can be enabled to behold the Infinite and Eternal Spirit of the Universe ; in what manner, or through the bestowal of what powers, His awful Presence will be made manifest to the souls of the just made perfect, we cannot even attempt to realize. It may be that the very purity which they have striven after here and attained there, will endow them with a clearness of sight denied to

the less unstained of the redeemed, in virtue of which they can penetrate to the inner circle which surrounds the throne, and reach the immediate presence of the Most High.—*W. R. Greg.*

The witness within.—There are no occult forces ; there are only luminous forces.

Occult force is chaos, the luminous force is God.

Man is an infinite little copy of God ; this is glory enough for man.

I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore.

Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring forth out of my chaos.

I make books which are creations ; I feel in myself that future life.

I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down ; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever.

I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head.

The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers.

Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail ?

Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart.

There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and roses, as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me.

It is marvellous, yet simple.

It is a fairy tale and it is historic. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song.

I have tried all, but I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me.

When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work ; but I cannot say I have finished my life.

My days will begin again the next morning.

The tomb is not a blind alley ; it is a thoroughfare.

It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.

—*Victor Hugo.*

We walk in mysteries. We are surrounded by an atmosphere of which we do not know what is stirring in it, or how much it is connected with our spirit. So much is certain, that in particular cases, we can put out feelers of our soul beyond its bodily limits,

and that a presentiment—nay, an actual insight—into the immediate future is accorded to it.—*Goethe.*

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter (paraclete) that he may be with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive ; for it beholdeth him not, neither knoweth him ; ye know him ; for he abideth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you desolate (orphans) ; I will come to you.

Yet a little while and the world beholdeth me no more ; but ye behold me, because I live and ye shall also live.—JESUS.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GOSPEL OF SPIRITUALISM.

SPIRITUALISM in the highest and best knowledge of it, is the manifestation and realization of true Christianity—a farther and larger revelation of truth to men.

It does not deny the Christ, but perpetuates and multiplies him.

It restores mankind from its wanderings into barren, lifeless, and soul-chilling errors and abstractions under the blind leadership of a Christ-denying and a Christ-crucifying, Mammon-worshipping church.

It reveals God the Father.

It reveals and manifests the Christ—the ideal man, the true son of God—our brother ; it declares, amplifies and exemplifies constant, living, conscious intercourse between the Father God and his children, and fraternal, co-operative, constant correspondence between the members of this divine household—the human brotherhood—in the mortal, and in the disembodied state.

It shows every barrier down.

It reveals the freedom of the Universe to all quickened and enlightened souls. There are no walls of partition in the world of truth and achievement in character that do not yield at the approach of him in whom abides the Spirit of Truth. Every door opens where he knocks. The treasures of spiritual wisdom and knowledge surrender to him as he seeks.

In the goodly fellowship of the angels, he pursues his royal way, led by the Infinite Spirit.

It builds upon the good in humanity, strengthens and encourages it, and inspires to goodness.

It does not denounce and punish weakness, but is the good Samaritan to bind up its wounds, and also heals them.

It does not exhaust itself cursing the sin that causes blindness, but lets in the light.

It is the Ananias of God in every good angel, and in every enlightened soul, saying to the blind, infatuated Saul of persecution and evil purpose—"Brother Saul, receive thy sight."

It teaches self-recognition, self-respect, self-denial, self-development—and its sure sweet rewards are found, for those who listen and obey, in the daily sacrifices, daily outgoings of sympathy, daily acts of kindness and help, daily bestowments of love's pure blessings upon the outcast, the sorrowing, the helpless, and the overburdened and sinful, of earth's struggling children.

Instead of playing upon human fear, it kindles hope that grows and expands unto perfect fruition, possessing the life that now is, and the brighter forever.

It is, what the angels declared it to be to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, when Jesus was born,—“Peace on earth, good-will toward men.” Peace in the heart, in the life, in the home, in the nation, in the world, in all worlds—peace!

• “And good-will toward men.”

Good-will, not ill-will.

Harmony, not discord.

Good-will from God to men, from angels to men, from men to men.

Is it making progress?

What a question!

It is the divine schoolmaster abroad. It is travelling all roads, and threading its enlightening, healing way through all the by-ways of human society. It is everywhere an inspired Philip, guided by an Angel of the Lord, joining himself to the eunuchs of modern emasculated Christianity as they go idling along in bands and gowns, and chariots of ease, from Jerusalem to Gaza—reading the prophets with perfunctory indifference; startling them with the question:—“Understandest thou what thou readest?”

It is the spirit of the Christ himself, entering synagogue and pulpit, as in the olden time, and once more the eyes of the preacher are kindled with light never

seen before, and his voice is burdened with a message, new, and strange, and wonderful, to all ears.

It is the old, old message, lost in the world's wilderness, but now being brought back again, in the new age, as this Christ returns in the power of the spirit,—speaking the forgotten words, as never man spake before.

Let him proceed, O ye Churches ; let the returned Christ speak.

He will repeat the wonders of Galilean days,—when he returned from the forty days' lonely equipment camp, where, after wrestling with self, there was born within him the consciousness of his mission, and the spiritual powers pertaining thereto :—that “ nascent consciousness of supernatural power ” which you profess to believe was his exclusive prerogative.

Recall what happened, and then know, that, with even greater pertinence and power, with manifold proofs, and signs and wonders, what then occurred is being repeated this day, despite the persecutions of ignorance, and the polished, yet furious, interdictions of ecclesiastical conventions, and the allocutions of mitred arrogance.

The picture before me is an inspiring one ; it is the return of Jesus, the new regenerator, from the wilderness, and his reappearance in the synagogue of his native village, on “ Atonement day.”

Of him it is said, he—"Returned in the power of the Spirit."

"In the power of the Spirit."

These words are shining lights on the threshold—in the foreground, so to speak. They admit within, to introductions and revelations, most glorious. They answer for great facts in the life to which they are applied, and of which they are spoken.

The power of the Spirit is thought and life power.

It is power of discernment and of prophecy; power in the truth, and power over the truth, to make its mission good.

It is that power by which the "Son of Joseph" merely, is transformed into the "Son of God"; by which all the elements of life are fused into harmony with the highest and the truest. Life in power, spiritually equipped, exercising its functions on the highest plane, is the picture.

Behold your lord and master, your teacher and exemplar—bearing with him a spiritual atmosphere of irresistible grace and power.

He comes direct, not from schools of human philosophy; not from the anointing of priestly hands; not panoplied with the polished armor of the dialectician, nor the vain phylactery of the proud Pharisee, but from conquest of self and contact with heaven, possessed of the Spirit—the preaching Spirit—the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind.

It proclaims its glowing visions of promise, of light, of realization, to the understanding of the deaf; and it unfolds, in bright lines of beauty and of love, and of truth, the unutterable recoveries, to the blind, who see henceforth forevermore.

What a preacher! You may well say it. What a preacher, indeed!

There he stands yonder, in the synagogue, book in hand, and face aglow with divine radiance from within. He is controlled by the Spirit of wisdom and of love—the spirit which is of God—which is God!

Listen, with all your soul, for he will speak.

The mighty power of the Spirit controls the tongue of the Anointed.

Divinest thoughts go to the human heart and mind, in human words, from some faltering human tongue, when the Spirit possesses.

The sweetest sound, in earth or heaven, is the human voice with a message from Infinite Love, in the power of the Spirit.

He is turning over the leaves.

He has found the place, and reads: “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings *to the poor*: He hath sent me to proclaim release *to the captives*: And recovering of sight *to the blind*: And to set at liberty *them that are bruised*: To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.”

Queer preacher that, with a message to

The poor ;

The captives ;

The bruised ;

The blind ;

and to declare that this message comes from the Infinite Lord God.

It was an unacceptable message to many of the people before him—and it fell upon stone-deaf ears—even as this same spiritual gospel falls to-day—although angels declare it.

Poor, indeed !

Captives, indeed !

Bruised and blind, indeed !

Out, man, the devil possesses you, and not the spirit of the Christ.

We are rich—and want nothing.

We are lords of monopolies, and of the common people, and live in granite and marble mansions, and worship God in gorgeous temples, filled with dim religious light, and soft music.

We are whole, and need no such physician.

“We are monarchs of all we survey,” and our eyes are open—wide open. Just so. Doubtless, you are lineal descendants, in spiritual succession, of those who, on the occasion under view, thought :—

Well ! what will he next say ?

What sermon can this son of Joseph, preach to us ?

They were as true to their self-complacency as you are, and did to the Great Preacher what you are doing to the true Spiritual Evangel, to-day,—“they rose up, and cast him forth out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might throw him down headlong.”—*Luke iv.*

But he was, by Spirit-power, protected from their assaults, and passed out unhurt.

But, the sermon—the sermon !

Did he preach the sermon ?

He did ; and began it with a sentence that fills all receptive minds and answering hearts in all the earth, to-day :—

“To-day hath this Scripture been fulfilled in your ears.”

There is much more, but this is the key-note.

The Liberator has come. He is here. He is before you.

To all the world goes forth this announcement, that the Christ has come, and lo ! he is but a man among men, walking in the power of the Spirit—a messenger—bearing hopeful, sweet words, to all degrees of needy hearers.

A physician, who by touch or word, or thought, heals all manner of diseases.

An almoner of God, who fills hungry mouths with bread that grows beneath his benediction the more

it is broken, until the fragments fill many baskets.

A homeless wanderer, whose friends are of the poorest and lowest, himself the friend of publicans and sinners. "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

The poor know and love him by instinct, and the outcast, and the leprous, the blind, and the beggars, shout him cordial greetings as he passes by. From the valleys of darkness and sorrows, from the leper's quarters, and from the haunts and hiding-places of the forlorn and demon-possessed, he goes alone up the mountain paths, and straightway clouds descend and hide him from human view, and blessed angels are in the clouds. The great and mighty spirits of the past meet this poor man's Christ, this blind man's sight restorer, this friend of publicans and sinners, in the mountain solitudes, and there strengthen him for his task, and sweeten it with their sympathy! He had scant recognition of men, this Christ, but the angels never faltered in their fidelity and devotion to him. When even the heart of his Father seemed turned against him, and the cry of his crushed soul went out into the darkness, as of one forsaken, an angel came to his relief, and strengthened him! An angel it was. Hey, reverend sirs, what think ye of your Christ? Ye who preach glittering platitudes from ivory desks, and who utter soft words to the

Pharisees, the usurers, the grinders of the face of the poor, who fill the gilded and upholstered stalls in front of you. O ye priests of Christendom ! the aisles of whose temples—ostensibly reared to the Christ name and honor—are paved with marble and polished stones, bought, laid and cemented, with the blood of ill-paid labor ; whose walls are works of art ; whose

“Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light,”

so mars the light of heaven that the sepulchral loathsomeness within is made to glisten with mellow lustre—while music, unfunereal, makes the artifice complete ; tell me, what would ye do, should this Christ, fresh from the slums, with pity-stained face, with weary, dusty, sandaled feet, obtrude within your altars ?

Would ye give place to him ?

Would ye make room for him and his following

Would ye hail him welcome ? Would ye let him speak ?

Have ye done so ?

The attitude of the Church is a swift testimony against you. The condition of society and governments is unimpeachable testimony against you.

The answer of your own conscience is to God !

But I want to say this to you, when you receive this dear Christ Spirit within your hearts, and, in the

power of the Spirit, admit him to your pulpits, and in this power of the Spirit follow him whithersoever he may lead—whether it be to the hovels of the poor, the dens of criminals, the hidings of outcasts—or into some “desert place apart,” where angels will commune with you, and power of the Highest overshadow ; when these tokens and facts and experiences are yours to have and to hold, you will be in closest relations, in vital sympathetic touch with Spiritualism and its true believers and ministers, on earth and in heaven !

CHAPTER XXI.

SEEKING A SIGN.

AND call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord; and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God.—*Prophet Elijah.*

And Zacharias said unto the angel, Whereby shall I know this? for I am an old man, and my wife well stricken in years. And the angel answering said unto him, I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God; and I was sent to speak unto thee, and to bring thee these good tidings. And behold, thou shalt be silent and not able to speak, until the day that these things shall come to pass, because thou believedst not my words, which shall be fulfilled in their season.

.

And it came to pass, on the eighth day, that they came to circumcise the child; and they would have called him Zacharias, after the name of his father.

And his mother answered and said, Not so; but he shall be called John.

And they made signs to his father, what he would have him called.

And he asked for a writing tablet, and wrote, *saying*, His name is John. And they marvelled all.

And his mouth was opened immediately, and his tongue *loosed*, and he spake, blessing God.—*Luke*, ch. i.

If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder.

And the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them.

Thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams : for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul.—*Deut.* ch. xiii.

And there came an angel of the Lord, and sat under an oak which was in Ophrah, that pertained unto Joash the Abi-ezrite : and his son Gideon thrashed wheat by the winepress, to hide it from the Midianites.

And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said unto him, The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour.

And Gideon said unto him, Oh my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us ? and where be all his miracles which our fathers told

us of, saying, Did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt? but now the Lord hath forsaken us, and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites.

And the Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hands of the Midianites : have I not sent thee ?

And he said unto him, Oh my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold, my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house.

.

And he said unto him, If now I have found grace in thy sight, then shew me a sign that thou talkest with me.

Depart not hence, I pray thee, until I come unto thee, and bring forth my present, and set it before thee. And he said, I will tarry until thou come again.

And Gideon went in, and made ready a kid, and unleavened cakes of an ephah of flour : the flesh he put in a basket, and he put the broth in a pot, and brought it out unto him under the oak, and presented it.

And the angel of God said unto him, Take the flesh and the unleavened cakes, and lay them upon this rock, and pour out the broth. And he did so.

