

# HUMAN NATURE :

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## SPIRITUAL CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

[Many of our readers must be aware that the Spiritualistic movement has had a much more extensive influence in France than in our own country. We believe that the most voluminous, and perhaps the ablest contributor to the Spiritual literature of the Continent, is Monsieur ALIAN KARDEC, whose "Livre des Médiums" is the most practical and comprehensive guide to the investigation of Spiritualism with which we are acquainted. Having received the kind permission of the author to publish translations of selected passages of this work, we shall commence with an introductory chapter on the "Spiritual Constitution of Man."]

SETTING aside, as condemned at once by reason and by facts, any theory which pretends to account for modern Spiritual manifestations on purely materialistic principles, the question is reduced to whether the soul after death can manifest itself to the living? And, thus reduced to the simplest form, it is singularly easy of discussion. We may primarily enquire why the intelligent beings who in some form or other are in our midst, although from their nature invisible, should not be able to attest their presence in some way? Simple reason would say that at least it is not absolutely impossible, and that is already something gained. This belief has obtained amongst all nations, and it is met with in all ages and all places.

Now such an intuition could scarcely be so universal, nor survive so long without some foundation. It is, moreover, sanctioned by Scripture and the ancient Fathers of the Church, and it has been the scepticism and materialism of our age that has assigned this ancient opinion a place amongst bygone superstitions. If we err in this belief, not less do those authorities.

These, however, are but moral considerations.

One cause has above all contributed to strengthen doubt in such a positive age as our own, when men seek to know the why and the wherefore of everything. It is the ignorance of the nature of spirits, and of the means by which they can manifest themselves. This knowledge once acquired, the facts of

spiritual manifestations will no longer be astounding, but rank among ordinary phenomena in nature.

The prevalent idea with regard to spirits renders the phenomenon of their manifestation at first sight incomprehensible. These manifestations can only take place through the action of spirit upon matter, and therefore those who believe that spirit is the absence of all matter, ask, with some appearance of reason, how it can act materially. Now, here is precisely their error, for spirit is *not* an abstraction; it is a defunct being, limited and circumscribed. The spirit clothed in the body constitutes the soul—when at the hour of death it quits the body it is not divested of all envelopment. All tell us that they preserve the human form; and, indeed, when they appear to us, it is in such forms as we can recognise. Let us observe them attentively at the moment that they have quitted this life. They are in a state of perplexity; all seems confused around them. On the one hand they behold their body, whole or mutilated, according to the manner of death; on the other hand they see and feel themselves alive. Something tells them that this body belongs to them, and they cannot understand being separated from it. They continue to see themselves in their original form, and this sight produces amongst some of them for a short time a most singular illusion—that of believing themselves still in the flesh. They require to become accustomed to their new condition before they can be convinced of its reality. This first uncertainty being dispelled, the earthly body becomes to them an old garment which they have thrown off for ever, and which they no longer regret. They feel lighter, and as if relieved of a burden. They experience no longer physical pain, and rejoice in being able to rise and flit through space, as they sometimes fancied they did in their earthly dreams. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the absence of their earthly body, they retain their personality. They possess a form, but one which neither impedes nor embarrasses them. In fact, they have still their individuality and consciousness of being. What, then, must we conclude? Briefly, that the soul leaves not all in the grave, but that she carries something away with her to her new home.

Numberless observations and unexceptionable facts, of which we will speak later, have brought us to this conclusion, namely—that there is in man three things: the soul or spirit, which is an intelligent principle, and is the seat of the moral sense; the body, a gross and material shell, in which the soul is temporarily clothed for the fulfilment of certain intentions of Providence; and the semi-material or fluid envelope, which is a link between the soul and the body.

Death is the destruction, or rather the disintegration, of the material dress which the soul abandons. The other disengages

itself and accompanies the soul which thus still finds itself "clothed upon," and though fluid, ethereal, vaporous, and invisible to us in its normal state, is as real as matter itself, though up to the present we have been unable to seize and analyse it. This second envelope of the soul exists, then, during the corporeal life. It is the medium of all the sensations of which the spirit is conscious, and through which the spirit conveys its will to its exterior body, and acts upon the various organs. To use a material comparison, it is the electric wire which serves to receive and transmit the thought; it is, in short, that mysterious imperceptible agent spoken of as nervous fluid, which plays so great a part in the human economy, of which men take not sufficient cognizance in physiological and pathological phenomena.

Medicine, in considering only the facts connected with the material ponderable element, ignores one cause of incessant action.

But this is not the place to examine that question. We will only say, in passing, that to recognise this spiritual body is to obtain the key to a multitude of problems hitherto unexplained.

The spiritual body is not one of those hypotheses to which science sometimes has recourse to explain a fact. Its existence is not only revealed by spirits themselves; it is the result of observation, as we shall hereafter demonstrate; but, and for the moment, not to anticipate the facts we shall have presently to relate, we confine ourselves to the statement, that whether in the body or out of the body, the soul is never separated from its spiritual encasement.

It has been said that the spirit is a flame—a spark. This may be so with regard to the actual so-called "spirit" as the intellectual and moral principle, and to which we could not attribute a determinate form; but in whatsoever degree it is to be found, it is always clothed in the "spirit body," the nature of which becomes etherealised and purified in proportion to its use in the celestial hierarchy—so that, for us, the idea of form is inseparable from that of spirit, and we cannot conceive of the one without the other.

The spirit body, then, is an integral part of the man, but this encasement alone is no more the spirit than the body alone is the man; for the spiritual body cannot think: it is to the spirit what the body is to the man, the agent or instrument of his action. The human form and that of the spirit body are identical, and when the latter appears to us it is generally with that particular exterior with which we were formerly familiar. We might think from this that the spiritual body, though separate from all parts of the outer body, moulds itself in some way upon it, and preserves the impress of it, but it appears that this is not the case. Making allowance for the organic modifications



necessitated by the surroundings in which men are placed, with the exception of some details, the human form is to be found in the inhabitants of all worlds—at least so say the spirits—it is, moreover, equally the form of all non-incarnate spirits, and those who have only the spirit body.

It is the form in which, through all ages, angels and purified spirits have been represented, from which we may conclude that the human shape is the type of all human beings, in whatever state or worlds they may be found. But the subtle substance of the spirit body has not the tenacity nor rigidity of the material body. It is, so to speak, flexible and expansive, and therefore the form it takes, though traced or copied from that of the body, is not absolute: it bends itself to the will of the spirit which can give it such or such appearances at pleasure, while the solid envelope offered it an insurmountable resistance. Freed from these fetters which confined it, the spirit body can extend, contract, or transform itself—in a word, can lend itself to any metamorphosis, according to the will which acts upon it. It is through this property of its fluid encasement that the spirit which desires to make itself known can take, when necessary, the exact appearance it had when living, even to the bodily peculiarities by which it can be recognised. We see, then, that spirits are beings like ourselves, forming around us a population invisible to us in the normal state. We say normal state because, as we shall see, this invisibility is not absolute.

But to return to the nature of the spirit body, for that is essential to the explanation we have to give. We have said, that though fluid, it is, nevertheless, a kind of matter, and this results in the facts of tangible apparitions, of which more hereafter. Under the influence of certain mediums there have been seen hands, possessing all the properties and appearances of living hands, warm and palpable, which offer the resistance of a solid body, which will seize and hold you, and in a moment vanish again like a shadow. The definite action of these hands—which evidently obey a will in executing their movements, and playing even on a musical instrument—prove that they are the visible parts of an invisible intelligence. Their tangibility, their temperature, and, in short, the impression they make on the senses—for they have been known to leave an impress on the skin, to give blows so hard as to be painful, or caress most delicately—prove that they are of some species of matter. Their instantaneous disappearance proves, moreover, that this matter is eminently subtle, and is of the nature of those substances which can alternately pass from the solid to the fluid condition, and *vice versa*.

The *essential* nature of the spirit proper, that is, the *thinking* being, is entirely unknown to us. It reveals itself to us only by its acts, and its acts can affect our material senses but through



some intermediate substance. Thus the spirit requires matter to act upon matter. It has for its direct instrument the spirit form just as man has the body; hence the spirit form is matter as we have seen. It has, further, the universal ether, a sort of vehicle on which it can act as we act on the air, to produce the effects of dilation, compression, propulsion, and vibration.

Looked at in this manner, the action of spirit on matter is easily conceived, and hence it is to be understood that all the effects which result from it enter into the class of natural facts, and have in them nothing miraculous. They have appeared supernatural simply because their cause was unknown. This once known, the marvellousness disappears, and this cause is entirely in the semi-material properties of the spirit body. It is a new order of facts which will find their explanation in a newly-discovered law, and which will very shortly astonish us no more than does the intercourse now made possible through electricity.

It may be asked, perhaps, how the spirit, with the help of so subtle a substance, can act upon heavy and compact bodies, lift tables, &c. Surely no man of science would raise such an objection, for, not to mention unknown properties which this new agent may possess, have we not under our own eyes analogous examples? Is it not in the most rarified gases and the imponderable fluids that industry has found its most potent motive powers? When we see the air overturn whole edifices, steam propel enormous masses, gaseous powder burst asunder mighty rocks, and electricity tear up trees and pierce the solid walls, what is there strange in allowing that a spirit, with the aid of its spirit body, can lift a table, especially when it is known that this spirit body can become visible, tangible, and exhibit the attributes of a solid body?

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## THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.

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"Ecstasies of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

## THE LOST ATLANTIS—THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES— EDEN—THE IDEAL OF TRADITION—THE WORSHIP OF THE PAST.

It is the nature of men to regret the past and glorify the gone. Sanctity is not of the present—that is too prosaic. In this, as in much else, "distance lends enchantment to the view." The near, to all save prophetic souls, is ever the commonplace. "Familiarity breeds contempt." "The wisdom of our ancestors" expresses the common feelings of humanity in relation to the

elder generations. Nor is this the sentiment only of ignoble minds, a reverence for the past being one of the forms of true hero-worship.

Probably no people ever yet really despised their ancestors, the tendency indeed has been usually in the opposite direction, so that eventually they have endeavoured to deify them. Traditions of a golden age and paradisaical state linger around the morning land of all human history. The origin of every race is divine. There was indeed something beautiful and sublime in the classical and Scandinavian idea of the unbroken descent of men, first from gods and then from heroes, the successive generations thus constituting a Jacob's ladder from heaven to earth. While "the sons of God" were thus actually extant among the visible and tangible realities of life, the gulph between the celestial and terrestrial, the spiritual and material must have been substantially bridged to the religious consciousness of primæval worshippers. Heaven was probably not quite so distant to them as to us. The divine ichor of its gods still flowed in the veins of mortal men, whose use of the term "Father" therefore had a homely force, and yet a far-reaching significance, largely lost to the feeblar generations of earth's later children.

The inductive philosopher, and his ever multiplying school of utilitarian disciples, may no doubt think that the only possible paradise lies *before* them, as a condition to be laboriously achieved by the toils and discoveries of the future; but the poet and the prophet will still feel that they are *behind*, and so regard their return but as a divinely vouchsafed restoration. The impression of a "fall" is indeed so deeply seated in man, that if it cannot be discovered in this world it must be sought for in another—if not a *fact* of the timesphere, then it is a *truth* of the eternal. If we did not find it here, then we brought it with us. A credence so deeply seated and so widely spread must be based on a veracity. It must have been an experience somewhere. The feeling, indeed, seems to be universal, that we have lost something we once possessed and may again recover, a truth applicable not only to the race, but to each individual, whose lengthening chain of life seems ever to have begun with golden links and ended in those of iron.

No wonder, then, that men have symbolized all this now under the form of a beautiful garden by the rivers of the East, and then under that of a lovely island amidst the waters of the West, the one forfeited, and the other submerged, each implying that some celestial glory had departed, some spiritual gift had been lost, to the foolish and unbelieving for ever, but to the wise and faithful only for a season. The latter know that all things move in circles, that there is no night without a morning, and no funeral without a resurrection. They therefore expect the re-emergence of their Atlantis, the restoration of their Paradise, in

a splendour and beauty of which mythic tradition is but a faint echo, and all prophecy but a dim adumbration. It need scarcely be said that the Atlantis for which such look is not a place but a condition, not a material site but a moral situation. Yet, perhaps, as everything is symbolical, it is not altogether devoid of significance, that in these latter ages we have discovered an actual and geographical Atlantis, "beyond the pillars of Hercules and towards the setting sun," across the broad waters of the western sea. America is a realization in the factsphere of the poetic conception of antiquity, not identical with the ideal, as no actual ever is, falling far short of it under some aspects, but as immeasurably transcending it under others; not so exquisitely beautiful or perfectly immaculate; not so thoroughly paradisaical, but far larger, more varied in its climate, and more diverse in its productions—in truth a realm far more habitable by the mortal men of this toiling and suffering world.

And so probably it will be with the moral Atlantis, to whose radiant and sun-gemmed shores the priceless argosy of modern civilisation is bound across the stormy seas of intervening time. It will not perhaps be quite so idyllic, and altogether free from the toil, and strife, and woe of this deeply shadowed present, as we, in our almost religious enthusiasm, are apt to imagine; but it will probably be a time of grander victories over nature, and greater achievements in literature and art, of more justice in law, and more purity in morals, than any age of which humanity has yet had experience. As we approach its coasts and enter its harbours, the amber light and golden hues, as of some celestial land of spiritual beatitude in which the enchantment of distance has hitherto robed its waving outlines may gradually disappear; but they will give place, not to barren rocks and frowning precipices but to the verdant slopes and vine-clad hills of a veritable land of promise, where the cottage of the husbandman may nestle and the laugh of his children may resound, none making them afraid.

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PYGMALION—THE ARTIST'S LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL—THE  
POWER OF GENIUS TO VITALISE ITS PRODUCTIONS.

THE story of Pygmalion is that of every true creator, or, as we say, poet, meaning thereby also, artist. It is the world-old legend of Adam, awakening from the soul-dream of love to find the Eve of his imagination realized in a presentable form to the senses. The inherently beautiful is always the essentially spiritual. Not till the earthly is seen transfigured in the light of the heavenly—not till the temporal has been, to some extent, "clothed upon" by the radiant robes of the eternal—does it become, even by the remotest possibility, truly adorable.



Genius must worship its own ideal. There is no escape from this law of the highest and purest idolatry. It is in the pursuit of this that the excelsior path which leads to perfection has been trodden by devout souls in all ages. What is creation, even in its cosmic, its universal sense, but the realization of a thought, the projection into fact of a conception existing from eternity in the soul of the Divine? It is the Logos made manifest, the ineffable subjected to the law of incarnation.

To understand man as to his inner life, we must never regard him as of the earth earthy. He is not rooted here. His well-springs flow from beyond this limited sphere of time. He is only a foster-child of nature, a prince of the eternity, nursed upon the lap of matter; and sometimes—alas, too often—lulled into oblivion of his sublime, his veritably celestial origin. Art is but the dim reflection, and poetry the faint echo, of his reminiscences. They are the prophetic aspirations which tell of his ultimate return homewards. They are the longings of his higher being, that will not be gainsaid, rendering themselves visible and vocal. They are the song of the exile, telling in notes, now plaintive and anon playful, of the glorious land of his nativity. They admonish us of his destiny. The captive will some day escape from the bars of his prison-house, and, like the Papilio bursting from the chrysalis, mount heavenwards, as by an irrepressible instinct, into the brighter light and purer air of the better world beyond.

Sculpture is the poetry of form. Its true Pygmaliions ever prevail to breathe life into the previously inanimate marble. They animate their statues with the everlasting life of the beautiful. They confer the gift of immortality on their productions. The thought of Phidias is as young to-day as when admiring Athens beheld its spotless purity emerge from his studio. In this he exercised the grand prerogative of genius, whose lovely creations never grow old. It is the same with poetry. Homer's Helen will never be wrinkled. Dante's Beatrice will always be beautiful. Petrarch's Laura cannot fade. The divine is not subjected to the law of mortality, being fed from founts that never fail.

Pygmalion is genius, evolving the beautiful under the inspiration of love, realising its soul-dreams, fulfilling its aspirations, enrobing earth in the splendour of heaven, and so giving to the human the aspect of the divine. This is its mission. To this end has it become a dweller among the sons of men. For this divine purpose has the immortal condescended to be clothed in the vesture of mortality.

For all this, we of the more immediate present have but an imperfect appreciation,—our vocation lying in the lower sphere of the useful. To us fine art is simply a superior function of the

upholsterer. We furnish our drawing rooms with paintings as we do with sofas, and we garnish our halls with statuary as with mediæval armour—because it is the fashion. But art demands the temple and the forum. Its productions must be regarded as worshipful, as veritable revelations of the supernal, not as idle curiosities for the admiration of a few virtuosi. But this is an inspiration which our Protestant and Puritanic age cannot supply. We have made war on the beautiful as the ally of superstition, and so cast art out of the temple, lest it should prove an incentive to idolatry. But another spirit is arising. The iconoclasts have had their day. The reign of negation, which means death, is nearly over; and in the morning light of a living faith, art, as priestess of the beautiful, will again be enthroned in more than her former power, and surrounded with more than her pristine splendour.

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## THE IDEAL ATTAINED :

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS  
AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WODSON," ETC.

"We had experience of a blissful state,  
In which our powers of thought stood separate,  
Each in its own high freedom held apart,  
Yet both close folded in one loving heart;  
So that we seemed, without conceit, to be  
Both one, and two, in our identity."—MILNES.

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### CHAPTER IX.

IN the afternoon of that day I had persuaded Mrs Bromfield to let the boys go forward for a time, and rest herself by reclining, on a pillow, in my lap.

"I am thinking," she said, after a long silence in this position, "of what may yet be before us, Miss Warren. We have watched and prayed for a sight and touch of this land, but what then! I remember reading, only last year, a narrative of a party of men cast away on a small group of uninhabited islands, somewhere in these seas, who did not escape till the twelfth year was more than half gone. They had implements and some portions of their wreck, and with these they built

themselves habitations. They planted some kernels of corn and wheat which they had saved from the vessel, and subsisted upon the little they could raise thus, and the eggs of sea-fowls. How long could we bear such a life, dear friend ?”

“ With shelter and means of subsistence,” I replied, “ a good while, I think ; but whether or not one could be grateful for such an existence, prolonged beyond hope of escape, I am doubtful.”

“ I could be grateful for any existence, Miss Warren,” said my friend, “ that should not force me out of sustaining and harmonious relations to somewhat in both the natural and moral world, that might suffice, in a measure, my spiritual needs. I have often dreamed of an Arcadia in some

‘ Summer isle of Eden,’

where, with one soul to love and give me love in return, and a few others—half a dozen, say—kings and queens to reign in the outside circle of my heart—precious growing friends—with few cares and no slavish employments, we could set up our own standards of life, and feel no sneer making weight against our faithfulness to them. True, I have parted with those pleasing dreams years since, and yet, were it not for my children, I believe I could even now find in myself the courage to declare this an adventure, and treat it accordingly. The many-sidedness of life has wearied me in these late years, and I seem to find a rest in the idea of escaping, for a season, the eternal revolutions by which its night and day, its clouds and sunshine, its glory and gloom, pass before the soul.”

