

TABERNACLE SERVICES.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

An Enchanter, Adulterous, Damnable Religion—Not a Madhouse but Has Its Victims—The Bible Is Enough for Us to Know of the Future.

BROOKLYN, April 30.—After the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., had in his well known manner expounded the Scriptures, the multitude of people who thronged the Tabernacle and all the entrances, packing every available space of standing and sitting room, united in singing:

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Dr. Talmage announced his subject, "Modern Spiritualism." He took for his 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 by the familiar spirit, and bring me him up whom I shall name unto thee."—I Samuel xxviii, 7, 8. Following is the sermon in full:

I have recently become a Spiritualist. At least so some of the journals of that belief declare. They, together with the fact that mediums are now being tried in 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 concluded to seek out a spiritual medium, or a witch, or anything that you please to call her—at any rate, 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 compelled them to stop business. A servant one day 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, putting 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 tallest 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 been well proportioned. 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 the king"—having no idea that in such a plain dress there really was passing the king. Saul and his servants after awhile reach the village, and they say: "I wonder if this is the house?" and they look in and see the haggard, weird and shriveled up spiritual medium sitting by the light, and on the table sculptured images, and divining rods, and poisonous herbs, and bottles, and vases. They say: "Yes, this must be the place."

One loud rap brings the woman to the door; and as she stands there, holding the candle or lamp 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, for 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 died a little while before. I see her waving a wand, or stirring up some poisonous herbs in a cauldron, or hear muttering over some incantations, or stamping with her feet, as she cries out to the realm of the dead: "Samuel! Samuel!" Lo, the freezing horror! The floor of the tenement opens, and the gray hairs float up, and the forehead, the eyes, the lips, the shoulders, the arms, the feet, the entire body of dead Samuel, wrapped in sepulchral robes, 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 do you bring me up for? Why did you break my long sleep? What do you mean, King Saul?" Saul, trying to compose and control himself, makes this stammering and affrighted utterance, as he says to the dead prophet: "The Lord is against me, and I have come to you for help. What shall I do?" The dead prophet stretched forth his finger to King Saul and said: "Die to-morrow! Come with me into the sepulcher. I am going now. Come, come with me!" And lo! the floor again opens, and the feet of the dead prophet disappear, and the arms, and the shoulders, and the forehead. The floor closes. Nothing is left in the room but Saul and the two servants, and the spiritual medium, and the sculptured images, and the divining rods, and the bottles, and the vases, and the poisonous herbs. Oh, 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 the origin and the history of a doctrine which is as widespread in all the villages, towns and cities of the civilized world, getting new converts every day—a doctrine with which many of you are already tinged.

Spiritualism in America was born in 1847, in Hydeville, Wayne county, N. Y., when one night there was a loud rap heard against the door of Michael Weekman; a rap a second time, a rap a third time; and all 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, ghostly suspicions were excited. After while Mr. Fox and his family moved into that house, and then every night there was a banging at the door; and one night Mr. Fox said: "Are you a spirit?" Two raps, answering in the affirmative. "Are you an injured spirit?" Two raps, answering in the affirmative. And so they found out, as they say, that it was the ghost or spirit of a peddler who had been murdered in that house many years before for his \$500. Whether the ghost of the dead peddler had come there to collect his \$500, or his bones, I cannot say, not being a Spiritualist; but there was a great racket at the door, so Mr. Weekman declared, and Mrs. Weekman and Mr. Fox and Mrs. Fox and all the little Foxes. The excitement spread. 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 standing in the closet, then, swung by invisible hands, it rang over the people in the back parlor, and floated through the folding doors to the front parlor, rung over the people there, and then dropped on the floor. N. P. Talmage, senator of the United States, afterwards governor of Wisconsin, had his head completely turned with spiritualistic

demonstrations. A man as he was passing along the road, said that he was lifted up bodily, and carried toward his home through the air, at such great speed he could not count the posts on the fence as he passed, and as he had a hand in his pocket, a square in his hand, they bent, as he passed through the air, most delightful music. And the tables tipped, and the stools lifted, and the beds raised, and the chairs upset, 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 new religion." Oh no, my friends. Thousands of years ago we find in our text a spiritualistic seance.

