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SEPTEMBER, 1876.

"THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE."*

By FRANK PODMORE.

THIS book is dedicated to "all the married, but especially to those who contemplate marriage." But it is not suited for these alone, nor even for these primarily. It contains matter of edification, rebuke, and hope for all, married or single, male or female, of all ages and of every degree. It is the answer to a universal cry; it is the help given to a universal need. The author herein treats of marriage and its relations; of the reproductive functions, and of the laws of generation; of the penalties which await upon their violation, and of the benefits which reward their observance; and of the means by which alone those penalties can be averted, and those benefits attained. The key-note of the book may be found in the mottoes on the title-page: "What God, in the might of His wisdom and the greatness of His love, has created, no man or woman need be ashamed to read, talk of, learn, and know; for it cannot be that knowledge so essential to the well-being of mankind can be destructive to moral purity." And again: "Knowledge must precede virtue, for no chance act can be a moral one. We must *know* in order to *do*." In these words are expressed the guiding principle and the whole plan of this volume. It endeavours to give to all the knowledge of certain facts which form part of human nature as it at present exists; and which it is, therefore, by all means right and expedient that all mankind should know; but which, most unhappily, through indifference, through cowardice, through a false shame, through all things else mean and selfish, which are by the world named "modesty," are hidden from most men by the instructors of their youth; so that they are left to discover them by chance, by indecent allusion, or by

* "The Science of a New Life," by John Cowan, M.D., New York. Sold in London by J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row.

that bitter experience from which a word spoken in season might have saved them. How bravely and conscientiously, with what earnestness and power, with what purity of word and thought, the present writer has performed his task herein, let all who have read this book join with me in bearing witness. There is no necessary detail of his subject, however painful, which he has not treated without reserve or compromise, and with an austere simplicity from which every suggestion of impurity must shrink abashed. He is as one calling to his brethren to arm themselves and to wrestle for their lives against the strong Angel of Darkness, and warning them to give no quarter nor show mercy to a foe from whom they must look for no mercy in return. In such terrible straits is no place for knightly phrases and smooth circumlocutions. Where the danger is so nigh, he dares but speak in words that cannot be misunderstood. He sees that half the tenants of our hospitals and our asylums have been struck down by this relentless foe; struck down for the want of just this saving knowledge which he is able to give. He sees everywhere happiness blasted, health ruined, the courage and vigour of manhood shattered, and death hastening on with quicker strides; the health and virtue mortgaged, even of the children yet unborn—only because there was none to say, "Do this, and you shall surely die." And the words which he utters are such as are suited to this mighty need, plain, weighty, and direct.

In the principle of perfect continence consists the true observance of the laws of our nature. By continence is meant "the voluntary and entire abstinence from any indulgence" of the passions, save only for the purposes of reproduction. Any departure from this law brings with it a sure and heavy penalty,—a penalty not always immediate and obvious, but certain and terrible in just proportion to the offence. For "the mills of God grind slow, but grind exceeding small." And this penalty is visited as surely on ignorance, as on wilful disobedience. But—for most sin through ignorance or weakness, and would gladly thrust off from them the yoke of this tyrannous lust, did they but know the way—for all such Dr. Cowan points out the means by which they may escape. Freedom lies in the strict observance of the rules herein laid down. They are briefly these,—Abundant fresh air, water, exercise, and occupation; plain and moderate food; a rigid abstinence from tobacco, alcohol, tea, coffee, and all rich, greasy dishes, and, if possible, from the flesh of animals. But, above all, there must be the firm resolve to cast off the thraldom of lust, and win the rewards of sobriety and continence. And lest any should find these rules over hard or irksome in the observance, he sets before us the rewards which we may look for from such a course of life, and the penalties which follow on

neglect. On the one hand lie a body untouched by disease or infirmity; a mind clear, firm, and armed at all points for the struggle of life; with all the strength, the loftiness, the self-reverence of a soul free from taint of evil or shame. On the other lie health and vigour lost; firmness, self-respect, and purity of soul dulled; and, with them, all capacity for things holy and ennobling destroyed; and, at the last, death hiding in shameful darkness the life shortened by ignoble lust.

The opinions here maintained are opposed to those held by many of the most eminent of our medical men; and perhaps Dr. Cowan may with justice be accused of paying too little heed to the other side of the question. It is, doubtless, an all-sufficient answer to those who assert the lawfulness of giving license to our passions, that our other fleshly desires fulfil by their gratification some definite purpose; and, when that purpose has once been obtained, their further gratification leads only to evil. By eating and drinking we give nourishment to the body. But we know that to eat or drink beyond what is required for our nourishment must tend to disease; and we should hold in contempt the advice of any doctor to indulge our appetites to the full, regardless whether or not they ministered to the wants of the body. What, then, shall we say to those who wish us to exercise our sexual functions over and beyond their only natural and lawful use, the reproduction of our kind? But lest this analogy seem not sufficient, let us consider, as Dr. Cowan has not done, the arguments which are brought against our position. We are told by the advocates of the opposite view: first, that this desire for more frequent indulgence is natural, and therefore should be gratified; and, next, that they have proved by observation that abstinence leads to ill health and disease. One answer will suffice for both. It is idle to talk of "the gratification of natural desires," when our conditions are artificial and altogether unnatural. So long as we do violence to the healthy instincts of the natural man, by eating animal products of every kind, by seeking temporary strength in tea, wine, and spirits, and by eating rich, unwholesome food, far more than is required for our daily need, so long is it impossible to assert that any desire which possesses us proceeds from that human nature whose laws we have broken, and whose teachings we have despised. But these unnatural lusts have been accumulating with gathered strength from the time when reason—which is the prerogative of man—first degraded him below the level of the brutes. And the habit of their exercise has become almost a second nature, at variance with the interests of the first and higher nature. Our organism through countless generations has become habituated to their continual indulgence. Suddenly to leave our sins

behind us now, and to expect to escape all reaction from so long excitement, is as if one who for a life-time had drunk deep of intoxicating drinks, should starve at once all his evil appetites, and marvel that the health which he had thrown away would not come at once when bidden, and that his vigour should seem for a time rather lessened than increased by his self-denial. But here the appetite and its indulgence have grown together, not through the life of one man, but through unnumbered generations. What right have we, then, to murmur if the time of our penalty be in due proportion to the offence? So that until the effects of our present unnatural surroundings, and of the long inheritance of lust on our distorted nature have been cancelled, it is impossible to predict what shall be the effects of such repression upon our health and life. And these effects can only be cancelled by giving a prolonged trial to such a simple and natural régime as that here recommended. And when that has been done, the event, doubt it not, shall be as here foretold.

But though these teachings on the subject of continence form an important portion of the work, yet they by no means express its entire scope: this is to enunciate the laws which govern the generation of a new life. The book is an earnest and powerful plea on behalf of the unborn; that these laws—surely of all laws those which most nearly concern the welfare of the race—should no longer be so wilfully and blindly neglected as they have been. That men and women should at least bestow the same care on entering into marriage as on forming a partnership in trade, and should not change that holy union into a legalised prostitution; and that because to them is entrusted the stewardship of the coming generations. Such as the parents have made them, such shall the children be. On this view the book is divided into three sections. Part I., "The Preparation," treats of entering into the marriage state, and of the preparation needed for the generation of children. Part II., "The Consummation," treats of the growth of the foetus, of pregnancy, and of birth. And, lastly, Part III. is entitled, "Wrongs Righted."

The first few chapters of this work contain advice to those contemplating marriage to guide them in their choice of a partner. Of this, little need be said. The language is marked throughout by simplicity and earnestness. The advice given is such as would be given by any man of feeling and culture, together with much that a man less straightforward and less utterly convinced of the need of it would hesitate to say. Then follow a few pages on the use and abuse of amativeness, and the enunciation of the law of continence, of which two things we have already spoken. But the most novel and striking feature

of this part of the work is the doctrine set forth in the last chapter "On the Law of Genius."

Genius, as Dr. Cowan defines it, is the strong, natural inclination of a man for some particular pursuit, together with his perfect adaptation to that pursuit. And this power, this inborn gift, it rests in the parents' conscious will and endeavour to bestow. If they neglect this their privilege, the children who are born to them—unless by some rare chance they have unconsciously fulfilled the obligations of this law of inheritance—shall be commonplace and mediocre as the greater part of the sons of earth; fashioned in one casual mould, and compounded after the same chance recipe; content to be as sheep, following any leader who shall speak louder than the rest; having no peculiar fitness, no special aim, no guiding principle, other than to win their bread as circumstance or another's will shall direct. But if they so will it, the parents can grasp the mastery of circumstance and the guidance of their children's destiny. Does the father think no object higher than to assist in the spiritual progress of the race?—his child shall be a reformer, a teacher, or a prophet. Does he wish for a son who shall be competent to frame the laws and guide the reins of government?—he may make of the son that is yet unborn a lawgiver and a statesman. Or he may choose that his child be eminent in science, in philosophy, or in poetry; that he be a manufacturer, a merchant, or a farmer. He has the power to make him any of these. To secure his end, it is only necessary that the father, during the few weeks previous to his giving life to the germ, which is to develop into a man like himself, should himself take part in those studies and pursuits in which he wishes his child to excel; and that the mother should continue the same occupations through all the time of pregnancy. Thus, by studying, writing, and speaking on the various reforms of the day, they may make the child a statesman or politician, just as, by employing themselves for the same period in agriculture, they may transmit to him a genius for farming. Nor must it be forgotten that all habits and tendencies which are dominant in this ante-natal period, will be transmitted to the unborn child, the evil no less than the good. If the father or mother during their several seasons of preparation cherish feelings of hatred and variance, the child shall be harsh, unloving—it may be a murderer. If either parent should at this time habitually indulge their animal appetites, the new life must be one of gluttony and sensuality. The purity of a whole life before will not save the child from the taint of those few weeks, if spent in sensual indulgence; nor will the guilty burden of his earlier years be handed on as a curse to his posterity, if the parent

have carefully purified from himself all stain of evil, before that precious time of preparation.

Such is the doctrine of the Law of Genius, which I trust I have honestly represented. And first, let us understand that, apart from its inherent likelihood, this theory has little to recommend it. Dr. Cowan brings forward a few facts and analogies which seem to hint at some such law as that which he has here stated. He gives a few modern instances in which he traces certain results to the law of genius, consciously or unconsciously followed. He refers, too, to Jacob's device for procuring ringed cattle, as narrated in the book of Genesis; and to the practice of the Greeks, who made their pregnant women gaze on statues and pictures, that they might impress these forms of beauty on their offspring. But, beyond this, there is no positive evidence, and it is manifest that on such a point all evidence from experiment must be very difficult of attainment. Human life and human destiny are things too sacred to be lightly trifled with; nor are there many who would willingly give up time and energy to what most would deem a baseless fancy. Further discussion and more minute and extended observation is needed to establish this theory as something more than a likely and beautiful hypothesis, and for such we must be content to wait. But though there is little directly to support it, it is an extremely probable deduction, indeed, to a limited extent it is an obvious and necessary corollary, from the known laws of inheritance. And the responsibility which these, even so far as they are already known, entail upon those who aspire to the dignity of parenthood is scarcely less than would be the case if Dr. Cowan's theory were proven true to its uttermost detail. It is a certain truth that for the errors of the fathers the children's teeth are set on edge. The faults which the parent has suffered to grow in him through blind appetite or wilful neglect are moulded in the very nature of the child. What in the one is a passion too feebly resisted, becomes with the other a very law of his life, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. And it is no less true that the righteous shall save more than his own soul alive. The habit of good, which the father has won with toil and suffering, shall be to the son a necessity of life. The path of duty which for the parent was beset with thorns, shall be carpeted with flowers beneath the feet of his children. But far more certainly than anything else are habits of gluttony and sensuality handed on in cursed succession from father to son. There is no more cruel wrong which the sensualist can do than to rob those of his own flesh from their very birth of that freedom, which he himself inherited and has wilfully cast away. At a great price must that freedom be purchased, and too often those born in slavery to lust can regain

their lost heritage of purity and virtue no more. The evil and the good that men do alike live after them, the one a quickening leaven, the other an eating cancer in the life-blood of their children. So that we in part determine the destinies of those who shall live after us, even as our own lives have been shaped by the many lives before. And yet how few are found to welcome this responsibility, and to endeavour faithfully to discharge it! What other duty is so persistently neglected? In this age of selfish clamour from every class to have a voice in deciding on the common good of all, whose interests are so continually disregarded as the interests of the unborn? What married man reflects, in taking his daily pipe, or bottle of wine, that his children must share the consequences of his folly? What young mother would resolve to discontinue her late hours and too frequent gaieties, lest she rob her children of the well-strung nerves and healthy frame which no after care can procure them? This neglect of a most solemn duty is, no doubt, partly owing to the fact that the present generation is the first to recognise it as a duty at all; and that the spread of knowledge is slow. But a more potent cause is the obscurity in which the sacred relation of matrimony is wilfully shrouded. No words can express how short-sighted, how contemptible, how infamous such false modesty will appear when judged by its miserable consequences.

