

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

OCTOBER, 1869.

CREATION—THE EXISTENCE OF EVIL.

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IN a previous paper we have spoken of God as the Infinite Perfection; but, as a part of his creation, we are made painfully conscious that this perfection of the divine being is not yet fully reflected in his work. We are imperfect, and there is every indication that the entire plane on which we exist is similarly characterised—a speciality, however, by no means very mysterious or difficult of explanation, when we regard creation as a process of evolution rather than as the completed result of a creative fiat. God is not yet manifest in his work, because that work is still unfinished. And here it will perhaps be asked, Why, if God be infinite in wisdom, goodness, and power, did he not at once make a perfect creation? But this is equivalent to demanding that God in ultimates, on the plane of time and space, where he is, to our perceptions, necessarily conditioned by the sequences of duration and the limitations of extension, shall be identical with God in first principles, as the eternal and the infinite. Creation, as the manifestation of God on the temporal plane, must have a beginning and an ending, involving the idea of a great cycle of development, embracing the whole life of the cosmos, through all the successive hours from dawn to dusk of its great day of being. But growth, development, and evolution, imply degrees of excellence, necessitating the relation of superior and inferior, of worse and better—that is, of comparative evil, often in juxtaposition as to time and place, with comparative good. Nor can any plane of being short of the absolute, be altogether superior to these conditions of comparative excellence and relative good, which from their nature must

attach to the several provinces of an imperfect, and the successive states of a progressive creation.

It is, we suppose, almost needless to say that the material universe is constituted on the principle of a hierarchy of forms and functions, and as this is the all-pervading characteristic of this sphere of effects, we have reason to believe it is equally characteristic of the sphere of causes; or, in other words, that God in manifestation, whether on the material or spiritual plane, is, in accordance with the laws of creation, as applicable to his creatures, characterised by diversity of condition, implying successive gradations of duty and responsibility, and these again involving susceptibility to different, because proportionate, degrees of "sin and suffering." Let us illustrate our meaning by a few instances in point. We may say that the animal instincts are all good on the brute plane, but not always so on the human. Nay, there are diversities in this respect even among animals. Thus the indifference of the crocodile mother to the eggs, whence her young are to be hatched by solar heat, is good on her plane, but would be fatal to the species on that of birds, whose higher structure and superior functions, as warm-blooded animals, demand parental care and solicitude not only during incubation but infancy, the prime duty of the bird in its parental relationship being no duty to the crocodile, which is accordingly devoid of those parental affections wherewith birds and mammals are so richly provided. But this higher endowment of parental affection, on the part of birds and mammals, involves of necessity a susceptibility to suffering from which the reptile is exempt. The cry of the brute mother howling for her slaughtered young, like that of Rachel weeping for her children because they are not, is an instance of wounded maternal affection, which could not exist in the strength requisite for the due care and protection of offspring, without this susceptibility to heart-rending grief for their sudden and premature loss. It is one of the conditions necessarily attaching to sentient organisms of a certain grade, though very properly absent in others of an inferior character. It is the same with susceptibility to physical pain, this being one of the preservative conditions of a locomotive and fragile organism, like that of an animal; while it would be a very inconvenient superfluity to a vegetable, whose immobility is mercifully accompanied by insensibility. The tree cannot throw itself over a precipice or thrust its branches into the fire, and therefore does not need to be prevented from doing the one or the other, like an animal or a man, by that acute suffering which is the corporeal conscience whispering or thundering of wrong done to the organism. We thus see that susceptibility to pain is the necessary accompaniment of those higher endowments which attach to the phase of being we term

sentient, and so is not an absolute but only a relative evil, the unavoidable condition of corporeal existence, now and here, on this earth-plane.

Let us now ascend into the human sphere. We have seen that their susceptibility to suffering, whether corporeally or through the affections, is a preservative endowment of the various classes of animals, without which indeed they would soon perish, whether as individuals or species; and in so far as man is an animal, these remarks apply to him as well as to them. It is absolutely necessary to its safety that the child should not put its fingers into the fire without pain. It is equally necessary to the well-being of the man that he should not overstep the bounds of healthy action, in the way either of work or indulgence, without penalties, that warn him against a repetition of the offence. While the existence, and more especially the progress of the species, demand that those who, by the violation of nature's laws on the part of themselves or their ancestors, have become hopelessly disqualified for the efficient discharge of their corporeal functions, should ultimately cease to live, first as individuals, then as families, and finally as communities and races. Let us clearly understand this matter. Disease and premature death are simply the merciful arrestment of that process of indefinite transmission, whereby abnormal structure and disordered function would otherwise be rendered the sad inheritance of a large portion of the human family. Nature provides against this by very trenchant means in the purely animal sphere of her wild Fauna; and it is equally obvious that she also has boundaries which even civilised man, with all the resources of science and art at his command, cannot continually overpass with impunity. Away, then, with all puling regrets about the existence of pain, disease, and early death as forms of needless evil: they are simply the conditions most effectually conducive to the permanent well-being of humanity on the material plane, and without which the corporeal structure, and we may add mental constitution, of families and nations, would be liable to indefinite deterioration. What we really want is not the dreadful privilege of violating the laws of nature with impunity, but the wisdom and self-command that would enable us to obey them, and our ultimate choice is in reality between this obedience and extinction.

But man is not only a sentient, he is also a moral and intellectual being, his higher endowments implying of necessity graver responsibilities. In this respect his position is unique; for, if we may judge by organic indications or mental characteristics, he is the only earthly creature endowed with a clear sense of moral obligation, and so rendered capable of committing what theologians term sin. This, then, is his tremendous speciality,

his terrible prerogative among the things of time, the grandeur of his possibilities on the excelsior path to virtue, admeasuring the depth of the abyss into which he may be plunged by lapses into vice. What, then, is the essential character of this sin, whereof we hear so much in our popular pulpit oratory, and whereon every unfledged divine thinks himself at liberty to utter the vaguest platitudes and most wearisome commonplaces, in language so stereotyped that we are at a loss which most to admire, the plodding industry of the preacher or the inexhaustible endurance of his audience? And we reply—The inversion of a moral nature, which, if persistently carried out, would eventuate first in its injury and ultimately in its destruction. Thus, the man who violates the dictates of his conscientiousness by theft, unfair dealing, or any other form of dishonest procedure, injures his sense of rectitude and develops his covetousness at its expense. So he who indulges himself in wanton cruelty, encourages his destructiveness at the cost of his benevolence. It is almost needless to say that sensuality in any form tends to sink the man to the level of the brute. It is, in truth, impossible to sin against others without, in the first place, sinning against ourselves—that is, doing violence to those higher endowments which constitute our humanity, under the influence of those baser propensities which we share in common with the inferior grades of sentient life. By every act of sin we tend to weaken the manhood and strengthen the bruteness of our complex nature. Of necessity, such a neglect of our primal duty, that which we owe to ourselves and to our species, must entail stupendous penalties. Our susceptibility to regret and remorse is a part of the price we pay for the sublime endowment of humanity, and this susceptibility will be keen in the exact proportion that our humanity predominates over our animality. However onerous the law, and however restrictive the conditions may seem, it is nevertheless unavoidable that, as men, we should have duties to discharge, sacrifices to make, and restraints to endure, which, as brutes, we should escape—just as the mammal has duties to its offspring which the inferior fish and reptiles are not called upon to perform.

As are your powers so are your duties; as is your capacity so is your responsibility. They are so unavoidably—on the principle that every individuality is an organ of the universal life, through which, if normal, a specific function is discharged, the performance of which, within certain limits of regularity and efficiency, is the sole condition of permanent health and sustained vigour. The leaf or lung that does not respire, perishes as a functional instrumentality, and gradually sinks back into the condition of inorganic mould; so the man who fails to discharge his human functions, either gravitates towards the condition of a

brute, or, if too finely constituted for so base a transformation, dies of the diseases produced by this malign perversion of his higher nature. Hence, then, we may clearly perceive that sin, consisting as it does in a violation of the laws of the moral universe, and eventuating, first in our own injury and ultimately that of others, must result in suffering, its punishment being a proof, not of God's anger, but of his love, like our liability, in common with all sentient creatures, to corporeal pain. This of course disposes at once of eternal torment, predestined damnation, and other atrocities of the Augustinian and Calvinistic schools of theology, founded, not on Christ's benign revelation, but Paul's superficial metaphysics. Under an infinitely wise and powerful paternal government, all punishment is remedial, and all suffering simply the discipline of an imperfect, and so erring, creature for its ultimate good.

These very simple, and almost self-evident truths, have been largely obscured by that popular divinity which teaches, if not directly, then by figure and implication, that the moral law is an arbitrary code, enacted by the Divine Autocrat, and so to be obeyed simply because God has commanded it, thus reducing our gravest moral duties almost to a level with the ceremonial observances of some particular religion; as where the command to keep holy the Sabbath is placed in the same table with forbidding to murder, and the dimensions of an altar or the decoration of a priest's vestment is assumed to be as directly by divine command as the obligation to speak truth and do justice to all men. It is almost needless to say that of this commingling of ceremonial institutes with the essentials of the moral law, we have an example, though by no means an aggravated one, in the Mosaic code as embodied in the Pentateuch, and that the teachings of the prophets, and more especially the example and discourses of Christ himself, were an endeavour to separate these regulations of the rubric from the elementary principles of morality. But this great work of restitution and enfranchisement, though commenced so nobly, is still incomplete. The masses, even of Christendom, are for the most part spiritual slaves, who endeavour, after some weak and pusillanimous fashion, to blindly obey the arbitrary behests of an infinite despot, or the stern injunctions of an exacting master; not confiding children, who know and feel that all kindly parental regulations are simply a formulated expression of the law of their well-being—that God their heavenly father really wants nothing but their "growth in grace," and their consequent increase in happiness and power for good.

The principles we have been endeavouring to illustrate do not terminate with man. From their nature they must, in essentials, be applicable to every grade of created being. From the grey

lichen on the rock to the sun mounting zenithwards in his chariot of light, and from the miserable worm wallowing in mire to an angel of purity, resplendent with the glory of the highest heaven, everything has its legitimate place and its normal function in the great scheme of universal being. It exists for its uses, and grows into its appropriate excellence and power in their effectuation; nor can any of these instrumentalities fail in the duties appropriate to its sphere and condition, without at the same time violating the laws of its own well being, or, as we may phrase it, sinning against itself. This at once disposes of the popular and even poetic conception of Satan as the archangel fallen, yet retaining all his vast powers after countless ages of rebellion against the divine government, which could only be maintained by a persistent inversion of his own nature, resulting, as a process, in slow though sure self-destruction. In truth, the popular notion of ready-made angels, converted into self-subsistent devils, inhabiting a hell, whence God is in effect excluded, presents a tissue of contradictions so evidently absurd, that the wonder is how sensible and educated men can be induced to entertain a serious belief in such a merely childish rendering of old theological traditions, mostly derived from Zoroastrian sources during the later years of the Jewish captivity.

An angel is presumably a spiritual being of vast endowments, both morally and intellectually, and who, although possessed of stupendous powers for action, is nevertheless altogether devoid of impulse. In other words, he is an immortal man, purified by discipline and suffering from the last stains of an earthly and animal nature, and so existing on one of the celestial planes in his perfected humanity—that is, with all the higher attributes of his manhood so beautifully developed into harmony with the divine life that his every thought is an inspiration, his every word but an expression, and his every deed but a fulfilment of his heavenly Father's will, of which therefore he is, according to his plane, at all times, not only the apt and obedient, but the willing and delighted instrument—whose pleasure it is to do the work and fulfil the purposes of his Eternal Sire. Now the supposition that such a being could be *suddenly* made—not slowly evolved by all the manifold processes of education and experience, of trial and temptation, of labour and suffering, which constitute the only phases of created existence on the conscious plane, as known to us, obviously belongs to the same stage of mental development as the corresponding supposition that the earth, with all its various orders of animal and vegetable life, was created in six days. Both stages, we may remark in passing, are based on the radical misconception that God, as the creator, is absolved from processes, thus confounding the absolute and unconditioned, on the plane of the eternal and the infinite, with

the relative and formal, on the plane of time and space; or, as we have said elsewhere, expecting God in ultimates to be identical with God in first principles.

But the supposition that such a being could suddenly fall into the lowest abyss of depravity and wickedness, is not less monstrous and self-contradictory than the idea of his sudden creation. As an angel, his attributes are in perfect harmony with his environment and his duties, while presumably, his several endowments are finely poised in relation to each other. To convert such a being into a devil, you must *unmake* him, by abstracting his moral elements, or *remake* him, by the superaddition of passional elements, by supposition, long since, eliminated from his expurgated nature; or, more correctly, disciplined out of their primal condition of chaotic impulse into the orderly uses of rational and beneficent action. But such a process of inversion, if possible, must needs be gradual, like the growth through which so much of moral worth and intellectual power was built up. How, for example, could such a being, accustomed to obey the slightest monition of his sense of duty, lapse into sloth or self-indulgence, much less actual criminality, without fearful reproofs from his powerful and well-exercised conscientiousness—in other words, without remorse of the most fearful and agonising character? And how could one, accustomed for ages to acts of the most kindly benevolence, suddenly become an instrument for the wanton torture of others? Would not his own refined and exquisite sympathies provide that he should himself be the chief sufferer in such a transaction? We need scarcely ask how could the pure and spiritual creature, who had respired with rapture the divine aura of heaven, suddenly become the tempter to abomination, the instrument of depravity? Above all, how can we conceive of a being accustomed momentarily to the profoundest soul-communion with the Infinite, and whose mind must for ages have been pervaded by sentiments of the deepest filial love and reverence for his heavenly Father, suddenly becoming a conscious and intentional rebel against the Most High? And even supposing such moral perversity possible, what intellectual insanity is implied in the act of making war on Omnipotence! In truth, this story of the fall of the angels, if accepted literally, involves such improbabilities, and we may say impossibilities, that it is only explicable as a myth, not as a fact, the laws of psychology and the principles of theosophy being alike opposed to a literal rendering of the text of the tradition.

Independently, however, of any consideration as to their origin whether as fallen angels or fallen men, or creatures different from either, and so essentially *sui generis*, let us look at devils as a type of being, and see how far the popular conception

of these spiritual monstrosities is in accordance with our experience of mind, in any of its grades of development that are within the reach of our observation. A devil, more especially one of superior rank in the hierarchy of evil, is presumably endowed with stupendous intellectual power, while utterly devoid of either principle or affection, his motor forces and his determining influences being all derived from the sphere of the baser passions and more grovelling impulses! Now a grave question here arises—Whether such a mental constitution as this implies is, psychologically speaking, possible? A creature far transcending man in intellectual resources, yet inferior to mammals and birds, and only on a level with the lowest reptiles, in principle and affection, is in direct contradiction to all we know of the fine harmonic relations, the beautiful balance and proportion of things, everywhere perceptible in creation. Such a conception involves the idea of power without due guidance for its proper use. In truth, the popular devil is simply a moral centaur, pardonable as the childish idea of men, ignorant of the very elements of psychology; just as the physical centaur was a notion, pardonable as the idea of men, ignorant of the very elements of comparative anatomy and physiology. But as the latter involves a violation of all the known laws of normal structure and function, so does the former involve an equal violation of all the known laws of mind, whether as to its constitution or operation, the ordinary devil being simply a chimera of the undisciplined imagination of generations, blissfully ignorant of the restrictive limits of possibility!

