

No. 107.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

Price 6d.

HUMAN NATURE:

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF

Eclectic Science, Intelligence, & Popular Anthropology.

CONTENTS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| Walt Whitman; or, The Religion of Art. By George Barlow, Author of "Under the Dawn," "Spiritualism and Modern Thought," etc., etc. | Elementary Spirits. |
| Dr. Crowell on Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism. By M. A. Oxon. | Poetry—The Wreck of the Deutschland. By C. A. B. |
| | Medicine in Ancient Egypt. |
| | Movement for placing Works on Spiritualism in Public Libraries. |
| | Review. |

LONDON:

JAMES BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY,

15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, HOLBORN, W.C.

H. NISBET, PRINTER, 219 GEORGE STREET, GLASGOW.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*HUMAN NATURE, Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., and IX.
Bound, 7s. 6d. each.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *HUMAN NATURE* FOR 1875 ARE NOW DUE.
One copy monthly, post free, for 7s. per annum. United States, 2½ Dollars.

PROFESSOR and MRS. DR. FOWLER are now settled in
London, at 107 Fleet Street, E.C.

MR. G. PERRIN, Medical Mesmerist, 95 Camberwell Road, S.E.
Mrs. Perrin attends upon Ladies only.

A New Book for Everybody.

Now ready, in neat cloth, eight pages, price 1s.; to depositors, 8s. per dozen.

HEALTH HINTS;

SHOWING HOW TO ACQUIRE AND RETAIN BODILY SYMMETRY, HEALTH,
VIGOUR, AND BEAUTY.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

<p>CHAPTER I.—Laws of Beauty.</p> <p>CHAPTER II.—Hereditary Transmission</p> <p>CHAPTER III.—Air, Sunshine, Water, and Food.</p> <p>CHAPTER IV.—Work and Rest.</p> <p>CHAPTER V.—Dress and Ornament.</p> <p>CHAPTER VI.—The Hair and its Man- agement.</p> <p>CHAPTER VII.—The Skin and Com- plexion.</p>	<p>CHAPTER VIII.—The Mouth.</p> <p>CHAPTER IX.—The Eyes, Ears, and Nose.</p> <p>CHAPTER X.—The Neck, Hands, and Feet.</p> <p>CHAPTER XI.—Growth, Marks, &c., that are Enemies of Beauty.</p> <p>CHAPTER XII.—Cosmetics and Per- fumery.</p>
---	---

Will be ready for publication immediately, price 3s.; to depositors, post free, 2s. 6d.

IPHIGENIA AND OTHER POEMS,

By HENRY PRIDE, Author and Composer of "Home" (Music and Words), and
frequent Contributor to the *Medium* and *Human Nature*.

CONTENTS:

<p>Iphigenia.</p> <p>God With Us.</p> <p>The Love of God.</p> <p>Christ Jesus.</p> <p>Sibyl: A Fantasy.</p> <p>The Seeker.</p> <p>Awakening.</p> <p>The Iceberg.</p> <p>"The Good Old Town."</p> <p>"Liverpool's Loss."</p>	<p>"Sentenced to Death."</p> <p>Autumnal Art.</p> <p>The "La Plata" Raft.</p> <p>A Christmas Sermon.</p> <p>Phyridrene.</p> <p>A Dream.</p> <p>Daybreak.</p> <p>Beyond.</p> <p>Thy Guardian Angel.</p> <p>Town.</p> <p>Home (with Music).</p>	<p>A Blade of Grass.</p> <p>A Brook.</p> <p>Three Voices.</p> <p>Hereafter.</p> <p>A Cry.</p> <p>Harvest.</p> <p>Advent.</p> <p>Evening Hymn.</p> <p>Is it I?</p> <p>A Prayer.</p>
---	---	--

London: J. BURNS, 15 Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Now ready, with numerous Lithographic and Woodcut Illustrations.

Fcp. 8vo. pp. 230. Price 3s.

THE SKULL and BRAIN: Their Indications of Character and
Anatomical Relations. By NICHOLAS MORGAN, Author of "Phren-
ology and How to Use it in Analysing Character," &c. LONDON:
LONGMANS & Co.

"This curious but interesting work deals with organs of the skull and brain,
as indicative of character and anatomical relations, *with singular ability*"—
Evening Standard, July 6th, 1875.

Distribution of Books and Works of Art.

THE Publisher from time to time intends making distributions of valuable Books, Portraits, or Works of Art, to the readers of *Human Nature*. A small sum, not equal to the value of the works offered, will be charged to those who desire to take part in these distributions. By this plan the Publisher will be enabled to place within the reach of those who desire them, very acceptable productions at a nominal cost, on the principles of co-operation. In August, 1870, was offered, "Supramundane Facts," price 2s 6d; in November, Mrs. Hardinge's "History of Spiritualism" and "Human Nature" for 1871, both for 15s; in December, "The Ideal Attained" (by Mrs. Farnham), 3s. 4d.; in August, 1872, "The Spiritual Pilgrim," 5s.; in May, Hudson Tuttle's "Career of Religious Ideas," 1s. 6d.; in June, Mr. Bielfield's artistic design of the "Ten Spiritual Commandments," 1s. 6d.; in July, "Dialectical Report on Spiritualism," 3s. 6d.; in August, "Incidents in my Life," Vol. II., post free, 3s. 11d.; in September, Dr. Nichols' "Esoteric Anthropology," post free 3s. 6d.; in October, "Seers of the Ages," price 3s. 6d.; in December, "Spiritual Experiences," price 1s.; in August, 1874, "Judge Edmond's Letters and Tracts," post free, 2s.; in September, "The Magic Staff," by A. J. Davis, post free, 5s. 6d.; in October, Higgins's "Anacalypsis," Part I., post free, 2s.; in November, Dr. Nichols' "Human Physiology," post free 4s. 6d.; in January, 1875, "The Clock Struck Three," by S. Watson, D.D., price 3s.; in February, "The Annual of Phrenology," 1875; in March, "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," post free 3s. 10d.; in April, Crookes's "Researches in Spiritualism," bound, post free 2s. 6d.; in May, "The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," post free 8s. 4d.; in June, "Nature's Revelations of Character; or, Physiognomy Illustrated," post free 15s. 10d.; in July, "Man," by J. W. Jackson, post free 3s. 10d.; in September, "Anacalypsis," Part II., price 2s.; in November, "Suggestions for a Public Religious Service in harmony with Modern Science and Philosophy," post free 3½d.; in December, "Where are the Dead?" post free 2s.; in January, 1876, "Bolt and Win: a Tale of the Olden Time when 'John Company' was King," post free 3s.; these may yet be obtained by sending in the respective certificates. With this number is offered "Phrenological Annual for 1876."

Please cut this part off, and send it to the Publisher of *Human Nature*,

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW,
BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

In accordance with your offer, please send me the "*Phrenological Annual for 1876*," published at 1s., offered at 6d., post free 7d.

Address, _____

EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM;

A RECORD OF EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA THROUGH
THE MOST POWERFUL MEDIUMS.

*With some Account of Semiramide, given by the Spirit of an Egyptian who lived
contemporary with her.*

By CATHERINE BERRY.

Second Edition enlarged.

CONTENTS :

HISTORICAL SUMMARY :

A paper read at the Spiritual Institution.

INSTANCES OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA :

Painted faces—Flower (flour) manifestations—Fruit cutting, &c.—Pictures
carried—Fruit—The wager—Fruit, birds, and butterflies—The Atlantic cable.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CLERGYMAN.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA :

Séances at home—Inspirational whistling—An evening with Mr. Shepard and
Mr. Herne—Music under inspiration—Test mediumship—Spirit voices—Ventrilo-
quism v. Spirit voice—Spirit touches—Warbling of a bird—Physical and vocal
manifestations of spirits' action—Objects carried by spirits—Séance with Mrs.
Mary Marshall—Spirits use a poker—A ring carried by spirits—Levitation of Mrs.
Guppy and Mr. Herne—Extraordinary transference of lace from place to place by
spirit instrumentality—Remarkable removal of a small brush by spirit agency—
A strange present from the spirits—Wreaths made by spirits—Objects carried by
spirits—Wine and spirits—Manifestations in the light—A spiritual ceremony.

CABINET SEANCES :

The "Psychic Force"—Spirit-voices and other phenomena in the light—A re-
markable cabinet séance—Phenomena under test conditions—The mystic force—
A séance with Miss Kate Fox—A harmonious circle—Novel manifestations—Ex-
traordinary physical manifestations—A criticism of Mr. *Punch*—Physical pheno-
mena—A séance with Gerald Massey—An extraordinary séance—A piano played
by spirits—Are the spirit-faces genuine?—Musical phenomena—A humorous
spirit—A novel garden party—Toys brought by spirits—A spirit-friend manifests
his presence—Séance held at Mrs. Everitt's.

SEANCES IN PUBLIC :

A séance at the Spiritual Institution—Spirit-voices—"King Henry VIII."
manifests—"At a dark séance" (from the *Daily Telegraph*)—A spirit voice—A
successful séance by new mediums—A campanological séance.

SPIRIT DRAWINGS :

An artist becomes a convert to Spiritualism—The Baroness de Guldenstubbé
explains the drawings—Spirit prophecies on the Franco-Prussian war—Healing
mediumship—Remarkable cures.

MATERIALISATION OF THE SPIRIT-FORM :

Spirit materialisation through Mrs. Guppy—A séance with Mrs. Guppy—A true
ghost story—Spirit photography.

AN EGYPTIAN SPIRIT :

Semiramide—Execution of Semiramide's second chief slave—Semiramide's feast
—The greatness and power of Semiramide's descendants—The Egyptian's metaphors
and aphorisms.

(IN THE PRESS.)

LONDON: J. BURNS, 15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

WALT WHITMAN; OR, THE RELIGION OF ART.

By GEORGE BARLOW,

Author of "Under the Dawn," "Spiritualism and Modern Thoughts," &c.

The Religion of Art will redeem the world—not by producing world-wide pangs of remorse and repentance (this is the mission of morality or the Moral Law, whose giver is Jesus); not by expounding the external truths of natural things (this is the mission of science, whose prophets are the patient experimentalists of all ages); but by exhibiting the world *as it is*. The prophets and preachers of this, the final and only successful religion, are the poets and artists of every age. They are higher than love, higher than pity, higher than purity, higher than repentance, higher than truth. They pursue the absolute beauty of things, and this they announce and sing. Their pitiless, pitiful, beautiful song will redeem the world.

It is interesting and curious to consider what diverse estimates have been formed of this startling American singer. To some he has seemed no singer at all; a mere chaos of convulsive sounds; a perfect clatter and rattle of incoherent ejaculation. To these his robe of singing has seemed over-much spotted with the stains of the flesh, and the singer himself altogether unworthy of the attention of a cultivated and pure-minded audience. To others (and able men among them) he has appeared the very incarnation of the poetic religion of the future; a new prophet with a new revelation to proffer; the morning star of a nascent epoch. It seems to me that we may gain profit and a clearer understanding of the whole subject by fancying Walt Whitman not in that distant America of whose limitless sands, and snow-capped mountains, and shoreless heaving prairies, we in limited England can form so little idea, but *here with us*; by transferring him in thought to London, or to the neighbourhood of London, and setting him to sing his great song

"in a strange land;" by imagining the bard wailing and exulting in his own special manner over our own great cities, and our own foaming oceans and iron cliffs. *Walt Whitman in England!* That shall be the idea of our essay; and I think that, by diligently carrying it out, we may come to form a clearer and more balanced notion both of Walt Whitman himself, and of his purpose and style. Let us apply *Walt Whitmanism* to our own country, and mark the result.

Hear Walt Whitman speaking, in a sort of imaginary preface to his poems:—"This work, which will be continued, I hope, through many years of my life, and only end when death completes my own life's music, and softens (with rough but unerring hand) its flaws and discords, may never win the public heart. The public mind is not ripe for the complete musical and artistic religion which it contains—a religion of passion and feeling, not of thought and calculation: of melody, not of money: of beauty, and emotion that transcends all law and recreates further fervid law, not of cringing piety and creeping morality: of majestic synthesis, not of narrow analysis: of labour, not of sloth: of woman, not of man: of genius, not of talent: of nature, not of society and custom: of God and roses, not of pallor and priests. This new noble religion I struggle to bring and sing. It aspires to perfect beauty: it is grounded on necessity. Through manifold complex stages of will and power and feeling, Life works upwards; and at every stage the singer is with it to record that stage, and emblazon it in perfect song.

"For this absolute artistic religion of *things as they are*, the world is not yet ready. Therefore, as I have said, I do not look for much public appreciation of these poems which embody it. But I print them for my own private pleasure, and the eyes, possibly, of a few friends; and for these and the assistance, it may be, of a riper, stronger public in the far future, I write this preface, as an indication of the route I intend to pursue.

"I am, in some sort, like a man labouring in the dark. For, as this music of my life can only be completed with my life,—as my last songs will keep time to the last slow or fiery throbs of sand from life's glass—I cannot yet tell or even imagine what the end of my work will be. But, bad or good, coarse or pure, discordant or melodious, *it will have an end*; and, grey as I am already with the composition of hundreds upon hundreds of poems, though aged but twenty-eight in mortal years, that is not altogether an unpleasant thought. The end of my labour I may not see from this side death's boundary: if this be so, I shall gaze on it with clearer eyes from beyond.

* We will place him, for the sake of argument, at, say Blackheath, and let him look down (like Balaam of old) upon vast London spread at his feet.

"I will now glance at an objection which may, perhaps, be made to some of my work. It may be urged that a portion of it is over-sensuous, or even sensual. To this I reply—pointing to the statement at the beginning of this preface as to the nature of the Religion of Art which I inaugurate—that I am concerned, as a poet-preacher and poet-philosopher, with the world simply as it is. I seek not to redeem, save by exhibiting: I come neither to deliver nor to destroy—simply to see, simply to love, simply to sing. The world, as it is, passes through me: its crimes, its valours, its glories; its beauty, its horror, its agony; its lust and ferocity, its supreme self-sacrifice and infinite tenderness; all these, as they are, I appropriate and harmonise and sing. I appropriate by seeing—seeing with the full bold glance, not cowardly nor turned aside: I harmonise (and redeem) by singing—singing with the lavish clear voice, not servile nor timidly modulated to please the masses, nor delicately attuned to touch the courtly and critical few. All things are alike to me, as all things are one to God. I scorn not the hem of the harlot, nor her strange black hair, mixed with marvellous gold and red with occult gems—her loose locks flying to wanton winds and kissed by immoral odorous breezes—I scorn her not, I hate her not: but neither do I scorn the white Christ and his followers. I hate not the harlot, I love not Christ: or rather I hate and love them both, each according to sudden intrinsic worthinesses and gleams of the Supreme Nature. Gentle maidens with gold hair and quiet maidenly eyes shine through the long dim avenues of my song: so do the wild, dark-haired, full-breasted, mature women of teeming gas-lit streets; the women whose loveliness, loose and sad and lavish, makes London fragrant, and makes fragrant all the wanton, selfish cities of the world—being trodden underfoot like the bruised leaves and blossoms of mint and rue and thyme, and therefore, like these, giving out a seemlier fragrance. All these pass through my song—the sound of their kisses leaps along my verses, and my poems burn and glow and tremble with their multitudinous lips. They dance round me in bright-breasted squadrons, from Nineveh to Babylon, from Athens to Rome, from Naples to Paris and London. The beauty of *every* woman shines and flashes in my song: and the nobleness of every man: and the gentleness of every child. My poems are red with the blood of martyrs; they are wet with kisses; they are stained with tears. My Religion is the universal Religion; the Religion of Holiness; the Religion of Beauty—greater than Holiness; the Religion of Art—including and transcending both. The music of all armed battalions and steel-clothed phalanxes since time began is in my song—therein it mounts and mixes: I hear the rattle of drums and the braying

of trumpets; I see the innumerable shudder of the bayonets; I see fields bleeding with corpses; harvests of pale, dead men. Forests wave round me, and measureless leagues of laughing, golden corn: measureless leagues of trembling grass: measureless leagues of roaring sea. The long, smooth, sandy shores shine before me; and there are lovers walking thereon. O, great spasm of all things—O, giant yearning at the heart of Nature—O, living, beautiful God hidden in harlots and in kings and bards and strong warriors and pure women—O, immeasurable force of ages crowded upon ages, and solar systems crushing tremulous gold-winged solar systems, and nations destroying white-winged nations, and gods cleaving asunder the images of gods, and One Heart and Head watching and guiding the whole—pass through my song, great force; make it glowing and pure, passionate yet sublimely passionless, soft and strong, fervid and radiant, free, large-tongued, loose-tongued, liberal-tongued, as thou art!