“ And yet, from them,” I replied, “ the soul has its growth.”

“ They are, rather, the rain on the seed,” she said. “ It is well that it fall at times ; but it is well, also that it be withheld. Periods of seclusion and rest are as necessary to growth, I believe, as those of active culture ; and, unmolested by the presence of discordant spirits or the pressure of physical necessities, I could pass a year or two here, if such should be our fate, with no very bitter repining. I can teach my boys, if the Good Father will spare them to me ; and I am so grateful to you, dear Miss Warren—so very grateful that such a woman is the companion of my lot, that I can afford a great deal of lenity to Mrs Farley—though she does seem fearfully diminished since those gowns and shawls were lost.”

Mrs Farley lay upon the opposite seat, fast asleep. She slept, happily, fourteen or sixteen hours every day. The other eight or ten were divided between a moping silence and weak, querulous complaining against what we all accepted with thanks that no utterance could express—the weather, our progress, our unimpaired health, and our



comfortable accommodation in all respects wherein we might reasonably have feared and even expected continual suffering.

"When our house is built here," continued Mrs Bromfield, "you shall have the corner opposite mine. I suppose our couches will be of sand, or, at least, of grass or dried sea-weed; our tables—pray heaven there may be something to lay on them—will be the lids of trunks, and our divans and chairs great stones and fragments of rock from the beach. We shall have to be each other's mirrors ——"

"I think I know of another pair of eyes that would brighten to serve you in that capacity," I interrupted.

"Truce to your jesting on that subject, Miss Warren. The thought of it, while it appeals to my selfish sense of security, perplexes me deeply at times. Because, you must see," she added, speaking even lower than we had been, "that nothing but a delicacy that is almost fabulous in any man can spare me many and some distressing embarrassments in the life before us."

"Have you not," I asked, "every indication you could desire of the presence of that delicacy? I have never myself seen that rare and beautiful trait so wholly and purely manifested as it is here; and I am weak enough," I added, "or good enough—which is it? you, perhaps, would say the first—to be capable of worshipping a man who was so noble as to treat me thus."

Her pale face flushed beneath my earnest gaze, but I would go on, now that I had spoken thus much. "There is not," I said, "a soul here, pent up as we are within these few feet of space, who has seen the slightest indication that could wound your pride. He does not approach you but as he would our poor little friend over there, if she had children that he could aid her in caring for; he never looks at you with a glance of love; he surrounds you with an invisible care that never fails or tires; and when thanked, acknowledges the expression as much for Ching, or Antonio, or Tom, as for himself. And if you do not love ——"

Here her finger was placed upon my lips to stop their further utterance.

"My dear friend," she whispered, "no service could purchase my love. My gratitude, my warmest friendship, my utmost capacity to confer happiness by reciprocal deeds, it would secure; but once for all, a man, without an act of kindness, without a word of admiration for me, must have, in his own being, the qualities that would irresistibly take that before he could have it. I cannot *give* my love. It must be *taken* by a mandate of God, issued in the life and nature of him who asks it, and when that comes, I shall not resist it."

I sighed, and tears of pure compassion, of real heartfelt pain for one whose fearful wretchedness and waste of life I saw possibly foreshadowed in those words, filled my eyes.

"They are for him, not you," I said, as she looked up when one dropped upon her hand. "You are hard and almost hateful to me in uttering such language. I think it is wicked—such an exercise of power, which must have been given for good, not for pain,—for lifting up, and not destroying."

"I would not pain or destroy," she said, raising herself to an erect position on the seat beside me, "the poorest and scantiest soul among that swarthy company before us. God forbid you should think me capable, for a moment, of anything but intense pain myself in any such thought. But, Miss Warren, I know, or, rather, I believe, that life must, somewhere or somehow, furnish for every true demand of our nature a true object. And I cannot consent to compromise for any but that in a matter so sacred. But let us speak no more of it. It was weak in me to permit the subject to go so far; but do not think ill of me, dear, for what I have said. I have but expressed my convictions and feelings; I am no worse than I was when they were unexpressed—and not at all hard-hearted, as I see you are more than half inclined to think me."

I was sad, nevertheless, with a feeling I could not shake off, and which I pondered deeply in the wakeful hours of that night—she sitting there, with her boys sleeping on each side of her, and occasionally taking the two or three steps which the space between our trunks and seats permitted. At dark the rowers rested, the breeze being fresh enough to carry us forward, and at ten o'clock Captain Landon said, that, if all went as well as it had with us, we should reach the island by three or four next afternoon. And then Colonel Anderson surprised us with the extraordinary and interesting fact that he had had an acquaintance and many conversations with a man who had been cast away on it, about four years before. He was a Scotchman—a ship-carpenter—and their vessel had struck in the night on a coral reef, that surrounds the island. He had told him of its resources in water, fruit, and game; the latter very scanty on land, but the fishing good. The vegetable productions, cocoanut, palm and banana trees were plentiful in some parts; also the bread-fruit and various esculents.

This account of our destination and future home absorbed us far into the evening. "Why," I asked, "had we not heard it before?"

"Because, ladies," replied Colonel Anderson, "I saw you were getting on so well with our troubles, that I reserved it from day to day, fearing a dark one might come, when it would help your failing courage to hear it."

"How long had these persons to stay, Colonel Anderson?" asked Mrs Bromfield.

"They were fortunate enough to signal a ship in about four weeks," he replied; "and now that the commerce is so greatly increased upon these waters, I feel very little apprehension of our having a protracted imprisonment before us."

"No," said Captain Landon; "if there is a height where we can keep a look-out and a signal, I think we shall not fail to secure relief in a few weeks. I also have a hope that some of our boats may fall in with a vessel, and as they were all bound hither, it is possible that we may escape in a few days. At any rate," he added, after a moment, "we have, thank God, all that is necessary to enable us to support life without destitution or pain. We must be very careful of health, and preserve as much cheerfulness as possible, and I hope we shall all yet live to see the faces of old friends and homes again."

I saw Mrs Bromfield move tenderly over Harry at the mention of health and cheerfulness. It was plain to me that she had not shaken off the alarm she had felt about him before leaving the ship, although he had been well since—only a little graver and more thoughtful than was his wont, as he would naturally be in our circumstances.

As for Phil, he had many times protested against "doein' ashore so long," and almost scolded the Captain for not bringing us in the ship—which his mother had prevented his seeing the loss of—and repeatedly asked the "Turnel" what he did "doe and bring mamma and Miss Warren, and me and Harry, in 'iss bad little boat, such a long way, for?" Phil never understood but it was the legitimate going ashore, but he disliked the inconvenience greatly, and declared, as the time went on and he grew more weary of the confinement, that, when he was a man, and had a big ship, and *genelmans* and ladies in it, he'd bring it right up to the land, he would." But whenever he showed signs of taking seriously to fretting, his mother led off his imagination and thoughts to the moon or the bottom of the sea, or to fairy-land, or up among the stars, where she created such beautiful worlds to his mind, that he was effectually cheated, for the time, out of all complaints against this one.

## CHAPTER X.

"Is that land, Anderson?" asked the Captain, about two o'clock next day, after he had been sweeping the western horizon carefully with his glass. "Tell me how it looks to you. It is very low, if it is."

"I should say it was land, beyond a doubt," replied the Colonel,



after a diligent survey. "It cannot be vapour, I think, hanging so low and remaining so fixed."

We were now all excitement; every eye was strained—Phil's among the rest, held high up in the "Turnel's" arms—an effort which he rewarded with a kiss, and a grave assent to the previously expressed opinion of his elder friend: "Yes, 'at's land."

In an hour or two there was plainly visible to the naked eye the long, low, blue outline, very little broken to the southward by slight elevations, and looking so pure, peaceful, and ethereal, hanging between the sky and ocean, that to us it seemed as if it might be the Arcadia we had talked of.

Mrs Farley roused herself, and faithful to the ruling passion, began at once to adjust, pick, arrange, and smooth her apparel; and, as she saw the pleasant-looking earth, she groaned in recollection of all she had lost, that would so have glorified her there. She moved across to my side and said:

"Isn't it a pity, now, Miss Warren, we have got here so easily, that we didn't bring more with us? We could just as well as not have had a trunk for each of us."

"It would not have been safe to load the boat more deeply," I replied; "and if we had met with rough weather, we should each have been obliged, perhaps, to throw over a part of what we had. Let us be thankful, Mrs Farley, to have escaped so terrible an accident so well, instead of mourning that it was not better."

"But I shall never get so many clothes again," she said, piteously; "and my niece and sister will be so sorry, for we could all wear the same dresses."

"If your niece and sister," I said, "are not glad to see you safe, after such danger, without pining for so paltry a loss, your pains and perils will indeed be poorly repaid."

I never could command my patience with the poor soul. Often and often I had commenced speaking to her with the firmest and kindest intention not to be provoked to asperity, or indulge any disposition to reprove her follies; but she would hunt me to the end of my forbearance, and then came the ungracious or rebuking word that drove her back into her little shell again; and so we went on.

Twilight fell softly down in gray repose upon the darkening waters; and right over in front of us there hung the silver rounding moon. It made our hearts glad, for the surf was heard throbbing on the shore of the island, and very soon we should be near enough to be in danger from the reef.

Antonio now took rank among us. He was a Madeira Islander, and

for aught I know, might have been born and nursed in the water. At all events, he was as nearly amphibious as anything human could be, and he explored the reef, as we approached it, in the most ludicrous manner—dropping overboard every few minutes with the nonchalance of an experienced Newfoundland dog, and presently coming in, in some inconceivable way, over the bow, and sitting perched there, dripping, till he saw occasion for another plunge.

Colonel Anderson's informant had told him that there was a broad gate through the coral wall, on the north-east point, and this we were searching for till the moon had set. The greatest caution was used to preserve the boat from injury, for we all felt how invaluable it might be to us, even after we got safely to shore. At last Antonio set us a glad shout from the midst of the darkness ahead. His ordinary speech was a mixture of French, Spanish, Portuguese, and English; and now we heard him roaring forth: "Ici! ici! Madre de Dios: Gracias! Tank God!"

He came on board with these exclamations, and very shortly after we were sensible of approaching the surf rapidly. As we drew near, over went our pilot again, and in a few moments the astonished air was rent with a thunder-peal of gladness, as our prow shot swiftly and smoothly up on a fair sand-beach.

What a bustle! almost as great as if we had really, as Phil thought, reached the right land. But his keen observation could no longer be cheated. In all the hurry and excitement, I heard him say to his mother (who held the children both firmly to her till the word came for us to go ashore): "Mamma, is 'iss 'e other land? I don't see any *cannles*, mamma."

And then, mamma remaining attentive to other things, he appealed to Harry, who replied, in a tone of grave condescension: "No, this isn't the other land; this is an island."

Antonio reported that it was high tide, though I was unable to discover how he could tell that, in the darkness, till next day, when I saw the long wet beach at low water, and the waves coming up to the dry sand when the tide was in. The boat was run up so that we could almost step ashore from her bows, whence the children and Mrs Farley were carried by the men, while Colonel Anderson and the Captain assisted Mrs Bromfield and myself to alight, by a great leap, in about three inches of water.

Oh, what inexpressible joy to have the land beneath our feet again! When we had felt it so, and heard the children, and stood up together, Mrs Bromfield threw her arms about my neck and wept. "Dear Miss Warren, how good is our Lord God, to spare us all and furnish this

resting-place in the midst of the shifting, treacherous sea! Is it not the peace of heaven, after the uncertainty of these dreadful days, to have the dear children secure here, where the the awful waters cannot devour them—to know that we are all gathered safely out of that frail shell!”

I felt, from the intensity of her expression, that she must have suffered far more than I had supposed, and I had a little quiet satisfaction in making as near an approach to encouragement as I suppose the most courageous would have dared to offer her.

I returned her embrace cordially, as I was wholly moved to, and said: “Dear friend, it is joyful to clasp each other in hope again, instead of fear and terror; but we will not now think either upon the past or present, except, if possible, to find a place of rest for ourselves—especially for you and the boys. I fear we shall have you on our hands soon, unless you take to sleeping more than you have since we left the ship.”

I took her matters in some measure into my own charge, and she suffered me, without remonstrance. Colonel Anderson, who, as he said, had nothing to look after, unless we kindly suffered him to adopt us, had our trunks and other chattels on the beach when I stepped down; and as no choice could be made of position that night, he proposed to spread a sail upon the smoothest bit of sand he could feel out, and let us get to rest at once. “For you know, Miss Warren,” he said, “that she cannot go on so without utterly breaking down soon.”

Ching and Antonio presented themselves, by the Captain’s order, to await our commands. A light had been struck by means of a flint, but was immediately extinguished again, so that we only caught a flash of it; but our preparations went forward in the dark, and very shortly our five weary bodies were stretched upon the dear old earth, for a rest we had not known in ten long days. Phil and Harry seemed scarcely able to enjoy enough the intense luxury of spreading their young limbs. “Oh, mamma,” said Phil, “I do ’ike to sleep here—it’s so better—it’s so nice—isn’t it?”

The noise subsided about us, or we soon became insensible to it, for it seemed to me, when I woke in the early twilight of the morning, to have been but a few minutes since I went to sleep.

That day was spent in preparations for our temporary home, which was at first an open tent, or rather awning, to shelter us from the sun, but which grew before night into an enclosed space, where, for the first time since leaving the Tempest, we enjoyed the luxury of a dressing apartment. We renovated thoroughly, to our great satisfaction and comfort; and, as Mrs Bromfield, having first carried Harry and Philip through a course of sea-water and towels, was stepping outside, Antonio



and Ching presented themselves, and made known, in their respective styles, their desire to serve us in the capacity of laundresses.

"Me washy," said Ching, "ver' good—ver' much."

"Yo lava," said Antonio, "what you call vash, Madame, Signorita."

We were more than thankful for the service thus offered, and Mrs Bromfield did not spare expressions of our gratitude; for nothing, beside sufficient food and drink, could so much conduce to our comfort here as plentiful supplies of fresh clothing.

#### CHAPTER XI.

Our meals were taken in the tent—Captain Landon and Colonel Anderson joining us—at a rude table made from some bits of loose board and the seats of our boat. We had but two plates, but the great avaloni and mother-of-pearl shells were more beautiful and nearly as convenient. There were no trees near, and only an inconsiderable elevation, a little to the north-east of us, where, early on the first morning, a staff of the tallest spars, spliced together, had been raised, and a signal hoisted. On a little green spot beyond this a well had been commenced on the same day, but though diligently dug and carried down several feet, there was no sign of water on the third. This gave us our first real anxiety. Water would be our first want if we continued to be alone; and then, if the other boats' crews should arrive without any—as must happen if they were out many days longer than we had been—no imagination could exaggerate the suffering before us. Already we were sparing, and expeditions were daily made to other parts of the island for water and fruits. Bananas were brought us in plenty, but though very agreeable and refreshing, and well used to take the place of food, they seemed rather to increase than allay thirst, especially with the children.

On the morning of the fifth day Ching came with the pail and the Captain's compliments, "And he no could more givee—one pint, one lady—two pint, two boy!"

How poor Mrs Bromfield's heart sunk at these words! "Oh, my poor children!" she exclaimed, "what is to become of you if we find no water?"

And the sky looked as if it would never rain again. Colonel Anderson had been out all the day before in search, and was going again this morning; but he presently approached the tent, and addressing my friend, said: "I am just setting out for the other side of the island, Mrs Bromfield, and as we have been prudently put on allowance of water to-day, and I know my little friends will be most inconvenienced by this arrangement, I came to say that four of the men desired me this morning

to tell you that they would divide their rations with them. If you will send Ching down to the tent, he will be able to get it any time."

Tears of gratitude, and deep, deep emotion, were falling from her eyes before he had done speaking. "I cannot now," she replied, "express to you, Colonel Anderson, or to these excellent and noble men, the gratitude I feel for all your constant and thoughtful kindness. I should be grateful for any act that would mitigate my own sufferings were I alone; but all that is done to take away the horror and wretchedness my children might have to endure, entitles the doers to a reverential affection from me."

She had taken his hand in speaking, and she pressed it convulsively between her own before letting it go.

"We are but doing," he said, "what a common sentiment of human tenderness prompts all good persons to do. I pray you not to cherish a sense of peculiar obligation to any of us. There is not a man in a hundred, I suppose, of all who fill the world, but would, in like circumstances, do the same. I hope to be more successful to-day than we have been," he continued. "The man who told me of this island, said they had sunk a well which supplied them, scantily indeed, but so reliably that they did not suffer; and they were more in number than we are at present. So that I do not at all despair of success, but it may be some days yet before we discover this treasure."

"Meantime," she said, "you are daily fatiguing yourself—perhaps exposing your health and life—by walking under this burning sun all the day. I fear you are risking what we can ill afford to lose, my dear sir."

"I am, fortunately, much used to torrid climes," he replied; "my Indian service is but three years over, and I was in Algeria a little more than a year ago. There is no danger of me, ma'am. If my friends had the same security against suffering that I have, in iron health and a toughened constitution, I should feel much less anxious than I do. But I must bid you good morning," he said, clasping her offered hand; "I hope to bring you good news to-day."

Mrs Bromfield sighed as he walked away, and, without a word, turned back to where her children were awaiting the completion of a story which his coming had interrupted.

"Mamma," said Harry, when it was over, "can I go up to the signal with Antonio? He is going to look out by-and-bye, and it's cool up there, he says."

"I am afraid, my darling, that the sun will be too hot for you."

"No, mamma; Antonia will carry your umbrella, if you will let him—will you?"

"Certainly, dear Harry, if you go ; but I must ask Captain Landon what he thinks of it, first."

She seemed to have partly recovered from her anxiety about Harry, and when the sun was low in the morning or evening, often let him run freely about the beach and the ground where the stores were laid, wishing him to have as natural a freedom as his safety would allow, the more surely to throw off the serious gravity that had settled upon him since the night of the wreck. She took him now by the hand and went down to the tent where Captain Landon was standing, and when they came back, Harry was fitted out with the umbrella and a cambric handkerchief folded in the crown of his Panama hat, to keep out the sun's rays. Antonio was to stay two hours, and all the injunctions were carefully laid on both ; yet his mother's face was very sad and anxious as she let him go from her arms. She stood looking after him and returning his little salutations from beneath the umbrella so long, that I said :

"You must be much less than your usual self, my dear friend, to feel such an anxiety for Harry, when he seems so well and cheerful."