But not only is a devil thus abnormal and exceptional in mental constitution, he is also presumably the inhabitant of a sphere whence God is in effect excluded. This brings us to the root of the fallacy. Devil-worship—that is, a belief in the existence of malignant beings of stupendous power, continually engaged, whether by subtlety or violence, in endeavouring to thwart the beneficent designs of Providence, is based upon an inadequate conception of Deity. The God of the devil-worshipper is finite. His plans, as in the creation of angels or men, prove abortive, and his purposes in reference to their virtue and happiness either remain unaccomplished or are but partially fulfilled, in consequence of the subject-matter of his operations being inappropriate, or the instrumentality through which his designs were to be accomplished being inadequate. And even when he is supposed to achieve a final triumph, his success is not accomplished in an orderly manner and by the first intention, but through a clever afterthought! Nay, it is very doubtful if we can ever grant him the honour of final victory; for, according to a very large school of theologians, hell is better peopled than heaven, the subjects of the devil being far more

numerous than those of God; nor is this terrible arrangement temporary, but eternal, or, as it is professionally phrased, "everlasting"! Thus a system, based on lies and injustice, is, according to these gentlemen, as stable as its opposite, founded on truth and rectitude, evil being thus, not essentially suicidal and self-destructive—in short, an error, and so of necessity a failure; but, on the contrary, something as enduring, as good, so that it has been said of the wicked, "the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever"! In reply to these monstrous conceptions of a finite God, a rebellious devil, and an eternal hell, it is of course sufficient to say that the Omnipresent *is* everywhere, and wherever the Omnipotent is, he REIGNS; even therefore, as Swedenborg would say, in the Hells!

These remarks suggest rather melancholy reflections, for they show us the gravity of the errors still prevalent in the popular, and we may say orthodox, creed of Christendom. These may be succinctly summed up in a finite God and the consequent perpetuity of evil, that is, of sin and suffering. But though thus susceptible of facile statement, these errors are so fundamental that they cannot fail to exercise a deteriorating influence on the habitudes of thought and feeling in the mind of their recipient. A finite and inadequate God, maintaining internecine and sometimes disastrous war with the well-organised and embattled hosts of Satan, is simply an idol, whose worship cannot prove the most edifying to his miserable votaries. But what shall we say of that worship of fear awarded to his diabolic rival, who is supposed to preserve his sanity and to retain his supreme authority over his associates in evil, implying a strong government, with all its accessories of wisdom, or at least tact, firmness, forbearance, and foresight in the rulers, and unswerving loyalty in the ruled, despite countless ages of opposition to the divine will—that is, in reality, notwithstanding an indefinitely prolonged violation of the laws of the moral universe! Let any psychologist realise to himself the condition of mind implied in the acceptance of such dogmata; the inadequate faith in truth and rectitude, the ignorant belief in the permanent power of fraud and violence, the limited idea of good, the exaggerated conception of evil, the utter and hopeless confusion of thought as to the existence and operation of law in the spiritual sphere, and he will at once see that the religious teaching that involves such absurdities and contradictions must tend, as far as its happily declining influence is really effective, to rear up a priesthood who are tyrants and a laity who are slaves.

We have spoken of the psychologist, and perhaps a few words on the subjects we have been discussing from his especial standpoint, may not be wholly misplaced. He will not fail to have noticed that the popular conception both of angels and devils, is

essentially and simply that of good and bad men respectively, the former completely purified and the latter thoroughly vitiated. This view of the spiritual sphere and its inhabitants is formulated by the Swedenborgians, who boldly affirm that angels, whatever their grade, are only exalted, as devils, whatever their depravity, are only fallen men. Or yet more correctly enunciated, each class is composed of the spirits of men largely liberated from the thralldom of circumstance, and so of necessity emerging more freely into their respective specialities; a devil being only the inner consciousness of a bad man, made manifest without disguise, that is ultimated into form and act, on the plane and amidst the environment, appropriate to his vicious condition, as conversely, an angel is only the inner consciousness of a good man, vested in the celestial beauty and revealed in the beneficent deeds, appropriate to his place in the heavenly hierarchy of the good and the true. But it is very doubtful whether this anthropomorphism, which extends even to our conceptions of deity, be anything more than a relative truth. As men we cannot, even in imagination, rise above the human plane, when we would embody our abstract conclusions in a definite form. Thus it is that we are compelled, like the old Catholic painters and heathen sculptors, to image forth absolute perfection in finite beauty, reducing the universal to the limitations of the individual, and so, in reality, confounding effect with cause, and mistaking the symbol for that of which it is but the index and the exponent.

We suppose it is almost needless to say that this anthropomorphism of thought, when formulated into a doctrine, and so propounded as an absolute veracity, proceeds on the principle of ignoring the unconscious sphere in man, the most important province of his compound being, that probably through which he is more especially related to the spiritual and inspirational sphere, whence he obtains at least the germs of all his grander ideas, and where morally and intellectually, he is rooted as a tree in the soil whence it derives its nutriment. Now everything indicates that this portion of our nature where, at least to our present consciousness, everything is, if not elemental and inchoate, at least rudimentary, will undergo a vast and continuous unfolding on the higher planes of being, as we successively attain to them in the divinely appointed process of our own growth and development. We are warranted in entertaining this opinion by the facts presented to our observation on the lower planes of being, and in the inferior divisions of our own. Thus for example, children and savages, and we may say the uneducated classes generally, even of civilised communities, are largely, not wholly unconscious of much which is developed in the educated, and more especially in the gifted members of any advanced society. What sweeps of thought do we find in the

works of Plato and Aristotle, Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke; what accumulations of knowledge in Newton, Cuvier, and Humboldt; what beauty of conception in Shakespeare and Shelley; what grandeur and sublimity in Æschylus, Dante, and Milton, of which the vulgar know nothing and the savage never dreams, and to which the educated youth is gradually introduced by successive initiations and fire baptisms of light and knowledge, as into a new world, where the horizon is vaster and the prospects immeasurably more beautiful than in the land of his childhood. Nor is it in mere accumulations of knowledge that such men differ from the multitude or from barbarians. What powers are unfolded in them, of which less developed natures have little or no experience; what accuracy of observation; what logical precision of thought, to say nothing of the lightning intuitions and inspired revelations, wherewith these glorious hierophants of genius are occasionally favoured! And it is the same when we proceed to the experiences of seers and saints. What developments of their moral nature must have been subjectively familiar to Moses and Mohammed, to Elijah and Christ, of which, from peasant to prince, the many are utterly ignorant!

But when we pass from the limits of our own plane into that of brutes, we find that the sphere of the conscious is yet farther diminished, the mammal being unconscious of the rational and moral elements developed in the savage, and the reptile being unconscious of the affections experienced by the mammal. But if, as we thus gradually descend in the scale of being, the conscious sphere proportionately diminishes, until we are at last landed in the insentient and utterly unconscious, that is in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, have we not reason to believe that as we ascend, the conscious will proportionately increase, developing susceptibilities and capacities whereof man, though he may possess the germs, is still as unconscious as the brutes of those rudimentary endowments of reason and principle, which, incipient in them, attain to conscious action and manifestation only on the plane of the human, and even there but feebly and imperfectly, save in the exceptional instances of a few richly endowed and fortunately situated members of the higher races and more civilised communities? Thus contemplated, our limitation of the hierarchy of heaven, even in its sublimest grades, to the simply human type of mind and form is, to say the least of it, very problematical. What should we think of a dog, however faithful and intelligent, roundly affirming that his master was only a superior specimen of the canine species, which Nero, poor fellow, would of course regard as the *ne plus ultra* of corporeal structure and mental constitution! This matter goes down to greater depths than ordinary Bible readers, or even the Swedish seer and his followers, suppose. It is no doubt quite

true that the entire sentient sphere, from the worm to man, is but the gradual unfolding of an embryo, arrested at the successive stages of its development, and in this sense the dog would have been quite justified in speaking of his master as canine, just as the master would, in the same sense, be quite justified in speaking of all the angelic orders as human, that is, as higher developments of a germ of being that was once human, in the lower stages of its transitional growth into a higher grade of organization and function. But to thus limit the ascensive movement of universal being to the line on which we ourselves happen to stand in the immediate present, is to descend out of universals into particulars, and then foolishly admeasure the possibilities of the former by the actualities of the latter.

We have spoken of organisation and mental constitution in conjunction; we have done so because it is obvious that nature has established a certain harmonic relationship between them. Mind, so far as known to us, is everywhere mirrored in organisation; it is so perhaps primarily, because the latter is the apt and obedient instrument of the former. The predatory tendencies of the Felidæ and Raptores are reflected in their respective structures, according to the specialities of the quadruped in the one case, and the bird in the other, while the opposite qualities are equally reflected in the Bovidæ and Gallinacæ. The reptile form is but the symbol of the reptile mind, and so man, contemplated organically, is but the symbol and expression of that dawning rationality and principle, and that slowly retreating and often recalcitrant bruteness which, in varying proportions, according to racial type and individual speciality, go to make up the present actually constituent elements of his compound being. Now to suppose that any one distinctly marked type of existent humanity, whether Negroid, Turanian, or Caucasian, is to be everlastingly perpetuated on the celestial plane, as the outward symbol and visible expression of every grade of angelhood, is to expect that the harmonic laws are to be suspended, and that presentable form is to be no longer the index of mental constitution and operation. But it will perhaps be said that angels, as grander and purer men, are also to be sublimer in aspect and more beautiful in form and feature than any existent race. Exactly so. Only admit this, and you grant the operation of the principle, the force of the law for which we contend, namely, that whether worm or man, devil or angel, the form will of necessity be declaratory of the mental constitution. But where, then, will you fix the limits of angelic development? Is, for instance, a purified spirit, who presumably subsists by respiring the divine fire-aura of heaven, and who has been liberated from every vestige of sensuality, is he, we say, to have the same proportion of thoracic to abdominal viscera which we find in our-

selves? Is the basis of his brain to bear the same proportion to its coronal and anterior developments, or is the lower portion of his face to be as large in proportion to his forehead as in the common individualities around us? If we find that the nervous temperament is accompanied by finer extremities, even among us earth-dwellers, what is the pattern of an angel's hands, to whom the finest artist or poet here is, supposably, but as a clod of the valley to the noblest of time's great heroes?

But in the cases thus far under consideration, the angel is supposed to be only a superior *man*, and therefore still presentable under the human type. But granting that the sphere of the unconscious in man becomes so far unfolded in him that he differs from us as much as we do from the brutes, or they as mammals do from the reptiles, that is, granting that vast powers of thought and action, and refined susceptibilities to affection and emotion, are developed into effective manifestation in him, which are latent in us, so that virtually he becomes a being of a higher order, separated, shall we say, by a "discrete degree" from us, what then becomes of our predication as to the necessary persistence of his human type? Of course the reply to this is facile on the part of a certain class of theologians who, begging the whole question in dispute, roundly assert the impossibility of any moral and intellectual type superior to that of man in his unfallen condition. But when we consider the relationship organically, of man to the brutes, and when we moreover reflect on the obviously imperfect, and we may say infantile, if not embryonic condition of our own earth, as a mere planetary dependency of one of the great solar centres of creation, we being but the imperfectly developed organs of this cosmic embryo, we shall know what value to set upon their baseless dogmatism, which is in very truth but the insufficient cover of their ignorance of the harmonic laws, and their consequent incapacity to conceive the possibility of a type of being superior to their own.

From what has been said the reader will at once perceive that anthropomorphism is simply the dream of men ignorant of the very elements of the problem they were called upon to solve, and who, in accordance with the mental habitudes of their class, made baseless dogmatism subserve the place of deductive knowledge. But if the limitation even of angelic form to the human type be so manifestly absurd, what shall we say of anthropomorphism proper, that is, the application of the same restrictive law to the Divine Being himself! Only think of limiting the Universal Source of all possibilities of form and function to an animate type, only developed, geologically speaking, yesterday, on a little planet, so minute and opaque that it is altogether invisible from the nearest star to our sun! But the full consideration of this subject necessarily leads us down to such

depths of psychology, cosmology, embryology, and comparative anatomy, that any further remarks on it must be postponed till after the appearance of our promised papers on "The place of man in the scale of being," and on "The probable aspect of future organic life on the earth."

To return, however, from these disquisitions, almost too subtle for the pages of aught but a journal like the present, avowedly devoted to psychological investigations, the reader will see that evil, as comparative good, must exist under some form on every plane short of the infinite and the absolute. The divine is the only condition of existence perfectly good, all others, in virtue of their being inferior to this, though ever progressing towards it, must necessarily be imperfect; that is, their good must have relation to the standard of their own plane, not to absolute perfection. But a being in harmony with his own plane may experience a degree of happiness in proportion to his capacity for its enjoyment, of which, unhappily, but few men can form even a remote conception. This rather strange utterance requires perhaps a little explanation. Suffering may arise from conditions within, or it may impinge upon us through the agency of forces from without. Now a being in harmony with his environment escapes the former, though he may be subject to the latter. Of this we have a lowly example on the merely sentient plane, where apparently the birds sing and the brutes disport themselves in blissful unconsciousness of any evil, till want of food or danger from their enemies occasions bodily pain in the one case, and fear in the other, these being, as already remarked, but the necessarily preservative conditions of their existence. But in man as a transitional type, gradually emerging out of the brute into the human plane, we see, in addition to all extraneous sources of suffering, the strain, often amounting to agony, of a tremendous internal conflict between a life of instinct, in accordance with the demand of the senses and the prompting of the impulses, and a life of reason and principle, in accordance with the inspiration of the intellect and the aspiration of the sentiments. But even here, this is almost imperceptible in the stagnant savage, and is only strongly marked in the higher individualities of the superior and progressive races, where the upward and onward movement of humanity has attained to greater momentum, and as a consequence, the man becomes painfully conscious that his life is not in harmony with his principles, nor his environment in accordance with his requirements. It need scarcely be said that this simple statement of facts affords subject matter for the profoundest meditation on the condition of every grade in the great hierarchy of spiritual intelligence, but our paper, already of undue length, must not be farther extended by the temptation, even of this suggestive theme.

There is yet, however, one other phase of this subject on which we must also be brief. The major part of our remarks in the foregoing pages, apply to evil only on the objective hypothesis. Contemplated subjectively, it assumes a very different aspect and looms out in quite other proportions. If the universe be in reality but a thought in the mind of God, and as apprehended by man, but the play of spiritual forces within the sphere of his subjectivity, then action is in very truth simply thought made manifest, and the deeds done and the things suffered in the flesh are but the indications of spiritual conditions, the phenomena of our experience being only the dreamlife of the soul projected on the plane of time and space. And is not this a fair deduction from the principles already established? If the universe be a thought in the mind of God, is it not possible that his environment may be equally a thought in the mind of man, the son partaking of his Father's nature, and so acting as a demiurgus in his own limited sphere? Thus apprehended, life in time is seen to be but the discipline of the spirit; its joys and sorrows, its triumphs and mortifications, its labours and achievements, being lessons which this prince of the eternity could not receive in the cloudless lucidity and calm serenity of his celestial home, and for which therefore it was necessary that he should *subjectively* descend into a sphere of more restrictive conditions and closer limitations, where his powers would apparently be lessened and his difficulties and temptations increased, and where, on a lower plane, he is schooled by severer experiences than are possible in the heavenly land of his spiritual consciousness.