"All rivers are mine; all pebbly margins of streams; all hidden corners of tropical forests flaming with wonderful flowers; all splendours and terrors of the primeval world. Before Adam was, I, the poet, am. I, the poet, am older than Abraham, older than Jesus, older than Socrates, older than Homer, older than Paul, older than Petrarch and Dante, older than Virgil and Alexander. I saw the petals of vast purple flowers struck by a storm-blast in Eden, and long before Eden, I was. I heard the innumerable nightingales of many clamorous Edens that preceded the historic Eden on this earth; and I heard the innumerable nightingales of many Edens upon previous planets; and I heard the innumerable nightingales of countless Edens upon countless solar systems preceding ours—preceding and overlapping and crowding each other through viewless monstrous epochs without a date. I have by me pressed violets from previous Paradises; and my own love was herself a white sweet-smelling flower in an ancient long-forgotten star. I remember the green glade in which she grew.

"The Religion of Art which I sing has been long in taking form. But in this century it will grow, and vigorously shape and develope itself. I, Walt Whitman, born in London,* in the centre of the teeming city, close by Westminster, looking upon our immemorial Thames, within sight of the green trees and struggling blossoms of the parks, in the thick of the teeming earth, in the middle of the nineteenth century—brought up under London's strange smoke-veil of mystery, educated on the

* Let us, to make the surroundings of his oration complete, give him London for his fictitious birthplace. It may be interesting to hear what he says of it.

green Harrow hill-side,* and in weird sea-girt, pine-clothed, granite-strewn Cornwall, and by silver Isis,† and the silvery North Sea—sometimes foaming and thundering—I, Walt Whitman, aged twenty-eight, living at sweet-aired Blackheath, within sight of the smoky, wonderful, much-loved London, give forth the first volume of these songs. I give the first impulse to the chariot of the Religion of Art. I blow the first trumpet. I shout the first shout; crying, All hail to the crimson dawn; all hail to the morning!

“The night is past, and the watchers upon the mountain-tops may soon repose. All things unite to show that mankind’s misery is approaching an end. Spirits are around us; spirits are within us; the music of the past inspires us; the message of the future thrills us;—let us not draw back. Golden lovely wings flash through the ether; silver marvellous plumes flash and shiver on earth. The dewdrops of early morning are upon the grass; oh roses, hyacinths, lilies, violets—oh reeds and rushes—oh sun and stars—with your bright fragrant gathering we laugh and whisper and rejoice.

“All sacraments of all Churches are mine; all the inner and complex signs and tokens of all creeds. As a poet I am co-eternal and co-equal with the Universe; and all its marvellous histories and mysteries become a living part of me. I sit with the white-veiled virgins in the churches: I wanton with the white-breasted women in the streets, robed in colours glowing as their own fiery sins, with the red fruits of which they deck the branches of the swaying tree of life: I groan with the priests, and cry aloud with the prayerful, and laugh with the mirthful, and weep with the sorrowful, and make mouths with the mockers, and sing with the merry, and sin with the sinful, and repent with the repentant: I seek heaven with the saints, and tread with trembling feet the fire-paven corridors of hell along with the sour-faced company of the damned and downcast ones: I am in the tender mouth of the bride, and the clinging lips of the sultry harlot, and the mute pure lips of the maiden, and the sacred lips of the solemn grey-haired mother of heroic men: I laugh and smile, like a lily, in the bosom of the bride: the joy of every marriage is mine, and the red sweet mouth of every wife—yea, a joy greater

* Walt Whitman at Harrow! What a thunder-stroke for the conventions! Alas for Dr. Vaughan and Dr. Butler! ’Tis even worse, and more suggestive of fierce heterodox raids upon the “powers that be,” than Shelley at Oxford.

† Send him to Oxford by all means, and let the wild bard’s “education be completed” there. Let his strong masculine steps tread in the traces of Shelley’s, and let his voice, less musical, but having a rough melody of its own withal, sound in the grey corridors and along the green meadows where Shelley’s lingered.

than the bridegroom's is mine, and a closer communion of body and soul than his—he sees his wife face to face, but I see her heart to heart, spirit to spirit, subtle flaming existence to subtle flaming existence—for he is partial and poor and an individual; I am complete and rich and the Universe. I enjoy no woman; therefore I reap the lovely fruits of all: I enjoy no snow-white fluctuant form in the flesh; therefore I enjoy *all* sweet forms, with immeasurable joy, in the spirit. This is the part and the mission of a poet; to enjoy—to see and to sing. Red geraniums, red roses, red flying furious leaves of the autumn woods, red-winged glowing butterflies, fierce molten flies and beetles, yellow-banded slim-bodied wasps and hornets, great grim lizards, countless sands and delicately-pencilled blushing and bleeding shells and wet weeds of the sea: the great summer swinging of the tops of oaks and elms and limes and bright, smooth-leaved, smooth-bolled beeches: the mysteries and dense secrets of unfathomable forests and woods: the glory of crimson sundawns and crimsoner sunsets, varied with long streaks of fleecy cloud, and clear patches and hollows of serene blue or lemon-colour, or tender and timid green, or sober grey, or supreme orange and imperious terrible scarlet: the calm, starlit, moonlit splendour of summer nights: the purple and foam-whitened horror of stormy invincible seas: the loveliness of azure-eyed forget-me-nots growing by quiet gravelly streams where the mottled and chestnut-hided sleek brown-eyed contemplative cows come to drink, leaving great hollow prints of broad-spread hoofs in the moist clayey margin: the perfect beauty of English country gardens, where the great purple and yellow and crimson dahlias and hollyhocks stand bravely upright, and the velvety sweet-williams, and coarse but savoury stocks, and golden clustered wallflowers fill the air with fragrance: the marvel of illimitable unexplored mountain-ranges that baffle the foot of the traveller and seek the skies for ever, pointing with snow-white finger towards viewless abysses of blue: the shimmer of strange jewels in mines far beneath the ground: the luxuriant deep-green labyrinths of pre-Adamite coal-forming forests, with the marvellous winged and creeping things that winged their way or crept and leapt therein: the stupendous conceptions of the Creator, as carried out in the wondrous giant creatures that weltered and wallowed in the large lagoons of pre-historic eras: the wanton cruelty of men towards their white-limbed women in every age: all the strange forms of lust and love and passion and affection intermingling and intertwining as the slender blossomy creepers mixed and twined round huge primeval trunks: the passions of Rome, of Greece, of Jerusalem, of Babylon, of Tyre, of Sidon, of Sodom, of Assyria, of Asia, of

India, of Persia, of Africa, of Russia, of France, of Italy : the strange, vast, writhing gods of India ; the lovely, shapely gods of divinely-inspired, gracious Greece ; the Semitic, monotheistic, austere dreams and visions ; the grand tumultuous expansion, and fresh, fiery, many-shaped creations of the Indo-European mind ; the fays and fairies and grovelling gnomes of the middle ages ; the genii and magicians and subtle black-browed sooth-sayers, and livid flesh-devouring ghouls of the East, with its vast imaginative genius, and storehouse of tales and traditions : the witchcraft of the middle ages, with its kettles and pots and caldrons ; its trial by fire and its trial by water and its trial by the sword ; its perjury and folly and fury ; its sickly superstitions and its weird understructure of abiding truth : the many-sided stories of white-robed ghosts and spectres, heard throughout time like a curious, unnatural, inexplicable music : the passion of Jesus on the wooden common cross of Calvary, whose out-poured heroic blood has tinged the pallid cheeks of the ages, and made them rosier and lovelier ; his wonderful silent yearnings towards his Father in heaven, and more wonderful outspoken audible sobs and prayers ; his poetic, appropriate preachings and parables, whose musical meaning reaches even until now ; the solemn story of the Church he has founded, with its misunderstandings and miseries and struggles, its councils and counter-councils and creeds and revisions of creeds and destructions of creeds and recreations of creeds, its halls and temples and churches and chapels and cathedrals, its preachers and ministers, its popes and prelates and red-robed, high-hatted cardinals and ermined princes and officious manifold serving-men : the story of all martyrs in all ages, some sweet young girls with flowing golden hair, dying for faiths they hardly understood, but which their lovers sturdily professed ; others grey-haired matrons ; others passionate dark-haired women of mature years, ripe for vigorous glowing interchange of the corporal savours and flavours and sweet flushed amenities of courteous love, but choosing rather, of deliberate cold preference, the fiery stake or the blue gleaming axe or the horrible rocking vulgar venomous gibbet ; others fair youths, sweet and fresh as roses, fit to delight soft craving maidens with the pure coils of luscious amorous embrace and the close warm struggles of joined swaying bodies and the fragrant fervours and mutual mixed electricities of tenderest intercourse, fit to gaze with searching eyes through long timid ranks of fair modest women and to select the fairest and carry her off to temple and palace and bed in triumph, apt for the arms and the kisses of maidens, with mouths that flame like burning flowers when pressed upon the burning red flower of a laughing ever-ready woman's mouth,—mouths that feel the

whole woman's body and soul like successive currents of soft sweet flowers flowing and flaming through the petals of the one living flower pressed warm and close,—mouths that linger and cleave close, and release but to meet again and touch and tighten and tingle;—youths apt and able for these soft sexual delights, but choosing rather to perish by the rope or the flames or the keen embraces of the amorous sterile sword. Others, old men, wise and crowned with the crowns of long thought and experience and labour; strong with hands that have saved many cities; statesmen, and grey-haired warriors, and grey-haired courtiers, and white-haired scribes. Others mere blooming children. Others again, poor, but valiant and faithful men. All these have chosen the good part: they die for God's glory;—and silver crowns and golden coronets and white tall wands of palm wait for them, held in the white hands of the immortals, on the other side of death's black shuddering river.

"This is the story of pure peerless martyrdom—of pure priceless self sacrifice. Through the universal poet this sacred story flows and glows—it flows and sparkles and quivers through me; I repeat it in my song. Not less do I hear the sighs of barren hopeless passions; not less do I sing of these. The wonderful fragrance of all bodies and spirits is mine; the fragrance of all women; the smell of all roses; the smell of the illimitable pine-woods; the fragrance of ferns upon the mountains under a moist dawn. All spices of the East are mine, and the subtle scents of the limbs and tresses of women, sweeter than all spices—sweet as the fragrance of God. Oh! dark hair, black hair, gold hair, tender shades of glimmering brown—oh! dark eyes, black eyes, bright eyes, blue eyes, grey eyes, brown eyes, tender sea-green, snake-soft, sky-soft orbs—ye are all the universal poet's; ye are all mine! Tremble, ye husbands, when the universal poet comes—he draws and lures your wives and serving-women away; but not by the glittering show of the jewels of adultery held up to their craving faces as a packman holds up mock emeralds and shawls—only by the wide, endless, resistless yearning—only by the cords of the song he sings. As Christ drew all men to His Cross, I draw all men to my hill of singing. I am nailed and strained out upon the cross of my song till my joints crack and stiffen, and my finger-tips and toe-tips are filled with throbbing inflamed blood! Yet I care not; I cease not; I will not cease till all the ends of the earth are filled with my singing, and the mountains are on fire with my cry. What is it to me if no one listens—what is it to me if these pages are never read and never understood—what is it to me if my friends misunderstand me, if the maidens whom I have loved and kissed misunderstand me, if my mother and my wife misinterpret and misjudge me?

I leave my song to God—or rather to that Beauty—that Beauty tender as first love, red as roses, pale as lilies, white as the snow, loud as the thunder, soft as the rain, eternal as her own sweet self—that Beauty who has been with me from the beginning; who is with me now that I am nailed (by her pure hands) upon the suffering cross of song; who will be with me to the end. Into her hands I commend my spirit. She is more loving than God: she is purer and softer than God:—she *is* God.

* * * * *

“These visions and meditations express the full fiery Religion of Art as it now shines in my mind;—a religion reached through countless shadowy and trembling—sometimes wild and wavering, but always progressive—steps that led up to it: the first polished earth-based stones of the future sky-cleaving temple.

“I think that the foregoing passages will have made pretty clear the main tendencies of the New Religion, and the way in which the doctrines of Love, God, Heaven, Right and Wrong, Immortality, Death, Passion, Science, etc., are regarded by it. I think that its principal tendencies have been made manifest, implicitly, by the copious illustrations which have been given of the progress of the human mind through various theological and metaphysical epochs towards a mature positive creed. But beyond this implicit statement, some explicit declaration may be expected of me—a sort of code or summing up of the main articles of the New Artistic Faith—and this I proceed to give.

“I have, for convenience sake, drawn up twenty-four Axioms or Propositions, which contain the leading tenets of the Religion. From these central doctrines all subordinate doctrines and ideas can be developed and expanded.

I.

“There never has been, is not, and never will be, any such thing as sin. The various mental, physical, and moral phenomena which we call by that name are simply lower stages of harmonious growth.

II.

“There is no such thing as free will. All things and persons move on in obedience to an impulse of Beautiful Order.

III.

“The mingling of the conscious, individual soul with the limitless God, in the sweetest, softest, and most thrilling of all embraces, is no dream; no mere subjective vision; but an eternal reality.

IV.

“The whole is greater than its part: so Reality always tran-

scends our dreams and imaginations of that Reality. If we dream of Immortality as a white rose, it shall be a red rose, redder than blood.

V.

"All kindred souls meet—in time or in eternity. They cannot escape each other. The golden wings of Love are faster and more furious than the lightning. No true love is wasted. More than this, no true love—in the end—misses *its personal object*. All true love, in the nature of things and in the result of ages, possesses its object: the lovers shall kiss—body to body, hands to hands, mouth to mouth.

VI.

"The cravings of bodily passion gradually fall off, like ripe fruit—leaving only the ethereal odorous musical winged spotless central yearning. This ethereal odorous central yearning, which forms the core even of earthly passion, will be the root of passions, in other existences, which transcend ours as the blue sky transcends the lurid grimy bottom of the deepest mine.

VII.

"All desires will be gradually satisfied.

VIII.

"The universe is not perfect in an absolute human sense—as we count absolute perfection. But it is perfect, relatively; it is as perfect as God can make it. It will satisfy us in the end: more than this, it will satiate us with sweetness sweeter than honey.

IX.

"Art is the destined Interpreter, Redeemer, and Sanctifier of the epochs. The age that is approaching will wear upon its bosom, like one white lily, the perfected Art of the past: like one fiery fragrant orange lily, the supreme all-including passionate Art of the future.

X.

"Men of Genius are the priests of the New Religion.

XI.

"The Religion of Art lays down no laws, save only the sovereign law of Absolute Freedom. It promulgates no statutes, save the flaming statute of Human Liberty.

XII.

"In the light of this sweet Liberty, it will be clearly seen how

far the theories and doctrines of the old religions are valid, and how far invalid and inadequate.

XIII.

"From Christianity, or The Religion of Love and Sorrow—Art borrows the ruling aim of that Religion: pure self-sacrifice.

XIV.

"From Androtheism, or The Religion of Strength and Freedom—Art borrows the ruling theory of that Religion: invincible fate-defying courage.

XV.

"From Theism, or The Religion of Joy and Beauty—Art borrows the ruling conception of that Religion: universal unalterable harmony.

XVI.

"Art welds these three historical religions (into which all forms of religion may be resolved) into one. To the result she gives the name of The Religion of Art—which thus embodies and concentrates the previous separate adorations of Goodness, Truth, Harmony. This concentrated adoration she entitles the adoration of Beauty.

XVII.

"All men are perfect. In God's sight all men are exactly equal.

XVIII.

"God may be worshipped according to the pure intuition of each. Art rejects the previous epithets of Father, Mother, King, Ruler, Creator, etc., as inartistic and insufficient—though leaving the use of them, and any other epithets, open to individuals. She prefers to designate the central unspeakable force as The Power: reserving to herself the right of addressing this Power, in moments of high emotion, as The Bride of the Universe—or The Bride of each individual:—a white passionate Bride, sweeter than the daughters of men.

XIX.

"Perfection is unattainable upon earth. We progress by a series of compromises. Each compromise may be called good in relation to the compromise next beneath it in the continually ascending scale; but must be designated as bad in reference to the compromise next above it. Bad and good are simply relative terms. At the same time the aspiration towards untarnished absolute perfection is noble, and is in every way to be encouraged,

especially in the young—as being the first step towards attaining a higher compromise.

XX.

“The Religion of Art knows nothing of prayers, or festivals, or ceremonies, or sacraments, or holy days. As the whole earth, in the view of this Religion and its professors, is holy; as the whole of life is, or should be, a prayer and an aspiration; as all labour and laughter, and joy and sorrow, and thought are sacramental—there is no place for special observances of any kind.

