DR. GALE, F.G.S., F.C.S.,

Inventor of the Non-Explosive Gunpowder Process.

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DR JAMES GALE.

THERE is a general curiosity on the part of humanity to see notable personages, whether such distinction arises from wealth, social position, personal merit, or other qualifications. The popular mind seems to infer quite naturally that there must be some observable difference between the personal appearance of the renowned and the unknown. This desire is often attributed to vulgar curiosity, as without a doubt in many instances it is so, when there is nothing noteworthy connected with the object of regard but a mere conventional distinction, the result of accident. The case is widely different, however, when a man's popularity is the result of individual merit. Then all facts connected with him, organic, educational, and social, tend to throw a light on the causes which have led to his occupying a position of prominence. His country, ancestry, parentage, native locality, biography, intellect, feelings, and everything connected with him, are eagerly sought after. The personal items thus gleaned from the history of the world's great men and women occupy a considerable proportion of the most choice literature of all ages.

There is a cause for this, as for every other phenomenon incidental to human existence. It springs from an intuitive appreciation of a great truth, that circumstances—ancestral, parental, local, educational, and organic—to a great extent modify individuals, and are, in fact, the designating influences which determine the differences amongst men. It may be assumed that all human beings are essentially alike, in being composed of the same number of organs, functions, and faculties; and the difference among them depends on the relative degrees of development, activity, and culture in which these elements of character exist. Anthropological science presents a vast field for investigation in this connection. The mob look upon a noted individual, and form exceedingly vague impressions of his peculiarities, whilst the learned few are scarcely superior in their

abilities to estimate correctly the psychical merits of those who come under their observation. Are there no scientific modes, then, of classifying the many influences and conditions that tend to produce human character? Is there no law, or series of laws, which regulate the combination of elements which make up individuals in such endless diversity? Is it not great presumption to suppose that Nature, everywhere the infallible exponent of law and causation, should exhibit such an utter disregard of the same in her highest manifestations? Those who think so, must at the same time admit, that their stock of information on the subject is negative in the extreme, both as regards quantity and quality. Some admit that certain positive facts are known, but not in sufficient number or in such connection as to make them reliable or useful in determining individual peculiarities. Whether all these conditions are known or not, we maintain that they exist, and it is the business of scientific investigators to divulge them as they may be discovered. As this periodical is devoted to the subject, no apology is due from us in placing before our readers such facts as we may be enabled to produce. We have therefore resolved on giving from time to time a series of portraits of remarkable men and women, accompanying them with descriptions of their organic and other peculiarities, making such inferences as may be in accordance with our judgment and experience.

In opening our list we gratefully acknowledge the favour we have received in being permitted to place at the top of it the name of a gentleman who, notwithstanding having been deprived of the use of his eyes for the last seventeen years, has produced works that have placed him high in the scale of fame. We refer to Dr James Gale, whom his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has felicitously designated "the gunpowder tamer," in other words, the inventor of the "non-explosive gunpowder process," and whose portrait is placed at the commencement of this article.

ORGANIC CONDITIONS AND DEDUCTIONS THEREFROM.

Dr Gale is a full-grown man in more respects than is usual to be met with. The brain is above the average in volume, being nearly 23 inches in circumference, and lofty in proportion. It is amply supported by a fully developed physiology, his weight being 215 lbs. The vital apparatus is healthy and harmonious; there is an abundance of arterial blood, which has a free and well-balanced circulation. The function of digestion is well performed; the lungs are ample, and in proportion to the other viscera. The brain and vital system is harmoniously balanced by the mechanical apparatus. The bone is large, yet fine, and the muscles are exceedingly compact and delicately formed. The organism throughout is remarkably well-proportioned. The

nervous system is abundantly represented, which in conjunction with the fine and well-elaborated elements which compose the body prevents all awkwardness or clumsiness. This fineness of organisation also imparts a moral tone of character, much above what is met with in persons of similar appearance. Viewing him organically, in connection with his many talents and eventful life, he is not altogether indebted for his position to size and configuration of brain; though this organ is the instrument wherewith such a marked individuality has been effected, yet much credit is due to the fine texture, firm muscles, and well-proportioned bone, which have imparted elevation, manliness, fortitude, self-reliance, and perseverance; and the exceedingly healthy and active vital system which has never failed to maintain a full and even redundant pressure of vital steam wherewith to propel the complex machinery of the mind. The brain is peculiar, both as regards its relative proportions and configuration. It exhibits great length from the anterior projection over the eyes to the opposite point in the back of the head; it is also unusually high, and with slight exceptions converges in a ridge all over the central line. The most marked of these exceptions is found in the regions of continuity, self-esteem, veneration, and eventuality. That portion of the first-named organ which conduces to connectedness of thought, is well-represented, but the central portion, giving a tendency to devote the mind entirely for the time being to one line of thought or pursuit, is not so full. Hence there is a marked ability to engage in a great variety of pursuits, and yet maintain a connected prosecution of the whole. In respect to self-esteem, there is a deficiency in the part in which the feelings of self-love and supremacy are represented; hence he is not a haughty, proud, domineering man, but rather humble, fraternal, and approachable. Nor is he led to set a high value on those favours which he may do for others.

The most striking peculiarity exhibited in this brain, is its great diameter in front of the upper part of the ears upwards, which, united with the centrally convergent form of the head, and great development of the perceptive faculties, is the phrenological secret of Dr Gale's mental capabilities. The latter group are large in development, much beyond that which is usually met with in society. Size, weight, individuality, and locality, are especially portrayed, while form and colour are about medium, and order is quite large and very sharp in outline. These organs give the possessor a most exquisite consciousness of the properties, conditions, and relations of matter; he observes many things that are entirely overlooked by the million.

He is not a man of impractical schemes and vapid theories, but conceives of things just as they are. Though labouring under the disadvantage of the loss of sight, he has a most perfect

knowledge of all that pertains to material phenomena, even that which he has never witnessed, in a higher degree than many of those who are possessed of that function. He has great power to conceive of mechanical fitness; he understands the laws of force and resistance, and instinctively knows how much material to use in order to withstand a given pressure. He can fit parts accurately, with few observations; and has a very special faculty for exploring, travelling, or carrying the geography of a place in his memory. He could almost walk round a field, and draw a map of it afterwards. He has a great memory of all that he has seen, heard, or experienced; and can talk intelligently and impart correct information on a great variety of subjects. His memory of general events, gossip, historical facts, dates, and numbers, is not particularly good. Constructiveness is very large, which, in combination with the perceptive faculties and very large comparison, enables him to manifest great versatility of talent, and readily adapt means to ends under almost any circumstances.

Acquisitiveness is also large, which enables him to give a favourable commercial aspect to all the products of the mind. This gentleman is eminently practical. He seeks the useful in everything, and the great object of his life is to create as many uses as possible. He has no impractical ideas, and all the operations of such a mind are sure to bear fruit sooner or later. He could engage in business with success. His industry and executiveness are continually stimulating him to unceasing action. He cannot procrastinate or leave till to-morrow that which can be done to-day, and he should be known for his indomitable energy and perseverance. Behind the ear, the diameter of the brain lessens considerably. This head does not manifest selfishness. Combativeness appears chiefly in the form of courage; but there are few indications of a contradictory, negative, or offensive disposition, yet he would promptly repel all coercion or encroachments upon his liberty, and evince high indignation if his feelings of justice or honour were violated on account of others. Secretiveness is very small. There is too little power to conceal, equivocate, or use policy. His mind is the very opposite to that of a hypocrite. His face is the index of his thoughts, and his presence always inspires feelings of confidence and openness. Though the brain is not wide in the region of cautiousness, yet the organ has been considerably exercised, and though he is not suspicious or jealous, yet he is exceedingly solicitous as to consequences, especially of a moral nature, and is careful to be exact in all that he says or does.

The social feelings are chiefly domestic; woman is highly appreciated, and he has great power to adapt himself to female society. General society is avoided for the company of those

whose specialities minister to the requirements of the intellect. Home is held in high estimation, and he manifests a warm interest in children and the helpless.

Independence and love of freedom is a very prominent feature in this character, but it never manifests itself offensively, because of the great desire to please, and merit the favourable opinions of others which is associated with it. There is a high ambition and desire to excel in those things which the moral and intellectual faculties most appreciate. The moral feelings, as a class, exercise a most powerful influence over the whole conduct; they may be said to direct the operations of the mind fully and continuously. Conscientiousness is particularly large, and there is a great sense of duty, and strong desire for consistency. Perhaps the largest organ in the brain is benevolence, which is developed chiefly in the form of sympathy. If firmness and combativeness were larger this feeling would be more under control. Many acts in this gentleman's life have had direct reference to the urgent demands of this feeling. He has special tendencies to engage in philanthropic measures, and to view society from a moral and progressive standpoint.

The general height of the brain imparts more religious feeling than the relative sizes of the organs indicate. He is full of emotion and enthusiasm, and does anything with heart and soul. There is a warm consciousness of the divine, of providence, and of the spiritual life and future. Imitation is quite large, which imparts great versatility of manners, and of talents, also, when other organs combine with it; hence, there is a ready adaptation to literature, descriptive poetry, the platform, and public life generally.

The reflective faculties are very peculiarly adapted; comparison is so very large that casuality would not have sufficient weight in the estimation of inexperienced observers; hence, the mental operations are more of a practical turn than theoretical and suggestive merely. There is an ability to ultimate plans and suggestions into practical realisations, and very few of his performances will require revision or emendation.

There is an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, geniality, and apt dry humour. Also, much ability to estimate character from first impressions, and instinctively foretell the probable results of whatever is submitted to his judgment.

Much inspirational power is derived from the full development of spirituality and other intuitive organs. He will be subject to impressions unsought for and unpremeditated, yet exactly suited to the exigencies of the case. This is a kind of mind that is capable of unlimited development, and the greater the variety of circumstances it exists under, and difficulties with which it has to contend and surmount, the richer and more varied will be its

products. Such an organisation does not readily exhibit the traces of years, and with proper care youth will bear him company close on to the confines of old age.

[Much care has been necessary to keep this delineation within limits. The organisation presents such a variety of combinations that a mere summary of them can only be presented in a public form. We beg to state, also, that the examiner had no previous knowledge of Dr Gale, further than in general terms as furnished by our notice of his cast in our June number. As a practical hint to Phrenological societies, we would suggest the propriety of their furnishing themselves with the cast of this head, and compare it with the delineation here given.—Ed. *H. N.*]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Our labours are much lightened by the very complete and faithful delineation of character that precedes this slight sketch. All that remains to be done, is to present a short statement of the various ways in which Dr Gale has exhibited his mental peculiarities.

Dr Gale is a native of the "Sunny South;" and is, ethnologically, a fine specimen of the Devonian section of our countrymen. He is descended from one of the oldest families in that part of the country, the Gales of Crediton and Dartmouth, recently of Tavistock. The family arms, is described in Burke's Heraldry, as a "shankbone, and palm leaf" surmounting the crest. Many members of the family were famed for physical prowess and success in war; and their general character was that of inflexible integrity and stability of purpose, and though terrible in the field, peaceful, domestic, and promotive of industrial arts, when wrongs had been redressed and justice vindicated. Longevity has also been a distinguishing feature of the family. The subject of these remarks was born near Plymouth, in 1833, but his parents removed to Tavistock when he was very young. He received the best education that village could afford; notwithstanding, Dr Gale may be considered a "self-made man," as his recent attainment, in the highest terms, of the university degrees of "Doctor of Philosophy," and "Master of the liberal Arts," after several severe examinations, clearly shows. He has also arrived at a highly honourable position in the world of experimental science and natural philosophy, to which the success and scientific nature of his inventions amply testify.

His invention of the process for making gunpowder non-explosive and re-explosive at pleasure, for which he has received such a wide notoriety must be allowed to take precedence. This, as well as his other inventions, have originated entirely from his great power to observe natural phenomena, and com-

prehend their laws and the results connected therewith. When he was a boy at play, he hit upon the means, which have since been applied in making that dangerous commodity, gunpowder, quite harmless. He had been indulging in the manufacture of squibs and crackers, and in order to make the gunpowder less combustible, he mixed with it some kind of impalpable and incombustible powder or dust. He had mixed so much of this with the gunpowder, that it would not burn at all; and as he had no more pocket money to expend in the purchase of a further supply of gunpowder, his ingenuity was taxed to make the mixture he already possessed available for his purposes. He therefore procured a pair of bellows, and by passing a current of air through the mixture, he winnowed out the impalpable dust without impairing the explosive qualities of the gunpowder by so doing. In bringing his non-explosive gunpowder process to perfection, he employed not less than fifty different kinds of mixtures, with a view to arrive at the best, cheapest, and most convenient. He found that powdered glass was the most efficacious. It is reduced by a special process to an impalpable dust, in which state it mixes with the gunpowder grains most intimately, and is at the same time very easily separated. When weight for weight of this glass flour and gunpowder is used, the mixture, when fire is applied to it, goes off like a squib. When three parts of the flour is mixed with one of gunpowder, there is scarcely any combustion. When four parts of the glass flour is used with one part by weight of gunpowder, it will not burn at all; and these are the proportions in which the mixture is made to render gunpowder inexplosive under any conditions. When the proportions are ascertained by measurement, two measures of glass flour is sufficient for one of gunpowder, and these three measures when mixed scarcely fill two and a half measures. This fact removes many objections urged against the process, as to the increase of bulk in transport or storage. This question is further modified by the additional fact, that when the glass powder is used, the barrels may be filled tight and full; whereas, in ordinary cases, a large space has to be left in each barrel, to allow the gunpowder to move, so as to prevent its caking. It has been subjected to the most rigid tests, with the most satisfactory results. At the Wimbledon annual rifle meeting in 1865, a red-hot bar of iron was thrust into the mixture, but there was no explosion; and when a quick match was applied, only the individual grains of powder went off, which came in contact with the burning match. A paper parcel of the diluted gunpowder when placed upon the fire, extinguished it as soon as the paper was consumed, so as to allow it to escape. A keg has also been filled with the gunpowder and glass mixture, and placed upon a bonfire. Of course, the keg was speedily

consumed, when the mixture ran out and smothered the flames in proportion to its bulk.