Part II., "The Consummation," treats of the growth of the foetus in the womb, of pregnancy and birth, and of the mode of life the woman should pursue during these periods. This portion of the book, though primarily intended for mothers, contains matter of interest and importance for all, both in the history of the human germ before it is born into the world, but more especially in the views here expressed on the true position of woman. Dr. Cowan is not one of those who think that the highest function of woman is to offer up to man her unresisting body, whereon to wreak his bestial lusts. He shows, in forcible terms, how monstrous a wrong it is for the sensual husband to force upon the wife a maternity for which she has neither strength nor desire. As the only true law of life for both sexes is perfect continence, save only for the purpose of reproduction, so it is for the woman to say when she desires such union. To the wife is entrusted the high office of forming, through the long months of pregnancy and nursing, the soul and body of her child. For it is manifest that the man's share in this work is confined to the few weeks of preparation before spoken of and to the indirect influences of after life. On the care and watchfulness of the mother, more than on all things else, depend the character and destiny of the child. Is it not, then, a strange thing that those on whose love and intelligence so much depends are left so utterly

unprepared for the task that awaits them? It is our pride to teach our sisters, the future mothers of our race, such trivialities as French and Italian, music and "accomplishments," and to leave them in pitiable ignorance of the solid realities of existence. We like to see them ignorant and helpless, relying wholly on our power and wisdom. Have we never reflected on the consequences that must follow from such a nurture? It cannot be that they should rightly discharge the highest of all duties who have not been prepared for the work by diligent and careful training. Ready mother-wit and the teachings of experience will do much to aid the mother; but where interests so vital are concerned, it were well not to trust to these alone. It surely cannot be immodest or indecorous that young girls who may some day be mothers should learn thoroughly all that may be required of them in such a position, and should be carefully prepared for the manifold duties of motherhood by a sound and liberal education? And if you tell me that it is immodest and indecorous, then this modesty and delicacy are things hateful and injurious, which must be set at nought as endangering the well-being and happiness of our children.

But should the woman never become a mother; should she never have the opportunity of marriage, her life is not a wasted one on that account. There is work for woman, as for man, other than the duties of parentage. The knowledge and the training which would have fitted her for the highest duties, will surely not render her less fit to take her place in the ranks of the world's workers, from whom those highest duties are never required. The woman who is able to be a mother is, of necessity, able to fulfil the easier tasks that are the lot of the unmarried. And her maiden life is neither unprofitable nor inglorious. We have been taught long ago that "all have not the same office," but each man his own several task, in the due discharge of which is found his highest use and happiness. If all men were rulers, whom should they command? If all counsellors, to whom should they offer advice? If all were parents, what room would there be for such men and women as the saints of old, who gave up their lives to ministering, not to one family only, but to the universal need? And there is place for such saintly workers now, in the days of Florence Nightingale, as in the days of Saint Elizabeth. And again, we have been taught that "the unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she be holy, both in body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband."

Time will not suffer me to do more than briefly indicate the subjects treated of in Part III., "Wrongs Righted;" and then,

with a few remarks suggested by the theme of the book, this notice must conclude. The first chapter of this section deals with foeticide, a crime widely prevalent in America, and, it is to be feared, not unknown in England. The cause of this unnatural practice is shown to be the unbridled lust of the man who thrusts upon his unwilling wife a motherhood which her soul abhors, and from which her only escape lies in a forced abortion. The cruel injustice thus done by the husband to wife and child is too manifest to need any further words of mine. Dr. Cowan abundantly illustrates this great wrong and its terrible consequences to health and life, which fall only on the guilty woman, and not on her still more guilty husband, whose brutal licentiousness first imposed upon her this necessity. And yet there is wisdom and equity beneath this seemingly unequal punishment. The woman who knowingly chooses a lustful partner, or who is too craven to defend the life of herself and of her child, is deserving of all the pain and degradation. And to her who knows, but bows to what she thinks to be her duty, is meted out the penalty due to ignorance—for she that knew not sinning “shall be beaten with many stripes,” that so, through shame and suffering, may be wrought out the true innocence, that knows and rejects the evil.

Next follows some account of the diseases peculiar to men and women, and of self-abuse, itself, too, a disease; of their causes, symptoms, and cure. All drugs, medicines, and external appliances are strongly condemned. The only and the certain cure is perfect continence and a simple and healthy life. More especially is this the case with self-abuse, the disease which numbers amongst its victims half the inmates of our madhouses, and so many everywhere who live without hope, energy, or self-respect, powerless under a degradation unspeakable, and ruinous both to body and soul. The sick man can be restored to manhood and strength, if he but firmly resolve to lead a life of strict sobriety and abstinence.

Lastly follow a few words on the rights of woman; on her right to live a chaste life; on her right to use her talents as she thinks fit, and to enjoy the fruits of her own labour; and on the conditions of a happy marriage, and their attainment.

Thus concludes our sketch, necessarily brief and imperfect, of the contents of this book. The design, as has been seen throughout, is to promote the welfare of the race by the right knowledge of the laws which govern reproduction. And this is done in all purity and manly courage, and in all helpful sympathy with ignorance and suffering. And, hence, though the book is mainly written in the interest of the unborn, yet the author should not be rewarded by their praise and gratitude

alone; for we of this generation are deeply indebted to him for this brave, earnest plea for more light on these dark places of the earth. The vaunted torch of science has done but little to dispel the gloom from these strongholds of sin and misery. What is needed is, that faithful workers everywhere should spread abroad, by speech or by writing, this same knowledge with equal force and plainness of speaking. And more than all should all parents take care to teach their children while yet young, fully, and without doubt or reserve the truth of these things. And yet how very few are found who thus do their duty by their children! If we wish our children to grow up brave and fearless, we hold out to them examples of courage on the one hand and cowardice on the other, bidding them follow the one and shun the other; we endeavour, whether by praise or by warning and punishment, to make them hate all things mean and cowardly, and to practice all that is the reverse of this. If we wish our children to be truthful, we take care from their earliest years, both by precept and example to teach them what are the penalties of falsehood, and what the rewards of truth; how lovely and pleasant a thing is this, and how vile and disgraceful the other. And, having done this, we trust that, when our children are of age to decide for themselves, they will choose truth and courage rather than falsehood and cowardice. But if we wish our children to be pure, we take no pains to set before them examples of purity, and of its great reward; or of impurity, and of the shame and misery that are its portion. We are not careful to instruct them thoroughly in the ways of purity, and to point out to them what things are to be followed and what are to be avoided. Whilst in order that they may be courageous and true, we show them fully and without reserve what are courage and truth, and how they may be attained; that they may be pure, we do none of these things, but rather the opposite. We are careful to hide from them all knowledge of things pure and impure; we do not speak of such subjects in their presence; we check all questions as immodest and presumptuous; we diligently keep from their sight all books that treat of such things, and that tell them what is the true and proper use of their bodies, and of the pain and shame that must result if they are not so used. In short, we would, if we could, keep them in ignorance of the first duty and the highest privilege of our nature. But since this is impossible,—for the natural desire to know these things is too strong for us—we leave them to learn from vicious companions, from lewd books and filthy allusions, something of what we would have hidden from them. But they will not learn from them as they would have learnt from their parents. We have taught them

to look upon all such knowledge—which, rightly given, would have been to them a source of purity and strength—as something guilty and obscene; and when they learn it as we compel them to learn it, as such they will surely find it, both from what they will hear, and from what will be left untold. They will *not* hear of the dignity and happiness which are placed within their reach, nor of the high duties which they are thereby bound to fulfil; and if no greater harm follow, they will have been taught to look upon those privileges as something almost guilty and ignoble, and those duties of parenthood as a burden to be lightly thrown aside. But they *will* hear of perverted and unnatural desires, and of the passing pleasures of lust—and they will not hear that such momentary pleasures are won at the cost of health, happiness, and life itself; they *will* hear of all things pure turned into lewdness and obscenity, and the sacred privilege of manhood into the means of ministering to the vilest passions; and the guilt and degradation which *that* knowledge shall bring upon them, will defile them to the end of their life.

That the ignorance in which children are kept by their parents on this vital subject is not here exaggerated all parents know. The first inquiries of the child after the manner of his birth are met by the reply, that it is not right for him to know of such matters; and worse still, by some petty falsehood that drives the curiosity, which it fails to satisfy, to seek gratification from unlawful sources. Why should not the child be told simply and truly, that he came from the loins of his father and out of the womb of his mother, flesh of their flesh and life of their life? There is nothing guilty or disgraceful in these things, except as we ourselves have made them so; nor can the knowledge of them prove injurious to the child. Where there is no sin, there can be no shame: and sin lies not in the lawful exercise, but in the lawless indulgence. It is only our sinful excess that makes us regard the act of reproduction as an unholy mystery. I remember a lady, the mother of several children, once saying, on returning to me Mr. Darwin's book, "The Origin of Species," that "she thought it a most improper and indelicate book, and wondered that I was not ashamed to lend it to her." I extracted from her, that her objection to the book lay in its discussion of the effects of cross-breeding and hybridisation amongst horses, asses, and the like. That woman was not fit to be a mother; and yet I do not doubt that she was not more narrow and ignorant than thousands more, who bring up their children in helpless ignorance of all that concerns their purity and virtue, and then blame the unequal decrees of Providence, which ordain that the son of a virtuous mother should grow up a profligate, and her daughter a harlot.

If any doubt whether the harm done by this shameful reticence is so great as here represented, let him ask any one who is entrusted with the charge of young boys and girls. Let him read such a book as the one before us, or consult any doctor, or the keeper of any asylum—let him look at the daily accounts of bastardy and child-murder which fill the columns of our newspapers; and that scarcely less guilty—though not wilful—child-murder, which carries off so many children, whether of rich or poor, in their earliest infancy. Or let him look around at the countless forms of misery and sickness—at men and women who are cursed for the ignorance and folly of their parents—at the many millions who pass from birth to death without one noble purpose, or one pure desire to redeem their lives from the sordid round of misery and care. The cause of all this is ignorance—ignorance of those things which all men and women most need to know ; and, if this be so, let us see that our children have no cause to say of us, what we dare not say of our fathers: “With those who might have taught our ignorance, but have not done so, be all the guilt and the shame !”

S H A K E R I S M .

By DAVID BROWN.

(Continued.)

ACCIDENTS AND SICKNESS.