Then the angel of the Lord put forth the end of the staff that was in his hand, and touched the flesh and the unleavened cakes ; and there rose up fire out of

the rock, and consumed the flesh, and the unleavened cakes. Then the Angel of the Lord departed out of his sight.—*Judges*, ch. vi.

The Pharisees also with the Sadducees came, and tempting, desired him that he would show them a sign from heaven.

He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather, for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day; for the sky is red and lowering. O, ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?—JESUS.

Brethren, be not children in mind: howbeit in malice be ye babes, but in mind be men.

In the law it is written, By men of strange tongues and by the lips of strangers will I speak unto this people; and not even thus will they hear me, saith the Lord.

Wherefore tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to the unbelieving: *but prophesying is for a sign, not to the unbelieving, but to them that believe.*

If therefore the whole church be assembled together, and all speak with tongues, and there come in men unlearned or unbelieving, will they not say that ye are mad?

And if all prophesy, and there come in one un-

believing or unlearned, he is convicted by all, he is judged by all : *the secrets of his heart are made manifest* : and so he will fall down on his face and worship God, declaring that God is in you.—*Paul i, Cor. xiv. 20-25.*

New York, April 25, (1891.)

The Psychical Investigation Society of which the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, of this city, and the Rev. Minot Savage, of Boston, are the leading lights, has already attained the proportions of a considerable movement.

As the result of much preliminary experimentation and discussion, the society has decided on the construction of a novel machine to test indubitably spiritualistic evidences of the genuineness of the medium manifestation.

This machine is now building in a Pittsburg shop, said to be under the personal supervision of Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

It is called a "psychograph," and is to be made entirely of steel, in the shape of a small table, two feet square, and mounted on steep legs, eighteen inches high. A movable slide, about three inches wide and running the entire length of the table, will form part of its top near the centre.

The slide will move on reversible cogs, connecting with a sort of circular type-writer arranged under the top of the table, which, in revolving, prints on an

endless tape, letters touched by the stopping and starting of the movable slide. The idea is that with this machine a slate-writing medium or trance medium can be thoroughly tested, as the letter key or the revolving type-writer will not be visible. He can put his hand on the movable slide and it will be moved by psychic force, and all a spirit operating through the medium will have to do, in order to write intelligent communications, will be to make the slide stop over the invisible letter it wants to print.—*Phil. Press.*

The wonders stand confessed.

False prophets have been caught in their own wiles, false diviners have been exposed, false mediums have been brought to shame and confusion, and false priests have been unfrocked.

But the true still live, still work wonders, still non-plus the skeptical age, and still baffle the ingenuity of the evil and the wise.

“Spiritual things are (still) spiritually discerned,” and not otherwise, and the wisdom of men is foolishness in the sight of God.

Yet, the latest modern method of catching and holding the angel is a vast improvement upon the old.

The new devices for testing spirit presence and

spirit power, does not bear so hard upon those through whose organism these signs and wonders are wrought, as formerly. The stake, the faggot, and the prison, do not accompany the modern investigator, and the complex arts of the Inquisition are not brought to bear upon the helpless victims of inspiration. This is a great advance, for which we are duly thankful.

Whether our thanks are due to Christian civilization, or to the quickened universal conscience, or to the awful, nameless power that makes itself felt in this new age, is a question not to be discussed here.

What a mercy it would have been if the Scribes and Pharisees in the days of the Christ, had been guided by the light of modern science, in making up their judgment against the meek and lowly Nazarene!

The most solemn tragedy of any age, with its scourgings, its thorns, its Calvary, would not have been perpetrated, and the world would be without the pious or impious deductions therefrom.

The long roll of martyrs for the truth—the very truth in hand—would not enrich the sanguinary literature of the ages, but there would probably be found compensations in freer intercourse and more perfect concord between all worlds, and between angels and men.

Fire, dungeon, banishment, hemlock and bloody crosses, have not served to utterly break down

the invisible ways and lines along which angels and men have commingled.

And so, they have been abolished by common consent, and the new method, the scientific procedure, by material indicators and deft machinery, is to demonstrate that there are no such ways, and cannot be, and no such comminglings !

The "psychograph," with its ingenious mechanism and "its reversible cogs," will either catch the angel's finger, or frighten him away. It will be a new school for the spirits, who, with swift, free, noiseless step, are wont to thread the ways of human suffering to lessen it by their sympathy, and, as Harriet Beecher Stowe sings, are content to

" Watch us still,
Press nearer to our side ;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide."

They must even prove their right and power to do so, by this new church registering machine, or else endure the doubts and slanders of the unbelieving few.

But I am admonished that I may do grave injustice to the excellent brethren who have undertaken this new departure in spiritual demonstration ; that the object is not to obstruct genuine spirit intercourse, but only to catch the designing, fraudulent medium.

Go, and let be.

It seems, upon closer examination, that there is also another meaning to all this, if it be true, and, as some divine, a better one, namely, the obtaining of a self-registering demonstration of spirit manifestation by a physical contrivance, as a confirmation of the nascent faith and conviction of these most worthy Christian, latter-day Thomases.

Already have they, like Nicodemus of old, been, by night, perhaps, to question the spirits, and to test the gifts and proofs of mediumship.

They are not children, but men ; good men, true men, learned men, Christian men. But they have also outgrown the swaddling bands of dogma and of the letter of creeds, and have tasted somewhat of the liberty of the true sons of God.

They do not lack faith, nor courage, either. They desire to test the ground, to try the spirits, as Paul exhorts.

They have come where the ways part.

If they are true to their convictions, as doubtless they will be, they must pursue this light that has so strangely begun to shine upon them, and encourage this new hope which so strangely warms their hearts, and to do so will inevitably bring upon them the condemnation of the chief priests and the Pharisees. But what of that ?

More are they who are for us, if you include God and his angels, than all that can be against us.

These brethren have already learned that revelations did not cease eighteen hundred years ago.

They have learned, and tentatively teach, that the Christ did not come to wash out human crimes with blood ; nor to appease infinite anger with finite woes ; nor to establish a code of ceremonials by which a pariah might become a Brahman.

They know that the mission of the Christ of the first century of our era is the same as that of the Christ power and revelation of Spiritualism in the nineteenth, and that it is not to teach eternal, unchangeable conditions and discriminations ; not to declare a day of vengeance for the special exhibition of the wrath of God against any of his creatures. But it is to break all barriers down between the human eyes and the light of God. To destroy with the breath of his truth the festering evils of humanity, and usher in the era of jubilee—the era of liberty in the power of the Spirit, and in the life of humanity, in which all evil shall be outgrown, all sorrows out-lived, all weakness born into strength ; in which all error of heart and head shall yield to the light of reason sanctified, and the truth that frees ; and all questions shall be answered in the affirmative of all goodness, progress, and the plenitude of the best and the fittest.

Bring on the psychograph, brethren, and let the first spirit who will, record his acceptance of your

challenge ; but lift up your eyes, and open your ears, and your hearts, and you shall see and hear, and feel, the greater confirmations of the divinity of that consciousness which you already realize, and which enters you within the veil.

Thomas, as you know, was a little skeptical, and even doubted his brethren, when they joyfully told him that they had seen the Lord.

He gravely shook his head, as if to express a doubt of the sanity of his friends ; yet he hoped it was true, that Mary and Peter had declared. He was true to himself, was Thomas, and, at last, he declared his inability to believe the good news.

It was too good to be true to his exacting, practical mind.

But if he could see, feel, touch with his hands, the body of the restored Christ ; if the spirit would materialize before him, bearing all the marks of its marred and lacerated physical body, so lately crucified to death, to his clear view ; and if the wounds were yet fresh and sensitive to the touch—his touch—so that he could put his finger into the nail prints, and thrust his hand into the gaping side—he would believe and not before.

Oh, Thomas, it seems a cruel test, but then you knew nothing of science, nor of a psychograph !

Well, the occasion came, and it always does, and will, come.

The Christ appeared among the faithful few, the door of the room being shut, and doubtless barred, for fear of violent interruptions. Thomas was within.

The dear Christ came, and you know the rest, dear brethren, and how Thomas, now that his last doubt was swept away, fell at the feet of his dear Lord.

And, brethren, pardon me, if I ask you to devoutly (not scientifically) consider the brave comment of the long-suffering Master, as he raised his marked hands toward Thomas:—“*Because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.*”

CHAPTER XXII.

RESURRECTION.

RESURRECTION is the entrance into embodied existence, after death, of the spirit to which God has given the power of building for itself the spiritual body. *The* resurrection, in the Christian and ideal sense of the word, is the entrance of the Christly spirit, with that power, into an embodied existence which is "life indeed." So far as present endeavor can bring it to pass that "Christ is formed within" us as "the hope of glory" (*Gal.* 4. 19 ; *Col.* 1. 27.), so far the resurrection is a thing of the present determination, and, potentially, of present attainment.

This seems to be the thought which underlies Paul's expressions in his letter to the Philippians (3. 11-12.)

According to this answer, the essential thing in the resurrection is *the spirit*, with its character and its corresponding capacity and power. The body is not left out, but is the product of the spirit's life. The spirit is not left without a body in a middle state of arrested development, but unfolds the constructive

power of its life, without arrest, in forming its own body. No universal miracle is demanded to form new bodies on the instant by the million million.

Instead of a *physical operation* from without, a *spiritual growth* from within builds the habitation and organ of each spirit, according to the endeavor of each in obedience to the laws of vital development in spiritual health.—*Rev. J. M. Whilom, Ph. D., on the Gospel of the Resurrection.*

The above very suggestive presentation of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection by a prominent Christian minister, was read by Comfort Miller to Brother Caleb during a very interesting discussion of what spiritualism taught on the subject—if anything at all.

Brother Caleb, like many another good man, seemed to be laboring under the impression that spiritualism, at best, was a disjointed sort of thing, a kind of vagabond in doctrine and truth, an uneasy, destitute, and not over-scrupulous tramp. One must make allowance for prejudices in a truly religious country, where a fixed set of doctrines has been taught from the beginning, in catechism, in school, and by the pulpit.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the body, held and taught by the church, although having probably no root nor ground in the real teachings of Jesus, seems to be very firmly held by our friend Caleb, and in a way

to lead one to infer that it is somehow, a most essential doctrine to hold.

He could not accept Rev. Mr. Whiton's views at all, but strenuously adhered to the cold, barren, ghastly doctrine of the resurrection of the physical body, at a time appointed.

Yet he was anxious to hear what a Spiritualist could say on the subject, and I honor him for that. Believing, as I do, that Comfort is greatly blessed as a medium, and knowing him to be often controlled by very advanced spirits, I was more than glad to see that peculiar light play over his face, which is to me a sure indication that the inspiring spirit is ready to speak, if not with authority to all ears, with persuasive and reasonable utterance.

Comfort said that Spiritualists did not think much of the word resurrection, and never use it in the sense of the *dead* rising—as the church teaches.

To be sure, resurrection is rising up, but is of the life, the spirit, from the mortal body, to occupy it no more forever.

It is not something to be expected at some far-off day; not an event of impenetrable mystery hidden in the keeping of Infinite Wisdom,—but a law of life.

It is, truly considered, the emergence of the spirit out of the mortal and the physical,—its liberation, and continuance at the death of the body which drops into

decay and undergoes dissolution. This is not my surmise but the testimony of spirits.

There is no middle ground or state between the death, or falling away of the body, and the life's rising. There is no hesitancy ; no halting, as of weakness or interruption ; no sense of loss in consciousness—but on the contrary, the mighty, joyous, realization of liberty and continuity.

The body dies ?

Dying is a process.

The physical form may be racked with pain ; its torture may be extremely exquisite,—but these are only the slow unwindings of mortal bands for the unfettering of the soul.

When the last pang is felt there is liberation—an escape—a soul is born into a higher theatre of life in immediate resurrection.

Is this speculation ?

The voice of the spirit world says—No !

This is what succeeds death as one breath follows another.

There is no border realm to cross.

The life does not pause, does not loiter, it may glance back in its outward bound. It may turn its gaze backward with unspeakable pity for those who mourn over the empty casket, and would comfort them with words of greeting.

But for our ignorance, and blundering superstition, it could always do so.

What a comfort that would be !

What a triumph awaits us here, when, by learning the truth and living it, the lips of clay shall no sooner be silenced by the stroke of death, than the voice of the freed spirit shall speak cheerful and triumphant words to those who no longer mourn but rejoice—as they bury that which is dead !

And not only so, but the resurrected life shall manifest itself in its new and glorious body to the eyes that are prepared to see it.

This is what Jesus did for forty days after the death of his body, at various times, in different places, and to all his friends and disciples.

Do you believe it ?

The New Testament tells you so.

In the garden, on the memorable third day, did Mary see him ?

On the road to Emmaus were two of the brethren joined by a stranger as they walked and were sad ?

They were thinking and speaking of Mary's wonderful declaration, and the blessed words of reassuring greeting which the materialized Master had sent to them.

The stranger was gifted, was entertaining, was enchanting,—as he walked in their midst, and they knew him not,

On reaching their destination, they offered him hospitality, which upon insistence he accepted, and they sat down to meat. As he brake the bread, as he had often done before with them, their eyes were opened, and they knew him. It was Jesus. As soon as they knew him he vanished away.

If you are a Christian you believe this—but you fortify yourself by attributing it to the proper Divinity inhering in him as a person in the Godhead, by which as God, he suspended Natural law.

Spiritualism teaches, and demonstrates, that it was an instance of materialization and dematerialization in strict *accordance with* natural law.

Pray do not be shocked—and do not refuse to think that possible in harmony with law, which you believe, or think you do, contrary to law.

