TALMAGE.

Ancient and Modern Spiritualism Contrasted.

In the Days of Tyre, According to Biblical Lore, Wizards Talked to the Dead Forth.

Modern Mediums, However, Simply Work for Lucre and Are Tried in the Courts for Their Brazen Mendacity.

In All Ages There Have Been Necromancers, Sorcerers and Astrologers—The Exhumations from the Unseen World—God Thinks so Severely of Them that He Never Spoke of Them But With Livid Thunders of Indignation.

BROOKLYN, April 29.—After the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., had in his well-known manner expounded the Scriptures, the multitude of people who throng the Tabernacle and all the aisles and entrances, taking every available space of standing and sitting room, united in singing:

"Salvation! let the echo fly
The ransomed earth around,
While all the ages roll on high
Conspire to raise the sound."

Dr. Talmage announced his subject: "Modern Spiritualism." He then read the text: "Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor. And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night; and he said, I pray thee, divine unto me the familiar spirit, and bring me him up, whom I shall name unto thee."—I Samuel xxv iii, 7, 8. Following is the sermon in full:

I have sometimes become a spiritualist. At least so some of the journals of that belief declare. This, together with the fact that "mediums" have been brought into the criminal courts, setting millions of people to making inquiry in regard to communication between this world and the next, leads me to preach this sermon.

Trouble to the right of him, and trouble to the left of him, Saul knew not what to do. As a last resort, he conclude to seek out a spiritual medium, or a witch, or anything that you please to call her—a female, a woman who had communication with the spirits of the eternal world. It was a very difficult thing to do, for Saul had either slain all the witches, or counselled them to the business. A second cousin, perhaps, said to King Saul: "I know of a spiritual medium down at the village of En-dor." "Do you?" said the king. Night falls. Saul, cutting off his kingly robes, and putting on the dress of a plain citizen, with two servants, goes out to hunt up this spiritual medium. It was no easy thing for Saul to disguise himself, for the fallest people in the country only came up to his shoulder, and I think from the strength of the man and the way he bore himself, he must have looked very conspicuous. It must have been a frightful thing to see a man walking along in the night eight or nine feet high. I suppose, as the people saw him pass, they said: "Who is that? He is as tall as Saul." Perhaps no idea had entered such a plain dress freely was passing the king. Saul and his servants arrive at the outskirts of the village, and they say: "I wonder if this is the village?" They look to the east and see the haggard, weird and shrivelled up spiritual medium sitting by the light, and on the table sprinkled with ashes, are the skulls, and poisonous herbs, and bottles, and vases. They say: "That is the place." They see loud rap brings the woman to the door, and she also sees the king, holding the sceptre of his above her head and peering out into the darkness, she says: "Who is here?" The tall king informs her that he has come to have his fortune told. When she hears that, she trembles and almost drops the light. She knows there is no chance for a fortune-teller or spiritual medium in all the land. But Saul having sworn that no harm shall come to her, she says: "Well, who shall I bring up from the dead?" Saul says: "Bring up Samuel." That was the prophet who had a little while before, in her sight, was waving a wand, or stirring up some poisonous herbs in a cauldron, or hair muttering over some incantation, or standing with her foot, as she cries out to the realm of the dead: "Come forth, Samuel!" Oh, the freezing horror! The floor of the tenement opens, and the very hairs feel as if they would lift from the eyes, the lips, the shoulders, the arms, the feet, the entire body of dead Samuel, wrapped in sepulchral robe, appearing to the astonished group, who stagger back and hold fast, and catch their breath, and shiver with terror. The dead prophet, white and awful from the tomb, begins to move his ashen lips, and he glares upon King Saul, and cries out: "What did you bring me up for? Why did you disturb my long sleep? What do you mean King Saul?" Saul, trying to compose and collect his shattered nerves, commanding and affrighted utterance, as he says to the dead prophet: "Samuel, I need a man, and I have come to you for help. What shall I do?" The dead prophet stretched forth his finger in the Saul and says: "Die to-morrow! Come with me into the sepulchre. I am going there to-morrow! Come, come, come!" And lo! the floor again opens, and the feet of the dead prophet, the knees, the hips, the arms, the shoulders, and the forehead. The floor closes. Nothing is left in the room but Saul and his servants, and the spiritual medium, and the sculptured images, and the diving rods, and the bottles, and the vases, and the poisonous herbs. O, that was an awful scene!