A SHORT time after I arrived at Mount Lebanon I noticed that one of the brethren had met with an accident, which disabled him, and prevented him from following his employment, in consequence of which he was taken into the sick room. I noticed also that during his affliction Elder F. W. Evans alluded several times to the subject of accidents, saying that there were no accidents in Christ. This went down very badly with me, for it evidently meant that the sick brother was not in Christ; and he had been living in the family more than thirty years, and I thought that this was poor compensation for all his toil during that time. However, during my stay, the second Elder had two slight accidents, but I never heard the slightest allusion being made in reference to him being out of Christ; and if any of the brethren are sick, or have some other bodily ailment, it is generally considered to have been brought on with excessive eating or some other neglect, and the first thing they do with a patient when they take him into the sick room is to put him on a low diet, and very likely into a wet sheet pack, with some composition tea. They are very much lacking in medical and surgical skill, so that when any serious cases occur, they have to send to the outside world for a doctor. The idea with them is (and I

think it is a true one), that if persons are only careful in their eating and other general habits, they will, as a rule, enjoy good health. It may seem strange that at Mount Lebanon, where there is such beautiful surroundings, and a fine bracing atmosphere, far from the smoke and din of the towns and cities, that there should be any sickness. Before I went there I was informed that there was scarcely any sickness among them; but when I got there I found it quite the reverse, and the sick room is seldom empty. Many of the sisters are thin and pale-looking, and this I attribute to their confinement, for they seldom breathe the pure air of heaven, which I think is a downright shame, as they have miles of land stretching out in every direction. The brethren, also, as a rule, are nothing near so healthy as they would be providing they were not overworked, and had a little more leisure. There had been considerable improvement made in ventilation and sewerage; still there is much lacking, for having no sitting-rooms, they are obliged to sit in their bed-rooms on the Sabbath, which is very offensive at times; and the meeting-room during the winter months is sadly too small, so that the change from one to the other is not very agreeable. I suffered a great deal at times through breathing impure air in their meetings, and conferred with the elder about absenting myself occasionally, but he would not consent to anything of the kind. He told me I must labour more deeply for a spiritual baptism, and that would compensate for the lack of physical conditions. It was in vain I tried to reason with him, saying that we had no right to expect any supernatural power to do for us what we could do for ourselves by obeying the laws by which we are governed. Still it was all to no purpose; to him the meeting was everything, and to that everything else must bend. They know very well that it is the devotional element which holds them together, and makes them pliable and plastic to the touch, and that if this went the rest would soon follow.

OBEDIENCE.

Elder F. W. Evans believes himself sufficiently competent to administer to every brother, both for body and soul; hence every brother is required to merge his will into that of the elder's, and be led according to his dictum, both as to what he shall read, what he shall think, and what he shall do. In all the transactions of everyday life, the elder must be his counsellor, his protector—in short, he must be as God to him. The elders evidently arrogate to themselves those claims over the rights and consciences of others which do not belong to any human being. I know they will deny this, and say that in rendering obedience, it must be considered as unto the Lord, and not to man (the

elders being the Lord's representatives), and that it is the principle of obedience which they are aiming at cultivating which forms the groundwork of the heavenly character. It is true, the elders do not profess to be infallible ; still, when they are in the gift (as they call it), then everything they say while in that state must be considered as coming from the Lord and not themselves. This is certainly very fine. If we ask by what authority they can prove that they are the Lord's representatives more than other men, the answer is, that the elders are appointed by the ministry, that the ministry receive their instructions from the spiritual world. Here, then, we have a species of Popery over again, and the trail of the serpent is over it all, for instead of liberating thought they fetter it ; instead of encouraging progress, they take away the key of knowledge. It is quite common for them to advise persons, when they join the society, not to read any books at all for about six or twelve months. Of course, in every case, it is according to temperament of character. If they are likely to make good Shakers without this restraint they are allowed this desired boon ; but if not, they are sure to have it put on either in one way or another, if possible. The reason is obvious. It is that the mind being altogether withdrawn from the outside world, will be better able to concentrate its energies on the new life it has commenced. They know, also, that every book contains more or less magnetism, so that any influence which would in the least militate against the new life is carefully avoided. But whether they read or not, it finally comes to a point when there has to be a full consecration to God (as they call it), which consists in giving not only their money, but also their books and everything of a worldly nature. When I first joined the society I was quite prepared to make this sacrifice, but I naturally thought that the books thus given up would still remain in the family, the only difference being, that instead of being mine they would be ours, and that there would be a common stock, not only of goods and money, but also books, and that as brethren and sisters living together in one family it would be our privilege to edify and instruct each other. But when I found that the elders and the deacons had all the command of the money, and all the rest of the family were not allowed to have a cent in their pockets,—when I found that instead of retaining the books in the family, that a horse and cart had been sent to come round once a-year for the books collected from the brethren and sisters and take them to Albany for sale,—when I went into the elder's room and saw the large rows of books which constituted his library, and knew that I could not lay my fingers upon one of them, but if I wanted a book I had simply to ask the elder for it, and, if he thought fit,

I could have it, but if not, I had to go without it,—when I considered, also, that there was a number of journals, magazines, &c., coming to the family every week, and that these also were at the sole disposal of the elder as to who should read this and who should read that, this, I confess, made me feel as if I was bound hand and foot and completely hedged in. I had always inferred from past reading that the efforts of all true reformers pointed to an epoch of free thought, free expression, and free action, with a more copious diffusion of knowledge, and that it was our privilege to enjoy these blessings in a greater or lesser degree at the present day; but when I got to the Shakers I found that that for which our forefathers had struggled so bravely and sacrificed their lives was again being taken from us. And it is here where Shakerism more especially fails, inasmuch as they endeavour to cut all according to one pattern and put them all into one mould, so that there is no stirring one without the other, and no stirring at all except the ministry take the lead, then, indeed, they can advance a little, but it is only within the prescribed limits. They know full well both when to advance and when to halt. If, on the other hand, they made provision for supplying the wants of body and mind according to the constitutional temperament it would make all the difference, and Shakerism would be more successful.

THE EDUCATION OF THE CHILDREN.

As the Shakers are a celibate order they depend altogether upon the outside world for their increase. In the event of a family of children being left fatherless and motherless, it often happens that they go to the Shakers. There are also other children in the various States who have parents, but from what I could see and hear, there is every reason to believe that they were unmanageable at home, consequently the parents had handed them over to the Shakers to do that for them which they ought to have done themselves, so that the Shakers have a great deal of trouble with the unruly children. However, they have a school to which these children go. The boys go to school during the winter months, and the girls in the summer,—the boys being wanted at home for work during the summer. Their education consists in a few of its primary branches, and is by no means proficient. On the whole, they rather discard than encourage it, for, as they say, if they educate the boys they only leave them, and so for that reason I suppose they feel themselves justified in not giving them such a good education as they otherwise would do. There was a young man in the same family as myself who had received his education among them, having been in the family nearly seven years; but I felt grieved when

I saw his writing, as it was so much below the common standard besides being badly spelled, and it was not because he had not a capacity to receive it, for he was naturally smart and active, and seemed to understand almost everything about the place, but it was because he had not had the chance. This same young man told me that there had been about fifty boys in the family since he came, but they had all left. They had four boys and four girls when I was there. During the previous winter one of the boys had not been to school at all in consequence of bad conduct; still that is not the way to punish children, for, apart from every other consideration, they ought to have their education. However, such was the fact; and it is not probable that he will ever go to school again, as he is getting into a fine thriving boy, consequently they will have something else for him to do. This same boy had no mother, though he had a father, who was living in one of the States, but he cared very little for his son. The boy, in consequence of the death of his mother, had been in the family several years. Still he felt that he was very severely dealt with in not being allowed to go to school, but there was no redress.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

The old adage says, that there are two sides to a ladder; and so Shakerism has its bright as well as its dark side. If it were not so, it would be altogether intolerable; so that in attempting to present the life as it really is, we ought not to omit those features which are of a more pleasing kind, for communistic life has without doubt its advantages. In the first place, there is no fear that they will ever suffer from the adulteration of food, for, with the exception of a few groceries, they live mostly on their own produce; and having plenty of land they have always a large variety of vegetables, fruits, and grains, so that they always furnish a good table, and their food is everything that is desirable. They have also plenty of clothing, and a person in married life could not be more cared for nor better attended than are the brethren by the sisters. Every brother has a care-taker, or sister who takes charge of his clothes, and it is evidently their delight to make every brother as comfortable as possible, and, however wearied the brethren are with excessive toil during the day, still, when they return home at night there is always a hearty welcome and smiling faces. It often struck me that some of the more experienced sisters, knowing the difficulties the brethren had to contend with, did all in their power to sweeten the bitter cup, and it seems to me that the general sphere which the sisters bring down upon the family, is about the greatest redeeming quality about the place. They are

remarkably clean and neat in their appearance. There is not a dirty place about the premises, but everything is as clean as hands can make it. There are no intoxicating drinks, neither do they smoke tobacco, neither does anyone hear any foul language or anything that is immoral in its tendencies, everything seems to go along like clockwork from morning till night. There is also a feature in connection with their singing which is worthy of notice. The case is thus: while the brethren and sisters are engaged in their daily labour, or it may be when lying in bed, but in every case a tranquil state of the mind is necessary, and very often during these states a song will be given to a brother or sister by impression. To some of them it appears as if they heard a spirit singing, and the words are at once impressed on their memories as well as the tune, after which they write the words on paper, and at the first opportunity take it to the second elder and sing the tune, while he at the same time takes it down in music to be learned at the next singing meeting; sometimes there are two or three songs in a day which are thus given, and at night will be sung by the family. They have very few part songs, as they are not much encouraged, but mostly simple airs. Neither do they sing any other songs than those which come through their own order. The idea with them is, that it is not for them to learn the world's songs, but that it is for the world to learn their songs, inasmuch as they are the centres of good influences which are going out to renovate and redeem mankind. When any of the brethren or sisters go on a journey which they do sometimes, there is generally a new song of welcome to be sung when they return, and it is very affecting at these times to see them standing in the hall and to hear them singing, and to see their friends' greetings as if they had been away twelve months, whereas they have not been more than two or three weeks at the longest. They have also a social gathering in the month of August, in a grove about three miles from Mount Lebanon, when three of the families, namely, the north family and the two Caanan families three miles south meet together and spend the day. The entertainment consists in readings, recitations, and singing, and speech making, every brother and sister is expected to contribute something for the occasion; but it must be understood that all the articles thus prepared are inspected by the elder prior to the meeting, so that nothing shall be said but what is in keeping with the institution, and thus order is maintained. This is a day that all welcome, inasmuch as it is the only day of relaxation from toil during the whole year, so that when the morning arrives, every one has a smile on their countenance; and such hurrying and bustling, all preparing to take a ride in the carriages of which they have a consider-

able number, and which conduct them to the grove, where they arrive about 8 o'clock, a.m. The grove is in a sequestered spot, quite secluded from the outside world, on an eminence surrounded with woods and deep ravines. The tall stately trees which form the grove are most magnificent. Everything about the place seems to lend an additional charm, and the whole prospect is quite enchanting. I was also informed that this was formerly an Indian's retreat where they performed their sacrificial rites. They commence with a song of welcome which is followed up by a few remarks from the elder, after which the brethren and sisters take their respective parts, and thus a very agreeable day is spent. At 12 o'clock they break up, an hour for dinner, after which they resume the meeting again till about 6 o'clock when they return home. I was present at two of these gatherings, and at the second, the elderess had a very beautiful song given her for the occasion, the words of which are as follow :—

There are ministering angels from the spheres above,
Who are filled with rejoicing, with purity, and love,
Coming to bless us to-day ;
We are ready for your coming, we know you are on the way,
Oh, come speedily and bless us, we pray.

The ministry also were present at this gathering, and during the remarks which one of them made, he stated that he believed in using guile in order to draw people into the community. Of course, I took the hint, and knew it was meant for others to do the same; but who could justify such a mode of procedure. It is not the Church that is built upon guile that will prosper, but the Church that is free from guile. Concerning Jesus, it is said that never did guile issue from his mouth; yet here was God's vicegerent of the Millennial Church of the Latter Day exhorting the people to use guile. They have a great deal to say about the Christ-sphere from which Jesus derived his name, and which proceeds from the seventh, or resurrection heaven; but if this is not antichrist, I do not know what it is. They have not only to use guile in order to draw people into the community, but they have to use a great deal of guile to keep those who are there. At most of the meetings, the elder condemns the outside world in unmeasured terms, calling it Babylon and confusion, as if it was a very Sodom and Gomorrah, and not ten righteous persons in it; and when he returns from a journey (and, by the way, these journeys are very frequent), he invariably utters bitter tones of declamation against something which he has seen outside. That is not very commendable; but I never heard him speak of any good which he had seen outside. This he carefully avoids, but is always presenting the dark side, and then

presenting it in contrast with the privileges and blessings of communistic life ; whereupon the brethren and sisters are more than ever thankful that they are not exposed to such hostile influences, but are blessed with the protection which Zion affords for all her children. This is a species of guile they use, so that those among them who have been there from childhood must have a very gloomy idea, indeed, of the outside world.