It is easier to harmonize the manifestation of Jesus in the materialized form to his disciples, than it is to formulate one single proof of his Godhead.

James Freeman Clarke, a scholarly and devout Minister of the Unitarian faith, who but recently passed into the higher life, regarded the “resurrection of Jesus as an example of a universal law,” and his visible appearance as illustrating the conditions under which the departed may manifest themselves in a “spiritual body,” his real body having been removed by the soldiers.

We have here, says Joseph Henry Allen, lecturer

on Ecclesiastical history in Harvard University, apparently, the same phenomenon as the "materializations" of modern Spiritualism ; since "a universal law," cannot, of course, be inferred from a single disputed example.*

Jesus was seen after his declared resurrection, some ten times, in different circumstances, but in his spiritual body, for he appeared and disappeared in an instant of time.

He mingled lovingly and freely with his friends, and confirmed to them the great lessons which he had taught them before. But the chief lesson taught them, is the lesson that Spiritualism alone teaches and emphasizes with abundant demonstration, to-day ; the continuance of life, and the right and power to return to this sphere of doubt and tears, to assure us of the fact, after the physical body has ceased to be, as such.

What other great truth is declared by the New Testament record of the Christ's return, if this be denied? What need of demonstrating the Christ power over death if it has, and can have, no practical relation to us?

If one will say that all this is to prove his proper divinity and Godhead, and to confirm Christian faith in him as the Saviour and helper of mankind, we say, let it be so to you, but it must be seen, that the larger

* Our Liberal Movement in Theology, p. 141.

view which spiritualism reveals and supports with abundant illustration to those who will seek the conditions to receive it, comes home in a glorious comfortable way of its own, to every stricken and bereaved heart.

Peter and his companions, returning from the vision of the empty tomb, exultingly exclaimed — “We have seen the Lord,” although but three days before he had been cruelly put to death on the cross.

So come, daily, thousands of happy mothers, children, and friends, from meeting places with their loved ones, who, from the inner glory and rest, return to comfort them that mourn. They bear in their consciousness proof of their happy words, that not only have they heard from the dear ones yonder, but have seen them, felt them, and know, by all the signs that love and sense can demand, that it is even so.

How does this truth (granting it to be a truth) affect their lives?

How would it affect yours?

After a few minutes of song, and some very appreciative remarks from Brother Caleb, in which he expressed the greatest anxiety to follow the true light which lighteth every man, Mary Van Elt became entranced and in that condition delivered the following discourse, her manner being in perfect keeping

with the interesting truths uttered. I am indebted to Doctor Graeme for the very full and exact report.

Progress and Mediumship.

The leaven worketh, and will work. Impatience is not zeal, and observation misleads often the very wisest, for appearances deceive.

Progress is not effervescent, but steady movement toward the better. Every moment ground is covered, and there is no retrogression. The unity of spirit preserves Peace. You, who have passed out of error's bondage into enlargement, can see, if you will, the expanding condition and the widening horizon in the course of your advance.

The clash of opinions need not disturb your serenity.

The clouds shall gather beneath you—above is the light—and around you are its children and its gifts.

Would you go back into the bondage of the world? Not you, since freedom hath lessoned your souls, and you have tasted of the wine of life. Content yourselves with your daily findings, for appreciation of to-day's lessons and gifts is the chief preparation for to-morrow's advances.

Every step is on holy ground: tread reverently, therefore, lest ye defile the path.

Duty is enjoyable when love prompts the doing of it,

To the fretful ones, let this word come: You but magnify difficulties when you assail them in a fretful temper.

They are minimized and removed by resolute gaze and persistent endeavor to pass on.

The mountain is less rugged and steep to the climber, and the most appalling difficulty melts beneath the feet of the patient plodder on.

There are no *great* obstacles in the path of progress, and no small events. Your life is greater than all else, and the nobleness of your purpose is among the strongest influences in the world. Neither should you chafe and fret, because evil doers abound.

What else can you expect, where Ignorance and its first-born, Superstition, hold mastery over the masses. You should cultivate the emotion of commiseration, and the helping spirit. *They* are not less your brothers and sisters whose lives are floundering in the slums of darkness, and whose voices are choked with the fire-damp of obsession.

Pity them ; care for them ; treat them considerately, for the jewel of life is there, and you are to find it, and brighten its consciousness.

You should be an Angel of Resurrection in the Moral and Spiritual home of the dead. Fret not, but speak the sweet, hopeful words of the life that is and shall be.

Point upward and outward, and light shall flash

from your finger-tips, and power shall generate from your presence.

The true medium stands between, and connects twain : of himself or herself, nothing may be accomplished.

The first qualification of genuine mediumship is *self-loss*.

In this condition of absolute passivity, the worlds meet, and the open door is established.

To lose oneself may not mean to lose consciousness, nor purpose, nor any attribute of essential personality, but it is to surrender *all* to the whelming Presence.

Every barrier is let down ; every wish is extinguished ; every personal desire is cut off—surrendered—and the entire being is bequeathed to the incoming powers.

The tongue forgets its native speech, and the perceptive faculties close earthward and open spiritward toward the boundless universe of souls.

The vision is spiritualized, and is spiritual. Dead to physical things the medium is now the pliant instrument of spirit. If the old consciousness remain it is reinforced and held in thrall by the new.

No law is broken, and no supernatural event occurs.

The law which imposes trance conditions upon the physical also gives freedom to the spiritual. It is

one power, but exerts its prerogatives in both states at once.

"Other tongues" may now speak, as "the spirit gives utterance."

The demands of the truth will govern in these cases. The uneducated medium now utters burning words, or chops logic with the learned.

The prosaic, in the normal state, is now the profound philosopher, the gentle poet, the impassioned orator, or the tender minstrel. The ancient historian tells his story ; the long forgotten teacher repeats his problems ; and the poet of many centuries, articulates anew his beautiful refrain.

A gaping skeptic cries out :—

"How can these things be?"

Be thankful that they are, and know that their wherefores lie in the same bed with the sources of the mountains and the heaving seas.

Why am I a Spiritualist?

Because I am a spirit.

Shall I speak of the benefits of spiritual truth thus received?

Much depends upon whose ears it falls, and its prevailing tint.

Truth is sometimes spoiled in its expression, and it loses its takingness and grace in transit from one to another. One must seek to possess the teaching aptness to be a good medium—a transferrer of the truth.

Mediums who embody the sweet lessons we teach ; who realize in themselves, apart from their gifts and condition of mediumship, the power and blessedness of the spiritualizing doctrines, are the great leaders and defenders of the cause. The reason why so many mediums lose their personal identity under control, is to be found in the fact (not necessarily to their discredit) that they cannot, or have not yet mastered for themselves and incorporated the great truths which are unfolded through them.

They are instruments, but instruments *only*, and do not always comprehend and realize the truths themselves. But they should aspire to do so, and thus make themselves more powerful as teachers and instruments, for then, to the truth, as such, they add the important weight of their own experience.

The highest phase of mediumship is a condition, through consecration, of perfect openness to both worlds, without the mediation of trance conditions.

To hear and repeat.

To see and describe.

To feel and impart.

To sense and interpret.

Absolutely filled, thrilled, mastered and dominated in every part, by the Spirit of the truth, being the very embodiment of affirmativeness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CELESTE—A SPIRIT STORY-TELLER.

BROTHER CALEB'S week was drawing to a close, and on the morrow he would bid us good-bye for a season. We were not a little sad at the prospect as we gathered in our bright little parlor to spend, for some time at least, our last evening together.

I had observed a marked change in Caleb. It was plain enough that he had been deeply exercised in mind, and, while he did not declare his faith in the philosophy of spiritualism, as it had been unfolded by Comfort Miller and the guides of Mary Van Elt, all could see that a strong bias had set in, and, knowing Caleb as I did, I felt no doubt of his gradual and ultimate entire acceptance of the truth.

His increasing interest was beautiful to see, and his words and manner were full of a cheerfulness quite new to him.

New light had dawned for him, and it was plain enough that life was growing sweeter and dearer. How could it be otherwise? He had become greatly interested in Mary Van Elt, and did not hesitate to

express his wonder at the marvellous gifts she possessed, and quite conceded that her inspirations were worthy of any angel.

During our many conversations, it was once objected to spiritualism that the messages or inspirations of its mediums were chiefly of a trivial, if not frivolous nature, hardly reaching, in many instances, the plane of common sense, much more of refined truth. Brother Caleb urged this objection as one of the popular arguments against the genuineness of the spirit-control claimed. But what had fallen from Mary Van Elt's lips, and what had been uttered by Comfort Miller, entirely disabused his mind of this prejudice.

I think the lesson of the evening's circle I am now to record, swept away the last vestige of doubt or prejudice lingering in Brother Caleb's mind on more points than one.

After several delightful songs, we composed ourselves to hear what the spirits might say to us, either through Comfort or Mary, or through both. We had not long to wait.

Mary's face was the object of all our eyes as she arose, and began to speak :

I live for the living who love me,
I watch by the dying, who die ;
For the sinful and sorrowing 'round me,
Whose life is a questioning cry.
I lead them in paths toward morning,
Supplant with my faith, their fears ;

I clothe them with heaven's adorning,
Exchanging them smiles for tears !
And my Angels hold open the gates of dawn,
And welcome them into the golden morn.

Who am I ?

I am called Celeste.

I am a very busy spirit, and I love to wander far and wide. I would borrow any angel's wings—if angels had wings—to bear me farthest away with their stout sweeps ; away, beyond the light of the farthest star that shines in the constellation of Orion.

But I do not fly if I am a spirit ; I just travel on the substantial ways of thought, and never pass a wayside nook until I have explored its nethermost recesses. I must be very human, because I love to visit human habitations, and a baby's face is the prettiest thing I ever look upon. Some poets have bravely and vaguely sung, after their manner, about " Looking on the face of God."

Well, if I were on earth, like you, I would be content to look upon the face of a little child nestling in its mother's bosom amid the nourishing ministries of a mother's love, and then I think I should lose all desire to see the face of God. God is a great conceit—but the violet eyes, and primrose face (is it primrose?) of a human child, are realities, and mighty ones, too.

In all worlds little children rule.

Before they utter meaningful words, they sway the

sceptre of dominion. I have seen a whole community held breathless at a child's cry. I have seen ten thousand grown people wringing their hands in anguish, because a little child was in pain.

Children are indeed angels, but they become much deformed as they grow up, in the human world.

It is because the world is not made congenial to them, and the simplicity of childhood is educated into duplicity until, to be happy again, one must become as a little child.

I had such an adventure, only but now ! I saw an aged man resting under a grand old yew tree in a churchyard. He was bowed low, and his speech was a groan. I spoke him a thought in a ray of sunshine as I approached, and it made him start with seeming fright.

He bemoaned his sad aloneness in the world, and questioned Heaven why he was bereft of all his kith and kin. Heaven never answered him a word—but *I* did, although my name is Celeste, and not heaven. I showed him faces in the sunlight, until his own face shone with rapture and delight. They were the faces of his loved ones, whose absence he had been bemoaning under the yew. Oh, how I did revel in his joy.

I was happier than his own dear ones, because I was the occasion, in a way, of recalling them back to him again.

Well, what do you suppose he did after waking out of the trance, and the faces could no longer be seen ?

Why he just bowed his head and wept, and then *thanked Heaven* for so many sweet conceits and dreams !

There's gratitude for you !

It wasn't heaven at all, but I, Celeste, who provoked the trance and he'd the sunny mist in which the faces appeared. Never mind, I don't hunger for thanks.

The food of angels is the good they do, and I am resolved to grow up large and powerful, perhaps beautiful, like the seven rayed star.

If I were a poet I wouldn't sing the praises of any *name*, I would just make all the world forget names in deeds done out of the love of doing them just.

Did I say you can't live on praise? No, 'twas thanks. Well, it is nearly the same thing, after all.

Stop a moment, I will modify my expression, I will revise my philosophy a little, and show you how many people were kept from want by a good man's thanks. This was the way of it.

The Prince and the Punky Wallah.

An age and a half ago, there lived a Prince in the farther India, and his favourite son was rescued from a horrible fate by a poor Sudra—a mere Punky Wallah—who sacrificed his own life for the young

Prince, upon whom, unawares, a great tiger was stealthily approaching.

Now, it was a brave thing for the Punky Wallah to give his life for the child of royalty, for life is sweet, even to an abject Sudra. Well, the great Prince was moved deep in his heart at this uttermost expression of devotion of a menial, and he said these words to the assembled tribes and peoples in the grand palace where he dwelt, at the confluence of sacred rivers.

“ Words are cold breath, and the thanks of words become the attenuated nothings of the air ; but I will express my thanks to this poor Punky Wallah in a substantial way—and obtain the three-fold benefit.”

And a great approval went up from all the people.

So the mighty Prince caused one hundred wells to be dug in the most desert places, in the Deccan country, and one hundred mango groves to be planted around these wells, so that forever after the poor of that country, and all weary pilgrims passing through, should find cooling water, and luscious fruit in time of famine and distress.

In all the years since, thousands of helpless people, not alone Sudras, but all classes, have feasted upon the thanks of that puissant Prince. Therefore, I say, we *may* live on thanks, especially if they are in the form of fruits and cooling waters.

I hope you like this story, for I think it quite

delightful and when I heard it, I clapped my hands for joy.

Yes indeed, Mr. Comfortable Miller, I am quite a story teller, and if I am, my stories are true, for I gather them from the fields of my life and work, as I pass along, doing my part.

To do one's part is as great a thing here as with mortals, only our methods and appliances may be different.