The Ordnance Select Committee have tried the mixture in almost every possible way, says the *Times* of June 22, 1866, and always with the same unvarying success. Barrels of gunpowder thus protected have been placed on bare fires, have had red hot pokers thrust into them, and the loose mixture has been thrown by shovelfuls into fires, but all in vain; and in the great majority of instances, when tried in large quantities, would not even burn. An experiment on a large scale was tried on Wednesday, in a condemned Martello tower, situated on the beach seven miles from Hastings. For the experiment, five tons of gunpowder was mixed with twenty tons of Dr Gale's Composition, and packed in 338 barrels; of these a hundred barrels were placed in the magazine of the tower, and 238 in its upper wooden floor. It was intended to fire it by means of the magneto electric machine. But these means failed; only a small quantity of smoke was seen to issue from the chimney at the top of the tower, when the fusee was fired.

After the tests of the Ordnance Select Committee had thus failed, Dr Gale proposed setting fire to the tower, and offered to go personally and do it himself. The building was then set on fire by a pile of dry wood being fired close to the barrels of gunpowder. The spectators were kept at a considerable distance by the police, but they gradually drew nearer, till parties even looked in at the door to see how the combustion was going on, having full faith in the effectiveness of the invention. No explosion occurred; for several hours the combustion gradually proceeded by the smouldering of the barrels and the ignition of particles of gunpowder, as they individually came in contact with masses of burning matter. But, as the barrels got consumed and allowed the mixture to escape, the conflagration gradually diminished till it literally smothered out the fire. About half of the barrels were left untouched by the action of the fire, so that it is proved to be impossible to destroy a powder magazine by fire under such circumstances. The success of the invention consists in each grain of the gunpowder being isolated by the intervention of the glass dust. The *Birmingham Daily Post*, August 4, 1865, treats of the scientific principle involved in the process as being similar to that on which the Davy Safety Lamp is constructed. The argument used is, that the glass dust absorbs the heat, which would otherwise cause combustion of the gunpowder.

The mode of mixing the two substances is simple and efficacious. It is done in a cask with a rapid double motion, and after a few turns the mixture is so complete, that when any portion of it is examined it is found to contain the relative proportions, as

was proved by the Ordnance officers who mixed the five tons for the experiment in the Martello tower. The gunpowder, when wanted, is speedily made explosive by the impalpable dust being removed by a separating machine, by which the whole process goes on under cover, so as to render the occurrence of an accident impossible. A few months ago, Dr Gale received a letter from the Secretary of State for War to submit a model of this machine to the Ordnance Select Committee, and it is now under consideration by them.

The glass powder may be used any number of times, thus reducing the expense to a minimum after the first cost has been incurred. But, it will be asked, does not the portions of glass dust adhering to the powder grains deteriorate its explosive qualities? Not in the least; it rather tends to protect the powder from triturition. There is a great waste of gunpowder incurred from the fact that the friction of the grains during transportation grinds much of it down to dust, which renders it useless until it is taken to the mills and re-corned. This powder prevents such friction, and thus saves from waste; damp is also an enemy to gunpowder, but this glass flour is so impervious to water that it will not penetrate the mixture very far, though put to soak under it for hours. This fact has been proved by numerous experiments, and Dr Gale challenges a repetition of them at any time.

But the happiest results arise from the safety with which it can be handled, transported, or stored. Many vessels are blown up at sea from being freighted in part with cargoes of gunpowder. Much extra expense is incurred in shipping gunpowder in the Navy so as to guard it from explosion. An enormous expense is incurred in its land transportation because of the danger. And many acres of land lie waste around powder magazines, because no person dare approach them, either for the purpose of agriculture or the building of houses. All these inconveniences are overcome by this useful invention, which becomes more wonderful and significant in its consequences the more it is thought upon.

This invention as its merits deserve, has attracted attention of no ordinary kind, and that in a very short period of time. In reply to a question, General Peel stated, in the House of Commons, that the process was still under consideration at the War Office. Trials of its efficiency have been made before the most distinguished personages in the land, including his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, at the War Office, and Admiralty. The inventor has also had the pleasure of introducing it to the Ministers of War at Brussels and the Tuileries, Paris. Distinguished military men from various parts of Europe were present, and a famous Hungarian General desired to intro-

duce the invention into Italy. Nor does the interest drop. Dr Gale went, by invitation, to the last annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, at Nottingham, and there triumphantly repeated his experiments before many scientific authorities in the Castle Yard.

We will close this section of our labours by subjoining the following account from the *Times*, of a series of experiments made before the Queen, on November 10, 1865:—

On Friday afternoon, the Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Helena, Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and Prince Louis of Hesse, witnessed experiments with Mr Gale's protected gunpowder, in the Orangery at Windsor Castle. The experiments were conducted by Mr Gale and Mr Saunders, and throughout the proceedings Her Majesty manifested the greatest interest. A bowl of the protected gunpowder having been produced, a portion of it was separated, in order to show the facility with which the gunpowder could be restored. The bowl with the remainder of the protected powder was then held by Mr Gale, while a slow match was allowed to burn down into the powder. This produced no effect beyond lighting a few grains. Vesuvians were then thrown in, and finally Lord Bury's test was applied, which consists of exploding a small quantity of neat gunpowder in the midst of the protected powder. This part of the proceedings appeared to be especially interesting to her Majesty, who expressed her concern that Mr Gale was holding the bowl too near himself. It was, however, soon apparent that there was no danger.

The Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, who were not present at the commencement joined the Queen at this moment, and Her Majesty was pleased to request that the experiments might be repeated. As they were performed a second time, Her Majesty herself explained them to the Royal children in a manner which showed her desire that they should understand them.

The Queen asked Mr Gale if he had recently discovered the invention, to which he replied that the explosion of the siege train at Inkerman was the first occasion on which his attention was seriously directed to the subject, and since that time he had been making various experiments in order to perfect the invention. The experiments were brought to a close by placing a bag of protected gunpowder upon a fire, when it was gradually consumed without any approach to an explosion.

The Queen on leaving said, "Mr Gale, I thank you. I have been much pleased and interested in the experiments. It is a wonderful invention, and ought to be made very very useful."

It had been arranged that the experiments should not occupy more than a quarter of an hour, but Her Majesty manifested so much interest in them, that they were extended over a period of more than forty minutes.

Instead of using an ordinary sieve in the experiments before Her Majesty, a new model separator was used, by means of which a more perfect and instantaneous separation of the gunpowder is made. This machine enables the gunpowder to be separated just as fast as it may be required for use in filling shells or making fireworks, or any similar operation in which danger now arises from the accumulation of explosive powder.

It seems equally absurd that a blind man should be a great traveller, as that he should be distinguished for inventions and manipulations in chemistry, mechanics, electricity, and fire-arms, or making observations in meteorology and physiology.

But Dr Gale gives successful attention to all of these pursuits. To hear his animated descriptions of scenery, landscapes, and memorable places, no one would suppose he had made his acquaintance with them since he lost his sight. We have heard him describe the field of Waterloo vividly, distinctly, and to the life, giving not only the natural features of the place, but detailing the portions occupied by the contending armies on the day of the memorable battle. Nor is the precision and ease with which he handles gunpowder, fire-arms, and delicate electrical apparatus less remarkable. As a medical electrician he has attained unusual success. He is kept constantly employed in relieving cases of suffering that have baffled the highest medical skill, and his patients are mostly recommended to him by their ordinary physician. His great susceptibility to touch and genial vital temperament enable him to direct the currents and exercise a healing influence which is impossible to many others.

The Slide Rifle is an exceedingly simple but efficacious invention. It consists of an apparently ordinary fire-arm, having a square hole pierced through the stock from side to side just above and at right angles with the trigger. This hole receives the loaded slide, which is a series of chambers arranged in a row side by side, each containing a cartridge. In use these chambers pass through from right to left, instead of revolving as in the case of the revolver. The pulling of the trigger fires a shot, passes the slide along to another chamber, and prepares for firing, all in one operation; so that shots can be fired as quick as the trigger can be pulled till the slide is exhausted, when another can be introduced in an instant, while an attendant can be kept loading. With this weapon over 100 shots per minute can be easily fired.

The "Rudder Ball Cartridge" is a later invention. The bullet has a lever or tail attached to it, which guides its motion in the air on being fired. No gunpowder is used, but a fulminating compound of great power, with which a rag or piece of paper is saturated and wrapped around the tail or shank of the bullet. The manufacture of this substance is not attended with danger, and it is much cheaper and more portable than gunpowder.

Mr Coxwell, the celebrated aeronant, in his lecture on Ballooning at the Crystal Palace, November, 1866, referred to the outbreak of war in Europe, and said that the country which had produced an Armstrong, a Whitworth, a Gale, and a Boxer, might produce a man capable of discovering a terrible agent of destruction for use in balloon warfare, little thinking that, at the time, Dr Gale was engaged in inventing a shell for the purpose. Our readers must not allow themselves to be carried away with the notion that the subject of our sketch is one who rejoices in human carnage and destruction—far from it. All of these

inventions have their origin in genuine human sympathy, and the promoter of them argues that the moral sense of mankind will at once extinguish the lurid torch of war when it becomes so destructive that it cannot be engaged in except with the most ruinous consequences to all parties.

We would not be doing justice to Dr Gale if we did not, in conclusion, briefly state that most of his time is occupied in philanthropic and social reform movements. He takes a deep interest in the state of the blind, and founded the Devon and Cornwall Institution for the Blind. He takes an active part in missions, the temperance movement, parochial and local progress. We have given but a faint indication of the many peculiarities of Dr Gale, but may in a future paper refer to matters that are yet under development, and may be of a very general interest when brought before the public.

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. Jackson, F.A.S.L.
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

NEMESIS—DIVINE JUSTICE—PROVIDENCE AS THE AVENGER—THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

There are tides in the moral as well as the physical ocean, ages of belief and unbelief, of spiritual aspiration and material accumulation, showing that action and reaction are everywhere "equal and opposite." In the former the moral, and under the latter the intellectual endowments prevail as the predominant influence in human affairs. When thus contemplated it becomes at once obvious, that each has its own range in the universal scheme of things, and consequently is normal and necessary in its own time and place. Many too, may even go farther than this, and affirm that each has its own especial form of inspiration, its divine impulse to thought and action, and consequently its especial and peculiar duties in the great drama of human destiny. Thus if it be the enviable privilege of the floodtide to effect the restoration of faith and the re-edification of institutions, it is no less the providential vocation of the ebbtide to undermine the one and dilapidate the other. Destruction is as necessary as creation, decay must precede renewal. It is not every one, however, who is enabled to take so large a view of the ways of God to man. To the most it is a cause of lamentation and woe that old things are passing away, for this is a fact which can be seen without depth of insight or exercise of faith, while to clearly perceive that all things are becoming new, demands something of almost

prophetic vision in the seer, who can thus behold life forming itself beneath the ribs of death. For the phenomena of dilapidation abound in those terrors which attend all divine judgments, when *Mene, mene, tekel upharsin* is written on the splendour of palaces and the grandeur of temples; when men are losing faith not only in religion but in government, not only in dogmas but institutions; when truth seems to have departed from the church, and justice is absent from the state; and, when consequently, the creed of the former has lost its significance, and the laws of the latter are shorn of their authority. Under such circumstances, not only are the older restrictions that limited thought to a given round of dogmas removed, but the time-honoured barriers of use and wont that kept the passions within the bounds of a traditional decency and conventional morality are all weakened, and thus while men rejoice in the intellectual light and liberty of a new era, they are also, alas, but too often prone to fall into the debasing license of a heartless profligacy and the shortsighted laxity of an unprincipled expediency.

Now the speciality of our age is that this characteristic of decay is no longer local but universal. It extends to all the forms of religion and government that prevail from Britain to Japan, and is as obvious in India and China as at Rome or Constantinople. Everywhere there is effeteness in the creeds and codes that have hitherto ruled mankind, and as an inevitable result, there is infidelity in the ecclesiastical, and insubordination in the political sphere. The Christian pastor groans over the inroads of scepticism. The Mahomedan moollah sighs when he thinks of the decline of zeal among the faithful. The Brahmin laments the decay of caste and the diminution of pilgrimages, while the Buddhist lama hears with dismay in his Tartarian fastnesses, that the temples of Foh are as darkly menaced by the new ideas of the rebels, as the throne of the celestial emperor by their arms. Now, inevitably, as an accompaniment of this wide removal of the ancient landmarks of thought and action, a flood of license is breaking in upon the traditional proprieties and time-honoured observances of the olden constitution of things. Everywhere mere parlour respectabilities are at a discount, and men unanchored from the past, are attempting perilous voyages of discovery in search of the new, and as yet unknown, El Dorados of the future.