XXI.

“Art, though seemingly pitiless—yet yearns with an infinite pity. She takes cognisance of all things and all persons, and so redeems all. There is no such thing as an unfit subject for Art.* The Religion of Art stoops lower than all preceding

* I have thought it worth while at this point to insert the following letter to the Rev. Stopford Brooke. It was written in immediate reference to a new volume of his Sermons (Sermons, by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, Second Series, 1875) which he had kindly lent me: and though the portion relating to his theory of the impersonal God does not bear (as the rest does) directly upon the above Proposition, it yet may serve to illustrate further some of the leading points of this essay.

“Sweetbriars, Bennett Park, Blackheath, S.E.,
“Feb. 4, 1875.

“Dear Sir,—I enjoyed looking into your volume of Sermons last night. Of course I shall read them much more carefully before returning them. Yet my first impression suggested one or two things which I should like to say—speaking, remember, with genuine humility.

“First of all, in your sermon on French novels, I think you hardly do justice to the artistic side of the question. Of course, young people may get harm from letting their minds dwell upon certain phases of art. I should not encourage my son to gaze all day at a nude statue, or a nude painting. Young people would gain no good by watching anatomical operations. I must maintain, in the name of Art as opposed to Morality pure and simple, that we have a right to dissect morbid passions when those passions present any feature of delicate strangeness or wonder upon which Art can lay hold. There are many diseased minds analysed and laid bare in Shakespeare. I don't think Morality ought to interfere with Art, any more than with Science. Vivisection is a most horrible affair, yet it may be *occasionally* necessary in the pursuit of Science. And I have long been persuaded that very much of the stern remorselessness of Science attaches to Art. Art bears—rightly, I think—as pitiless a scalpel as the hand of Science. It has been said that medical men look upon all human beings as ‘cases.’ Perhaps artists look upon all persons as ‘models.’ It is a necessity of the peculiar work of each. Morality, on the other hand, has a tendency to ticket human beings according to their capacities for repentance and faith. I don't think she would get on well alone.

“It seems to me that a peculiarly noble province of Art is to penetrate into regions, the icy or fiery air of which Morality cannot breathe, and to bring back sacred lessons of strange *beauty* therefrom. Where there is beauty there is life, and wherever there is life Art can pass, and not only enter, but rejoice and bear fruit. In this respect Art seems to me higher (and much—oh! how much sweeter!) than Morality. The French artists are probably perishing (as M. Arnold says that the Greeks did) of over-faithfulness to their own artistic thesis. When was Morality ever noble enough to do this? When could Morality ever say, ‘Come what will, where I see Beauty I will proclaim it’?

religions; therefore shall the crown of this Religion be brighter than any.

XXII.

"The Religion of Art inaugurates, and will ratify and adorn, the third great epoch of the world's history—which we are now commencing. It is proposed to call this epoch—which will be one of positive thought—The Manhood of the World. Greece saw the boyhood of the race and its earliest youth: Christendom watched over its later youth and earliest manhood: its mature manhood is handed over, with all the golden majestic promise that it brings, to the Religion of Art.

XXIII.

"No Religion which does not sum up and include all valuable ideas contained in the evanescent religions of the past, and at the same time leave an opening whereby to admit all valuable ideas which may arise in the future, can be a final Religion. The Religion of Art possesses these absorbent and assimilative characteristics.

XXIV.

"Conscience, or the voice of The Power speaking within each,

"There is a subtle beauty found in strange phases of human passion and stormy yearning which only artists see, and which they will never cease (till they cease to be artists) to endeavour to express. Would you have the world lack that great redemption which Art initiates, when it, too, declares 'There is nothing common or unclean?'

"I look upon Art as *the redeemer*, because Art alone really exhibits things *as they are*. The world, seen as it is, is redeemed already; for, as it is, it is so beautiful that with all its sins it moves one straight to tears. 'Sinned hast thou sometime, therefore art thou sinless.' And it is this view of the world, I think, which Art has to uplift. And I don't see how it can be done without a most pitiless dissection of *all* sin and *all* passion (do you?), for if some passions were left out, the corner of the world occupied by those passions would be left untouched by the sunlight of Art, and therefore unredeemed.

"If Art is to be faithful to her function she must be far more universal than Morality has ever been. And I don't think you ought to come down so hard upon us poor artists who endeavour to explore those hidden places and deserts, or untrodden mountains of passion where Morality is afraid to set her dainty sandal, in order that we may bring back new flowers therefrom. *It cannot be wrong to go where we can find flowers.* And having found them, it cannot be wrong to press and preserve them in an album or book, which is the equivalent of artistic expression. After all, we are only like botanists or entomologists hunting in a new country. Such explorers find flowers ('*Fleurs du Mal*,' by-the-bye!) and insects of very strange shapes and colours sometimes. Yet they are blossoms and butterflies, and as such worth preserving.

"I have left myself no room for what I wanted to say about your sermons on 'The Impersonal God.' They are very interesting, and throw fresh light on the subject; but I do not think God *can* be at the same time conscious and unconscious. I used 'impersonal' yesterday to signify *unconscious*. Sometimes you seem to use it for that—sometimes for a conscious God freed from the limits of human personality. My unconscious God loses his beauty when he becomes conscious. I am afraid I have run on too far.—Believe me, yours very truly,

"G. BARLOW."

is the fit guide of the individual; the collective conscience of humanity is the guide of humanity. Christianity has said:—God is Love. The religions of thought have said:—God is Truth. The Religion of Art bears upon burning lovely lips a yet higher utterance; for it saith—God is Beauty.

“Such is the message which I, the universal poet, bring. I would be to worn-out weary Europe what I have already been to America: a living flame in a dark room; a fountain of fresh-springing odorous light. I come—announcing that the world is as young as ever, as far as regards God’s eternal inspiration—that the lips of God are not sealed, nor his hands closed, nor his loving-kindness exhausted; that he poured not his final favours upon Helicon, nor lit his last torches upon Sinai. I come, announcing at the same time that the mature age of the world approaches; and that it is time to cast aside the works of darkness. I absorb into my Religion all previous labours of orators and poets—all songs of the river, of the city, and the sea. The fragrance of universes is mine; and the strange cold salt fragrance of oceans—which would be changed in character by the interposition of even a single scarlet dimly-odorous furrowed leaf. The fragrance of the whole immense system of complex cunning universes is mine; the fragrance of every flower, and every woman’s bosom, and every grass and leaf. I miss not a single sweet mouth of woman; not a single sweet blade of grass; not a single flower-petal.

“For the first time I distil this huge marvellous complex odour into words; for the first time I, hearing the universal music, beat the whole of it into flowing glowing song. I care little for the past; for the living ceaseless immeasurable present I care greatly. I count myself as nothing. Because I am perfectly humble, I possess all things. But I count my Song as everything. As for me, I know not when I began to exist or whether I exist now—only that I cannot cease, but must increase for ever.

“Without scruple, without hope, without dread, I give forth my Songs—and the Religion of Art, which is the preface to my Songs—singing mainly to myself, and to my own vision of God. Yet it may be that my work may be of use to some who are passing through the same swamps and endless forests of thought, but have not traversed them so rapidly.

“I now proceed to give some further and final details as to the bearing of the Religion of Art upon the three most important subjects with which Thought can deal:—God; Immortality Woman.

“First, as to God. The Religion of Art refuses to dogmatise with the acerbity of past religions and systems of thought as to the existence or non-existence of a Personal Deity. But it accepts the general mature current of the ablest modern thought as indicative of the course which human speculation upon this matter is likely to pursue; and that current of thought is strongly and sternly adverse to the tenet of the existence of a conscious personal God; looking upon that belief (like the belief in God incarnate in Christ) as a necessary and wholesome phenomenon of the human intellect in its infancy—which will eventually give way to a simple faith in Man as the universal originator of his own gods and creeds. The white fierce waves of modern thought break against the iron-bound rock on which the temple of the Deity stands; and the rock shakes. When it has finally fallen beneath the waves (and its temple with it) a sweet island shall rise from out blue smoother waters. On this island the Religion of Art will erect the temple of Man—and flowers shall bloom around it brighter than any seen of old.

“Man thus becomes God. He finds that the heavens which he peopled with angels, brilliant in jewelled apparel and possessed of powers immeasurably superior to his own, and in the centre of which he placed the ivory throne of a personal immaculate God, are *empty*—empty of all but his own winged thought. He perceives that—as it has been thought that a broken aerolitic fragment of a ruined world may occasionally have been the fertilizing agent of other planets, bearing in its fiery bosom seeds which are destined to be the parents of the countless vegetation of the globe upon which it alights—his own prolific thought has taken many flights through the ether, and has adorned and colonized it. He sees that he has given his own shadow ‘a local habitation and a name’—and has named it after the highest faculties of which he could form a conception—calling it, Holy, Holy, Holy; Lord God Almighty; the omnipotent benevolent universal God. But it was only his own shadow after all.

“He sees that the greatest tyranny of all has been the tyranny that Man has exercised over his fellows in the name of his own shadow—called God; that this tyranny is the one thing wholly unpardonable—utterly to be abhorred. He sees that the end of this tyranny is approaching; that the sceptre is falling from God’s weary hand—wherein Man himself placed it (at the moment when the religious sense first made its appearance, incalculable ages ago)—and that he has only to stretch out his fingers to grasp that golden sign of supreme empire.

“He accepts, on the whole, the modern scientific testimony as to his own origin and descent—or rather ascent—and he accepts

it with gratitude. It explains his toilsome perpetual struggle with his animal propensities; it holds out to him the hope of further—yea, of endless—progress. It is better to be the bastard child of an ape than the accurately legitimate son of an orthodox minister. It is better to have risen, by slow definite steps which can be ascertained and traced, from the wide sweet domains of Nature, than to have fallen as it were suddenly, according to the old theory, by creative fiat, in a chariot of fire from heaven—ready-armed, ready-plumed, ready-girded—mature and ripe without struggle, victorious without battle, and robust without toil. It is better to have climbed, by brave unremitted effort, to our present position, than to have been born like Adam, full-grown, with his spade and rake and hoe in his virile hand, into the post of gardener to the paths and flowerbeds of Paradise. It is better also that the plants and blossoms of earth itself should have matured delicately and smoothly and slowly, by an unconscious power of selection and force of struggle which answers to moral effort in the world of men, than that they should, according to the details of the former story, have bloomed with sudden splendour before Adam and his spouse, as roses without soft first-shoots, and lilies without buds. And it is better that woman, by fiery painful toil and strife, should have developed to that divine beauty which we now behold in her when at her best—that glorious potentiality of goddesshood which is now so evidently hers—than that she should have been placed by the cunning divine Artificer, ready-made, ready-moulded, shapely and superb and complete, by the side of Adam as he slept tranquilly—not feeling, strange to say, the sudden excision of a rib!

“It is better to know clearly the circumstances and surroundings of our birth, though they be humble, than to fancy ourselves, without being in the least able to trace our pedigree or establish our genealogy, the far-off, miraculous descendants of gods. The register of our birth and baptism has been lost, mislaid, for ages—‘till the other day,’ as Professor Tyndall has just said—but now at last we have it, and though obscure enough, it is at least honourable. No longer do we wander, like Melchisedec, ‘without father, without mother,’ though with ample ‘length of days’—we have found our ancestry, and dream no more of spurious parental divinity in the misty recesses of dateless years behind. We are like those who have fancied themselves the illegitimate children of lords or monarchs, and have been base or ill-advised enough to take a foul pride in some golden corrupt token of their impious birth, but who now, not without a partial or powerful reaction into worthy gladness, let us hope, discover themselves to be descended from no king or prince—to

be devoid of blue blood in the veins—to be simply the normal offspring of some honest peasant, whose pure red blood runs redder from manful labour, and whose muscles are not effeminately slackened by the idleness of Courts, but braced and hardened by perpetual fruitful toil. So it is with us. We are not bastards after all. We are not puny illegitimate children, impudently and fraudulently foisted upon heaven. No dark mysterious celestial palaces, or richly-adorned nefarious heavenly bed-chambers are concerned with the assumed shame of our origin; no divine courtesan waved white hands over our infancy; we were never carried by bribed nurses along secret alleys of God's palace-gardens; no wonderful heavenly mother sang songs to our attentive childhood. The truth is ours now, and not a delicate or indelicate flattering fiction: we are honest children of Nature, not nursed to any pristine god-inspired cradle-chant; not visited secretly by the yearning glances of any god-like clandestine father; not lulled by the glittering babble of heavenly streamlets; not couched amid heavenly flowers, and cordially (as our youth widened and flowed equably onward) toasted and entertained at uproarious plenteous heavenly banquets. We were not cradled upon the billows of divine fornication:* we never rested upon the bosom of any Danae dear to Jove, or heard the soft whispers of any Psyche, deeming her Cupid overlong in coming,—praying, yearning for his tempestuous bright-haired advent. No silver lute, trained in the dulcet choruses of heaven, rustled and wailed over us and around us; no odours of Paradise, sweet beyond flagging and well-nigh motionless and wordless description, hovered on petal-soft wings around our infant steps. We are free legitimate children of Nature and of Society: not false fettered children of God, bound in bitter chains, golden indeed, but none the less tortuous and insincere. We were born amid the bright stars: and after, we played amid the green lavish grasses: and we wandered by ocean's innumerable sound. We bathed our white childish feet in the clear streams of Nature: amid the amber ripples of long-past rivers, or ocean's translucid silvery foam. We had the breezes for our cradle-ministers: the songs of nightingales in dark forests, red here and there with lamps of scattered glow-worms, for our evening-songs and lullabies: the breath of flowers purer than the flowers of heaven, for our evening-waft of odour and balm. We struggled manfully along the hard and bitter road of things for ages: and now at last we are beginning to be glad. We are children of the freewoman—Nature: and we will

* See the abundant (often very beautiful) mythological stories as to mortals of divine transcendent birth.

cast out the children of the bondwoman—the Church. We have been the witnesses—yea, the bleeding quivering victims—of the adulteries and cruelties of this bitter and remorseless bondwoman in every age. Now at last our turn and our time has come. ‘Yours,’ O, bitter grievous Church, ‘were all yesterdays, *but this day ours!*’ The priests and their narrow-browed, faint-hearted followers are the children of this Church—truly a fettered slavish bondwoman: these we will cast out, yea, both these and their piteous mother. For, now that her time is certainly come, and she knows it, she, like all born slaves and cowards, is beginning to be piteous and importunate—to wail and weep, and entreat. ‘Nevertheless what saith the Scripture? Cast out the bondwoman and her son: for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the freewoman.’ And again, ‘It is written, Rejoice, thou barren that bearest not; break forth and cry, thou that travailest not: for the desolate hath many more children than she which hath an husband.’ So it, indeed, in this glad issue of things, seems to be. All the ‘material’ ways of nature, which the orthodox so jeeringly threw stones at and despised, are filled with joyous, copious, beautiful, resonant life: the courts and corridors of heaven are empty, and soundless, and dead. Nature has many children now—even the childhood of the universe: she is to be loved and honoured and tenderly worshipped as our great prolific mother. She is no longer to be addressed sadly and pityingly as ‘thou barren that bearest not—that travailest not;’ rather as the sweet bride of omnipotent limitless spirit, and the mother of all the flowers and moving things of the universe, and of all the sons and daughters of men.