But whether the objective or subjective hypothesis be adopted, it is unavoidable that, with such views as those embodied in the foregoing pages, we should regard evil as phenomenal. It is a thing of time not of eternity, a finite shadow, to be ultimately swallowed up in the infinite glory. Like the creation conditioned by its existence, it is means to an end—a process, not a result, indicating the truth of that profound saying of the Eastern theologians, that “God is great when he creates, but greater when he does not,” perfection being attained when all things exist *IN* and not *from* the divine life, or as the sacred oracles phrase it, “God shall be all and in all.”

SPIRIT ACTION ON AND IN MAN.

KNOWLEDGE is power. Apply this axiom to the dance of theories as exhibited in *Human Nature*, public journals, and elsewhere; and something like order is perceived in the convolutions of the dervishes. At first sight all is confusion and mystification; the eye, the ear, and the

brain, get wearied with the twistings and twinings of the theorists, and we are apt to turn away with a feeling akin to disgust, and with the impression that "fools all" is a truth; think that the less we trouble ourselves with the subject of spirit-power the better for common sense; but if we watch narrowly the movements of the several parties, there is order in each—each moving in his own orbit of action—all are enjoying themselves in their exercises, and evidently considering their movements superior in natural gracefulness and utility of motion to those of all others acting on the platform of life.

Let us arrange the dancers in order, and order appears; they dance according to the extent of their knowledge. The plain hobby-de-hoy movement was once the only movement of perfection known to several who are now the most graceful; they know all the inferior dances, and can perform them if need be. But the inferior artists cannot understand and appreciate the more advanced stages of action, and between these extremes there are gradations that may ultimately equal and excel the most finished of the graceful throng. Some of these dances are well known by their names of mesmerism, automic action, dual brainage, spasmodic action, insanity, nerve force, od force, electricity, muscular excitation, fever, soul-travelling during sleep, animal sympathy, thought-reading, &c.; and ending in disembodied spirit action. These dances, if ranged in order, will show progressive steps from matter to spirit; and instead of the mirage heretofore imagined, it is simply the declared progress of each class at the date of the exhibition of their powers. Ask No. 5 privately, and you will find that at one time his belief was only that of No. 1; and so on with the rest of the performers. No one has a right to blame them for their limited knowledge; if they know no better, they can only be blamed for ignoring the existence of a higher development, on the ground that they have not yet arrived at the superior range of action. Leaving the figure: we regret that circumstances around us limit the opportunities for learning more of the higher departments of immortal life. There are so few books published on spirit life, and the mental action of every-day human life is so continuous as to fatigue the brain, and unfit it for the additional strain needed for an extended examination of the various departments of the natural and the supernatural; and, therefore, in the majority of instances, man acts with questions as to spirit-life, as he does with medical ones; leaves the one to his priest, and the other to his doctor.

As iron sharpens iron, so does mind sharpen mind by the frank communication of knowledge, and of the laws to be deduced therefrom. The more a man knows of the mysteries of his own being, the more readily will he acknowledge that he perceives powers in play, which in fresh combinations may prove that his present knowledge does not wrap the infinite in its folds.

I rejoice greatly that *Human Nature* is a storehouse for facts; those facts as they accumulate, will, on examination, be found to range themselves into forms or divisions, as crystals in mineralogy. That electricity, od force, nerve force, mesmerine, &c., are all powers from one source, true to, and of themselves; are parts of a whole, not disproving the existence of the diamond-spirit, but links in the chain of creations from the body to the soul, and soul to the spirit; substances

three, a trinity of powers in unity of action; spirit, the life, a substance; moving the soul, a substance; as its lever for the body, that gross conglomeration of particles, the alpha and omega of many, but in reality the mere workshop of the spirit.

The great danger to be avoided is that of giving intelligence to chemical action, instead of to the chemist who thinks, arranges, and performs the experiments. We cannot say seidlitz powders are intelligences, because they come not of their own will; we have to ask for the contents in the blue and white papers, and under certain conditions, the effect is visible. Neither can we say a table moves itself, or a bell rings, or an accordion sounds, without intelligent action being brought to bear on those solids. To say electricity did it, is to show utter ignorance of electrical laws. To say od force did it, shows that they darken counsel by the use of phrases without knowledge, and acknowledge the presence of a power denied by the schools of science in England and Germany. To say that there exists no *substance* but those seen, is to deny the existence of the air we breathe, of oxygen, or nitrogen. To say that *life* cannot exist in those or other unseen powers, is to make mind or life a heavier, denser substance than the gases. To assert that the witnesses of phenomena were biologised, is not only to acknowledge the existence of a power denied by medical authorities, but to acknowledge that there was a biologiser in the room at the time, and that any and every person can, without warning, have his senses suspended without look or touch. To say that the phenomena witnessed were not seen, is simply to give the lie to those persons whose word, in the ordinary duties of life is their bond. It is to make the rule the exception, and the exception the rule.

The idea thrown out that possibly the tables and other solid substances are moved by persons whose bodies are asleep at the antipodes, is to give a power to the physical structure of man more wonderful than that enveloped in the assertion that he lives, and comes to see us, acts upon us, and on inanimate bodies *after* the severance of the spirit from the body. This idea is repugnant to our mental consciousness whether asleep or awake; for if they of the antipodes come to us when asleep, of course common politeness would cause us to return the visits during our drowsy moods; and the remembrance of our journeyings amid strange people, strange vegetation, strange countries, would ever and anon sweep through the chords of memory. But this is not a fact, the producers of the phenomena called Spiritualism assert they are (so-called) deceased relatives, and give evidence to confirm their statements. I avoid the realms of debate as sketched in mesmerism, trance, fever, human muscular action; and stand on those of inanimate substances moved intelligently without visible intelligence, a feat not more wonderful to the uneducated mind than a table being silently moved by an embodied man in the presence of a blind one. To the body being touched and handled by invisible power; to visible hands and wrists showing themselves to the sitters, as plain and as palpable as the finger was seen that wrote upon the wall in the palace of Belshazzar; pray what common sense ground is there for surmising that those hands were parts of an antipodian slumbering during his midnight hours?

Why do men's intellects wriggle into so many shapes to escape the

veracity of testimony? Is the extinction of the human mind so very blissful? Is there no pleasure in knowing that our deceased sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, still live and fondly think of us and ours? Is it so very glorious and consoling to think that flesh-man is *alone* in the universe of the Deity—that seen-man in his palace or his hovel is the only form of intellectual life created and sustained in existence by the Infinite? Self-esteem, talk less and investigate more; then will your discoveries in the realms of the Infinite cause your heart and intellect to dance for joy, and that as gracefully as the choicest among the throng, whose words and works sparkle in the pages of past history.

Think! Has light no substance, no power? Has fragrance from flowers, and fumes from metals, no substance, no shape, no dimensions, when they separate themselves from the solid and float to and past our bodies, giving health or sickness? Men of ordinary sense acknowledge the truth, and the chain of reason, link by link, reaches to the principle—That the subtle power called spirit, being more elastic and ethereal than those fragrances, fumes, air, and gases—could with greater ease manipulate those substances into a form, called soul, than it could manipulate iron, potash, soda, lime, &c., into the substance called flesh. Let us reflect a little. Light coming from the sun, the moon, and the stars, has, incorporated with it, the *mineral essences* of the worlds they come from. That each of these star-worlds is made of a leading or dominant mineral, thus:—one has iron as its basis, another copper, doubtless another silver and another gold. These unseen essences stream towards earth, which doubtless is to them a negative or receiver; they load our atmosphere with their nature and deposit their substance as a seen solid, and that as effectively as oxygen and hydrogen deposit their substance as water; and earth in return, sends to those orbs the substance it contains in excess. Thus substantial reciprocity, unseen, unobserved by the visual powers of man, is ever going on in all the majesty and magnitude of immensity—world with world, as in almost microscopic size, there is in flowers, in trees, in birds, and in animals.

These soul-substances are each, according to its nature, ever in motion; entering into or issuing from solids as positives and negatives, on the same principle as oxygen into animals and carbon into vegetables. If wind can torment oxygen and hydrogen when visible as water, so as to lay hold of pieces of rock several tons in weight, and toss them about as a boy does a ball; wherein is it incredible that spirit should inhabit those soul-powers, and direct the so-called imponderable energies, and produce the phenomena developed as spirit manifestations? What need of imagining that men are liars, or biologised, or that the spirit of an antipodian has set off during sleep on a tour of 12,000 miles to move tables, play instrumental music, intrance mediums, and tell us he comes from the spirit-world, is a brother or sister, husband or wife, when he is only a live blacksmith or Japanese on the other side of the world? Such ideas have no substance but the “baseless fabric of a” vagary. Let the existence of unseen bodies, devoid of intelligence, be firmly riveted on the mind; and then the existence of spirit in those bodies, or a modification of those bodies, becomes a possibility, a proba-

bility, a certainty, even without the wonderful facts scattered broadcast in history, political or religious, and showered in *Human Nature* on its readers during the last two years.

To the Christian who states he only needs his Bible, we say—Thank the God of your forefathers for revealing his angels to *them* in times of distress, and inducing those ancestors to record their experiences; but do not blame us for enjoying the same privilege.

To the Materialist who denies the facts narrated in the Bible, we say:—Trust the testimony of scores of men now living, who have felt the touch of angels, have seen their hands, have heard their voices audible as that of human beings, and have had direct guidance for the duties of ordinary life; and who also feel, who know that His angels *are* MINISTERING SPIRITS sent forth to minister to those who are anxious for divine help.

JNO. JONES.

Enmore Park, South Norwood.

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 WOODSON," ETC.

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CHAPTER LVI.—(Continued).

It was late in the fourth evening when we reached ——, and I could do nothing toward finishing my journey till morning came. I had seen but two persons besides Manuel, my driver, in the whole journey who could speak English; and I was very fearful I should find no one here. If not, how was I to get my further progress settled? I did not pay Manuel that night, telling him I must see him in the morning. If there were no other chance, I must negotiate through him. I slept well, for I was very weary, and I had here the first bed I had lain upon since leaving the ship.

When I woke, the morning was cloudy, and, walking to my window, my breath seemed to be taken away by the enormous height of the dark, frowning mountain, that reared itself into the mist and clouds of the upper air, within fifty rods of me. It was raining above there, but none had yet fallen where I was, and I hurried through my toilet, and set out on the labours of the day with no little anxiety.

I could make no one understand me, and had to hunt over the public rooms of the *Fonda* myself for Manuel. He was not to be seen, but men who seemed to have just left their sleep were gathering into an apartment across the hall from mine, and I waited and watched for sight of him, finding, after several attempts, that it was hopeless to look

for any other means of making my wants known. I could get a stolid, patient hearing from any one I met; indeed, they seemed rather pleased to have an excuse for stopping so long from their sauntering, lazy motion; but it always ended in—"No sabe, Signorita—no tiende—no Ingles."

What on earth am I to do if he doesn't come?—I asked myself; but then I remembered thankfully that I had been prudent enough to keep his money, which was the safest possible guarantee that I should see him by-and-bye.

I was looking anxiously from the door, and being looked at in return by some not pleasant eyes—a woman of my colour being rarely seen there—when, suddenly, I was gladdened by the sight of a Saxon face. The man who wore it was a sort of half-way gentleman in his garb, and seemed to have some business in hand, for he was walking more like a live person than anybody I had seen since leaving the city. He had entered the street or plaza, where I stood, a little below, and was moving away in the opposite direction, so that I had but one resource, and that was to follow and accost him instantly.

"Pray, sir," I said, when, by hastening—to the wonder of everybody—I had overtaken him, "do you speak English?"

"Yes,"—with a look of unequivocal surprise.

"Then, will you have the kindness to give me a little help? I arrived here last evening, on my way to El Mino Valverde—"

"Ah! that is our place—Colonel Anderson's, isn't it?"

"The very same," I said, almost unable to believe in my good fortune. "Do you belong there?"

"Yes; I am one of his foremen, and am down with a team and some of the hands, after machinery."

"Then you can help me to some means of going out, can you not? I am an old friend of Mrs Anderson."

"Are you Miss Warren, whom they expect from California?"

"Yes."

"Then there is an old shipmate of yours here now—Antonio; he came down with us yesterday, and spoke of you on the road; I will send him to the *Fonda*, and he will be able to do everything for you; I suppose you would like to be on the road soon?"

"Yes, as quick as possible; but do you drive waggons all the way?"

"Our heavy teams we do; but there is no road that a light waggon could go over, and passengers always go on mules. Mrs Anderson went on one."

"Well," I replied, "I will try it—though I am not a rider. Can you put a trunk into your waggon?"

“Oh, yes, anything you have can go with us; but you could not stand our slow travel. It will be well on to five o'clock by the time we get up, and you will go in two hours, or two and a half.”

I accordingly returned to the house, paid Manuel, who soon appeared, and, having got him to order me coffee and eggs for breakfast, I sat down to wait for Antonio.

There was a kind of aching expectation in all my nerves. I was not more than half sensible to the wonder and grandeur of the spot I was in, though I looked at the awful mountains with my face right up to heaven, and followed out with my eye a zig-zag path up the precipitous side of one, which I greatly feared was the very one I should have to try, by and by, on a perilous mule's back.

Before my breakfast was brought in, Antonio came. I could almost have kissed the creature, I was so heartglad, in that wild, strange spot, of the sight of his honest affectionate face.

“Antonio,” I said, “you are a treasure—you are better than gold to me now! Sit down on my trunk,”—chairs are very scarce in the Andes—“and tell me how I am to get out to Colonel Anderson's.”

Either his English had improved marvellously, or it was so much better than the vile attempts at it I had heard along the road, that it seemed so.

“I got a first-rate mule of master's here,” he replied; “I put you on him, and walk.”

“Oh, no,” I said; “if your mule is very good, let me ride it, and I will hire one for you.”

But he would not hear of this. He could walk as fast, he said, as I would ride. “I walk home in two hour, Miss Warren; and Signorita and Mas'r Philip and the Colonel all be so glad you come. Talk much about you.”

“Do you live in their house?” I asked.

“Yes, I live with Colonel all the time; no been here before since we come.”

“Then,” said I, “it must have been Providence that sent you now, I think.”

“No, Signorita; mistress send me for some very nice chicken to lay egg. I bought many, and they go in waggon, by and by.”

I took my breakfast while he was gone to get his and arrange his affairs; and at last he came, leading to the door a sturdy, shining brown mule, with a very shabby side-saddle, that might have been the property of Mrs Noah before they took to the ark: it was so very aged, that I feared to trust myself upon it without trying the girths and stirrups; but Antonio looked so hurt at my pulling and examining them,

that I desisted, and stepping on a large stone near the door, I took my seat in it. Mr Johnson, the foreman, had come to receive my luggage, and when all was adjusted, I pulled the bridle-rein and followed Antonio, a little nervously at first, but with a lively sense, all the time, of the spectacle I should be in any other part of the world I had ever seen.

It was our road, as I suspected, that lay up the breast of the high mountain—not the highest one—and through what seemed to me a slight depression between it and the next peak, south. But when we reached the top of our ascent, I found there were still great elevations on either hand, and we looked back into the narrow basin we had left, and off over wild, rugged groups of mountains, with slender valleys, and dark, wooded gulfs between them—an endless confusion to my eyes. The rarefied air swept through the elevated passes, and moaned softly among the sorrowing evergreens that welcomed it, as if it grieved for the living sea and the distant populous worlds it had left below. How profound the solitude of that cloud-piercing world! How awful the power that had sent forth such proclamation of itself!

When we reached the next valley, Antonio told me we were a little more than half-way. Our path often left the rude waggon-road, making “cut-offs” up or down the mountains.