Nothing in the spiritualistic circles of our day has been more strange, mysterious and wonderful than things which have been seen in the past centuries of the world. In all the ages there have been necromancers, those who consult with the spirits of the departed; enchanter, those who put their subjects in a mesmeric state; sorcerers, those who by taking poisonous drugs eat everything and bear everything and tell everything; dreamers, people who in their sleeping moments can see the future world and hold consultation with spirits; astrologers, who could read a new dispensation in the stars; experts in palmistry, who can tell by the lines in the palm of your hand your origin and your history. From a cave on Mount Parnassus, we are told, there was an exhalation that intoxicated the sheep and goats that came anywhere near it, and a shepherd approaching it was thrown by that exhalation into an excitement in which he could foretell future events and hold consultation with the spiritual world. Yea, before the time of Christ the Brahmins went through all the table moving, all the furniture excitement, which the spirits have exploited in our day; precisely the same thing over and over again, under the manipulations of the Brahmins. Now do you say that Spiritualism is different from these? I answer, all these delusions I have mentioned belong to the same family. They are exhalations from the unseen world. What does God think of all these delusions? He thinks so severely of them that he never speaks of them but with loud thunders of indignation. He says: "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerer." He says: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And lest you might make some important distinction between Spiritualism and witchcraft, God says, in so many words: "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or wizard, or necromancer; for they that do these things are an abomination to the Lord."

And he says again: "The soul of those who seek after such as have familiar spirits, and who go whoring after them, I will set myself against them, and he shall be cut off from among his people." The Lord Almighty, in a score of passages, which I have not now time to quote, utters his indignation against all this great family of delusions. After that is a Spiritualist if you dare!

Still further we learn from this text how it is that people come to fall into Spiritualism. Saul had enough trouble to kill ten men. He 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. And I have to tell you now that Spiritualism finds its victims in the troubled, the bankrupt, the sick, the bereft. You lose your watch, and you go to the fortune teller to find where it is. You lose a friend, you want the spiritual world opened so that you may have communication with him. In a highly wrought, nervous and diseased state of mind, you go and put yourself in that communication. That is why I hate Spiritualism. It takes advantage of one in a moment of weakness, which may come upon us at any time.

We lose a friend. The trial is keen, sharp, suffocating, almost maddening. If we could marshal a host, and storm the eternal world, and recapture our loved one, the host would soon be marshaled. 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." Though we may not hear his voice, we may hear the rap of his hand. So, clear the table. Sit down. Put your hands on the table. Be very quiet. Five minutes gone. Ten minutes. No motion of the table. No response from the future world. Twenty minutes. Thirty minutes. Nervous excitement all the time increasing. Forty minutes. The table shivers. Two raps from the future world. The letters of the alphabet 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 you have the whole name spelled out. J-o-h-n, John. Now, the spirit being present, you say: "John, are you happy?" Two raps give an affirmative answer. Pretty soon the hand of the medium begins to twitch and toss, and begins to write out, after paper and ink are furnished, a message from the eternal world. What is remarkable, the departed spirit, although it has been amid the illuminations of heaven, cannot spell as well as it used to. It has lost all grammatical accuracy and cannot write as distinctly. I received a letter through a medium once. I sent it back. I said: "Just please tell those ghosts they had better go to school and get improved in their orthography." Now, just think of spirits, that the Bible represents as enthroned in glory, coming down to crawl under the table, and break crockery, and ring tea bells before supper is ready, and rap the window shutter on a gusty night. Is there any consolation in such poor, miserable work compared with the thought that our departed Christian friends, got rid of pain and languishing, are in the radiant society of heaven, and that we shall join them there, not in a stifled and mysterious half utterance, which makes the hair stand on end and the cold chills creep the back, but in an unhindered and illimitable delight.

And none shall murmur or misdoit,
When God's great sunrise finds us out.

Yes, my friends, Spiritualism comes to those who are in trouble and sweeps them into its delusions. Saul in the midst of his disaster, went to the witch of En-dor. The vast majority of those who have gone to spiritual mediums have been sent there through their misfortunes.

I learn still further from this subject that Spiritualism and necromancy are affairs of the darkness. Why did not Saul go in the day? He was ashamed to go. Besides that, he knew that this spiritual medium, like all her successors, performed her exploits in the night. The Davenport, the Fowlers, the Foxes, the spiritual mediums of all ages, have chosen the night or a darkened room. Why? The majority of their wonders have been swindles, 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 demonstrated. But I believe that now 999 out of every 1,000 achievements on the part of spiritual mediums are arrant and unmitigated humbug. The mysterious red letters that used to come out on the medium's arm were found to have been made by an iron pencil that went heavily over the flesh,

not tearing it, but so disturbing the blood that it came up in great round letters. The witnesses of the seances have looked 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 mysteriously read without opening have been found to have been cut at the side, and then afterward 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 bottle of phosphoric oil, by the light of which anybody can read a book; and ventriloquism, and legermain, and sleight of hand, and optical illusion, account for everything. Deception being the main staple of Spiritualism, no wonder it chooses the darkness.