The day I left the society, just as I had descended the hill which leads to the Shaker village, and was entering New Lebanon, I met a family, friends of mine, who had been out West to better their condition, but a series of disasters had overtaken them, and the husband fell sick and died, leaving a wife and four children without any means of subsistence. This same family had heard Elder F. W. Evans lecture in England, and after the husband's death, Mrs. Hulme (for that is the widow's name), not knowing but that I was still with the Shakers, thought that if she could make her way to Mount Lebanon, there perhaps might be some opening for her family. So the county paid their fare to Mount Lebanon ; and as I was saying, just as I was leaving the Shakers and entering the town, I met this same family in a most deplorable condition. What my feelings were when I met them is beyond my power to describe. However, something had got to be done, so we went to all the boarding-houses in the town to obtain lodgings, but failed. As night was drawing on, and having nowhere to put our heads, I thought I would take them to the Shakers, though Mrs. Hulme had seen two of the Shakers before I met her, and they told her it would be useless for her to think of going to Mount Lebanon, as her children were under age, and she herself in a state of pregnancy. As it is so very common to relieve travellers, and this being such a sad case of necessity, I thought we perhaps might get a night's lodging, and stay over Sunday, as it was then Saturday night; so we went to the north family, and I saw Elder F. W. Evans, but he refused us any accommodation whatever, but gave us the cold shoulder, and we had to return to Mount Lebanon. Myself and three of the children slept in the depot all night ; and Mrs. Hulme and her youngest child were very kindly taken by one of the neighbours into his own private house. The following day the circumstances of the family being known, a general interest was awakened in their behalf by the inhabitants of New Lebanon. The Ladies' Sewing Society convened together to make new clothes to the children ; and soon the whole family were housed, clothed, and fed, and means provided to return to England, and all by voluntary subscriptions, so that the outside world is not so bad after all as Elder F. W. Evans represents it to be. But to return. Against the main body of Shakers I have

nothing to say, for I know that many of them are groaning under a bondage from which they long to be delivered, but it is against the way in which the system is worked that I am contending. It is against the order which insists that every person shall blindly believe that against which their own reason rebels. It is against the order which invests all the power in the hands of a few; while all the rest have neither voice nor vote in the matter, and yet they profess to hold all things in common. I feel quite sure that if any of the brethren or sisters were to ask any questions about the real workings of the institution, it would be taken as an interference, and regarded as a symptom of worldly-mindedness. It is not for the brethren and sisters to trouble themselves about such matters, they are on the heavenly plane, and therefore must not mind earthly things.

After I had been there about two months, I thought I should like to pay William Carpenter a visit, who was living in one of the other families, and who had accompanied me from England, he having been over here to transact some business, but I took a second thought that, as we were so very busy, I would defer it till Christmas, when I thought there would surely be no difficulty in going then; so, on the morning of Christmas-day I went into the elder's room, making known my request, but I was refused, the elder saying that I should be wanted at home, so I was disappointed. However, I should not have cared much about it had there been any probability I could have gone at some other time, but I soon found out that there was not, so I never went. There are five families of Shakers at Mount Lebanon, all living in the adjacent village; still they keep at a respectable distance apart, so that there is very little visiting with each other. I should have thought that a united meeting once a year, at least, of the different families for social intercourse and an interchange of thought and feeling would have had a good effect, but such a thing would not be tolerated by any means, though I know the families would be very glad to have such a treat. It is true the families trade with each other, so that during the week one or two of the brethren may be seen going from one family to another; yet, even on these occasions, the elder will sometimes caution them, saying that they must remember that their errand is business and not pleasure, so that they are not to converse on other subjects apart from their business, as there are other times for visiting; but those other times seldom come. There were two brothers, W. A. and J. G., who had been transferred from the north to the church family, and one Sunday morning the brothers had permission to pay the north family a visit, and to unite with them in worship. During the meeting both the brothers related their experience, and ex-

pressed their thankfulness for the privilege of once more joining with the brethren and sisters in worship, as it was seven years since they had been so privileged; so the visits don't come so often. I feel there is something which is not very good at the bottom of it, otherwise they would not be afraid of a little social intercourse. At the Watervliet family, which is about thirty miles from Mount Lebanon, one of the brethren was in the habit of going into his room during his morning to spend a short time in writing, but the elder forbade him. However, I suppose the brother thought that the elder need not concern himself about him so long as it was during his own leisure. At all events, one day, Elder Albert Lomax went into the room while the brother was thus engaged, and took the paper off the table upon which he was writing, and tore it; at the same time he seized the brother by the hair of his head, and dragged him out of the room, strictly forbidding him doing anything of the kind again. Forbes Munson, who had been a colonel in the American army, was living in the same family when this occurred; he was afterwards transferred to Mount Lebanon for threatening to beat one of them, owing to some unpleasantness among them, and while he was there he told J. Robe, and J. Robe (a person upon whose veracity I can rely) told me:—I was living at Mount Lebanon when Forbes Munson came, and I remember that shortly after his arrival, the elder told the brethren that they would not be allowed to ask Forbes Munson any questions about the Watervliet family, but if they wanted any information on that subject, they must ask him and he would give it them. I thought this sounded very strange at the time, and that we were very much narrowed down to think that a brother should newly arrive from a brother family, and yet not be allowed to ask him any question about the family whence he came. However, when J. Robe told me the circumstances of the case afterwards, the matter explained itself. I don't think that instances of this kind are very common, but from what I have heard, and from what I have seen, I have every reason to believe that things are not in a satisfactory condition at all; and my impression is, that their object in preventing a closer intimacy is, that they may be better able to conceal the dark side of the picture, and thus permit nothing to be seen but the bright side.

I may here observe that the Shaker order is divided into societies and families, each society embracing more or less families, and has a presiding ministry or popedom; for it is not in the power of any of the societies to stir hand or foot without the consent of the ministry (that is, in respect to their ecclesiastical government). It is true the families mostly manage their own temporalities, but as regards introducing intellectual culture,

they are dead set against it, and any improvements which may be made must first come through the ministry. They have the Urim and the Thummim, and receive their instructions from the resurrection heaven, and nothing can be done till the ministry get a revelation therefrom. They say that there are seven cycles, and that they are about completing the first. They admit also, that the other accessories which are so desirable for the improvement and elevation of humanity, will be given in due time; but they can only receive these through the ministry, and through the ministry from the resurrection heaven. There are eighteen societies through the various States, so that there may probably be about from fifty to sixty families. They never keep any printed report of their number, neither of increase nor decrease, so that it is difficult to get at the exact truth; but it is evident that they are in a declining state, both from what one can see and hear, and from the fact that they don't keep any report.

SPIRITUALISM.

There is one more feature I wish to notice, and that is Spiritualism. I understand that Mr. Peebles has written a new work, entitled, "Shakerism and Spiritualism," as if they were kith and kin; but a greater mistake could not be perpetrated, and I hope he will make further inquiries before he publishes it, otherwise I am afraid he will commit himself. I thought before I left England that there was a close connection between the two, especially as Elder F. W. Evans and Mr. Peebles appeared to be working together in one common cause; but I was mistaken, and it was there I was misled. True, Elder F. W. Evans claims that Shakerism is the parent of Spiritualism, and that Mount Lebanon is its home, but this is a very contracted view; and I believe that all these pretensions are simply a covering or a tool to further the progress of Shakerism, and I will prove it. About forty years ago, before the Rochester rappings were heard, the Shakers had Spiritual manifestations on a large scale. These continued for about seven years and then ceased; but why were they discontinued?—that is the question. The fact is, the Shakers have a tribunal to which all who come must bow, whether in the body or out of the body, consequently, every communication received from the spirits was tried and tested by that ordeal. This I have been told by one of the brethren, and everything which did not conform to that ordeal was rejected. This was the rock upon which they split, and it was this which closed the vision which to this day has never been opened only in a very limited sense, which I shall notice hereafter. Could it be expected that spirits who had gone through all the experiences of earth life, and had also been progressing in the second life,

should again come back and be bound with the shackles of conventionalism?—yet this was what the Shakers were trying to effect. Instead of profiting by the communications received, and being led onward and upward in the path of progression, they sought to draw them down to their own level, and they have been at that level ever since. I feel assured that if it should so happen that some half dozen mediums should go together and join the society, it would put the elder in a pretty fix as to how he should arrange them for fear their influence would be detrimental to the workings of the institution. The probability is that some of them would be sent to Canaan, and some of the others to other families; at all events, they would be placed at a respectable distance from each other to prevent any discord. I know this to be true, because I have seen it. While I was there, two young men came from England, both trance-speaking mediums, with the understanding that they would be allowed to use their mediumship, but when they got there they were not allowed to use it at all. One of them was dispatched to the Canaan family, and the other stayed at the north family, but they have both left since. Many of the sisters are mediumistic, and they allow spirits belonging to their own order to communicate occasionally, and what they receive in private it is not for me to say, but it is very rarely that the brethren and sisters see anything of the sort, though many of them would be glad to have them. All the communications that I heard were from two sisters who had departed the earth-life; one, to whom reference has been made before, was interred on the 11th of December, and the other on Christmas day. At the funeral services prior to interment, both of the sisters who had departed communicated through two other sisters who were trance mediums, and very impressive it was. Of course it was done to encourage the brethren and sisters and to confirm them in their faith, still I felt grieved to think they could allow spirits belonging to their own order to communicate when it served their own purpose, but for nothing else. However, when it is considered that will-expression is forbidden to those who are in the body, it can hardly be expected that those who have passed out of the body should have a hearing,—and yet they call themselves spiritualists. And often at the public meetings on Sabbaths Elder F. W. Evans tells his audience of the great good that Spiritualism is doing in the outside world, how it is breaking down sectarianism, priestcraft, doctorcraft, and every other craft which is opposed to the true interests of humanity; but they take good care to keep it on the outside, for they won't have it in the inside at Mount Lebanon,—only in the way I have described. Still they say that Spiritualism will be again restored

to the Church; but oh! the spirits have returned, and they keep knocking at their doors but they won't let them in. They know very well that if Spiritualism was introduced it would very soon effect a change, but that is what they don't want. But the change has got to come, and I feel strongly convinced that, unless there is a speedy modification, the Shaker days are numbered.

(*To be continued.*)

ODE ON THE INSURRECTION IN SERVIA, BOSNIA,
AND MONTENEGRO.

By GEORGE BARLOW, Author of "Under the Dawn," &c.

"A Vienna telegram published by the *Courrier de France* yesterday, says:—'A horrible massacre of Christians, lasting two days, has just occurred at Gabrova and the surrounding villages. There were upwards of 10,000 victims. The Turk sent from Constantinople to direct the slaughter is Ibrahim Bey.'"—*Evening Echo*, July 10, 1876.

STROPHE I.

AND are the sounds of war and bitter wailing
Borne in again upon the Eastern wind—
The piercing shouts of armèd hosts assailing
The weak and helpless with embittered mind—
The hoarse tumultuous wrath that Love grows pale in—
The horrid vengeance at which Love turns blind—
Is such our summer message—such unveiling
Of man's deep jealous hatred to mankind?
When women's hands in England now are nailing
Sweet roses to the casements—do we find
The rose-like hearts of tender women failing—
Ten thousand death-warrants of manhood signed,
And all fair intervention unavailing—
Round Servia's brow the red blood-chaplet twined
And o'er those lovely lands the red storm hailing,
At word of swart tyrannic hosts combined?