It was Mrs Anderson’s favourite ride, he said, to the top of the next hill, and when we got there, we could see the smoke from Valverde.

“I go first, and tell her you come,” he suggested.

“No, no, Antonio; I can’t spare you.”

“Mula safe,” he said; “he know the way home; bring you right there.”

“But I don’t wish them to know till I get there,” said I. “I want to walk into her house without a word.

He laughed, as understanding something of my feelings, and we held our way to the hacienda.

From the height overlooking it, I could, as Antonio had said, discern something more like a palpable wreath of light than smoke, changing and shifting slowly among the piles of evergreen foliage. Two giant birds of prey floated lazily, in majestic circles, in the thin air above us; but except them and ourselves, no living thing was in sight. The mountains were bald in patches, but generally thinly covered with the evergreens I have mentioned, sparsely intermixed with the more generous foliage of larger-leaved trees.

Down, down, down we went—the verdure increasing with our descent, or, rather, the evidences that there had been verdure, and would be again, when the new rains of the season had brought it forward.

The wonder I continually entertained, was—how did anybody ever find this spot, or dream that it contained treasure? Indeed it was “a wild and wondrous region,” as Colonel Anderson had told Eleanore.

At last we emerged upon a hand’s-breath of level ground—a miniature valley, which a large house would almost have filled—and then our path lay across a little elevation beyond, from which we saw the houses, through the scattering tree-tops, and heard noises; and then Antonio’s impatient feet literally danced to be gone before me with the good news. But I could not let him.

“You must let me go first, now,” said I—“there’s a good soul—and you shall have the first word some other time.”

We entered upon the short bit of worn road, that might be called the street of the hacienda, and a few rods in advance I saw a house, with neatly-curtained windows, standing alone, and a little back from the dust-line, with a rustic piazza, supported by small knotty trunks and thatched with evergreen boughs, which I immediately guessed to be Eleanore’s home; and glancing at Antonio, I saw by the direction of his gleaming eye that I was right. Mula knew it also, and set his ears forward, and shambled into three or four steps of trotting to bring me to its front.

How clean swept was every inch of the dry ground on which I alighted! The door stood open, and I was hoping to steal in before anybody should see me; but when I had scarcely two steps left between me and the threshold, there appeared the happy face and well-remembered form of the master-spirit of this little world, with wide-extended arms, that took me in and folded themselves about me with a heartiness which filled my eyes instantly.

“Where is *she*?” I whispered, when he had kissed my cheek.

“In a back room,” he answered, in the same tone, “and doesn’t know you are here. Come softly, and we’ll surprise her.”

I followed without speaking. She had heard his footstep, but not mine, and was occupied for the moment with something that kept her face turned from us.

“Come in, dear Leo. I was just thinking of something I have to say to you—something very important.”

“I am afraid you will have to put it off, Nelly. I can’t possibly hear it now.”

“But you must and shall, sir.”

“I cannot, my queen. I have something to say to you, instead.”

“That will do quite as well,” she replied; and I could hear the old laugh in her words. “I’d rather hear you than myself. It was only a bit of stratagem to keep you a few minutes.”

Colonel Anderson had pressed me from the doorway, so that, after the first glance at her, I was out of sight. She now turned toward him, and seeing his face, asked, in quick, surprised tones: "What is it, Leo? There's a pleasant story in your eyes"—approaching rapidly with the words. "Tell me what it is." And she drew his arm coaxingly about her.

"Somebody has come."

"Ah! your Mr Hedding, is it? or Huntley? or who else?"—seeing him shake his head.

"Somebody better than either. Here she is"—stepping suddenly aside and disclosing me.

We went spontaneously into each other's arms.

"I felt you were near us this morning," said she; "and I wanted to tell Leo so, but I was afraid of that deep smile in his eyes. He thinks I don't see it, because he doesn't let it come out of them, but I do. How good and handsome you look, dear Anna."

"Yes," said Colonel Anderson, "you both are handsomer at this moment than usual; so much so, that I am not willing to act the part of mere spectator any longer;" and with a strong arm about each of us, he drew us away to a lounge—yes, a real Yankee lounge, got up by Eleanore's own hands—that stood across the room, and there seated himself between us.

CHAPTER LVII.

I SHALL not attempt to give you the sequel of that meeting, nor how question and answer followed so fast on one another, that Col. Anderson at last stopped his ears, in an affected agony of confusion, and kissing Eleanore, said, impudently, he should have to go, as a measure of self-defence. It was necessary he should preserve his intellects.

"Which will require little effort, sir, I should say, if we are to judge by the magnitude of the thing to be saved," was her answering thrust.

"There it is, you see, Miss Warren," he said, appealing to me. "So merciless she is. I am always sure to get a heavier shot than I send, when I get this battery opened upon me. But I am so spicily treated after the wounding, that I love the warfare."

"Go away, sir," she said, looking after him with such radiant large eyes, "and come again when you can behave better. O Anna, I am so glad you have come, and yet I was happier before anybody could deserve to be. You see what he is now, and he is always so or better and nobler as he is graver. But I shall not tell you about him. You shall see for yourself. What is your first want, dear?"

"Phil," I answered.

"He is gone a little way up the mountain, with one of the men, who hurt his hand, and is disabled. You'll have to wait for him; and I suppose the next thing will be water and towels, or shall it be lunch?"

"Oh, the water first, by all means," I replied, and while the process it served was going on, our tongues were going too—all the thousand questions, and sort of outside experiences we had had, which friends such as we were, take off first and lay aside, as they do their dusty garments, thereby opening the way to the inmost heart-talk that would follow. I was eating a biscuit and some sweetmeat which Eleanore had brought in, when Antonio entered, and after many pleasant cheering words, for the good gift he had brought her, to my surprise asked some direction about the dinner.

"Is Antonio a house-servant, then?" I asked after he had gone.

"He is my cook and butler," she responded, laughing, "and we find him invaluable, I assure you. He is better than anything we could get of the natives—to say nothing of his being so attached to us, so cleanly and agreeable, where they would be intolerable. He does all the work with a boy to wait on him, and the house, when he is home, is perfect in neatness."

"How very fortunate," said I, "and the creature is so good and faithful."

"Yes," said Eleanore, her face shaded with a serious look of the past. "He seems to feel that there is but one pleasure in life for him, and that is in serving us. He will not take his wages from Leo, except enough to supply his wants, and make a few presents. He is very generous in that way to those he likes; but they are few out of our house. Most of the money he spends goes for gifts to Phil, and the rest we are laying up for him."

"Your house is small, Eleanore," said I. "What are you going to do with me?"

"You shall have my room, dear Anna, if you will consent to share it with Phil, and sometimes with me."

I was surprised at these words; but either she did not observe that I was, or did not see fit to heed it. I was moved almost to speech; but there was no pause in the flow of her varied talk, to give me an opportunity for so unwelcome and delicate an utterance as remonstrance would have been then, and therefore the subject passed into silence, not however, without a firm resolve on my part, to do my duty in regard to it some day.

In due time the little matters of settlement were disposed of. I was shown the resources of the house, and assigned my place in the largest sleeping-chamber, where she still kept her own bed, and as we had

never been a hindrance to each other in these ways, so we seemed now to take up our old relations of amity and order at once.

There was a small room, or rather closet, which she had had made off and lighted, between this and the next one, which was occupied by Colonel Anderson, and this was his dressing-room. I was shown with some pride all the order and comfort and neatness which she had been able to create here, with rather slender resources in furniture, which the cost and risk of transportation forbade their bringing in any considerable quantity; and I remember as we were returning to the parlour, her saying some confused words, which she blushed in uttering. "Leo and I have found that, dear Anna, which robs external life equally of its plainness and splendour. We both forget the isolation and rudeness here, as we should their opposites, were we in the midst of royal luxury. He *is* to me, and I *am* to him. That suffices us. I am absolutely and wholly happy except in the moments when I remember that this resplendent state on which I have entered, hangs upon a single life, and that a mortal's. Do not think me weak, dear friend. I have the sublimest sense of power in this experience. It is a revelation of myself to myself."

So I was established in this remote starry household, and there I spent four months, almost the entire rainy season, in an atmosphere of peace, love, refinement, and harmony, such as it was never my lot to breathe elsewhere. Intellect, taste, culture, wit, and sentiment, lighted and warmed our daily life.

Colonel Anderson was a man endowed with a mind at once so comprehensive and exact, and with so much executive force, that in his business matters there was rarely any jarring or hindrance. He had great forecast, and exercised a keen attention—therefore he had rarely an unsupplied want. His chief difficulty lay in the inferiority of the labour he was obliged to employ; but as there was no escape from this, he went on the first few months, diligently sifting his labourers, sending away the bad and encouraging the good, until at last he had about him, he said, as efficient a set of men as he had ever employed. But in no case were his out-door cares permitted to cloud the hours of leisure in the house. He often communicated to his wife the nature of the difficulties he met with; but when he came in from the works they were laid aside peremptorily, and a ride or a walk, or reading, or conversation, closed the days upon us, all grouped together sometimes, and at others, knowing their intense happiness in each other, I stole away by myself with Phil, and left them sitting like two unwedded lovers, and treasuring like them the charm of the hours, till they should separate for the night. Long before my visit was over, I gave my

hearty assent to Eleanore's family arrangements, seeing how harmoniously they moved on with them, and with what entire respect as well as tenderness each was considered in them. I told her so one day.

"Ah, dear Anna," she said, "I felt you would see it so after a while. Leonard, I think, had your feeling and thought about it at first; but now he tells me he is so grateful for my having entreated him to give me my way for six months. He will never think of any other, he says; and I am sure the whole world would not induce me to risk one spark of his precious love, by a greater familiarity."

"You are right," I said, "dear Eleanore, I am persuaded; "but I do not feel certain that the same views and practices would serve all sorts of people."

"Possibly not, Anna, lower persons than we are. One blushes and grieves to think of the army of people in whom sense is the only or chief bond of union; but there are also very many, dear, who would be as happy as we are, if they would but search themselves out, and estimate truly their sources of enjoyment. The laws which govern our gratifications are as invariable as any others in nature; and if we will not study and heed them, how can we expect to be blessed with the rewards of obedience? Leo and I are, thank God, so mated in our mental being, that we have infinite joys derivable from it alone. When some thought or subject of our own does not come to us, we go with equal pleasure to serious or entertaining books—to Ruskin, or Dickens, or Carlyle—though I confess the last is less a favourite with me than with him. But in these, and such as these—in the great poets, and in the thinkers and teachers of our own country, whom I am proud to bring to his acquaintance, we find such exhaustless themes for our tongues, that we often bid each other good-night as reluctantly as if we were not inmates of the same house. Then we have the same zest in meeting again, that two such persons, loving each other as we do, would have under those circumstances.

"Did I tell you that he surprised me one day, a short time before you came, by walking into the house with that set of Ruskin in his arms. Hearing me refer to him frequently in our talks on art, mental growth, and so on, he had written to Mr. Hedding to ransack the city for 'The Stones of Venice.' They were not to be had in the book-stores, and the good old gentleman, by great diligence, found this set on a gentleman's library-shelves, and made out such a piteous case about our seclusion and suffering tastes, and so on, that he sold them to him. He said he supposed he could wait for others from London better than we could; and we were very thankful for them, I assure you. They are not a quarter read yet, because Leonard has seen a

great deal that he describes; and this, and all our discussion, makes the reading slow.

“ We agree, dear Anna, in sentiment, in our hopes for man, and in all the main estimates of what life is to do for us. The only differences we have, are as to means and practicabilities, and thus we have endless agreement and disagreement without discord.”

T R U S T .

BY MRS. E. P. THORNDIKE.

Dark lowers the cloud! oh human heart,
 Still bleeding and despairing?
 Then let me rend the veil apart,
 Thy deepest sorrow sharing.

The past a dark, sad picture weaves,
 To eyes all moist with weeping;
 The future, under love's bright leaves,
 Is purely, sweetly sleeping.

In memory's heritage of tears
 The meadow-land is flowing,
 The hill of life at last appears
 To have another showing.

A greater lesson comes to-day,
 Born of the tempest's raging;
 More true and lasting is its sway—
 A nobler life presaging.

Shrink not to scan the picture well,
 Though pain in retrospection
 Shall cause the chords of life to swell
 Beneath the deep inspection.

No faltering step has e'er been lost,
 But nobly, wisely taken,
 Though sharp and strong the pang it cost,
 With reason almost shaken.

But poised above the sullen roar
 Of error, seething, swelling,
 The troubled heart, though sad and sore,
 Has reached a purer dwelling.

All bright above the tempest's strife,
 In calmer *trust* reposing—
 A heritage well earned, a life
 To grander ends emerging.

A broader sweep of destiny
 Beams now above displaying
 The true and wave-like symphony
 That higher love is swaying.

All eager climb the mountain height
 Of sterling, wise endeavour;
 The beacon now is pointing bright,
 Despite the wind or weather.

The guiding hand is thine ; accept,
 For at the threshold waiting,
 An angel in the heart hath kept
 Thy earliest thoughts debating.

The aspirations of the child,
 All garnered and protected,
 Assume a power more firm and mild,
 That still is heaven directed.

Life's mission, then, will be more plain
 Unto thy comprehension,
 When thou dost learn it is in vain
 The Father's plan to question.

But trusting, yield thy better self,
 Heeding thine own impression ;
 And let thy deep soul's glowing wealth
 Become the world's possession.

—*Banner of Light.*

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY AND SPIRITUALISM.

EVIDENCE CONTINUED.

It is well to state that the meetings of the committee were held every fortnight during the months of April, May, June, and July, to receive the evidence of witnesses, at the residence of Dr. Edmunds, 4 Fitzroy Square, London, W.C. That held on the 14th of April, 1869, was interesting and important.

Several ladies and gentlemen attended before the committee and gave highly interesting details of what they had seen and heard. Many of the committee were considerably puzzled by the manifest sincerity with which persons, not mere *gobe-mouches*, testified to having witnessed phenomena of so extraordinary and incredulous a character. Some of those who favoured the committee with their experience had no professional interest in the matter, as media or otherwise, and their *bona fides* was as unquestionable as their intelligence.

Mr. Jencken, barrister, read a paper of great interest. We regret that space does not allow of more than an abstract of this document, which treated of the different classes of spiritual phenomena. Speaking of the remarkable "levitations" (floating in the air) of the body of the medium, Mr. Jencken said—

"These levitations you will find recorded as having occurred as far back as the year 1347, and another instance took place in the year 1697: Göethe refers to this wonderful phenomenon in his life of Phillipinari. The levitations of Mr. Home are so well known that I need not more than allude to them. Upwards of 100 levitations have taken place during his lifetime, of which the most remarkable are the carrying of his body out of one window of the third floor at Ashley House into an adjoining window, and the lifting of his body, raised three or four feet off the ground at Adare Manor for twenty or thirty yards. As regards the lifting of heavy bodies I can myself testify; I have seen the semigrand at my house raised horizontally

eighteen inches off the ground, and kept suspended in space two or three minutes. I have also witnessed a square table lifted one foot off the ground, no one touching it, or being near it; a friend present seated on the carpet, and watching the phenomenon all the time. I have seen a table lifted clear over head six feet off the ground; but what is more remarkable I have seen an accordion suspended in space for ten or twenty minutes, and played by an invisible agency.

"The second group of phenomena is that of the producing of raps or knocks, to which, no doubt, the tradition of the Poltergeisters owes its origin. Thousands in this town have heard them and received messages spelt out by these means, the well-known alphabetical method being usually employed. I have known messages spelt out by the tilting of a semigrand piano, accompanied by loud raps, no one at the time being in contact or within several feet of the instrument.