"I am never happy or at ease when he is out of my sight, Miss Warren," she replied. "I cannot be, since that night ; and I have impressions, at times, of some fate impending over him, which startle and pain me inexpressibly. But I wish not to have him feel this, as a cloud over his spirits, and therefore I have given him some liberties, which I might, perhaps, have more wisely withheld. You do not think there is any risk in this little walk, do you ?"

"Not in the least, I should say. Antonio is so fond of him, and so faithful and trusty, that I should think you might set yourself at rest about him ; and if you would lie down with little Phil"—who had quietly turned over on the sail-cloth and gone to sleep—"you would, I think, be acting wisely. You know, dear, we were to be mirrors for each other, and now I must reflect your face to you, thinner and paler by many shades than I ever saw it before. You will wear out insensibly under these anxieties and dreads, and though you may rely on your strength and endurance with good reason, yet you know not how much more they may be needed by-and-bye."

While I read this homily, she came and sat down on the trunk beside me.

"Do not talk of resting now," she said ; "at least not of sleeping. I can rest better here with you, dear."

And we went straight forward into a world of clear, sweet talk, sitting there by ourselves on that quiet morning—for Mrs Farley had gone to her sail-cloth, otherwise her couch, and was also fast asleep.

At length Mrs Bromfield said : "I have always had a feeling that I

could not lose one of my children, and live. They are so closely related to my life, and it is so shorn of other sweets beside them, that, since my alarm about Harry, and our peril, I really do not know an hour's peace. I am conscious of losing, as you say, flesh, and strength of all kinds. That, indeed, would be natural to our position; but I confess I feel sorely burdened with a shadowy fear, apart from the possible or probable sufferings of our lot here. Oh! a woman's heart has its strength in love, and when the love is taken away, alas for her who is deprived of it! All that life, at its worst, can do, may be borne with it; without it, great God! what deserts filled with horrors stretch around—endless everywhere but in that distant, narrow point, where the gateway of the future life opens.”

“But there,” I said, “springs the bow of Hope, that never fades to the eye of Faith.”

“Yes, there it is,” she replied; “but the most favoured and exalted of us do not see it at all times, and the hours of its obscuration are heavy and dark with life's blackest shadows. Then, too, we *know* only the affections of this life. We *know* only the sweet love that blesses us here. It is reasoning, trusting, and hoping for that which shall come to us there. Even I, dear friend, with a light that you do not yet accept, have sometimes but dim outlooks into that great future, where our all lies after a few glancing years shall have swept by. Did you ever meet these lines of an old poet? I know not who he was that wrote them, but listen to their wondrous beauty and crystal clearness:

“ ‘ Dear, beauteous Death—thou jewel of the just,  
Shining nowhere but in the dark!  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could we outlook that mark.’ ”

How the low-spoken words thrilled me, and the spiritual glow of her dark eye, as she uttered them—seeming to outlook all marks and penetrate the depths of the Infinite Beyond!

“Surely,” I said, “your vision is seldom darkened in that direction. You have little to complain of, I think.”

“I oftener lose my beacon than you imagine, dear friend,” she replied. “A mist seems to heave up before me, and bury the known and the true in its blinding shrouds. Granted that we have more light than any age has ever before enjoyed, we have also a larger need wherein to absorb it. Granted that Science and Religion have both unfolded to us truths and hopes which were never before the property of the soul—its appetites and powers have grown with the receiving, and we can never again rest where we have. The ages before us have



given birth to creeds and systems to which Truth was subordinated ; it seems to me the grand privilege of ours to lift the divine light above dogmatism, and inaugurate it in the heart of man."

"You believe, then, that, amid all the contention and strife of this age, there is a greater influx of truth than ever before?" I asked.

"Not relatively greater, perhaps, than ever before. There have been periods in the world's history as remarkable as this ; but they were so by comparison with what preceded them. Transition periods are always so marked, but no previous one has led *from* so high a plane to so high a one as those which are beneath and above us to-day."

"Truly there is war enough," I replied ; "but it seems to me that we are following *ignes fatui*, rather than true light, in the way some of us are going."

"Never believe it for a moment, my dear friend," she replied. "The new parties in the religious world comprise many, very many of the most developed men and women, whose inmost lives are hungering for some high, clear religious truth. The soul has outgrown its creeds, and more than half who remain within the churches, even, already doubt their sufficiency for our further development. Look, Miss Warren, at the daring and constant challenge under which the theological dogmas lie, not from infidels alone, or persons who can be denounced as such, but from religious, earnest, thoughtful, striving, loving men and women, who desire God, and cultivate his likeness in their souls ; who do not feel themselves irreligious because the Church denies them its countenance ; but, on the contrary, feel and know that there is a broad and deep religious current in their natures, which is none the less pure for not flowing in prescribed channels."

"But all this seems vague and indefinite to me," I said ; "too much so to afford any substantial rest to the spirit in its days of trial. One craves something clearer and more positive."

"No, no," she answered, in quick expostulation ; "do not say that you desire to be told how to be religious. Do not tell me you would rather repose upon a creed than upon an infinite God and his eternal laws. I cannot doubt that his truth and love are sufficient for the soul in its darkest hours. They are only clouded to me when thinking, as we were just now, of the loss of the love which is ours here. What effulgence of glory, what greatness, what power, what duration of existence, or wealth in any sort that it could bring us, would compensate this loss?"

I had no word of reply to these thoughts, and when next she spoke, she said : "Do you know, dear Miss Warren, that Harry's condition on that dreadful night was like the instances of second-sight we used

to hear of, and which are now talked of as spiritual impressions. He has had a similar experience one night since, with less noticeable results; but I cannot free my mind of a deep and painful anxiety for him."

"His condition, in my opinion, Mrs Bromfield," said I, in my weightiest tone, "arose from some derangement of his system. The child has a sensitive and delicate organization, and he had, perhaps, eaten something that his disturbed stomach refused to assimilate."

"That would do for you to say and believe, Miss Warren, but not for me. You see only the outward facts in the case, while to me his inmost spiritual condition is revealed, in some manner that I cannot describe, but which I feel perfectly, and which you could better appreciate were any life so related to your own. Pardon me, dear, kind friend," she said, drawing me toward her, and kissing my cheek; "I spoke more abruptly than I ought; for, under all your outward tranquillity, I found, long ago, a woman's quick heart beating."

She did not speak again till I raised my head from her shoulder, and said, "Tell me, now, the rest."

"I was saying," she resumed, "that I could *feel* in Harry a different cause for these experiences, from any mere bodily one. He has, normally, but a very imperfect recollection of his father"—she seemed to speak with great difficulty and effort, but went on slowly—"and yet he has twice, since we have been on this island, described him to me, as accurately as if he had seen him yesterday—more vividly, indeed, than children of his years ever describe those they live with daily. It is not this alone, however, that impresses me, wonderful as it seems; but I have, in my own being, a clear perception—not intellectual—that it is a reality to the child. When he speaks, I see not what he sees, but him seeing it. I do not make myself clear to you, Miss Warren, I suppose; but I have pondered these things much, and it was an imperative necessity to speak of them."

There was a long silence, which she broke by saying, tenderly: "Did I open a wound in your heart, dear friend, by referring to the richness of my own relations in life? Believe me, you have the truest pity I can feel. If the angels ever weep tears of blood over our mortal sphere, they must fall, I think, for the woman to whom maternity is denied. If I hurt you, dear heart, forgive me. I was too selfishly absorbed at the moment of speaking those words, to consider, as I ought to have done, that yours is the irreparable lot. I could better afford to lose all now, if so terrible a fate could be sent me, than never to have known the light and sweetness of the last seven years. Brighter heavens and fairer earth since that day of motherhood dawned; larger God and nobler humanity."

She stopped speaking, and held my head upon her shoulder, pressing her pale, softened cheek upon my eyes, to keep back the tears.

## CHAPTER XII.

I KNOW not how long we had remained thus silent, when the words, "Boat, Ahoy!" startled us. We rose, and stepped quickly without; and there, just coming in sight, as if rounding our signal point, lay two of our missing boats. Of course there was joy and bustle, for we had all experienced more or less anxiety for their crews. Mr Garth was in one of them, and I was struck with the difference between Mrs Bromfield's reception of him and her treatment of Colonel Anderson. She hastened frankly forward with extended hand, her features speaking the cordial welcome she gave him. No constraint or formality, as in the other case, but a kindly and genuine concern for his wasted, changed looks. He had evidently suffered much, though he said they had had good weather, plenty of food, and were only put on allowance of water three days before. They "had naturally been anxious for the others," he said; and his hopeless eyes, as he spoke, turned to hers.

Like a sister, or old friend, whose right none would question, she sat down near him, talked over our voyage, and asked about his; told him of the children, showed him Phil, fast asleep, and assured him the child would be delighted to see him: "For he has not forgotten you," she said, "nor suffered any of us to."

It was time that Harry should return now, for they had already been something more than two hours away; and but for this exciting arrival, we should, doubtless, have begun to be anxious about him.

Mrs Bromfield walked to the end of the tent, looking toward the point more than once after we spoke of him; and at length she said: "Miss Warren, I think I must walk out and meet them. Will you remain with Phil till we return?"

"Yes," I replied, "if you will go; but the sun is getting very warm."

"So much the more need," she said, "of my care,"—tying on her light bonnet.

"Can I be of any service?" asked Mr Garth.

"Thank you, I need no service, I hope; but if you will walk, I shall be glad of your company."

As I looked after them, I thought—this and her words puzzle me beyond anything. She would not treat Colonel Anderson so for her right hand; yet I know she has wholly forgiven his offence. What, then, is the reason? Does she love the man? Has she found in him the divine power to take, which she declared she would not resist, and

is she holding both him and herself in a show of antagonism, because of our circumstances?

Thus I questioned, with a growing hope for them both, till the figures before me had nearly passed from my sight around the rise of ground, when Phil awoke, and called for mamma. "She is gone to fetch Harry, darling," I said, lifting him and brushing his moistened hair from his forehead.

"Div' me some water, p'ease, Miss Warren."

I held it to his lips, and he drank a long, long draught, with such eagerness, that I thought, with a shudder, of the time, possibly near at hand, when the prayer would have to be denied. I placed him on the ground, with a kiss—Phil's contact with the world, thus far, was chiefly through kisses and caresses—and he walked to the door. Next moment I heard him say: "Wat you run for, Ching?"

"Wattee! watee!" was the answer, in the gladdest tones of poor Ching. "He findee—Colonel; see!" and he held forward a tin vessel containing pure-looking water, which I tasted.

"Good!" said Ching; "no muchee—one pail."

There was considerable bustle at the lower tent, and I made out, over all the heads, Colonel Anderson's broad hat, like a small umbrella, drooping on his shoulders; and a moment after he separated himself from the crowd and walked briskly toward us.

"You have found water, Colonel," I said, very gladly, as I offered him my hand in congratulation.

"Yes, thank God—enough to save us from actual suffering, and perhaps to show us the way to more. It is an eventful day, Miss Warren."

"Yes, happily eventful. We rejoiced to see our shipmates arrive safely."

"Where is Garth?" he asked.

"He is gone with Mrs Bromfield to Signal Point, after Harry."

He changed colour, and moved involuntarily, as when a heavy shock falls upon some sensitive part.

"Mr Garth looks very miserably," I added, wishing in some way to convey my idea to him, and scarcely knowing how to do it without committing or risking a blunder. "He has evidently suffered deeply on the voyage."

"And he carries an advertisement of it in his face, I suppose," he said, bitterly, "to enlist pity."

"I did pity him, certainly," I said, with some firmness, "and I know Mrs Bromfield did; for pity is always born into her heart when she sees pain." His face grew harder and sterner every moment. "She would



pity Captain Landon, or Mr Watkins, or Mr Pedes, or any of the men, if they were suffering as much, in the same way," I added.

"God forbid I should ever be honoured with that sentiment from her!" he exclaimed. "I could enjoy her hate or her scorn, but her pity—bah! I would as lief feel a tepid bath rushing over me under this sunshine, Miss Warren!" and he shook himself, as if he felt the loathsome sensation already.

I smiled, and said: "I think you need be at no pains to prevent the exercise of that sentiment toward yourself. I should say it was the remotest of all probabilities, in your case."

"Or her gratitude," he added, almost savagely. "I wish she would never say thanks to me again."

You are a pair! I thought: she will accept only the one soul that is omnipotent over hers, and he is chafing and fretting, lest, in the exercise of the common kindness which our misfortunes call for, he should expose himself to her too fervent gratitude.

He sat upon my trunk, facing Signal Point, with his eyes stretched, after their last savage flashing, away beyond all near objects. Little Phil was beside him, with his small hand resting in his palm—an affecting picture of trust and wonder. He had not heard the mention of his mother's name, and in the languid silence that followed his long slumber he had heeded only the last word and looks of his beloved friend.

"Good God!" exclaimed Colonel Anderson, suddenly starting forward; "what can that mean?" And following his movements with my eyes, I saw Mrs Bromfield and Mr Garth approaching in the distance; she, with some great burden in her arms, which drooped low under its weight, rather flying than walking, and he near, but a little behind, as if unable to keep her great speed. I was sorely frightened by the sight, but the idea of Harry did not at the first instant enter my mind. I was bewildered for a moment; but then, with a great stunning pang, that shot from my head to my feet, came the thought—he is drowned! No, that is impossible, said my common sense, at the next breath; with Antonio, it could not happen. What then?—sudden illness, that struck him down helpless? That seemed hardly possible in a child so healthy.

As they drew nearer, Mr Garth made frequent demonstrations of taking him from her, but she pressed forward without even a gesture of remonstrance. Colonel Anderson met them more than half way, and I saw that he lifted the child from her arms, without resistance, and apparently bidding Mr Garth aid her, they came forward. I had presence of mind to call to Ching and tell Phil he might go down to the

shore with him, but he must keep out of the sun; and as they went, I said: "Send Captain Landon here, quick."

"Yes, me send," replied Ching, in wonder.

No one had seen the party that was approaching, and when Captain Landon, who came at once, entered the tent, I pointed to them. They were now within a few yards.

"What can it be?" I asked, feeling breathless and cold.

"It is a sun-stroke, Miss Warren," he replied, in a tone which at once cut off all hope.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THEY entered, and the drooping body even now, to all appearance, was laid gently on the sail-cloth. The mother—with a face that, notwithstanding the burden, and the dreadful heat, and the haste, was as cold and fixed as marble—knelt down in silence and opened the light vesture which covered it. Then there was discoverable a slight fluttering in the little chest, which she passed her hands softly over, as, with a suppressed, shuddering moan, she turned to us who stood by. Never shall I forget the uplifted agony of those eyes at that moment.

Captain Landon, who had been gone a moment, was now here again, with his medicine-chest; but, with a presence of mind and clearness of purpose that astonished me, she put his hand back. "No, no," were her first words; and then she turned to me and said huskily: "The little case of vials in my trunk, dear."

I went instantly and brought it; and when she had selected the one she wanted, she dropped, with a steadier hand than my own was at the moment, two or three drops in the small glass cup which I had filled with water; and, drawing the bright spoon from its little sheath at the side of the case, she poured a spoonful between the faintly purple lips. It was all the work and thought of a very few moments.

No contraction of the muscles of the throat followed; and as I, kneeling also beside that low couch, looked more closely at the upper features, and saw the slight corrugation of the brow and the fading crimson give place to a purple flush there, I knew that hope was not to us. I trembled with fear as well as anguish, and presently lifted my hands, and, without resistance, removed the bonnet from the head about which our inaudible prayers of feeling and act began now to centre.

I stepped aside, and Captain Landon came to me: "Take care of her," he said, in a low voice; "the child is beyond care in this world. I don't know what to look for," he continued; "she ought to be

flushed to scarlet with her exertion and the heat, but, you see, she is like a statue. Where keeping itself I cannot see, nor how the blood is to start it in its course."

"How long——?" I asked, pausing, in dread to frame the remainder of my question.

"Not more than a few hours," he replied. "The setting sun will probably see him at rest."

"How can—how will it be borne?" and I shuddered again and again as the question passed through my mind, and I looked at those two figures.

She had dipped her handkerchief in water, and laid it over the darkening brow; and there she sat, rigid and white and intent—recognising our presence only to sign us for anything she wanted for him—and we stood watching for the issue, and studying, each of us, how it would be possible to save her.

"Where is the king?" said Colonel Anderson, in a whisper, to me.

He spoke the word with an emphasis that conveyed his meaning at once; and when I told him, he stepped carefully away; but he might have gone with the rush of an avalanche for all her heeding him. I feared he was going to bring the child immediately in; but not so. He returned presently, and taking Mr Garth aside, he asked him to go down and keep Philip carefully from the sun, and from his mother also, if possible, "till," he said, "till the time comes when nothing else will keep her to life; and that will not be long, I fear."

Then he sat down, not far from her, and pronounced her name. She looked at him in answer, but did not speak.

"I have seen such cases," he said, before our dear Harry's, in India and Egypt."

I had wondered at first what he could say, feeling that I should not have dared attempt so great a task as addressing her. But he was right and wise in saying this, for the mystery and terror were holding her speechless, as well as the agony.

"What is it?" she said, laying her hand upon his.

"Will you rouse yourself to bear it if I tell you?"

She did not speak in reply, but from her eyes there went to his such a dumb, beseeching glance, that I felt the pain of it go through and through me.

He took her hand between his own, and chafing it gently, said: "There is such great power in the soul, dear Mrs Bromfield, "if we can but see clearly when and how it may be summoned to our help! And those who live nearest to God, and to the divine in other souls, are most richly furnished for such bitter conflicts as life sometimes

forces on us. If you now, with that heart's idol before you, were, as you might be, with equal love, darkened and imprisoned within the poor limits of ignorance and doubt—— ”

“ Tell me what it is,” she whispered, interrupting him.

“ Will you promise me,” he asked, “ to bear it, as I know you can ? ”

Every word he uttered, I thought, was wisely preparing her for the final close.

“ It is a *coup de soleil*,” he said, still holding her hand, while tears ran from his eyelids upon his cheeks.

“ Then—— ” she whispered, and paused.

“ Yes,” he replied to the unspoken question, “ then there is only left to your darling a few hours more between this world and that he is so well fitted for.”

“ Will he not know me again ? ”

“ No ; he will leave you without suffering, and will never realise this life any more.”

He spoke as authority, which on that subject he was ; for, as he told her, he had seen all this many times. After his last dreadful words, which, in fact, announced that, to her, death had already taken place, she turned her eyes helplessly to the little patient, and raised her right arm, as if with the purpose of folding him in it ; but it relaxed, and fell at her side ; she reeled to and fro a moment, and the next fell back, as if dead, into Colonel Anderson's arms—who, seeing what was coming, had placed himself to receive her.