STROPHE II.

Is such the message of the summer season—
Such sounds of plotting—clamour of black treason,
And desolating hosts in high array—
Are these the bolts upon the sweet wind hurled—
These stormy bolts that shatter the fair world,
And laugh along their devastating way?
Is this the summer sweetness—this division
Of son from father—this malign derision
Of all things pure, and noble, and of fame;
Is this the joy of May—the mirth of June—
To listen to one world-wide shrill-toned tune
Of intense sorrow and intenser shame?

Is this the gift of flowers that we so yearned for—
 The pure rich blossoms that our spirits burned for,
 These blood-red blossoms dripping from the slain ;
 Is this the tenderness of summer showers
 That make the green earth glad through bounteous hours,
 This crimson inundation of live rain ?

Is this our nineteenth-century vaunted glory,
 This bitter rendering of a wrongful story—
 This drawing of the white impassioned sword ;
 This letting loose on lands where Christians sleep
 The wave of wanton triumph wide and deep
 That flows and foams around a Turkish horde ?

STROPHE III.

Oh glory of past embraces
 Of love and of freedom fair,
 Who rested in one same lair
 With tender and tranquil faces !
 What is this that perturbs and displaces
 Your beautiful sleep-mixed hair ?
 What is this strange sound in the air,
 This clamour of warring races,
 This vulture of prey that chases,
 With feet that ravish and tear,
 Sad children of yours who dare
 Lift brows no terror abases ?
 Who is this that dares to strangle
 The lovely spirit of peace,
 Bidding joy and happiness cease—
 Who is this whose heart must wrangle,
 Rail, vent bitterness, jangle,
 Over the golden fleece
 Of liberty, left in Greece
 Once—whose bright locks dangle,
 For Turks to redder and mangle,
 O'er Servia's shoulders—these
 Made golden now, and her knees
 Bright now with many a bangle !
 For in Servia now she lingers,
 The holy spirit that shone
 O'er stormy waters and wan
 Before, and on English singers :
 That placed the sword in the fingers
 Of Byron, and urged him on
 Till soul and the life were gone—
 For poets are sometimes bringers
 Of high brave succour, and ringers
 Of passionate peals, as yon
 Great spirit—a death-doomed swan—
 Sang, sang through the grim dart-flingers.

STROPHE IV.

Upon Servia now and the East
 The birds of prey for a feast
 From great black plumes to the least
 Mere pinion of prey descend;
 Their gaunt plumes shudder and shine
 O'er the summer flowers and the vine,
 As the warriors form in line,
 And their ominous steel points blend
 Without end.

Upon Bosnia now they advance,
 With glitter of sword and lance,
 And spleenful virulent glance,
 And savage pitiless cry;
 The dark hosts gather together
 In the summer bountiful weather,
 Like tigers loosed from a tether,
 With banners lifted on high,
 To the sky.

Upon Montenegro they leap,
 Like lions awake from sleep,
 With a bitter clamour and deep,
 And a barbarous bound and strong;
 They make war upon women—for these
 They can harry and hunt as they please:
 Strange cries torture the breeze—
 One mournful manifold song
 Of their wrong.

STROPHE V.

And can England hold aloof,
 Thus tried, thus put to the proof,
 When iniquitous deeds abound?
 Can England tamely abide,
 Her white shores washed by the tide
 Of peace—her lips without sound?
 Can England tarry at home,
 Her sweet breasts laved by the foam,
 Her forehead made bright with flowers?
 Can she linger at home, at ease,
 While sister-nations, while these,
 Contend through the blood-red hours?
 Is this, this indeed her fate,
 At rest, unimpassioned, sedate,
 To watch—strike never a blow?
 Oh! was it for this that men
 Spake once like Milton, and then
 Like Shelley—to see her so low?

Oh! was it for this that our
Forefathers through many an hour
 Of terrible agony strove?
To watch Strength over the seas
Sail, seeking for friendlier leas—
 Strength, tended and followed by Love?

Oh, poets of England—ye*
Who fancy that this can be,
 And the country reap no shame—
Wake! rise to a sense of the truth!
Be crowned with the passion of youth!
 Be girt with a cincture of flame!

Be sure that the hour when she leaves
Her sisters to gather the sheaves
 Of freedom and conquest alone
Is the last of imperial sway—
Yea, the eve of her world-wide day,
 And the hush of her glorious tone.

Be sure that the might of the men
Of England is lordliest when
 Self-sacrifice glittereth most
On the front of their banner—that fame
By cowardice won is a name—
 And safety by such but a boast.

Oh, England! land of the free,
Be still now. Hearken to me—
 Yea, hearken to thine own soul—
Or gaze on the legends of graves,
Or list to the roar of thy waves,
 With freedom and might in their roll.

Oh, England! country of flowers,
Bright now with innumerable bowers,
 Rich now with a measureless blaze
Of roses white—give a thought
To those whose garlands are wrought
 Not of lilies, or roses, or bays.

* In the course of a conversation, not long since, with a well-known English poet, mention was made of those English writers who have expressed so nobly the sympathy which England feels with the struggles of Italian and other continental patriots. The poet, however, did not approve of this sort of sympathy. He seemed to think it un-English to feel an interest in Italians passionately striving after a far-off liberty, and expressed an opinion that it was to social and internal, rather than to political and external reforms, that mankind must look for an amelioration of their condition. I said that I thought that England ought surely to sympathise with the struggles of freedom all over the world. But this pacific poet, a most unworthy follower (in this particular, at any rate) of Milton, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, thought otherwise. He preferred smooth bays, wet with the gentle dews of peace, to torn fierce leaves, ennobled, if darkened, by the red dripping spray of impassioned uncompromising battle.

Not of flowers of peace, but of blood :
 Yea, of many a war-stained bud,
 And of many a sword-marked leaf :
 Think thou of thy sisters in peril,
 With love's breasts barren and sterile,—
 Think thou of thy brethren in grief.

Be tender and great as before—
 Be mighty and grand as of yore—
 Oh, England! mother of all
 Who, rather than Freedom be slain,
 And the world-wide tyrannies reign,
 Would choose at their hands to fall.

Help only the pure and the right
 By the sword of thine ancient might—
 Help only the spot where stands
 Freedom—a crown on her brow,
 And the passion of victory now
 In her eyes, and God's wrath in her hands.

Freedom, chosen to wear
 The garland no breeze shall tear—
 The wreath no storm shall assail ;
 Freedom, her great eyes deep
 With the sorrow of souls that weep—
 Yea, the trouble of hearts turned pale.

Freedom, who holds in her hands
 The safety and bliss of the lands—
 The joy and the hopes of us all ;
 For her risk treasure—but not
 For the soil by her presence forgot,
 Where her footstep fails to fall.

Give to her freely the whole,
 Great England, of thy great soul ;
 Let thy pulses and hers be one—
 Let her rich blood mantle and flow
 Through thine own veins till they glow ;
 Let her face be to thee for a sun.

Let the sound of thy waves be true
 For ever :—the broad bright blue
 That girds thy glittering shore,
 Let this be a robe of the free,
 A raiment for purity,
 Or a covering shield no more.

STROPHE VI.

But the sound of battle deepens, and the sky
 Darkens, and the stormy crests of waves are high—
 Yea, the surges toss their stormy heads to heaven's gate nigh.

Awful wrath of battle mixes on the plain,
Corpses in their thousands fall before the rain
Shed from crimson mouths of cannons: countless are the slain.

God is in the tempest: God is on the deep:
Yea, the Lord of Freedom risen is from sleep:
Hear his final mandate, all ye weary souls that weep.

Death to every slavery—this is his decree;
Freedom shall be sovereign from east to western sea—
Freedom crowned with utter love, intense with purity.

Life through death perpetual: thus God's bounty flows:
After rain of battle buds the soft red rose:
After woman's suffering, woman's perfect white flower blows.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Yet one day shall the sounds of triumph tender
Be borne upon soft breezes to the west;
The east shall be arrayed in pristine splendour,
Accomplished all her perilous high quest,—
Yea, all foes—weak and down-fallen—shall surrender.
Then shall the spirit of the future, dressed
Herself in robes of utter victory, lend her
Of sweet superstet raiment, of the best
Of freedom's tranquil snow-white robes—extend her
The loving bounty of her fragrant breast.
Purged, cleared of every sin and each offender,
Europe by Asia's sister-arms caret
Shall purify her cities great, amend her
Iniquities of ages: every crest
Of England's hills shall triumph:—she shall send her
Pure influence worldwards, mighty now and blest.

ANTISTROPHE II.

This is the message of the summer singing—
That freedom's hands through streams of blood are bringing
The future joys that pave the starlit way;
That through the agony that smites us blind
Come stores of utmost blessing for mankind,
And freedom's throne with undisputed sway.

This the speech of many a sanguine ocean—
This is the word that Europe sets in motion,
A word to pierce the heart as with a sword;
This is the inner meaning of things dark—
This is within black thunder-clouds the spark
Whence lightnings of deliverance shall be poured.

The future peace of Europe shall be sweeter,
Her sons more high in manhood and completer
In every fair possession of the soul;

The women of our own dear land more white,
When after struggle, shines the sun of right
Upon the seas that round our dear cliffs roll.

From agony of womanhood fair roses
Of womanhood shall spring—the time discloses
High hope deep-mixed with terror in the air ;
If one shall fall—if but for freedom's sake—
Flowers of eternal victory shall he shake
Upon us, dying, from his blood-stained hair.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Oh wonder of future glory
Of love and of freedom bold
What new fair tales shall be told
Of you, when the world's new story,
Through ages bitter and gory
And terrible war-waves rolled,
A new sweet leaf shall unfold :
What crown on the world's head hoary
Shall then descend for the sorry
Masses of traitorous gold
That swathed her forehead of old,
As tyranny's spoil and its quarry ?

Surely at last the shining
Spirit of Peace shall speak—
Surely her rose-flushed cheek
Shall be seen, and her voice divine in
Wild crowds of spirits repining,
'Mid turbulent bands and weak,
Point out a reward to seek,
Yea, point to the crimson lining
Of clouds on summits reclining,—
That all the earth may be meek
And gentle, and no more wreak
Vengeance, fiercely combining.

Surely at last the wonder
Of love and of God shall come :
The earth shall tenderly bloom,
And soft spring-showers for the thunder
And black storms tenderly sunder
The young shoots, cleaving their tomb
Of green sheaths,—perilous gloom
We struggle and labour under
Just now, and the crowned heads blunder,
And the passionate hearts consume—
Yea, truly the trump of doom
Seems sounded in Servia yonder !

ANTISTROPHE IV.

The Spirit of Peace shall shine
O'er the summer buds and the vine
Yet again—yea, the eglantine

In soft glad wreaths shall unfold :
Where now is smoke and the sound
Of piteous shrieks, shall abound
Passion sweet and profound,
Divine with a fillet of gold,
As of old.

Where now is terror and flame,
And savage madness and shame,
Shall be patient loves without blame,
And life-long joys without soil :
Where now are the swords and the fires
Shall be elamour of love-tuned lyres
And low-toned tender desires :
Yea, more than the love that they spoil
In the broil.

For Freedom roused from her lair
In the sun-bright mountains, is fair
Yet again—yea, her plumes in the air
Shine grand and aflame as of yore—
And from eastern hills to the west
The dawn-bright sheen of her crest
Reaches, to urge to the quest
Keen weapons from every shore
As before.

ANTISTROPHE V.

And what shall be England's reward
If she draws a righteous sword—
Yea, unsheathes a love-keen brand—
What shall be said of her fame
If she rises from slumber and shame—
What new song gladden the land ?

Surely the spirits of those
Who died to free her from foes
Shall unite in a glorious song—
Surely if England be free,
From Scottish to southernmost sea
Her waters shall honour the strong.

Surely the broad blue waves
That have been for her foemen their graves
So often, a pæan shall sound ;
And surely the grass on her hills
That the sun of her majesty fills,
Shall glitter o'er fetterless ground.