“Ah! her fairest daughter is Woman; and her—grandest triumph of all—we have now won back, by dint of iron blows and outpouring of noble heart’s-blood, from that horrible heavenly Harem in which she has for so many sobbing years been cabined and immured; out of feeling of the sweet earthly breezes; out of hearing of the pleasant earthly voices; out of sound of the earthly silvery seas; out of earshot of her true lover and eternal courteous long-suffering suitor, *Man*. But now at last—like Blondel, the brave, toil-defying troubadour who sought diligently over land and sea till he found his master Richard of old—Man has found his sweet ravished tearful bride hidden away in the perilous heavenly palace, and he lingers under her turret-window playing, if haply he may call her back to pure earthly remembrance, not psalm-tunes and hymn-tunes and church-tunes, but the old, tender, simple, long-disused and undreamed-of love-songs and amorous melodious ditties of earth. And he has won her back: and won her back, as all great victories are ever

won, by pure unshrinking undoubting self-sacrifice. By not fearing God, or rather Man's foolish fancies about God; by not dreading the servile hosts of priests whom God set as supple eunuchs to watch beneath the windows and along the sweltering passages of his Harem; but by being faithful, in spite of pain and every terror and even awful death, to Truth and to himself—and to *Woman*. By being faithful to her even when she was, or would have been, unfaithful to him; when the smell of the heavenly flowers would have charmed and decoyed her, and the sound of the heavenly harps and the deceptive glitter of the white robes of the heavenly ministers have lured her far away. But now, in peaceful and exalted triumph—peaceful because so righteous and exalted—he finds her, and he sings around her path with great glad eyes in which are worlds of meaning, and he brings her back. All the women who will come back, that is to say: for some—and a sad and shameful thing it is to have to confess it—prefer (as I have read that poor sore-stricken Englishwomen have preferred, after years of wanton captivity in Indian or Eastern seraglios) to continue their slavery in the heavenly Harem, and their impure subserviency and betrothal of body and spirit to its owner and his priestly eunuchs—rather than to attempt again, with worn tongues and worn, weary bodies, to tread the ways of earth and chant the natural unconstrained songs of impetuous Freedom. For all these we have pity: for some of them we have hope that they will yet return, some night when all the stars are out, and only summer calm cool breezes sigh along the streets and meadows, or across the hushed and tranquil deep—like a poor harlot wandering home on even such a night by some sudden fair impulse to her mother's or father's long-forgotten, much-desecrated cottage-door—even so we have hope of the poor tortured slaves of heaven that they will yet return to the threshold of the palace of Man, where the airs are sweet and pure and cool; round the porticoes of which the abundant glossy leaves of smooth dark ivy and the shining tendrils of glad honeysuckle twine; where there are roses waiting for them rather than rubies, and lilies rather than pearls, and quiet words of truth rather than endless deception and flattery, and the honest love and blessings of earth rather than fabulous dreams of fancied glories of heaven; where their welcome will be as ready and as warm and hearty as that of the repentant downcast maiden of whose return just now we spoke.

“But, alas! many of these women hug their chains—they caress and bless their fetters: they hold the priests, their guardians and keen-eyed captors, for ministers of eternal goodness and truth: and, so holding, so deeming, they will, with woman's intense love of goodness and intense inevitable spirit

of sublime (but here, alas! wholly, hopelessly, perverted and estranged) self-denial and self-sacrifice, tarry in their noisome, fetid, heavenly prison, close and sad and dark and airless, even till the bitter end. And, all night long, outside the stars are shining, and the waves are rippling on measureless melodious shores. The leaves are rustling, and whispering sweet secrets of their loves: the peace of the true God broods upon the solemn hills, and covers them as with a mantle. And these women, fair and noble, many of them, slaves of the false God, or of Man's false conception of a God, are lingering within cloisters and nunneries, or homes that are worse than nunneries; and the breezes only reach them as priest-spread incense, and the song of ocean as a priest-raised psalm. Alas! alas! Nevertheless, we are willing to die—yea, we more than 'die daily' to deliver and enlighten them; and in the end—though that end be far off—with these, as with all others, *it shall be well*.

"No black stains of bitter bastardy are upon us: 'we are not children of the bondwoman, but of the free.'

"It is better to have ascended by personal indomitable struggle from the domain of the brutes, than to have retrograded, in spite of all the omnipotent benevolent Jehovah and his omnipotent redeeming Son and his omnipotent sanctifying Spirit* could do, from a lovely Eden, famous for mellow apples.

"Lastly: Man rejoices to think that the oppressive rustling of the wings of a conscious God outside himself, made in his own image, perpetually 'around his path and around his bed and spying out all his ways,' has ceased. Freed from the injunction which has been laid upon him from the earliest ages to devote two-thirds, or more, of his labour to tilling the fields of heaven, he joyfully passes his whole time in increasing the fruit and flower-bearing capacities of his own rich ample earth. He steps forth at last;—a conscious sufficient God beneath the blue sky.

"Such is the teaching of the Religion of Art as to the question of the existence of a conscious personal God outside ourselves and our own idea of him.

"Next: as to Immortality.—The Religion of Art here takes up the doctrine of evolution, and applies it to the question of continued personal existence. The progress that has been made seems likely to continue, and our possession of a strong personal consciousness, daily increasing in strength, appears to be an essential and not a subsidiary portion of that progress. The general tendency of the progress of the human race, and of the human individual, appears to be to eliminate the animal propensities by slow—often almost imperceptible—degrees, and to

* See the creeds of modern and ancient Christendom, *passim*.

widen and confirm the moral and intellectual faculties, —widening and confirming the moral by a steady augmentation of the intellectual. From the undeniable fact of this progress during the past, the history of which is open to our inspection, a verifiable hope of yet further advance in the same direction may be gleaned. That is to say, the fact upon which this hope and faith is based is verifiable. *It can be shown* that there has been a historic progress: and that the progress has taken this direction. This fact can also be confirmed in many—perhaps in most—instances by intelligent individual observation of individual growth and progress. This hope, resting upon fact which can be observed and tested over and over again, differs totally from the hopes hitherto based upon the insufficient foundation of alleged miracles and supernatural revelations. It is unnecessary to enlarge further upon this side of the question, as the ground has been already traversed with great skill by the author of ‘Literature and Dogma.’

“The Religion of Art does not here exclude absolutely what has been called ‘the stream of miraculous pretension:’ but it throws its weight for many reasons into the opposite scale. Modern Spiritualism has taken up the modern side of the subject: ‘the stream of miraculous pretension’ has been turned into the channels which the votaries of that persuasion have provided, and therein it foams and eddies along contentedly enough. But the results of its foaming and splashing and eddying are not large. However, the Religion of Art leaves an open door by which well-attested miraculous forces may enter, if they ever get limbs to walk or wings to fly. As was said above (prop. xxiii.), ‘no religion which does not leave an opening whereby to admit all valuable ideas which may arise in the future, can be a final religion.’ Therefore Art leaves an opening for further evidence as to abnormal forces and obscure, or hitherto unknown, agencies.

“But, let me repeat, Art throws her weight into the opposite scale, and is inclined to believe that all stories of ghosts and spirits, and of their interference with sublunary affairs, are to be referred to the same marvellous and mighty creative agency as that which has created the deities, sweet or bitter, of a thousand religions—the same agency which created the lovely myths of Greece, and subsequently dazzled and overwhelmed them by the still greater myth of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit—the same poetic agency which will suffice to give outward and various form to its imaginations to the end;—the creative innate force of the human soul.

“Art believes that from day to day the inherent power of this wondrous aggregation of atoms will be more widely recognised;

that we shall learn more and more to look for our explanations of things within and beneath and behind, rather than around and in front and above. 'The kingdom of God is within you.' Truly it is so. Our thoughts of God are God: our hopes of heaven create our heaven: our aspirations towards a purer love are themselves that purer love—fruit, flower, promise of bright green bud, all in one!

"Art believes that, in the inevitable progress of thought, Man's dream of immortality will become for a time obscure, and that many social and national convulsions may attend this period: but that subsequently it will come to be based more and more on the simple facts of morality and human existence—on what are called the moral intuitions, namely, which are themselves the unconsciously-recorded results of the general experience of the human race in every age as to morality and its fruits; less and less on tales of miraculous interference with the ordinary life-giving, strength-sustaining course of nature, insufficiently attested by remote documents written in superstitious ages; less and less on stories of strange forces and occult phenomena, told (very often with perfect honesty) by the followers in our own day of the great army which has contended, less and less successfully as science has more and more inexorably advanced, for the vanishing rights and glories of the supernatural.

"So far for the testimony of the Religion of Art as to God and Immortality.

"Next hear what Art has to say—summed up of necessity very briefly—as to Woman and the Social system of the future.

"Adopting the most valuable and delicate modern ideas, and following the indications which history has afforded of the direction which the sexual question is likely to take, Art delivers her emphatic utterance in favour of a modified and liberal monogamy. But she condemns and forbids no experiment: she recognises the necessity of further sexual experiments of all kinds, and simply calls upon men and women, while experimenting (and often, with a fine unconscious unselfishness, sacrificing themselves thereby), to register the results of their various trials calmly and clearly, for the future benefit of the race. It is only by exhaustive experiment, and a most careful and comprehensive induction therefrom, that humanity will be able to discover what method of sexual union suits it best;—and is therefore, adopting the modern view of sin being simply that which is injurious to the individual or the race, and righteousness that which is in the long run beneficial, most pure and most holy. The Religion of Art differs here from previous religions: for it recognises, more distinctly than any previous

system of ethics has done, the absolute necessity, during the progress of man from a mollusc to an ape, and from an ape to the normal human being of the nineteenth century, and from that human being, with his complicated but most imperfect moral sense, to the noble angelic types for which we may look in the far future, of sexual struggles and agonies and aberrations the full extent of which will never be known.

"But, passing from the consideration of former struggles to the hopes and fears of the future, Art considers it evident that all forms of prostitution, and polygamy, and polyandry, are doomed. But an enormous period will yet elapse before the sexual question is finally settled: before that chastity and lovely self-control, which is fast becoming a matter of innate desire and capacity (no doubt first created by the jealous watchfulness of the male) among the nobler women of the foremost modern nations, casts its mantle over the male sex as well: before woman, with her affectionate and tender habit of yielding herself without question or hindrance to the demands of the stronger and more selfish, really ceases to be a slave, and becomes in very truth a queen—yea, a white-souled, white-limbed, rose-mouthed goddess, fairer than any goddess hidden in the ancient fragrant myths that made the cradle of the race lustrous and merry as fairyland.

"Nevertheless, although the day when an ideal monogamy will be universally professed and carried out is very far distant, and only to be approached by tortuous and painful paths, the aspiration towards it (as we said of virtuous aspiration in general, in prop. xix.) is noble, and is in every way to be encouraged, especially in youths and maidens. These lofty aspirations will one day, certainly although slowly, become fact.

"Art, as has been said, while firmly pronouncing that all forms of sexual union which degrade the woman are inevitably doomed to extinction, and that the form of eternal devotion to one woman, which Dante and Petrarch foreshadowed in their lives and works, is closely akin to the kind of love which the future will inculcate and achieve, yet finds much that is hollow and unsatisfactory in monogamous theories as at present carried out. To a large extent—larger than is commonly supposed—they degrade the male. Hence that secret disquiet and further yearning which leads in countries where monogamy is openly professed and legally maintained to the support of many thousands of extra-wives or *hetaerae** of various grades, various ages, various

* The following copy of a letter which I once wrote to my friend, Dr. Russell Reynolds, of 38 Grosvenor Street, after we had been discussing the subject half in jest and half in earnest, may serve to throw further light upon it. It only deals with one side of the matter; and that perhaps not the purest, and sweetest,

degrees of personal beauty, and various amounts of education, who really represent the extra-force of body and mind belonging to the male. How to reduce the number of these extra-wives, and finally to abolish them altogether, is a problem which the future may probably be able to solve successfully. But modern

and deepest; for I *fully admit* that the truth which the English (or rather European) monogamic system is endeavouring to express and represent is a higher and nobler truth than any contained in the various strong and flourishing polygamic systems of the past or weak and struggling polygamic theories of the present. But, though it be the slighter and poorer side, it is just the side—especially when considered in its most intimate connection with Art and Art's interests—which the English fail to see, ought to see, and will one day, whether they like it or no, be compelled to see. Therefore words and thought spent upon it are not wasted.

I hold that in this, as in all instances, a truth, if it be really noble, and inwardly complete and stable, is seen at greatest advantage when its complementary or even its opposing truths are thrown out and delineated as strongly and clearly as may be. Indeed, the position of a truth is never really firm and safe till then. No doctrine is secure till its opposing doctrines have been fairly and ably stated, and it has shown that it can outlast and outweigh even the most impressive setting forward of them. Conceiving that it is so with modern monogamy, especially that rather crude and self-satisfied form of it which we attempt to practise in England, I publish the above thoughts and the following letter on the other side. We strait-laced and self-complacent English need occasionally, even in the directest interests of our dearest and most national institutions, of which it can hardly be doubted Marriage is one of the most important and most central, to have our attentions drawn to other essentially artistic and un-English considerations, which are true, though perhaps less weighty, and which, if less sacred and enduring, are still full of value and in no wise all unsweet.

That I am not blind to the delicate beauties of monogamy and the splendid and hitherto practically almost untraversed field that it offers for the future development of Woman, my other writings, in very many places, will most clearly and conclusively show. But I feel that the English are imperilling the sacred golden treasure in their possession by pretending to believe that the marriage treasures of all other epochs and nations are mere copper or bronze;—at most, of a shadowy texture of silver. It is against this sort of insular prejudice and narrowness that I would, perpetually, lift up my voice, making such sound of audible, unintimidated, and I hope not altogether useless, protest as I may.

We have, as is ever the case, to absorb into the full fair possession of the present all that is noble and valuable in the past. This we have not yet done in the case of monogamy. Much remains of true and of beautiful in the old wide-spread open and modern wide-spread concealed polygamic conceptions and theories. Never, till these latter have ceased to be secret and hidden, and till monogamy has condescended to borrow and add to her white tender crown the fiercer red blossoms and brilliants latent in their garlands, no longer closely kept and surreptitious, but now produced and displayed fearlessly for the better and more ample adornment of her own immaculate person—never, till this takes place (and there are signs visible to the keen eyes of seers, though unseen and unnoted by the crowd, that the period of such fruition and fulfilment is approaching), will monogamy stand forth arrayed in all the bright colours of strong passion, and rich with the tender hues of living, endless, unselfish affection as well: glad with all the songs of past lovers, as well as with the chanting that forebodes and prophesies of higher, sweeter things to come; fearlessly grasping the red lilies of transcendent passionall emotion, as well as the white softer lilies and snowdrops of immaculate gentle love; plumed with plumes manifold and golden, as well as with silvery moon-white or star-white uniform crests: no longer as a sweet but timid maiden who fears to dwell upon thoughts other than the simplest and most obviously refined, but rather as a ripe and thoughtful

monogamic nations will not be able to do it. They are dishonest—that is to say their wealthy classes, from whom the main portion of the enormous yearly sum which goes to support the extra-wives is derived, are dishonest as a rule. They prefer to profess purity and an exalted ideal of monogamy in the day-

woman of genius, who, having passed beyond conventional barriers and tested the wide world fairly and amply for herself, has returned to peaceful and quiet work with the conclusion that in God's whole vast universe of innumerable white roses and numberless red sins and dark agonies as well, there is really nothing, when viewed from the high stand-point of tranquil philosophic or religious thought, that is common or ungainly or impure.

"SWEETBRIARS, BENNETT PARK, BLACKHEATH, S.E.,
"October 12, 1874.

"DEAR DR. REYNOLDS,—I have been thinking about what you said as to my outspoken opposition to popular and degrading *Anglo-Saxon* views being in itself a relief and a painful *pleasure* to the oppressed Turkish mind—and I perceive that it is true. The suffering (though I must continue to maintain that it is more real and permanent and closely interwoven with the higher powers of the organism than you think) is appreciably diminished by vigorous utterance. The pleasure of opposing and shocking Anglo-Saxons acts like an opiate. Moreover, I look forward to a sort of Mahometan heaven in the next world, where endless hours with delicious eyes and the crimsonest of lips and silvery laughter—like the ripple of mountain-streams—will greet and soothe me—the poor oppressed and persecuted Oriental, suffering from the enervating effects of a course of meagre relaxing monogamy! Oh, for the soft airs and softer bosoms of the East!

"Were David and Solomon *morbid*? And how about the stalwart princes of the Arabian tribes? Are they degraded and enervated? Monogamy attempts to raise Woman to a place she is by nature unable to occupy:—and it will come to grief. M. Arnold's whole life has been an endeavour to show what Philistines the British are in matters of Art; and the sexual question is, to a larger extent than is commonly supposed, an artistic one. Monogamy attempts to make the beauty and the wit of one woman cover the whole blossomy feminine universe. This appears to me to be a blasphemous and indecent and unnatural undertaking, and to have failed in practice distinctly.