"The third group of phenomena includes the uttering of words and sentences, sounding of music, singing, &c. These sounds have been produced without any visible agency being present. Thus at Great Malvern, at the house of Dr. Gully, I heard three voices chanting a hymn, accompanied by music played on an accordion suspended in space, eight or nine feet off the ground.

"At the passing away of an old servant of our household, a strain of solemn music was heard by the nurse and servants in the room of the dying woman; the music lasted fully twenty minutes.

"The fourth group includes the playing on musical instruments, the drawing of figures, flowers, and writing, by direct spiritual unseen agency.

"These phenomena are of frequent occurrence. The following are more rarely exhibited:—The fire-test I have seen several times. I have seen Lord Adare hold in the palm of his hand a burning live coal, which Mr. Home had placed there, so hot that the mere momentary contact with my finger caused a burn. At Mr. S. C. Hall's a large lump of burning coal was placed on his head by Mr. Home; and only a few days since a metal bell, heated to redness in the fire, was placed on a lady's hand without causing injury. At Mr. Henning's house I have seen Mr. Home place his face into the flames of the grate, the flame points penetrating through his hair without any injury being sustained.

"The next class of phenomena are those extraordinary elongations of the medium's body. I have witnessed the elongation and shortening of Mr. Home's person many times, and at Mr. S. C. Hall's, about three months ago, Mr. Home and Miss Bertolacci were simultaneously elongated."

Mr. Jencken described various other phenomena, such as the suspension of fluids in space and the appearance of spirit hands and forms, which have been both seen and felt by himself.

Two ladies present stated that they had seen the phenomena referred to by Mr. Jencken.

One of the committee asked Mr. Jencken what kind of evidence he would think adequate to get a jury in a court of justice to believe that a man had walked down the street carrying his head under his arm?

Mr. Jencken said that he would simply ask the jury to come into the street and see the fact for themselves. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Honeywood at the request of the chairman, then stated that she had witnessed spiritual phenomena. While sitting in a circle recently, the table rose, the room vibrated so violently that an engineer said that nothing but the strongest machinery could cause such oscillation, and an accordion was played in the air, Mr. Home holding one strap. There were lights in the room. Three or four persons,

unknown to Mr. Home, mentally wished for particular tunes, and they were played.

The Hon. Mrs. Egerton gave her experiences in the following words:—The most remarkable manifestations I have seen were those of last Sunday evening, at my house. We were seated in a room which would have been dark but for the light outside. We first heard raps, and then we saw a figure at the window. It entered and then figures came trooping in by dozens. One waved its hand and passed through us—the atmosphere became fearfully cold. A figure—that of a relative—came behind my chair, leaned over and brushed my hair lightly with its hand. It was eight feet high, and, approaching the person of Lindsay, passed through him. He sobbed hysterically from the intense cold. But the most extraordinary thing of all was the laughter. One of us said something and all the spirits laughed with joy. The sound was indescribably strange, and it appeared to us as if it came from the ground. That was the first time we heard voices.

Interrogated by the committee, this lady stated that Mr. Home was present on the Sunday evening, but she had seen things when Mr. Home was not present. We sat, she continued, in a circle at first, and we were seven in number. Five of the seven saw just what I have described, and the others saw something, but not so distinctly. Mr. Home said there were nineteen spirits in the room at one time, and I could see their eyes—peculiarly brilliant eyes—looking at us. Mr. Home said to me, “Don’t be frightened, there is a spirit coming to you,” and in a few minutes I saw the bright eyes of the figure looking at me. The figure was defined. There were no clothes, but there was a peculiar rustle like that of silk. The faces were not defined to my view, but Mr. Home said he could see them—they had bare faces. Mr. Home was in the trance state. He walked about the room. I did not sleep much that night, for the spirits followed me to my room.

In answer to a gentleman it was stated that Mr. Home had no previous access to the room beyond having dined there.

Mrs. Honeywood stated that she was one of the seven at the house on the Sunday evening, but she did not see everything the others saw. She, however, observed the shadows quite distinctly.

Both these ladies made their statements with great clearness and intelligence, and replied with frankness to the questions put to them.

Mr. Simkins was next invited to speak. He said that having been induced to disbelieve in all religions he went to America, and then heard of Spiritualism, which he set down as the newest American humbug. Six days after his arrival he went to Henry Gordon’s for the purpose of laughing at the imposture, but no sooner had he entered the room than the body of Gordon approached him, and said, “How are you? You know your old college friend, Michael Carew?” Now, Michael Carew had been dead four years, and he (Mr. Simkins) had not thought of him for some time. “It is,” said the body of Gordon, “it is your old friend who has influenced you to quit the old country in order that you might be convinced of Spiritualism.” Then a young woman, who had been dead many years, and whom he could not recall to mind, made herself known to him by a circumstance—he had followed her to the grave, and her funeral was the only one he had ever attended.

Three years ago his wife had been thrown into a trance by spirits. For days she ate nothing, and for two months she partook of very little. She was under an Intelligence of some kind. She saw and described spirits, and then she became developed so that she could see and describe spirits without losing consciousness. Her hand used to be taken, and she wrote mechanically the name of Annibal Caracci and others of whom she knew nothing, and he had to consult cyclopædias to find out about them. She described the minutiae of the Roman dress—the toga, sandals, &c.,—of some spirits, although she knew not even the names of those articles of antique costume. Spirits sometimes possessed her. One was that of a Scotchman, and she on such occasions, spoke broad Scotch—a feat she was wholly unable to accomplish when not possessed by a spirit.

In reply to a medical gentleman, Mr. Simkins, stated that his wife was a strong wiry woman, never subject to fits or faintings, strong nerved, and almost insensible to fear. She went to a circle merely out of curiosity, and was entranced in two minutes. The only peculiarity she had was that her circulation was unusually rapid.

Mr. E. L. Blanchard then favoured the committee with his testimony. Some years ago, he said, circumstances threw him much in the way of haunted houses, about which he wrote magazine articles, and he in time came to believe in them from finding them so profitable. He then heard that the Marshalls in Red Lion Street were in the habit of raising ghosts to be seen at a shilling a head, and, indignant at this profanation of beings which he regarded with a sort of affection, he went to see the Marshalls for the express purpose of “showing them up.” He found that pieces of glass whitened, when held under the table, had names and sentences written on them in a remarkably small hand. The Marshalls were people who were unable to write some of the things which came up on the glass. Well, he went there some six years. A spirit would lay hold of his arm and “pump” the vital force out of him. Sometimes a small spark would appear on the floor; it would increase and grow into a hand. Then arose the question could the hand sustain a weight? and to test this a handkerchief would be thrown into it, and the spirit fingers would slowly uplift it into the air. At other times bells and accordions were played in mid-air, the table would rise, &c. He would sometimes be uplifted by the spirits and kept in the air; he used to ask them to let him down gently, lest he should be hurt. All this so weakened him that he did not like it, for he found that nothing but chops, &c., would sustain him under the “pumping” which he had to endure, so much was his vital force acted upon. He went there one evening after the death of his friend, Francis Talford, at Mentone; a paper and pencil were flung under the table, and the name “Francis Talford” was written. The Marshalls did not know the name, he used to go to their place, but they only knew him as “the young man with the fair hair.” He took the signature to the club, and there compared it with an undoubted autograph, and it was found that it could not possibly have been the result of forgery. At Foster’s he placed a name in a pellet on the table; the name was divined. He then said, “What name is written on my arm under my sleeve?” “William Blanchard. Your father?” “How long has he been dead?” While he was calculat-

ing the number of years "25" appeared in a hand—the exact number of years that his father had been dead. He had given up spiritualism during the last four or five years, for he found it very inconvenient when the printer was waiting for copy to be interrupted by spirits who wanted him as a medium. Mr. Blanchard subsequently related that the spirits of Alexander the Great and Joan of Arc appeared to write their names. Joan of Arc was asked if there was any other by which she was known, and she wrote "La Pucelle." The Marshalls of a certainty did not know so much French.

Mr. J. M. Spear, a professional medium, residing at Ampthill-square, Hampstead Road, said that originally he did not believe in spiritualism; but one day he saw his hand being moved, and it wrote "We wish you to go to Abingdon to see David Vinning." He went to Abingdon, and upon making inquiries found that a David Vinning resided there. He visited Mr. Vinning, and found him suffering from neuralgia. Instantly something passed from his (Mr. Spear's) hand to Mr. Vinning, and, after a shock or two, all pain went downwards through the legs and feet, and the suffering ceased. Thus he had proof that there was an Intelligence which made him write down a name he did not know, and that the Intelligence was benevolent, for he was sent to do good. Then his hand was taken and he wrote autographs which he knew nothing of. He took them to an autograph collector and they were pronounced to be wonderfully exact and different altogether from his own writing. Then the spirits would make his hand write, "We wish you to go to New York, to England, France, Scotland, Ireland!" He always obeyed, and the result was always satisfactory. From a lock of hair or a line of writing he could, by the spirit power, judge of character, aptitude, disease, &c. He had been sent to give a course of lectures, at Hamilton College, New York, on geology. He knew nothing of geology. When he arrived at the college he told the Professor, "I have been sent by the spirits to give a course of twelve lectures on geology." The Professor asked, "Have you a programme?" The answer was "Yes; look here," and the programme traced by the spirits was shown. The Professor could make no objection, and gave him the use of his cabinet. Sometimes the spirits guided his hand, and he wrote the lectures; sometimes they supplied him with words when he stood up to speak. Reporters took down his twelve lectures, and the Professor said, "He takes up geology where the books leave off. He contradicts nothing that is ascertained, but he explains much." In the same way the spirits caused his hand to write a paper on socialism, which Robert Owen—a good judge on that question—said was the ablest he ever read. This closed the testimony given on the 14th.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE IN A PUBLIC HOUSE AT NANTWICH.

IN various parts of the country public-houses are becoming notorious for "spirits" of a different kind from the "British and Foreign" of numerous brands, which they are accustomed to furnish to the thirsty multitudes who devote their vital powers and mentality to the worship of Bacchus. A few months ago a case similar to the one described

below excited considerable interest in a small town in the West of Scotland. Recently in Manchester, disturbances of a like description occurred; and now the operations of the invisibles have manifested themselves at Nantwich. In Wright's, a beerhouse in Churchyardside, very remarkable doings have been chronicled by the newspapers:—

“On several days during the past week we are told explosions occurred at intervals among the beer and porter casks. A great deal of liquor was lost, and it was impossible to keep some of the bungs in for any length of time, though some old hands had a try at it. The bottled porter towards the latter part of the week began to go also, and in order to preserve it a large number of the bottles were uncorked and the contents emptied. But this was an unpleasant, not to say dangerous operation, for while bottles were being carried from one room to another, they burst in the hands of the person carrying them, covering the said person with froth and porter, and leaving a quantity of broken glass in his or her hand. Empty glasses, jugs, decanters, and such like dead and inert articles were jumping from the shelves on to the floor! From the people in the house we learned that a few glasses and bottles had been cracking during the week, and that a number of bottles in exploding jumped from beneath the counter right over it. A number of bottles were placed in the yard in the hope of their being safe there, but it made no difference, off they went. On Friday afternoon bottles and glass, decanters and jugs were cracking at such a rate that the inmates scarcely durst go near the shelves to lift them down but retired to the yard to view the destruction from a safe position. And lest anybody should say that all this was owing to the fact that the glasses, &c., had been used for the beer and porter, and that something too strong had been put into those liquors, it was affirmed that a vinegar cruet had tumbled to the floor unaided, that a bottle with peppermint in it had, of its own accord, gone to smash, and to cap the climax, an ink bottle had flown out of the window! Moreover, we were informed that the bottles under the counter had been empty many a day, and the glasses had been washed and turned upside down. So much for the account of those connected with the house. Of outside testimony we have not very much. But there is one very respectable and reliable witness—this person (one well known in Nantwich) was passing the house that Friday afternoon delivering letters, and seeing a crowd looked in at the door. Just as she did so she says a glass came tumbling off the shelf, and, instead of falling straight down, came *over* the counter (which is opposite the door) towards the grate on the other side near the door. A moment after another came in the same way, and then she turned away feeling quite faint. Having, she says, just before been laughing at the tales she had heard of it as all nonsense, this sight gave her a great shock. Well, then a young man also of thorough respectability, was in the house and saw a tray full of glasses removed from the bar and set down on the parlour table; while his back was turned to them he heard a smash, and turning round he saw they had all tumbled to pieces. The tenant himself says that he has lost some £30 by it, and can show you a pile of broken glass in the yard, which certainly indicates that glass has been broken, but as to how or by whom, gives no clue.”

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

THE RELIABILITY OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

(To the Editor.)

The question whether or not the soul can leave the body during life, time, and the latter survive the event, seems to be still further complicated by the evidence of other clairvoyants and disembodied spirits—beyond the instances mentioned at page 321 of your June number.

In Hudson Tuttle's work "the Arcana of Nature," vol. 2, page 158, the controlling spirit writing through his hand says, speaking of the "Superclairvoyant State," "The spirit leaves the body, and, united with it only by the finest cord, traverses the remotest regions, converses with superior intelligences, and after its wanderings, again returns to the physical body."

Hudson Tuttle himself, also gives an incident of his own clairvoyant experience. "I apparently, he says, 'left the body,' and in company with my guardian, went to the spirit-world. I knew I must return. I came to my body. I saw it cold and motionless, rigid in every muscle and fibre. I endeavoured to regain possession of it several times, yet could not, and became so alarmed that I could not even make the effort; and it was only by and through the influence of the friends who were present that I succeeded at all. When at length I did recover my mortal garb, the anguish, the pain, the agony of that moment was indescribable. It was like that which is used to describe death; or which drowned men tell us of when they at length recover." "Some assert," he goes on to say, "that such is not the fact. If so, then good bye to clairvoyance for ever; for its teachings are too vague for embodiment in a system. All its revelations stand on the same platform, and if one is discarded so must be all."

Here is evidence of a clairvoyant and a controlling spirit on one side: what do we find on the other side of the question?

A. J. Davis in his "Stellar Key," at page 170, says, "To spirit power there is scarcely any limit. It would be difficult for any spirit to prove an *alibi*. This is an important point for all investigators to remember. The power of the spirit is the power of all to study. The force of the soul is not so important. The soul is organically wedged up in the body. No man's 'soul' ever goes out of his body but once; then it never returns, for from that moment the body is dead. Mediums have been permitted to say and do a great many things, because of the assumption being credited that they were not personally present in their own bodies. A multitude of spiritualists and mediums are now recovering from the effects of such mischievous superstitions."

At page 286 of "The Inner Life," Mr Davis says, "The clairvoyant may be hallucinated and completely deceived by the insinuating presence of some psychological influence, and he will fail utterly either to perceive or understand the nature and significance of the vision presented by a spirit-power." In illustration, Mr Davis gives a "remarkable and instructive vision of the spirit-world" as narrated by Plutarch.

He further tells us that "the clairvoyant medium is one, who,

differing from the natural, organic, independent clear seer, obtains distinct perceptions of spiritual things and personages, but not always associated with wisdom or comprehension.

“Individualized vision, and special lucidity of mind are, as I think, without a single exception, produced directly or indirectly by supermundane influences. There is nothing in cerebro-dynamics or natural laws capable of achieving such a development.” “Individuality of character is not a condition of that clairvoyance which is spiritually induced.”