Not very different either, because most difficulties everywhere, in all worlds, and under all conditions, are spiritual, or belong in one or many ways, to the spiritual life. What a breeder of trouble is imagination. Some people suffer from diseased or ill-developed imagination, and oh, what tortures their fancy creates for them. I tell you there are ten fancied troubles to one genuine one, and this is true everywhere. Often the fancied is more troublesome than the real. But what will you?

One must minister to the well, who fancy that they are sick, as well as to the sick sick.

I will now tell you of a spirit I but shortly since tried to help.

Poor Mr. Ah Me.

He sat amid shadows and looked downward as though his eyes and perceiving powers were fixed that

way. When I accosted him he did not even acknowledge my salute, and when I touched his bowed head, he gave a solemn groan which said,—“ Ah me ! Ah me ! Ah me ! ” as though mournfully apostrophizing himself. Poor Mr. Ah Me.

I spoke cheerfully, perhaps flippantly, to him when I said :—

“ Friend, why dost thou sit outside thyself in such fashion, and ape the night owl with thy dull moan ? ”

My speech brought forth no reply. But I resolved to persevere, so I improvised a pleasing song, and soon had the mellow light of music floating all about. There's music in light, and it is, as you must know, contagious, and thought finds its mate, and believe me, we had a music-meet, just there.

Soft words break spear points, and music melts the iron-clad life—and directly there was diffused a genius of health through that poor Mr. Ah Me's trouble-giving imagination.

He raised his head, looked thoughtfully into my face ; changed his countenance ; converted his condition, and, would you think it, joined in the song ! His voice was cracked and out of tune for want of practice, but what would you ?

The waters clarify more and more, the longer they flow on over the pebbles, and a dull, croaking voice takes on the tone of melody after awhile, if it will but essay to sing. All sounds are musical if they are made

with goodwill, and so, very soon, you must know, my patient ascended the scale of effort, until the gamut of good hope and enthusiasm was mastered quite. I left him piping away like an oriole welcoming the spring—and went on my way.

I have heard of obsessed persons being restored to the normal state by the sweet ministry of music.

I believe it too, but, hark you, if another's singing may accomplish so much, what may you not expect when the *victim* sings. It is the beginning of liberation to him.

But some one says—"I can't sing." No? You mean, that you cannot turn a tune melodiously?

Well, what would you?

Cannot people *think* melodiously?

To set your thoughts agoing melodiously—that is highest harmony, fine, grand, spiritual singing.

Great songs are those that are never sung—they are *thought*, just.

If I sing you a song—you shall think one for me.

Is it a bargain? Good, and I am sure you will perform your part, otherwise the point of my poor story would be lost, and you surely would not distress me thus.

I will now tell you another story, if you will oblige me by listening.

I have had a great delight, for have not I witnessed a most dutible and charming reunion of deeds and the doer? I am telling you so.

It was in this wise :—

A Heavenly Surprise Party.

Once, very long ago, a wise man lived in a wilderness, apart from human thoroughfares.

He retired hence, the better to hold communion with nature, and refresh himself with things pure and difficult.

Adulteration is the bane of the world's prosperity, and this wise man betook himself to the outer world, beyond the glare and confusion of marts and communities. He relieved his loneliness by seeking the acquaintance of the birds of the air, and the roving beasts of the forest. Quite a cordiality resulted, and the most confidential relations grew apace. His retreat in the deep shades was known to all the high-flyers of the air, and to all the prowlers of the wilderness. The most ferocious creatures put their ears in kindly poise whenever they approached him, and every bird slackened wing as he passed that way.

And what think you this wise man did to fill up the days and nights? He became the good physician and care-taker of all the creatures round about. If a great beast had trodden on a thorn, straightway he sought the good friend, who, with skill extracted

the thorn and with simple emollients, healed the wound. If a bird broke a wing, immediately it hopped to the hospitable place of cure and healing. Many a wing did this wise man restore its flexible grace, and many a bruise did his tender care heal and remove. Soon his fame was twittered and sung, and shouted and roared far over the plains and mountains, until the paths of the wilderness became highways for the processions of beasts, bringing their halt, and sore, and lame, and blind. And all found welcome and healing at the hands of this wise man. Often the air would be darkened with the multitudes of winging visitors, twittering their ailments in his sympathetic ear.

Every bird looked upon him as a King-bird, and every beast as a King-beast, and all, of every kind, revered him as a god.

Thus he lived his human time, and when his loving spirit passed out into larger freedom, there was a tremulous feeling in every note of song-bird, and a sob of grief in every sound that beasts do make. No man prepared the body of this wise man for its burial, and the beasts of prey kept watch, side by side, with the stately vultures, guarding his mortal remains from the touch of the accidental vandal beast or bird, until the sun bleached his bones, and then they reverently covered them with fresh forest leaves.

To-day I surprised him holding a great levee of

spirit beasts and birds, the same, and their friends, that had shared his benefactions on the earth. They were numberless and harmonious.

They were showing their gratitude in all characteristic ways, and made his dwelling-place the Mecca of their happy lives.

I joined my voice with the carols of the birds, and added my caress to that of the grateful beasts, that touched him on every side.

It was a most exhilarating exercise, and opened up to me the most delicious confirmation of the holy doctrine, that deeds of kindness return to the doer like the harvest to the sower.

This is the end of my story, but I think it is all too short. Perhaps you think I have drawn upon my fancy overmuch, and that to heal the broken wing of a little bird is too small an affair to outlive time. But my pity bequeaths itself to you in such case, and I have the happiness to hope that you will deal tenderly and considerately with the beasts that are dumb in speech that man will hear, and toward the birds whose little wings bear lives of charming character and rarest beauty.

The number of wise men is increasing, I am happy to know, and as our truth becomes the universal religion, as it is the universal truth, kindness to inferior beings will prevail, and cruelty disappear. This also is spiritualism, you know. If you could

just interpret the gratitude of a bird or beast for an act of kindness you would be astonished at the depth and beauty of it.

Did you ever look into the eyes of your horse after he had received a token of appreciation at your hands? What depth of feeling! What splendid light of reciprocal goodwill!

I will tell you another story—to answer the question that you (Brother Caleb) but now asked, about the

Occupations of Heaven,

if you mean by heaven, the spirit-world. One of the most delightful occupations is the one that I am now trying to pursue—with the aid of this dear lady. It is very much here with us as it is with you, and the happiness of heaven is the result of goodness and doing good, just as it is on the earth.

No more here than with you, do people hedge themselves in, and enjoy heaven and development, alone.

Always there are sharers and sharers, and nothing is lost.

There are those who enter in and commune with the highest and best; and then there are those who linger on the porticoes, loiter in the ways, rest under the shades, or bathe in delicious appreciation in the all-encircling light of God's love.

So, to the empty the full-handed distribute ; to the poor the rich impart ; to the patient, waiting ones, those who return from the leas, divide ; and so it comes about, that all who will, may share what each possesses or acquires.

This is a sort of general rule which asserts itself like custom, and only the ill-developed ever think of evading it. You know, next to the happiness of having, is that of imparting to others. One gives what he has, and the costlier the gift, the intenser the pleasure of bestowing. In heaven it is just true, as it is on earth, the most beautiful, bountiful, most exalted lives, are always those who have had costly developments—I mean who have most freely bestowed themselves for others.

But I am making a preachment, instead of telling a story.

But what would you? thoughts suffer for the utterance as children cry at their failure to make their wants known, and, while mine are neither new nor striking, it gives me happiness to know that they comport with yours.

For reasons that I need not now explain, I have a large freedom, and am permitted to gather the sweet fruits of fellowship and beneficence in many fields, and, from points of advantage, study the lessons of duty and reward in the fruition of many lives.

I refer to those who in the mortal life were the

saviours and reformers, the leaders and great teachers, of their age and race.

Their harvest does not alone come from the personal field, but they have vital shares in the labors, triumphs, goodness and glory, of those who, by any means, have been lifted up by their word or example, or have been quickened by their spirit.

They are centres of attraction here, as they were, in many instances, the unappreciated saviours of mankind on the earth. Fitness opens all ways, and, go where you will in these bright spheres, you will meet the perfect, the just, the wise, and the good, who are propagating fathers and mothers, as one may say, of glorious progeny in things spiritual. Their children are those who have learned the law of life through their ministries, and whose development receives and realizes controlling impetus from their teachings and example. Stronger than mortal ties are the subtle relationships of thought and spiritual bonding, and here, in the limitless, these relationships are never ignored nor outgrown. So, it came about that, as I passed along observantly through a most charming scene, I found myself accompanied by an immense company of joyous spirits, hastening toward a luminous centre in the distance.

They were from many spheres, exhibiting marked characteristics, yet cohered by a law, and there was a family likeness.

They fell to expressing their delight, and I found that they were celebrating the advent of a great life, and were on their way to crown it anew with their joys and congratulations.

A more joyous company you could not bring from the seven spheres.

As we entered the ethereal portals of our destination, I was filled with wonder and delight at the perfect beauty and exquisite fragrance of the luminous place. All words would fail to express the faintest reality of the scene. Radiant goodness beamed upon all, and everything, and from everything and all.

Presently I was approached by a companionable spirit, whose words flowed like pearly waters from embowered fountains.

"Welcome," he exclaimed, "to the festivities of this haven."

"This, then, is a festive occasion?" I replied.

"In a sense, yes; because we bring joyous congratulations to one, who, by perfect devotion, has intensified the pleasure of being, and opened new avenues of goodness."

"*New* avenues?" I exclaimed.

"Why not," he replied, "since the old last not. or are occupied. Our Teacher and Guide, by wise words and noble deeds, shows us how quickened faculties may exercise themselves, and how increased knowledge may enlarge usefulness."

“And your illustrious Teacher?”

“Is he who now approaches, amid the acclamations of the happy throng.”

On turning about, this scene unfolded : A broad pavement as of crystal appeared, wide and long, extending far until lost in light, and down it slowly came the Teacher with his immediate attendants, receiving, as he passed, the joyous greetings of the innumerable company. Music filled the spaces, and all means known or conceivable, to express gratitude and approval, were employed.

The Teacher, without confusion, and with the dignity of conscious goodness, looked benignly into the happy faces, and with indescribable expression of goodwill showed how fully and heartily he appreciated the gathering and the greeting.

Having reached a prominence on which the glorious light revealed the very perfection of beauty, the Teacher paused, and turned his loving gaze upon us all. It was the bestowal of a rich benediction. Each one felt that upon him rested the benign countenance of the Teacher. All sounds ceased, and only expectancy hung upon all, like a cloud of providence.

I think, in all my experience, I never realized as at that moment, the awful impatience to hear.

My soul was filled with unutterable yearning to hear the speech of one whose goodness was so radiant, and the light of whose thought was so quickening and

vocal. Will he never begin, was telegraphed from eye to eye, and from soul to soul. But the Master of Truth knew when the preparation to receive was completed.

The moment of ripeness, of readiness, comes, and the teacher and the taught are *en-rapport*. If truth found readiness of mind as well as openness of ears, humanity would unfold with tenfold rapidity and thoroughness.

This also is the work of the Teacher—to make ready the mind and the life, to receive the essential lessons.

Well, the Teacher *did* begin, and the music of his voice filled all the radiance as it flashed far and near, and the words of grace and truth fell in richest cadence upon all listening ears.

I will repeat to you what fell on mine :

“ Kindred spirits ; the sweetness of life’s lessons and the grandeur of its triumphs are intensified by your loving, sympathetic presence. Your unblemished greetings say to Faithfulness,—well done ; to Hope,—lo ! thy rewards ; to Labor,—take thy rest ; to Love,—wear thy crowns ; to Truth,—behold thy conquests ; and to the wandering souls in the outlying darkness—be of good cheer, for the light cometh unto you !

“ Thus do I interpret you, and with fullest reciprocity do I accept for the Truth’s honor, your exalted expressions of fidelity and appreciation.

"We are not strangers to one another. We are not victors and vanquished on some doubtful issue. We are not speculators and timid feelers in some vague realm of ideal.

"We are the children of the Light and of the Truth, the testators of the power of our endless life, the realizers of the life of the spirit.

"We have ascended from the elementary of mortality into the meridian of acquirement and positive character, under obedience to the laws of spiritual progression.

"Yonder lie the paths over which we have come, and many a bower of resistless beauty incites a reverent memory, and many a height recalls deeds of patient and persistent valor, and many a morass hangs low under the eye that looks back, like a cloud of trouble unable to rise.

"But, the paths of wisdom lead onward still, and the fields of fruitful tillage are boundless. The world within responds to the world without, and the power of individual life will master and occupy all.

"The feast of life is the longest to which we are invited, and inspired. Let us to the sweet tasks before us, laden with the incorruptible treasures which we have already made our own. If I have helped you on your way, let me continue to share the happiness of those who shall be helped in turn by you."

My words are poverty compared with the real out-givings of the Teacher's soul.

The music of the voice, the sublime benignity of the person, the spiritual glory of the speaker—are not interpretable in words.

And now may I prophesy to you ?

When Nature's laws are thoroughly understood, the very light of day—the sunbeam, and the star ray, will be vocal with the blessed music of revelation.

Science will discover that every ray of light is full of voice—of sound ;—but spiritual philosophy will demonstrate that the sound is intelligent, and the voices are Angels' voices, speaking unto men.

Already there are those who *hear*—clairaudient mediums, like some of you, and their interpretations are doubted by the undeveloped and the unwise.

But soon the exceptional will become common, *and Science will declare that Light is vocal, and full of talk, and Spiritualism will differentiate the complex sound that Science hears, but cannot understand, and interpret the talk in human speech.**

* THE SOUND OF A SUNBEAM.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disc having slits or openings put in it is made to revolve swiftly in this gleam of light so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to

CHAPTER XXIV.

LEAVE-TAKING AND LESSONS.