Surely in lanes of the land
New snow-white flowers shall expand—
 New roses, yet redder, be seen ;
If the heart of her is but true
To the right deed, able to do
 Her mission, erect and a queen.
A Queen of Freedom indeed :
No warrior mailed for a creed,
 But armed and on fire for the *soul*.
For this alone shall abide
Through the foam of the gathering tide,
 Through the world-wide miseries, whole.
No single creed shall be safe
From the waters that soil and that chafe
 Thought's tremulous wind-struck shore :
Yea, only Liberty's word
In the end shall be lifted and heard
 Above all billows that roar.
Yea, England, thy crown shall be this :
To be conscious of thine own bliss ;
 To be crowned with the crown of thy soul ;
And with crowns of the spirits of each
Who in love-lit immaculate speech
 Strove to render thee lovely and whole.
The high crown Milton attained,
And the gift that for Shelley remained,
 And the passionate garland of Keats—
These all shall unite in thy wreath,
If thy fair sword rust not its sheath—
 If thy heart yet in unison beats
With the storm-tossed wonderful heart
Of Liberty, feeling the dart
 Of the passion of her bright blood
Sting to action thine every vein—
If thou canst but completion attain
 And open to bloom from the bud.
The passion of poets of worth
Who have spoken the meaning of Earth,
 Yea, the sense of the spirit of things ;
Round thy brow as a flower shall be twined
By the leaders and gods of mankind,
 By the future's pure prophets and kings.
The grey-haired city of Rome
Has been chosen and sung of by some
 As the centre of future renown—
But in England I write, and I place
With fearless invincible face
 On my city sweet Liberty's crown.

Round London city of mine
 The roses and lilies I twine
 Of all future victorious days;
 I crown her with conquest's flowers—
 With the thorn-wreaths of sorrowful hours—
 With laurels, and gold, and with bays.

This is the city:—the centre
 Which feet triumphant shall enter
 When the utmost deeds be done:
 This is the heart of the earth,
 Where Freedom is fashioned for birth—
 Where Justice is shaped for a sun.

This is the city whose crown,
 Like a great glad fire o'er the town,
 Shall flame,—like a planet or star;
 This is the city whose wreath,
 Untouched and unharassed by death,
 Shall perfume the winds from afar.

Yea, this is the city I sing,
 Whose unconquered and valorous wing
 Shall be stretched to defend and to save.
 Towards her, fair lady, I turn;
 Towards her turrets and houses I yearn;
 Her passionate banner I wave.

Yea,—as one turns to his love—
 I turn to her from above—
 From beholding Liberty's face;
 Yea, burning with Liberty's kiss,
 On her lips in ecstasy this
 With lips that tingle I place.

ANTISTROPHE VI.

Yea, the sound of triumph thrills along the waste—
 Garlands rich with blossoms weapons have displaced—
 Crowns are twined by hands victorious, tender now and chaste.

All the dreams of poets mingle in the dawn;
 Now the veil of darkness fast aside is drawn;
 See, the sun is shining hot on mountain and smooth lawn.

For the clash of weapons sounds the hymn of praise;
 For the wail of maidens passion's perfect lays;
 Now the feet of women linger in sweet rose-hung ways.

Now the shout of victory leaps along the hills;
 Now the sons of morning, morning's mandate thrills;
 Freedom through the obedient peoples ordereth as she wills.

Freedom—holy spirit: take my passion's song!
 Freedom—perfect lady—tarry not too long!
 Freedom make us pure and tender:—Love shall make us strong.

EPODE.

Freedom answers from deep to deep. Freedom's voice from the sky
 Sounds—it thrilleth the souls asleep. Freedom speaks from on high.
 Comfort bringing to eyes that weep—wiping the wet lids dry;
 Giving a hope and a watch to keep—staying our every sigh;
 Granting us golden corn to reap—fruitful sickles to ply.

Freedom gives us promise divine, promise of these glad things.
 Surely her voice is as red strong wine. Surely her great fair wings
 Cover us, round us gently shine, soft with the peace she brings.
 Round her brow the glad flowers twine; loud at the gate she sings :
 Listen, ye souls that sicken and pine—harken how each note stings!

Hark to the great brave words she speaks—list to her message clear.
 Sorrows of days and months and weeks vanish—the end is near.
 Glory glows in her rose-red cheeks—making away with fear.
 Peace and a calm abode she seeks, where she may dwell with cheer.
 Let her foot rest soft in English creeks! Let her land and live with
 us here !

Let her land and tarry forever
 On the sweet shores washed by the foam;
 Let her face depart from us never—
 Let her ne'er have cause to roam.

Let Freedom in our fair city
 Like a glad pure goddess shine:
 Bringing bounteous wealth and pity—
 Yea, gold and the fruit of the vine.

Yea, fruit and blossom of labour:
 Let Freedom speak to us all
 In the end—let her snap the sabre :
 Let the black-mouthed fortresses fall.

Let her glad harp sound victorious
 O'er new and unstained seas—
 Let her banner, fervent and glorious,
 Laugh in an English breeze.

Let her children pure and holy
 Unite in a love-taught song—
 Let her kingdom widen slowly—
 The kingdom of all who are strong.

Let her sweet smile, like the tender
 Smile of an English maid,
 Be our holiest best-loved splendour;—
 Let her lord it o'er mount and glade.

That England and her great singers
 May unite in the bliss to be:
 With equal and spotless fingers
 Chanting the chant of the free.

That England and her broad ocean
In the self-same song may unite—
One passionate pure emotion—
One same measureless might.

July 13, 1876.

THE PLANCHETTE MYSTERY.

By WM. FISHBOUGH.

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY.

I. I am constrained to say, my mysterious friend, that the novelty and ingenuity of your ideas surprise me greatly, and I do, in all candour, acknowledge that you have skilfully disposed of my objections to the spiritual theory of these phenomena on *rational* grounds, and explained the philosophy of this thing, in a manner which I am at present unable to gainsay. I must still hesitate, however, to enroll myself among the converts to the spiritual theory unless you can remove another serious objection, which rests on *moral and religious grounds*. From so important and startling a development as general open communications from spirits, it seems to me that we would have a right to expect some conspicuous *good* to mankind; yet, although this thing has been before the world now over twenty-five years, I am unable to see the evidence that it has wrought any improvement in the moral and social condition of the converts to its claims. Pray, how do you account for that fact?

P. My friend, that question should be addressed to the Spiritualists, not to me. I will say, however, that this whole subject, long as it has been before the world, is still in a chaotic state; its laws have been very little understood, and even its essential objects and uses have been very much misconceived. I may add that, from its very nature, its real practical fruits, as well as its true philosophy, must necessarily be the growth of a considerable period of time.

I. I will not, then, press the objection in that form. When we look, however, at the *Religious* tendencies of the thing, I do not think we find much promise of the "practical fruits" which you here intimate may yet come of it. I lay it down as a proposition which all history proves, that Infidelity, in all its forms, is an enemy to the human race, and that it never has done or can do anybody any good, but always has done and must do harm. But it is notorious that the spirits, if they be such, with their mediums and disciples, have *generally* (though not universally, I grant) assumed an attitude at least of *apparent* hostility to almost everything peculiar to the Christian religion, and most essential to it, and are constantly reiterating the almost identical ribaldry and sophistry of the infidels of the last century. How shall a good and Christian person who knows and has felt the truth of the vital principles of Christianity become a spiritualist while Spiritualism

thus denies and scoffs at doctrines which he *feels* and *knows* to be true?

P. The point you thus make is apparently a very strong one. But let me ask, Can you not conceive that there may be a difference between the mere word-teaching of spiritualists and even spirits themselves, and the *real* teaching of Spiritualism as such? that is to say, between mere verbal utterances and phenomenal demonstrations? For illustration, suppose a man asserts at noon-day that there is no sun, does he teach you there is no sun, or does he teach you that he is blind?

I. That he is blind, of course.

P. So, then, when a spirit comes to you and asserts that there is no God—it is seldom that they assert that, but we will take an extreme case—does he teach you that there is no God, or does he teach you that he himself is a fool?

I. Well, I should say he would teach the latter; but what use would the knowledge that he is such a fool be to us?

P. It is one of the important providential designs of these manifestations to teach mankind that spirits in general maintain the characters that they formed to themselves during their earthly life—that, indeed, they are the identical persons they were while dwelling in the flesh—hence, that while there are just, truthful, wise, and Christian spirits, there are also spirits addicted to lying, profanity, obscenity, mischief, and violence, and spirits who deny God and religion, just as they did while in your world. It has become very necessary for mankind to know all this; it certainly could in no other way be so effectually made known as by an actual manifestation of it; and it is just as necessary that you should see the *dark* side as the *bright* side of the picture.

I. Yet a person already adopting, or predisposed to adopt, any false doctrine asserted by a spirit, would, it seems to me, be in danger of receiving the spirit-assertion as *verbally* true.

P. That is to say, a person already in, or inclined to adopt, the same error that a spirit is in, would be in danger of being confirmed, for the time being, in that error, by listening to the spirit's asseveration. This, I admit, is just the effect produced for a time by the infidel word-teaching of some spirits upon those *already* embracing, or inclined to embrace, infidel sentiments. But if you will look beyond this superficial aspect of the subject at its great phenomenal and rational teachings, I think you will see that its deeper, stronger, and more permanent tendency is, not to promote infidelity, but ultimately to destroy it for ever. I have said before, that the real object of this development has been very much misconceived; I tell you now that the great object is to purge the Church itself of its latent infidelity; to renovate the Christian faith; and to bring theology and religion up to that high standard which will be equal to the wants of this age, as it certainly now is not.

I. Planchette, you are now touching upon a delicate subject. You should know that we are inclined to be somewhat tenacious

of our theological and religious sentiments, and not to look with favour on any innovations. Nevertheless, I am curious to know how you justify yourself in this disparaging remark on the theology and religion of the day?

P. I do not mean to be understood that there is not much that is true and good in it. There is; and I would not by a single harsh word wound the loving hearts of those who have a spark of real religious life in them. I would bind up the bruised reed, rather than break it; I would fan the smoking flax into a flame, rather than quench it. This is the sentiment of all *good* spirits, of whom I trust I am one. But let me say most emphatically, that you want a public religion that will tower high above all other influences whatsoever; that will predominate over all, and ask favours of none; that will unite mankind in charity and brotherly love, and not divide them into hostile sects, and that will infuse its spirit into, and thus give direction to, all social and political movements. Such a religion the world must have, or from this hour degenerate.

I. Why might not the religion of the existing churches accomplish these results, provided its professors would manifest the requisite zeal and energy?

P. It is doing much good, and might, on the conditions you specify, do much more. Yet the public religion has become negative to other influences, instead of positive, as it should be, from which false position it can not be reclaimed without such great and vital improvements as would almost seem to amount to a renewal *ab ovo*.

I. On what ground do you assert that the religion of the day stands in a position "negative" to other influences?

P. I will answer by asking: Is it not patent to you and all other intelligent persons, that for the last hundred years the Christian Church and theology have been standing mainly on the *defensive* against the assaults of materialism and the encroachments of science? Has it not, without adequate examination, poured contempt on Mesmerism, denounced Phrenology, endeavoured to explain away the facts of Geology and some of the higher branches of Astronomy? Has it not looked with a jealous eye upon the progress of science generally? and has it not been at infinite labour in merely defending the *history* of the life, miracles, death, and resurrection of Christ, against the negations of materialists, which labour might, in a great measure, have been saved if an adequate proof could have been given of the power and omnipotent working of a *present* Christ? And what is the course it has taken with reference to the present spiritual manifestations, the claims of which it can no more overthrow than it can drag the sun from the firmament? Now, a true church—a church to which is given the power to cast out devils, and take up serpents, or drink any deadly thing, without being harmed—will always be able to stand on the aggressive against its *real* spiritual foes more than on the mere defensive,

and in no case will it ever turn its back to a fact in science. Its power will be the power of the Holy Spirit, and not the power of worldly wealth and fashion. When it reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment, Felix will tremble, but it will never tremble before Felix, lest he withdraw his patronage from it.