Without personal experience it is impossible that any person can form a definite conception of clairvoyance or impression; it is therefore of the greatest consequence, that all persons having that experience should add to the stock of information, both by facts and arguments; and with this view I submit the above statements for consideration.

A. B. TIETKENS.

THE LOGIC OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

Our scientific contemporary, *The British Journal of Photography*, has of late contained quite a number of facts, letters, paragraphs, and other notices of Spiritualism, chiefly in connection with the celebrated spirit photographs. Out of these allusions to Spiritualism, a very spirited controversy has arisen, which we have much pleasure in transcribing. Mr. R. J. Fowler, Paris correspondent of the *B. J. of Photography*, opens fire as follows:—

“One little expected that spiritualism, whatever that means, should ever be alluded to in the pages of a photographic journal, or that photography should be drawn in to aid in the deceptions of the craft; but so it is, and in my opinion it is one of the most absurd and painful notions of the present age that spiritual beings should come at the will of photographic operators, and should ‘stand for their portraits.’ I am led to these reflections, and to make these remarks by the indignation I felt at reading the ridiculous nonsense which the Editor of the *Art Journal* is said to have communicated to Judge Edmonds, of Mumler Trial celebrity. If people will perpetrate such absurdities in print, they must take the consequences, and, although I would not willingly hurt the feelings of any one, nor touch upon such matters at all, I cannot avoid making my protest against the illogical and impious matter attributed to Mr. S. C. Hall, and to ask all photographers to scout this so-called ‘spiritualism,’ and wipe their hands of such things. I have longed as much as any one for the visits of glorified beings, but I would not wish to see one in a ‘mutch’ cap, with ‘hair plaited back,’ and blind. I should be shocked to think that such was the garb of ‘this mortal when it shall have put on immortality,’ and my common sense would teach me that ‘mutch’ caps and ‘plaited hair’ were at any rate mortal accessories, and could never survive eight months in the grave. My ideas of a glorified state would not let me believe that the ‘getting up’ and starching that ‘mutch caps’ would require were celestial occupations; nor could I imagine they could be obtained ready made in the habitations of the just. The vision of Mr. Hall will not hold together; it is full of absurdity, and is most illogical. If Mr. Hall believes that what he saw was the spirit of his risen sister, he must also believe in the resurrection of ‘mutch caps’ and ‘plaited hair.’”

Notwithstanding this curt letter, the writer’s “longings for the visits

of glorified beings" are quite creditable to him, and show that like all human beings he is a spiritualist at heart. However ignorant of the subject he may be, he takes up the same ground that George Cruikshank, the celebrated artist, occupied so facetiously in a pamphlet about eight years ago; and as the exceptions taken are important, the following able letter which appeared in reply will be read with interest:—

"MR. HALL'S LOGIC *versus* SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

"To the Editors.

"Gentlemen,—Your number of the 13th inst. has found me out in this somewhat out-of-the-way place, where I have arrived *en route* for a still more remote locality. After perusing Mr. Fowler's letter of the 9th, I desire to make a remark or two upon it.

"No person who knows me personally will accuse me of agreeing with all that Mr. S. C. Hall has written, and into no person would I more unfrequently desire to have a 'pitch in,' especially on the subject of 'spiritual photography.' But at the same time I cannot help arriving at the conclusion that the materialistic zeal of your excellent Parisian correspondent has prevented him from looking at the case in its true logical bearings.

"He protests, he says, against the illogical and impious matter attributed to Mr. Hall. Now, waiving altogether the impiety of the matter, there certainly is nothing 'illogical' in Mr. Hall's statement. He saw, when he was in company with a Scottish nobleman and several others, a certain thing or person which he says was luminous enough and stationary enough to permit of its being photographed; and this thing or person was seen by others than himself. Now, this is simply a matter of *observation*, not of *reasoning*. There is nothing 'illogical' whatever in recording a fact alleged to be observed. My remarks on the other side may have more force if I say that I not only am not a 'spiritualist' but I do not believe in the existence of spirit as apart from matter. Writing myself thus down as a materialist I cannot perceive that Mr. Hall who narrates an incident without comment, is so illogical as is represented by Mr. Fowler, who deduces from the narrative that a physical body, the recognisable part of man, may possibly reappear, but not so a garment, whether it be a 'mutch cap' or 'flowing raiment of white apparel.'

"Does Mr. Fowler not perceive that if the spirit render itself visible, either for photographic or other purposes, the body it once occupied, as well as the 'mutch cap,' are still resting in a definite spot—the grave, and that if it be possible for a recognisable semblance of a physical body to make its appearance, it is quite as possible that it should appear as it was wont to do, even if instead of embroidered garments it may have been the more homely 'mutch cap?' I know hundreds of estimable friends who profess to believe in visible angelic or spiritual visitations in the former times, some of which visitants could accomplish the matter-of-fact feat of taking a substantial meal from off a slain kid. Now, if angels or spirits could do this at *one* time, is it so very 'illogical' for the editor of the *Art Journal* to say that he has, in the presence of several other persons, seen a similar form or being sufficiently illuminated and for a sufficient length of time to permit of its being photographed? If Manoah could show his hospitality to visitors of this nature who were able to dispose of a hearty meal, what is there unreasonable in Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, with the Hon. Mr. Lindsay and others, seeing a similar figure?

"I have only confined myself to the logical bearings of the case.—I am, yours, &c.,

AN OLD M.D.

"*Peterhead, Scotland, August 23, 1869.*"

In the following number "A. B. C." adduces much important testimony in favour of the facts of Spiritualism, and thinks in the face of such

respectable evidence, Mr. Fowler had handled Mr. S. C. Hall rather harshly. Mr. Fowler replies and gives his belief respecting matters spiritualistic. He is an old-fashioned resurrectionist. "Putting on immortality" is, with him, to become a glorified nothing, "till the resurrection of the natural body." He argues—"Everything that is seen is material. If material it is not spiritual; if spiritual it is not seen." A very fine use of terms, indeed, but unfortunately no definition accompanies them. What is "spiritual" and what is "material"? Is man not as spiritual now as regards his inner being as he will ever be? It is only his conditions, his phenomenal attributes, that which enables him to make an "appearance" on a material plane of being, which is material. Our physical bodies are indeed a "spiritual manifestation." But let the spirit change its conditions by the death process, and its phenomenal attributes will be altered. But no testimony exists that the relations of the spirit to matter then terminate. Matter without spirit is inert and dead, and what is the whole scheme of creation but spirit exhibiting itself through matter? Why, then, should it be questioned that intelligent spirits, or in other words, *spirit* individualised in human consciousness and experience, should not be able, under certain conditions, to control matter so far as to constitute the "appearances" which Mr. Fowler believes in, and is so far a hopeful pupil? He suggests that the question might be settled by some one capable of seeing spirits focussing an extra sensitive place on the spirit form when it appears at a circle. We would strongly recommend Mr. Fowler to visit a circle and experience the phenomenon for himself, and we will eagerly await his report thereon.

MR. PEEBLES' VISIT TO EUROPE.

WHO IS MR. PEEBLES?

The readers of that veteran and staunch exponent of Spiritualism, the "*Banner of Light*," have long been agreeably attracted towards the last page of that journal, on which was, till lately, printed the "Western Department—J. M. Peebles, Editor"—in which capacity this gentleman has been chiefly known to British readers. As a lecturer, the *Banner* has also introduced him to this country by the copious reports of his orations on the Spiritual Philosophy which it has given from time to time. Mr. Peebles was in his earliest years educated for the ministry in the Calvinistic Baptist Church, one of the strictest orthodox communions of America. His aptitude for knowledge and liberal education prompted him to overstep the narrow limits of study assigned to the office of pastor. He read, observed, and thought for himself, all the while strenuously opposing that which his theological education pronounced erroneous, and conscientiously defending that which his creed inculcated as truth, and graduated from the Calvinistic school of thought into the broader views entertained by Universalists, in which church he was a preacher several years. While his mind was thus oscillating between the narrow, pent-up confines of educational theories, and the shoreless frigid ocean of doubt and negation, the Spiritual movement swept over America, and the manifestations occurred to members of his congregation, and before his own eyes. He examined the phenomena and communications cautiously, and with strict regard to his sacred function as a minister of religion, and after many doubts and misgivings, his objections succumbed to the force of truth, and he entered the ranks of Spiritualism.

Since that eventful time he has devoted his whole energies to the diffusion of Spiritualism and other humanitarian movements. He has travelled many thousands of miles from New England to California, from North to South, in the

polished cities of the East, amongst hardy mountaineers, plodding settlers, the go-ahead Californians and aboriginal Red Men of the prairies and mountains; all the time dispensing knowledge as he found opportunity, and gaining experience of man from his intercourse with him in so many degrees of civilisation.

Personally, Mr. Peebles is tall and gentlemanly in bearing. His figure is light and symmetrical, and his temperament may be termed "Spiritual;" and being a man of classical education, extensive reading, deep thought, and literary culture, the impression which he makes is favourable and agreeable in the extreme. He is easy, unaffected, simple, and child-like in his manners, while he is eminently manly, refined, and sympathetic. Hudson Tuttle thus writes of him in the *American Spiritualist*:—"J. M. Peebles.—This well known author, student, and speaker is the St. John of the New Dispensation. If we desired a portrait of that loved disciple of Jesus, Brother P. should sit for it. We hope the beloved of Old equalled that of the new in all-embracing charity, unselfishness of character, and a love which extends from the highest to the lowest. He is closing his engagements preparatory to spending six months or a year in Europe. Our literature undoubtedly will be enriched by his researches." Col. D. M. Fox, Editor of the *Present Age*, and President of the National American Association of Spiritualists, in a recent issue of his truly talented and live journal, thus speaks of Mr Peebles' departure for this country:—"We are sorry to learn that Brother Peebles cannot postpone his embarkation for Europe until our Annual National Convention; as we very much desired the calm counsel and genial influence of one who has been so long identified with the Spiritualistic Movement. Our best wishes go with him, for we know how long and anxiously he has desired to visit the scenes of the old world; and his intense desire to delve in its grand old libraries, containing their millions of volumes of ancient lore. With us, thousands of American Spiritualists will unite in saying,

"Where'er thou journeyest, or whate'er thy care,
My heart shall follow and my spirit share."

Mr. Peebles does not visit us simply as a Spiritualist; he carries with him credentials to the Friends of Peace in Europe from the Universal Peace Society, of which he is Vice President. At a recent convention he was delegated to visit Europe, and confer with the Friends of Peace as one "interested in every movement of a humanitarian and international character that will tend to make peace secure and lasting." Mr. Peebles has recently assumed the position of Editor in Chief of the *Universe*,* an original and comprehensive weekly journal published in Chicago; devoted to Spiritualism, Progressive Philosophy, Human Nature Science, Social Reform, the Position of Women, and all that can interest and instruct intelligent and thoughtful men and women. Mr. Peebles had been favourably known by the few in this country, and the news of his visit had preceded him, so that many were ready to give him a hearty welcome on his arrival on the 11th of August.

MR. PEBBLES' TOUR IN THE NORTH.

Having enjoyed the kind hospitality of J. Wason, Esq., and other friends in Liverpool, Mr. Peebles proceeded to Manchester. Of the results of his visit to that city, Mr. James Thomasson, the active Secretary of the Association of Spiritualists, writes,—“Mr. Peebles gave us three very interesting lectures. He will do much good wherever he goes.” Mr. P. then travelled to York, where he had a very remarkable corroboration of a spirit communication; and from that ancient city to Glasgow, by way of Edinburgh, where he spent the day. Our Glasgow friends were in active readiness for his visit. On the evening of his arrival, notwithstanding his great fatigue, he desired to see Mr Duguid the painting medium at work, who was soon entranced. After the usual time occupied in painting on a large picture now in course of production, the medium painted a small sketch in the dark in a few minutes, and handed it to his distinguished visitor, which will no doubt be cherished as one of the most remarkable phenomena which modern Spiritualism has developed. Next evening, after a highly gratifying visit to our much esteemed contributor, J. W. Jackson, Esq., Mr. Peebles lectured in the rooms of the Psychological Society, of which circumstance a friendly hand writes:—"There was a crowded house, which, under the circum-

* Copies may be obtained at our office. Many of our readers would delight in a weekly perusal of this high-toned journal.

stances, indicates a growing interest in Glasgow on the subject of Spiritualism. The lecture had been advertised for the Tuesday evening previous, and hundreds had to go away with the verbal intimation that the lecture would take place on the Friday evening. However, when it did come off, it was no small affair, and it was evidently relished much by the audience. The lecturer brings to the elucidation of his subject, all the powers of a classically trained mind, apt and racy illustration, experience of his subject, and the happy knack of carrying his hearers along with him. His appeals to the sympathies of his audience were at times thrillingly eloquent, while his hits right and left at opponents, Psychologists and all, were no doubt felt in the proper spirit, and seemed to be highly enjoyed by the President of the Society, J. W. Jackson, Esq., who occupied the chair. A similar meeting was held in the same place on Sunday afternoon, when Mr. Peebles lectured eloquently on Immortality and the Future Life. The audience was again large, and appeared deeply interested in the subject. Saturday was spent in a trip to the most beautiful region of the Highlands. Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, and Messrs Clark and Brown, constituted the party. While waiting for the Lochlomond steamer at Tarbet, right opposite to grand old Benlomond, the steamer going North with her Majesty the Queen on board, passed about a hundred yards from the shore, affording Brother Peebles an opportunity of seeing a real live Queen. Our only feeling is that he has been so short a time with us. We hope to have another visit from him, with timely notice to enable us to get up some suitable demonstration."

MR. PEEBLES' RECEPTION IN LONDON.

Mr. Peebles reached the metropolis on the morning of September 6, and after an interview with Mrs. Hardinge previous to her departure for Liverpool *en route* for America, he took up his abode at the PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY AND SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION, desiring quiet and retirement that he might prosecute his literary labours. A committee of leading London Spiritualists quickly resolved on giving their distinguished guest a public reception, and, accordingly, a circular signed by "J. Burns" was issued to the prominent Spiritualists of London and the provinces, stating that "the arrival of Mr. J. M. Peebles, of America, in this country, had suggested the desirability of entertaining him at a meeting of welcome, on the occasion of his visit amongst us; and give a representative gathering of London Spiritualists the opportunity of exchanging fraternal greetings with an American medium and leading Spiritualist of culture and experience." The meeting took place at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, W. C., on the evening of Wednesday, September 15, when a most influential and harmonious gathering met to do honour to Mr. Peebles and the movements and nation he represents. Amongst those present were, Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, widow of the late Professor Gregory of Edinburgh; the Countess Paulett; Mrs. George Thompson, whose husband is so well known in England and America for his active sympathies with the cause of human freedom; Mrs. and Miss Cooper, Mrs. Tebb, Miss Santi, Miss Houghton; Mr., Mrs., and Miss Dornbusch; Two Gentlemen, members of Cambridge University; Rev. M. D. Conway; Rev. S. E. Bengough, M.A.; B. Coleman, Esq.; A. B. Tietkens, Esq.; Dr. Robt. Colquhoun, Dr. Wilmshurst, Mr. Hannah, Mr. Mawson, Mr. Armfield, &c.

Numerous letters were received from eminent Spiritualists who were absent from London or unavoidably occupied by previous engagements.

William Howitt, Esq., writing from North Wales, regretted that the great distance did not allow his attendance. He could only send his cordial wishes for a very pleasant and profitable assembling.