Now were this disregard of pharisaical observance and ritualistic ceremonial, this indifference to legal precedent and established custom confined only to the parchment forms and fossilized rubrics of a superannuated past, there would not be much cause for regret. But unfortunately while men are thus casting off the mere rags and tatters of superstition and tyranny, they are but too apt in the excess of their iconoclastic zeal to forget that these

rags were once the befitting and graceful vesture of immortal principles, that can never grow old and die or become weak and inoperative, we mean the great principles of truth and justice, that underlie all creeds, and whereof the grandest codes are but a partial embodiment. Here, indeed, we touch upon the arch fallacy of short-sighted sceptics and vulgar iconoclasts, who, thinking that the creed which they chance to know is the only truth, and that the code under which they have lived is the only justice, conceive that when these mortal and passing forms are sinking into senility, that truth and justice are dying with them. There cannot be a greater mistake. This death of the form, is ever produced by the life of the spirit. It is only the serpent casting his skin—in all verity, the expansive power of irrepressible youth bursting asunder the feeble bonds of age and weakness that would have fatally restrained its farther growth. It is the liberated papilo emerging from the chrysalis, the re-awakened spirit bursting the bonds of the sepulchre on its resurrection morn.

But men as we have said, are apt to forget these higher veracities, and thus, during the ebb of the spiritual tide, not only lose faith in all special revelation, but are prone to scepticism respecting even the existence of God and their own immortality. And perhaps, as a necessary or at least harmonious counterpart of this materalised condition of mind, the nobler sense of right and the higher consciousness of duty, begin to fade from at least the practical foreground of life, until at last they are tempted to believe that the truth of things as well as of words can be successfully and even innocuously tampered with. Such is ever more or less the prevalent condition of thought and feeling among the average individualities of society, during a negative era of unbelief. The sense of justice, not merely in its technical and legal significance, in the measurable relation of simple debtor and creditor, on a purely commercial basis, but in all those higher aspects and relations that have reference to the neglect or performance of duties not so measurable, is apt to fade out and ultimately depart from the souls of men. Then, however firmly they may believe in the efficiency of such merely human laws, as find their sternest expression through the dire deeds of the public executioner, they at all events fail to realise as a practical conviction, the higher existence and virtual operation of that *divine* justice, that return of the balance to its true equipoise, after counter oscillation, which the classic ancients, in their grand old heathen way, endeavoured to body forth by the myth of Nemesis, that is the ultimate righting of wrong, through just requital of misdeeds, by exactly proportionate and adequate suffering on the part of the offender or his successors and representatives.

Of this grand righting of the celestial balance, this sublime return of all things to their true equilibrium by the unalterable law of retribution, history furnishes many notable examples, nay, if wisely read, that is with true spiritual insight and discernment, it will be found little other than the record and calendar of that great assize, which is ever proceeding in the courts of heaven, respecting the misdeeds, often, to appearance, so triumphantly achieved on earth. Thus, for example, the Romans both of the later Republic and the Empire, foolishly fancied they had an immunity from national misfortune, despite the corruption of their government, and terrible exactions of their proconsuls; but Alaric and Attila taught them the gravity of their mistake. So the profligate court of the elder Bourbons thought that it could defy the frowns of Providence, and proceed indefinitely in its career of accomplished iniquity; but the greatest revolution of either ancient or modern times demonstrated the fallacy of such an assumption, and by its guillotine and noyades brought home the sternest of truths to the politest of aristocracies.

It is ever thus. The arm of the divine Avenger may rest, but is never paralysed. The eye of God cannot slumber. The moral like the physical laws are never suspended. Their penalties may be to all appearance, indefinitely delayed, but they are ever ultimately enforced. There is no escape from the Nemesis of an evil deed, save in that repentance which implies restitution; if haply even this will suffice to soothe the justly angry destinies. It is this law of compensation, this principle of equilibrium, this return of the balance to its true equipoise, which underlies the at last irretrievable decay of families and decline of dynasties. Their follies and vices have become unendurable. They have sinned away their day of grace. This fundamentally righteous, because aboriginally divine universe can no longer tolerate their unworthy presence. They are a blot on the celestial purity of creation, a stain on the white-robed innocence of nature, and so at last are washed out—if need be, in a shower of blood.

Nor is the operation of this law confined to families. It extends, as we have said, to nations, empires, and religions. The people as well as their rulers, the many as well as the few, are subject to the process of requital, to the principle of restitution, and may repay by ages of suffering and desolation for the tyrannies and exactions of their conquering and imperial progenitors. The usual bequest of power is infirmity, history showing that the glory of the fathers has been but too often purchased by the slavery of their sons. What then is the practical conclusion deducible from the foregoing facts and principles? Simply and clearly, that all things rest on truth and justice as their everlasting foundation, and as no astuteness has proved adequate to deceive the one, so no power will ever prevail to resist the other.

AURORA—RESURRECTION.

Day and night are more than world-wide phenomena. They attach to the moral as well as the physical sphere, and are recurrent in the one as regularly as the other. Everywhere matin splendours have to be succeeded by vesper glories, while midnight gloom as inevitably succumbs to the slowly, yet surely, mantling beauty of the dawn. There is a tidal movement in all things. It is the pulse of universal life, beating in sympathetic response to the central heart of being.

In youth we are upon the flood, in age upon the ebb. Nations and empires, philosophies and religions, are subject to the same law, which presses with resistless force on all the timeborn. Who, that knows anything of history, can doubt that a tidal current has been sweeping from east to west for the last five thousand years? bearing the measureless possibilities of civilization upon its heaving and stormful bosom. Asian power has been upon the ebb from before the Macedonian conquest, while Europe has been as surely recipient of the flood. Of this great movement, the rise and fall of Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman power, were but the successive waves of oscillation. Empires, like days, advance from their roseate dawn to their golden eve, through all the fortunes of the changing hours; their meridian splendour having, in truth, no more permanence than the auroral radiance of their dawning power. The dial-plate of destiny never stands still, but with the undeviating regularity of a divine fate, moves ever onward, telling out, now the little cycle of a man, and anon the grander epicycle of an empire; speaking now of the bud and blossom of a summer flower, and then of the birth and consummation of a world.

Aurora is the symbol of hope surviving defeat, of faith triumphing over death. She is the classic angel of resurrection. Her rosy fingers fold back the sombre curtains of the night. She is the golden harbinger of day. Light and life, joy and youth, follow upon her track. She pours the dew of the morning upon the budding beauty of the spring. And, as with elastic tread, her milk-white steeds, the fairy pioneers that precede the fiery coursers of the sun, ascend their excelsior path, she folds her misty veil around the waning splendour of the stars, and lulls the constellations into sleep.

Every day has had its aurora; its faint crepusculum slowly ripening through azure dyes and cerulean tints to the blushing beauty of the morn. Even creation, that great day in the life of God, had its celestial dawn, and will assuredly advesperate towards its sublime and solemn eve, but not to an everlasting night. All the analogies of nature forbid such a supposition. The true philosophy of death always implies rebirth. The sun

which is setting in vesper glory here, is rising in matin splendour there. Morn and eve are but the obverse and reverse of the same medallion. The eternal never dies. Death is but a phenomenon of the time-sphere. Life is the only reality. God and his immortals ARE for ever and for ever.

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 XIV.

MRS BROMFIELD recovered her consciousness slowly, but steadily. After the first few words, we felt no fear of its immediate loss again, for she had her own balance, in a degree, and spoke to relieve the anxiety she read in our faces. Colonel Anderson leant over to hear.

"I shall not lose myself a second time," she said. "I know all that has happened—do not fear for me any more."

But she lay still and held Phil's hand, and occasionally whispered a word in his ear. "How is it—in there?" she presently asked, of Colonel Anderson.

"Just the same, my dear friend," was his reply.

"Will you help me to go to him?"

"I would help you, God knows, and bear you to the ends of the earth, if it would serve you; but let me pray you, first, to get firmer hold on the life we have seen so nearly lost to us."

"The danger is past," she said. "I shall not be shocked now, and I cannot lie here."

She spoke with great difficulty, but with such firmness of purpose, that we felt resistance to be fruitless; and so she was passively taken again in Colonel Anderson's arms, and laid beside her perishing child. As she was going, she motioned me for Philip; and now the tent was

cleared for the sufferers—only Colonel Anderson and Mrs Farley remaining, beside myself.

"It will not be more than an hour, I think," said Captain Landon, as he left us; "but you must be watchful, Miss Warren, of her. No earthly means could recall her soul from another such flight. Persuade her, if you can, after a little time, to let him be removed. That close, intent watching may overcome her, in spite of her astonishing self-possession and firmness. I will look in again presently, but with her I am powerless."

And so Colonel Anderson and I sat down by the little family, all noiseless, for Philip was as silent as his dying brother, except that he once whispered her to ask, "Wat ails Harry, mamma?" and being told, in the same tone, "Harry is going to the angels, darling," he instantly buried his little face on her shoulder, and there lay, shaking with agony, till she passed her hand over and drew him to her more closely, with the words: "Philip will cry to have Harry go so far away, will he not?"

"Oh, mamma, let us doe, too!" sobbed the child.

"No, my precious, we must stay here, to love each other, and remember Harry and how much we loved him."

I was encouraged at every word, for I felt in them the shadow of her own unstricken self; but I now feared the trial might prove too much for our little king, and I whispered the Colonel to that effect.

"I will persuade him away to the beach with me, presently," he replied; which he did, and shortly after they were gone, I felt firmness and courage enough in my soul to say: "Dear Mrs Bromfield, you really must not lie there any longer. You are endangering your life and"—she made a gesture for me to cease, but I was resolute, and went on, saying, as I took her hand—"and torturing us; for I am afraid to look at you when I turn my eyes away for a moment, lest I shall see you insensible again."

"You need not fear," she whispered; "there is not the least danger now, and I cannot leave him. Don't ask me to, dear; only fan me—it is so oppressively hot here—and when he is quite gone, you may do with me what you please."

So I sat, defeated and half fearing, despite her assurances; and little Mrs Farley walked in and out, or sat down, at whiles moaning with what seemed to me a sense of abstract pain, rather than any realization of the individual suffering. Half an hour wore away thus—it was but half an hour, though it seemed four times as long—when Mrs Bromfield pressed my hand, quickly. I leant over her, and she whispered: "His pulse has stopped!"

No change had I detected in the little face, except that the lines had been steadily sinking into a more fixed and chiseled repose, as if, invisibly, the Master-Sculptor were then shaping and forming to their immortal beauty those clear yet delicate features. And now his awful work was done, for while I knelt upon the ground, to bring myself closer to the form, a last breath came from the parting lips, with a slight shiver that ran through all the little limbs, and then they sunk into the utter stillness of death.

We were both silent, and the mother lifted her hand, and with tearless eyes—while my own were flowing a rain of long-suppressed feeling—closed the lids upon those dimmed orbs, and softly pressed the fading lips together. She held me from summoning any one till she had done these offices, and had clasped the fragile, bending body in her arms, and kissed it over and over, with an agonizing fondness which I feared to see her so indulge, without a tear or groan. At length I stole away to the door, and signed to Captain Landon, who stood near in the shade.

"Is it over?" he asked.

"Yes, and I wish Colonel Anderson would bring Philip in."

Ching was despatched immediately to the beach, and presently the two were there, both pale, but the child, with the blessed elasticity of his years, very much cheered and comforted by the absence and by what he had seen and heard. He had a beautiful and rare shell in his hand, which he offered to his mother, who took it mechanically in hers, and in answer to my inquiry, if she would now rest outside the tent, assented. With my own and Captain Landon's help she rose to her feet, but her limbs refused their office. In spite of her strong will, they bent to the ground, and she was again raised, and borne away, scarcely more alive than the form she left there.

It was now almost sunset, and what a night of suffering followed that day's close! None who witnessed, will ever, I am sure, forget it. Preparation for the burial, next day, was made on one side of the tent, and unbroken vigil kept with the dead and almost dying on the other. Mr Garth took Phil, after he had been undressed and bathed, down to the store, and in time brought him back, sound asleep; which, in the midst of all our pain and anxiety, was a mercy I could scarcely be enough thankful for. Colonel Anderson and I sat by her till the moon was extinguished in the full light of the succeeding morning. Silent she lay, with never a moan or sigh of pain; only when one held her cold hand, or touched her arm or shoulder, a shudder could sometimes be felt, or a convulsive movement passing over the weary nerves; but when we looked into her face with alarm, after these signs of her suffer-

ing, she would appeal to us with such mingled entreaty not to be so disturbed, and such feeble assurance that she was in no danger, and would rather be left alone, that I should have yielded to her but for the Colonel and Captain Landon, who both forbade the thought.

"You must not trust her alone," said the former. "In five minutes she might be beyond help."

So we sat, and when daylight came, it would have been difficult for a stranger to tell which was to be buried that day—mother or child—but for the little coffin that stood inside the opposite door of the tent. It had been made of rough boards, with few and imperfect tools; but its finish, nevertheless, testified to the patience and skill with which love furnishes the heart and hand. To my surprise, too, it was lined with a clear, transparent muslin, laid in folds about the head.

"Where did they get that?" I asked, of Mrs Farley.

"I tore up the sleeves of my basque," she replied; "I couldn't bear to think of the little dear's face next to those ugly boards."

I kissed her cordially, on the instant, fully appreciating the sacrifice, and said: "I am very thankful, Mrs Farley; it will look so much better when she sees it!"

And now we went to uncover the body and lay it in its last bed. Mrs Farley preceded me, and as she removed the cloth from his face, she said: "See, Miss Warren, how handsome he is!"