"It is like turning a man into a lovely garden, filled with flowers of various hues and shapes and fragrances, and bidding him—only pluck one flower! Is there really any ground for this absurd restriction? It has been elaborated by certain races, because it suits their forms of civilization—as other sexual arrangements suit other forms. I don't object to a majority imposing any social method on the rest: being a majority, they have created for themselves the right of doing so:—but I do object, strongly, to their calling habits and customs which they have instituted and made legally binding for their own convenience, divine and desirable in the abstract. The abstract beauty of monogamy appears like ugliness to a Turk—or an artist. I find it difficult to understand how monogamy can be defended from a physiological point of view, by any one who looks below the surface at all. Women vary from time to time, and there are periods when they are quite unfit for intercourse. But the average of healthy male passion remains about the same from week to week;—certainly from month to month. This in itself would seem to show the *a priori* absurdity of endeavouring to stretch the capacities of one woman so as to enable them to meet the much larger requirements of the male. Men, in foolishly endeavouring to do this, weary themselves and wear out their wives. It was obviously the intention of Nature that the excess of passion power in the male should find an outlet in other directions—and the (frequent) redundancy of females seems to meet the need fitly from the feminine side. Men are the larger of the two in every way; and it seems to me equally absurd and injurious to try to compress the male or expand the female beyond natural limits. These matters

time with their lips; while at night with their subtle right hands they put the red gleaming sovereign into the poor pale hand of their shivering brow-beaten extra-wife. This will not do. Though the result of the far future is clear and certain—a result which will fully develop the affectional and intellectual faculties of the female, while not repressing unduly, or stamping in the religion or social ethics of the time as unholy, the fine passionate ardour of the male, which has played a part of such

are very complex; and I don't think they can be settled off-hand by our Anglo-Saxon self-satisfaction and contentment with our own edicts. The whole subject is being violently agitated in America, where there are signs of a strong Oriental reaction, with much of which I agree.

"Swedenborg went into the matter deeply, and laid down careful laws to guide the sexes. * In some of these laws he shows deep insight into the complex details of married life. Further, too, I believe, tried his hand at some novel arrangement—seeing the absurdity of many existing theories.

"Swedenborg saw that what is called 'unfaithfulness' need not necessarily be unfaithfulness at all—that the intellectual and affectional union with a woman, far from being impeded or broken, may be positively furthered by the superfluous animal sentiment occasionally finding a vent in other directions. Moreover, I launch myself furiously against your premises. I say the Anglo-Saxon race is not monogamous. If so, why does that race support I am afraid to say how many harlots in London alone? Much of their income—which must amount to an enormous yearly sum—comes from the pockets of your Anglo-Saxon benedicts. Now, why do these Anglo-Saxon married men continue to support all these wandering extra-wives if they really, practically, believe in monogamy? I don't see how you can answer that. But from my point of view the answer becomes clear. These poor extra-wives represent the extra-force of the male organism. And, if that force is, as you say, morbid, I don't see how you can account for the historical prevalence of the extra-wives, except by supposing the course of human social history to have run persistently in morbid channels. This does not seem likely.

"No: the fact is that your Anglo-Saxon Londoners have discovered, one after another, that monogamy does not meet their natural needs. But monogamy is the London men of business—a very large number of them—keep their rear-flipped the London men of business, and to profess in public, and to maintain externally, so the curse of monogamy throughout history has supplied the passionate needs of the male without getting any return, except that of money. Monogamy does not do away with these subordinate wives—it only refuses to recognise them and to give them any education—trumpeting this out with its public brazen mouth, while, with its subtle right hand it—gives them their nightly wages! Now, I don't choose, at present, to support extra-wives; so I hold my mental conviction all the more strongly. And, unlike the Anglo-Saxons who are chaste in public and dissolute on the sly, I speak out. Your monogamists are content enough in the Money Market and on Change; they keep their income for the Haymarket and the streets.

"Excuse me, if you have got so far, but I thought it well to explain myself a little, lest you should think I spoke wildly and madly the other morning. On the contrary, I have explored, mentally and practically, every corner of these subjects for years.

"When my paper on 'Polygamy and Monogamy from an Artistic Point of View' comes out, I will send it to you.—Yours very truly,

"GEORGE BARLOW."

* White's "Life of Swedenborg" (Second Edition, London, 1868), pp. 559-562. Consult also the original treatise of Swedenborg, "de Amore Conjugiali."

unspeakable importance in human progress,—we are not yet on the safe road to it; and the arrogance of professedly monogamic nations (who nevertheless, as shown above, support and cherish their enormous body of extra-wives on the sly, while refusing at the same time to give them any adequate education) in regard to nations or societies (such as the Mormons) who are bold and honest enough, seeing that the present state of things is hollow and contemptible and cannot continue, to try further experiments, sacrificing themselves in order to obtain the knowledge without which the race cannot advance,—this, I say, is profoundly to be deplored. This Pharisaic arrogance of the professedly monogamic countries—combined as it is with selfish and secret and wide-spread dissoluteness—will lead to much discord and disaster, when the *true sexual difficulties*, which are the real causes of the almost universal maintenance of so large and degraded a body of extra-wives, are more fully seen by people in general, while the remedy is as yet remote.

“The Religion of Art has now spoken.* Accepted in its complete form it will not be, for no rigid set of religious or social theses can or ought to be imposed upon the necks of men and women. The necks of men, and of women too, are supple and muscular, and they throw off all galling yokes swiftly. But that the religion and philosophy of the future will be very closely akin to that which I have indicated in these pages, I make bold to say. Man will be the centre of that religion and philosophy; and this earth will be the central home of his thoughts and aspirations. He will cease to create more gods in his own image: he will probably soon see clearly that he has created quite enough of these capricious and harassing beings, and that his creative faculty, in that direction at any rate, may reasonably be given a long rest. He will, with woman’s own gracious and spirited help, emancipate woman from the bonds which have so long confined her. The red marks of the chains of ages shall not continue to scar her ivory limbs. And the crimson furrows of the chains of countless domineering and jeering gods shall not continue to scar and mar the brown, sun-burnt limbs of man!

“When his time for further progress or for peaceful rest comes, he shall pass quietly towards that further stage—not surrounded by the moan of heavy-jawed priests or the glitter of gaudy

* I have said nothing about politics, which lie remote from Art’s proper field of thought and work. Art puts forward no special theory, and subsidises no special scheme of government—though if called upon to deliver a positive decision she would probably pronounce in favour of a Republic in some ideal and highly-organised form. But she looks for a gradual cessation of rigid governing methods and edicts, as the people learn to rule themselves: the policy which she desires to inculcate is the policy of *self-government*.

sacraments—but crowned with the laurels of his life's labour, and the bays of his life's melody, and the roses of his life's love.

"And upon the tombstone, or funereal urn, or memorial tablet of each shall be inscribed the glory of that man's or that woman's central faculty—the power of the one thing that they could do best; and below it the general utterance of the endless human religion which has created all the religions of the past, and which in this age—like a poet who has been devising lovely tunes in his slumbers, and suddenly wakes to a consciousness of their beauty and *his eternal lordship over them*—becomes for the first time conscious of itself and its own unceasing kingly operation; the general calm and glad deliverance which sums up Androtheism shouting Man is strength—Theism saying God is love—Christianity whispering God in Christ is love—by the final rose-wreathed motto:—

Man is love !"

DR. CROWELL ON PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By M. A. OXON.

It is just twelve months since the first volume of Dr. Crowell's able and elaborate work was reviewed in these pages, and we have now the satisfaction of welcoming the conclusion of the undertaking; one, by the way, of no light nature. The author set himself the task of showing the identity "in phenomena, principles, and fundamental teachings" of Spiritualism and Christianity—not that debased compound which man's theological vagaries have produced in these latter days, but that pure and primitive system of undogmatic teaching which came originally from the life of the Christ. Against the orthodox opponents of Spiritualism, who see in it the work of the devil; a new thing in a curious age; a wicked and perverse generation "seeking after a sign;" he has set himself to prove that these new phenomena are as old as humanity, that the Bible is one prolonged record of their occurrence. If the devil be in it now, then was he at the bottom of it in the days of Elijah and Elisha, as well as in the days of Christ and his apostles. If these "signs and wonders" are the evidences of false teaching, then were the prophets and saints of Christendom and of its precedent dispensations, the victims of similar delusion. The Bible may be consigned to the cupboard, for it has been reserved for the wise men of the "latter days" to decide that its records of miracles only prove the questionable character of the teaching which they have been supposed hitherto to guarantee. Dealing especially (though not exclusively) with the phenomena of the New Testament, the author strives to demonstrate their identity with those which are now occurring all around us; and he places the orthodox objector, who says of the comparatively unauthenti-

cated phenomena recorded in the Bible that they are undoubted miracles evidencing Christian teaching, in the cleft stick of being forced to apply his canon of criticism to what he calls the Devil's work of modern Spiritualism. "By their fruits shall ye know them." If the miracles of the Acts of the Apostles evidenced the divine origin of the teaching of Paul and Peter, how comes it that precisely similar occurrences now prove the very reverse?

The whole process of the argument tends to show that as the Jewish record of the Old Testament stands to the Christian record of the New, so does this latter stand in relation to modern Spiritualism; and this we conceive to be an impregnable position, one moreover to which every one who really grasps the subject in its higher aspects must eventually come.

It will aid prospective readers if we endeavour to place before them the processes by which the author has carried out his plan, such as we gather them after a very careful perusal of his work.

Starting with the primary intention of proving that the Spiritual gifts mentioned by St. Paul (1. Cor. xii.) have not ceased from among us, Dr. Crowell discusses the nature of inspiration and mediumship, and devotes considerable space to showing that the gift of healing is in as active operation in the 19th century as it was in the apostolic age. The physical phenomena—the "miracles" as they are called in the Bible—occupy a large amount of space. They are dealt with both in their simplest form of rappings, and movements of ponderable objects, as well as in their more complex phases of materialisation, respecting which latter phenomenon some very striking evidence from personal observation under strictly-guarded conditions is given in an appendix to the new volume.

The same volume contains a group of chapters recounting careful test experiments and records of Spirit-writing, levitation, and insensibility to fire: all viewed from the same standpoint, viz., as occurrences, identical in their nature with the miracles of the Bible.

Outside of the phenomena called physical, the author treats a vast number of phenomena which belong more particularly to the domain of Spirit. Such are apparitions or the "Discerning of Spirits"—speaking in divers kinds of tongues—prophecy—the gifts of Hebrew prophets and seers compared with those of modern mediums—the nature of the Spirit-body—and the characteristics of possession and obsession by evil (undeveloped) spirits.

In addition the first volume contained occasional disquisitions on Faith,—the injunction to "try the spirits,"—the conditions under which phenomena are evoked,—witchcraft: and the manner in which the priests and Pharisees of Jesus' day regarded Him and His work as contrasted with the reception which their modern representatives give to Modern Spiritualism.

The new volume takes up the thread, after the physical phenomena are disposed of, at the subjects of clairvoyance, somnambulism, and clairaudience. Dreams, visions, trances, have each an exhaustive

treatment; and a couple of chapters—one on the misuse of the Biblical expression Holy Ghost, and the other showing that primitive Christians disagreed among themselves as much as Spiritualists do—lead up to the special feature of the volume, the elaborate discussion of points which are likely to interest Christian Churchmen, and the no less elaborate reply to stock objections put forward by them.

In this connexion occur two very striking chapters on Prayer and the Ministry of Angels, in the latter of which many remarkable instances of the intervention of spirit-ministers with our world are recorded. A chapter on Death forms the appropriate portal to an elaborate disquisition on the nature and locality of the Spirit-world, the spheres into which it is divided, the varying conditions of its inhabitants, and the character of their occupations. The book concludes with an exhaustive review of the relations between Spiritualism and the Church, and Spiritualism and Science—the former containing the most able and cogent indictment of the clergy for incompetence and inability to deal with the problems of the age that has appeared since Dale Owen flayed them in times past: the latter repeating the well-worn stories of the Dialectical Society's investigation, Serjeant Cox's theories, and Mr. Crookes's experiments, of which much is made. [When, we wonder, shall we be relieved from the necessity of reiterating the ten thousand times told tale how a certain number of people "tried the spirits," and actually found traces of them, how one lawyer accounted for them on purely inductive principles, and one F.R.S. demonstrated by experiment that Spiritualists were sane in their statements, silly only in their deductions! We are looking anxiously to St. Petersburg, and are not entirely without hope that America may induce some man of science to break the monotony, even if the Psychological Society of Great Britain does not step boldly into the field and drive the Dialectical into the shade!]

This sketch will show the ground over which the author travels in the 1000 pp. of large octavo which he has placed before the public. In covering so wide a field it is manifest that some statements must be made which admit of doubt, and some positions be assumed which to another mind, and viewed perhaps from another standpoint, seem untenable. To say so much is merely to say that the author is not infallible, and that his subject is comparatively a new one in this age. As we proceed we shall not hesitate to point out opinions which, in our judgment, admit of doubt. It would be a poor compliment to pay one who has devoted so much time, research, and ability to his work to pass it by with empty words of praise, when candid criticism might aid in furthering the desire we have in common—the evolution of truth.

But when all has been said, and all points of divergence have been brought out, we shall find that in the main we are in hearty accord with the manner in which the author has executed a work which is most valuable and necessary in these days. Believing as

we do, without a shadow of hesitation, that the author is correct in affirming "that in the future the fact that Spiritualism is *both a philosophy and a religion* will be abundantly proved and generally acknowledged," we are thankful for any effort to prove and establish such a position; and this the more when the work is so exhaustive and candid, so courteous in tone and so cogent in argument and illustration as are these volumes of Dr. Crowell's.

To follow the author in detail through any considerable portion of his work is manifestly impossible. We content ourselves with making such extracts as may seem interesting or necessary for purposes of discussion.

INSENSIBILITY TO FIRE.

The author quotes several instances of this inexplicable phenomenon, some of which occurred through the mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home, and are familiar to our readers. One less known is that of a blacksmith, an ignorant and uneducated man, described oddly enough in the extract quoted from the *New York Herald* (Sept. 7, 1871) as "an unadulterated negro." The man was thoroughly tested by a committee of three physicians, two editors, and other "prominent citizens of Talbot county." Here are a few of the marvels that took place:—"A brisk fire of anthracite coal was burning in a common stove, and an iron shovel was placed in the stove and heated to a white heat. When all was ready the negro pulled off his boots, and placed the hot shovel on the soles of his feet, and kept it there until the shovel became black. His feet were then examined by the physicians, but no burns could be found, and all declared that no evidences of a heated substance having come in contact with them were visible. The shovel was again heated red hot, taken from the stove and handed to him. He ran out his tongue as far as he could and laid the heated shovel upon it, licking the iron until it became cooled. The physicians examined the tongue, but found nothing to indicate that he had suffered in the least from the heated iron. A large handful of squirrel shot was next placed in an iron receptacle and heated till it melted. The negro then took the dish, poured the heated lead into the palm of his hand, and then put it into his mouth, allowing it to run all round his teeth and gums. He repeated the operation several times, each time keeping the melted lead in his mouth until solidified. After each operation the physicians examined him carefully, but could find nothing upon his flesh to indicate that he had been in the least affected by the heated substance he had been handling."

Lest this "unadulterated negro" should have prepared himself, his hands, feet, and gums by any process of adulteration by drugs or fire-resisting preparations, the sheriff, and judges, and others visited his forge unawares, when he immediately went through the same astounding performances, taking iron at white heat in his unprotected hands, forging it into shape without tongs, putting it upon his tongue, and the like. The idea of preparation was out of

the question, as indeed it is in cases where Mr. Home *hands to other persons* coals just withdrawn from the fire. But the author pertinently says that no preparation known to science will enable a man to go through such an ordeal. It being strictly in his line, perhaps Mr. Maskelyne would like to try, and so "expose" the trick, and prove the negro to be adulterated.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

The author records some most extraordinary tests of identity which he obtained through Dr. C. T. Buffum, now of Worcester, Mass. Passing by those of inferior (though very considerable) interest, we come to personal proofs of identity given through this medium at a private *séance*, August 27, 1872, Dr. Crowell, his wife, daughter, and Dr. Buffum only present. The account is too long for quoting: the subjoined abstract, however, may be relied upon as accurate.

"Red Jacket" having controlled the medium, announced the presence of "your son Clarence and Lily. John and Eddie also are here." . . . "There is a little spirit here. Her name is Ann, and she is your sister. . . . I asked what her complexion was, and, pointing upwards, he replied, her eyes are blue as heaven, and she has curling golden hair. . . . He continued, there is a bright squaw present with such a pretty little babe that never was in earth life. The mother went with the babe. Still addressing my wife, he said, there is another sister of yours whose name is M——, she had great distress about the throat and chest." . . . After an interval, "Old squaw, with four eyes, is here. He explained that she had spectacles. . . . I see another . . . grandmother also to your squaw. She died of a tumour in her side. . . . Your mother squaw is here with your uncle Sammon. I suggested Zalmon. . . . There is a sister of yours who calls herself Maria. She is very bright and young looking. She says she often passes her hand over your forehead and eyes when asleep, so that you may see them: your sister Charlotte also is here, and she says she will try and come with Maria or afterwards and show herself."