“ Some water, Miss Warren,” he said, looking scarcely less deathly than herself. “ Pray God my words have not killed her ! I meant to spare her and soften the awful blow ; but this is fearful. Drench her head with what you have, and wake that woman to assist us. You must open her dress and chafe her chest. It is not a mere swoon ; it is suspension of animation from the terrible shock.”

Till this moment there had scarcely been a loud word spoken in the tent since Harry had been brought in ; now I went over to Mrs Farley, after giving him the water, and shook and roused her, simply telling her she was wanted. Her own senses must take in the rest. I opened the loosely-worn garments that covered my friend's form, and Colonel Anderson dispatched Mrs Farley for more water and Captain Landon's presence. He came immediately, and we chafed and bathed her temples, neck, and hands, with spirit and ammonia, while poor Mrs Farley, dumb and overwhelmed with what she saw, but could not understand, stood over Harry with a wailing that it was piteous to hear.



Beads of anguish rolled down Colonel Anderson's brow, during this time, which seemed interminable.

"*Can we restore her?*" he asked of Captain Landon, as the latter withdrew his hand from her heart.

"God grant it," he replied, "but I can feel no motion there yet."

"I fear she will never return to us," I whispered, "any more than the dear child."

"She must—she will," said Colonel Anderson; "I will bring her back, or die with her!" And, raising her in his arms, he carried her forth into the shade of the tent; and when we had spread a bit of sail-cloth, he laid her upon it, with her head raised; and, kneeling beside her, placed his lips to her heart, and breathed forcibly and long, breath after breath, upon her—we, in the meantime, busy with the palms and temples.

It was a great while—so long, that I despaired of ever again hearing that voice or seeing the light of those eyes, when he exclaimed: "It is coming—the motion! I can feel the flutter here, as of a dying bird; please God, it shall be the flutter of life, returning to abide. Captain Landon, will you bring Philip, and give him into Miss Warren's hand?"

He turned and left us, and the restorer's lips were next moment pressed in unutterable tenderness upon the still insensible forehead.

"It will not wake her eyes to anger, now," he said; "it will not offend, nor pain, nor chill the heart. O sweet heart! O noble soul! O glorious life, come back to the worshipped citadel thou hast fled! Miss Warren, place your hand here, and feel if I am deluding myself," he said, when still there came no other perceptible sign of returning life.

I did so, and found yet only the faintest flicker, as a rose-leaf would vibrate in the evening wind. "I feel it," I said.

"Oh, then, God be praised, we shall have her back once more! And there is power in love, they say, to work miracles; if so, mine ought to hold her life securely when we win it again. If I could know," he said, "whether, before her sorrow, my presence had been hateful to her, as I sometimes thought, or if it were her pride, I——."

"It was her pride," I said, venturing the assertion in fear he would withdraw his support when she should be conscious of his presence. "It was her pride, I am sure—do not leave us." And even as I spoke, there was a tremulous motion of the eyelids, the pale lips parted, and the next moment her eyes opened faintly, but closed again, without, I think, taking in any object.

"Bring the child, quickly," said Colonel Anderson; and folding the loosened garments over her bosom, I went for him.

Captain Landon had him in his arms, walking outside, and telling

him that mamma was ill, and he was to go to her when Miss Warren came for him. He had not seen Harry. He was to be kept calm for his mother.

I led him round outside the tent, within which Mrs Farley still kept her place by the dying boy, and before I reached the spot where his mother lay, I said: "Don't cry, now Philip, to frighten your mamma. She feels very badly, and she wants Philip to come and kiss her, and be very good."

"I will," he whispered, awed by her pale, motionless features; "but, Miss Warren, where's Harry? Why don't Harry come to mamma? Mamma loves Harry, too."

I smothered the last words by clasping him close to me; and, alarmed by the danger they hinted at, I said: "Harry isn't here, darling, and it will tire mamma if Philip talks about him now."

"Well, I won't, then," he said, his small, delicate countenance straining into an expression of sore pain as he looked upon that prostrate figure and deathly face.

With this little lesson, I led him up to her. Colonel Anderson's face indicated courage and trust, otherwise I should scarcely have known, but by touch, whether she was alive or not. He silently took Philip in his arms, and sat, whispering, to soothe and sustain his little swelling heart, till the happy moment should come. He still held one of her cold, passive hands: now he clasped the child's upon it, that the touch might familiarize his mind with her condition, before his self-control should be farther tried.

Thus we waited long, long, for the positive or more manifest evidences of returned consciousness. The bathing with spirits and chafing were continued, and again remitted, at short intervals; but I more than once despaired of her ever speaking to us more, so fearfully prolonged was our suspense.

"Colonel Anderson," I said, as we were passing out of the tent—whither we had stepped for a moment to look at Harry, leaving Phil with his little cheek laid to his mother's forehead—"is there not still a doubt of her recovery? it is so very long since she fell into this state! Do you know it is near an hour?"

"Yes—I am more anxious than I can tell you," he replied. "She is now, I think, though very slowly, reviving; but the danger is, that the first action of her memory may be to restore that fearful picture, and so banish life again, when our poor skill and means might fail to recal it."

He resumed his seat by her, and took the child—to whose caresses and suppressed wailing she was still insensible—again in his arms. It

was wonderful—his self-imposed calmness—and showed us the mother in miniature.

“What do you wash mamma in that for?” he asked, as I resumed the bathing of her temples and throat.

“Because she is very tired, love, and feels so ill, and this will make her better.”

“Will it make her well enough to speak to me?”

“Yes, by-and-bye.”

A slow contraction of the right hand—the least perceptible movement of it—and our hearts bounded at the sight.

“Mamma,” pleaded Phil, scarcely able to articulate, and reaching out to touch the living member—“do you want me, mamma dear?”

The sweet, clear, tender accents seemed to penetrate the dull ear; for we saw a visible effort to part the eyelids, and the lips moved; but no sound came forth. Colonel Anderson rose hastily and stepped away, but returned in a moment, with a bottle of Burgundy wine in his hand.

“The spoon she used, Miss Warren,” he said. “A little wine cannot fail to help this struggle of nature.” And he poured some out, and put it to her lips.

It evidently passed, though we could detect no distinct effort to swallow; presently another was taken, and shortly after our trembling hearts were made glad by seeing her eyes open, and the returning intelligence look feebly out upon us.

Thereupon Philip softly laid his lips to hers, and repeated the assurance of his presence. He was rewarded by the most shadowy smile that ever flitted over a wan, sunken face; but her hand closed feebly upon his, and so we knew that the silver cord was not finally parted.

I now left the three, to go to that other couch and that form whence the thread of life was slowly unwinding in a silence that would never be broken this side the gates of heaven. Perfectly motionless he lay, his beautiful face darkening with the purple tide that had been so suddenly arrested, but with no other visible changes except a slight gathering of froth on the lips, which his mournful attendant wiped gently away, from time to time. There were sad faces looking in silently every moment, and Mr Garth, utterly broken down, sat by the little feet he had so often guided, his face buried in his hands, and wept. Captain Landon went and came, and Ching, and the seamen; but I remembered, at length, that, among all the solemn ones, I had not seen Antonio.

When I asked for him, Mr Watkins told me he had not been seen since Mr Garth and Mrs Bromfield met him with Harry in his arms. “I suppose,” he added, “the fellow feels badly enough, for it is very

likely that he went into the surf, after playing awhile, and forgot himself there, leaving the child in the sun alone. Mr Garth says he looked little better than Harry, and gave him up to his mother without speaking."

"Will you not send some one to persuade him back?" I inquired. "Poor fellow! he may be afraid to come."

"We will see to-morrow," he replied, "if he does not come of himself to-night."

### WHISPERS FROM THE "SUMMER LAND."

'Twas in the dusk of eventide,  
As sleep my eyelids pressed,  
Ere yet the sombre form of night  
In jewelled robes was dressed :  
Methought I caught the loving song  
Of some bright angel near,  
And this the burden of the strain  
Was wafted on mine ear :—

"Oh! weary, waiting, sighing soul,  
Pray listen to my voice,  
Soft whisperings of hope I'll breathe  
To make thy heart rejoice ;  
For I'm a happy spirit come  
From 'mongst an angel band,  
Whose home is 'mid the glorious light  
Of the pleasant 'Summer Land.'

"I've tasted Earth's afflictions oft,  
And drank her bitter tears :  
I've borne her sad misfortunes too,  
And felt her keenest fears ;  
But now I've Death's cold river passed,  
And safe in triumph stand,  
A deathless soul for evermore,  
In the happy 'Summer Land.'

"Yet oft in soothing comfort still  
I whisper to the sad ;  
And bring sweet balm from Gilead  
To make the weary glad ;  
Till pain and sorrow, and distress,  
All flee at my command :  
For I divine commission hold  
From the glorious 'Summer Land.'

"For I'm a guardian angel from  
The spirit realms of light ;



- A beacon in the firmament  
 Of man's dark moral night ;  
 A guiding star to lead him safe  
 Across life's drifting sand ;  
 A borrowed ray from the central sun  
 Which shines in the ' Summer Land.'
- " Oh ! I've oft heard thee sigh to know  
 The mysteries of the tomb,  
 And whether man shall e'er arise  
 From out its dismal gloom ;  
 And I in turn have wept to see  
 Thou could'st not understand  
 The grave is but the entrance-gate  
 To the spacious ' Summer Land.'
- " Through all the courts of this fair land  
 The ransomed spirits sing :  
 ' O Grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 ' O Death ! where is thy sting ?'  
 And angels swell the chorus, while  
 They roll in volumes grand,  
 Their holy hallelujahs through  
 The rejoicing ' Summer Land.'
- " Then cease, oh ! weary mortal, cease,  
 Thy doubtings and despair ;  
 Hath not the Star of Hope at last  
 Arisen bright and fair ?  
 Doth not its rays still linger near,  
 And, like some magic wand,  
 Dispel the gloomy mists which hide  
 The beauteous ' Summer Land ?'
- " Grieve not though Death's unsparing arm  
 Should break the golden bowl,  
 Or snap the silver cord which binds  
 The earth-imprisoned soul ;  
 Doth Freedom weep her sons escaped  
 From strong oppressor's hand ?  
 Should mortals mourn when souls are borne  
 To the angels' ' Summer Land ?'
- " Then welcome all to this fair clime,  
 Where love unceasing reigns ;  
 There still are homes untenanted  
 Throughout these spacious plains.  
 A jubilee of joy we'll hold  
 When thou hast reached our strand,  
 And brothers be eternally  
 In the immortal ' Summer Land.' "

## THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

EMERSON delivered a lecture with the above title in America last winter. The *Spiritual Republic* gives a few extracts.

"The first lesson of nature is ascension."

"A pot of earth will remain unchanged for a hundred years, but put a seed into it, and the whole, through every grain, will undergo transformation; such is the potential action of life." Mr Emerson likened man upon the earth to the seed in the pot.

"In the stomach of plants development begins, and it ends in the infinity of the universe."

"Man is the born collector of manners, style, thought, achievement. And this selection is itself a guide to fine choices."

"It is a long way from the gorilla to the gentleman."

"There is a best way of doing everything, and civilisation is the sum of the bests."

"A consideration of botany, astronomy, geology, administers a firmness to the mind, while dancing, playing, and simple amusement, have a contrary effect."

"There was never a marked man of genius who had not a keen perception of nature."

"The man of the world is one of sound constitution, with abilities that report to him the lessons of nature."

"Pericles, Aristotle, Archimedes, Julius Cæsar, Milton, Cuvier, Goethe are commonly cited as examples of culture, but the makers of culture—Tubal Cain, Socrates, Alfred of England, the Egyptian builders, Columbus, Copernicus, Huss, Luther—these are national men, who carry the genius of the nations and thus lead them."

"We are in danger of forgetting that the basis of aristocracy is truth and honesty."

"Common sense is as rare as genius."

"Genius is a direct perception of a truth—common sense, of a fact. Common sense is the torch every day in demand in public and private business. Common sense is always right, has the precedence of all wit, all learning. It milks the cows, chops the wood, plants, hoes, reaps, fights—and ministers to the necessities of the world. Every man of good understanding appreciates this, and wishes he had more."

"Heroism is the ability to serve one's self at a pinch, to make the thing wanted at the very time."

"There is not a fact in chemistry or mathematics, or a feat of the juggler, the hostler, or the drover, which the thoughtful man does not covet."

"There is no dunce who is not good at something, and no wit who is good at everything."

"Newton said, 'Never was a great discovery made without a great guess.'"

"The soul is always selecting from actions that which is human and superhuman. The heroic sacrifices something to humanity. There is

no face or form so uncomely that it is not loved when associated with high goodness or power."

"Friendship is a species of nobility."

"Society is a word of many meanings. It sometimes means things very insipid and frivolous. It teaches self-command, so that one can everywhere be himself, and comfortable. It teaches the law of conversation, which is to hear as well as to speak."

"It is pleasant to see refinement penetrating into retired homes. The more piano the less wolf, the less dirt. The beautiful should never be out of thought."

"Men of rare intelligence are naturally solitary."

"All the expenditure of a cultivated man upon himself is like the expenditure upon a temple—public and beneficent."

"The true man of the world is no monotone, no man of one idea. He prefers a middle condition, relieved from a task of making a show. He tries to hide himself, but his spirit discovers him. The one evil of the world is blockheads, the need of the world is common sense. The glory of America is, as the glory of Athens was, in the exercise of creative power."

"It is the instinct of men that education is dangerous to tyranny. The higher the culture the greater the liberty. The war has established a chronic hope for a chronic despair. It is not a question now whether we shall be a nation, but whether we shall be a new nation. The humanity of all nations is in the American Union."

"The work of America is to make the advance of ideas possible—to prove the principle that everything that is immoral is inhuman. In the condition of America at this hour, prayer has become right. It is relieved of its moral curse, it has no foreign complications; it proposes to do right to all classes of its people, and to make it possible that the American citizen shall be a true man of the world."

## WHAT IS MESMERISM?

IN a short paper like the present, it would be out of place to go into the history of Mesmerism. It has been said that what is true is not new, and what is new is not true; and so far as Mesmerism is concerned, this may readily be granted, as we can clearly trace its history back as far as tradition, monuments, or historical records of any kind carry us. Indeed, being an instinctive natural operation, we claim for it an antiquity coeval with man. Up to the time of Mesmer, in Europe at least, the science was much in the same state as Chemistry under the Alchemists, or Astronomy under the Astrologers. We do not think that the labours of Mesmer were such as to warrant this mighty and beneficent power being called after his name; but seeing that the various phenomena classed by some under the titles of Animal Magnetism, Vital Magnetism, Human Magnetism, and other terms, are known in this country by the simple term Mesmerism, we see no great

reason for any change in the nomenclature; more especially as this name implies no questionable theory as to the nature of the agent.

It is a somewhat difficult matter to give a short and definite answer to the question—What is Mesmerism? The general opinion among mesmerists as to the nature of the agent is, that it is a fluid generated by the nerves—an ethereal, vital spirit or essence, which penetrates all bodies,—on the due development and proper distribution of which health and life depend. The brain, from its great mass of nervous matter, is the fountain-head of this power—the root which supplies the rest of the plant with nourishment; and the hand, from its fine development of the nerves, is the rod by which we generally conduct this fluid when operating. This nervous fluid is now beginning to be recognised in the medical schools, which is one step onward towards Mesmerism, and may be claimed by Mesmerists as largely the result of their investigations.

The fundamental fact in Mesmerism may be said to be, that the nervous system of one man is capable of being acted on by that of another. Some experiments have been made by medical men as to the possibility of benefitting a weakly person by introducing the blood of a healthy one into his veins; and though they have succeeded to some extent, we believe the nature of the remedy is such as to preclude the idea of its ever becoming very useful. That the nervous fluid can be thrown off, and can affect the system of another may be proved in various ways. A very good analogy may be found in the case of the electric eel,—the *gymnotus electricus* of naturalists. If a fish be put into the pond with it, in a few minutes after, when it is observed by the eel, at the volition or will of that animal, a shock is sent which immediately kills the fish, though to the spectator no cause is visible. Another analogy is that of the mineral magnet. Thus, if passes are made over an ordinary piece of steel with a magnet, in a short time both become magnets. In neither of these cases is the transferable agent apparent, to the sense of sight at least.

But the mesmeric fluid can be seen by many emanating from the hand of a powerful operator, when it is held against a dark back-ground. It has much the same appearance as the phosphorescent light observable when you rub the head of a common lucifer match on the palm of your hand. This fluid is continually passing off from the body, in the same manner as our perspiration, and principally through the fingers; and it is by focusing and regulating this emanation, which would otherwise run to waste, that the effects of Mesmerism are produced. That there is a continual emanation of this kind is rendered feasible, we think, by the well-known fact of the manner in which a blood-hound will hunt down a man. It is not from any mark visible to the eye; nor can it be from any perspiration left by the foot, as a boot prevents that. It is a fact known to medical science, that if a young healthy person sleeps with an old worn-out individual, even though not diseased, the younger will suffer in bodily health, seemingly from an undue absorption on the part of the elder, who acts as a sponge on his young companion.



It will thus be seen that the agent used by mesmerists is not a substance foreign to the body, requiring money to purchase and medical skill to compound. It is in the hands of every healthy man and woman, and may be usefully employed with a very little instruction. We all use it instinctively on a small scale. Thus, if you bruise, cut, or burn your finger, you at once put the uninjured hand over the sore, or breathe on it, which you find has a very soothing effect; or if you sprain your wrist or ankle, you at once rub it gently yourself, or get some friend to do so, with the addition perhaps of a little oil or ointment. Of course, when ointment is used, it gets the credit of the cure. See a mother when her child is hurt, how she gently strokes or pats the part, and evidently with a soothing effect. Now all these simple and natural actions are what we call mesmeric, and are just what a mesmerist would have done under the same circumstances; with this difference, that he would have been acting under what he considered a scientific principle.

It may be thought by some, that seeing this emanation is essential to health, it must be very prejudicial if its flow be accelerated to any great extent; just as it would be injurious to transfer the blood from our veins to help a weaker brother. No doubt there is some truth in this; indeed, it is a well-ascertained fact, that you injure your system by over-mesmerising. But still there is no more danger of a sensible man hurting himself by this means than by over-eating, over-walking, or in any other way over-doing things good in themselves. The demand, too, would seem to regulate the supply to a great extent. And even supposing it was positively injurious to ourselves, are there not many cases in which we would willingly share the burden of some loved friend? But the best argument on this head is the fact of so many having mesmerised almost daily for many years without any apparent bad effect.

Having thus hurriedly looked at the nature of the agent employed, we will now endeavour to indicate the mode and extent of its action. Its application is exceedingly simple, and may be learned in a very short time. It consists principally of making passes with the hands over the entire body in general disease, or over special parts in local affections. This is done under the idea that the mesmeric influence, leaving the hand of the operator, passes into and incorporates with the nervous fluid of the person operated on, and causes increased action in diseased parts, thus helping the patient to throw off the disease quicker than if left to his own resources. The mesmeric fluid is likewise imparted by means of breathing on the patient,—the breath being highly charged with this vital essence. It is also thrown out largely by the eyes, which should be fixed steadily on the patient. It may be concentrated in water by holding the hand over it, and then drank by the person requiring it.