And, indeed, I was startled by the clear, saintly beauty that lay before me. All the flesh had faded to a marble whiteness; all the corrugation was smoothed away; all the shadow of pain that had been reflected there the evening before was withdrawn, and the serenity of heaven had settled upon the countenance, which seemed to my eyes radiant with its lofty but severe beauty. My heart was gladdened and thankful, for I felt that this would speak to the mother's soul a language of consolation. Mr Watkins raised the body with a tenderness and reverence one rarely sees but in seamen, and placed him in the coffin.

"It seems," he whispered, "as if he were an angel, and I ought not to touch him with my rude hands."

Two of the sailors came with some green vines and small blue flowers of the most delicate and perishable beauty, which I laid in a basin of water till the latest moment should come. Colonel Anderson had been busy, outside, having an awning erected over her, there where she yet lay, silent and motionless as ever. But she had spoken in answer to his inquiry, and chosen the burial-place—a miniature vale, scarcely more than twice the size of the small grave, hollowed out on the hither slope of Signal Point—the one verdant spot in our sight—

and there, when I looked, I saw a group of the sailors, with Mr Watkins among them, scooping out the tiny tomb.

Philip was sitting by his mother, who held his hand fast and still in hers, as if she felt it was the only anchor that could be trusted to detain her to earth. How deathly was her aspect! yet, when I went and bent closely over, asking if I could bring her some food or drink, she looked gratefully up from her once proud eyes, and, with something that was almost a smile, said: "No, dear friend, I can take nothing now; but I am entirely sensible of all your attention and tenderness. I am not so feeble as you suppose, but the shock has so unstrung me, that I cannot yet command myself; only be patient with me a little longer, and I shall overcome it. I am too much paralyzed," she added, after a pause, "to suffer, except in the moments when I remember all, as one must when sensibility comes back; so do not concern yourselves for me. I only desire to be still and alone."

"But I have one question to ask, dear friend," said I. "May I venture it now?"

She nodded assent.

"You will see him, will you not?"

"I cannot go," she replied.

"No, but he shall come to you once again."

I wished her to see the tranquil and assuring beauty of that beloved face. I knew it would be so much more grateful to the agonized memories, of the days that were coming, than the last aspect which she had to recall. And I was right, though both Captain Landon and Colonel Anderson—even the latter, with all his fine instincts and intense tenderness—opposed my opinion strenuously. It would rekindle, he said, the destructive emotions which Nature had kindly struck into a temporary torpor, and, he feared, endanger her life.

"It will not," I replied, "Colonel Anderson. I believe, on the contrary, it may unseal the frozen fountain of her tears, and that will be the surest and quickest means of bringing her to a natural condition."

I had my way, and when we were ready to go out to the burial, Mr Watkins and Mr Garth bore the little coffin, covered with a white cloth, to her side, and laid it upon the ground. The sailors stood at a little distance, and Captain Landon, with the prayer-book in his hand, was near them. Colonel Anderson, with Phil in his arms, had already moved off toward the grave, to spare the child, and himself, too, I thought, the pain of witnessing that leave-taking. There was not a tearless eye that looked on it—not one among us but hers. As I raised her up and supported her head upon my shoulder, I should have trembled, but for the spectacle she was to look upon.

I had brushed Harry's dark curls back from his forehead and temples, and the vine-leaves, with the flowers wreathed among them, lay in dewy freshness just on the line where the marble whiteness swept purely out from the brown shadows above it. His blue-veined eyelids were lightly closed, as if in the sweetest sleep, and his mouth had its tenderest and most childish expression—such as he sometimes wore in life, when gaily mocking his mother's fears or playfully rebuking Phil for some obstinate transgression. It was as if the most loving, yet acute spirit of the child, witnessed and would dissipate our grief for him. He wore one of his own linen night gowns, made, for coolness, with a wide neck, so that his full throat, and fair, rounded shoulders, were all uncovered, as we were used to see them in his sleep, and his right hand held a little nosegay of leaves and flowers. Nothing could have been more beautiful or peaceful; and Mrs Bromfield, after a long, earnest gaze, leant forward, and kissed his brow and lips and throat, and then, covering her eyes with one hand, motioned us decisively away with the other. They moved off.

"Shall I stay with you?" I asked, seeing Mrs Farley stand awaiting me.

"No, no," she whispered.

I hesitated; for if we went, there was no soul near her. "I wish you to go," she said firmly. "I am in no more danger than you are, my dear friend, and I would rather be alone now."

When we reached the grave, Colonel Anderson said he would return to the tent, for it was madness to leave her thus.

"Then let Ching go," I said, "for I am certain she would rather not have one of us with her at this time."

So he was sent, and told to watch her carefully, but not to speak unless she first called him.

Captain Landon read the service, which had never seemed so grand to me as at that burial on that lone island of the ocean, where, perhaps, no other human dust would ever mingle with that of our beloved one—where the solemn pulses of the sea beat eternal requium—where the sun and the moon and the majestic stars would shine on, unhailed, perchance, by any eye, for ages after we were gone. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, and that chilling sound struck my ear to which every soul has succumbed when the first earth has fallen upon its vanishing idol, I became conscious of the approach of some one; and looking up, I saw Antonio, drawing fearfully and timidly near, with an enormous coral branch on his shoulder. He was evidently relieved when he discovered that Mrs Bromfield was not present, and coming up to where we stood, with Colonel Anderson and Phil, he said, with difficulty:

"Ma'amselle, I bring him for Harry—so," setting the beautiful marine tree up for a tombstone. "May I put him?"

"I will see, by and bye, Antonio;" and I looked at the Colonel, who said I should say yes, but it would be better to consult his mother; and he motioned the wretched, heart-broken looking boy, to lay it aside now.

Poor Antonio! I thought; there is but one who could have suffered as he must, to have changed so miserably. His countenance was cadaverous and sunken, and his naturally cheerful, bright eyes, had a wild, restless, questioning glance for every face and sound, like those of a criminal, who dreads an enemy in each rustling leaf and breath of wind.

When the sad task was over, and we were turning homeward, I looked around for him, determined to take him with me to the mother; but he was already gone, and a tender-hearted Scotch sailor, whom we knew as Mac, assured me that he could not be prevailed upon to go yet.

CHAPTER XV.

We found Mrs Bromfield lying still as when we left her—one hand clasped upon her eyes; and I was startled on approaching her, for I remembered that this was the position in which she had dismissed us. Had she died without moving? I stepped hastily forward and touched her, with a paralysing dread that I should find her insensible. But no; the hand, somewhat warmed by the returning life-currents, answered the pressure of mine; and then I saw that the tireless Ching was squatted upon the sand at the corner of the tent, where by stretching his head forward, he could see her face from above, and remain unseen himself. And there he sat, like a faithful dog intent upon his service, with a more sorrowful expression in his long Asiatic eye than it was his wont to wear, and a light of tender sympathy overspreading his blunt, stolid features.

"Thank you, Ching," I said, dismissing him; "your are very good."

"No thankee me," he replied; "I likee." And he drew a little nearer, and said, in a low tone: "No he diee, Miss, like Haree?"

"No, we hope not now, Ching. She will be better by-and-bye."

"Oh, me hopee!" he exclaimed, apparently taking intense comfort from my assurance; "me so hopee!"

When Colonel Anderson came with Philip, the latter went straight to his mother, and twining his arms about her neck, said: "Mamma, dear, arn you better now?" No answer. "Turnel Annerson say, mamma, 'at Harry's gone away to the angels, and now you must wake up and love me. Will you, mamma? Will you speak to me?"

What sweet, penetrating entreaty was in his tones, and in those simple words! and it prevailed, for she let his little fingers remove the hand from her eyes, and looked upon him, and spoke tenderly to him many words which we did not hear, that were evidently words of comfort to the child's heart, and which she also grew stronger in uttering.

After a few moments, Colonel Anderson drew near, and dropping on one knee, bent over her, and said: "Is there any service I can do you now, Mrs Bromfield?"

"I thank you, my friend—my dear, excellent friend! I believe I only require quietness and rest for a short time, to be among you again. You can do me no greater service—you and dear Miss Warren—than getting some rest yourselves. It seems to me a very long time since you can have had any."

"But it is scarcely twenty-four hours. I pray you will not concern yourself for us. I would not trouble you by my unneeded presence, nor would I leave you, if my remaining can in any way comfort or serve you."

"Thank you, I do not know that it can. It is to myself, and One who is above us all, that I must look for the strength and help I most need at this time. I am deeply sensible of your care and tenderness; but only God and my own soul can help me to bear this. Go, now, and let me see you again by-and-bye."

"Yes," replied the man, moved to tears by the steadfast power and fearful suffering that were contending in that beloved bosom; "yes, I will see you again, when the sun is getting low, and take Philip a walk on the beach."

And so he left us to ourselves. Mrs Farley, who had exerted herself surprisingly, and was very much exhausted, had lain down in the tent; and I drew near my friend and her child, and, after telling her of Antonio's appearance and request, and receiving her full pardon to convey to him, I also, overcome by emotion, fatigue, and heat, fell asleep. When I awoke, the sun was low in the west; Mrs Bromfield had left my side, but Phil lay there yet, in deep slumber; and I heard subdued voices within the tent; I rose immediately, and stepping thither, found Captain Landon and Mr Garth in conversation with her. She had walked, with Captain Landon's assistance, she told me, and had no doubt, that, by to-morrow, she should quite be able to help herself.

"And we hope, Miss Warren," said the Captain, "to have the pleasure of reporting a ship to you in half an hour or so. Watkins has gone up with the glass, to see what it is, and he will very soon be here with the news."

"Have you any means beside the signal," I asked, gladdened, under all our weight of sorrow, "of calling her to our help?"

"None of much avail, I am sorry to say. If we had our cannon and the powder that has gone to the fishes, we could signal, in this air, with a still sea, fifty miles, I think; and if they should be holding toward us, we shall be very likely, by the means in our power, to attract attention."

Oh, how my hope was kindled by this announcement, and how rapidly the idea of rescue grew in my mind to be the sole one worthy of entertainment! Captain Landon left us very soon, unable to remain quiet, yet, as he confessed, unable to use his own eyes reliably, since our long voyage in the open boat.

"If this sudden and vague hope should be realised," said Mrs Bromfield, "which I can hardly trust myself to think possible, we should, doubtless, leave the island to-morrow morning, should we not?"

"I suppose it would, at least, be early in the day," replied Mr Garth.

"In that case, might I rely on your kindness to bring Antonio here this evening? Or, bring him, first, to Miss Warren," she added, "and perhaps she will more easily persuade him to come to me."

He promised, and we were sitting silent a moment, when a shout came up from the beach, of "Ship ahoy!" Mr Garth started, and I saw Mr Watkins there, glass in hand, talking earnestly to Captain Landon, but not hopefully, as it seemed to me. I went down, hurrying impatiently for the news. Alas! I need not have hastened to learn our disappointment.

"She just brushed our horizon, madam," said Mr Watkins, "standing northerly. Her hull was not in sight at any time."

I could have wept, but he said, cheerfully: "She was like the wing of hope to us, Miss Warren. The next one will come a little nearer; and if only a little, it will serve us, if they are human that are aboard of her. We are going to splice our signal-mast with about fifteen feet additional height, and every one doubles our chances."

I was struck with the fact that there was the same excitement and stir produced by this event that would have grown out of the substantial expectation of immediate release. People went about gathering up loose articles, and making mental inventories of the things to be taken and those to be left—as if the vessel, instead of being already out of sight, were then dropping her anchor or heaving to in the offing. So there was no immediate need, I thought, of looking up poor Antonio.

When Colonel Anderson returned, he sat down near us, with a sadder and more depressed face than I had ever before seen on him. Silent as well as sad, for what could he say to her, or to another, in

her presence? Too earnest to utter consolations that could not be received; too keenly loving to feel anything but her sorrow; too tender, with all that stalwart manliness, to witness her suffering, without suffering with her; and forbidden all approach to the aching heart, whose pain he yearned to still in the strength of his pure love, he seemed to me, as I looked upon them both, the one most to be compassionated. There were few words spoken between them—earnest words, bearing relation to her health and returning strength—when he rose, and asked Phil if he would come to the beach. "And you too, Miss Warren," he added; to which Mrs Bromfield quickly joined her entreaty, and a promise to be well enough to accompany us the next evening herself.

On the beach Phil had his shoes and stockings off, and ran gleefully up and down, his little feet looking like water-lilies on the dark sand, where the lazy low-water surf rolled gently in, and sometimes caught them in its rambling, subtle motion. Then he would scamper, laughing, to me and the "Turnel," where we sat, and recount his wonderful escapes, expressing his belief that he did not care if the water did catch him—it couldn't carry him off.

After sitting awhile, we rose, and sauntered along the beach, talking of the sad events of the last twenty-four hours, with only the briefest allusions to those of the time longer gone. But now Colonel Anderson drew my hand within his arm, and said: "I see before me a period of sore trial, Miss Warren—a period of racking suspense, to be passed in total inaction—hard to the dullest nature, but to me consuming and keen beyond expression. There is no active toil, or danger, or hardships to be found anywhere, that I would not gladly exchange it for, were not my life, my heart, my soul so bound in these bonds, which I must not acknowledge, and cannot break. Good God—what a man can suffer and live! You will think me weak, I know, because you will compare me with her; but I care little—pardon my apparent rudeness in saying it—for anybody's verdict, since there is one which I cannot get—which fate and heaven forbid me even to ask. Phil!" he shouted sternly to the boy, who was venturing too far out, "come in here, sir; I must keep you by my hand, if you go to the water."