WE were loth to part with Brother Caleb, and I am sure his good heart was wrung with desire to prolong his stay at the farm. But Brother Caleb is a stalwart soldier of duty, and the Macedonian cry from Indian River, was stronger than our loving entreaties. So, we resolved to put a cheerful face upon the hour of separation. The mules were put to the double spring wagon, seats improvised, and all hands, that is to say,

the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel. Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum or rainbow. The disc is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool, or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. The feeble sounds will be heard if the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sounds at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others. The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful things will come from it,

the entire household, accompanied our friend to the railway depot to see him off, with all possible good cheer. The morning was crisp and bracing, and a jolly ride we had.

At the depot were Mr. and Mrs. Follene, with several friends, who joined our party at once, so that Brother Caleb found himself sustained by a noble band of well-wishers and friends.

As the train rolled in, the good man's eyes moistened, and his voice faltered just a little, as his honest hand went the rounds for the parting shake.

Miriam and Mary gave him a hearty kiss, and so, we parted, pledging to meet daily, in loving thought "though sundered far."

When hidden things shall be revealed, it will be seen that this plain, honest, unselfish, crossbearing, follower of Christ and John Wesley, wrought wiser than he knew, and many stars will shine in his crown of rejoicing.

Here's a man who, for over a score of years, carried his deep grief hidden in his heart, lest it might disqualify him to bear others' burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

Now that through the spirit of his sainted wife, we know his secret sorrow, Uncle Caleb is dearer to us than ever, and I am sure that he feels the intense light of life eternal, bearing down upon him, with hitherto unknown force. Friend and brother, we

shall daily think of thee with love and confidence, and follow thee with our prayers and sympathies, and hold communion with thee in spirit, for we have only to employ the same methods to commune with one another here on the earth—though far separated, as we do when we would draw to us our spirit friends from the bordering heights yonder.

Friend, when we have truly mastered this truth and its precious applications, our fellowship will lack no element of perfection and gratifying grace.

This is, perhaps, the first great lesson of genuine spiritualism.

What benefit? is sneeringly asked, as though we were playing with shadows. What practical reward can come to those who devote time and life, to this applied philosophy? How is mankind to be blessed by it? How are souls to be elevated, and lives purified, and hearts comforted?

I answer: In this, first of all;—that they are brought into real fellowship—into real contact and helpful communion in the power of the Spirit with that which is most desirable and elevating.

The weak, with the strong.

The ignorant, with the wise.

The helpless and benighted, with the enlightened and the helpful.

The victims of evil, with the evangelists and ministers of good.

The outcast, with the established ; and the wanderers with those who know the way home.

Are these small benefits?

Indeed, madam, no ; but they must be rated among the best, the largest, and most coveted.

When we come into relationship with angels of light, the darkness that surrounds us disappear.

They bring this atmosphere of light, and life, and love, about us, and we are transfigured thereby and therein. In this blessed condition they speak with us as Moses and Elias spoke with Jesus on the mountain, and the light of their presence lingers upon us and within us long after they have retired.

In like manner, and by the same law, we shall minister to others, who, below us in earth's darkness, in the bewildering valleys, or on the mountains astray, need our ministry of hope, of revelations and sympathy, and thus shall we become as angels of comfort and courage to them.

Who can estimate this benefit? Nor is this all.

The level of humanity is gradually raised. The plane rises. The valleys receive the light, and the mountains become bathed in brightness. The new hope imparts new life, and the new life ascends. We do not need to search for individual instances, for they are plentiful. The work is too large for that.

We may search for conditions, changed, and changing always, for the better,

The leaven leavens the lump

At the springs of life the power of transformation and regeneration is working, and that power is fed and fostered by our purpose and sympathy.

In the midst of these clear and undoubted facts, what remains for us, but the most assuring and ennobling realizations.

What is going on in the wide world has already taken place within us, and we are positive, rooted, grounded in eternal truth.

What is hope to the newly awakened, is experience to us.

What appears as proximate and within reach to those who now begin to aspire, is actual, factual and integral, to us.

Can any one describe all this in its very natural effect upon life and living?

Who, for a moment, will doubt the wonderful transforming, and transmuting influence of such facts and realization in any human consciousness.

The grossly ignorant might deny; but ignorance is not an accounting condition.

An infant is not expected to solve a problem in Euclid, nor can ignorance, however much refined, grasp the first fact of the condition we realize.

The *vicious* may scoff, but then viciousness is a condition of appalling imprisonment, bound in chains of darkness. How can one who has always

been bound, appreciate the charms and facts of liberty ?

An ignorant or superstitious scoffer may demand to know how and why I am brought into the sublime fellowship of angels and pure spirits ?

My reply is : You have no right to know, since you are in no condition to appreciate, or realize. The children's meat must not be cast out to the dogs.

I am not bound to explain to any mortal, how or why !

I am not bound to defend the truth when it is assailed by wolves, when that defence implies its exposure to their cruel fangs.

When the rabble of the day, led by the Scribes and Pharisees, pressed hard the blind man whose sight came at the touch of Jesus, and demanded of him to know *who* it was who had performed so unheard of a cure, the restored man said : " Why do you press *me* with your cruel questions ? *Why* do ye demand so minute an account of Him by whose power I was made to see ?

" Will ye also believe in him ? "

Note the point, " will ye also believe in him ! "

So say we to the ruthless scoffers, who with an ignorance only equalled by its cruelty, demand of us the surrender to them of the sweet secrets of our faith and philosophy. Would ye also believe ? Do you ask for good, or for evil reasons ?

Would you learn the truth, and live by it, or, having found it, would you send it beneath your feet?

The chief priests and their cliques once surrounded Jesus, in the midst of his bountiful and merciful work, and insolently demanded to know by what or by whose authority he performed his mighty works.

He perceived their insincerity, and, instead of vindicating his right or showing his divine prescription, he simply propounded to them a poser. They feared to answer him, and took refuge behind a lie.

His reply concerns us in these times. He said, "Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things" (*Luke xx.*). But he continued to heal the sick, to cast out demons, and to teach the willing, in every place.

He did not cease to speak of the spiritual power inherent in, and conferred upon him, to his honest hearers, but he refused to subject it to the cruel and vindictive slights of the self-righteous regulars of his day.

Our lesson is here, also, for this day and time.

The hour and the powers of darkness triumph when we concede to their treacherous demands, and subject the Ark of God to the touch of uncleanness, and they cower behind their refuges of lies, when we boldly deny their occupancy and their inquisitorial tests.

By what right does any man question spiritual power, spiritual fellowship, spirit recognition, and the whole vast array of truths, facts, verities, principles, and phenomena, of the sublime philosophy which we know and teach ?

Truth is open, let them investigate. Facts are tangible, let them examine for themselves.

Spirits are entities, let them seek contact with them, even of their own kind, for the deliverance of their scoffing souls.

Power of spirit is distinct, appreciative, and appreciable power, let them invoke it.

The phenomenal is abundant, and easily tested, let them begin.

But whosoever assumes the right to denounce, to prosecute, to deny and punish, because *he* does not believe, nor understand, is outside of law, and the creature of evil.

He is neither the representative nor the child of civilization.

He is, as yet, unfit to hear or to handle, the holy things of our commonwealth. He is without ;—and “without are dogs, and sorcerers, and fornicators, and the murderers, and the idolaters, and every one that loveth and doeth a lie.”

That the leaven of spiritual philosophy is grandly working the world throughout, no thoughtful man will question.

Admit that there are frauds, hypocrites, and charlatans, and many who follow the lusts of the flesh, while pretending to obey the voice of the Spirit of Truth ;

Admit that among the followers of this Christ, often a Judas appears, who, in the trying hour, betrays him with a kiss ;

Admit that conductors of *séances*, after the manner of " Holy Church," have countenanced and practiced and traded in sinful indulgences, for a price :

Admit that the tribe of Bar-Jesus—(the familiar of Sergius Paulus, the pro-consul)—a false prophet, full of guile and villainy, son of a devil and perverter of the ways of the Lord (Acts xiii.), and who was smitten with blindness for his evil machinations ; admit, I say, that this tribe is still flourishing, and that modern Elymases find, in assuming to be spiritualists, an opportunity to pursue their vocation, and that many are deceived by them.

Will you hold Spiritualism responsible for these evils ?

Judas was one of the twelve, yet, " he had a devil."

Tetzel, the monkish trader in " indulgences," was a priest in the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

John Calvin, who consented to, if he did not cause, the cruel murder of a brother minister who differed from him on points of doctrine, was the founder and father of a system of Theology which is accepted

to-day by multitudes of enlightened people, as the eternal truth of God.

Do these abnormalities truly represent and exemplify Christianity?

Quite as truly as the false in Spiritualism represents and exemplifies the true—no more, no less.

Let us turn the faces of these hideous pictures and caricatures to the wall, and proceed to note, with becoming pleasure, the change manifest in public opinion, public toleration, and public tendency, in respect to Spiritualism and its philosophy, within *your* memory, my dear young friend.

Enter any church, and you can correctly judge its power and usefulness, by the ratio of the teaching and acceptance of the great truths underlying what *we* know and feel.

The useful and successful preacher is no longer the dogmatist, the partisan, and the narrow-minded zealot, but he is the broadly human, the deeply spiritual, and the wisely tolerant.

What has wrought this great advance? Not education, nor so-called church work alone, but the spirit of the new age, working through all means, within and without, and awakening the latent sympathies that should be found in every human breast.

The universal wish is to *know* spiritual things, and spiritual things in every faith belong to the real, the good, the progressive, and the permanent.

The world has been profoundly wrought upon from the spiritual side, until now the voice of truth and the method of the true life, will be heard, and entertained.

The golden opportunity is ours at last, and all previous advances will seem but faint rays of moonlight compared with the sunburst of light and power of the Spirit, now breaking and to break upon the vision and consciousness of mankind.

The hopeful day-dawn followed by great fruition, is breaking at last.

The hope is as old as human intelligent aspiration, but age after age has passed away making no triumphant sign.

Christs have appeared, whose lives have become parts, sometimes most tragic, of human history, and their intense devotion to humanity has always lifted it up.

But the dead line always interposed an insuperable barrier in following whither they would lead. The way became lost in the darkness of death, and the cry of humanity, beginning in hope and faith, died away, and blended with the wild cries of despair, in a night of unrelieved darkness.

Forevermore let it now be different.

Let the light shine !

Let the voice of truth proclaim its sweet and powerful message, unrestrained and unhindered.

Let no new barriers be erected, now that the old have given way.

Turn on the forces—the intellectual, the spiritual forces—whose concentered energies of movement shall overwhelm the last error and evil !

CHAPTER XXV.

DROPPINGS OF THE SANCTUARY.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died !
 LONGFELLOW.—*Footsteps of Angels.*

We hold the keys of heaven within our hands,
 The gift and heirloom of a former state,
 And lie in infancy at heaven's gate,
 Transfigured in the light that streams along the lands !
 Around our pillows golden ladders rise,
 And up and down the skies,
 With winged sandals shod,
 The angels come and go, the messengers of God !
 STODDARD.—*Hymn to the Beautiful.*

WE call our meeting place the sanctuary, because therein the light of God's holy presence dwells, and the presence of the angels is sensed and seen, and there we receive their lessons and testimonies.

I do not know who first called spiritualist circles *séances*, but the name is unworthy, and too secular. Sanctuary is better, and so our place of meeting is our sanctuary, and the lessons therein learned and the messages therein given may well be called "droppings of the sanctuary."

I wish it were so that all rooms and places consecrated to spiritual uses might be known as sanctuaries, and that those who are admitted within were made to feel that they come face to face with most sacred matters, and not to pass away a curious or an idle hour. These meetings should be multiplied also, ten thousand fold—in truth they should be established in every spiritualist household—for where “two or three are gathered together there am I in the midst of them,” said the greatest teacher and medium.

There is much wholesome discussion abroad among enlightened spiritualists on the subject of *Organization*—the organization of spiritualists into a sort of corporate body, like the Church.

But I am filled with the conviction that the individual and family life is the theatre of our greatest work, and that the creation of sanctuaries everywhere, where two or three can be drawn together, will be better than a great outward or structural organization. There *is* organization, you may be sure, but it is spiritual, and without machinery. It is patterned after Nature, whose laws extend allwhere, and touch all things.

Our care must be to let on the light as we receive it, and let it shine within its own horizon, brightening and vivifying all within its radius.

The effect we should look for is the light itself. Still, there must be a gathering in of kindred souls

here and there. We shall gravitate toward centres, and toward one another.

No particular outward method will always be employed, but the inner life, the true spirit, will seek and find its own atmosphere and fellowship.

Identification will be easy and unfailing, for the false will not seek affiliation with the true, but shun it.

They will fly apart. Hypocrisy will hide its head in the presence of sincerity. Neither is a great organization, after the manner of churches, necessary for the sponsorship and authority of mediumship.

True mediumship needs no sponsor, no earthly endorsement, no balistering. It will always prove itself.

“By their fruits ye shall know them.”

Art will seek to substitute spirit, but will fail at the life line.

Deceivers will abound and wax bold, and seek to pass as the very elect, but, in the presence of the true, they will hide their heads in confusion, and sink to their own place.

The touchstone of sympathy is universal, and cannot be simulated successfully. In defence of undoubted lapses and falling away of some who have received the heavenly gift, and have often given proof of genuine mediumship, it has been said that “Spirits do not care so that they find an instrument.”

True, doubtless, of *certain* spirits, but not of the kind

whose holy ministries we should seek to interpret and cultivate.

Spirits do care. They do discriminate. They do not willingly employ unworthy instruments.

They look with holy indignation in the face of the imputation.

There is no excuse for evil mediumship, and the truth repudiates it utterly and forever. The voice of Spiritualism cries aloud, "Be ye clean who bear the vessels of the sanctuary."