Mesmerism differs from the ordinary medical treatment in this, that it may be applied by any person in health with very little training, and without any special medical education; and whereas the established system can only at best stir up your own life-power, this supplements it with that of the operator. And while under the orthodox practice,

if you should misunderstand the disease and give wrong medicines, you are sure to do injury, under Mesmerism this danger is entirely avoided. Under mesmeric treatment, too, the extremely uncomfortable sensations which arise from swallowing unpalatable drugs are entirely avoided, which, especially in the case of children, is a matter of some moment. All who have experienced the effects of Mesmerism, particularly when worn out with pain and want of sleep, can testify to its gratefully soothing influence. And the repose induced by the friendly hand of the mesmerist is very different in its after consequences from the dreamy torpor arising from drug opiates. The portrait in the following lines is a good photograph of some poor sufferer who has just received "the laying on of hands."

"A new life  
Flows through his renovated frame;  
His limbs, that late were sore and stiff,  
Feel all the freshness of repose;  
His dizzy brain is calmed;  
The heavy aching of his lids is gone:  
For Laila, from the bowers of Paradise,  
Has borne the healing fruit."

There is a very erroneous impression prevalent in the minds of the public in regard to the mesmeric sleep. They think that it is essential to receiving any benefit from Mesmerism. Indeed, most people have no other idea of Mesmerism than that of being put into a deep sleep; and from having been alarmed by so many deaths occurring while under ether and chloroform, they naturally shrink from incurring this risk. But this is a great mistake. In the first place, the mesmeric sleep is not required in one case out of ten, as has been proved by the London Mesmeric Infirmary, the Glasgow Curative Mesmeric Association, and many private operators; and in the second place, the sleep induced by Mesmerism may be said to be quite safe, if conducted with any degree of care, inasmuch as not one fatal case has been reported of death while in the mesmeric sleep, although many thousands in all conditions of health have been put into it, and even dangerous surgical operations performed while under its influence.

The extent of its application, or the nature of the disease to which Mesmerism may be applied, is unlimited. This may seem carrying things too far; but if we accept the theory of many mesmerists and others, that disease is perverted nerval action, it will appear more reasonable. It cures disease by controlling the nerval action on which it depends. Thus, it can be applied to stimulate an organ that may be weak, or to remove inflammation in one over-active; it can either increase or diminish the action of the heart, liver, kidneys, or other organs. In general debility, it acts by strengthening the whole system. These are not mere assertions, or vague hypotheses, but facts which can be attested by hundreds of mesmerists throughout the country, while the volumes of the *Zoist* and other mesmeric works, contain enough within themselves to set the matter for ever at rest. Many partial believers in Mesmerism are under the impression that it is only useful in cases of

what are termed nervous disease, but this idea is quite unfounded. It is also thought by some that it has no impression on those who do not believe in the truth of it—who have no faith. This is likewise a mistake, it has as great influence over infants, who can scarcely be supposed to exercise that faculty for or against. But when we remember the power the mind has over the body, we can easily understand how having faith in a course of drug or mesmeric treatment will help the cure, although perhaps not much more in the one case than the other.

There are many weak minds who think that Mesmerism cannot be true, or it would be believed, practised, and brought before the public by eminent scientific men, and especially by doctors. Supposing that it had no great names, it should be enough for any thinking man that it had many great facts; but here again the public are at fault. That can scarcely be "humbug and quackery" about which Cuvier, the first of modern naturalists, could say, that, "the effects produced by Mesmerism no longer permit it to be doubted, that the proximity of two living bodies in certain positions, and with certain actions, has a real result, independent of all participation of the imagination." La Place, the profound mathematician, says, "that the testimony in favour of the truth of Mesmerism, coming with such uniformity from enlightened men of many nations, who had no interest to deceive, and possessed no possible means of collusion, was such that, applying to it his own principles and formulas respecting human evidence, he could not withhold his assent to what was so strongly supported." Mesmerism can also boast as its disciples the names of Agassiz, Sir William Hamilton, Professors Elliotson and Gregory, Archbishop Whately, Lord Houghton, Wilkinson, De Morgan, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Coleridge, Shelley, &c., &c.

The general indifference and opposition of medical men to Mesmerism, is to our mind the most difficult part of the whole phenomena to explain. The public who believe in Mesmerism generally attribute this to the motive which led the Ephesian silversmiths to cry out against Paul; but while this may be true of a number in the profession, (hundreds of whom advertise and sell patent quack medicines) we think it would be unjust to stigmatise the whole body with such a miserable mercenary motive. We would rather attribute it to that tenacious prejudice which is so prominent in all professionally-educated men; to the desire of being fashionable, which so specially marks the "upper classes;" and to the natural antipathy that all possess to give up long-cherished opinions. They committed themselves against it from the very first, some of them even boasting that they had not condescended to witness any experiments, and they feel bound to maintain their dignity by still denying it. They seem unable to expand their shell, and the result will be, if they do not mend, that it will get so encrusted with the heresies of Hydropathy, Homœopathy, Herbalism, Mesmerism, and other isms, that it will be completely hid. They find, as Cowper says,—

"To follow foolish precedents, and wink  
With both our eyes, is easier than to think;  
Else such notorious fact, and proof so plain,  
Would turn their steps into a wiser train."



It has been said, that a "little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" but, however dangerous, the vast majority of mankind must be content with a little; and seeing this is the case, it is the duty of all to select that for study which, while it expands and ennobles the mind, will prove of most service to us in this stern matter-of-fact world. And we can conceive of no study more fitted to benefit both ourselves and our neighbours than that of Curative Mesmerism. It would be almost impossible to over-estimate the importance of Mesmerism being widely and properly understood. The advantages would be incalculable. The weakness and inefficiency of the established medical system are apparent to all, and acknowledged by many of its most eminent followers. They, as a body, will have nothing to do with Mesmerism, so the people must help themselves. The remedy is simple, and easily applied; it is inexpensive. The steam which before went idly up the chimney, we are concentrating and causing to drive the engine of health. Here is the elixir of life, shorn of its mysticism, which, if it does not confer immortality, will at least enable you to pass this life with greater comfort. Here is an Aladdin's lamp, by which you may summon the genii of health to appear at your command, and banish disease from the world. And Cicero has well said, "that by no other means can man approach nearer to the gods, than by conferring health on men." W. A.

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#### THE USE OF FRUIT.

At this season of the year, nature produces in smiling plenty her most precious bounty in the form of the various fruits. To appreciate this blessing truly, it requires to be properly used; ignorance leading to misuse, may transform the blessing into a curse. We will first give a few hints as to the proper use of fruit. We regard it as the type of food for man, as containing all of those elements which compose his organism, in the very highest and purest state of perfection. It is particularly adapted to this hot season, on account of the great proportion of moisture which it contains. It should, therefore, be used as a food, and in accordance with dietetic laws. It should not be eaten as a luxury between meals, or forced upon already jaded appetites. Fruit should form a part of our regular meals, the same as any other aliment—in fact, during hot weather, it should be the chief food of all. There is a current prejudice against fruit, on account of its supposed tendency to cholera and other bowel complaints. Many medical practitioners assiduously withhold it from their patients. Under certain circumstances, fruit, in common with everything else, will promote diarrhoea. Weak stomachs should never receive fruit and vegetables at the same meal. If it is eaten with articles that are uncongenial to it, there will be derangement of the digestive system, or if it is added to an overloaded stomach, the effect will be that the alimentary canal will have a tendency to relieve itself of the whole contents. As to its suitability for invalids, it is the best food under almost all circumstances when food is neces-



sary. Many obstinate cases of chronic disease have been entirely cured by a fruit diet, especially dyspepsia, debility, and consumption. Debility and diseases of the nutritive system, are largely promoted by the use of drinks at meals, especially alcoholic liquors and hot stimulants, such as tea, coffee, &c. Now is the time to abandon such habits, and substitute the juicy fruits which will at once remove a heavy tax from the pocket of the individual, and promote health, happiness, and long-life. The tippler and tobacco user may also by the aid of fruits renounce their evil habits with positive pleasure, as the luscious berry or racy apple tend to soothe the abnormal irritation caused by unnatural appetites. Above all preserve a quantity of choice fruits for use in the winter. We use the word "preserve" in its literal sense. To make jams and jellies in the usual mode is not to preserve fruits, but to transform them. Our method is simple, speedy, and efficacious, and takes only about one-fifth the sugar necessary for the common method of jam making. If our space permitted, we would be glad to give the whole process, but this is unnecessary, as it is already given at full length in an excellent little work, "The Best, Cheapest, and most Delicious Food and how to Cook it,"\* which ought to be in the possession of every adult in the land. These are, indeed, "hard times," but with such a guide to the household expenditure as this valuable little work furnishes, incomes might be doubled, and the enjoyment and health of the family proportionately increased.

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## REVIEWS.

After many months of preparation, the English edition of Dr. Trall's elaborate work on "SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY" has appeared, a copy of which has been laid on our table, just before going to press. This work is of too important a character, to be passed over with a cursory notice, so we promise our readers a more extended account of its merits in a future issue. It is a book pre-eminently adapted for the reading of every man and woman, and no person can make a mistake in procuring it and thoroughly perusing it without loss of time. It is profusely illustrated with first-rate wood engravings, and while there is much to elevate, purify, and expand the minds of all, there is nothing that can have an unfavourable or unpleasant tendency.

"THE BANNER OF PROGRESS" published in San Francisco, was commenced early in this year, by the well-known spiritualist speaker and

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\* The Best, Cheapest, and most Delicious Food and how to Cook it, price 6d ; with illustrated instructions for making the unfermented digestive bread, preservation of fruit, &c., adapted to the wants of society, consequent on the present high price of butcher's meat : London J. Burns, Progressive Library.

writer, Benjamin Todd; a few of the early Nos. have reached us. It is broad and progressive in its spirit, and cannot fail to be of use to those who have not the opportunity of perusing the more elaborate publications of the Eastern States. It of course gives special prominence to local and current matters which come within the sphere of its circulation.

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THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF EDUCATION (Allman, Oxford Street, London, price 6d) is a new and well written publication, which will be of great usefulness and interest to all who are connected with education, and especially those who have relations with the various scholastic institutions of the country. One noteworthy article is that on "Reading Aloud" by Mr Plumptre of King's College; it is worth the price of the whole magazine, and should be carefully read and practised by all who would acquire an elegant art, and at the same time develop their intellectual and respiratory powers. We are glad to see the names of prominent progressive reformers in connection with the literary department of this very promising periodical.

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A WORD TO MANKIND; GENERATION; HOW CAN MAN BE A CELIBATE? MAN A SPIRITUAL BEING; THE ADVENT OF CHRIST HARMONIOUS WITH THE UNCHANGING LAW OF NATURE; MAN A PROGRESSIVE BEING; THERE IS A GOD. London: J. Burns, Progressive Library, Camberwell. Price Sixpence.

THIS is a remarkable production. To our limited comprehension it presents a most peculiar mixture of that which is common sense, exalted, and instructive on the one hand, and that which is entirely beyond the grasp of our mind or experience on the other. We do not condemn the writer on this account. He has spoken unreservedly and honestly. He has thrown his mind open, and allowed the world freely to take a peep at the interior. We gather from the pages of this pamphlet that the author has seen many phases of intellectual and religious life—from the societary systems of Socialism to that of Shakerism, with which community he resided several years. He may be termed a dissenter from that body, and claims to have been appointed the apostle of a new order of spiritual life and aspiration. His pages are replete with subject for profound thought and holy meditation. He speaks in the most exalted and reverential terms of God, and has an extended consciousness of the divine mind as administering the affairs of men. He divides humanity into three degrees or circles, which he terms "God's circles." First, the rudimentary, which includes all mankind as they exist and carry on the duties of life through the use of their physical organs in performing the acts of generation, parentage, the acquisition of riches, &c. The second, or spiritual circle, is composed of those who, like the Shakers, have unrestricted communion with the spirit world, and have attained the condition of virginity or purity which transcends the necessity of performing the act of generation, and teaches how man can be a celibate. The last circle is the order of eternal life, in which the human soul is in audible communion with God. The author gives his experience as a pilgrim from the rudimentary to the third or highest circle of God, and thus he explains in what sense he considers man to be a progressive being. Speaking of the rudimentary order, he gives many valuable suggestions on the subject of generation, explaining the relations which exist between the sexes physiologically, and, finally, explaining

the means whereby male and female are produced, and thereby elucidating to his satisfaction—and to ours also, as far as we know anything about it—the means by which the Holy Ghost ministered unto the Virgin Mary and produced the incarnation of the eternally existent “Christ, the Saviour.” There are many material suggestions given respecting new societary or communistic modes of life amongst men, also striking illustrations of the entire subjection of the author’s mind to moral and spiritual principles, associated with a beautiful abnegation of self, to read which is elevating and stimulating to the higher intuitions. The work is quaintly printed, and the style is in harmony with the typography. It is altogether a curiosity; but besides the incomprehensible metaphysics, which may be wheat or chaff for aught we know, there is a vast amount of truth, philosophy, and elevated sentiment, which it would be well for the souls of men to ponder and lay to heart.

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### TIDINGS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

HOW SPIRITS COMMUNICATE.—The *modus operandi* of receiving spiritual communications may be illustrated by the following narrative of experiences from a lady medium in private life. She writes:—One evening, myself and three others were seated around a table waiting for manifestations. One of the party was a young man named James Marsh, a casual friend of my brother’s, but who was almost a stranger to me, having only sat at the table with him once before. My hand was controlled involuntarily by some unseen intelligence, and I was thus made to write out a very long communication, at the close of which the spirits added the signature “Mrs Marsh,” after which was inscribed “For James Marsh—give it to him,” which was immediately done. The communication thus written purported to be from the spirit of the young man’s mother, who had died ten years before. In this message she recalled to his mind an incident known to no one present but himself, which occurred to him after his mother’s death, and previous to his having heard of Spiritualism. He was ill of a fever, and while confined to his bed the spirit of his mother appeared to him standing by his bedside. She looked at him, and laid her hands on his forehead, when he exclaimed, “My mother,” and the apparition vanished. The people who were taking care of him, when told of it, said it was imagination, and that he must have been delirious from the fever, but he felt convinced he had seen his mother on that occasion. In the communication his mother testified to the fact that she had indeed come to him when ill, and was ever near him for his good here and hereafter. She also told him many things that were of a private nature and concerned only himself and relations. This brought tears to his eyes, and created a desire within him to be a better man than he had been. She told him she found things in the spheres very different from what she had expected, and yet she was what the world called a religious woman. She earnestly requested him to inquire into Spiritualism—to try it, and prove its teachings, for his own good, and she would aid him. The matters conveyed by this communication were the more remarkable, inasmuch as no one at the table had any knowledge of his family affairs—that his mother was dead—that he had been ill of fever as stated—or that he had seen the apparition referred to. He was much struck with the correctness of all the statements thus produced, and the circumstance made a deep impression on his mind. Once he would not have thought it was the work of spirits, but this manifestation convinced him of the truth of Spiritualism, and he now



considers it one of the holiest relations of life. He has since had many communications through me from his mother, who is anxious about him on account of his mode of life. On a subsequent Sunday I had gone out to visit some friends, and about seven o'clock in the evening I experienced a severe pain in my wrist, and on looking at it I saw that the skin was dark and discoloured. On a previous occasion the spirits had held me by the wrist till I screamed out with pain, and the parts were left black for days after. Before I felt the pain in the wrist on the Sunday evening referred to I became very restless, and thought they must be wanting me at home; and so strong did this feeling become that I was obliged to get ready and go home precipitately, which very much astonished my friends, who had expected that I would remain much later. As soon as my family heard my footsteps, they said, "It is Carrie; we have been wishing you would come home; we want to have some manifestations. Mr Marsh has a friend who desires to witness them." I accordingly prepared myself, and sat down at the table. The first communication received was, "Don't make game; we don't come to play, we come to teach; let Mr F. get a table when he goes home, and try for himself." They were all much struck by the reproof written through my hand, as some of the party had been jesting and making game of the matter before I arrived, but of which I had no intimation and saw no signs. The spirits then wrote out, "Did your wrist pain you to-night? We influenced you to come home, as we had work for you to do." I then told my family of the pain I had experienced in my wrist while out, and of my great desire to return home. They told me they had all with one accord wished for my presence. After that there was a very instructive and pleasing communication from my mother's father, which was beautifully descriptive of the spirit spheres and the duties which spirits have to perform to one another.—C. W.

TRUTH.—What is Truth? The open communing of soul with soul, the wafting of the fragrant breath of holiness permeating every thought and tinging every action with its eternal radiance. Open as noonday is truth—too pure, too holy to be afraid of any critical eye. Its progress is marked by a sure and certain rising onward and upward, unseen but felt,—nothing breaking its tuneful harmony, as from the breath of angels' wings it sheds a serenity that tranquillises all that is disturbed and agitated,—every wave of discord quelled by its fearless, noble voice,—making deceit and falsehood die till only heard as ripples of the mighty ocean of life. Truth engraves itself on your heart of hearts, let it give place to none,—let your watchword be truth. In the battle of life no other will be safe. It will sound as from a herald's trumpet, and every voice from shore to shore, on sea or land, shall take up the sound; and seraphs shall join with their notes, and bear to the throne of the Eternal the grand anthem of Truth.—(Lucy Vale Leves, from the Summer Land. Given through S. F., Edgbaston, Birmingham.)

#### HYMNS FOR THE CIRCLE.

##### OPENING.

Great God, we come to Thee for light,  
Upon our path to shine;  
Open to us our inner sight,  
To see Thy love divine.

##### CLOSING.

We thank Thee, God, for light now given,  
To raise our souls from earth to heaven;  
Still may the blest around us stand,  
To guide us to that better land.