"I won't any more, Turnel; p'ease let me stay here"—coming above the surf-line—"will you?"

"Yes, if you are certain you won't go farther."

"Not when I say I won't," he replied, stoutly; "my mamma always lets me, then."

"Your mamma, I believe, might trust anybody who should promise her. I doubt if Satan himself could break a pledge to her."

This was for my ear, and I replied: "She would no less think of breaking her own."

"True," said my companion; "or of changing her mind, either, I fear. You must know her very well by this time, I think, Miss Warren; and, by the nearness of your lives, of late, there should be a perception—an intuition—a revelation—something which would give you a glimpse, at least, into that deep heart of hers. Be candid, now, and tell me if there is anything there to give me hope. I ask you, because I cannot ask her, and because, even at the risk of being thought unmanly, I cannot always stifle this longing of my soul. I could be steadfast as any old heroic martyr—nay, I believe I could die cheerfully, if need were, could I but know that she loved me."

Thus appealed to, what could I say? Not for the world would I have compromised the delicacy and dignity of my friend, and yet I longed, with a real compassion for the person at my side, to say some words of cheer to him. I more than half believed, too, that he had the best grounds for hope; but whether or not I was right in this, there could now be no opportunity of proving, till all our circumstances should very much change. Her grief clothed both heart and person with additional sacredness from all approach, and it was, I suppose, the wretchedness of this constraint to him that brought forth speech to me.

I paused so long, in reflecting how I should reply in a manner to satisfy my regard for both, that Colonel Anderson, shaking my arm, said: "Can you not speak to me of her, Miss Warren? Can you not, at least, give me your own opinion?"

"I have no other to give," I replied; "and if I cared less for you both, I should, perhaps, trouble myself less to consider what it were best to say. But I will speak the thoughts of my heart, only begging you to remember that they are mine, and that I have come by them as one woman, seeing much of another whom she loves and reveres, might, honestly and fairly, in the exercise of her own observation and judgment. Do not forget that I have no other data. Candidly, then, Colonel Anderson, I believe there is hope for you. I may not be able to define the grounds of my belief, so that they will appear to your earthy, unspiritual faculties; I doubt if I ought even to try; but as you have asked me earnestly, I will answer in the like spirit. It is not, I think, in the nature of woman, so readily to give expression to her love as man does. Or, perhaps, because she has fewer experiences, she delights more in magnifying and colouring this in her own bosom, before she commits it to the keeping of another. And my friend whom you love is more largely womanly in this sense, as she

has a deeper and richer interior life, than any one I ever before knew. If she loves you, and her judgment or her taste decrees the concealment of it, the attendant angels whom she believes in will not know her feelings, much less I, till the hour for their revelation comes. Perhaps I ought not to say so much; I think I should not to any other man; but I count on your silence. You may make of the suggestion whatever it seems to justify, for your solace. To me it is significant. But of one thing be assured—of two, indeed. She is keenly just, and withal tender, and I believe that when she shall recover herself, and find her external relations such, that the dignity and sacredness of her feelings shall not be exposed to common observation, from which she would shrink as from fire, she will not inflict on you the pain of a needless day's suspense. Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" he replied; "would anything on earth, or above it, satisfy me, but hearing from that voice the little words—how easily spoken—which would fill my soul with diviner strength for the coming years? Would anything give my heart rest but such fire as would flow into it from those brown eyes, should they ever open upon mine to second such utterance? Oh, Miss Warren, I become a child in thinking of her!"

"An ungrateful one, I fear," said I, resolved to attack his intense emotion, at any risk to my own vanity.

"No, not ungrateful, Miss Warren. On the contrary, I thank you sincerely for the kind and reasonable words of hope you have spoken to me. And I must ask leave to say for myself that I know I could bear the long suspense which must be borne before I shall dare to intrude upon her grief, if I had any chance for action—if there were anything to work and struggle for; but this waiting—waiting for time to pass, and for fortune to be borne to us on the shifting waves and fickle winds—is like a canker to my life. I cannot be much with you henceforth, Miss Warren. I despise myself when I leave her presence for my want of courage, and I condemn myself, in it, for the almost irresistible impulse I feel to demonstration, that would ruin the superfine peace there is now between us."

"Colonel Anderson," I said, "I have been involuntarily taken into your confidence in this matter; and, as I have passed the years in which such experiences may come to myself, and am curious to learn what I may of the strange, inexplicable human heart, pray answer me one question will you?"

"That will depend," he replied, his sturdy, honest English reserve coming up at the word, "entirely on its nature. I will not refuse, in unkindness, you may rest assured."

"Tell, me, then, if you will, as candidly as you would speak to a trusted elder sister, have you ever before loved any woman as you do my friend?"

"Never!" he replied, with an earnest frankness which won my instant belief. "I have had passing fancies—attachments, even—and I remember the objects of some of them with most kindly emotions to this time. Once, indeed, I thought I was in love, and I was on the verge of declaring myself; but my good genius, I think, must have prompted me to note my own emotions more critically before taking that momentous step. It was at Calcutta, and I got leave of absence, and joined a shooting party going far up into the mountains of northern India. But I hunted myself there more diligently than any of the fierce brutes we encountered; and in three months I went back an unshaven savage; rough and torn externally, but as heart-whole as a forest lion who has never heard the sound of a rifle. The first visit I paid was to that lady, and, Miss Warren," he said, fervently, "I call God to witness, that, to this hour, I feel at times the thrill of gratitude which ran through every nerve and vein, while I sat talking with her, for the escape I had made: perhaps I should say we, for if I had married her, she could only have been a little less miserable than myself. I shudder when I think of it. For I believe very earnestly and substantially in love, Miss Warren; and if I am so unfortunate as to love a woman who does not love me—I will not say who cannot, for I fear I should despise her, if, from gratitude or any other motive, she could try—I would go, self-exiled, to some distant country or some deep seclusion, where I could idealise her; she should thus become the central, ever-recurring dream of my life."

"And would such an aimless career satisfy you, Colonel Anderson?" I asked.

"Satisfy? Pardon me, Miss Warren, you ask a child's question. The world is not a toy-shop to me—life is not a show. I desire one experience—one happiness—one career. If they are denied me, do not ask if another will satisfy. Life has nothing that I would exchange this possession for, were it mine—the universe contains nothing that I can dream of, which would purchase it from me."

"But if it should be denied you," I said, trembling in sympathy with the intense and sublime heart of the man, "do not think to lose your pain in idle dreams:

> "'Still hope, still act, be sure that life—
> The source and strength of every good—
> Wastes down in being's empty strife,
> And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.'

Never will your soul find rest in dreams, my friend," I added, after a

moment's silence; "if your heart's prayer is denied, look to action. The world is broad, and life is rich with promises to those who will enter, as you might, its fields of labour."

"Perhaps you are right," he replied; "but say, rather its forlorn hopes. I should not care how fierce the struggle, if it were soon ended."

"But I believe it will be better with you than that," said I. "There is prophecy of a noble future for you, in the devotion of your own heart and the grandeur of her to whom you have given it. I shall see the day when you will walk the earth a proud and happy man, beloved as you ask to be. Pray God you may be altogether worthy the blessing, when it comes to you."

"Amen to both the prophecy and the prayer, my good friend—with all my soul, amen to both. And if that glorious burst of moonshine, drifting hither over the water, could be accepted by us as an augury, I would say, prophesy as great blessing for yourself, and may it come to you here and hereafter!"

We rose, for Phil had been long asleep, and walked toward the tent. Before we reached it, he said: "You must take care of her, Miss Warren. You can be all tenderness and help, while I am forbidden to approach her, but as a stranger, to whose humanity her suffering appeals. And yet, she belongs to me doubly now, for I believe I recalled her to life the other day, by the old Indian trick of breathing upon her heart, with a strong will that it would beat again."

ODE TO THE ALMIGHTY.

O! thou Eternal One, whose presence bright
  All space doth occupy! all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight,
  Thou only God! there is no God beside.
Being above all things! mighty One,
  Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
  Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er,
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
  May measure out the ocean deep; may count
The sands or the sun's rays, but God, for Thee
  There is no weight or measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries—Reason's brightest spark,
  Though kindled by Thy light, in vain could try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
  And thought is lost, ere thought can mount so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness did'st call,
First, chaos, then existence—Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation—all
Spring forth from Thee: of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin; all life, all beauty Thine!
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shall be glorious! Great
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath;
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life with death!
As sparks mount upward in the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silv'ry snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,—
A glorious canopy of golden streams,—
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright,—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams;
But Thou to these art as the noon to night!

Yes, as a drop of water to the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost.
What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee!
And what am I, when heaven's unnumbered host
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against Infinity! What am I, then? Nought.

Thou art directing, guiding all. Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee,
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart,
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the Spirit Land.

The chain of being is complete in me,
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit-Deity.
I can command the lightning, and am dust,
A monarch—and a slave—a worm—a god.
Whence came I here, and how? So marvellously
Constructed and conceived! Unknown. This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy,
From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes, Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me. Thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit and my Lord,
Thy light—Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source, to Thee its author, Thee.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
(Though worthless our conception all of Thee);
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good;
Midst Thy vast works—admire—obey—adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

—*From the Russian of Gabriel B. Derzhanir.*

THE NATURE AND USES OF "SIN" AND "EVIL."

BY WILLIAM SMITTON.

For the benefit of "J. R."* who appears to be an honest as well as an earnest seeker after truth, and, as such, is worthy of every encouragement, I begin by premising that the non-existence of sin does not form a fundamental doctrine of Spiritualism any more than any other doctrine does. Of course, without a belief or desire to believe in the continued existence of man after the change called death, founded upon a conviction of his ability to return to earth in accordance with certain laws at all times fixed, though, perhaps, as yet little understood—without such a belief no man can be a Spiritualist. (We use the word in its modern acceptation.) The recognition of this fact distinguishes Spiritualists, who, I rejoice to say, have no creed. The experience of other bodies has taught them better. The possession of a defined number of dogmas has, in no ordinary degree, tended to fossilize and destroy all the life that might originally belong to any Church or system of religion now existing—spiritualists are, therefore, strictly speaking, not a body of religionists. Keeping out of view the fact that all that is true in religion or morals is at once eternal and universal, the ranks of Spiritualism include men of every creed and faith, from the hyper-orthodox on the one hand, to the quasi-atheist on the other.

Moreover, this very absence of any authoritative teaching or legislation is, strange as it may appear, the chief recommendation of Spiritualism to liberal and enlightened, truth-loving and truth-seeking men.

In thus allowing each man to think and speak for himself, in thus

* Referring to a query in No. 2 of Human Nature, second page of wrapper.

giving the fullest scope to individual and independent thought, we have no fear of the result either to truth or virtue. God himself will and does take care of these, though none else may; and free thought is the safeguard, the interpreter, if not the parent, of both.

"Truth's like a torch, the more it's shook, it shines." To come closer to my subject: "J. R." will observe that the remarks on "Evil" in my pamphlet* are strictly analogical, drawn from observations and comparison of the workings of nature around me. Evil in the moral or rather the mental world, has its counterpart in the physical world in the storms and thunders that range over the earth; it is not confined to man alone, but manifests itself through all the orders of animated nature; and being natural and necessary in these as well as in the physical world, we logically infer that its manifestations among mankind are also natural and necesary. If the phenomena be not sinful in the one, neither are they in the other. Here it will be said, man is a free agent, and therefore responsible for his actions. What if he is only free to carry out the promptings of his nature? And this freedom is itself limited by many outward circumstances of organisation, place, condition, influence of other minds, etc. This, we think, is the true theory of man's free agency. He certainly is not free to act contrary to his nature. He is subject to law, both mental and physical. The springs of his being are moved by hidden and almost unknown causes. How absurd, then, to assert that he controls these causes!

Leaving that view of our subject, we will take up another. The non-existence of evil as an absolute principle in the universe is to me almost, if not altogether, an axiomatic proposition. Its expression assumes the form of a syllogism. God, the Self-Existent, Eternally-Creative Mind, is pure and perfect; the universe is the work, or, to speak more philosophically, the manifestation or declaration—Shall we say the attribute? at once eternal and infinite of that pure and perfect Being; therefore, the universe is itself pure and perfect. In common reasoning, we are all ready to admit that the thing made resembles the Maker, and that the stream partakes of the nature of the fountain. A good deed bespeaks a good heart, and a bad deed, as a rule, the contrary. Now, if God, or whatever you are pleased to call him, be the source and centre of all life—the Being of beings—he who contains them all and is contained by none; if he be the Immaculate and Perfect One, infinitely happy in self-contemplation, and infinitely removed in his essence beyond the loftiest conceptions of the highest created intelligences; above all, if he be the Omnipotent and Omniscient One, it is self-evident that there is nothing, no cause and no effect in the universe of which he himself is not either directly or indirectly the great first, or rather the great eternal cause. This being the case, how are we so illogical as to maintain that his work is, in its nature, unlike or different from himself—is, in other words, at once imperfect and impure? The idea, in my opinion, involves an absurdity; and before we can consistently believe it, we must strip God of not a few of his noblest attributes. Such is one and the first step in the argument.

* "Human Immortality and Kindred Topics viewed in connection with Spiritualism." London: J. Burns, Progressive Library, Camberwell.

To me it is the most convincing, and sufficient to rebut any opposite evidence, any disturbing elements that may be drawn from the supposed fall of man, or his supposed free agency, and consequent responsibility.