I. I admit that the facts you state about the church's warfare in these latter days have not the most favourable aspect; but how the needed elements of theology and religion are to be supplied by demonstrations afforded by these latter-day phenomena, I do not yet quite see.

P. If religious teachers will but study these facts, simply as facts, in all the different aspects which they have presented, from their first appearance up to this time—study them in the same spirit in which the chemist studies affinities, equivalents, and isomeric compounds—in the same spirit in which the astronomer observes planets, suns, and nebulæ—in the same spirit in which the microscopist studies monads, blood-discs, and protoplasm—always hospitable to a new fact, always willing to give up an old error for the sake of a new truth; never receiving the mere *dicta* either of spirits or men as absolute authority, but always trusting the guidance of right reason wherever she may lead—if, I say, they will but study these great latter-day signs, providential warnings, and monitions, in this spirit, I promise them that they shall soon find a rational and scientific ground on which to rest every real Christian doctrine, from the Incarnation to the crown of glory—miracles, so called, the regeneration, the resurrection, and all, with the great advantage of having the doctrine of immortality taken out of the sphere of *faith* and made a *fixed fact*. Furthermore, I promise them, on these conditions, that they shall hereafter be able to *lead* science rather than be dragged along unwillingly in its trail; and then science will be forever enrolled in the service of God's religion, and no longer in that of the world's materialism and infidelity.

I. Planchette, your communication has, upon the whole, been of a most startling character; tell me, I pray you, what do you call all this thing and what is to come of it?

WHAT THIS MODERN DEVELOPMENT IS, AND WHAT IS TO COME OF IT.

P. Can you, then, bear an announcement still more startling than any I have yet made?

I. I really know not; I will try; let us have it.

P. Well, then, I call it a Fourth Great Divine Epiphany or Manifestation; or what you will perhaps better understand as one of the developments characterising the beginning of a Fourth Great Divine dispensation. What is to come of it, you will be able to judge as well as I when you understand its nature.

I. What! so great an event heralded by so questionable an instrumentality as the rapping and table-tipping spirits?

P. Be calm, and at the same time be humble. Remember that it is not unusual for God to employ the foolish things of this world

to confound the wise, and that when He comes to visit His people, He almost always comes in disguises, and sometimes even "as a thief in the night." Besides, the spirits of which you speak are only the rough but very useful pioneers to open a highway through which the King is coming with innumerable hosts of angels, who, indeed, are already near you, though you see them not. It is, indeed, an hour of temptation that has come upon all the world; but be watchful and true, prayerful and faithful, and fear not.

I. Please tell us then, if you can, something of the nature and objects of this new Divine Epiphany which you announce; and as you say it is a *Fourth*, please tell us, in brief, what were the preceding *Three*, the times of their occurrence, and how they are all distinguished from each other.

P. The *First* appealed only to the affections and the inner sense of the soul, and was the Dispensation of the most ancient Church, when God walked with man in the midst of the garden of his own interior delights, and when "Enoch walked with God and was not, for God took him." But as this sense of the indwelling presence of God was little more than a mere *emotion*, for which, in that period of humanity's childhood, there was no adequate, rational, and directive intelligence, men, in process of time, began to mistake *every* delight as being divine and holy; thus they justified themselves in their *evil* delights, or in the gratification of their lusts and passions, considering even these as all divine. [The "sons of God" marrying the "daughters of men."—*Gen. vi. 2-4.*] And as they possessed no adequate reasoning faculty to which appeals might be made for the correction of these tendencies, and thus no ground of reformation, the race gradually grew to such a towering height of wickedness that it had to be almost entirely destroyed. The *Second* age or dispensation, commencing with Noah, was distinctly characterised by the more special manifestation of God in outward types and shadows, in the *adyta* of temples and other consecrated places and things, from which, as representative seats of the Divine Presence, and through inspired men, were issued *laws*, to which terrible penalties were annexed, as is exemplified by the law issued from Mount Sinai. The evil passions of men were thus put under restraint, and a rational faculty of discriminating between right and wrong—that is to say, a *Conscience*—was at the time developed. But the sophistical use of these types and shadows (of which all ancient mythology is an outgrowth), and the accompanying perversion of the general conscience of mankind, gradually generated *Idolatry* and *Magic* with all their complicated evils, against which the Jewish Church, though belonging to the same general Dispensation, was specially instituted to react. Furthermore, as the mere restraints of penal law necessarily imply the existence in man of latent evils upon which the restraint is imposed, it is manifest that such a dispensation alone could not bring human nature to a state of perfection; and so a *Third* was instituted, in which *God was manifested in the flesh*. That is to say, he

became incarnate in one man who was so constituted as to embody in himself the qualitative totality of Human Nature, that through this one Man at the Head of the Body of which other men were the subordinate organs, He might become united with all others—so that by the spontaneous movements of the living Christ within, and thus, in perfect freedom, they might live the divine life in their very fleshly nature, previously the source of all sinful lusts, but now, together with the inner man, wholly regenerated and made anew. Here, then, is a *Trinity* of divine manifestations, to the corresponding triune degrees of the nature of man—the inner or affectional degree, the intermediate, rational, or conscience degree, and the external, or sensuous degree.

But while this was all that was necessary as a ground for the perfect union of man with God, in the graduated triune degrees here mentioned, and thus all that was necessary for his personal salvation in a sphere of being beyond and above the earthly, it was *not* all that was necessary to perfect his relations to the great and mysterious realm of forms, materials, and forces which constitute the theatre of his earthly struggles; nor was it quite all that was necessary to project and carry into execution the plan of that true and divine structure, order, and government of human society which might be appropriately termed “the kingdom of heaven upon earth;” wherefore you have now, according to a divine promise frequently repeated in the New Testament, a *Fourth* Great Divine Manifestation, which proves to be a manifestation of God in *universal science*.

I. But that “*Fourth Manifestation*” (or “*second coming*,” as we are in the habit of calling it), which was promised in the New Testament, was to be attended with imposing phenomena, of which we have as yet seen nothing. It was to be a coming of Christ “in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory,” and the resurrection of the dead, the final judgment, etc., were to occur at the same time?

P. Certainly; but you would not, of course, insist upon putting a strictly literal interpretation upon this language, and thus turn it into utter and senseless absurdity. The *real* “heaven” is not that boundary of your vision in upper space which you call the sky, but the interior and living reality of things. The “*clouds*” that are meant are not those sheets of condensed aqueous vapour which float above your head, but the material coatings which have hitherto obscured interior realities, and through which the divine *Logos*, the “Sun of Righteousness” is now breaking with a “power” which moves dead matter without visible hands, and with a “great glory,” or light, which reveals a spiritual world within the natural. The “*Resurrection*” is not the opening of the literal graves, and re-assembling of the identical flesh, blood, and bones of dead men and nations which, during hundreds and even thousands of years, have been combining and re-combining with the universal elements; but it is the re-establishment of the long-suspended relations of

spirits with the earthly sphere of being, by which they are enabled to freely manifest themselves again to their friends in the earthly life, and often to receive great benefits in return; and if you do not yet see, as accompanying and growing out of all this, the beginning of an ordeal that is to try souls, institutions, creeds, churches, and nations, as by fire, you had better wait awhile for a more full exposition of the "*last judgment*." People should learn that the kingdom of God comes not to outward but to *inward* observation, and that as for the prophetic words which have been spoken on this subject, "they are spirit, and they are life."

I. And what of the changed aspects of science that are to grow out of this alleged peculiar divine manifestation?

P. To answer that question fully would require volumes. Be content, then, for the present, with the following brief words: Hitherto science has been almost wholly materialistic in its tendencies, having nothing to do with spiritual things, but ignoring and casting doubts upon them; while *spiritual* matters, on the other hand, have been regarded by the Church wholly as matters of faith with which science has nothing to do. But through these modern manifestations, God is providentially furnishing to the world all the elements of a spiritual science which, when established and recognised, will be the standpoint from which all physical science will be viewed. It will then be more distinctly known that all external and visible forms and motions originate from invisible, spiritual, and ultimately divine causes; that between cause and effect there is always a necessary and intimate *correspondence*; and hence that the whole outer universe is but the symbol and sure index of an invisible and *vastly more real* universe within. From this unitary basis of thought, the different sciences as now correctly understood may be co-related in harmonic order as One Grand Science, the *known* of which, by the rule of correspondence, will lead by easy clues to the *unknown*. The true structure and government of human society will be clearly hinted by the structure and laws of the universe, and especially by that *microcosm*, or little universe, the human organisation. All the great stirring questions of the day, including the questions of suffrage, woman's rights, the relations between labour and capital, and the questions of general political reform, will be put into the way of an easy and speedy solution; and mankind will be ushered into the light of a brighter day, socially, politically, and religiously, than has ever yet dawned upon the world.

I. My invisible friend, the wonderful nature of your communication excites my curiosity to know your name ere we part. Will you have the kindness to gratify me in this particular?

P. That I may not do. My name is of no consequence in any respect. Besides, if I should give it, you might, unconsciously to yourself, be influenced to attach to it the weight of a personal authority, which is specially to be avoided in communications of this kind. There is nothing to prevent deceiving spirits from

assuming great names, and you have no way of holding them responsible for their statements. With thinkers—minds that are developed to a vigorous maturity—the truth itself should be its only and sufficient authority. If what I have told you appears intrinsically rational, logical, scientific, in harmony with known facts, and appeals to your convictions with the force of truth, accept it; if not, reject it; but I advise you not to reject it before giving it a candid and careful examination. I may tell you more at some future time, but for the present, farewell.

CONCLUSION.

Here the interview ended. It was a part of my original plan, after reviewing various theories on this mysterious subject, to propound one of my own; but this interview with Planchette has changed my mind. I confess I am amazed and confounded, and have nothing to say. The commendable motive which the invisible intelligence, whatever it may be, assigned in the last paragraph for refusing to give its name, also prompts me to withhold my own name from this publication for the present, and likewise to abstain from the explanation I intended to give of certain particulars as to the manner and circumstances of this communication. On its own intrinsic merits alone it should be permitted to rest; and as I certainly feel that my own conceptions have been greatly enlarged, not to say that I have been greatly instructed, I give it forth in the hope that it may have the same effect upon my readers.

MR. BARLOW'S LAST LOVE POEM.

I HAVE been teased to a considerable degree during this present month (August) by those who regard Mr. Barlow's poem, "The Marriage before Death," printed in last number of *Human Nature*, as indelicate. By a very reprehensible note, which that writer affixed to a former article, his reputation for purity of thought was somewhat tarnished, but ample amend was taken by a pen on the other side. In justice to Mr. Barlow, it must be said that in that note he regarded the crude necessities, as he considered them to be, of the lower type of men, rather than stated a code of ethics which he was himself prepared to adopt. His poetical sketches of the spiritually-blind and materialistic man are also true, too universally true, and the shadowy picture throws into greater relief the opposite view of human life. But it must be conceded that the material man, deriving his chief pleasure from the exercise of his sensations, is the physical basis of every human being, even the best of us; and to illustrate this I could not do better than quote words which Mr. Barlow's antagonist used in this magazine. The poet, in outlining the state of man as he is, does not necessarily teach that just so man ought to be; nor in idealising the phenomena of love is it pardonable to surmise that the poet labours to suggest lewd ideas in relation thereto. The

difficulty is possibly more with his readers than with his poetry. The most of mankind are too imperfect, unwise, and unfaithful to permit any reference to the love nature without their pure (?) minds being overwhelmed with the most disgusting reflections. The poet alludes, in most delicate language, to the most Divine sacrament of human existence, with the view to elevate its claims to the higher consideration of mankind—to show that the joys of love are heavenly joys, and that they may be used for a heavenly purpose,—the uplifting of the soul to a cognizance of Divine things.