The following letters were read:

FROM D. D. HOME, ESQ.—"The Priory, Great Malvern, September 10, 1869.—My dear Mr. Burns—It is not only with regret, but with very deep regret that I find myself unable to be with you on the 15th. I am advertised to read in Clifton on that evening, and nothing but this would have prevented me from being present to give a hearty welcome to such an honest and good worker in the glorious cause of progress. I hope Mr. Peebles does not think of leaving us yet, and I hope soon to see him and assure him of my heart's best sympathy. Again expressing my deep regret."

FROM J. W. JACKSON, ESQ.—"39 St. George's Road, Glasgow, September 11, 1869.—My dear Mr. Burns—Accept my most grateful thanks for your kind invi-

tation to the social gathering in honour of Mr. Peebles. Were I in town, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to once more see and hear our able and estimable transatlantic friend, whose visit to Glasgow has left an impression that will not be soon effaced, even from the general public, and will be treasured as a life-long remembrance by the few, who, like myself, were privileged to meet him in private, and exchange those thoughts, which, we trust, may prove seed germs for the ages. Though absent in the body on the evening of the 15th inst., few will be more present with you in the spirit than, my dear sir, yours very truly, J. W. JACKSON."

FROM DR. NICHOLS.—"Malvern, September 12, 1869.—My dear Mr. Burns—I regret that we shall not have the pleasure of visiting London this week, and being present at the reception of so active and eminent a co-worker in the world's enlightenment as Mr Peebles, with whose writings we have long been acquainted. The health of Mrs. Nichols requires that we should spend a little time at the seaside. If it were possible for us to be in town, we should, I have no doubt, greatly enjoy such a re-union as you propose to us, and we send our best wishes for its success. Differing very widely on some points from many who are called Spiritualists, we, nevertheless, hope and expect great good from the Spiritual movement, and look upon it as a providential means for ushering upon the earth a happier and holier era for our race. Kindly give our welcome to England, our home for so many years, to your guest, and our God-speed on his mission in all that may be for the greater glory of God and the greater good of all His creatures."

FROM REV. F. R. YOUNG.—"Rose Cottage, Swindon, Wiltshire, 10th Sept., 1869.—My dear Sir—I thank you for your invitation to meet my friend Mr. Peebles, with whom I had many pleasant conversations in Boston, and who is an honour to the cause of Spiritualism in America. But as I am at this very time endeavouring to arrange for a visit from Mr. Peebles towards the end of the month, and as I shall be very busy with home duties next week, I must beg to decline it."

Mr. S. C. Hall, Editor of the *Art Journal*, regretted that he would be in Derbyshire on the 15th. Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the well-known author, was from home, and unable to attend a meeting in the desirability of which he cordially concurred.

After refreshments were served in an apartment devoted to that purpose, the company assembled in the drawing-rooms, and the business of the evening commenced by B. Coleman, Esq., being invited to the chair. Mr. Coleman kindly responded to the call, and presided with much cordiality and grace.

Mr. COLEMAN, in opening the proceedings, said,—Ladies and Gentlemen, I have just been requested to take the chair on this occasion. We are met here, as you are aware, to give a welcome and greeting to our friend Mr. Peebles, and to those who are acquainted with American literature his name will be familiar. I have known him by reputation for many years, and I am free to say, I know no man more unselfish or more earnest than our friend Mr. Peebles. I may also say that though I cordially respect my friend, and highly appreciate his earnest working in the cause, yet I might not be able to agree with him in all the views he might take of our movement; but as we can all agree to differ, and respect the differences of opinion which exist amongst us, that does not prevent us from thanking him for his presence amongst us this evening in the cause of Spiritualism.

Mr. TIETKENS was then called upon to read the following

"ADDRESS TO MR. J. M. PEEBLES, of AMERICA, by the SPIRITUALISTS
of LONDON.

"Dear Sir and Brother,—We have the greatest pleasure on the present occasion in welcoming you amongst us, and in extending the warm hand of brotherhood to you, as an eminent representative of the millions on the western hemisphere who share with us the beautiful teachings derived from spirit communion.

"Peace, wisdom, and inspiration be with you, and the highly enlightened nation of which you are a distinguished citizen. We perceive in your life-work as inspirational medium, teacher, author, and editor, an apt illustration of the genius of modern Spiritualism. In your learned researches, you have shown that the stream of human progress has been fed ever, in all ages, from spiritual sources; that this divine influx is inexhaustible and ever present; that it is confined to no age, race, sect, or form of belief; and that its redemptive work will

yet extend to the complete development of man from all angularities and imperfections.

"We welcome you also as an authorised delegate from the friends of peace in America, and as an active promoter of individual and social reform and human welfare in every sense.

"We shall be glad to hear from your lips some account of the present position of Spiritualism in America, its upward struggles, its achievements, and its future tendencies; also the status of mediumship most prevalent and useful, and any other information which the impressions of the moment may furnish.

"We shall be glad if you can extend your sojourn amongst us, and help us in the great work which we have scarcely yet begun. We cordially invite you to our platforms in the metropolis and chief cities of this country. The people require much teaching concerning our principles and motives, and the leaders of our movement would be benefited by your guidance in the matter of organisation and the best means of promoting the popular diffusion of Spiritualism.

"Wishing you a prosperous and safe journey to the Consular appointment in Asia, which your Government has been pleased to confide to you, and praying that you may be the recipient of those blessings (in this and other worlds) which flow from the soul's most cherished treasure—the possession of truth,—We are, sincerely, yours."

Mr. Tietkens concluded by moving a resolution that the address be adopted by the meeting and presented to Mr. Peebles.

The Rev. S. E. BENGOUGH, M.A., seconded the resolution, and at the same time desired to say a word with regard to his own feelings in welcoming a gentleman from the Far West. He owed a great debt of gratitude to the mind of America because much that had led to his improvement and added to his manhood in the truest sense, had been derived from those writings which had emanated from the other side of the Atlantic. He thought no Englishman could become conversant with such writers as Emerson without being the better for it. He was very anxious, indeed, to become acquainted with the book on the table, entitled the "Seers of the Ages." In looking over its pages, it promised a rich feast. From it he observed that Spiritualism has been known in all ages, and to all nations, in Persia, Greece, Rome, and Palestine; and this led him to notice one fact with regard to Spiritualism: it seemed that we could not possibly separate opinions from national character, and that our national character influenced our conception of everything and Spiritualism among the number. How very different, for instance, said Mr. Bengough, is the tone of French writers on Spiritualism, to those born in England and partaking thoroughly of the English spirit. This holds true of every nation. Then, in what respect are we to derive especial advantages from American Spiritualism? They speak our language, while at the same time their thoughts are not confined within the barriers which of necessity confine, in a certain measure, our own, and prevent the true development of the spiritualistic idea; and I think, therefore, when we have brought prominently before us by the first minds of America, these great truths, we are likely to have many of our narrow opinions broken down, and new life imparted to us. Therefore, for my part, I shall listen with great interest to Mr. Peebles.

Miss HOUGHTON said—We are most happy to see Mr. Peebles, and to welcome him to this country.

Rev. M. D. CONWAY being called upon, said—Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I have great sympathy with you in giving welcome to a genuine American thinker and labourer in good works. Not being a spiritualist, I have no claim upon the generosity which has invited me here except the great respect I have for truth. I am more friendly with spiritualists than with spirits, and I acknowledge a large number of very dear friends in that body. There has not yet been a complete and thorough attempt to bring the scientific men of London to the point of testing the great and important claims of this movement. No one can travel through America or Russia, and mix in any company but they will find a spiritualist present, persons perhaps of great intelligence and refinement—Barons and Princes, and persons who have studied in all languages; and no person can for a moment doubt their integrity. The subject has not been sufficiently decided by men of science and culture, except such as were spiritualists; and few are capable of strict scientific investigation. The most of people can only believe what they can *bite*, more they cannot understand. Of course I

know what the Dialectical Society has been doing, but the public will have no more faith in them than they have in any of you gentlemen, and when they come out with their report no one will respect it. The only thing in the world for the sceptical mind of this age will be when two or three well-known scientific men can report that they have seen the manifestations. As for Mr. Peebles, I have long known him as a liberal American and an earnest man, and I am obliged to those gentlemen who have so kindly enabled me to meet him.

Mr. Coleman then put the address to the meeting, which was carried with unanimity.

MR. PEBBLES then rose and said—Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—The privilege of meeting you upon the present occasion affords me intense pleasure. Personally strangers, yet for years I have known some of you, at least through your public lectures, authorship, and contributions to the English and American press; and I am exceedingly happy this evening in the privilege of clasping your warm hands, looking into your earnest faces, and coming into closer relationships with you socially and spiritually. Delegated by the "Universal Peace Society of America," planting my feet upon your soil, I held in my earnest right hand the olive branch of peace; and the other day, numbering one of that thirty or forty thousand assembled in the Crystal Palace, and seeing suspended over those eight thousand choralists the national flags of England, Ireland, Scotland, and America, responding seemingly in holy quietness to the melody of Oliver Wendell Holme's peace hymn, so touchingly rendered at the Peace Jubilee in Boston, my soul throbbled in gladness, and for the moment I fancied myself in Syrian lands, listening to the echoing refrain—"Peace on earth, and goodwill towards men." Your own Lord Brougham said—"I abominate war as unchristian. I hold it the greatest of human crimes." England and America, as elder and younger brother, united by the common sympathy of race, speaking one language, and connected by thousands of commercial interests, should never breathe the word war. All nations should settle their civil and international differences by arbitration and congresses of nations. The genius of the age calls for the practice of these divine peace principles. Doubtless I shall come into closer sympathy with your present soul desires by referring to the Spiritual philosophy. Spiritualism, as a science and a religion, a phenomenon and a philosophy, is a word from the utterance of which I never shrink. Enunciated in good solid Anglo-Saxon, it is ever music to my ear. I am not a mere believer in the fact that spirits are with, and under favourable conditions communicate to, us; it is a matter to me of positive knowledge. If I can know anything by the aid of my senses, in connection with reason and consciousness, I know the two worlds are bridged and in continual communion.—On reaching this country, Mr. President, instead of pushing to London, the world's metropolis, I speedily made my way towards York, via Manchester, Huddersfield, and Brotherton, to identify and localise a spirit with whom I had conversed frequently and intimately for some eleven years. This spirit first entranced a young man of Battle Creek, Michigan—E. C. Dunn (at present a prominent lecturer and healer)—giving his name as Aaron Knight, spelling it himself Nite, because the more natural. He said he passed into the spirit world about 170 years since. His brother's name was James Knight, an English clergyman of considerable eminence, who had preached in York and London. He intimately described the county of York and the city of York, the river Ouse, the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the Minster, the position it stood relative to the points of the compass, the beautiful window designs, the location of the Virgin Mary with the hissing serpent under her feet, &c., all of which we found as he had often described. After faithful research in the annals of Yorkshire, I repaired, in company with Robert Green, Esq., to the "Will Office," where, aided by the clerk, we found upon the records the brother's name, Rev. James Knight. We have the full Latin copy in the clerk's own hand. This is the translation:—"Twenty-fourth of October, 1714.—James Knight, A. M., was ordained deacon in the Savoy Chapel, London, and priest in the same chapel on the following Sunday." (From the Institution Book in the Archbishop's Registry, York, England.) The confirmation of the localities, and the identification of the spirit were most satisfactory; and this is only one among the thousands of similar tests that have gladdened and touched with a new life our souls' affections. The Rev. Mr. Bengough, M.A. of Christ College, Oxford, who has just taken his seat, deeply interested me, as did the subsequent stirring words of Rev.

M. D. Conway, so well known in Unitarian circles of America. His well-timed sentences reminded me of a half day spent in the library of Emerson. This "Sage of Concord" said—"The *universe* is to me one grand spirit manifestation, . . . but as to the minor, the specialities so to speak, I shall have to refer you to Mrs. Emerson, who is much interested in these spiritual matters." It is often asked, If Spiritualism be true—if its facts are all that is claimed for them—what of it? I answer, it solves the problem of the ages,—“If a man die, shall he live again?” By lifting the veil and showing us those we love, it gives us a present tangible demonstration of a future conscious existence. The sweetest answer to prayer, it comes a living inspiration, a key to the mysteries of the past, a power to educate and a baptism warm with holy influences, preparing us under the providence of God and the ministry of Angels for this and the immortal life.—The animus of Spiritualism spanning all human interests, and connected with all the reform movements of the age, is both destructive and constructive, both conservative and radical. It would conserve the good of all the Asiatic civilisations, of all the Semitic religions; yet, at the same time in harmony with the law of progress it throws its pulsing feelers out and upward in search of higher thoughts and more heavenly truths. Perhaps some of us in America have been too destructive. Putting forth too much strength for the demolition of the old theologic notions of the fathers without being sufficiently constructive, we have neglected organisation, co-operation, educational interests, and religious culture. Whittier says, “The destroyer should be the builder too,” and Carlyle insists that he who “goes forth with a torch for burning,” should also carry a “hammer for building.” Many have yet to learn the full import of the term toleration—the meaning of the word *charity*. Intellectually we may, we necessarily *must* differ; but our hearts all touched and tuned to the Christ principle of love may beat as one. The angels do not ask—what do you believe?—but, what do you do? what are your life-aims? what practical work have you wrought for humanity?—Speaking in one of the New England States, a while since, I received a note from Bishop — to spend a day with him, and the whole theme of our conversation was “Spiritualism.” I saw among his books, of which he has a fine collection, some upon Magic and Spiritualism. He is a firm believer in the fact that spirits commune with men. Why, I asked, do you not come out and proclaim these things openly? He looked at me, and said, “*You* are just designed to traverse the country, and scatter the seed, to get the golden fruit; but I,” said the Bishop, “instead of scattering the seed, am content to *graft into the old trunk*, and if I put in too many grafts, they will absorb the juices and spoil the whole tree.” Every man has a right to think for himself, hear for himself, judge for himself, and believe for himself—these are in consonance with the genius of the Harmonial Philosophy. I am very happy this evening in seeing before me Mrs. George Thompson. I speak of George Thompson as an old friend, never forgetting the pleasant conversation we held together at the residence of J. C. Woodman, Esq., Portland, Maine. In fact, there is a common sympathy which tends to make our philosophy, our science, our spiritual gospel of reform in this age a practical one, and we should bring it down to every day life and live it that others may see “our good works and be led to glorify God.” The principles of Spiritualism are marching on rapidly in America, and gaining attention in every circle of society. It has been estimated that there are eleven millions of spiritualists in America; this, probably, includes those still in the churches, and whose religion simply recognises the fact that spirits *can* communicate. The lowest estimate, however, is four millions. We have a national association, several state conventions, thousands of organised societies and Progressive Lyceums, which that highly illumined seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, first saw in the spirit land. In these Progressive Lyceums, to the importance of which many of our American spiritualists are not yet educated, our children are taught to develop their whole being mentally, morally, physically, and spiritually; for we know that the great power of the sectarian churches consists in warping and training the young in their superstitions and dogmas; and the Roman Catholics know that if they can get the charge of the children for the first few years they need have no fear of their becoming Protestants, a hint which Spiritualists should turn to good account. If we would liberalise the race we must educate the young, and this Spiritualists should accomplish through Children’s Progressive Lyceums, Progressive Libraries, new educational institutions, the support of our periodicals and literature, and the encouragement of mediums and speakers; and thus the work of progress would go

forward, on a broad liberal basis of sympathy and harmony, labouring to educate and spiritualise ourselves and our race.—The good that comes from this gospel of Spiritualism no tongue can tell. People have come to me saying, “Oh! how happy I am with this knowledge, for by it my heart has been made glad. I knew a venerable man in Berlin, N. Y., a fine character, but who had lived a Deist. He had lost his companion, and all his sons excepting one young man, and he, just from college, succumbed to consumption. My text upon the funeral occasion was, “If a man die, shall he live again?” The discourse finished, the coffin lid lifted, the venerable patriarch, looking upon the cold face, baptised it with tears, and exclaimed, “Oh! I loved my son while living, and I love him now though dead, and if I could only believe as you believe, that I could see him again, I should be happy. But all is dark, dark.” Four years ago I met that old man again, and when he saw me he rushed forward and said, “Why, brother, you told me the truth, my son does live, he comes day after day, and has given me proof after proof. I no longer doubt my son does live, and I can hardly wait the call to rejoin him;” and his chin quivered, and his tears again streamed, not in sorrow, but in joy—a joy too deep for utterance. Now to him death was but the beginning of life immortal. Thus Spiritualism directs in health, comforts in sickness, cheers in death, brushes all our tears away, and rolling up the curtain of immortality, shows us the glorified faces of “loved ones gone before.”—I again thank you, kind friends, for the very cordial reception with which you have greeted me. You have been pleased to link with my name that of my country, and the position of Spiritualism therein, and on behalf of the Editors, the public speakers, the media, and co-workers in this common cause in America, I extend to you the brotherly hand of friendship and sympathy, and, though upon metaphysical and theological points we may differ, let us differ in that spirit of charity which the apostle said was of higher import than faith or hope. “By this,” said Jesus, “shall all men know that ye are my disciples, in that ye love one another.” Finally, I can only hope to have the pleasure at some future time of greeting you in America, and reciprocating, to the full extent of my power, the high honour and pleasure you confer upon me this evening.