"I now enquired whether my sister Charlotte had ever appeared to me? Yes. Going on a journey. I see a bed with curtains around it. She appeared to you in a car, and patted your forehead to awaken you. . . . I asked if our two eldest sons were present, and he said "Eugene . . . and John are here."

To apply all the tests to this narrative, as the author says, would be endless. Suffice it to say that "*sixteen deceased relatives* were described, and either the names or degrees of relationship given, and in addition the names of my two living sons were pronounced. Also the names of the Spirit wife and child of my friend, in all *twenty persons*, and not a single mistake made."

Let it be distinctly stated that the author had never met Dr. Buffum until "a day or two before," and then at the house of Mrs. Andrews of Moravia, far distant from his own house. In face of

this bewildering narrative what is one to say? That the departed return? Yea, verily, and in shoals. Round each man appear to be gathered the family dead for years and generations past. He is the focus round which centre the manes of his ancestors. And yet—and yet—there are many of us who have gone deep into the subject, and who have increasing reasons for believing that the return of departed friends, known to ourselves, members of our own families, is exceptional, not to say rare. The present writer in his own (now extended) experience has reason to say very strongly that authentic instances of the return of departed friends, known to himself on earth, are rare indeed; and he can but regard this as by far the most remarkable case that has ever come under his notice.

Without criticising in any way the narrative presented, it is obvious to say that the mention of mere names through a medium leaves much to be desired before identification can be held to be complete. There *may* be—we do not say there are—mysterious powers in the human mind which *may*—we do not say will—throw light on such narratives as this. There may be—we do not say there are—intelligences outside of departed human beings who may be responsible for a good deal. But be this as it may, what is recorded is sufficient to awaken curiosity from the least enquiring, and to challenge explanation from the apostles of Unconscious Cerebration.

What does it all mean? Dr. Carpenter, please communicate!

CLAIRVOYANCE AND CLAIRAUDIENCE.

In the midst of a mass of interesting matter the author quotes from the *Boston Times* of January 9, 1870, a record of somnambulism which finds a parallel in the experience of the present writer. An article had been published in that paper by a contributor who is described (not unnecessarily) as “a steady go-to-meeting citizen.” He had gone to bed and awoke early in the morning at his desk, wondering why the room was so dark. He thought that his wife had taken the light away “to inspect the children’s dormitory” [*Anglicè*: to look at the children]: and waited till his patience “gave out.” She did not come, and he went and enquired “in tones somewhat different from those which distinguished his courtship,” what she was at. The reply came from his wife in bed who naturally asked him what *he* was at? He had got up, dressed himself, and written his article in a state of somnambulism. It was in matter and manner pretty much what he would have written in his waking state.

The present writer corroborates that experience. When a boy at school he rose one night from bed and took down an *unlighted* candle, opened his desk, and wrote a long and elaborate essay, the time occupied being nearly two hours. During the whole of the time he was closely watched, and his eyes were fast closed throughout, the candle unlighted, and the only light in the room—time about 11 p.m. to 1 a.m.—a shaded candle held by the observer. The essay so written was neither better nor worse than the average

of the writer's normal power. It was in every respect such as he would have written in his waking state, without interlineation or correction, and not above or below his usual standard. When completed the essay was folded and put away, the desk closed, and the writer returned to bed. Great was his astonishment when the essay was produced in the morning.

THE SPIRIT-WORLD AND ITS DENIZENS.

The author devotes a considerable amount of space and minute dissertation to this subject. He contends strongly for the substantiality and reality of the Spirit-world in opposition to the notions half material, half mythical of the orthodox heaven and hell. If the vision of John in the apocalypse is to be taken as the ideal of the Christian heaven with its gates of pearl, and foundations of jasper and topaz, the author pertinently says that it is even more materialistic than any that Spirits have revealed; and those who believe it must not complain of us because we believe the world to come to be in a sense as substantial as this. If there be walls and foundations there must be something on which they rest; the ground must have its trees and verdure, its rivers and landscapes; and these again must be lit up with the rays of the sun and chequered by passing cloud, which descends now and again in fertilising rain upon the fields. And if all this (and very much more) be dismissed as too material, then the heavenly Jerusalem goes too, and the other vague and vapoury idea of airy formless Spirits floating in space is the alternative. Utterly unthinkable as it is, none who think at all consciously maintain it, though no doubt many amiable enthusiasts in whose minds the processes of thought find no place, will be greatly horrified at the matter-of-fact way in which the author demolishes the dream of fairy-land, and reduces the next world in its lower spheres to a close similarity with this. His Spirits, so far from being "airy nothings" with a harp and a pair of wings, are substantial men and women, clothed in some cases as we are, occupied exactly as they were on earth, living in houses and amid surroundings but little different from those they left here, organised into societies, associating with one another in friendly intercourse, by no means free from what we should call material cares, eating their dinner and sleeping their sleep, and following the bent of their inclinations. He endorses the remark that "the whole material world is but a model in clay of the spiritual world;" and distinctly affirms the absolute substantial existence of the world to which we are bound, though he considers that heaven and hell are states and conditions rather than places.

This world he holds to have its locality within the space through which our vision usually ranges. Its lowest sphere is in close proximity to our earth, and upwards from the earth rise a series of seven spheres—or more precisely, there are a series of seven zones round the earth through which the Spirit progresses. This is the same idea as that previously propounded by Dr. Hare and Mrs. Emma Hardinge. Dr. Hare speaks of them as concentric circles "of

exceedingly refined matter, with atmospheres of peculiar vital air, soft and balmy. Their surfaces are diversified with an immense variety of picturesque landscapes, with lofty mountain ranges, valleys, rivers, lakes, forests, trees and shrubbery, and flowers."

The dwellers in the first or rudimentary sphere are the gross, material, and ignorant Spirits who are unfit for spiritual occupations, and wander "amid desolate regions, and under cheerless, sombre skies." In the same sphere, though not associated with them, are those who are not degraded, but only ignorant. They are under instruction by enlightened Spirits from other places. In the second sphere the law of love begins to operate, and harmony is nearer attainment. The grosser elements are eliminated by slow degrees, and the Spirit sees more clearly the true nature of virtue and vice. The third sphere is the abode of Spirits more advanced, and is the home of the child Spirits who have been prematurely withdrawn from earth, and who find the nurture and education which advanced Spirits of love give to them to enable them to rise to higher states. The author does not particularize other spheres, except by quoting a highly-coloured and very eloquent description given by Mrs. E. H. Britten in a lecture in London. The conception throughout is of sustained grandeur, and few, we think, will read it without at least expressing a hope that it may be true.

After the seven spheres of progression are past through, the author considers that the Spirit passes into the supernal heavens, the ultimate abode of the glorified and blest.

However the unprepared mind may reject this description, either as too material, or as too speculative, there is little doubt that a very considerable agreement does exist in the descriptions given of the spheres by Spirits who communicate rationally and truthfully. For our own part we have never had any difficulty in believing that a substantial Spirit-body will live in a substantial Spirit-world: nor have we found anything in what has been said in description of it by truthful Spirits which is contrary to what might reasonably be expected. The description given to us has not been as precise in localising and particularising as that given by Dr Crowell, but there is absolute agreement in the number of spheres of progression, and the ultimate entry into the spheres of contemplation or supernal heavens as he calls them. The whole question of locality and precise description such as that given by the author, grotesque as it will sound to unprepared ears, is arguable on perfectly logical grounds. And we have no hesitation in accepting as true the statements made by Spirits, *who in matters that admit of testing are proven to be truthful*, when they tell us of scenes and sights and occupations but little different from those of earth. Indeed, a careful observation of the processes of nature, and of the development of progress throughout our world, would lead us to believe that there are no great gaps in the working of the great law of evolution; and that the Spirit emancipated from the body will live under spiritual conditions but little dissimilar from those which governed its last state. It is so now. We make our own states: we have our tastes, our habits, our pursuits, and we shall

take them with us, gravitating of necessity to that state for which they fit us. Space forbids, or we could supplement the author's description in many interesting particulars. We must pass on to what, after all, is the most important part of his work.

Before doing so, we may say that there are minor points scattered up and down throughout the volume with which we should not be disposed to agree : prominent among them, the denial of the power of the incarnated Spirit to leave the body. This, however, will more properly find opportunity for comment in another place, in a paper devoted to the subject.

SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGION.

We pass without further delay to what we believe the author would consider the core and kernel of his whole argument—viz., the relation of Spiritualism to the Church. We have said that that is the standpoint from which the subject is viewed throughout, and though such may be a one-sided view, it is impossible to deny that it is one which will touch the hidden fears of very many who would be what their hearts prompt them to be, and what all instinctively are, Spiritualists, only for the fear of Bogy and the ban of Church.

The author carries war into the enemies' country, and vigorously attacks the entrenched position that orthodoxy takes up, which, in effect, is the old claim to exclusive possession of the key of heaven. The Orthodox Churchman contends that God has devised a plan for the salvation of degenerate humanity, and has appointed him one amongst many agents for carrying it out. Revelation once given, and long since complete, is in his charge; and for the rest, it remains only that man "born in sin and shapen in iniquity," "unable of himself to help himself," should come and be saved by faith in the universal panacea.

"I account for the vigorous growth of infidelity," says Dr. Crowell, "by the lack of understanding on the part of the Church of the character of the spiritual phenomena of the Bible, and by the absence of spirituality itself. Were the Church to take her stand upon the ground of spiritual intercourse, and admit the active agency of spirits under the direction of God, working through general laws her position would be impregnable." We do not quite subscribe to this, but at any rate she would be far more consistent than she is. Against the prevalent Bibliolatry of Protestantism, the ignorant worship of a bad translation of books the original of which few of the clergy can even read, the author takes up his parable with commendable severity, quoting, as his text, a passage from a sermon preached in New York as late as Aug., 1872, by a prominent minister of the Methodist Church—"If the Bible is the Work of God, as believed by all Christians, *if all of it be not true, God is a liar*; but we all know that God is Truth." This reads more like an excerpt from the ravings of some mediæval enthusiast than the utterance of a teacher of religion in one of the most enlightened cities of the most advanced nation on the face of earth in the latter half of the 19th century. Nor is it a solitary utterance: nor is the preacher singular

in his belief. Unfortunately, the habit of settling everything by some tag of a text is a prevalent modern superstition, which is too convenient not to die very hard. "Thus saith the Lord" settles everything almost as conveniently as consigning an objectionable fact or argument to the devil; and between the two, Bible-worship and devil-worship, it is hard indeed if an awkward truth be not stifled.

Another dogma against which the author runs amuck is that of the original and inherent depravity of man, with all its viper-brood of dogmas, such as the vileness of the body and the depravity of the spirit: the monstrous doctrine that an unregenerate man can "Do nothing pleasing or acceptable to God," and the like. Rightly and wisely does he contend that such self-accusations cut at the very basis of progression. For our own part, we say emphatically that they degrade and dishonour their utterers, are devil's devisements for sapping all self-respect and desire for progress, and that a prolonged habit of calling oneself "a worm" is very apt to breed worm-like characteristics. Do we not see every day that to teach a child self-respect, and to give him a sense of his own innate nobility, is to put him straight in the way to become nobler, better, more worthy of the respect of others? And do we not find that the inculcation of sentiments the reverse turns out a sneak and a sniveller, a tortuous and "wormy" character. The child is father of the man, and many of the meannesses of modern religion are traceable to belief in this dogma. Almost as a consequence of this comes the horrible doctrine of eternal burnings as a meet punishment for lack of belief in certain dogmas. The author says—"I have a young friend, a *sweet girl of the age of 16, gifted with a bright intelligent mind, highly susceptible*, with strong social feelings, who had lately been induced, through the persuasions of her minister, to take the communion, and fully connect herself with the Episcopal Church. After this event, a friend asked her whether she believed in eternal punishment for those of her family and relatives who did not lead [what she would think] holy lives, and her answer, *promptly given*, was "*Yes, and I shall be so happy and satisfied of the justice of God that I shall view their misery as perfectly right, and without regret.*" Nice girl that! "Gifted with a bright intelligent mind" too! "Highly susceptible" also! When the result of a system is to produce nice girls of that kind, one need not waste many words of condemnation upon it.

Equally vigorous and telling is the indictment of the clergy, as the guardians of religion, the teachers of the people, and leaders of opinion on matters of imperial moment, for their attitude towards the drama and popular amusements generally; for the way in which they have dealt with such questions as cruelty to animals, duelling, the treatment of the Indian, slavery, and above all for their callous apathy to the pest of drunkenness, which, says Dr. Crowell, "sends to premature, dishonoured graves, annually, 60,000 of as good men and women as the average of men and women in our country. Not only are 60,000 bodies annually consigned to the grave by this evil, but if the doctrines of Calvin, and Luther, and Wesley be true, an

equal number of souls are consigned to eternal misery." He asks, What are they doing to stop this plague, with all its far-reaching consequences of misery, desolation, crime? and he indignantly declares that, so far from denouncing it as it should, the Church derives, in some cases, an unholy profit from the accursed traffic. Trinity Church, New York, owned (1874) from 40 to 60 liquor saloons—a fact practically admitted by the Comptroller. "The Church cannot countenance theatres; cannot have its robes of righteousness soiled by contact with their impurity; but it can receive thankfully and smilingly the direct wages of sin, earned in a traffic in which the very names of religion, morality, charity, humanity are unknown."

But this is America! Does the indictment apply elsewhere? In all sadness, we believe it does; for the gist of it lies against no people or nation or country, but against humanity itself, the product of orthodox teaching and belief. Though these characteristics may be more discernible in one place and among a particular people than they are elsewhere, the root is the same, and the fruit will not be far different. The objections are compendiously stated thus:—

"In all charity, we object to the strictly orthodox faith, in that it requires us to believe that God is jealous and vindictive, ever seeking cause of offence in erring mortals, and being "angry with the sinner every day;" with partiality awarding happiness to the few, while consigning to endless misery the greater portion of mankind.

Contrary to this, we believe that God is all love and goodness, and is ever solicitous for the welfare of all His creatures, and that He has made full and perfect provision for the eternal happiness of all mankind.

We object, in that it represents man as naturally vile and degraded, and unworthy of the kindly notice and care of God; elevating abject humility into a virtue, and presenting the hope of reward and the fear of punishment as the chief incentives to a virtuous life.

Differently from this, we contend that we are sons and daughters of God; that each possesses a portion of the Divine spirit; and that the nobility of our nature, our kinship to Deity, and our high destiny, should be constantly kept in view, as the most powerful incentives to noble exertion and pure living.

We object that it teaches that faith in creeds and dogmas is, as a means of salvation, of superior efficacy to the practice of benevolence, charity, and the love of mankind.

Differently from this, we believe that all creeds and dogmas are, in their results, obstacles to the spiritual, and even moral, improvement of the race, and that good and pure intentions and good works alone are both necessary and sufficient.

We object, in that it fosters a spirit of intolerance towards those who differ from us in opinion, and claims the exclusive possession of the light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

We object that through its teachings millions have been, and millions now are, deprived of the great happiness arising from the consoling belief in the presence and ministry of the spirit-friends.

We object, in that it requires us to believe that Heaven is a far-distant, uncertain, almost mythical place, where equally mythical beings exist, restricted in their freedom, and condemned to occupations that can only meet the morbid desires of the perverted nature of a devotee—a purely imaginary and unnatural condition—while the longing desire of every healthy-minded, intelligent being is for nature perfected.

We object that it upholds the pernicious doctrine that an infamous life may be atoned for by the simple confession of its sinfulness, and a formal profession of reliance on the merits of another, thus deluding the sinner with the false hope that he can, with ease and certainty, escape the just penalty that inevitably attaches to his sins.

And lastly, for having taught that death is a punishment for sin, and surrounding it with an atmosphere of horror and gloom, when it really is the means of release from earthly ills and suffering to all mankind."

This is the indictment—bold, sweeping, yet precise. Is it justified by evidence? If so, then surely the denunciation of such blind leaders of the blind, such ignorant and self-sufficient guides, such Pharisees of dogmatism, must be scathing and severe. That it is substantially true, spite of some bright exceptions, spite, too, of much noble work in the past that may well redeem Churchmanship from universal rebuke, we sorrowfully believe. The clergy are not abreast of the needs of the age. They are not leaders of men in any right sense. The religion that they teach has lost its power; and bigotry and prejudice have utterly unfitted them "to discern the signs of the times."