I learn first from this subject that Spiritualism is a very old religion. It is natural that people should want to know their origin and the history of a doctrine which is so widespread in all the villages, towns, and cities of the civilized world, getting next a convert every day—a doctrine which which many of you are already tinged

Spiritualism in America was born in 1847, in Hydesville, Wayne County, New York, when one night there was a loud rap heard against the door of Michael Weekman; a rap a second time, and a third time; and at three times, when the door was opened, there was nothing found there, the knocking having been made seemingly by invisible knuckles. In that same house there was a young woman who had a cold hand passed over her face, and there being seemingly no arm attached to it, ghastly suspicions were excited. After a while Mr. Fox and his family moved into that house, and then every night there was a knocking at the door and at the bed. Fox said: "Mary you are a spirit!" Two raps, answering in the affirmative. "Are you a murdered injured spirit?" Two raps, answering in the affirmative. And so they found out as they say, that the ghost of a peddler who had been murdered in that house, many years before, for the sake of a few hundred dollars. Whether the ghost of the dead peddler had come there to collect his five hundred dollars, or his bones, I cannot say, not being a Spiritualist; but there was a great racket at the house of Mr. Weekman followed by Fox, Weekman, and Mr. Fox, and Mrs. Fox, and all the family moving into Rochester, and There was a universal rumpus. The Hon. Judge Edmonds declared, in a book that he had actually seen a bell start from the top shelf of a closet, heard it ring over the people that were in the room, and then doubt, throw away invisible hands, it rang over the people in the back parlor, and then through the folding doors to the front parlor, rung over the people there, and then dropped in the floor. N. P. Talmadge, then the Governor of States, afterwards Governor of Wisconsin, had his hand suddenly pulled from under the ludicrous demonstrations. A man as he was peaceable and quiet, said his hand was shot up bodily, and carried toward his home through the air, at such great speed he could not count the poles and fences as he passed, and as he had a bandaw and a square in his hand, he said he passed the fences with the most delightful music. And the tables tipped, and the stools tipped, and the chairs tipped, and the chairs danced, and it seemed as if the spirits everywhere had gone into the furniture business. Well, the people said: "We have got something new in this country; it is a big religion." It is a big religion. Thousands of years ago we find in our text a Spiritualistic transaction.

Nothing in the Spiritualistic circles of our day has been more strange, mysterious, and astounding than things which have occurred in the past centuries of the world. In all the ages there have been necromancers who have consult with the spirits of the departed; charmers, those who put their spells on the mesmeric state; sorcerers, those who by taking poisonous drugs see everything and hear everything; and fortune-tellers, those people who in their sleeping moments can see the future world and hold consultation with spirits; astrologers, who could read a new disposition in the stars; palmists, who in palmistry, who can tell by the lines in the palms of your hand your origin and your history. From a remote period in Persia, and in Egypt, there was an exhalation that intoxicated the people so that they thought they saw where he lived, and a shepherd approaching it was thrown into a trance, and he saw the future events which he could not foretell future events and hold consultation with the spiritual world, before the time of Christ. Brahmin went through all the table-moving, and the furious excitement which the ancients have exploited in our day; precisely the same thing that we have seen in the ancient ceremonies of the Brahmins. Now do you say that spiritualism is different from them? I answer, all those delusions I have mentioned belong to the same family. They are exhibitions of the unseen world. Why do God think of all these delusions? He thinks of them as the worst crime that ever was in the world. Why? Because they are the most delusive and ruinous. He says: "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerer." He says: "Those who

suffer a witch to live." And lest you might make some important distinction between spiritualism and witchcraft, he says in many words: "There shall not be among you a consulter with a familiar spirit, a wizard, or necromancer; for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." And He says again: "The soul of those who seek after such as have familiar spirits, and go after wizards, I will set my face against that soul, and will cut off from among his people." Once in my life, I was in a sermon of passages, which I have not now time to read, in which God has spoken against all this great family of delusions. After that be a Spiritualist if you dare! Still further: "Wizards that peep and mutter." It is that people come to fall into Spiritualism. Saul had consulted all the other means, but did not know where to go for relief. After awhile he resolved to go and see the witch of En-dor. He expected that somehow she would afford him relief. It was his trouble that drove him to her door. I can show you how that Spiritualism finds its victims in the troubled, the bereaved, the sick, the dying. You loose your watch, and you go to the fortune-teller to find out where it is. Spiritualism says that the spiritual world opened, so that you may have communication with them. In a highly-wrought, nervous, and excited state of mind, you go and put yourself in that communication. That is how I have Spiritualism. It takes advantage of one in a moment of weakness, and puts the spirit into us at any time he loses a friend. The trial is keen, sharp, suffocating, almost maddening. If we are conscious that we have lost the eternal world, and recapture our loved one, the best thing we can do is forget it. The house is so lonely. The world is so dark. The separation is so insufferable.