## ECONOMY IN FUEL.

DURING the last winter, Samuel Warren, Esq., the Recorder of Hull, suggested to the public that the consumption of coals in our homes might be much economised by placing a thin plate of iron at the bottom of each grate. The newspapers circulated this communication very freely through the country, and many families were easily prevailed on to give it a trial. Even in the north, where coals are comparatively cheap, in every direction was to be seen, not the "compound householder," but the careful householder "running for the plate." It became a topic of conversation for the time, and a constant inquiry was, "Have *you* tried Mr Warren's plan of saving coal?" or "How do *you* find Warren's plate to answer?" After a while, the answers to such enquiries were as conflicting as possible:—"I find it admirable;"—"Well, that's strange, we have failed with all our grates;" and, if your friend was disposed to be humorous, he added, "we find it a 'grate' mistake, or a 'grate' humbug." I do not know how to account for this difference of opinion, unless the peculiarities in the fire-places will explain it, because I believe both those who succeeded and those who failed have been equally in earnest in making trial of the plan. Most persons would find that there was a saving in coal by excluding the air at the bottom of the grate; but what I and many others complain of is, that the fire, after throwing out an unpleasant degree of heat in small rooms, burns dull, and becomes choked up at the bottom with ashes and dirt. These ashes have to be got rid of, and as they cannot escape in the usual way, they have to be poked out in the front, and thus create a very dirty hearth. So far as my experience went, I did not find that this plan was more economical than one I had previously used, and which, as I have had to return to it, I will here explain. Instead of a plate of sheet iron, I have a false bottom to each grate. It is made with bars like the ordinary bottom of a grate, but much closer. According as the grate in each room is for depth, and according as the size of the room is, I have this false bottom made in height, so that it lessens the depth of some of the grates by one bar, and some by more. How does it economise? Simply by lessening the depth of the grate, and further, by excluding the air at the bottom—not wholly, as Mr Warren's plate does—but more than the ordinary bottom of a grate would do. These fires burn always cheerfully; there is the appearance of a much larger fire than actually exists. These fires *free themselves* of much of the ashes and dust, and in its fall to the hearth some of it accumulates on the bottom of the grate—that is, between the real and the false bottom. This accumulation further prevents the air in that direction reaching the fire, and then it burns more slowly; but if you want the fire to burn briskly, use the poker between the two bottoms of the grate; the ashes fall evenly on the hearth—not all to the front—and speedily the fire is revived. In my drawing-room, where the grate is what is called a "register," standing very low, and only two bars deep, I have reduced it by a false grate to one bar deep; it appears to be a large fire; you can scarcely perceive that the fire is so shallow; the heat is ample for the room; and, excepting in the intensest cold of the past winter, an ordinary scuttle of coals has kept it going the whole day, and generally to a late hour at night. I have a similar false grate for my kitchen, and it answers well for all purposes. This saves me coal in the kitchen, where it is most difficult of all to save it, from the fact that it is almost impossible to teach some servants that there is a wide difference between economy and meanness. The working-classes are, in many instances, great wasters of fuel, and thus set their daughters bad examples before they go out to place. However poor they may be, there are people who will have a roaring fire. I know districts in the north where large fires are kept the day long, and

the doors of the residences are constantly open to relieve the inmates from excess of heat. I am inclined to the opinion that, as a rule, we rely too much on artificial heat ; but what fires I have, I like them to be cheerful and not wasteful. As wasting coal—which every year is becoming more valuable—is certainly a “burning shame,” I hope many of the readers of this magazine will be induced to try the plan here suggested as a household economy.

A GRATE REFORMER.

My whitesmith informs me that the false bottom for the grate is cast, and with two supports of the height required.

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

### THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION,

HELD IN BEDFORD HALL, CHENIES ST., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON,  
JUNE 10TH, 11TH, 12TH, 13TH, 1867.

To make a proper estimate of the progress which has been attained by this series of meetings, we must recur to the previous Conventions of this Association. At the first, held two years ago at Darlington, no special practical measures were suggested. It was more a preliminary meeting of spiritual reformers and lovers of humanity, than a Convention of men and women who had decided on any particular course of action. The proceedings were therefore of a rudimental kind. Facts, opinions, and motives were discussed, principles laid down, the necessities of the times were canvassed, and a very definite key-note was struck as to the position which such an Association should take alongside of the many efforts to improve individuals and society. During the year which followed, nothing was done by the Association, though the individual members were busy in their respective spheres. The foundations only were laid, but the working machinery had not been placed upon them.

The business of the second Convention, held at Newcastle last summer, advanced matters a step further. The results of interesting experiments which had taken place during the year were recorded, principles were forcibly enunciated, and some effort was made to present for consideration a series of practical suggestions and measures for the purpose of arriving at what is truth, and the best means of applying it to human welfare. A series of recommendations as to a mode of action though not discussed by that Convention appeared in the Report, and have taken more or less effect in the action of Spiritualism during the last twelve months. The office of Missionary-Medium has been established, also an independent periodical, and woman has taken her place in the movement by occupying an active and prominent position in those departments suited to her genius. There has been an interchange of delegates and papers between circles and associations; there has been a persistent establishment of private circles, and a

wider development of local public associations. A list of correspondents suggested then took more prominent and useful effect in another form as the year moved round, and many other phases too numerous to mention have shown that the seeds sown on these previous occasions have germinated and taken root.

It is not our intention to give a formal report of the proceedings of the London Convention; this will be done by the Association. They had a verbatim reporter in attendance all the time, and whose report, we understand, is in the hands of the printer. To this report we refer our readers for full particulars and details of what took place on these four eventful days. We mean merely to give a graphic sketch of the various positions assumed, and the instruction to be derived therefrom.

#### THE DEVIL AND HIS DOINGS.

In the sacred books of the Hebrews it is recorded that when the devout went up to Jerusalem to attend the holy feast the Devil went up also. In this particular, history has repeated itself in the matter of the London Convention; and as we intend to perform our labours methodically we commence at the dark root, and will proceed upwards toward the more golden fruit. This ubiquitous personage busied himself in the first place by getting his influence into certain resolutions emanating from Leeds, and which were published in a circular for the constitution and guidance of the Convention. He again appeared at a preliminary meeting of friends on the evening before the Convention opened, where he persistently urged that some test of belief should be submitted to all who sought admission to the meetings. In this he was happily frustrated; the doors were thrown open, and all were at liberty to enter who felt inclined to do so, and no inharmony was exhibited through the arrangement.

On the following day he suggested that certain limitations to free speech and free expression of truth should be entailed upon those who assumed to be members of the Association, laying it down as a basis that the Association should only teach the facts of spirit communion, and carefully avoid offending in matters of free speech on theological abuses and other spiritual anomalies. In this respect he was also happily frustrated, and had to seek refuge in minor matters, with which he busied himself till quite close upon the last hour of the meetings, appearing in a great variety of forms, the most prominent of which was discord. The excellent President of the Association, with prophetic ken, had supplied himself with an extra quantity of the bland ointment of mild forbearance, for the purpose of exorcising this enemy of harmony, and usefully employed it in performing "extreme unction" on many desperate cases of dissent. But even the enemy himself at times made use of this precious ointment, by appropriating it to individuals and purposes where it was ill bestowed, and refusing it in cases where its action would have been beneficially and gratefully received. His un-serene darkness was also pre-eminently conspicuous in false forms of charity, unselfishness, and personal martyrdom, but the sheep's fleece utterly failed



in concealing the wolf's rugged carcase and horrid fangs. He even assumed the beneficent expression of an angel of light, and in the perverted form of Approbateness, by false ambition, love of display, and mutual admiration wasted several precious hours, and prevented several of the children of light and truth from being heard at all during the entire sittings. In this form his influence was most insinuating and odious, for scarcely an individual who spoke was fortified against his power of possession, but willingly allowed themselves to be "mediums" for his frustrating influence and childish inanities. He assiduously inspired those *en rapport* with himself, to give prominence, attention, and verbal credit to those whose positions were distinguished by worldly considerations, whilst the spiritual and truth-seeking were promptly extinguished, or had their light shaded by the rotten and worm-eaten bushel of polite indifference. He would cause the Convention to listen patiently to metaphysical discussions on the difference between "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," whereas a practical and forcible diatribe against modern phariseism and sensuality would receive a "rap on the knuckles" by the chair intimating that other speakers would be careful not to consume so much time. He whispered in the ears of others to make distinctions as to the belief of certain persons, making John Smith believe he was a better Spiritualist than Tom Brown. Questions were to be put to see if Brown was a Spiritualist, or merely a reformer with unclipped wings. Certain visitors were inclined to mistake personal angularities for the legitimate fruits of the Harmonial Philosophy. But let justice be done to all, hence the "Devil must have his due," and see how much will be left to some who otherwise would claim an extra share of credit on account of their sayings and doings. And who is this devil who was so potent, universal, and diffusive? Why! moral and spiritual dwarfishness and debility on the part of mortal men and women who, by a series of self-examinations, may defend themselves in a great degree from further impressions of the cloven foot.

#### THE ATTENDANCE.

The attendance was more numerous than that of previous years; many friends arrived in London on Saturday by excursion trains, the time for returning allowing them to remain the greater portion of the Convention week. The London friends did not gather in at the early part of the proceedings, but gradually rallied round the standard as the days passed over. From some country circles and associations there were formal delegates sent, but in other cases friends attended on their own account; in this way a large expanse of country and many important towns were represented, we might mention Glasgow, Belfast, Manchester, York, Darlington, Newcastle, Huddersfield, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Nottingham, Keighley, Bradford, Halifax, Milford, Leicester, Bristol, Braintree, and Eastbourne. There were also visitors from France, America, and many points in and round London.

#### FIRST DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The President, Mr John Hodge of Darlington, arrived in town on Tuesday morning, and the first session commenced shortly after ten o'clock, by



his taking the chair and reading the call. He then delivered an inaugural address, in which he reviewed the position and progress of Spiritualism, and the connection between their Association and the general principles. Afterwards J. H. Powell, late editor of the *Spiritual Times*, read an ode\* composed for the occasion, of much poetical merit, and wide and philosophical in its treatment of the subject. The Secretary was then called upon for his Report, but he said he had none. The remarks which followed, as they did not refer to the business of the Convention, can have no place in this sketch. A Committee of ladies and gentlemen was then chosen to conduct the business of the Convention. While this Committee was deliberating, the Chairman called on the friends from the country to favour the Convention with their experiences.

## WONDERFUL CURES.

Mr Wade, from Bradford, Yorkshire, narrated the manner in which Spiritual meetings were conducted in his neighbourhood, and the results that arose therefrom. He had a hall of his own, which he placed at the disposal of his brother Spiritualists, and they were burthened with no expenses except what they contributed to their disabled brothers and sisters. He did not insist on sect or denomination, his object was to bless and benefit humanity. He instanced many cases in which Spiritualism had been of great physical and moral benefit, both to himself and friends; it had elevated their conceptions of man and life, it had sustained the hours of sorrow, and relieved them from many physical woes and disappointments; he even gave instances, which he challenged the world to question, of cures being effected not only in human beings, but in the animal world—horses, cattle, &c.—of the most astonishing kind, through the agency of Spiritualism.

John Blackman of Halifax, who has lost his sight, and is an excellent trance medium, spoke afterwards. He said he devoted a great portion of his time to the dissemination of Spiritual truths and mediumship. He had been many times tied with ropes in the most intricate manner, and been again untied by spirits. He had also been tied by the spirits in such a manner that it took his friends a long time to extricate him afterwards. He then referred to the influences of the clergy as exerted towards Spiritualism. Being a poor man, on account of the loss of his sight, he had been bribed by preachers to renounce Spiritualism and join the Church, and they would make him comfortable; but though he now was receiving only 2s 6d per week, he determined to remain steadfast to his opinions of truth, with the blessed hope that a few years would permanently enrich him. He gave many remarkable instances of cure through the mediumship of Old Abraham, a friend of his over 60 years of age, who, by laying on of hands, had restored to a state of usefulness a withered arm too weak to lift a teaspoon. Another girl was four days and nights at the point of death. The father was called to see her die, and he brought Old Abraham with him, who was speedily entranced, laid his hands on the girl, who in twenty minutes was asking for food, and was at play the next day quite restored. These, with other incidents equally remarkable, had taken place last winter. He gave the following names of the persons concerned in these remarkable cures, which are here published that enquirers may write to them and receive the facts direct:—Hannah Howgate, Lower Shelf, near Halifax; John Blind, Lower Shore, North Ofram, near Halifax; Elizabeth Kitching, New Leeds, near Bradford; Charlotta Wood, Siddal Place, Siddal Lane, near Halifax.

Mr Champernowne also related a remarkable and speedy case of cure that had been effected upon himself by the passes of a medium, after he had been under medical treatment, without any relief for a considerable period.

\* To be had of the author, or at the Progressive Library. Price 3d.

The Committee announced that the sessions would commence daily at 10.30 a.m., terminating at 1 p.m., resuming again at 3 p.m., and continuing till 5.30 p.m. Seances would take place in the evenings at seven.

#### ORGANISATION.

The Chairman opened the afternoon session by announcing that the Committee had decided, that the first question for discussion should be that of Organisation, called by them "propaganda," and that he would request David Richmond to read a paper which he had prepared for the occasion. The Committee of Management had decided that no paper should exceed twenty minutes' reading in length, but Mr Richmond said his paper would occupy nearly an hour, and that unless he had that time allowed him, he would withdraw from the business of the Convention. The Committee adhered to the rule in this instance, though they subsequently disregarded it, and Mr. Richmond's paper was not read.

The succeeding hour was wasted in a fruitless discussion, which would have been entirely obviated, had Mr Richmond's practical propositions been read. It was the object of the Convention at this point to form a basis of organisation, from which to carry out the purposes of the Association.

Mr Harper, of Birmingham, read the following resolution from the Leeds Circular, which he defended in a speech:—

"Whereas, all Spiritualists hold the one central belief in the intelligent communion with the spirits of departed human beings, and that such communion may be and is of vast utility in the progress of individuals towards purer and happier lives, and in the progress of the entire human family towards harmonial brotherhood, therefore be it resolved—1st, That the members and friends of this Association do unite together for the propagation of this central truth, that while carefully avoiding any expression of aggregate opinions on theology, or any fixed creed, each member shall be fully at liberty to hold and express any opinions not contrary to the central truth aforesaid, and shall be individually and solely responsible for the same."

Dr Wilmshurst then got up and read a series of resolutions of an ethical and spiritual nature, useful for personal guidance and direction, but which the Convention decided would not do as a basis for association.

Mr Coleman aptly regarded them as signifying that all members of the Convention were admonished to live as good lives as they could.

A speaker pointed out "a trap" in Mr Harper's resolution; it asked them to withdraw their liberty in giving free expression of opinion, as to the Spiritual and Theological errors which exist in society, and which it is their mission to remove, and proposed in amendment, that the resolution should terminate at the words "That the members and friends of this Association do unite together for the propagation of this central truth."

The Rev. S. E. Bengough, as a clergyman of the Church of England, was exceedingly desirous that all mankind should experience the unspeakable benefits of Spiritualism. He proposed that the basis of association should include two principles—the reality and expediency of Spiritual Communion, and the progressive development of humanity throughout all time. He supported the resolution, and pointed out that the great desideratum in all platforms was, that they did not appeal sufficiently to the enthusiasm, spiritual love, and devotion to truth of humanity, and thus failed to stimulate the members of the various churches and associations to sufficient activity in the work assigned them.

Mr Coleman thought the efforts of the Association should be limited to the diffusion of the "Central Truth" announced in the proposition; and as a price for their liberty in accepting what Mr Gardner, of Newcastle, on the previous evening designated a "very small creed indeed," he would assure them of his personal influence and adherence, and that of the influential parties with whom he was associated.

Mr Powell warmly supported the amendment, and eloquently denounced the hollow hypocrisy and phariseism of well-dressed respectable Christian Spiritualists who denounced, slandered, and misrepresented those who were not of them, or differed from their opinions. He declared that aristocratic notions were entirely contrary to Spiritualism, and that Spiritualism was not merely for the handful of respectable people who compounded for their sins by going to churches and chapels, but for the people at large, for the toiling millions who were the backbone of society, and the salt of the earth.

Mr Clarke, of Glasgow, suggested that a declaration of the reality of the spiritual phenomena should constitute membership of the Association.

Mr Hitchcock, of Nottingham, thought the platform should be as wide as humanity; let all who choose to come, be welcome, and if the phenomena should be accounted for by other means than by the Spiritual hypothesis, let them have it, for what they wanted was light and an opportunity of doing good to humanity.

Mr Scott said it was a Spiritual organisation, and could not include everybody.

J. Burns could not see any advantage to be gained by passing such a resolution; there was nothing practical in it. All men had equal interest in Spiritualism, whatever their ideas might be concerning it. The proposing of such a resolution betrayed a want of faith in men, and an exclusiveness, which was contrary to the genius of Spiritualism. Mr Bengough had spoken a truth when he stated that he wanted to enlist the deeper emotions of the human soul; but this resolution did nothing of the kind—it restrained, narrowed, and cramped all that came under its limit within a certain definite circle. It did not proceed from the deep emotions of pure love, but from the cat-like and foxy qualities of cautiousness and secretiveness, producing suspicion of others and exclusiveness of association. It was not even organisation or teaching, but a mere creed or limitation to the ideas of those within the Association, and barriers to those without it. After it was passed, the whole work was as far from being begun as at present. Our point of union was love to man, which would do away with the necessity for repressive resolutions; love to truth, which would disarm the fear of opposition; love to God, which would see his image in all. He said the business of the Association was to discover the evils which existed in society, spiritual, moral, social, and physical; search the storehouses of knowledge for the appropriate balm for every ill that flesh is heir to, and devise the best means of administering it to all. Such a resolution was a mere stumbling block, and he proposed that it should be thrown overboard. This second amendment was promptly seconded.

Mr Harper then withdrew his resolution in favour of the first amendment, which was put to the meeting and about a third of those present voted for it. The amendment to reject the resolution was then put, but as its supporters made no demonstration, the resolution was declared carried.

A curious instance of the state of mind of some Spiritualists was strikingly evinced during this discussion. A speaker proposed that the advice of the spirits should be asked, as this being a Spiritual Association, all matters should be referred to the spirits. Another speaker declared that nothing should be done without first asking the spirits, as to whether it was a proper step or not. We need not add that such sentiments found no favour in the Convention, where the whole tendency was to prepare individuals by all means to develop their own spiritual intuitions, so as to depend upon themselves.

The proceedings of this day terminated by Mr Thomas Etchells reading a paper, entitled "a chapter on the harmony of matter," which occupied nearly an hour in reading. He argued that everything had a circumambient atmosphere, or sphere of emanations peculiar to the individual or substance



which emitted it. Each human organism was thus like a planet with its attendant atmosphere. He said that the atmosphere contained all things necessary to the structure of organisms, and that it was the great repository for physical and soul development. The most potent conditions of existence were even transparent; hence, though his hand was only a few ounces in weight, and was seen by all present, yet it sustained a weight of upwards of 240 pounds of atmospheric air, which was invisible to all. By evil acts, thoughts, and meditations, an atmosphere was obtained which favoured the manifestations of spirits of a similar nature, and thus circles were disturbed by what are called evil spirits. For the whole of this eloquent paper, we must refer our readers to the published Report of the Association.

## SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

### COMMUNICATIONS FROM AMERICA.

On Wednesday morning, the President having taken the chair, read the address sent by him to the Spiritualists of America, in the name of the Progressive Spiritualists of this country, by the hand of Mr Green, who visited the United States last autumn. He then called upon Mr Green to give a narrative of his tour, with special reference to the state of the cause, and the teachings which might be derived from the experiences of American Spiritualists.

Mr. Green's remarks conveyed no practical advice as to how the cause might be advanced, by reference to what had been done on the other side of the Atlantic. He gave a very graphic sketch of his tour, and what he saw in the way of phenomena, and the many kindly greetings he received from the prominent leaders of Spiritualism in the States. His American experiences have been published in a pamphlet which was freely distributed at the Convention, and which may be obtained by corresponding with him. To this we beg to refer those who wish to have more complete information as to the state of the cause in America, also to recent letters from another source published in the *Spiritual Magazine*. The most remarkable part of Mr Green's narrative was, respecting the healing powers of the celebrated Dr Newton. The following extract will best describe the wonderful effects produced by this remarkable medium:—

"Dr Newton kindly invited me to be present on the following Monday, in order to see him heal the sick by the laying on of hands. On reaching his residence about 10 a.m., I found it surrounded by a suffering multitude, each eager and anxious to be the first to gain admittance. With some difficulty I succeeded in getting my card passed in, when the Doctor's kind and gentlemanly assistance made way for me to enter. I found the hall and large rooms on the ground-floor full almost to suffocation with the halt, the lame, the blind, the paralytic—all were there, many of them having travelled great distances and made previous arrangements to obtain an interview with the great healer. Perhaps the most interesting case I witnessed on this occasion was that of a little child, about six years old, who was suffering acutely from the contraction of the spine—so much so, indeed, that he could neither stand nor walk. Five minutes after his presentation to the great physician, the little fellow set off in a run across the room for a supply of bonbons, which the kind-hearted Doctor had provided to induce his infantile patients to use their newly recovered power of locomotion. Another case attracted my attention, and excited my warmest sympathies. Shortly after my arrival I saw a poor old man carried into the room by a friend of his, who, old as himself, almost tottered under the burden. Completely paralysed on one side, he lay there helpless as a child. The Doctor commenced operations by 'passing,' 'kneading,' and 'pounding' him for a short time, by his healing hands. Suddenly the old man began to walk, sing, shout, cry, laugh, and jump about: last of all, he fell upon his knees and thanked the



Great Father for the blessing received at his hands, in his miraculous restoration to health. A poor old woman who had been deaf for a number of years, was the next to pass through the hands of this great medium of one of Heaven's best gifts. Poor creature! deaf to all sound, she failed in hearing the loudest shout. At the Doctor's touch this passed away, and in a few seconds she could hear the faintest whisper from the most distant corner of the room, to her own great joy and astonishment, as well as my own gratification at being present at so extraordinary an occurrence. In short, in the space of two hours I beheld, with increased feelings of wonder, and no little awe, upwards of forty cases treated and cured by spirit power. It may be asked, 'Are these cases permanent cures?' I answer, I believe they are. I may also remark that I had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with the party referred to, in the Doctor's rooms."

Mr Green stated that the investigations of the Huddersfield circle respecting the phenomena of the "double" had attracted much attention in America, and his pamphlet contains many interesting particulars on this topic.

Mr Cooper was then deputed to read a paper from Mr J. M. Peebles, one of the most respected lecturers in the United States, and western editor of the *Banner of Light*. In it he presented the kindest greetings of American Spiritualists to their British brethren. He traced the rise and progress of the cause, comparing it with other movements, pointing out its redemptive influences, and recommended the broadest possible platform on which to carry out its mission.

The Convention warmly reciprocated the sentiments contained in the paper, in the form of a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Peebles and his countrymen and countrywomen in return for his kindly advice and Catholic salutations.

Mr Avery from Connecticut here introduced himself in rather a grotesque and humorous manner, much to the amusement of the Convention. His peculiar gaze directed to the ceiling; his queer actions and gestures, and original style of remark, was a sight not often witnessed in a British audience. He commenced by throwing off his coat and declaring he was a true specimen of a live Yankee. He said his ancestors had left Great Britain for the cause of truth. Those who spoke the truth always caused discord, and so did all who would remove ancient abuses and impose better modes upon the prejudices and evil habits of society.

#### ELECTION OF OFFICE-BEARERS.

Having disposed of the American business, the Convention proceeded to elect officers for the succeeding year. Mr Hodge was requested amidst acclamation to retain his position as president; to this he most decidedly objected, but was induced to comply with the very urgent desires of the whole Convention. Mr Green was installed as secretary, and Mr Harper of Birmingham as treasurer, and thus a very important work was speedily performed without discord or difference of opinion in any way.

#### THE BARON DE GULDENSTUBBE.

On the first day of the Convention a strange lady and gentleman, apparently foreigners, were noticed in the meeting, who turned out to be no less than the distinguished mediums, the Baron de Guldenstubbe and his sister. He was recognised by Mr Coleman, and made himself known by circulating copies of an English edition of his work, "Thoughts from beyond the Tomb." He is a Swedish nobleman, and unfortunately for his English friends cannot speak the English language, otherwise he would have at once received many hearty greetings from those present. He has devoted upwards of twenty years to the investigation of spiritual phenomena. As he could not address the audience, the services of Mr Andersen, a foreign gentleman residing in Birmingham, were put in request, and he conveyed to the Con-

vention those thoughts which the Baron wished to communicate. Mr Andersen, in the name of the Baron, first exhibited some remarkably distinct spirit photographs obtained by the Baron von Schirrh of Vienna, who, after making upwards of five hundred experiments, had succeeded in obtaining photographs of deceased individuals, which were declared to be unmistakable likenesses. Mr Andersen stated that in 1856 the Baron had endeavoured to obtain writing from the spirits without the use or intervention of material hands, and had been successful in obtaining upwards of five thousand specimens of such writings; this mode of receiving communications from the spiritual world was called "direct writing," and it is for this special phase of mediumship that the Baron is famous both in Europe and America. His mode of procedure is to place paper beside the tomb of a deceased personage, when their autograph is found written on the paper. In this way he had procured the autograph or fac-simile of the signature of Napoleon the First, at his tomb at the Invalides, Paris. He had also received autographs of the old kings of France, in direct line for many generations, also that of Julius Cæsar, and other notable characters of historic renown. The originals of these remarkable writings were handed round in the Convention, and lithographic copies were also shown, a large edition of which had been published but is now out of print, yet a second edition is promised.

Mr Coleman, who has been familiar with the Baron's mediumship for some time, gave some remarkable instances of these peculiar phenomena. He said that at the Baron's *seances* a sceptic or any person present might be deputed to the nearest stationer's to purchase a sealed packet of note paper, and after this being placed upon the table and opened, writings would be found on the sheets in the middle of the packet. The Baron was also a seeing medium, and repeatedly had tables follow him round the room without his or any other person's hands touching them. His sister is a remarkable trance medium, in which she exhibits prophetic powers that are being repeatedly put to the test.

These experiences excited great interest in the Convention, and the heartiest thanks of the meeting were accorded to the Baron, for his kindness in thus placing them before the assembly. The Baron extended the greatest courtesy to the members of the Convention during its sittings, many of whom had the pleasure of being entertained, at various times, at his residence in the West End.

#### MISS ALSTON.

At this part of the proceedings, Miss Alston, who had just arrived from Manchester, was introduced, and had only a short time to remain previous to her return. She read a very excellent paper on "Spirit Guidance," in which she spoke of the means whereby God directed the spirits of his children, not personally, but by agents. She showed that a power outside of man often directed his steps, and that cases of providential intercession were the work of guardian spirits. She maintained that this was a law of nature, and which obtained from the lowest orders of existence, up to the throne of the Omnipotent. She gave some instances of her experiences as a medium, and argued that if such evidences were useful to mankind, the sooner they were made known the better. This was the time of action, as many were tired of the old traditional teachings, and were eager in their demands for spiritual knowledge.

Miss Alston was afterwards entranced by a spirit, who spoke through her a most characteristic address in the Yorkshire dialect. This interested the Convention very much, especially those who resided in the south, and to whom the utterances of the medium were almost unintelligible.

Mr Etchells briefly explained the phenomena just exhibited, stating that Miss Alston had been only two years a medium; that she was a member of

the Methodist body previously, and had no philosophical education or knowledge whatever, except what she had obtained from the teachings of the sect to which she belonged. He pointed to the paper just read as a strong testimony to the value of spiritual teachings and mediumship. Where was there a college in the land, said Mr Etchells, which could take an unlettered young woman, and after two years' instruction, so far develop her powers as to produce such a profound paper and read it in such an excellent manner? and so thought all the Convention.

Miss Chapman during this session was also entranced, and sang a song purporting to be from the influence of Malibran.

#### SPIRIT PAINTINGS.

The paintings by the Glasgow medium have caused such a wide-spread interest, that the Convention was highly pleased to have some information respecting them. Mr Nisbet, under whose auspices the painting *seances* have been held was unable to attend, but he deputed Mr Harper of Birmingham, who had been an eye-witness on various occasions, to read his papers and make some general statements as to the development of the medium and nature of the work executed by him. Three spirit paintings were exhibited on the wall out of twenty-seven that had been done; and they were remarkable productions certainly to be executed by one who, at the time, had never taken a lesson in the art, and who did his work with his eyes closed in an unconscious state, and oftentimes with the gas turned down. Mr Harper stated that the medium, who was by trade a cabinet-maker, mixed his colours with closed eyes, and frequently in the dark. His development had been gradual. He was first a tipping medium, then a seeing medium; after which a boy had been lifted by invisible agencies, eighteen inches from the floor, in his presence. He was then promoted to the function of a drawing medium, first by the left hand, to show that it was not from his own agency that the drawings were executed. His progress was accelerated at this step, by the hand of a writing medium being placed upon his. He then commenced to use the right hand, and had produced the paintings above enumerated in the manner just described. The spirit who controls purports to be that of Jacob Ruysdael the Dutch artist. The whole of the particulars given by Mr Harper, would be of the greatest interest to our readers if our space permitted us to give them, but this is wholly unnecessary, as the chief particulars have already been published, to which we earnestly direct the attention of our readers.\*

#### EDUCATION—MEANS AND MODES OF ACTION.

On Wednesday, the afternoon session was devoted to the reading of papers and discussion of resolutions illustrating the educational advantages of Spiritualism, or in other words, the best means of benefiting society by the diffusion of the knowledge imparted by Spiritualism, and other branches of human nature science.

The proceedings were commenced by a paper from J. Burns, entitled "The connection between Spiritualism and Education," in which a variety of suggestions were made of much interest to spiritualists and reformers generally. As this paper will not be in the official Report, we may find space to present it in an early number.

Mr Etchells moved a resolution, recommending the formation of a committee for the purpose of collecting lists of mediums, lecturers, and correspondents, as already established in *Human Nature*.

The Rev. S. E. Bengough seconded the resolution in an energetic and comprehensive speech. He said he felt strongly on the question of education. As a university man he deplored the fact that in the various seats of

\* See *Phenomena of the Unseen*, 3d; *Report of the Glasgow Association*, 3d; and *Photographs of the Water Fall Spirit Painting*, 1s 6d; at Progressive Library.



learning, human nature was nearly ignored ; even the commonest elements of physical science were almost entirely neglected. He said the great want of the age, was an education which opened up to the students the real facts of man's inward and spiritual relations. He feared the time was not yet come for such a college as was proposed in J. Burns' paper, but in a few years he doubted not that it would become a matter of fact. He referred to the connection between Spiritualism and History ; he said this important branch of knowledge of so much interest to the human race, was now studied only in scraps. He thought a universal history, harmonising the ideas and efforts of all ages, and exploring the origin and antiquity of man, was urgently required. Spiritualism opened up a new view of the human family, and gave a rational matter-of-fact statement of man's relations to the past and to the future. He deprecated the blasphemous teachings of Sunday schools, and sympathised strongly with the movement for educating the young rationally in the principles of truth. He recommended that Spiritualists begin with the lower strata of society, as they had not such strong historic prejudices as the more aristocratic classes.

A burst of applause greeted Mr Avery on his springing on the platform at this juncture, exclaiming—"At school, beside every boy put a girl : the girl will become teacher and preacher, and the boy will take to the field and workshop."

Mr Harper spoke to the resolution, and stated that as all classes required spiritual and other forms of knowledge according to their necessities, the list of lecturers would include teachers of various kinds, so as to suit the requirements of all.

J. Burns heartily congratulated the Convention on considering such an important resolution. For several years the correspondent's department had devolved heavily upon him. He had spent pounds in postage, and weeks of time in answering inquiries. During the past year, he had circulated many hundred copies of the last Convention report at his own expense. He objected to the word "propaganda" as conveying the idea of making proselytes and converts, whereas Spiritualists merely imparted truths without reference to altering the sectarian status of their hearers.

Mr Scott spoke to the resolution, after which it was cordially passed.

A few words now ensued as to the basis of the Association, and

Dr Wilmshurst proposed that the meeting should pass a resolution that the Convention had no idea of forming a sect, and that the resolution of the previous day might be reversible on any future occasion.

Mr Scott said that such a resolution could not be entertained, as it would be equivalent to declaring to-day that we were fools yesterday. He thought the Association required some declaration to distinguish them from others ; if not, the Association might be said to comprise all England, without reference to personal qualifications.

Other speakers thought this could be by no means an objectionable feature, for why should not the Association include every individual and every truth that was attracted thitherwards ?

#### CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS.

The mention of these institutions was at all times received with great enthusiasm by the Convention. Their establishment in this country has not, as yet, become general. On the contrary, Mr Hitchcock, of Nottingham, was the only representative of this important department. To him belongs the honour of establishing the first Children's Progressive Lyceum in Great Britain. The president called upon him to speak, and, though a working man, he gave one of the best speeches that was delivered during the whole Convention. He also gave his experiences of Spiritualism, and the manner in which they carried on the society in Nottingham. His wife is a speaking medium, and through her they had received a dozen lectures



on Phrenology from Dr Gall. They had formed a library, and this was a very useful adjunct to their proceedings. The spirits had urged them to form a school for children. He rented a house for £30 a year, secured the services of a teacher who had become a Spiritualist, and thus opened a Lyceum. He then procured the Lyceum Manual, and thus got into the mode of conducting the meetings by degrees. They commenced at first with forty children, but the ministers succeeded in getting some of them away. They had now 35, all belonging to Spiritualists. They also had received opposition in this matter from other sects of Spiritualists, for they had four or five different kinds in Nottingham. Some of the proceedings were of a very interesting description. They read the Bible in the Lyceum, and allowed the children to question the teachers upon the portions read. In this way they freed their minds from slavery to any particular book or belief, and developed their powers of reason and criticism. Some of the best questions came from the youngest members. They generally gave a question to the whole Lyceum to be studied during the week, and answered next Sunday. On one occasion it was—"How do you know that God loves you?" Many excellent answers were given, but he thought the best came from a member of the "fountain group," a child scarcely four years of age, whose answer was—"Because he makes us feel he loves us." He said that any child who had a few weeks' experience in the Lyceum could combat the parsons on all questions of spiritual knowledge and theology. He then referred to habits of health and temperance which they associated with their teachings, and showed that by spending 1d per week in the library they got much more pleasure and advantage than by spending twenty times the sum in tobacco or alcoholic liquors. Mr Hitchcock's address produced an excellent effect on the meeting.

The Session closed by Mr Champernowne exhibiting an elaborate series of drawings and direct writing from spirits through his wife's mediumship. Some of the drawings represented mountains and valleys, and the peculiarity of their execution was that the mountains were embossed or raised, and the valleys in like manner depressed. It is due to these remarkable productions to state that the instances of direct writing contributed by Mr Champernowne are of the most remarkable and indisputable kind. Spirit drawings done by the pen were also exhibited, from Mr Glover of Wolverhampton.

### THIRD DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The morning was considerably advanced before a sufficient number of members had arrived to warrant the commencement of business. About eleven o'clock Mr Hodge again assumed the presidency, and called on Mr J. H. Powell to read a paper which he had prepared for the occasion, in which he reviewed the glaring abuses prevailing in society, and the relations which the pulpit and present ecclesiastical systems bore towards reform. He said the pulpit had failed to christianise men. It suited its own necessities and condemned the individual, but a spirit of inquiry had sprung up which was represented in modern Spiritualism. He reviewed the theory of eternal punishment, and the attitude of the church towards man as evinced in that and other dogmas. He read a terrible extract from a late work on the eternal damnation of infants by a writer of the name of Furness, a name very appropriate to an individual who dealt so largely in fire. It illustrated, in a vivid manner, the whole animus of priestcraft in perpetuating a reign of spiritual terror and bondage. The speaker said that society advanced materially but not spiritually: hence the moral and spiritual feelings were obscured by the excessive action of the selfish and utilitarian powers of the mind. He then noticed the amount of misery and social disorganisation which prevailed amongst us, and showed how inefficient the present social and religious systems were to cope therewith. He maintained that all this

evil was the result of a selfish materialism, the natural consequence of false religious teachings, and that a broad progressive Spiritualism was the best means of curing the various evils that flesh is heir to.

The President commented most favourably upon Mr Powell's remarks. He had faith in man being able to save himself; all that was required was to give him liberty to do so. The institutions of the land instead of aiding individuals repressed them, and instead of removing human misery, were the fruitful source of vice, ignorance, and crime, for all of which reformers were to blame if they did not do all in their power to mitigate and prevent the inharmony that existed around them.

It was then asked if the Association required a vice-president, when Mr Cooper was at once proposed and elected with acclamation. Mr Cooper, in acknowledging the honour that had been conferred upon him, made a few remarks embodying his ideas of Spiritualism. For nearly five years he had endeavoured to make the facts of Spiritualism known. He said this was the first thing to do; they were now recognised to a great extent by the public, and opposition had proportionately diminished. He asked what was their future course. No particular mode of action had been pointed out. He considered that the facts of Spiritualism were of great value in promoting the happiness of man and the reconstruction of society. A spiritual philosophy could not be well established without the assistance of the phenomena as a basis from which to operate. In this respect Spiritualism had the advantage of other religious systems, in so far that it had demonstrable grounds on which to erect a superstructure, and did not merely depend upon tradition and the past. He introduced to the Convention the fact that a testimonial had been proposed to Mr Shorter, whose literary labours on behalf of Spiritualism and worthy objects had destroyed his eyesight so far that he was almost unable to follow any occupation. It was suggested that every circle and society of Spiritualists throughout the country should purchase a copy of Mr Shorter's work, entitled "The Two Worlds," Mr Cooper then referred to his connection with the Davenport Brothers, and stated that he had a work in the press which would give full particulars of the interesting phenomena produced in connection with them. He thought a tract society would be useful, as it was so much easier to give a tract than spend half an hour in conversation.