The second step, as hinted above, rests upon the Omnipotence and Omniscience of the Deity. How can there be evil in the presence of an Omnipotence that wills all existence as well as governs it? How can there be imperfection in the plan of an Omniscient Being? The thing is impossible. We must deny either the omniscience or the imperfection. There is no middle position, no neutral ground. Add to these considerations the benevolence of the Supreme, and the argument becomes complete—impregnable.

Some philosophers, assuming the existence of evil, though they are unable to account for its origin, and seeing the impossibility of reconciling this assumption or theory with the Omnipotence of an Omniscient Governor and Creator, regard the whole matter as an indeterminable problem, a mystery too dark and awful for human intellect to unfold. This position arises, perhaps, from an unwillingness or a fear to face the logical outcome of the premises. Or, it may be due to the absence of a spirit of dogmatism so characteristic of liberal and enlightened minds.

But "J. R." will perhaps reply—"The facts of the case do not square with your theory; the world is full of sin, and I am more inclined to put faith in my senses and in facts than in all the logic of the Schools, however finely spun such logic may be."

I am well aware that, on what I will take the liberty to call a "superficial" view of the question, it does appear that the present world is full of evil. Apparent confusion and misery everywhere prevail. Murder, rapine, bloodshed, and death are universally present; so much so, in fact, that many noble minds who have deeply studied the question, alas! from a wrong standpoint, have been forced to the conclusion that there is no such being as a God, or, at least, that he is not all-benevolent, or if all-benevolent, not all-powerful.

We, however, think that a deeper, more intelligent, and more comprehensive view of the phenomena usually termed evil would go far to clear up the matter at issue. What if the difference between those who admit and those who deny the existence of evil is simply a definition of terms. Both are agreed as to the actuality of the phenomena. They only differ as to their nature. While the one party regards them as the evidence of depravity and wickedness; the other only regards them as the evidence of undevelopment and inharmony, a natural result of certain conditions of being. The one, starting with the idea that they are a departure from a moral law, and therefore hateful to the Lawgiver, regards them as a means of punishment; the other party sees in them only a means of discipline and advancement to higher planes of knowledge and happiness. The latter, in our view, is the true theory. It is the one which nature and reason, properly interpreted, will be found to support.

The old theological or orthodox belief that evil is a sinful principle, hateful to a pure Being, springs from a misconception of its properties,

and especially its uses. This misconception or error is twofold—historical and fundamental.

The historical consists in the opinion that neither death nor sin existed prior to the supposed fall of man, which was the producing cause of both. A fall! Why, such an event in the scheme of a perfect Being is at once a solecism and a contradiction in terms! Geology here comes to our aid. Truly this science has done excellent service in the cause of truth and progress. Its revelations are invaluable. They have torn up the roots of the upas-tree of old mythology, and laid bare the foundations of the pseudo-Christianity that has too often as well as too long acted as a nightmare upon the spiritual energies of the people. What, then, does Geology teach in regard to the question in hand? Why, that those principles or actions which men vulgarly call sin were universal on our globe back through untold ages, and by inference through eternity itself, long, long before man was ushered upon the stage of being as the masterpiece of the Master Worker. Nay, more. This fair and beauteous world, with its glorious old mountains, its smiling plains and lovely vales, with its smoothly rolling rivers and deep sounding oceans that whisper music to the soul—this solid, stable, green earth was once the seat of fires and cataclysms, of murder and death, and hideous disorder,* on a scale so gigantic that had man beheld the scene, I believe, in his ignorance, he would have exclaimed, "Behold the work of a demon." Does not this fact—and it is a fact that admits of no denial—destroy, annihilate for ever the crude and puerile idea that man's supposed fall is the cause of the present apparent confusion and misery in creation; for if these existed before his introduction to the universe on this particular planet, by what possible process of reasoning can his existence be connected with theirs?

We have thus got rid of the historical error. Now for the fundamental. This lies in the belief that evil exists *per-se*—is an end as well as a means. What is the true nature of evil? Viewed in one aspect, it is simply the absence of good, or rather a misdirection of good. Hence, properly speaking, it has no existence; it is negative, not positive. Viewed in another aspect, it is partial good—good in disguise. All incarnated creatures are perfected through suffering. As suns and planets are developed and consolidated by fires and fierce conflict of the elements, so man is developed and advanced by mental fires and agonies. This law is universal. All nature points to it with unmistakeable precision. The poet says:

"Sweet is pleasure after pain."

Man's knowledge is relative, and so are his sensations. He could not so well appreciate pleasure unless he felt pain. To man, as at present constituted, a paradise of unmitigated delights would prove at once an abortion and a burden. Humanity wants no heaven such as classical and even Christian writers portray. As heat refines gold, so mental suffering purifies and ennobles the soul. All history—the history both of nations and individuals—goes to establish that fact. Who have been

* A modern instance is furnished by the recent hurricane at Calcutta, accompanied with great loss of life.

our greatest thinkers, statesmen, philanthropists, moral and mental giants, but those who have passed through the greatest difficulties and toil? Why, then, should we regard so-called evil as a curse and a misery? Why should we esteem it a sign of displeasure of the Deity? Is it not rather the means by which he developes and perfects his creatures as far as their limited natures will admit, and as the requirements of eternal law direct?

Right here, we remark, that we can see no valid distinction between natural and moral evil, for those actions which men designate moral and contrariwise immoral, are done by the child, the infant who knows not the right hand from the left, as well as by the man or woman of mature years. Now, if they are natural in the child, not to say the animal, why make them unnatural, immoral in the man. Logical inference would say that if they are natural in the one case, they are natural in the other.

How do we account for the existence of such phenomena? This, undoubtedly, is the chief difficulty—the very question of questions, and perhaps it is not given to finite intellect fully to unlock the mystery. Do we account for evil upon the ground of man's supposed fall or free will? No; for although this hypothesis, mayhap, might meet the facts of the case so far as man himself is concerned, it miserably fails when applied to the case of the lower animal creation. Upon the ground of the existence of an eternal Evil Being or principle—reviving the Persianic theory? No; for although such an hypothesis is more rational than the first, it appears impossible that two Self-Existent, Eternal, and Omnipotent Beings can co-exist. Upon what ground, then? Upon no other ground than that of necessity. Necessitarianism may and does seem a hard doctrine to the feeling, human heart; but, to my mind, it is the only one that unravels or rather cuts the knot. A species of inharmony, undevelopment is inseparably connected with the first action of mind upon matter. We cannot deny this, though we would. And a believer in the Omniscience, not to say the Omnipotence and beneficence of the Supreme Governor, cannot but hold that such a method is itself the best which the Creator could employ to bring out the highest possible results and the greatest possible happiness of his creatures. Nay, more. He cannot but hold that every man enjoys at all times as much happiness as his nature will allow. There must be gradations in the scale of being—infinite gradations, mayhap; and properly understood it is not limiting the Almighty to say that he was unable to make men, men encased in tabernacles of flesh, gods.

I feel that this is a subject of transcendent importance. It is worthy the study of the most exalted intellects. It is closely connected with all that most deeply relates to both God and man. I feel my weakness, and the paucity of my ideas, as well as the poverty of my language in handling it.

But believing as I do in the perfect government of a perfect Being, and in the sublime, all-cheering doctrine of eternal progression, I have no hesitation in saying that the future of this world, and all worlds, and all men is glorious beyond conception itself. The lyre of creation is and always has been in perfect tune. Its many and varied notes,

however discordant and harsh they may appear to undeveloped men, sound out sweet and grand and symphonious as the music of distant waters in the ears of advanced intelligences that have passed within the vail, or that may yet exist in the outer-courts of Nature's vast temple.

Let this thought, this conviction support us under every trial, and nerve us to do battle for God and his cause. The less we think of rewards the better. Still I feel very strongly that a rich reward, "an eternal weight of glory," (if I may employ the language of a great, though perhaps in many things, mistaken Reformer,) await all the lovers and doers of righteousness.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY AND THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

MIGHTY and unseen influences are constantly at work amongst mankind. The earth's inhabitants determinately oscillate on a golden pivot towards a truer civilisation. The process may be slow, and many phases of it may appear illusory to the external observer; yet, nevertheless, the human race steadily approaches to its destiny. Exhibitions of industry and art are taking the place of warlike tournaments and pageantry. An autocratic Emperor, in bestowing the prizes upon the successful performers of skilled labour, repeats some of the leading tenets of progressive Spiritualism almost in the words of Andrew Jackson Davis. We do not allude to the egotistic puffs of France which this memorable speech contains, but to other expressions, the origin and bearing of which the newspaper critics have been unable to fathom or trace. A few hundred years ago our legions marched forth in battle array against the "infidel and barbarian." Now, we pet and fete the reigning stereotyped impression of our ancient enemy. He is still the "infidel and barbarian," and his symbol at present continues to distinguish the faith once so repulsive to us who live under the banner of the Cross. These ancient feuds, arising from vindictive hatred, and a negative rather than a positive religious influence have so far passed away that the man and the brother are now seen in the forms of those who were once regarded as monsters to be execrated. Mankind must yet farther liquify the adamantine creeds to which their souls have been so long in torture bound. Human intuitions now begin to perceive that all have a common parentage and destiny, and the eye of science fails to distinguish the natural organic conditions implying the Divine sovereignty of kings or the subjection of peoples.

Viewed phrenologically, the Sultan of Turkey is a very ordinary person indeed,—so far below par, in fact, that he could not possibly attain distinction on his own merits in the most common walks of life. His great fault is that of undevelopment. His powers, like that of most of his race, are dormant, only latent, hid under an accumulation of integuments that preclude their active operation in forming a striking individuality. This has doubtless been

caused by the inaction and privacy to which the royal house of Turkey have been subjected for many generations. The body is clumsily and unsymmetrically rolled together like a statue roughly blocked out ready for the hand of the sculptor, the mind and general executive powers consequently exist in a similar chaotic state. Hence the prevailing impediment in such an organism is lack of activity and suceptibility of mind; a dormant, inert, lethargic, indifferent attitude towards everything except that which makes a very positive and energetic impression upon the selfish nature. Look at the dull, stupid eye, the inflexible muscles, the large, clumsy trunk, the putty looking fingers, constricted brows, wide head between the ears, and general taper of the head in the region of the esthetic faculties and spiritual intuitions. But if we are to believe the laudations of the press, Abdul Aziz is truly a King amongst Turkish Sovereigns. In accordance with his genuine bucolic temperament, he has directed his attention to farming, has retrenched expenditures, has restrained the customary augmentation of wives and concubines, and effected other minor reforms in the administration of his household and country, but he is yet in the very babyhood of progress; the most stupid and selfish child in a colliery village would be prompted with clearer perceptions of right and propriety in the management of such affairs than this stolid Turk. He has good practical powers of intellect, and if there was activity enough to propel them and elasticity of physiology to sustain their action he would make a very excellent farmer, fishmonger, costermonger, blacksmith, or bargeman.

Ismael Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, is altogether a superior personage, both in organisation and culture. No doubt the more active life of this latter personage has aided much in his development. His father before him was also an active, stirring man, and this hereditary influence may have laid an organic foundation for a greater amount of activity and susceptibility of mind in the son. The Viceroy's organisation indicates a rather fine quality of tissue. There is far less inert integument and dead layers of adipose matter. Nerve and arterial blood are in far greater proportion than in the Sultan. The eye is sharp and restless; the nose is more pointed and inquisitive; the mouth and features are more pliant and impressive; the head is wide, indicative of energy and executive power; while in the Sultan it would appear more in the form of selfishness and cruelty. There is a generous, open, spontaneous, mercurial appearance about the Pasha which indicates in him considerable of the cosmopolitan spirit. His organic composition adapts him for active business life, or the occupation of a soldier, sailor, freebooter, or pioneer in some wild settlement. He is not yet the stuff to make a king of unless it be over those who are even lower in the scale of development than himself. Yet he is far a-head of many of his compeers in that part of the world to which he belongs, and a pattern to kings generally.

We desire to devote a passing glance to the Belgians, who are altogether a different race, and exhibit a marked distinction of organic characteristics. The difference between them and the inhabitants of England is very striking in many respects. There is a certain clumsiness, awkwardness, and stolidity about them which presents a striking contrast

to the nervous, nimble, hurrying, dyspeptic, mental development of many of our countrymen, Londoners especially. The Belgians have generally a light, ruddy complexion; fair hair, wide base to the brain, heavy cerebellum; full, fleshy neck; protruding, converging foreheads; broad face; jaw and cheek long under the ears; broad shoulders, many of them exhibiting a stooping gait; large feet; heavy muscles; partaking slightly of the phlegmatic, and awkward gait in walking. Many of the elder men are corpulent, and they altogether appear to be a class of men who place much more significance upon enjoying the good things of this life, attending to the practical affairs of business, and letting the world go pretty much as it will rather than bothering their heads with philosophical problems, moral enterprises, theological speculations, or esthetic emotions. As a people, they appear to have not, by a long way, reached the zenith of their development. They have abundance of constitution on hand to sustain many generations of intellectual culture and refinement. Their organic status seems to be in harmony with the peculiar tastes of the Reception Committee in regaling them with tobacco smoke, cheap liquors, and vulgar farces at the Alhambra and Cremorne and other semi-human forms of entertainment which have been presented to them since their arrival. The shouting, huzzaing and overdone enthusiasm which has attended these gatherings have just been the kind of thing which such organisms can most heartily engage in. They, however, present indications of simplicity, honesty, domestic virtue, love of home and country, and general good will to all, which we hope will continue to be the centre point of their character.