"The vital mistake of the Church has been in the expenditure of so much time, labour, and means in building up and cementing an ecclesiastical system." And here it is in absolute contrast to what Christ intended, and to what the author believes should be the case with the modern representative of Primitive Christianity. "Spiritualism is destitute of leadership, and equally so of organisation. It stands to-day an anomaly in the religious history of the world, and I fully believe that this is ordained of heaven and not the result of chance." This is in precise accord with the views inculcated by the higher and more intelligent spirits. We ourselves have from the very first received emphatic statements from trustworthy spiritual sources emphasising this idea, and arguing it out on elaborate grounds of fitness and design. The mission of Spiritualism doubtless is, on one side of it, "to permeate the churches," to destroy sects and dogmas and human organisations, not to create them." And though the author makes no account of other work that it performs, though he is, in our judgment, far too sanguine in the view he takes of its short history and future prospects, though he does not touch many points that rise in the minds of those who have thought most and seen most, yet in this aspect he is undoubtedly right. Independent of organisation, far beyond the limits of a sect, Spiritualism is a religion in the highest and

widest sense of the term, and if it fulfil its mission man will in the end acknowledge it. At present he seems inclined to make of it a scientific toy, a grotesque sect, an airing ground for his vanity, a platform for his vagaries, anything and everything but what it was intended to be. When we consider the way in which it has been weighted, the marvel is that it has done so much. We quote as a pendant to the author's impeachment of orthodoxy his answer to the *Cui bono* question—what has Spiritualism done?—

“1. It has restored Primitive Christianity, and now, at the termination of the first quarter of a century of its existence, it numbers more converts than Christianity numbered 150 years after Christ.

“2. It has wrought a glorious work in connecting the gross and debasing views derived from the Old Testament of the character and attributes of Deity, and in the minds of millions has substituted for those erroneous notions the true, beautiful, and grand idea of a Heavenly Father whose loving kindness extends to all his children, and who will guide all mankind—each and every soul—to a state of celestial happiness.

“3. It has shaken to its foundation the degrading belief in the total depravity of man, and given him hope and trust in himself, and in his own powers aided by Divine Power to elevate himself.

“4. It has largely assisted in annihilating the personal devil.

“5. It has effectively contributed to extinguishing the flames of hell.

“6. It has moderated the extreme views held regarding vicarious atonement, in accordance with which men have been taught that they could lead a life of sin and sensuality, and at the close avail themselves of the virtue of the blood and death of another, and enter upon the next life purified of their sins and made perfect, without making personal and full atonement, thus offering a premium on vice and immorality.

“7. It has done more to liberate the human mind from the thralldom of old dogmas and creeds, and from degrading errors and prejudices generally, than any other belief which has prevailed since the day of Christ.

“8. It has given us to know that sin is not only against God as the Divine Being, but also against that elemental spark of Deity that resides within every human soul: and not only this, but that many sins are against our physical bodies, and indirectly against our spiritual, so that sin is multiform in its operation and consequences, weaving a web, in the meshes of which the sinner is bound as the fly in the spider's web. By these teachings, while our fears are properly aroused as to the consequences of sin, our minds are instructed, and we are fully informed as to the means to be used and the course to be taken to guard against and remedy these consequences.

“9. It has furnished evidence incontrovertible that the angels are with us even as God is, and as they were with men in the olden

time, and that they are His chosen, willing instruments to comfort, counsel, protect and guide us in our struggles with poverty, affliction, and disappointment.

"10. It teaches the fatherhood of God, and it has been a powerful means of extending a living faith in the brotherhood of man: it teaches that charity is the greatest of virtues as selfishness is the greatest of sins: that each must care for the other, as God cares for all: that we must be less ready to condemn, and more ready to excuse and aid: and it always is found on the side of mercy and good works, and in favour of all movements for the advancement and good of mankind."

"11. It has determined the most important of all questions, whether, If a man die shall he live again? by evidence so abundant and conclusive in its character that no person has ever carefully examined and weighed it without accepting it. It has revealed to us the naturalness and beauty of our eternal home, and has thrilled with joy and happiness the despairing souls of multitudes, who now know what before they could only hope for.

"12. It has transformed the unrelenting monster Death into an angel of light and mercy—no longer the common enemy, but the welcome and true friend who kindly draws aside the veil and ushers us into scenes of happiness and beauty."

Well, it has not done all that quite. The author is inclined to take a sanguine view. He is so personally impressed with the moral truth and beauty of his subject that he is apt to ignore its blots and deformities. There is a side which he never touches throughout his book: and there are behind the phenomena possibilities which he does not handle. But, as a matter of exact truth, the growing consciousness of man, the yearnings of his spirit for higher truth than he before had, have made it possible for advanced truth to be revealed, and that new revelation has done substantially what Dr. Crowell claims for it. If it has not yet regenerated mankind, it has done a good deal to dissolve fallacies and destroy errors. The work of destruction must precede the work of construction, and it is unavoidable that the former should fill to a large extent the field of vision when we review the work of Spiritualism during the past 25 years. That it will go on "conquering and to conquer," we do not doubt, though we sometimes fear that its path will be strewn by the shattered wrecks of much that time has rendered venerable and beloved, and that, at least during our time on earth, its progress will be a battle in which the number of the slain will be terrible, and its results wide-spread and fatal destruction and desolation. It is not necessary to apologise for a shrinking from such a proposal. It is natural to prefer peace and national growth to conquest by the sword, even though it result in annexation. And perpetual strife is not the atmosphere in which calm reason dwells. The author tells us that thunder-storms clear the air. Yes; but the middle of a thunder-storm is not quite the place for meditation and exact judgment. And it looks sadly as if

the storm-clouds were gathering round us, and as if the war of the elements would be prolonged. Well, since it must be so, let us face it, with our faces turned Eastward until the light shall come. *Sursum corda.*

Perhaps some of our readers may see in this a mystic meaning, and may fancy that we are venturing on ground untouched by Dr. Crowell. No: this is not the time or place to open out a subject of which the present writer knows too little to entitle him to speak. But we should be more confident of the future if we discerned a more intelligent desire to probe to the very bottom the difficulties that beset Spiritualism—to grasp and not to evade them—to deal with them without fear or prejudice—to use more reason and less sentiment—to lay aside preconceived ideas, however dear they may be, and to search for the Very Truth. That search can do no harm to any, for out of it each earnest seeker must come with some gain to himself either in useful discovery or personal advancement. If nothing else, he will be so much the more keen-sighted, so much the more clear-headed, so much the more single-minded. And if he gain nothing else, he will have found a treasure in these.

But in place of this honest and fearless search for truth wherever it may land a man there seems to be rather a violent and irrational antagonism to any new form of it; and this within the ranks of Spiritualists, who might reasonably be supposed to have outlived such prejudices. For the many, Spiritualism means what they want it to mean, and that too often is goody-goody talk, gaping curiosity-mongering, foolish trifling. It is not all so—but we ought to have none of that—none whatever.

And too often—sadly too often, those who are forced into a prominent place in the movement find themselves in the vortex of the most rampant vanity and jealousy. We do not forget the exceptions; but we wish that there were no such rule. Late experience has shown that to step out from the ruck is to become the target for vituperation and to arouse the spite of those who should know better. The whisper of scandal grows into the loud voice of open falsehood, and those who profess to desire the development of *truth* are found after all to adhere to the old definition that *truth* is what each man *troueth*.

It is this that darkens the outlook, and makes men who look further than their noses sick and sad when they think of what Spiritualism might be but for the jealousies and heart-burnings of Spiritualists. Dr. Crowell, we cannot but think, depicts the ideal rather than the real. There is a far darker side to the question than any that finds a place in his book. There are underlying problems which he has not touched, and which must come up for solution. Prominent among them is the great question of the nature of the communicating intelligences. Spiritualists have satisfied themselves that they do communicate with their departed friends, and with spirits that have been incarnated in the earth. But are there any other than these concerned in the manifestations? We should be very

glad to hear from anybody who feels himself able to *prove* (not to assert) a negative to that question. But if, as the Occultists say, there are, then let us have the evidence. It is difficult enough to get at, and fluctuating and compressible when one does seem to get it; but if there be anything in it, in the name of fairness let us give them a hearing—and in the name of truth let us weigh what they have to say.

ELEMENTARY SPIRITS.

THERE is a great agitation going on at present in America respecting magic and elementary spirits. Mrs. Hardinge-Britten has announced a book on the subject, and herself, Colonel Olcott, and others have formed a "Theosophical Society," for the purpose of studying these matters, and arriving at a knowledge of the nature of the influences which control the Universe. This movement is looked upon with marked distrust by many Spiritualists. It is regarded as a diverting and perverting inquiry. Of those who oppose it is Mr. S. S. Jones of Chicago, Editor of *The Religio-Philosophical Journal*. He has communicated his fears to Mr. William Fishbough, the "Conscientious Scribe," who took down from the entranced lips of A. J. Davis, "Nature's Divine Revelations," upwards of thirty years ago. This veteran who is widely known in this country as author of "The Macrocosm, or The Universe Without," says, in reply to Mr. Jones, "By causes acting both from the exterior and interior, I was jostled out many years ago from the ranks of the visible workers for Spiritualism." Mrs. Kimball who has recently arrived in London, was the means, through her spirit controls, of again interesting him in the subject. He devotes himself anew to the work in these words, "Here am I for whatever work, great or small, I may be used in behalf of truth and righteousness, God and Humanity—always with the unpoetic proviso that I can get something to eat while doing it."

This is how he estimates Spiritualism:—"But in respect to the subject of your present anxieties, my dear brother, I wish to say, with great emphasis, this is the battle of the great day which was prophesied of old. It is the day in which all error and all truth that have ever found lodgment in the minds of mortals or spirits, and which may be now entertained either in this world or any other, must meet face to face for the final conflict. It is the end of the world, age or *aion*—the end of the *annus magnus* or world's great cycle, and the dawn of an entirely new dispensation. It is therefore the day of the resurrection, and the day of judgment. Then let the sea give up her dead, and let death and hell deliver up the dead that are in them. Let old philosophies, and follies, and truths, and lies—let old necromancies, and sorceries, and witchcrafts, and magical wonders, whether "white," "black," or green—good, bad, or indifferent—come forth from their secret lurking places, and from the crypts of forgotten lore in which they have been hiding for ages.

Invite them to come—nay *challenge* them to come forth and do their very worst or best, as the case may be ; but, oh ! my brother, never fear for God's Truth, for that is omnipotent, and such trials will be the very means by which it will be made to shine as the sun in the firmament forever and ever.

“Fear not for Spiritualism ; it is a fixed fact which neither man nor devils can blot out. But it needs to pass through tribulation ; it needs to have a strain put upon it, in order that its strong and weak points may be discovered ; and, thus tried and purified, it will stand amid the general wreck of all things beside. It must stand because it is needed, and the world will die without it. For three hundred and fifty years the Roman church, and for more than one hundred years the Protestant churches, have as institutions failed to receive influx and renewals of vitality from heaven. The only use they have served during that time is that of ratchet wheels to prevent the Car of Progress from becoming inverted in its motion, and roll back to barbarism. But instead of doing anything for progress, they have been holding back, fighting science at every step, and moving along with the rest of the world only as they were dragged along by it. They are moribund and must pass away as being totally inadequate to meet the higher wants of this age. To what power shall we look for the supply of these deficiencies, if not to Spiritualism ? True it has passed through some unprepossessing phases, causing great pain to the minds of the better portion of its disciples. But it must needs have commenced at the bottom of the ladder, so that in rising, it might pervade all things from lowest to highest. The period of its regeneration has now arrived, or is near at hand, and if trials come upon it, it will be all the better as ensuring the necessary purification by which it will yet stand forth clothed in garments white as snow—the new and universal religion, and as such the powers by which this whole planet will yet be organised in harmony and peace.”

In a letter written later, he gives further ideas on the question of the Occult :—

“BRO. JONES,—I wish to write a few additional words upon the subject of ‘Occultism.’ Many years ago I sketched a work which would occupy a portion of the field of inquiry, but which, without modification and considerable additional research among the records, would not answer the demands of the moment. I will tell you something that has a bearing on the question of ‘Elementary Spirits.’ In a conversation which I had through a medium, with my sweet angel some weeks ago, she told me that there were here on the earth many human beings who, though they have dropped the bodily form, can scarcely be said to have progressed to the condition of spirits. Such, as I understood, are those who have lived in low and ignorant conditions, and who have died without any idea of, or aspiration for, spirit-life. These generally take up their abodes in our houses, and though invisible to us, feed upon our magnetism, often causing us to feel dull and stupid, and sometimes thwarting our pur-

poses, and causing household affairs to go wrong in various ways. All of this I can readily believe, as I have actually seen these spirits in my house, and my daughter has seen them several times. They sometimes present themselves in strange and grotesque forms, and are generally of a dark and smoky hue. Either they or some other spirits, have frequently rung my door bell, shaken my bed at night, caused their foot-falls to be heard on the stairs, the rustling of their garments to be heard as they have passed through the halls, &c. Some of them seem to know little or nothing—scarcely their own names, and I doubt whether some of them have any definite idea whether they have ever existed as men or women before or not. I can readily conceive that these spirits imperfectly understood, may have given rise to the idea of gnomes, sylphs, fairies, kobalds, dwarfs, &c., all of which have been classed, by the old demonologists, under the head of ‘Elemental Spirits.’ Now my spirit friend told me that these spirits may be really employed in our service, and that it is best both for them and us that we should thus employ them. They generally have a leader, whom we may call for aloud, and ask to manifest himself, either in some way to ourselves directly, or through a clairvoyant or medium. We can then talk to them, read to them aloud, or instruct them in various ways, and they will soon become devotedly attached to us, and will do anything for us that they can do through their magnetism in impressing the minds of others. We can send them out to a distant person to remind him of a forgotten duty, to quicken his conscience as to the payment of a just debt, to warn a friend of danger, or to perform any kindred service; they act not all from themselves, but are under the supreme control of our will. The main secret of magic, black and white, is the secret of organising these human spirits into great and powerful bands, attaching them to one’s self, and invoking them by words and signs which they understand.

“My angel friend told me that by using these spirits kindly and wisely, and teaching them by words spoken aloud, they grow brighter and brighter, and finally become able to see spirits that are above them, who then take them in charge and introduce them into the higher life.

“It is my intention to put this idea to the test after I get some other matters off my mind. I have written it out so that you may think of it; and it strikes me that it may open an easy way by which we may meet all the Occultists have to say.”

THE WRECK OF THE DEUTCHLAND.

To our coast the good ship Deutchland by wayward winds was brought,
 Full many a day had passed away since she left the German port;
 The morning breaks, the sky is black, the storm is rising fast,
 And voices wail amid the gale and mutter in the blast.
 The huge waves rise, their crested tops white as the falling snow;
 They toss the ship, in savage glee, a plaything to and fro,

And bravely still she struggles on, and harder still she strives;
 She knows she bears a precious freight—a freight of human lives.
 Oh, landsman, 'tis the Sabbath-day, then haste on bended knee,
 And lift a prayer to God in heaven for those who are at sea.
 On, on she speeds,—there comes a crash, a dull and heavy shock;—
 The Deutchland shakes from stem to stern, she grounds upon a rock.
 They crowd upon the deck,—oh God, 'tis terrible to see
 The faces of the young and fair all blanched in agony.
 With frightened cries the little ones about their mother clung,
 While wives upon their husbands' necks in deeper anguish hung;
 And pale men's faces paler grew with the pallor of despair,
 And women shrieked and wrung their hands or knelt in silent prayer;
 But one and all they turned their eyes towards the English shore,
 And loud the signals of distress pealed out above the roar.
 In vain, in vain, no boat would dare to stem that swollen tide,
 And slowly, slowly grew the rift along the good ship's side.
 "Into the rigging with you all," the brave old captain said,
 "The water gains, no aid is near, our hopes are almost dead;
 Yet cling to life and hold it still with all the strength you may,
 And Heaven perchance will save a few in some mysterious way."
 So there they clung with stiffened joints and fingers numb and cold,
 Till one by one the waves rolled in and swept them from their hold.
 And when at last brave men put out and climbed upon the deck,
 Few were the living souls they found upon that shattered wreck;
 But many lay all cold in death in all their youth and pride,
 With marks of strife upon each face which showed how hard they died.
 A mother and a child they found pressed closely heart to heart,—
 Clasped in a clasp which Death himself was powerless to part;
 And forms all marred, disfigured, that once so fair had been;—
 Hush! let us gently drop the veil upon that awful scene.
 They have reached the port where all are bound, they have gained that
 haven blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;
 And ships may come and ships may go those self same waters o'er,
 But the good Deutchland and her crew shall cross those waves no more.

Dec. 13, 1875.