Mr Scott had circulated tracts for twelve years, and concurred in everything that could be said of them; by a humorous incident he illustrated how difficult it was to get people to accept a tract, even after half an hour's conversation.

Mr Hitchcock, who had to leave at that instant for Nottingham, insisted upon the advantages of children's lyceums, and gave some striking instances of the injury which young minds sustained by the popular teachings of Theological sects.

Another speaker urged that some definite form of action should be taken in respect to the circulation of Mr Shorter's excellent works. It would not do to have a few minutes' talk over the matter and then let it drop. He thought that those who could afford to indulge their appetites with tobacco and alcoholics should resist such habits and spend the money in procuring Mr Shorter's works for the benefit of poor circles, the members of which were unable to raise funds for the purpose of buying books. The speaker said he knew circles in Yorkshire that neither possessed books nor read any spiritual literature whatever; whilst another speaker instanced other circles of the working classes that were composed of well read and intelligent individuals.\*

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\* As no form of action was arrived at by the Convention, we may state that all orders for Mr Shorter's works—"Confessions of a Truth Seeker," 3s; "The Two Worlds," 9s—sent to our office will be forwarded to such quarters, that the transaction will be done entirely to Mr Shorter's benefit.

Mr Powell submitted—"That this Convention recommends the formation of the following circles for the study of Man:—First, Progressive Lyceums for the young; second, Family Circles; third, Educational Colleges on the principles of spirit intercourse." He supported the recommendation by referring to the necessity which he felt for a school to which he could send his own children. When young he had been terrified by orthodox Sunday-school teachings, from the influences of which he had never been able to shake himself clear, and he dreaded submitting his children to a similar cruelty.

Mr Green warmly seconded the proposition; he had seen the workings of the Lyceum system in America, and could endorse it most cordially. He thought we should begin with the young, and try to provide schools not only for Sundays, but also for week days.

J. Burns, in an energetic speech, supported the recommendation. Though he had been taught catechisms, psalms, and hymns when at school to satiety, yet he never believed a word of their theology, nor derived the least benefit from them. He, however, had studied Johnson's Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology, and from it he derived more benefit than from all the so-called religious instruction he had received. He regretted the waste of time that had been incurred in cramming his memory with matters which were not only useless but forgotten, or if they were remembered, were an impediment to the free action of truth. This state of things was being perpetuated daily at schools all over the land, which cramped the minds of youth and diminished the resources of the nation. In speaking of Family Circles he said, that did not mean sitting round the table to receive spirit communications, but it meant the practical working out of the true principles of life in the family. He spoke of the prenatal causes of spirituality and morals in children. Those parents who made their first acquaintance in mental and spiritual attractions were united spiritually, and their children were thus spiritually generated, and displayed intuitive and moral tendencies; whereas marriages which were commenced externally, and attractions which were formed on physical conditions, led to a mere physical parentage, the cause of animality and grossness in the minds of offspring. He reviewed the various dietetic, hygienic, and social elements that should find a place in the family, so that the Family Circle might be the theatre of spiritual development. In referring to Mr Powell's paper just read, he found fault with the distillers, brewers, and wine merchants who drenched the fashionable preachers with alcohol, quite as much as the systems propounded in the theological seminaries. He said the brain was the instrument of the mind, and if abused by abnormal living, it was impossible for individuals to attain spiritual consciousness or comprehend progressive ideas. He urged that matters of physical and social reform should go hand in hand with spiritual teachings. This, he said, was the object of the college he referred to in his paper. This work need not be delayed for a day, for audiences convened for a succession of nights to hear a course of lectures on the subject of human nature constituted a college for the time being. He hoped the members of the Convention, when they arrived at their several homes, would not forget the exceedingly practical nature of the resolutions passed at the Convention, but at once put them into operation by securing such lecturers as were suited to the necessities of their district, and commence the work of educating the people at once.

The recommendation was received unanimously.

The President corroborated what had been said by referring to Theodore Parker's utterances on the subject of education.

Mr Harper read the names of a committee for getting up a list of lecturers, correspondents, and mediums; he thought it was the backbone of the Convention and hope of success for the coming year. He referred to Miss Chapman as the first missionary medium, and spoke warmly of her labours



and personal merits. This was seconded, after which the Rev. S. E. Bengough, as a member of the Committee just referred to, said he had thrown off all orthodox trammels. The Convention had been an unspeakable privilege to him; it would inspire him to action which he hoped would have an influence for general good. He urged that a higher phase of teaching should be adopted than that of mere phenomenal mediumship. Another speaker who followed him added that no part of the movement should be undervalued, as the phenomena had the credit of bringing many energetic and valuable individuals under the banner of Spiritualism.

The President put the resolution to the meeting, and it was passed.

#### LAST SESSION.

On Thursday, shortly after three o'clock, the Convention met for the last time for the purpose of business. The interest attending it had been so engrossing, and the hours so protracted, that all felt that a change would be agreeable; it was therefore proposed that the remaining business should be got through as quickly as possible, so that next day might be devoted to a picnic or excursion to some pleasant resort near London. A number of excellent papers were yet to read, but it was suggested that they might appear in the official report, though not read at the meeting.

A letter from Mr Simkiss, of Wolverhampton, was partly read, as also a paper on "Education of Everyday Life" from Mr Andrew Leighton, of Liverpool. From the excellent character of the passages which were read, we hope this paper will yet appear in print. A letter was also read from an American friend.

The President referred to the periodicals devoted to the cause of Spiritualism and human progress, mentioning the *Spiritual Magazine* and *Human Nature* as belonging to this country, and the *Banner of Light* and *Spiritual Republic* as emanating from America. He said all Spiritualists should know the contents of such periodicals. It was of the greatest importance that mind should confer with mind, and all active and intelligent men and women should be aware of the newest ideas and incidents of the stirring age in which we lived. He could not endorse the mode in which advertisements of a very questionable kind were inserted in the American papers, but otherwise they were worthy of recommendation.

Mr Coleman spoke of the unrivalled excellency of the early American periodicals, and that the matter of periodical literature would never be so well done again. He proposed a most hearty vote of thanks to the President for his conduct in the chair. His position had been a very difficult one to maintain, and yet he had done it in such a manner as to call forth the admiration of the most experienced in the matter of controlling public meetings.

Mr Tebb seconded this motion, and concurred in everything Mr Coleman had said respecting Mr Hodge's abilities for the many duties which had devolved upon him.

The resolution was received most cordially by the Convention, the members rising to their feet in giving their expression of appreciation for Mr Hodge's services.

The place of next Convention was then discussed. Some had mentioned Birmingham as most likely, which it would if the system of visiting the various towns in succession was adopted. It was, however, remarked that London was the centre of all movements; that it could be easier visited by the great majority of members than any other point in the British Islands, and it was therefore resolved "That the next Convention be held in London about the same time, 1868."

The President called attention to the fact that a number of the previous year's Reports were still on hand, and might be obtained from the pub-



lisher. They were full of information on the subject respecting which the Convention was assembled, and he recommended all who were interested in the cause to hand them freely about amongst their friends, as they were not only cheap but good.

After a committee had been chosen to publish the new Report, it was arranged that those who were willing to join the excursion party on the succeeding morning should be at the hall by the hour of ten.

On the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, seances for manifestations and various other demonstrations took place—of the success and importance of which there are diverse opinions. As they formed no part of the business of the Conference, and would present but very little interest, we do not trouble our readers with an account of them.

#### FOURTH DAY.

##### EXCURSION TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

By Friday morning, many of the country friends had departed for their homes. Some of the excursions returned on Thursday morning, so that Wednesday was the chief day both as regards business and attendance. The London friends appeared in straggling detachments, some attending on one day and some another. The interest manifested by such visitors was of the deepest and most gratifying description. Various accounts had reached their ears of the improper proceedings and belief of Progressive Spiritualists, but they were agreeably astonished at the genial display of the motives and manner of the assembly. The ranks were consequently much thinned by Friday morning, and no public announcement having been made, except merely to mention on the previous afternoon the desirability of such an excursion, none of the London friends were aware of the fact, except those who had been in attendance on the previous day. Had this pic-nic been advertised during the other days, it would have been as successful in numbers as in results to those who were fortunate enough to take part in it. Having assembled at the Bedford Hall, the excursionists decided on visiting the Crystal Palace. They therefore proceeded at once to the Metropolitan Railway, and were quickly transported to the High Level Station close to the Palace. By the hour of one, they were met in the Nave by a number of friends who had previously arranged to be present, but who could not find it convenient to reach the Palace by the same means. The majority of the party having invoked king alcohol in the refreshment rooms (for Spiritualists, ignorant of the necessities of human nature, and the inheritors of bad habits, are just as irrational in their conduct as other people), the party proceeded to organise a seance in some portion of the building. The Egyptian Court was selected by two of the party, who led the others thither without making their intentions public. It was to see if any communications relative to Egyptian manners, customs, or beliefs could be elicited by the surroundings. The other visitors to the Palace, however, became attracted by the movements of such a large and well-organised body, and it was deemed prudent to retire to the gardens. A shady spot, flanked by blooming rhododendrons near a pool of water, was discovered in the grounds. Here a meeting was organised, the most pleasant and profitable of the series. Mr Hodge opened the proceedings by reading one of Denton's poems, "Beauty Everywhere," and desired those present to make short speeches.

Mr Etchells stated that he had been once before at Sydenham, and at a seance which he attended since then, it was stated that he would visit the Crystal Palace in five years from the time of his previous visit, and he declared it was five years on that very day since he was there before. He felt impressed with the presence of spirits in the Egyptian Court, and others corroborated his experience in that respect.

Mr Powell spoke of the desirability of such excursions, and hoped arrangements would be made for one on a large scale next year, and that camp meetings might be held and speeches made on the various aspects of the movement.

J. Burns said we had held a Convention, and what had we realised from it? He had experienced the fact that the Convention had a "double" as the Huddersfield friends would term it; hence it was pretty far advanced in spiritual development. It had a physical and a spiritual body, and the two, in the language of Paul, were always at war with one another. The combat had gone on through all the meetings, but in every case with success to the spiritual combatant. In the first place, the body or physical part, desired a test for admittance into the meetings, but the spiritual part had removed this obstacle with the greatest benefit to all concerned. The "body" next proposed to set certain limits to free speech and universal teaching, but the "spirit" had also repelled this emanation most successfully. A time had been set to the speeches and papers, but the inspirations of the spirit had overstepped the limits of time. The "flesh" made it a rule that no person could be a member of the Association without the payment of money; but some of the most suggestive utterances and practical remarks had come from those who had never contributed a farthing. Let us shut our doors against none; we might be entertaining an angel unawares. The ordinary rules and methods of societies that had existed on earth hitherto, could not by any means be adapted to the requirements of an Association of Progressive Spiritualists. We had established a spiritual organisation wholly apart from temporal matters, an organisation large enough to include all men, of all opinions, of all nations, in all worlds, and in all times. We had secured an organisation which appealed to the motives of all to do what good lay in their power for the purpose of accelerating human progress, and they had invited all helpers to base their operations on a scientific foundation; no other than the spiritual nature and necessities of man. Such a work was greater than any of them could realise, and was almost too much to expect—it was, indeed, a mighty revolution unparalleled in the history of public assemblies. He hoped the spiritual side of their organisation would continue to conquer all their physical difficulties, and next year, by numerous reports from various quarters, show that the resolutions and recommendations passed at the Convention had not fallen to the ground as a dead letter, but as choice seed, dropped in good soil, raise abundance of golden fruit.

Mr Green was then entranced, and made an inspirational speech or invocation soliciting the blessings of the Father of spirits and of truth, on the progress of human redemption.

Mr Richmond was impressed to sing a spiritual song of jubilee, and gave an explanation of its symbolical meanings.

Mr Green, again entranced, uttered a warm address asserting that many spiritual influences were surrounding them in the Egyptian Court; they were carried there by association, and desired to communicate if circumstances had been favourable. The spirit controlling Mr Green, said it was a very peculiar phase of mediumship, and one which would yet enable mankind to arrive at many hidden facts respecting the history of former ages.

J. Burns proposed that the Association should delegate a commission of mediums and others, to hold *seances* in the catacombs within the pyramids of Egypt. Layard had made great discoveries in Nineveh. The pick and shovel had divulged much, but the more potent "sword of the spirit" would attain much greater achievements. It was stated by other speakers that such a mission to the land of Egypt was in contemplation.

A discussion then took place on the position of woman, when it was stated that the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists, was the first body in this country in which woman occupied an official position alongside of man.

The Rev. S. E. Bengough reviewed the various states of society, from the savage to the spiritual state, and showed that the position occupied by woman in every instance determined the degree of civilisation and spirituality attained by that condition of society. He said Spiritualism placed woman in her true position. There was a dissimilarity between man and woman, which, when united, made an ideal human nature.

Mrs Etchells rejoiced at the turn which public sentiment was taking respecting the position of woman. She was proud of the fact that she was surrounded by those who had such a lofty estimate of the relations of the sexes, and earnestly desired that such ideas should have the widest possible diffusion.

Mr Cooper, in giving a brief review of his experiences as a public man in the cause of Spiritualism, said he had been more a worker than a talker. He referred to a lecturing tour he had once taken, and though his audiences were small, the novelty of the subject secured several reports in the newspapers, which he estimated would extend his audiences to at least 100,000 persons. In this way the matter had been brought very prominently before the public in the regions where his lectures took place. He also referred to the importance of keeping up a correspondence with the newspapers; when a letter appeared contrary to Spiritualism, a reply could generally be inserted. From these efforts he could perceive a vast change taking place in the tone of society towards Spiritualism. He thought a belief in the phenomena was the best basis for operating on the public mind. He thought some means should have been taken to collect money to employ lecturers such as Mrs Hardinge, and that the friends in America should be communicated with so as to obtain efficient speakers and mediums.

Another speaker said that the organisation just formed was sufficient for all purposes. He thought it better to have a central organisation to encourage, direct, and facilitate local arrangements than for all the responsibilities to rest upon the Central Committee. He thought it was a healthy feature for the local circles or societies to maintain their own arrangements. The Central Committee might procure the services of lecturers and mediums, and arrange with local committees to use such speakers and mediums successively at their own expense, and subject to their own convenience. In this way the Temperance League had engaged Mr Gough. They invited him for a certain number of years, guaranteeing him so many engagements per week, but local societies employed Mr Gough during the greater portion of his residence in this country.

Some other interesting particulars were elicited in conversation from Miss Macleod as to her powers as a seeing-medium. She said she frequently saw spirits around mediums and in spirit circles. She had also witnessed death scenes. She described the spiritual part of the individual as rising like a vapour, and forming itself into human shape over the dead body. The relations and spiritual guardians of the newly-born spirit were often in attendance, though it might be unconscious of the fact.

It was explained by Mr Green that Miss Macleod's experience was perfectly analogous to that of A. J. Davis as given in *Human Nature*, though Miss Macleod had described these scenes before she was acquainted with Mr Davis's writings.

Mr Scott joined in the conversation with some excellent remarks as to his experiences in the same direction.

The meeting then broke up, and the party separated to meet again at the Bedford Hall, where a social tea party concluded the meetings of the Convention.

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On the evening of Friday, June 14th, a party of prominent Spiritualists, chiefly of those who had attended the Convention, had the honour of being invited by the Baron de Guldenstubbe and his sister to a *seance* held at their



residence. Miss Nicholl, the celebrated medium for flowers, was also present. A party of ten sat round the table, under the direction of the Baron, and the well-known raps were soon heard. Some conversation took place through the alphabet, when Miss Nicholl, the medium, was requested to walk round the circle ten times, the room being previously darkened by the lights being removed, the windows put down, blinds drawn, and shutters closed, the doors were also shut. In a short time a loud crash was heard on the table, as if a thick piece of wood had been forcibly split asunder. Soon after an object was seen to move past before the chink in the window shutters, and the Baron's sister exclaimed that something had fallen on her head. The lights were promptly brought in, and a wreath of ferns and pinks of the double white variety, still wet with dew, was found on the lady's head. It was minutely inspected by those present, and was found to be a real production of nature, and no ethereal phantom to vanish at a touch. It was inspected again by several people on the following day. Madame de Guldenstubbe was afterwards entranced, and conversed for a long time in French to those around her who understood the language. She minutely described the departed relations of a number of persons present, and gave utterance to several prophecies, the authenticity of which time will test. We understand that the prophetic gift is a striking peculiarity of this lady's mediumship. The party broke up at a late hour, highly gratified with the evening's proceedings, and especially with the unfeigned kindness and cordiality of the Baron, whose gentlemanly and genial manner has endeared him to all who have had the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

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Thus, the only one god Janarddana, takes the designation of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, accordingly as he creates, preserves, or destroys. Vishnu, as creator, creates himself; as preserver, preserves himself; as destroyer, destroys himself at the end of all things. This world of earth, air, fire, water, ether, the senses and the mind; all that is termed spirit, that also is the lord of all elements, the universal form and imperishable; hence he is cause of creation, preservation, and destruction, and the subject of the vicissitudes inherent in the elementary nature. He is the object and author of creation; he preserves, destroys, and is preserved. He, Vishnu, as Brahma, and as all other beings, is infinite form: he is the supreme, the giver of all good, the fountain of all happiness.—*Vishnu Purana*.

THE SCIENCE OF PSYGRAPHOLOGY.—The art of reading character from the hand writing, or "Graphiology," as it is usually termed in the advertisements of its professors, has long been practised in various countries with considerable success. Some have been exceedingly expert in this art, but they have not been able to explain the means whereby they arrived at their conclusions, nor can they impart their abilities to others. In these cases, it seems as if the practitioner was endowed with some special psychical or clairvoyant power, and that the writing was a means whereby he or she was brought *en rapport* with the person to be examined. Professor J. H. W. Toohey of America, as reported in the *Banner of Light*, has been lecturing on "Psygraphology," and it appears that he has been able to reduce the practice of reading the character from the hand writing to scientific rules and certainty. He says the straight line and curve represent the cold and warm side of life, the icicle and the flower, and that throughout nature these forms are repeated indicative of the nature of the creature which exhibits them. Man is also subject to this law, and he is angular or rounded, direct or circumflexed, according to the predominance of the straight or curve principle within him. These forms exhibit themselves in all he does, but very specially in the hand writing, and most truly in the initiatory stages when the pupil makes the first attempts at the formation of letters. Ripeness, harmony, and perfection are indicated by beautifully rounded and curved caligraphic performances. These peculiarities of penmanship are traced to temperamental conditions, and Prof. Toohey states that he has been successful in discovering the form of writing indicative of the various temperaments and combinations of temperaments. At the conclusion of his lecture several specimens of hand writing were submitted to the Professor, who is reported to have given very successful delineations of character and capabilities from them, especially in one instance. With his physiological explanation, the laws and principles of this mode of determining character, come more clearly within the comprehension of the popular mind, the more so if it can be proved to be successful in practice.