When the movements of a people are viewed from an intellectual and moral standpoint, how insane and barbarous are their displays and motives. Our exhibitions of brute force in the shape of ships of war, armies, and displays of dresses and jewels seem a humiliating mode of entertainment for one human being in this age of enlightenment and progress to show to another. We invite the Belgians to our midst to exhibit before them and compete with them in trials of skill in the use of a power which will make us more expert murderers and assassinators on a gigantic scale. But, hold! judge not the people of these lands by the frailties and follies of their pretended leaders. The English Court and aristocracy are not the English people by any means. The Sultan is not the Turkish nation; even the Belgians—clumsily aping the habits of soldiers—bespeaks not the spirit of Flemish industry and domestic devotion. These obtrusive phenomena are merely excrescences, parasitical encumbrances, upon the wisdom, health, vital power and industry of a people, which eat up and annul its qualitative intelligence, industrial labour and national manhood. How long, O God of the human, will thy children be mocked by the puerilities of kings and courts, and have the Divine Light of Humanity shaded by the chrysalis shells of its undeveloped infancy?

Marriage being the normal condition of adult humanity, the exceptions to it should be few and special.

THE ANTI-COMPULSORY VACCINATION MOVEMENT.

"Let well alone."

"It is the medical baptism, we taint the blood to keep it pure."—*London Caricature.*

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

SIR,—I am led to address you by an article in the *Times* of the 19th, which a friend directed my attention to yesterday. It is, I think, a sure sign that the labours of the "Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League" are beginning to tell, when the *Times* sees fit to enter the arena and write a leader on the question. Like the prophet "Balaam," the writer of this article will positively serve the cause he was commissioned to denounce. Was he really serious, or was he a jocular friend in disguise, when he put together the empty assertions and flippant platitudes which principally compose this article? To write grandly of progress and retrogression, and of such noble results of exact practical and mechanical science as the control and application of steam and railways, side by side with what is called "Jenner's discovery," is certainly absurd. Permit me to remind the writer that "medicine," as regards the treatment of disease. is not, and can never be, an exact science. Anatomy and surgical operations, the chemistry of drugs and substances in general, can all be reduced to definite and exact teaching; but the differences of human constitutions, human habits, human conditions, human susceptibilities, while offering a wide field for solemn pretentious empiricism, essentially forbid the adoption of exact rigid lines of practice in the treatment and alleviation of disease. The *Times* writes:—"Every person had the prospect of suffering, at some period of his life, one of the most malignant and loathsome disorders with which human nature can be afflicted." How does the *Times* know this? Is it not the fact that all plagues come into a fresh country with violence, rage for a time, then grow milder, and disappear partially or wholly? Is it not the fact that those plagues and epidemics revisit countries at times with more or less intensity, in accordance, no doubt, with certain laws of which we are ignorant? Is it not the fact that the majority of people in almost all cases escape all plagues? Is it not the fact that some are more susceptible of disease than others? Will not some, though vaccinated, take smallpox, not only once but twice? And is it not a fact that some though unvaccinated will never take smallpox? Is it not a fact that that loathsome disease has been communicated and *death caused* by vaccination? I could ask more questions of this kind, but for the present conclude them by putting it to the common sense of the public, whether it is not a mockery, a cruel mockery, under the name of legislative benevolence, to send the vaccinator with the foul lancet to the poor neglected, half-starved child from one of the dens of London, to add to its misery by cutting into its wasted, emaciated arm the seeds of what may prove to be a fearful disease?

The *Times* touches lightly on what it terms "some unfortunate occurrences" in connection with vaccination on the continent. Alas! for prejudice—how the mind is darkened by it! Those occurrences were "unfortunate" *indeed*, and are not confined to the continent. How many lives have been sacrificed abroad and at home, how many constitutions have been hopelessly injured, by vaccination! The pages of public journals, and the publications of the "League," shall answer in part. The *Times*, at the close of this article I am commenting on, makes an important admission. It really tells the public that what it calls "the quality" of vaccination wants to be improved, and proposes to do so by an outlay of money; and winds up by frankly and virtually admitting that the "protection" hitherto has not been *real* but *illusory*. Is not the writer a second Balaam? As a member of the "Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League," allow me to express my thanks to the *Times* for giving it forth to the world in this article that one of the most

acute reasoners in the House of Commons, Mr Henley, a man with "a naturally clear head and a kindly nature," has advanced to the front to oppose the Jennerian delusion and tyranny. The *Times* may rest assured that when such men as Mr Henley, and other men like him, in the House of Commons and out of it, have taken up this question, and have, as it were, inserted the thin keen point of the wedge of able impartial minds into the base of the lying fabric, it will all soon tumble.

I close with a few propositions :—

1st, Smallpox is a plague, which has been artificially continued up to almost the present time, and which can never, in all probability, be extinguished.

2nd, Smallpox would not have attracted so much attention were it not for its ravages on beauty and outward appearance.

3rd, The true prophylactic against smallpox and other diseases is to be found in the careful adoption of improved sanitary measures.

4th, Sanitary knowledge, or the science of health, was very limited in and before Jenner's time ; and the improvements since have tended to lessen smallpox.

5th, Vaccination never was, and is not a "real" protection against smallpox, and is in truth, to adopt the language of the *Times*, only "illusory."

6th, Vaccination has undoubtedly been the medium of transmitting foul diseases, constitutional and actual.

7th, To establish such an unnatural practice as vaccination, the alleged results should be capable of mathematical proof, and the practice always and invariably free from danger.

8th, Vaccination cannot be thus established, as there is no certain reliable proof that it is a prophylactic at all, and as there is no certain immunity from the danger of infection with syphilis and other diseases, as is well ascertained in many cases at home and abroad.

9th, That the State has no equitable right to impose by compulsion such a practice as vaccination.

10th, That it is utterly irrational and wrong to communicate any disease, however slight, to the circulation of a healthy individual.

11th, That wholesome food, sufficient clothing and fuel, fresh air, fresh water, temperate habits, cleanliness of person and habitation, &c., are the only generally reliable and efficient prophylactics ; and that in proportion as those conditions are observed, approximated, or violated, in the same proportion will there be health, or manifold aspects of disease and death.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, ROBERT CONWAY HICKSON, J.P.

Fermoyle, Castlegregory, County Kerry, Ireland,
June 25th, 1867.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

A popular scientific writer against alcoholic medication and other forms of poisoning, but who on the contrary advocates the Hygienic mode of treatment for disease.—viz., cleanliness, as promoted by air and water of various degrees of temperature, or, in other words, Hydropathy and the Turkish Bath,—supported the practice of vaccination so far in a recent letter to a friend as to elicit the following answer :—

"I am rather astonished at the position you take on the vaccination question. Had you been an 'old school' man I could have excused you to any extent in believing in prophylactics, palliatives, remedies, and other abnormal means of obtaining health. But such modes of procedure are entirely illogical and absurd when defended by a man of the 'new school.' There can be no better prophylactic than observing the laws of health, but vaccination is the most desperate step that could be taken towards breaking them.

There can be no better palliative for disease than enabling the operation called disease to effect its mission in the system. And there can be no better remedy than removing the cause that leads to such a state, if it is really considered undesirable. Now, vaccination entirely ignores all of these considerations. Granting that it is a 'prophylactic,' and that under its influence performed on certain temperaments we do prevent deaths from smallpox, what follows? Have we acted in accordance with the natural prophylactic I have referred to? Have we placed the vaccinated more in harmony with the laws of health? or have we committed a great crime in reference to the constitutional laws, and thus laid the patient more decidedly open to other forms of disease, if not to smallpox itself? As Hygienic Reformers, we should not have reference to the distinctions between diseases, as nosologists usually do, but rather see disease as an unity, and thus it can matter very little as to changing the type if the disease yet remains, or, in other words, the cause still exists. The experience of vaccinators goes to prove that the process largely increases mortality in other ways, though it may reduce cases of smallpox, and in some instances it even produces the most virulent examples of that disease. Then as to palliatives: have we not 'air and water'? have not our greatest stars in the 'True Healing Art' said that smallpox was *not* a dangerous but a salutary process, which could be regulated and directed in the most useful manner to the individual? Our position is simply to allow smallpox to have its sway amongst the flesh and blood of humanity as long as a necessity for it remains, and apply our knowledge of the laws of health, to enable it to carry out its high and holy mission in cleansing out the temple of humanity. And then as to remedy: our air and water treatment is not a remedy for disease, but only a palliative, but nevertheless the natural and true one—a means of enabling us to make disease less dangerous and more beneficial. *There is no remedy!* There is a cause, however; and if we can obviate the cause, we can most truly remedy the disease. To suppress the disease and allow the cause to remain would be certain destruction, and thus the high death rates that attend the schools of medicine who retain this absurd practice. And now, what of this? Why, everything; by which we mean, that if the body is kept in a proper sanitary condition as regards exercise, bathing, clothing, and other surroundings, no such thing as smallpox would ever be observed in society. The peculiar inharmony of temperaments even in those living a normal life, may lead to excess in the excretory integuments, which may take the form of smallpox in preference to other forms of irruptive disease. Special predisposing causes, and electric conditions existing between the earth and atmosphere in special localities, may also tend to incur febrile disease; but if a normal life is led it will tend to harmonise the temperaments, and prepare the body to ward off the endemic or epidemic effects of such electrical or atmospherical inharmonies."

Corroborative of these views, a lady, the author of several valuable and popular works on health, considers that the question of ridding the country of smallpox, is entirely one of cleanliness. She gives some atrocious instances of the destruction to health caused by vaccination. The late efforts of the League are stirring up a feeling of reciprocity in many parts of the country, as numerous extracts by us show.

A young father writes:—"I am giving the anti-vaccination movement all the aid I can. I do not know what the authorities here will do, but I have absolutely refused to have my little boy undergo such an abnormal process, trusting to right methods of feeding, &c., to ward off anything that may happen, as I am confident he will be better able to bear any little complaint he may be troubled with than by being vaccinated, and his good health so far confirms my wife and me in the course we have taken."

Another correspondent writes:—"I see you are against vaccination. Well, I am not able to form an opinion on the subject; but I remember

quite well my undergoing the process. I was about ten years of age, and a hard time I had of it—a miserable time, in fact—and I don't think my blood is pure since. It was, I may say, the second time it was done."

A country clergyman who devotes much attention to the healing art, and does more good than any three doctors in the district, writes :—" My ideas as to vaccination are, that it is an entirely useless practice *now*. I cannot deny that it does modify the violence of an attack of smallpox ; and when people as well as medicine-men were ignorant of the proper cure, it was as good as the best thing then known. *Now* Dr. Garth Wilkinson's system will cure it most effectually without leaving any marks. I have cured forty cases of it myself by his system. I could cure it rather better now by Wallace's system. The objections to vaccination are, first, the inconvenience of having to introduce a poison into the system of an infant, often producing inflammation of the arm locally and general febrile action ; and even if these are not set up, yet it is certain that a poisonous matter has been introduced and left in the blood, and what effect this may have in producing other diseases is not known. I have a strong suspicion myself that this may be one of the causes of pthisis. 2ndly, Where the original vaccine lymph is not used, but, as must be the case in an extensive practice, is transplanted from one child to another, venereal poison is often introduced with it. I have myself seen several instances of this in my locality. The medicine-men will of course deny this, and put me to the proof; and of course I would have the utmost difficulty in bringing forward such proof publicly, as I must fix the stigma of venereal poison on certain families to do it. Therefore it can only rest on my individual opinion founded on my observations, and can only be taken for what that is worth. I will try to get the petition signed here, but I have no confidence in my success, as people are very dull and indifferent to all such questions."

A medical gentleman, author of works that have gone through several editions, says, in the event of families being prosecuted for not having their children vaccinated—" My advice to the poor would be to bring their child at once after the operation to the Turkish Bath and eliminate the virus, and to the rich to refuse the operation and pay the fine. The law would soon be abrogated when the opposition to its working became thus apparent. From the known effects of The Bath in cases of tetanus and hydrophobia, there cannot be a doubt of its certainty in rendering vaccination harmless, and thus driving a coach and six through the act of Parliament."

This important document is a powerful summary of the many evils which accompany vaccination:—

"To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the United Kingdom, in Parliament assembled.

" The humble petition of the undersigned, A. Bayard, M.D., of Cirey, Haute Marne, France, sheweth : That your petitioner, being opposed to vaccination, does not pray your Lordships either to reject or pass the Vaccination Bill, now before you; he only humbly prays that you will withhold your decision, and for the following reasons, briefly stated, postpone legislation upon the subject until next session:—For sometime it has been confessed, as it always should have been, that vaccination is not a preservative against small-pox, but can only generally retard its appearance; that the operation is frequently followed by serious dangers; that it is the vehicle of syphilis and other contagious maladies; that it bestows upon the vaccinated a disposition towards the bad state of constitution of the individual from whom the virus may be taken, and also a disposition in the direction of bestial diseases, ('an maladies veterinaires.') But a more important question, much discussed in France, but less so in England, is the influence of vaccination upon population. The small-pox is accused of having reversed the laws of mortality—diminished the workers and consequently their products. The

rate of increase of a vaccinated population diminishes; the death rate becomes higher, the still-born become more numerous, and infirmities increase amongst them, the most dreadful of all—lunacy. In France the asylums for lunatics are not sufficient; in England, it is stated in a recent document that there are forty-nine thousand lunatics, eighteen thousand more than ten years ago. Your hospitals for these unfortunates can only accommodate sixty-one per cent. of them. With the loss of health, beauty also disappears. A well-known writer, J. Gibbs, has said,—since the spread of vaccination, women rapidly lose their teeth, those beautiful pearls of the mouth. One of your greatest poets, Lord Byron, compares his fine and verdant country, in consequence of the beauty of the women, to a nest of swans. At present, J. Gibbs and other judicious observers repeat the cry,—'degeneration.' This grave question, the influence of vaccination upon population, is, in France, about to become the subject of serious discussion in the Academy of Medicine. In England, a Sanitary Association has submitted the question to competition, requiring the competitors freely and conscientiously to express their thoughts and experience. Be assured, therefore, that before long, both in France and England, there will be brought forward new facts and new proofs either to confirm or to modify, or to defeat this Bill, demanded in the name of a vaccine corporation which has drawn from the savant George Gregory the severe words—'These are the high medical authorities to whom parliament has assigned the superintendence of vaccination, who seek to explain and to palliate its notorious imperfections!' In a few months there will flow from the two sources indicated above sufficient light first to justify your prudent delay, and then to enlighten your supreme decision. And your petitioner will pray.