As I read Mr. Barlow's "Marriage before Death" in proof, to my mind it exhibited a principle which I shall state as *the spiritual significance of the love union*; in other words, that marriage is not merely a physical or social rite, but is more certainly spiritual than either. If so, then we may attach another significance to the love union beside that of parentage, so ably set forth in another page, in the article by Mr. F. Podmore. From observation of society, it is evident that this passion, when perverted, brings about spiritual results in the individual the most dire and loathsome; but is it not therefore probable that, when true love guides the way, spiritual benefits of inestimable value are thereby conferred? Those good people who look upon the love union as a purely physical affair are themselves just the brutes they so wilfully imagine Francesco, the hero of Mr. Barlow's poem, to be. It is a libel on human nature—a blasphemy of the God who made it—to designate Francesco's need as the cravings of a vicious sensualist. That it was granted by the holy submission of a pure and spiritual-minded woman is argument as to the true and natural quality of the request.

To satisfy my mind as to the prurience of this poem, I have read it again before writing these observations. I must say that I saw no word or allusion therein that the strictest taste and fairest purity could object to; but it is full of that which grossness and inuendo might degrade and trample in the mire of foulness. The poet, with a master hand, pourtrays the sturdy, materialistic, and masculine mind of the lover—the type of thousands of good men and true, who, though having no glimmering of ought except that which pertains to this life, are nevertheless strong and faithful lovers. In the woman of their choice—the pure spiritual maiden—vast spheres above them in spirituality, they behold their saviours, the ministering angel which is to link them to all that is eternally higher. The riveting of that link—the joining of the two into one by the "bounty of her love,"—is to both the climax of their career as immortal souls. You brutal-minded ones, mock not God by daring to affirm, even with bated breath, that the fervid warmth of the lover is the fierce fire of uncontrollable passion. If you so interpret it, you point out your place in the scale of human development. Man in his inmost knows that he is urged to love, and win a response to his love, by far nobler considerations than these, and which are as uncontrollable as his necessity for air or sunlight. Thereby he gains something for his spirit which

no other means on earth could supply, and which, as God has given it to him here, he has no call to wait for in some other sphere.

The heroine, Diana, is also limned by the poet with exquisite skill. Her spiritual insight, her trust, her fulness of that which is exalted, and her triumph over the needs of the physical sphere, afford the reason why the consummation of her lover's wishes was a pure and holy rite. Had she been cast in the same mould as he, their marriage union would have been gross and degrading. It was their opposites that consecrated their union by the law of use, and both felt that they had done their duty, and were blessed therein.

To understand the situation truly we must imagine ourselves a lover of Francesco's type, with such an angel-guide as Diana. There may be others to whom love is of less moment, or to whom the object of their love is not so preciously adapted; there may be those who have a saving spiritual power within themselves, and may even be superior to most women in the possession of the inner light. To all of these the phenomena of "The Marriage before Death" might not so well apply. But here we have a case of intense love—love which is the only gateway leading from blind materialism; and in a few hours this lover has to pass through the dread ordeal of a violent death. He has done no wrong. He is being sacrificed for the right. His hands are clean, his heart is pure; and the innermost soul within him, burdened with the trial that is before it, with frenzy almost craves for that boon of companionship which brings soul nearer to soul. And with what result? Clearer does the wife see the divine light, and nearer is the husband to her who is to him its interpreter.

The object of the poem being to show forth the power of love in strengthening the spirit of man in the trials of life, an extreme case has to be supposed. The characters are such as can best sustain the relation sought to be exhibited, and the circumstances must be of the most urgent description. In all these matters Mr. Barlow has to my reading succeeded admirably. I must say that I have derived pure delight and instruction from the careful perusal of his poem. I wish every young person—those of both sexes—could be imbued with its pure spirit. Then we would see healthier bodies, better lives, purer thoughts, more perfect progeny; and it would be impossible to find one who could extract filth out of such an able and instructive poem as the one under discussion.

J. BURNS.

VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY.

M. ARSENE HOUSSAYE writes:—We were dining at Victor Hugo's. Four of us were believers and four Atheists—not speaking of the ladies, who were all too clever to be infidels. Victor Hugo, of course, was among the believers. "To believe in God is to believe nothing," said one of the Atheists. "To believe in God is to believe everything," cried Victor Hugo; "it is to believe in the Infinite and in one's immortal soul. I will prove it to you." His face was

bright with a heavenly halo. You know he was born with the century. His face is crowned with white hair, but it is the volcano under the snow. His eyes shine like burning coals; his brow is arched like an Olympian's; the nose is refined, with distended nostrils; the mouth is eager and smiling, still full of valiant teeth; the chin finishes a profile designed after the laws of artistic grammar. It is a well-made head on a robust body. By robust I do not mean enormous. He has not the stature of a giant nor the torso of a Hercules. But he is a man of steel, with no sign of old age about him. He has all the agility, the suppleness, the ease, and grace of his best years. He is now enjoying his third or fourth youth; I do not doubt he will see the century through. "I feel in myself," he continued, "the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, towards the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and Eternal Spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous yet simple. It is a fairy tale and its history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the theusandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland, and because the truth compels me, as it compelled Voltaire, that human divinity. My work is only beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundations. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting for ever. The thirst for the Infinite proves infinity."

A REMARKABLE BOY.

A SMALL book has just been issued at Harborne (for private circulation) bearing the title of "A Voice from the Better World," and touching the life and works of a boy only thirteen years of age, named Bertie Johnstone (son of Mr. Johnstone, of Ida Lodge, Harborne), whose death took place on the 18th March last, and who was interred in the parish churchyard, Harborne, on the 23rd of the same month. On the 2nd of April the Rev. Dr. Gregg, vicar of East Harborne, set aside his Sunday afternoon service specially to the consideration of the boy's life and doings, and to read a sermon written by the boy himself. Bertie was a pupil at

the North London Collegiate School, and although but a mere child, he had, while there, exhibited a conspicuous and most remarkable talent for literature. He had written dramas, tragedies, comedies, lectures, and, since he was seven years of age, sermons; the latter he preached in the attic at home, his sole audience being his playmates. He was most remarkable for his simplicity and naturalness of character, and was a bright, happy, joyous lad, who, like other boys, loved his games thoroughly and enjoyed them heartily. Full of life, energy, cheerfulness, and mirth; he possessed the simple-mindedness of the child, combined with the talent of the man. He would execute all his various duties at school with remarkable rapidity and promptness, and as well as being wonderfully gifted with his pen, he had a great taste for music, and it is singular that the last piece of music he played on earth was the "Dead March in Saul." It is also notable that he ever associated death with winter, and in one of his dramas occur these words:—

The winter seems a fitting time to die,
And God hath willed it so.

Looking at the various scraps of poetry which have been selected from his MSS. and inserted in the book referred to, one is astonished at the wonderful depth of the boy's mind; the two following scraps, which were written when he was a little more than twelve years of age, present a striking illustration of this:—

GOD.

God immortal and eternal,
God who lives above the skies,
God the great, the everlasting,
God who caused His Son to rise.
God who made this world of splendour
And the firmament above,
God of peace, and Lord of wisdom,
God of all things, God of Love;
All rejoice in God our Lord.

A CHILD TO A ROBIN.

Little Robin Redbreast,
Tell me what you say;
Perched upon the bough there,
Twittering all the day.
You never seem to weary
Although the day is long,
But keep on, little Redbreast,
With that pretty, warbling song.
"Twit, twit," says little Robin,
"I never shall be tired,
For I am always happy,
And am by all admired."
"Oh! were I but a Robin,"
The little infant said,
"I'd fly about the deep, blue sky
That God so good hath made."

Another poem is also inserted, treating upon the subject of "Youth and Age." Using the words of the rev. doctor, we may here say that the mind which could write so simply of one of the tiniest of creatures, and enter into the aspirations of youth and meditation of age, could display its infinite expansiveness by soaring aloft and dwelling amidst the mysteries of God, with that boy the youngest child and the wisest man could alike find a bond of sympathy. He could think with the most profound, he could play with the most robust, he could enter into the amusements of the youngest, and (true nobility!) he could feel for, and sympathise with the most abandoned and depraved. Some truly manly arguments and sensible advice could be found even in the sermon which was read on the afternoon of the commemoration service; he strongly urges the abolition of alcohol in England, denouncing it as bringing about imprisonment, murder, robberies, and, last of all, the sleep of death. "What a land of peace," he says, "England would be without alcohol." Two other poems, equally clever, are printed at the end of the book; one written in December, 1875, at Harborne, on "Christmas;" the other written only five days before his death on "Summer." Certainly the loss of this boy is a national one, for, by his death, the Church has not only lost a jewel, but the world is bereft of a genius.—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

A SONG OF FREEMASONRY.

(From Professor Blackie's "*Songs of Religion and Life.*")

God save me! at last the grim waste I have passed
 Of a prickly scholastic theology,
 And now in a region I float, where religion
 To common sense owes no apology.
 But pray don't expect I shall found a new sect,
 No pulpit on earth I've an eye to!
 My new patent plan's to be merely a man,
 And as I was born live and die too!
 Orthodox, heterodox,
 Luther, and Laud, and Knox,
 Squabbles of High Church and Low Church!
 'Tis my present plan
 To be merely a MAN,
 And laugh both at High Church and Low Church!

I looked and I wondered, I battled and blundered
 With much metaphysical struggle,
 With saintly desiring, and pious aspiring,
 Till reason itself seemed a juggler.
 And now the poor swimmer, with every vain glimmer
 Of hope sank more deep than before, Sir!
 Till I fell on this notion of healthy devotion,
 That a man is a man, and no more, Sir!
 Orthodox, heterodox,
 Luther, and Laud, and Knox,
 Squabbles of High Church and Low Church!
 If no wisdom you see
 In my masonry free,
 Then go to the High or the Low Church!

'Tis new, and 'tis old, to no Churchman 'tis sold,
 This gospel all true hearts believe it,
 And blessed are they, 'mid the sons of the clay,
 Who with hearty good welcome receive it.

O ! seek not a spell from the dark depths of hell,
 Nor let not the bright starry host win you !

The gospel of God is at no bishop's nod,

"THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU" !

Orthodox, heterodox,
 Luther, and Laud, and Knox,
 Vain wisdom of High and of Low Church ;
 Though the cock on the steeple
 Is gilt for the people,
 And bells ring for High and for Low Church !

A poor Arab maid may with faith undismayed,
 Her heart in the desert sustain, Sir !

And a Christian may tread on a poor brother's head,
 And all for most heathenish gain, Sir !

In Christian and Turk the deep Devil may lurk,
 In Kaiser and Tartary Khan, Sir !

But I know a spell that will blast him to hell,
 'Tis to swear by the God that's in MAN, Sir !

Orthodox, heterodox,
 Luther, and Laud, and Knox,
 Harsh dogmas of High Church and Low Church.
 For what's in a name ?

'Tis smoke round the flame
 To bemuddle both High Church and Low Church.

Of eternal decrees and election I can

Know as much and as little as you, Sir !

But that I'm a man who can purpose and plan,

Tis true, by the Powers, 'tis true, Sir !

And 'tis my intention, I modestly mention,

To cleave to my kin and my clan, Sir !

And do some small good to the brave brotherhood

That graces the title of man, Sir !

Orthodox, heterodox,
 Luther, and Laud, and Knox,
 Mere quibbles of High Church and Low Church !
 Your wits run aground,
 Or in misty profound,

You are swamped by the High and the Low Church !

My fancy bright weaves it, my firm faith believes it,

The time is not far, but is near, now !

When strong hearts with glee shall shake their wings free

From crotchets and whims that are dear now !

When every true man shall bless brother man

By Bible-law and by Koran, Sir !

And each true heart brim with free worship to Him

Whose image shines brightest in MAN, Sir !

Orthodox, heterodox,
 Luther, and Laud, and Knox,
 Vain squabbles of High Church and Low Church !
 In God and in Man
 I believe; but I can
 Subscribe to sheer nonsense in no Church !

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