C. A. B.

MEDICINE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

EBERS, the German archæologist, has made an interesting discovery of what is said to be a portion of one of the lost Hermetic books of medicine. Hitherto all attempts to trace the origin of the reputed Hermetic writings have failed, and it has been assumed that the great "Hermes" was a mythological personage invented by the earlier alchemists to credit the acquired knowledge with the authority of antiquity. The manuscript, when thoroughly deciphered, may throw some light on this doubtful point; but, even if it fails to do so, the fact that a fragment of the lost learning of the Egyptians has been recovered is a matter of scientific interest. The manuscript was discovered among the bones of a mummy some years ago by an Arab, and on his death it was offered to Dr. Ebers, who eventually purchased it at a considerable price. It consists of a single sheet of papyrus, about 60 feet in length, and the characters are in red and black ink. Judging from the characters, the date of the manuscript may be placed about 1500 B.C., making it 3300 years old; and, if written in the earlier part of the

century, it would have been contemporaneous with the period of Moses's residence at the Court of Pharaoh. Only a portion of the document has at present been translated by Ebers, including some of the headings of the various chapters, such as "the secret book of the physicians," "the science of the beating of the heart," "the knowledge of the heart, as taught by the priest-physician Nebseeht," "medicines for alleviating accumulation of urine and of the abdomen."

There is every reason to suppose that the Egyptians attained a high degree of scientific knowledge at a very early period of their history. As Boerhaave aptly remarks, the fact that Moses knew how to reduce gold to powder, so as to render it miscible with water, and by this means potable, shows he had acquired a knowledge of chemistry only to be attained by the highest masters in the art. Indeed, Egypt seems to have been the birthplace of chemistry; for, according to Plutarch (*Is. et. Osir.*), in the sacred language of the priests, the country was called Xnuia, which means, according to Bochart, hidden or secret knowledge. At the present day it is still called, we believe, by the Copts, the land of Kemi. Lindas has suggested that a knowledge of this art was introduced into Europe by the Argonauts, who sailed to Colchis to carry off the Golden Fleece. The Colchians, according to Herodotus, were an Egyptian colony, and Lindas supposes the Golden Fleece to have been a book written on sheepskin, teaching the method of making gold by the chemical art. The date of the Argonautic expedition was, according to most chronographers, 1250 B.C., or 300 years later than the supposed date of Ebers' manuscript. It is to be hoped that future researches may bring to light further evidence of the scientific history of the past, and so enable us to estimate the degree of civilisation and scientific attainment reached by the early races of mankind.
—*Lancet.*

MOVEMENT FOR PLACING WORKS ON SPIRITUALISM IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

[The following statement has been handed to us for publication.—
Ed. H. N.]

A large number of standard works on Spiritualism have been from time to time placed in public and institution libraries, enabling many readers to become acquainted with the facts and principles of Spiritualism. A further extension of this plan has been repeatedly suggested, and now that a large number of Spiritualists have expressed their interest in the movement, an effort is being made to carry it to a successful issue.

It is proposed to present to 1000 or more libraries, at a cost of 500 guineas, one set each of the following works:—"Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," by A. R. Wallace; "The Report on Spiritualism of the London Dialectical Society," and "The Arcana of Spiritualism," by Hudson Tuttle. Copy of a new edition of the last-named work has just been received from the author. This selection it is hoped will be more generally accepted and prove of greater utility than any other three works that could be named.

The cost of each set of three volumes will be 10s. 6d. or 500 guineas for 1000 sets, which is being raised in special donations, subscriptions of one guinea or half-a-guinea, and contributions of smaller amounts. Subscribers may have placed at their disposal sets for which they subscribe, which they may present to libraries in their own name on

behalf of the movement. It is expected that the sum named will cover all incidental expenses and carriage of the volumes.

To carry out this great object, the help of all will be required. In addition to subscriptions and donations, the Secretary of this Movement will be glad to receive the names of representatives in the various towns, who, in addition to rendering pecuniary aid, will furnish information as to the libraries in the district in connection with Literary and Philosophical Institutions, Mechanics' Institutes, Mutual Improvement Societies, Working Men's Clubs and Reading Rooms, Libraries in connection with Religious Bodies, or any library supplying works for perusal to the public or to members.

The volumes will be ready for delivery during March, by which time it is hoped that the necessary funds will be collected and arrangements perfected for the placing of the works. An acknowledgment must in all cases be obtained from the librarian, that subscribers may satisfy themselves that their money has been properly utilised. The presentations should also be properly reported in the local newspapers, which will bring the claims of the cause very widely before the public and give inquirers information where to find works for perusal.

The only office which it has been considered necessary to institute in connection with this movement is that of secretary, which laborious duty has been kindly undertaken by Mr. Walter Glendinning. All moneys will be publicly advertised from week to week in the *Medium*; and the presentations being in like manner made public, there will be the fullest means of checking all transactions, and thus render mistakes impossible. Spiritualists may ally themselves with this movement by taking part therein. It is an excellent opportunity for all to do something towards an end which is highly desirable.

It is expected that the whole business will be completed by the end of March, 1876, and that the promoters of the movement will assemble at a congratulatory festival on the 31st of March, and fittingly celebrate the twenty-eighth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

All communications should be addressed to the hon. secretary, Walter Glendinning, 33, Russell Street, Liverpool.

LOVERS of Nature will be delighted with the new arrangements of the publication of *The Garden*, a high-class London newspaper devoted to rural and horticultural interests. With each weekly issue during the forthcoming year will be given a beautiful coloured plate of some rare or highly prized flower. The specimens sent us are true to nature; and when the year's coloured illustrations are collected into an album, they will be very much esteemed indeed, and be worth the whole annual subscription. We are glad to recommend any step which will lead to an increased interest in the vegetable kingdom, more particularly when the study results in the practical realisation of increased products of vegetables, fruits, and flowers.

Just Published, Demy 8vo, 592 pp., Price 10s.;
by Post, 11s.

HAFED PRINCE OF PERSIA:

HIS EXPERIENCES

IN

EARTH-LIFE AND SPIRIT-LIFE,

*Being Spirit Communications received through Mr. DAVID DUGUID,
the Glasgow Trance-Painting Medium.*

With an Appendix,

CONTAINING COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT ARTISTS,

RUISDAL AND STEEN.

*Illustrated by Fac-similes of FORTY-FIVE DRAWINGS and WRITINGS,
the Direct Work of the Spirits.*

LONDON: JAMES BURNS, 15 Southampton Row, W.C.

GLASGOW: H. NISBET, 219 George Street.

H. NISBET is permitted by Mr. S. C. HALL, F.S.A., whose name stands so high not only in the Spiritual movement, but in the world of Art and Literature, to publish the following eulogistic letter:—

“Avenue Villa, 50 Holland Street, Kensington, W.
December 27, 1875.

“DEAR MR. NISBET,—You have sent me a most wonderful book. It has given me intense delight. I cannot exaggerate if I say I have never yet read a book that has given me such deep and delicious joy—with only *one* exception, *The Book*, which this book so thoroughly upholds. Surely it will be so with all who believe in and love the Lord Christ. . . . Blessed be the God of love and mercy, who sent him (Hafed) to reveal and to elucidate the great truths of the gospel. Mrs. Hall is reading it now. But I must read it again, and yet again. It will companion the New Testament that stands at my bed-head, and in which I read

a chapter every night. Send me two more copies. . . . Burns says it is cheap: it is worth its weight in diamonds. But I wish it had been in two volumes. —Ever truly yours,
"S. C. HALL."

"The narrative of Hafed's journeys on Earth and Heaven, blended with the Drawings by the two Ghost Painters, and the Appendix Narrative, make the book the most remarkable one of the age, and therefore places it in front of all books issued, whether materialistic, psychological, or spiritualistic.

"Enmore Park, Jan. 10, 1876."

"J. ENMORE JONES."

The following expressions of opinion are taken from letters of Subscribers:—

"I am *very* much pleased with it."

"Countess of C—— has just received the book, which she has not yet perused, but hears most highly spoken of on all sides."

A Clergyman of the English Church thus writes: "Permit me to say that I have never read a volume with such absorbed interest, so deeply suggestive, and fertile in good thoughts; but the surprising point to me was to find at least six things, including the description of the Great Temple, which have been revealed to me also during the past three years, and which I have read to various friends in MS."

"Many thanks, dear Mr. Nisbet, for 'Hafed.' . . . I have had but a slight glance at it; . . . but I much liked the tone of what I did read."

"Agreeably surprised to receive 'Hafed' last night. It will be a great treat for Christmas."

"An enchanting volume. I hear its praise sounded on all hands as being a most delightful Spiritual work. . . . You must send me other five copies."

"The work does infinite credit to yourself and the cause of Spiritualism. Mr. Duguid's mediumship is an occasion for great rejoicing to all who sympathise with us."

"I enclose cheque for the (10) books I have just received. As much as I have seen of it, 'Hafed' seems highly interesting. I was told 15 or 16 years ago, by spirits in Paris, that one day much light would be thrown upon the early life of Jesus; that it would be proved that he had been in India; and that he was instructed by the Magi, and other great philosophers of India (I use the general name). This book seems to be the key of this knowledge. I shall read it with great attention."

"It is a splendid volume."

"I enclose you cheque for copies of 'Hafed.' . . . I like the book very much, and hope it will meet with the reception it deserves. I think I shall require a few more copies."

"You have been the means of putting into the hands of poor humanity such a treasure—a book so much to enlighten, so much to instruct, and so much to cheer. I will do all I can to induce others to read 'Hafed.'"

"I received your beautiful book. . . . I am delighted with it, and can't help thinking it a very good omen that we should receive it at this season of the year (Christmas)."

"'Hafed' is a miracle. I have never done admiring it, or dear David, the medium."

"I got 'Hafed,' and have read it with the deepest interest."

"Many thanks for 'Hafed,' which I received on Saturday. I sat down to read it in the course of that evening, and continued reading it all Sunday. It is wonderfully interesting, and will, I trust, be very useful."

"I never read a book on Spiritualism half so interesting and calculated to do good as 'Hafed' is. It is a book that can be put into the hands of the greatest bigot."

LONDON: JAMES BURNS, 15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

GLASGOW: HAY NISBET, 219 GEORGE STREET.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WORKS ON SPIRITUALISM AND LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

- A UNITARIAN'S CONFESSION OF FAITH, CONCERNING GOD, JESUS, SALVATION, THE BIBLE, AND THE FUTURE LIFE. By JOHN PAGE HOPPS. Sixteen pages, price One Penny. Free, per post, from the author (Crosshill, Glasgow), on receipt of One Penny Stamp.
- STARTLING FACTS IN MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By N. B. WOLFE, M.D. Illustrated with Portraits on steel, Spirit-Writing, Diagrams, &c. 550 pages, toned paper, fine binding; 12s.; with *Human Nature*, 7s. 6d.
- PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD. The great book on the Materialisation of Spirit-Forms. By Col. OLCOTT. 74 illustrations, 500 pages; price 12s. 6d.
- THE CLOCK STRUCK THREE; showing the Harmony between Christianity, Science, and Spiritualism. By S. WATSON, D.D. A most valuable work. 6s.; with *Human Nature*, 3s.
- NATURE'S REVELATIONS OF CHARACTER; or, Physiognomy Illustrated. By J. SIMMS, M.D. A large and handsome volume, containing 270 engravings. Novel, entertaining, and instructive. 21s.; with *Human Nature*, 15s.
- THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER AND SMILING. By G. VASEY. Many illustrations; 5s.
- REPORT ON SPIRITUALISM OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY. 5s.; with *Human Nature*, 3s. 6d.
- CONCERNING SPIRITUALISM. By GERALD MASSEY. Cloth, 2s.
- IDENTITY OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By Dr. CROWELL. 10s.; with *Human Nature*, 7s. 6d.
- THE SEERS OF THE AGES, OR SPIRITUALISM PAST AND PRESENT. By J. M. PEEBLES. 5s.; with *Human Nature*, 3s. 6d.
- JESUS, MYTH, MAN: OR GOD. By J. M. PEEBLES. 1s. 6d.
- THE CAREER OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS. By H. TUTTLE. 2s. 6d.
- OUTLINES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By T. P. BARKAS. 1s. 6d.
- SCEPTICISM AND SPIRITUALISM; OR, THE EXPERIENCES OF A SCEPTIC. 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.; with *Human Nature*, 6d.
- THE MENDAL: A MODE OF ORIENTAL DIVINATION. By E. B. B. BAKER, a British Vice-Consul. 7s. 6d.
- SUPRAMUNDANE FACTS IN THE LIFE OF REV. J. B. FERGUSON, D.D. 5s.; with *Human Nature*, 2s. 6d.
- THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN ALL AGES AND NATIONS. By W. HOWITT. 28s.; with *Human Nature*, 7s. 6d.
- INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE. By D. D. HOME. Vol. II., 10s.; with *Human Nature*, 3s. 6d.
-

LONDON: J. BURNS, 15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

FOR LADY READERS.

- THE IDEAL ATTAINED: being the Story of Two Steadfast Souls, and how they Won their Happiness and Lost it Not. A tale of pure love and true marriage. 5s.; with *Human Nature*, 3s. 4d.
- SOCIAL FETTERS: a tale of thrilling interest and pure purpose. By Mrs. EDWIN JAMES. 3s. 6d.; with *Human Nature*, 2s. 6d.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOKS OBTAINABLE AT COST PRICE BY DEPOSITORS.

THOSE who become depositors to the Progressive Literature Publication Fund have the privilege of obtaining those works manufactured from that fund at cost price. Persons clubbing together may thus have the best works at the lowest possible price, or secure a large quantity at little cost, for distribution.

At present in stock, and available on the terms appended:—

MIRACLES AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By ALFRED R. WALLACE, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., Author of "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro," "Palm Trees of the Amazon," "The Malay Archipelago," &c., &c. Embracing: I. "An Answer to the Arguments of Hume, Lecky, and others, against Miracles." II. "The Scientific Aspects of the Supernatural," much enlarged, and with an Appendix of Personal Evidence. III. "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism," reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*. Cloth, 5s.; handsomely gilt, 7s. 6d.; published at 5s.; to depositors, six copies for £1. A specimen number to purchasers of *Human Nature* for March, price 3s. 10d., post free.

RESEARCHES IN THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM. By WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S., &c. I. Spiritualism viewed by the Light of Modern Science, and Experimental Investigations in Psychic Force. II. Psychic Force and Modern Spiritualism: A Reply to the *Quarterly Review* and other critics. III. Notes on an Inquiry into the Phenomena called Spiritual during the Years 1870-73. With many Illustrations. In 3 parts, 1s. each; in one vol., 5s.; to depositors, five copies for 10s. 6d. A specimen number with *Human Nature* for April, price 2s. 9d., post free.

MEMORIAL EDITION OF LETTERS AND TRACTS ON SPIRITUALISM. By Judge EDMONDS. In paper covers, published at 2s.; to depositors, six copies for 5s. Handsome cloth binding, published at 3s. 6d.; four copies for 6s. Purchasers of *Human Nature* for August, 1874, may obtain a specimen copy, cloth, for 2s., post free.

WILL-ABILITY; OR, MIND AND ITS VARIED CONDITIONS AND CAPACITIES. By JOSEPH HANDS, M.R.C.S. Published at 2s. 6d.; to depositors, five copies for 10s.

SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM CALMLY CONSIDERED: A REPLY TO PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S BELFAST ADDRESS. By Dr. SEXTON. In paper covers, published at 1s.; to depositors, ten copies for 5s. In cloth, 2s. 6d.; five copies for 5s.

MRS. TAPPAN'S ORATIONS. Upwards of 50, in one volume, of nearly 700 pages. A fine paper edition, in bevel boards, gilt edges, and with portrait, 10s. 6d. Ordinary edition at 7s. 6d.

PSYCHOPATHY; OR, THE TRUE HEALING ART. By JOSEPH ASHMAN. A new edition, with photograph of Mr. Ashman, psychopathic healer, showing a large halo of healing aura over his hands. Cloth, 2s. 6d., post free; five copies for 10s.

THE SPIRITUAL HARP AND SPIRITUAL LYRE, in one vol. The finest assortment of spiritual hymns ever published. 350 pages. 2s. 6d., or £1 1s. per doz. Morocco, highly finished, for presents, 5s.

IN PREPARATION.

THE ARCANAE OF SPIRITUALISM. A Manual of Spiritual Science. By HUDSON TUTTLE. To be published at 5s.; supplied to depositors at 4s., or six copies for £1.

EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCHES IN SPIRITUALISM. By Professor HARE. Edited by Dr. Sexton.

Other works in preparation. For full prospectus apply to J. BURNS, Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, W.C.