(Signed) "A. Bayard, M.D.

"Cirey, Haute Marne, France, *July* 10, 1867."

The Honorary Secretary of the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League is busy at work in this important movement. He desires the aid of all, both in the circulation of documents and contributions to the funds. His address is—R. B. Gibbs, Esq., 1 South Place, Finsbury, London, E.C.

PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY BOOK LIST.

The Book of All Religions; Comprising the Views, Creeds, Sentiments, or Opinions of all the Principal Religious Sects in the World; particularly of all Christian Denominations in Europe and America; to which are added Church and Missionary Statistics, together with Biographical Sketches. By John Hayward. Price 7s 6d.

This work brings the subject of which it treats within a moderate compass. It gives the principal tenets of the various denominations of Christians, chiefly selected from their own publications. It enumerates many sects that are entirely unknown to the great majority of readers, though frequently referred to in works of religious belief and church polity. It gives a summary of Pagan and other forms of religions not Christian, and ends with a well-defined category of principles, theoretic and practical, held by Modern Spiritualists. Its statistics of the Church, and of Missionary Societies, are also copious, though referring more particularly to America than to England. The biographical sketches of the fathers of the Reformation, founders of sects, and other distinguished individuals mentioned in the body of the work, will be found of much interest to those who have not had an opportunity of more fully acquainting themselves with the distinctive peculiarities of those individuals who figure in Church history.

THE SEER OF SINAI, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. W. JACKSON. Price 1s.

THE readers of *Human Nature* will be pleased to learn that the gentleman who writes so beautifully and instructively on "Ancient Myths—Sacred and Profane"—has written a little volume of poems with the above title. His prose itself is poetry, more exquisite than much of the rhyme which jars the ears of society, and this little volume is in keeping with his prose productions, yet presenting the extra charms of appearing in full, sweet, flowing verse. The "Seer of Sinai" is a religious poem, descriptive of the history of Moses and the Israelites in the struggle which liberated the Jewish nation from Egyptian bondage. The volume concludes with a variety of miscellaneous poems, promotive of the love of truth, freedom, and spiritual life.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR SCHOOLS, in Twenty-seven Easy Lessons. By MRS CHAS. BRAY. 108 pages, boards, price 1s. London: Longman & Co.

THIS admirably written work gives a very complete and accurate view of physiology in language and style adapting it to the use of the young. It is a book we can thoroughly recommend for school or home use. Questions are appended to each chapter for the examination of the pupils. In the matter of teaching physiology we would suggest that practice is much more efficacious than precept. It will be of little use for children to get the contents of this book by heart at school, if they daily and hourly violate physiological principles at home. We would, therefore, say to parents, get this book, read it, and put it into practice daily and hourly, and the school lessons on the subject will be much more easily comprehended, better relished, and a thousand times more useful. Trifling as this work seems to be, there is scarcely an adult who would not learn something from it. It is sound on alcoholics, drugs, and all such palliatives in cases of illness; and suggestive of rational modes of enjoying health.

SIMPLE QUESTIONS AND SANITARY FACTS, for the Use of the People. By a LADY. 210 pages, stiff wrappers, 2s; cloth boards, 2s 6d. London: Tweedie.

THIS work is similar to the one noticed above, but much more extensive in size, and the range of knowledge imparted. It is intended by the author as a school book, and for the use of those of limited education as a general book of information. It is in the form of question and answer, and is exceedingly radical and scientific in its teachings. There are few people, however, well read on physiology and the phenomena of everyday life but would find useful instruction in the pages of this unpretending little volume. All that applies to the work noticed previously, applies to this with double force, as it is more extensive, more radical and thorough in its teachings. It is adapted to a more advanced class than Mrs Bray's, which is more of an elementary character. We suggest that temperance reformers take hold of these works, and teach their contents to the children of the Band of Hope, with a view to competitive examination at Christmas.

The Spiritual Magazine has recently given publicity to several very remarkable cases of spiritual phenomena that will amply repay perusal. One case is that of a profane and illiterate sailor, who, after being dead, got up and delivered an address to his shipmates full of religious sentiment and in good literary taste. An instance is likewise recorded of a bunch of grapes being presented by the spirits at a seance lately held in London, which were eaten by the members of the circle.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

The Banner of Light is richly laden with instructive matter weekly. It has recently published finely written sketches by Emma Hardinge; and, take it as a whole, it is a soul-cheering repository of spiritual light and counsel.

By a recent vote of 2 to 1, the people of the State of Maine have decided that the penalty for violating the "Maine Law" shall be imprisonment in every case—no fine will be taken. It is said that in Vermont there are but three distilleries, in place of the forty twenty-five years ago.

H. R. NEWTON, writing to the *Spiritual Republic*, says for some years he held aloof from spiritualism, because it appeared to propose no real practical measures of progress; but since of late it takes the attitude of a working power, he has severed himself from the old system of soul saving, and goes in for world saving. We hope the promoters of spiritualism in this country will allow it to take its natural course in this direction.

The Spiritual Republic contains a proposal for the holding of a meeting for the discussion of Social Science in a positive form, only "accepting and advocating those theories and doctrines which are deduced from, and can be verified by, laws and principles that exist in nature." It is also proposed to found a school of Social Science; and it is suggested that a similar meeting be held in Europe during the summer. Horace Greeley, Josiah Warren, T. L. Wadsworth, and names of similar standing are appended to the call.

The Spiritual Republic has had a slight impediment. The conductors endeavoured to print their paper and manage their business on co-operative principles, inviting men, women, and children to take advantage of the scheme on equitable terms. This the printers' trade union warmly resented; and it appears a disturbance of the peace was the result. The regular hands seem to have left work, as the paper comes out only half size. But our Western friends ably pursue their way, and we wish them success.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN BOSTON is similar to the May meetings in London. The *Banner of Light* give a short sketch of the proceedings of the most progressive sects. There is also a very full report of the Annual Convention of the Spiritualists of Massachussetts, which occupied two days, three sessions each day. The *Banner* says,—It was a perfect success. The debates took a wide range; subjects of great importance to the reformer were discussed. The able and eloquent speakers seemed to take an inspiration that we doubt not took deep root into the hearts of those present. The hall was crowded with listeners, amongst whom were many sceptics to our sublime faith; yet we have reason to believe they will in time cast off the sombre garments that theology has cast about them, and embrace the living truths of Spiritualism. The lecturing system was recommended by one speaker. Andrew Jackson Davis supported the Children's Progressive Lyceum movement. Dr R. T. Hallock spoke of the necessity for a philosophical basis to Spiritualism. He said, a church to be universal must provide for every instinct of human nature. A church to have the elements of universality about it, must be able to demonstrate the doctrines of immortality through the senses just as any other fact is demonstrated. The resolutions were in favour of short hours of labour, physical health, observations on the condition of the Indians, and other social and political questions. An opponent of Spiritualism also had his ten minutes in which to express his views of the question.

THE FREE-RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of a very extraordinary nature took place during anniversary week. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham presided. A delegate from the Universalists said he did not believe in

any man-made creeds, nor submitted to any priestly dictations. Robert Dale Owen represented Spiritualism, and gave a lecture which will be shortly published, elucidating the philosophy of Spiritualism and its bearings upon the social, moral, and religious world. An Unitarian delegate followed, and gave free expression to his disbelief in Spiritualism. Lucretia Mott, on behalf of the Quakers, welcomed the new light, come from whatever source it might, adding, "Some of my most reliable friends have told me that Spiritualism has done more to break the shackles of bigotry, unchain the creed-bound, and promote religious freedom, than any religious movement of the times." Ralph Waldo Emerson also spoke in strong sympathy with this radical religious movement, hailing it as a son whose birth he had long expected. The articles agreed to were, first, This Association shall be called the Free Religious Association, its objects being to promote the necessities of true religion, to engage in the scientific study of Theology, and to increase fellowship in the spirit, and to this end all persons interested in these objects are cordially invited to its membership; second, Membership in this Association shall leave each individual responsible for his own opinions alone, and affect in no degree his allegiance to other associations, etc. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham was elected president, and Robert Dale Owen, Isaac Ames, and Lucretia Mott, vice-presidents; secretary, Rev. W. J. Potter.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

All who desire to extend the realms of sobriety in this country should aid in the circulation of Mr Livesey's "Staunch Teetotaller," monthly, 1d. Mr Livesey is one of the historical "Seven" who first signed the temperance pledge in Preston. He has never desisted from labouring strenuously in the cause; and though, from age and a life of incessant labour in the cause of humanity, he might claim exemption from active duty, yet he still maintains his place in the front rank with apparently unabated vigour and activity. His present publication is, perhaps, the most useful of his efforts. He warmly advocates the missionary principle, and stirs up the energies of cold and cynical abstainers to aid in the salvation of their fellow creatures. It may be had in quantities at half price from our office.

The Powers of Phrenology to Explain God's Moral Government.—A paper was read, on the above subject, lately, before the members of the Bradford Phrenological Society, in the Free Mason's Hall, by Mr George Wooller, Unitarian minister, Thorne, near Doncaster. The gentleman pointed out the difficulties that have ever rested upon God's government of man as a moral being. Phrenology, he said, explained to some extent the difficulties of the different departments of God's government—the physical, the mental, and the moral; and pointed out that each department had its organisms through which the Divine Being governs. The transmission of qualities—physical, mental, and moral—by parents to their children, malformations, idiotcy, partial and complete, were not chargeable upon the government of God. If a man violated a law in any one department by a special act, he incurred the consequences, and why not expect the same in all? It was best, therefore, to leave man under law, that he might learn, conquer, and reign.

TURKISH BATH.—The following report from the medical officer was read at the last meeting of the Board of Guardians, Fermoy Union:—"The Turkish bath, after a trial of four years in the Fermoy workhouse, has been found a useful remedial agent in a large class of cases—for example, in congestive and inflammatory states of the internal organs and viscera, the lungs, liver, and kidneys in particular, renal dropsy, Bright's disease, &c. In virtue of its eliminating process, it has been successfully employed in the treatment of rheumatism, sciatica, and gout. On the whole, I regard the Turkish bath as a valuable aid to medicine in the treatment of disease, and of very extended, though not universal, applicability.—JOHN ROCHE, M.D."

A NOBLE RESOLUTION.—The Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, in discussing the best means of contributing towards the reduction of the debt on the *Spiritual Magazine*, resolved that the members endeavour to increase its circulation, and thus make it self-supporting. Some subscribers now take two copies instead of one as the result of this resolution. If spiritualists and other heralds of "glad tidings" would adopt this very practical measure towards the periodicals that labour in the same field with themselves, they would speedily find that these magazines would not only become self-supporting, but also carry along with them the movements to which they are devoted. One of the very best means of promoting all public questions is to secure position and influence for its literature.

"CHRISTIAN LIBERTY."—A new edition of Luther wanted, to rescue the intellects, wills, and affections of our countrymen from the inquisitorial tyranny of a self-constituted priesthood. Spiritual light and individual freedom will alone open the eyes of mankind to the atrocity of such cases as the following communication describes:—Binbrook, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, United Free Churches celebrated the Anniversary of their Sunday School on Good Friday and Easter Sunday last. On the Sunday afternoon the scholars recited several interesting pieces, dialogues, &c. The children of the Church School went to hear them. On the Monday morning, the schoolmaster (Mr James Phillips,) and clergyman (Rev. T. J. Huntley,) questioned the children as to whether any of them had been to the Dissenters' School feast. Finding they had, the punishment of forfeiture of their prizes was inflicted, Mr Huntley declaring "he would not have it."—Vouched for by R. Richardson, a Sunday-school teacher, to James Colton Jepson, reporter, Doncaster.

IMPORTANT PROPOSAL.—It has been proposed by a number of influential Spiritualists in London, that a Reading-room be opened in some convenient and central part of the city or west-end. Subscribers will have the privilege of using the rooms during the hours they are open. An ample supply of British and Foreign publications on the subject will be provided. Private rooms will adjoin, where Test and other mediums may be consulted. Circles, committees, and societies may meet by arrangement for seances, business, or to read essays and deliver addresses. It may also be the head-quarters of an association for the promotion of Spiritualism in the metropolis. The want of such a central office, open and convenient to all, has long been considered a barrier to the progress of Spiritualism. Now that there is an opportunity for instituting such a place, the friends of the movement are earnestly requested to speak out at once, and indicate what amount of encouragement they will give the proposal. The aid of Provincial Spiritualists is also solicited, as it will be a home and resting-place to them when they visit London; and the cause generally will be benefited by the action of such an institution. The rate of subscription will much depend upon the number of subscribers who come forward. Inquiries may be made to J. Burns, Progressive Library, Camberwell, London.