The wicked one who claims mediumship for ministering spirits of good, "steals the livery of heaven," to screen evil and self. "The lust of the flesh," is no part of mediumistic qualification; neither is dishonesty, nor craft.

Spiritual leadership is first true, then peaceable, then fraternal, then unselfish and pure, and *thinketh* no evil.

It takes all conditions within its purview, and seeks only to remove evil and promote good, at all cost to itself.

It is unmixed with evil, except in so far as itself is imperfect.

It needs no defence, it is transparent to all, even to the evil eye.

It cannot fail.

Its course is onward toward the better, and the better, until it leads humanity into fullness of life.

To this responsible and exalted work you who are

true mediums, are called. There is no greater honor. There is no more exacting labor and sacrifice !

But, fear not ye, for the compensations are correspondingly great, if not rated on the stock boards of the world. Inconceivably great—and everlasting.

The ships that come in from afar with precious cargoes that enrich forever, are wafted hither to the harbors of our consciousness, by the blessed breezes of human benedictions and gratitude in ennobled lives, for blessings conferred through our fidelity and love, the imperishable coinage of perpetual life elevated and blessed, the currency of Eternity !

Ah ! what treasures !

What are gold and silver, honors, fame, worldly place and power ; what are these in comparison ? In the passing breath they perish, or are tarnished.

They are of the earth, earthy.

They create no paths yonder.

They build no monuments. and can have no mention hereafter. Their very history passes away, and is lost in the eternal drift. They inherit oblivion. But the words, the deeds, the projects, the expenditures, the sacrifices, of the life we are called to be,—ah ! these shall constitute the glowing memorials of the present and the enduring institutions of the future.

The pocket in the millionaire's shroud will be empty directly his hand stiffens in death, while the treasures of the spiritual evangelist, poor in perishable wealth,

perhaps, will all be found awaiting him where "moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves break not through and steal."

Let us redeem the time, good reader, and that we may surely find our bread forever, let us continue to cast it upon the waters.

If you, dear reader, are a medium, take courage—and stand fast.

The Spirit of God and the blessings of good angels will consecrate your mediumship. The great power lies here. When the truth has such an instrument it comes with strange force, with irresistible power, with all-embracing convincingness.

The way will be rough sometimes, and the question of daily bread will divide your normal hours, and, perhaps, retard your perfect consecration.

Don't give up. Jesus said of himself, that he had no resting-place for his head. In a worldly sense, he was impecunious. He eased the pangs of hunger with the growing corn as he passed through the fields, and borrowed money from the fish in the lake to pay his taxes with. His home was with the poorest and the humblest.

The dews of the night fell on his earnest face often, while he pleaded for strength and courage, and the dear angels bore him company into the solitudes, where he fasted and wept, whence he returned to move the world by his sympathies.

But for divine and angelic ministrations, he must have failed often, before his task was done.

But he was sustained to the last, and left nothing for his enemies to divide, except his simple wardrobe, while to the world he bequeathed the irrepressible purpose of his life.

I do not say that we should expect to be called upon to follow him in all these particulars ; but herein lies a lesson for us all, and, could we find it, the principle of sustentation more available than silver and gold.

"Silver and gold have I none," said Peter, "but such as I have give I unto thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

And he took the lame man by the hand and *lifted him up*, and the lame walked, and leaped, and shouted.

Gold glitters ; it is useful, very convenient, very serviceable, very attractive, and, oh, dear ! how very necessary ! But it could not have imparted strength to the lame man.

It could not have lifted him up. Spiritual power is greater than gold power. It will lift up the lame.

It will open blind eyes.

It will cause the dumb to sing.

It will heal broken hearts.

It will mend broken lives.

It will lighten heavy burthens.

It will remove mountains.

It will bridge streams.

It will—

“ Make the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And open in the breast a little heaven.”

Spiritual gold is the refined truth, which we are permitted and commissioned to distribute to the poor, the helpless, the sad, and the dying ! Did I say, take courage ?

Let me say it again !

Critically viewing the field of our labor, I am filled with the sense of progress.

The moving power is deep down in the life of humanity, and we only now see the outward signs of movement. Depend upon it, there are great throbs bursting up from the heart of things, and the truth which we know is feeling its triumphant way along.

The religion of men and of churches do not feed the soul ; do not perfect the character ; do not educate the spirit ; do not possess the future ; do not answer the universal questions ; do not reconcile the immense differences ; do not harmonize the ever present contradictions ; and do not teach with authority !

For all *they know*, death ends all. They talk volubly about *hope*, but limit it arbitrarily, to time. They poetize about a future life, but it is too coldly future, and there is a great gulf fixed !

They speak in loud sounding, but dreary phrases,

about God, Heaven, and Eternity, but they either make their pictures forbidding or impossible. Salvation is in the future tense. "Thus saith the Lord" is often only the shibboleth or the battle cry of some very human, and often vindictive sectary.

The balm in Gilead is turned into gall by the alchemy of ecclesiasticism, and the life which is idealized by an unspiritual church is full of sophistries and hypocrisies, or else it is utterly impractical. The enthusiasm and spirit of the Christ have little place, and dead formalities usurp the place and ministry of spiritual simplicity. It is a consolation to know that, while the churches militant are casting lots and wrangling for territory, and over the terms on which they will proceed to save humanity, the whole world, under the leadership of the new life which spiritualism imparts and reveals, is moving toward all solutions, listening to the still small voices from the higher spheres, and finding God's throne of love homesteaded in the human heart!

Would you abolish the Church?

No, indeed: there is a better way.

I would have it converted, inspired, sanctified, by the new, old truth.

I would multiply its Newtons, its Savages, its Mungers, its Eatons, its Kents, its Chadwicks, its Collyers, its Bishop Fosters, and its Caleb Soyers—sons of consolation and sons of thunder—and filled with power of the Spirit.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FRAGMENTS.

"Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.—JESUS.

WE continue our evening conversations, although we greatly miss our friend Caleb, who is now engaged in his Master's work on Indian River.

With Miriam, Mary Van Elt, Comfort and Dr. Graeme, there can be no lack of agreeable conversation, and realizing as we do, the constant presence of other loved ones with their bright friends, you may be sure that we do not tire of receiving the heavenly lessons, nor of discussing their bearing upon our life and our age.

It would be impossible as well as unprofitable, and foreign to my purpose to burden these pages with much that falls to us in these daily conferences. Our discussions take a wide range, for in our spiritual company are often many who, by reason of past pursuits and present relationship, lead us to glean in fields of thought far removed from the purely spiritual.

An interesting feature also is the revelation of the

personal life of many, who, under the guidance of gifted spirits, have, since death released them from earth, made great and strange discoveries in the many spheres of spirit possession; explored far distant realms in the infinite zone; traced the marvellous Providence of Good in the ordination of pleasures suited to the exalted and the humble, and with ecstatic enthusiasm, detail the innumerable social delights of the heavenly communities.

Should I repeat for you many of these personal narratives, as they have been given to us in the *abandon* of freedom and conversation, a sort of spirit drawing-room gossip—you would probably shrug your shoulders at such disconnected “small talk,” and would, perhaps, feel like reading the voluble visitors a serious lesson upon the limitations of credulity.

And yet, a moment's reflection will restore your equilibrium, for, if you are on visiting terms with the exclusive society, “the four-hundred” of your community, you will admit that the vanity and the magnified nothings, which form the staple of polite conversation, go far to discredit, in character and purpose, what you know to be most excellent and worthy, at bottom.

There are spiritual vanities, and plenty of sentimental idlers in the spirit life, and, I may also assure you, many new varieties.

Psalm singing, serious occupation, ecstatic con-

temptation of divine persons and things, rigid enforcement of the rules for self-humiliation and growth in grace, are most worthy and most commendable, within limits, for mortals and spirits, but as here on the earth, so yonder beyond, such rules are better known in the breach than in the observance, often.

All this does not imply evil nor lack of genuine progress.

One of the weak "fads" of certain schools of Christian discipline, is the undue cultivation of self-depreciation, until the downcast eyes, the restrained nature, and the rigid, unrelaxable, long face, are taken to be the outward visible signs of inward spiritual grace.

I have heard ministers rebuke the exuberance of innocent, cheerful life, by reminding the frightened culprit of the solemn fact (supposed) that "Jesus never smiled."

However this may be, it will hardly be questioned that, in his teachings, so far as they have come down to us, rightly interpreted, he lays the foundation for joyful hope and cheerful living.

On that sad occasion when, in profound sympathy with his dearest friends, whose brother had just died, it is said of him that, after groaning in spirit, "Jesus wept;" the light of triumphant love and joy soon glorified the tear-stained face, when, at his instance, the dead returned to the welcoming embraces of lov-

ing sisters, and the happy family at Bethany was once more intact with Jesus in the midst.

Do you think that that first evening at the little cottage at Bethany after the restoration of Lazarus, which the beloved Jesus doubtless spent with the happy family, was without cheerfulness, joyous laughter, and characteristic rejoicing?

Hardly.

I quite admit that the restoring of the young brother to his sisters, after he had been dead four days, was a rather solemn event, as I have heard it described, but it was not half so solemn as lying still in the grave, and never being restored at all. In fact, it must have been the signal for high social festivities within the circle of friends, and, as on the occasion of the younger son's return to his father's house, in the parable, if the family at Bethany had a fatted calf, it was no doubt killed for the joyful feast, and music and innocent revelry of congratulation ruled the hours—no selfish elder brother being present to object or find fault.

But here's a story by our bright Celeste :—

Once, many years ago, there lived on the earth a man who combined uncommon wisdom and great wealth.

He was accounted so wise that learned philosophers sought counsel of him ; and so great was his

wealth that the treasure houses of kings were as pebbles to a mountain compared therewith.

How did he esteem his wealth ?

Not as did the fool, of whom Jesus speaks, who, having accumulated vast possessions, forgot his stewardship.

This wise man esteemed his wealth as power and providence entrusted to him for benevolent ends.

Wasn't that beautiful ?

And so he consulted the oracles to ascertain the number of his earthly days, and then he set about enjoying the ministry of his goodness and wealth.

Every day he employed a certain portion of his wealth to the relief of human want.

He also created roving benevolences, and his lavish bestowals employed many energies, and found their way into all the abodes of trouble, poverty and sickness, within the area of his purpose.

The days passed, and with them extended the august generosity of this wise man. His years were crowned with unutterable grace and dignity and beauty, for the force of his character was as a perpetually rising sun upon the world. The last day of his human life on earth witnessed the disposition of the last centime of his perishable wealth, so that when the gates of Paradise opened to him, he had no unfinished work to regret, and no unspent power to account for.

The unthinking world said : "What folly to waste so grand a patrimony and accumulation upon the poor, when one might found a mighty family on the earth, and leave a name for ten thousand first-born to bear, with inheritance."

But the wise man was justified in the life to which he ascended, for he entered at once into an imperishable inheritance of good deeds, which he will forever enjoy.

A Word for the Indian.

After all, your boasted civilization is one of injustice, bitter and cumulative.

What have you to say for the studied zeal with which you have restrained the law of right toward the Indians?

How can you continue to grasp and hold in injustice the heritage which great Nature gave to their fathers, and which our fathers pledged should forever remain to their children?

Think you that the thousand blots on the historic page of your dealings with the Indians are to be wiped out by resolutions of sympathy for them and of necessity for yourselves?

The children of nature cannot appreciate your sympathy, nor can the children of Light ; cannot read *into* it what you declare flows out.

Neither do they need what you call sympathy.

They can understand justice, and justice only is what they demand.

Behold your hypocrisy !

You offer sympathy—and withhold justice ! Cannot you see that justice—straight-out justice—is the true and guileless essence of sympathy ?

It is not true that this age is too great and too good to be brought into immediate condemnation and reckoning for this national wrong, constantly inflicted upon the Indian. Rest assured, atonement must be made, and full reparation in ways not conceived of by you.

Nemesis is vigilant, she is wise, she is just, she is retributive, and she is no respecter of persons nor ages ; and she is surely, like the executors of God, slowly pursuing in your footsteps, and will overtake and punish you !

Will you take warning by the history of all wrong ? Will you, by a juster appreciation of the natural conditions, the limited horizon, and the helpless naturalness of Indian character, enact such laws, enforce such regulations, and pursue and adopt such methods toward them as will at once restore their faith in the national honor, and increase their days in the land ?

You cannot force upon them *your* civilization. Therefore you should not force them out of it, and out of their own, into the deep sea of oblivion.

H. H. J.

Spiritual work.

There is no machinery, so to say, in spiritual work.

It is direct, and needs no conveyor or intermediary other than the propulsive forces of sympathy, the spirit in you asserting its will, its desire, its bequest, its gifts, its benedictions, and its tender solicitude. It is a breathing forth of truth upon all the planes of life, full of contagious sympathy and love.

It means purity in life, in heart, in deed, in word—and forever.

It is the investiture of heaven.

It clothes the human soul with befitting garments, and sets it moving in right directions. It is a teacher of aspirations ; a guide of motor ; an inspirer of purpose. It (our work) opens up by spiritual means, lines of duty, of self-development, of upwardness toward most desirable and coveted possessions in thought, in consciousness, in immortality. It does this for the individual life, rather than, in a general way, for communities as such. The unit is the base of universal uplifting, and the mighty upturning of the world must begin in the individual soul. Contact with masses of men is often abortive, always unsatisfactory, seldom productive of best results.

It is the occasion and arena of strife.

It is the opportunity of the scoffer, of the sectary, of the unbeliever, of the charlatan, of the hypocrite,

of the gainsayer, of the lover of pleasure more than the lover of God, of the striker and the disputer of this world.