You have all seen strange and unaccountable things in the night. Almost every man has at some time had a touch of hallucination. Some time ago, after I had been over-tempted to eat something indigestible before retiring at night, after retiring I saw the president of one of the prominent colleges astride the foot of the bed, while he demanded of me a loan of five cents! When I awakened I had no idea it was anything supernatural. And I have to advise you, if you hear and see strange things at night, to stop taking hot nixepie 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. The witch of En-dor held her seances at night; so do all the witches. Away with this religion of spooks!

Still further: I learn from my text that Spiritualism is doom and death to its disciples. King Saul thought that he would get help from the "medium;" but the first thing that he sees makes him swoon away, and no sooner was he resuscitated than he is told he must die. Spiritualism is doom and death to every one that yields to it. It ruins the body. Look in upon an audience of Spiritualists. Cadaverous. Weak. Nervous. Exhausted. Hands clammy and cold. Nothing prosper, but long hair—soft marshes yielding rank grass. Spiritualism destroys the physical health. Its disciples are ever hearing startling news from the other world. Strange beings crossing the room in white. Table fidgety, wanting to get its feet loose as if to dance. Voices sepulchral and ominous. Bewildered with raps. I never knew a confirmed Spiritualist who had a healthy nervous system. It is incipient epilepsy and catalepsy. Destroy your nervous system and you might as well be dead. I have noticed! And he says again: "The soul of those who seek after such as have familiar spirits, and who go whoring after them, I will set myself against them, and he shall be cut off from among his people." The Lord Almighty, in a score of passages, which I have not now time to quote, utters his indignation against all this great family of delusions. After that is a Spiritualist if you dare!

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the mediums also, only give it time. The Galilean swine, on the banks of the lake of Galilee, no sooner became spiritual mediums than down they went, in an avalanche of pork, to the consternation of all the herdsmen. The offer of a medium is bad for a man, bad for a woman, bad for a beast.

I bring against the delusion a more fearful indictment: It ruins the soul immortal. First, it makes a man a quarter of an infidel; then it makes him half an infidel; then it makes him whole infidel. The whole system, as I conceive it, is founded on the insufficiency of the word of God as a revelation. God says the Bible is enough for you to know about the future world. You say it is not enough, and there is where you and the Lord differ. You clear the table, you shove aside the Bible, you put your hand on the table, and say: "Now let spirits of the future world come and tell me something the Bible has not told me." And although the Scriptures say, "Add thou not unto his words lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar," you risk it, and say: "Come back, spirit of my departed father; come back, spirit of my departed mother, of my companions, of my little child, and tell me some things I don't know about you and about the unseen world." If God is ever slapped square in the face, it is when a spiritual medium puts down her hand on the table, invoking spirits departed to make a revelation. God has told you all you ought to know, and how dare you be prying into that which is none of your business. You cannot keep the Bible in one hand and Spiritualism in the other. One or the other will slip out of your grasp, depend upon it.

Spiritualism is adre to the Bible in the fact that it has in these last days called from the future world Christian men to testify against Christianity. Its mediums call back Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated evangelist, and Lorenzo Dow testifies that Christians are idolaters. Spiritualism calls back Tom Payne, and he testifies that he is stopping in the same house in heaven with John Bunyan. They call back John Wesley, and he testifies against the Christian religion, which he all his life gloriously preached. Andrew Jackson Davis, the greatest of all the Spiritualists, comes to the front and declares that the New Testament is but "the dismal echo of a barbaric age," and the Bible only "one of the pen and ink relics of Christianity." They attempt to substitute the writings of Swedenborg and Andrew Jackson Davis and other religious balderdash in the place of this old Bible. I have in my house a book which was used in this very city in the public service of Spiritualists. It is well worn with much service. I open that book, and it says:

"What is our baptism?" Answer: Frequent ablutions of water. What is our inspiration? Plenty of fresh air and sunlight. What is our prayer? Abundant physical exercise. What is our love feast? A clear conscience and sound sleep." And I find from the same book that the chief aim in their public worship is gymnastic exercise, and that whenever they want to exercise their souls to a very high pitch of devotion they sing, page 66: "The night has gathered up her moonlit fringes;" or page 10: "Come to the woods, heigho!" You say you are not such a fool as that; but you will be if you keep on in the track you have started.