But Spiritualism says: "We will open the future world, and your loved one can come back and talk to you." Sometimes we may not hear his voice, we may hear the rap of his hand. Sh, sh, sh! Spirits! Put your hands on the table. Be very quiet. Five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes. Twenty minutes. Thirty minutes. Nervous excitement. Did the table move? Forty minutes. The table shivers. Two raps from the future world. The spirit of your departed pet are called over. The departed friend's name is John. At the pronunciation of the letter "J," two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter "O," two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter "H," two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter "N," two raps. There is the name of your departed child, J-o-h-n. John. Now, the spirit being present, you say: "John, are you happy?" Two raps give an affirmative answer. The table under hand of the medium begins to twitch and toss, and to rattle and to shake, and a piece of ink are furnished, a message from the eternal world. What is message? Your departed spirit, although it has been and the illuminations of heaven, cannot spell as well as it used to. It has been in the unseen world accurate and cannot write as distinctly. I received a letter through the postoffice, and sent it back. I said: "Just please to tell those whom they had been sent to that I get improved in their orthography." Now, just think of spirits, that the Bible represents as sentenced to glory, coming to come to your under the table, and break crockery, and ring the bells that are on the door, and rap on the window shutter on a gusty night. Is there any consolation in such communication, compared with the thought that our departed Christian friends, got rid of pain and languishing, are in the enjoyment of the Lord, and that we shall join them there, not in a rapping and mysterious and disturbance, makes the hair stand on the end and the chills creep the back, but in an unhindered and blissful intercourse.

"And none shall murmur or misdoubt,
When we are gathered home at last."

Yes, my friends, Spiritualism comes to those who are in bereavement, and gets them into its delusions. Saul, in the midst of his bereavement, went to the witch. Thousands, vast majority of those who have gone to spiritual mediums have been sent there through their misfortunes.

I learn still farther from this subject, that Spiritualism and necromancy are the child of darkness. Why did not Saul go in the day? He was afraid of the Philistines. He knew that this spiritual medium, like all her successors, would do her work under cover of night. The Davenports, the Fowlers, the Foxes, the spiritual mediums of all ages, have chosen the night as a dark and fitting hour. Why? The majority of their wonders have been pure swindle, and deception prospers best in the night.

Some of the performances of spiritual mediums are not to be ascribed to fraud, but to some occult law that after awhile may be discovered. I believe that now and then a hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand spiritual mediums are frauds, but those mediums are arrant and unmitigated humbug. The mysterious rap, the letters that come from the spirit world, have been found to have been made by an iron pencil that went nearly over the table, not tearing it, but disturbing the blood, that it came up in great round letters. The witnesses of the scene have locked the door, put the key in their pocket, arrested the operator, and found out, by searching the room, that hidden levers moved the tables. The sealed letters that were mysterious read without opening, have been found to have been cut at the side, and then afterwards slyly put together with gum arabic; and the medium who, with a heavy blanket over his head, could read a book, has been found to have had a little piece of pencil, by the light of which anybody can read a book, and ventriloquism, and sleight of hand, and optical delusion account for everything. Sometimes, when the main spirit of spiritualism, no wonder it chooses the darkness.

I learn from this more strange and unaccountable things in the night. Almost every man who has been a spiritualist, has some wild story to tell. Some time ago, after I had been over prepared to speak in a public assembly, I was detained by a man of fire cents! When I awakened I had in it was anything supernatural. And I have to advise you, if you hear and see strange things at night, to stop and take a dose of bilious medicine. It is an outraged physical organism, enough to deceive the very elect. After sundown, and does nearly all its work in the night, in which of Endor held her seances at night; so do all the witches. Away with the religion of witches.

Still further: I learn from my text that Spiritualism is doom and death to its disciples. King Saul thought he would get help from the "medium;" but the first thing that he sees inside his door is a man, and no sooner he has resuscitated than he is told he must die. Spiritualism is doom and death to everyone that yields to it. It ruins the body. Look in upon an audience of spiritualists. Cadaverous. Weak. Nervous. Exhausted. Hands clammy and cold. Nothing prospers but long hair—not religious yielding rain grass. Spiritualism destroys the physical health. Its disciples are ever hearing startling news from the other world. Strange beings crowd the room in white. Table fidgetty, wanting to go to the floor as if it would dance. Voices sepulchral and ominous. Bewildered with what they have seen and heard. Confounded by what they have heard. Nervous system. It is incipient epilepsy and catalepsy. Destroy your nervous system, and you might as well be dead. I have noticed that people who are spiritualists have a peculiar look about them. It is little strength left to bear the hard rape of the world, and it is awful thing to irritate your nervous system.

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