The subtle currents of divine truth avoid the methods of the earthquake and the cyclone and the thunder-bolt, and prefer the gentle, mellifluent token of the still small voice, speaking heaven's message to the spellbound, listening heart.

This is the highest method.

It is most spiritual.

It makes its circuit even as the light steals into the shadows, and ere you know it, they have vanished. We speak not in condemnation of more public methods and organizations.

Occasion is found for these, but it is oft times *made*, because the customs of men have run in such channels so long.

Institutions, organizations, conventions, societies, etc., all prove this : but one may well ask, from a spiritual point of view—*cui bono* ?—upon a close inspection.

You hear of persons "running" a "Church," a "Hall," a "Society," or an "Institution."

Machinery is machinery whether it be of iron and steel driven by steam, or of men and woman directed by a "committee," a "chairman, a "consistory," or a "preacher."

It has its uses and they have their value, but in

things spiritual, after all, "the wind bloweth, and thou hearest the voice but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth," as the Master said, but ye hear it, feel it, know and acknowledge it, and, in a grand sense, embody it,—without machinery.

To be its confidante, its interpreter, its co-worker, albeit in the more retired paths where souls with burdens pass, is better than to be the leader of masses or the commander of armies.

To establish wayside sanctuaries (spiritual circles) where the weary may rest, and where the heartbroken may find solace, and the outcast find refuge, is a grander and more enduring work than to build marble and granite cathedrals.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FINDING HIS MOTHER.

THE beautiful and versatile Celeste always interests us with her parables and stories, and by her presence greatly adds to the charm of our evening's lessons.

Of her we know nothing, although many attempts have been made to learn her history.

"Shall I tell you another story?" was her pleasant greeting to us through Mary Van Elt, last night.

"We shall be delighted," all lips replied, and Doctor Graeme prepared his note-book and pencils.

I.

It is all about Cecil finding his mother, and I am sure you will appreciate it because it will reflect hope and good cheer on your present life of anxiety and much doubting.

You do well to have faith, for thereby you shall overcome many difficulties and escape many dangers. But we come to you for the purpose of adding to your faith, knowledge.

We bring you certain tidings of what your faith only dimly and questioningly, if at all, descries, and we fill your consciousness with the sense of certainty

We make you to know, that this life is real, tangible, companionable, social, and beautifully human.

We bring you the proofs and lay them upon your accepting hearts.

Well, then, you must know, that the motherly love glorifies humanity above all else, and whoever is not reached and touched by its sweet penetrations must be somewhere beyond the reach of my recognition. I do not find such.

He must be annihilated.

For the rest I will repeat to you the great truth that human ties and the natural relationships hold forever. Listen to my story.

There was once a most wayward son, who, for heaven's gain, lost his mother. She did not need the fruitful conditions of the angel spheres to develop the angelicness of her character.

Not so, by very much.

During her earth life, wherever she went, there went an angel, and what she did it was as though an angel did it. Until manhood prime she guided, protected, blessed and enriched her son. Their love was beautiful to see.

When she ascended to us she left her blessing upon the child of her love, but the dense nothingness only that seemed to remain to him, denied the sweet ministries of a life that had gone from his gaze and touch. The result was that he quarrelled with his condition,

denounced the condition that, as he said, mocked him, and demanded revenge upon the Infinite One for robbing him of his mother.

Let him not be harshly judged, nor rashly condemned.

To feel the light suddenly dashed out of your life, leaving you bereft of your chief, if not your only, joy, is not a small trial, and only the enlightened, those whose eyes follow the vanishing upward-rising spirit, can look with complacency and resignation there-upon.

This solvent of the great problem the young man did not possess. He had always had, if he did not always fully appreciate, his mother, and realizing her great love and all-powerful guardianship, he could not conceive a time when she would pass from his mortal life and thereafter only exercise the holy functions of motherhood within the realm of spiritual discernment—that great thing which he most lacked.

So as I have said, he quarrelled with his condition, and refused to be comforted or reconciled.

He knew no life but the material, and scorned all influences that did not appear and approach in easily recognized garb and method.

Death was *death* to him, and the power that had robbed him of his now idolized mother, was guilty of an unnamable crime, and worthy of eternal vengeance.

He called aloud in space for his lost mother, and, in his pitiful despair, challenged the Infinite to discussion.

He would stand at the grave in the lonely copse, under the stars, and appeal with touching pathos and filial hunger to the silent dust beneath ;—and then he would plaintively pour out his mighty grief to the witnessing stars above. But no response came save the echoes of his own wailings, the staccato notes of his unreasoning sorrow.

But, my dear friends, did not that mother hear her child?

In truth, yes ; and oh, with what responsive love !

She both heard and saw him in the unrelieved paroxysm of his grief, until exhaustion befel him, and he threw himself into the abyss of speechless, keen despair.

If darkness is not a phase of light, surely nothing can come after, but light. You do not and cannot know, by ordinary channels of prophecy, at what point of intensified darkness the light may burst in.

But there is a law for this too.

There comes a moment when darkness, filled with poignant sorrow, has exhausted its vitality ; also when its resources are utterly at an end : when its elements and constituents can no longer subsist with power within the life : when, as if swept by an omnipotent wing, it must suddenly pass hence, and

become invisible and impossible, in the incoming tides of light.

Then the spell is broken.

The evil powers, so terrific in appearance and method, are disbanded, and, without direction and cohesion, cease to be.

Am I transparent ?

II.

Evils have been neutralized, also affirmed ; blessings have been created and conferred ; that which seemed lost has been found, and the impossible (believed) has been compassed, and the trend of history and the life of humanity have been changed and directed, through *dreams*.

To dream ! What is it but to entice and liberate the spirit from its mortal limitations, for the time, and give it the freedom of its own world !

What is it, but the emancipation of spirit personality out of the mixed and doubtful, into the most real and substantial.

The "baseless fabric" of a dream is the expression of a false philosophy which reverses the natural order.

No one realizes fully in physical life the idealizations of his dreams.

And yet, the most desirable, the most sensible, the most harmonious, and the perfect, appear in the dream,

What is a dream ?

It is a spirit awakening.

It is a spirit excursion into realms invisible and unreal to the physical senses. Yet the sounds, scenes, persons, pictures, only faintly retained after the dream is done, are no less actual, real, and tangible therefore. Well, then, our young friend first found respite and returning interest, in his dreams.

It was in this wise :—

He journeyed (in his dream) over vast solitudes and deserts, until, dying with hunger and thirst, he suddenly espied a bubbling fountain, and about its flowing providence were delicious fruits of every kind. He awoke from sleep, and his first reflection was a smile. The vision retained was pleasant and inspiring.

Again he dreamed. He was a search-warrant, and the universe bafflingly hid his object. What a dream !

His flight was the envy of the fleetest wing. Hence, away, sped he, until the studded firmament twinkled faintly far behind. He had the wings of morning and of evening, and the distant gates opened at his approach, until he found himself confronting the immediate surroundings of the throne of God.

Did he tremble with fear ?

Did he fall prostrate, smitten down by the glory ?

Did he hide his face before the ineffable brightness ?

Not he ! but he sought with eager inquiry the face of God.

No angel attracted his gaze.

No secondary thing diverted his search.

God alone must answer to him, and his intrepid spirit would invade God's own glory and presence !

So it came to pass, in his dream, that he concentrated all his penetration upon the surrounding glory, and pressed his way, none offering him resistance, to the very throne itself, and lo ! thereon sat, in all sweet serenity, *his own mother !*

The dream and the search ended here, and it was a long time ere he could convince himself that it was *only* a dream.

Was it only a dream ?

Let your wise philosophers utter their learned platitudes explanatory. What then ?

Reality is of spirit, and the dream is a reality, with all its relations and revelations.

The young man sought, not his mother, but the reasons for her disappearance, at the foot of God's throne.

He prosecuted his search where alone lost joys are found—into the ideal presence of the infinite God.

Could the human ideal God console him for the loss of his loved, his loving, his real mother ? No. Why, then, seek his face ?

Answer who will !

He turned to gaze on God, and beheld his mother !

Is that unpardonable ?

Did the genius of his dream deceive him ?

It might have been an unexpected denouement, but it was natural, gracious, convincing, and infinitely better than seeing God.

Had he seen God, he would still long and search for his mother ; but, having found *her*, he could now and forevermore, without difficulty, believe in, and offer worship to, God, although forever unseen !

Oh, human hearts, full to bursting with doubts and fears, with anxieties and conflicts, cease your challenge of Truth, and Life, and Immortality ; shut your weary, outward eyes, and open wide the spiritual. Shut fast the outer ears, and listen within for the sweet, familiar voices of the loved, who never were so really near as at this moment, when they seem so far away !

Do a little dreaming in your wide-awake life.

Cease denying the substantial reality of what, in happy dreams only, falls beneath your observation.

Awake to the fact that, since the desirable is the life of which you dream, the life you *are* is the false, and the life that you dream is the true !

What then ?

The ladder which Jacob saw, with its foot invisible in the dark conditions of earth, and its top invisible

in the glory of heaven, with angels coming down and going up, was all a dream !

Yet, I say, that the ladder is present in every life, and up it and down it come and go the dear angels, bearing gifts to and fro to you, and to you, and to you, and to you ! And if you cannot recognize your *own* in some approaching angel, why then just give your spirit its liberty, and press your search until you cease your questioning at the throne of God :—only to find at last, *what you may know at first*, your mother, your father, your sister, your brother, your loved one, your very lost life—not lost but waiting for, and upon you !

III.

I do not permit that you should forget that we left Cecil gazing with clear, enlarged, and fascinated eyes upon the long-lost mother, seated where he, in his half-sight, expected to find God.

By abstraction, by inwardliness, you can enter upon the comprehension of the adoration by which Cecil was inspired.

For an immortal moment the need of God appeared not.

For, look you ! he had fallen upon the highest demand and desire of his nature.

He had no longer controversy with God.

He had found his mother.

His heart had reached home.

His life had reached its source and before him, in all perfection, was the first object of his love—and its constant inspiration. Now, some truth remains to you from here—surely this : that had Cecil found God, had his eyes fixed their gaze in open scrutiny upon the face of Him whom eye of mortal hath never, and can never see, the hunger of heart would still have gnawed, and yearned, and demanded in eternal unsatisfaction.

Oh ! Let God be God ; but the fullest and perfectest conception of this Being is too meagre and too little, to fill the void in a human heart, yearning for its Mother !

And, because it is human.

I do not mean, you must know, a mere earthly relationship mother, but my truth is all comprehending, and affirms the beginning, the continuance, the endlessness of the sweet love-tie, out of which life evolves, and which finds its best and appropriate expression in the word, Mother.

This is the highest ideal word—and motherhood is that ideal realized.

It is the Alpha and the Omega (draw your pencil through the latter word which suggests a finish when there is no end.) It is Alpha *infinitem*, properly found in Cecil's discovery. Human ties hold forever.

Wherefore not ?

Can you suggest anything better, more desirable, more needful?

What rises into life from the motherhood of love, ceases never.

The word that expresses God is—Love.

Should you say Love is God?

Why not?

One dare not say God is love-like, but Love!

One need not say, Love is God-like, but God!

You are invited to share in Cecil's joy, as you cannot help sensing his astonishment. Speechless, he inclined toward the bosom which had borne him, and the open-arms which had fondled his earliest life.

All bitterness passed from him.

He even forgave God without reserve, for what he had denounced as robbery, now that restoration had come to pass.

He dismissed forever all idea of vengeance, all murmurings, and withdrew his challenge of Providence. The recovery of his mother compensated for the loss of God.

The sweet fullness that possessed him reconciled him to the universe as it was, and is, for in that supreme moment of felicity, he bethought him that all sons and daughters had mothers, and that therefore all souls touched.

Sweet sound waves of good-fellowship swept over

and through him, and were like the intoxicating music when Love plays upon the lute.

Silence ! yes, silence in heaven !

You have heard of it, the unusual but not unaccountable fact that once for a space, there was silence in heaven. It was when Cecil found his mother.

Whose fault is it that the happiest moments, the richest concepts, the grandest possibilities, appear to you mortals in your dreams ?

You see how persistent we are, for, when failing to awaken men to privilege and duty in the light of day, we steal their spirits by the subtle fashion of a dream, that, by any means we may inspire a hope, or dissipate a cloud, or impart a lesson. An ancient people once characterized their joy of a great deliverance by saying, as they sought to describe their exultation, "we were like them that dreamed." Adieu.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TIME OF HARVEST.

THE weeks have sped along—and, engrossed as we have been with our spiritual and intellectual discussions, we have had little time to watch the daily progress of the burdened fields. But farmer Dan and his able co-workers, have been in constant attendance, and all things are ready, and the harvest begins.

The box mill is working full time, sawing material for all kinds of boxes or crates from the cypress wood of which we have abundance.

We make two kinds of crates for the conveyance of our vegetables to the Northern and Western markets. One is small, made of half-inch pine heads and middles, with thin cypress slats, and to hold a scant bushel of beans (snap), beets, onions, peas, etc.; while the larger crates, made of heavier material—heads and middles 1 x 12 and 18 inches deep, with slats 4 inches wide by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and 36 inches long—are made to hold the contents of a regulation barrel.

In these, potatoes, cauliflower, and cabbages are packed carefully and snugly.

To buy these boxes at the factories or mills, as nearly all of our gardeners must do, involves a considerable outlay of ready cash.

Prices range from \$5 to \$7 per 100 crates, knocked down, for the small size ; and from \$15 to \$18 per 100 for the large, or barrel, crates.

Where one can manufacture his own, with material convenient, the cost may be set down at just one-half, which is a very important saving if one cultivates on a large scale. Taking cost of material, where everything is bought—nails, labor of making up, marking, etc.—these crates cost the farmer in cash \$10 and \$20 per 100 respectively, as they stand ready to be packed with the different products of his fields.