"But," says some one, "couldn't it be of advantage to hear from the future world? Don't you think it would strengthen Christians? There are a great many Materialists who do not believe there are souls, but if spirits from the future world should knock and talk over to us they would be persuaded." To that I answer, in the ringing words of the Son of God: "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded through one rose from the dead."

Now I believe, under God, that this sermon will save many from disease, insanity and perdition. I believe these are the days of such things; the apostle speaks when he says: "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits." I think my audience, as well as other audiences in this day, need to have reiterated in their hearing the passages I quoted some minutes ago: "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or wizard, or necromancer; for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord;" and "The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, I will set myself against them, and they shall be cut off from their people."

But I have you this morning to a Christian seance, a non-day seance. This congregation is only one great family. Here is the church table. Come around the church table, take your seats for this great Christian seance, put your Bible on the table, put your hands on the top of the Bible, and then listen, and hear if there are any voices coming from the eternal world. I think there are. Listen. "Secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but things that are revealed belong unto us and our children." Surely that is a voice from the spirit world! But before you rise from this Christian seance, I want you to promise me you will be satisfied with the divine revelation until the light of the eternal throne breaks upon your vision. Do not sit down at table rattings, either in sport or in dead earnest. Have your tables so well made, and their legs so even, that they will not tip and rattle. If the table must move, let it be under the office of industrious housewifery. Teach your children there are no ghosts to be seen or heard in this world save those who walk on two feet or four, human or bestial. Remember that Spiritualism at the best is a useless thing; for if it tells what the Bible reveals it is a superfluity, and if it tells what the Bible does not reveal it is a lie. Instead of going out to get other people to tell your fortune, tell your own fortune by putting your trust in God and doing the best you can. I will tell your fortune: "All things work together for good to them who love God." Insult not your departed friends by asking them to come down and scrawl under an extension table. Remember that there is only one Spirit whose dictation you have a right to invoke, and that is the holy, blessed and omnipotent Spirit of God. Hark! He is rapping now, not on a table or the floor, but rapping on the door of your heart, and every rap is an invitation to Christ and a warning of judgment to come. Oh, grieve him not away. Quench him not. He has been all around you this morning. He has been all around you last night. He has been around you all your lives. Hark! There comes a voice dropping through the roof, breaking through the window, filling all this house with tender and overmastering intonation, saying: "My spirit shall not always strive."

To Get Rid of Tramps.
Wichita, Kan., resorted to a unique measure to reduce its tramp population, which previously seemed incapable of diminution. Two freight cars were hired and, after filling them with the stern opponents of work, they were attached to an east bound train, several guards going along to prevent the tramps escaping en route. The charges on the living load of freight were paid for 50 miles.—Chicago Herald.

A Real Estate Boom.
It is said that if a dwelling should be built on every lot sold in and near Los Angeles during the last two years, there would be enough to accommodate two million people.—New York Tribune.

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This delicious summer beverage is made in California, from very ripe mellow Bartlett Pears. In the height of the ripening season many tons of pears become too ripe for shipping or canning purposes, they can then be utilized by pressing them into cider. The fresh juice is boiled down two gallons into one, and is then strained through pulverized charcoal. This heating, condensing and straining completely destroys fermentation, and the cider ever afterwards remains sweet and good and is a most healthy and nutritious article for family use.

Knowing there are many spurious ciders sold in this market we offer the above explanation with the eminent testimonial of Prof. J. H. Long. Very Respectfully,
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THE G. M. JARVIS CO., Gentlemen:
I have made a chemical examination of the sample of Jarvis' Pear Cider submitted to me a few days ago, and would report these points among others noted. The liquid is non-alcoholic and has a specific gravity of 1.055. The total extractive matter amounts to 10.25 per cent., containing only .025 per cent. of free acid. The tests show this acid to be malic acid as usually found in fruit juices. I find no other acid or foreign substance added for color or flavor.

I believe it, therefore, to consist simply of the juice of the Pear as represented.
Yours truly,
J. H. LONG, Analytical Chemist,
Chicago Medical College.

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