The cost of gathering and packing is considerable, but in our case not extra, because all this, indeed, all work of every kind, is done by our regular force at uniform wages of \$1 per day for ordinary, and \$1.25 for more skilled labor, such as working about machinery, or where one proves to be extra smart at packing.

Packing vegetables is an art. The condition of your stuff, when it is received at the distant market, will depend very much upon the manner of packing.

Hence the best hands are employed in this department, and over this work the farmer exercises greatest care and vigilance.

Good judgment, good taste, and skill are required, therefore, in your packer, and it will pay you many times over to advance the wages of such an one to even twice the regular figure during the harvest season.

Quick, safe transportation is the next *desideratum*, and here-anent is our tug-of-war. Every farmer in Florida could tell you harrowing tales of delays, carelessness, and every conceivable delinquency on the part of transportation companies, which, in many instances, doubtless, are unavoidable, but, for the most part, must be set down to inexperience, lack of appreciation of the value of the stuff transported, and sheer indifference to the interests of the shipper.

Careless handling *en route*, lack of suitable accommodation in cars and steam vessels, together with the certainty of transportation charges *in hand*, are felt, on the part of the farmers, to be answerable for very much of the loss which is annually inflicted on them by the different transportation companies.

If to all this is added the unconscionable rates exacted, you can begin to sympathize with the demands of this worthy class of citizens, whose important industries supply so largely the needs of the people, and contribute the heaviest tolls to public carriers. The exactions of transportation companies upon the producing classes have (especially here in Florida) reached a point where one of two things must ensue :—either a great reduction in traffic rates, or

the utter destruction of the particular industry under view.

I know that we farmers are held up as a class of growlers and dissatisfied sore-heads, but, without resenting the gratuity, I desire to emphasize every word here said, and to record my grievous lament that our complaints and appeals fall with such dull monotone upon the leather ears of the great corporations which fatten upon our blood and labor.

Patience is, *par excellence*, the virtue of the tiller of the soil.

It is instilled into him with every day's lesson of labor and result, but when he sees his energies and his industries throttled by the mailed hand of injustice, and inordinate, unconscionable greed, patience changes her countenance, and the impulse of self-preservation mantles the brow with the flush of manly resistance.

To meet the demand for dividends on much and many times watered stocks, our transportation corporations do not hesitate to apply the torture of exaction to the industrial masses to the very point of destruction of the very industries by which life is maintained, smiling the while with sardonic triumph in the pinched faces of their victims.

Every reasonable method has been employed to bring the corporations to a just appreciation of the facts—without apparent success. Conferences have

been held, statements of grievances have been made, railway commissions and the Inter-State Commerce Commission have been invoked by the disheartened toilers in vain.

The case seems hopeless.

No quality approaching justice and fair-dealing appears in sight in the bearing, the attitude, or the action of these misdirected monopolies.

Our recent legislature, with remarkable unwisdom, instead of facing the emergency, as was hoped and urged, abolished the railway commission of the state, under the specious plea of inefficiency or inability, being powerless to effect reform in the unholy combinations of capital against the people in the great traffic lines of the state.

Continued poverty and slavery are entailed by this shameful surrender to the arbitrary advances of monopolies, and, by this and that, the patient, plodding farmer sees no rift in the cloud that envelops him, and whose dark folds shut out the light of hope.

What is true here in Florida is true elsewhere all over the land, and the wisest minds and stoutest hearts are breaking beneath the unspeakable burdens which injustice and inhumanity are weighting down upon the best and truest people in the land.

The result can easily be forecast and foreseen.

These burdens must be lifted.

The wrongs complained of must be righted.

Revolution, the last, and, in this case, most righteous, resort of the people, is in the air.

It is gathering shape and momentum, and must soon utter its shibboleth from all eminences, and lay down its righteous ultimatum.

The Alliance Movement, ridiculed on the one hand, and feared on the other, is but the beginning of conservation of forces which will eventuate in the enforced settlement of many long accumulating scores against public prosperity, public peace, and the rights of men. Great parties, formed within political lines, will yet listen to this voice of the people, or else suffer disintegration by its thundering command.

We farmers of the South are, most of all, conservative. Political ties hold us with strange tenacity, because of obtrusive questions, facts and fears, that are peculiar to our social and political state. But there is abroad a new schoolmaster, and his name is *Monopoly*, whose lessons, enforced with dehumanizing and iron-handed indifference, deaf alike to the appeals of enforced poverty and protests against wholesale robbery and confiscation of home and every dear right, are fast weakening those ties political which are supposed to bind us hand and foot to the dictatorship of party spirit and leadership.

Our conscience is free.

Our manhood, although sorely tried and much humiliated, remains uncorrupted and incorruptible,

and we are surely gravitating toward the new banner, on whose ample folds we see emblazoned :—

*Protection to our Industries by the government of
Monopolies.*

The legend is high-sounding and much-embracing, but it has a true, humane ring to it, and, by every token, will lead us into enlarged freedom and equilibrium of rights and privileges, where, at least, we may draw breath, untaxed therefor.

We are seriously considering why great monopolies, on which depend public prosperity and public safety (to a degree), should be owned and controlled by individuals, and not by the state—that is, the people.

We observe that the great political parties of the country either cannot, or dare not, grapple with this fast rising power of consolidated and confederated wealth—anchoring ownership of traffic lines and other public necessities—in the hands of a few individuals.

This power, employed as it is in the most unrighteous methods of speculation upon the labors and natural rights of the people, assumes the *rôle* of Omnipotence, in trampling down all law, and all justice, and is omnipresent in its subtle lines and methods of oppression, looting the innocent and industrious, and striking down the irreverent protestant, and by the breath of its mouth answering public

appeal by its defiant and original decree—"The public be damned!"

The public refuses to "be damned," and hence the muttering of reformation thunder. Hence, the new banner with the new device. Hence, the awakening of the people, by whose industries all else thrives. Hence, the rallying from all sections toward a movement, which, unless all signs fail, will develop into a new party, cohered by the law of universal brotherhood, directed by the genius of all rights for all men and monopolies for none, and ownership, control, and direction of all public commerce and traffic lines by the government of the people, in the interest of the people.

You will not expect a plain farmer to indicate to you, dear reader, *how* all these wonders shall come to pass. My purpose is accomplished, in this place, where I have formulated, as best I can, into plain words, what I, in harmony with my class, all through this Southland, sense and interpret, as the spirit and voice that agitate the very air about us.

Doubtless, the task outlined is a great one, but this is a great age, and we are a great people.

To emphasize and make good for all time the Declaration of Independence, formulated and defended by our fathers, under the masterful leadership of the Jeffersons, the Washingtons, and the Madisons of the revolutionary era of our nation, was a great task.

But it was gloriously performed, and quickly, too.

To prove the stability of our institutions and the indestructibility of nationality, and, at the same time, raise to freedom and citizenship four millions of black slaves, was a great task.

But it was accomplished, and the blood shed in fratricidal strife, under the benediction of that Power which makes for Righteousness, shall sanctify and make sacred and unassailable, the symbol of our nationality, until the kingdoms of the world, in happy concord, shall merge into unity under the banner of the Christ that is to come.

So, and as certainly, will this new declaration of rights be lettered forth and emphasized ; this new investiture for our deliverance, be accomplished ; this new salvation come to us. And, because of the brightness and power of our civilization, the majesty of national conscience, the justice and humanity of all the demands set forth—and, because of the perfect harmony of this great movement with those laws which answer for the uttermost progress and happiness attainable by human nature—let us believe that the great result will be attained peacefully, as the night merges into morning.

The questions *pro* and *con* that will arise here-anent, and that are now confronting the minds of statesmen and publicists, will, in the sharp and exhaustive discussions soon to become current, be made simple and

plain to the masses, and we shall arrive at right solutions by a sort of liberal tuition of our intuition.

In the meanwhile our harvest must be gathered, and the duties of to-day must not be neglected, nor its blessings undervalued, in our dreaming and prophecying of the better and brighter to-morrow.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LAST WORDS.

He comes ! He comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeballs, pour the day.—*Pope.*

Our home circle is broken.

Dr. Graeme, having accomplished his purpose, left some weeks ago for England. We greatly regretted his departure, but as he intends to make a favorable report to his principals on the phosphate beds of our state, it is quite within the probabilities that he will return soon, and complete the purchase of certain large tracts of land, upon which he has secured liberal options.

We shall hope, therefore, to see him again.

Comfort Miller accompanied Mary Van Elt as far as Jacksonville, and, after seeing her safely bestowed in the vestibuled train for the North, returned to us for a few days at the farm, thoughtfully reasoning that Miriam and I would be glad to have him do so, thus graduating us to our condition of comparative loneliness.

It was kindly and graciously done, but then we are accustomed to Comfort's considerate ways and loving thoughtfulness toward us.

I feel that I am growing old, notwithstanding Miriam's protest to the contrary, and I shall soon be looking among the blessed angels for Miriam's mother.

It is no small satisfaction to me to feel that I can safely commit this devoted and dutiful child to the protection and love of a man like Comfort Miller.

They both declare, of course, that they base a large part of their happiness on long life for me, and I am sure they mean it.

The fact is, I am, in one respect, like Paul, when he debated whether to go or to stay, as a measure of happiness and duty—although he felt that to be with Christ would be far better, and that to die would be gain. I presume he was rightly inspired, and I have about settled down upon his conclusions, and will wait with patience the time of my departure.

One thing I desire, and that is, that when the summons comes for me, the Angel will be patient, and allow me to have Tom and Miriam and Comfort, Mary Van Elt, and, if possible, Brother Caleb, near, to receive my last testimony and my blessing, and to bear witness to my triumph.

We have had several letters from Brother Caleb, who is doing great good on Indian River.

He is a prime favorite among the intelligent settlers, as well as among the original citizens of that beautiful country.

His letters glow with new light, and seem warm with a new spirit.

He is becoming pronounced in his new experience, is Caleb, and declares that he is daily the recipient of new evidences of the truth which we now hold in common.

He has fallen in with a number of spiritualists (the woods are full of them) on Indian River, and speaks of their fellowship and co-operation in terms of gratitude and confidence.

He declares that he is a better preacher and a better man since the experiences he enjoyed in our sanctuary, and he sends his grateful blessing to Mary Van Elt, whom he calls "that beautiful child of the angels and of God," and to Miriam he sends special messages of fatherly and pastoral love.

All this is charming and inexpressibly gratifying to us, and our hearts go out to God and the angels in incense of thanksgiving, praise, and gratitude.

A letter from Brother Caleb has come to be the signal for singing a new doxology, in which the angels join.

We are now quite settled into our normal condition at the farm, and the days are filled with ordinary duties of the field and the household.

We pass the evening hours reading together, or in recalling and discussing the great lessons which, in part, you know, and in loving interchange on matters that are constantly on our hearts.

I have read the preceding pages to Miriam, and am pleased to record her approval, and her sweet prayer also that to all who may kindly read them may come the joy of the salvation which we realize.

I do not expect all my critics to be as lenient and one-sided as Miriam, but to have the benediction of so loving a confrère is an augury for good, even for an unpretentious book.

I have purposely said nothing of Miriam's own mediumship because she is so near to me, but I would have you know that she has a beautiful spiritual unfoldment, and is daily becoming more and more sensitive and responsive to spirit influences, especially toward our own loved ones who have preceded us in life.

This is most gratifying to me, because I cannot help thinking of the time, not far off, when my own caresses of my loved child must be in spirit and from the spirit side, and the natural pain of separation is almost neutralized by the thought of immediate and continuous recognition, and conscious communion after death's work is done, for me.

We have this comfort in respect of Miriam's mother, whose presence we feel, and whose familiar voice we

sometimes think we hear, and whose face often appears to us, all glorious as of yore.

I want to repeat what I have elsewhere said, that I rejoice in the evidences of progress—along all lines—that spring up with stalwart bound on every side—especially in spiritual things.

I have unshaken faith in the future and in man, and do most devoutly believe that the truth, as we know it, but in its greater fullness, will triumph universally, which means that humanity shall eventually rise into the perfect state, and evil and misery shall be known no more.

I hail with enthusiasm the evidences of spiritual enlargement in the Church, in organic Christendom, in all directions, and under all banners.

Of course, isolated as I am, and far removed from the great centres of attraction and intellectual and moral movements, I cannot be supposed to know fully to what extent my satisfaction is well founded; while my occupation and circumstances do not admit of much outlay for ordinary means of information, such as books and periodicals and journals of the times. I sense the struggle here on my farm in Florida, and I hear the high-sounding peals of progress and victory, and they thrill my life and complete my joy.

Sometimes I see reports of great liberal sermons preached by the foremost thinkers, priests, and

ministers of all schools of thought in Christendom, and I read and read all the moving lines, and between the lines, and commit to memory the glowing thoughts, as the soldier fills his knapsack and canteen for use in the battle hour on some doubtful to-morrow. The inspiration is of the highest, and it would seem that intolerance, superstition, and bigotry must soon give way before the advancing spirit of the new Christ, who is indeed the old, returned in the power of the Spirit.

I see him standing at the grave's mouth of the Lazarus of humanity in the nineteenth century, and I hear his command, which even the dead obeys, "Lazarus, come forth."

And forth comes the dead, but he is bound about with ecclesiastical bandages, and grave clothes, and creedal fetters.

But this Christ of the new age hath all power and all authority to restore, to regenerate, and to liberate, and so I hear him say to the fetters, and to the bandages, and to the blind leaders of the blind, and to the orderly undertakers for the dead :—

"Loose him and let him go."

THE END.