Mr. BURNS being called upon by Mr. Coleman, said,—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I do not well know how to express the pleasure I feel in meeting you all and our brother, Mr. Peebles, this evening. I have known him for several years; I have corresponded with him and collected rare books for him, I have read his lectures, and spoken to those who have met him. He has now been my guest for several days, and I feel that the longer I know him, and the more I see of him, the more he is worthy of my love and respect. I have had great pleasure in listening to his fervent and enlightened remarks. We see in Mr. Peebles a form of Spiritualism too seldom met with. As Mr. Bengough remarked, Spiritualism bears the character of the people from amongst whom it emanates, and the same may be said of the individual. If the spiritualist is an enlightened man, we have an enlightened Spiritualism; if he is a deficient man, we have a deficient Spiritualism. In Mr. Peebles we have a full Spiritualism. It is not, however, my place to talk to you this evening further than to express the pleasure I feel in meeting you, and to thank you for the cordial response you have given to the missive which I have had the honour of addressing to you. This is the first occasion on which a meeting of any importance has taken place in this Institution, and I would be glad, with your kind permission, to say a few words with respect to the position which I would wish it to take in this movement. It is now about seven years since I went to W. M. Wilkinson, Esq., and told him I was a bookseller's clerk, and had just heard of the gospel of Spiritualism. It filled a great want in my nature, which I had been years waiting for. I thirsted to communicate the glad tidings to others, and regretted that books on the subject were at that time scarce, expensive, and difficult to obtain, and resolved to do what I could to make the literature of Spiritualism more popular. Mr. Wilkinson received me very kindly, and told me that I was free to advertise my books in the *Spiritual Magazine*. I began to import books from America, and my grateful remembrance will be ever due to Mr. Plumb, of the firm of Davis & Co., New York, without whose kindly co-operation my plans could not have been carried out. Like an inspiration came the idea of the Progressive Library, which, from being a thought in my mind, soon became a fact. We had a library

in our cottage, from whence we sent out tons of books and periodicals. Thousands of volumes that otherwise would never have been read, found a perusal because of the facilities which this humble library afforded. After a while kind friends and propitious circumstances enabled us to erect this Institution, which, for the present, may be quite adequate to the demands of Spiritualism. In the first place, we have a shop to sell books, and we wish to make it useful, as a source from which instructive books may emanate, and, if possible, of a cheaper and more popular character than has hitherto appeared. Those who become members of this Institution obtain from the library two books at a time, which may be changed as often as they please. Besides Spiritualism, the books in the library relate to all departments of Anthropological science, so that there is ample room for selection, and all tastes and wants may be gratified. Members are also entitled to the use of the reading room. This front room is used for conversation, and where lady subscribers may meet. The back room is a general reading room for all. This Institution is a home for Spiritualism and Spiritualists. We cordially welcome people who come from a distance or other countries, and we do not put a fee at the door or any other obstacle in their way. This may also be called a kind of spiritualistic club, and this meeting is the first of a series of similar meetings which we hope to see weekly during the winter. We also purpose commencing a college for instruction in the science of human nature. The classes will open on Tuesday evening, October the 5th, and I hope it will ultimately develop into a useful educational centre, from which will radiate a trained band of teachers and lecturers.

Mr. COLEMAN then rose to review the evening's proceedings. He did not think Mr. Conway had gone into Spiritualism sufficiently far to enable him to give a decided opinion on the subject. He understood that Mr. Conway held a prominent position in scientific circles, and would remark that the Spiritualists had freely offered to meet men of science, with whom the fault lay, rather than with the Spiritualists. The ranks of Spiritualism contained the names of eminent scientific men already, and if all the scientific men who investigated Spiritualism were Spiritualists, it was a most powerful argument in favour of the truth of Spiritualism. Those scientific men who were not Spiritualists, had never approached the subject in a spirit of fairness, but had dictated terms contrary to the principles upon which the phenomena were elicited, and had otherwise exhibited a want of scientific method in their pretended treatment of the matter. In the room at that moment they had an eminent scientific man who commenced the investigation as a sceptic, but being a lover of truth rather than his own preconceived notions, he adopted those methods by which alone the question could be explored, and was now an intelligent believer in Spiritualism. Mr. Coleman challenged any scientific man to a survey of Spiritualism, if he entered upon it as a learner—an investigator, and not as a dictator, which was a most unwarrantable position to assume respecting a subject which was not understood. Mr. Coleman said he was the first to press upon Mr. Burns's attention the desirability of having such an Institution as the one they were that evening assembled in. He thought Mr. Burns was fully entitled to the hearty support of all Spiritualists, and he hoped every lady and gentleman present would become members of the Institution.

Mr. PEEBLES rose, and spoke of the excellent spirit in which the meeting had been conducted. He paid a high compliment to the culture and liberality of the Radical wing of American Unitarians: there was a deep sympathy between these and Spiritualists. To him this charity, this toleration was beautiful, and it should be cherished towards each other as members of one family partaking of a common nature.

The Chairman, in closing the meeting, congratulated those present on the arrival of Mr. Peebles in England, and the privilege they all had enjoyed in hearing such an eloquent and sound lecture.

Mr. C. W. PEARCE rose to propose a vote of thanks to Mr. Coleman, for the able and genial manner in which he had discharged the duties of president. In doing so, he begged permission for a few moments to illustrate the great advantages to be derived from being a member of the Progressive Library. Through the kindness of a gentleman now present, he had been privileged to first become acquainted with the Spiritual phenomena; and after being a nominal Spiritualist,

he had greatly enlarged his views, and gained a truer knowledge of the principles of Spiritualism, for which he was chiefly indebted to the facilities afforded by the Progressive Library.

Mr. BURNS seconded the vote of thanks, which was carried with acclamation, and the remainder of the evening was spent in introductions and social converse.

R E V I E W .

“DIVINIUM HUMANUM” IN CREATION—Spiritual Revelings. By the Writer of “*Ecce Homo*,” “*Primeval Man*,” &c. London: J. Burns. 8s 6d.

THIS book puzzles us. From a perusal of it we can most fully agree with the opening sentence, “The manifestation of spirit power is not confined to the establishment of order, but is often found to produce disorder in the human mind;” but it is stated that an end is always attained by that disorder. “Men are never allowed to become cognisant of that end until it is accomplished in nature. The spirit is, however, fully conscious of that which pertaineth unto itself, but the natural mind cannot be entrusted with that secret.” Such, indeed, is the experience of almost every one who has ventured on the investigation of Spiritualism. Former notions have to give place to new ideas; facts seem opposed to facts, and theories upset theories in delightful perplexity and confusion, till the most gifted and experienced spiritualist is bound to exclaim, “I have not yet seen the full drift of this subject in all its bearings.” But existence and its numerous problems and inextricable labyrinths are facts; they constitute the sum and substance of our conscious being, and the series of thoughts and phenomena called “Spiritualism” form a portion of this opaque web of human life. We must not, then, approach the examination of a work purporting to throw light on such intricate topics in a spirit of self-sufficiency and dogmatic assumption of omniscience. Much that is stated in this volume we absolutely know nothing of experimentally, and hence have great difficulty in understanding aright the testimony which it presents. Speaking of the writer of the work, the preface declares “She is not cognisant of one word she is employed to write till it is on the paper before her.” “Her spiritual director,” who is her “spirit counterpart,” holds habitual interlocution with her in her “inner mental chamber” “in a perfectly abnormal and spiritual manner,” and thus the contents of this volume have been conveyed to the world. Yet it is further declared that this very extraordinary process “is not inconsistent with the statement, that it is her own spirit which is operative in the production of the work. It is simply that the natural consciousness has to make application to the spiritual consciousness for guidance in all matters relating thereto.” Thus it appears that the writer is her self and her “spiritual counterpart” at the same time. The author proceeds to prove “that a twofold consciousness exists in the human mind,” and that all are constituted as described above. The real author is “a spiritual being in intimate relation with a woman in the mortal clothing.” This is not the only work which has been produced

by their agency in this manner. "Primeval Man," published a few years ago, is a work of which this may be considered a continuation, though much more lucid and interesting in style. These volumes profess to set forth a system of spiritual anthropology of a very remarkable kind, as the following sentences show:—"I will state that I am not a separate being from her, and yet that I did live on earth as a man of due proportion. I had then no conscious perception of my inner belongings; they were concentrated in the mind and person of her who is now writing these words. My inner self was then in that form; it is so now, but consciously so; formerly it was so in perfect unconsciousness." While on earth he was physically a man, but spiritually was the spiritual counterpart of this lady medium. At her earthly decease they will become one mind and possess one consciousness. This is a law of human existence. Every man and woman is similarly constituted. Persons who are evil disposed have no counterpart in material existence, hence are unsexed in spirit, and are thus devoid of the guidance of the spiritual aspect of their being. The spirit further states that though consciously masculine when on earth, he is now consciously feminine, and has "no identity independent of the medium of this communication, nor has she any identity out of myself." But the "wicked, having no counterpart in natural life," are still men and women after death, and continue so until the second death has passed upon them. The interval is hell. Such a state is "an abomination and a horror." With the good, who have partners in nature, the case is vastly different. When the first dies "the spirit form is that of the partner left on earth, and at the departure of that one the form is angelic." In her previous work, "Primeval Man," the writer detailed the "origin, declension, and restoration of the race." The same arguments are repeated here, but more logically and clearly. The "fall of man" is stated to consist in his being made male and female, and his salvation is attained through the presence of Christ in every human being, Christ being God and God being synonymous with nature. Thus every man as he is constituted by nature is his own Saviour. But the statements in the book before us often defy the rigid application of logic, inference, and analogy. The meaning cannot be appreciated by every reader, even as every person is not capable of testifying to the presence of spirits. Speaking of the babe, the writer says, "It is a man—a spirit—an angel, is visible to mortals on the mortal plane, to spirits on the spiritual plane, and to angels on the celestial plane of life." Thus there is world within world, or above world, which is the same thing, and the inhabitants may commingle without those in the lower planes, knowing it. "The angels of the Lord" are affirmed to be angelic beings who have attained a complete immortality or the unitary state, by the combination of male and female in one individual as it is in God. These angelic beings were visible in the olden time, and communed with men, but now-a-days our exclusive development on the mortal plane precludes our cognisance of them. Many passages remind us strongly of Allan Kardec's doctrines, while the views of Mr Harris respecting the inner breathing and the new life are often presented, but we think in a more lucid and intelligible form than is to be met with in Mr Harris' own works. Our space will not permit us to

extend our remarks much further. The theological views presented are very peculiar, and to the "natural mind" very contradictory. Social questions, the position and mission of the sexes, the relation of this life to the past and future, and many other important topics are largely dwelt upon, and amidst a wilderness of vague assertions and interminable repetitions many excellent thoughts and pertinent observations occur. In this writer's works there is ample material for a very curious and unique spiritual philosophy, but it lacks system and connectedness of treatment. To those who are very intimately and deeply acquainted with spiritual science, this work will speak with peculiar significance, and that which is deemed extravagant and exceptional to the uninitiated is often of greatest value to the enlightened spiritualist. It is by the careful study and comparison of abnormal cases and extreme views that the grand principle of truth is to be arrived at.

THE SOIREE TO MR. PEEBLES.

THIS interesting event will be found reported on another page. We do not remember witnessing an occasion connected with Spiritualism on which so much harmony prevailed, and where all who attended so thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Success waited on every department of the proceedings and accessories. We were proud to notice the presence of Mr Conway. The remarks he so frankly made, called out statements which made the business of the evening more instructive and valuable. It was also a pleasure to shake hands and exchange greetings with ladies and gentlemen of intellect and distinction. The rooms of the Spiritual Institution are admirably adapted for such meetings, which we hope to see often. The dressing room for the ladies is a special comfort which will be duly appreciated. The refreshment room was attractive and well arranged; and the drawing rooms are spacious and tastefully furnished. We sincerely hope that such a laudable enterprise as the establishment of this institution, will receive the support which it deserves from all true Spiritualists. Last, but not least, all were gratified beyond expectation by the results of their interview with our good brother, J. M. Peebles.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

This distinguished lady has left our shores for a short sojourn in America. In a letter to her American friends, published in the *Banner of Light*, she says:—

"The visit is chiefly undertaken to promote the publication of the work upon which it is known to many of my friends I have long been engaged, namely, 'Twenty Years' History of American Spiritualism.' In the production, construction, and completion of this work, I have been entirely guided by those beloved spirit-friends, whose counsels I have for many years esteemed it my highest privilege and best wisdom to follow. The portion of my task which I now propose to offer to the world embraces as much as such a publication could possibly present of the history of the movement, including brief notices of many hundreds of persons who have figured in that eventful drama, together with accounts of the phenomena, literature, and other important features. That portion of the work already

completed may fail to satisfy the egotism of individuals, but in the assurance that the integrity of a marvellous history has been preserved, and that by the peculiar facilities for research that I have enjoyed, I have been enabled to pen a record unprecedented in human annals, and wonderfully strange in retrospect, even to the most advanced spiritualist, I shall do my best to give my book to the world equally fearless of blame and unambitious of praise."

Mrs. Hardinge will engage in lecturing during her stay in America, and we are pleased to understand that numerous engagements already greet her.

A gentleman in America is engaged in obtaining subscribers for the new work. We may state that during the last two years we have received repeated applications for it, in many instances from foreign countries.

We shall be glad to receive the names of subscribers, and hope that the many warm friends of Mrs. Hardinge will not only subscribe for the book eagerly, but use their influence among their friends to extend the roll of subscribers.

SOCIAL SCIENCE—LIFE INSURANCE—No. II.

THERE is no question in social science which at this moment forces itself more prominently into notice than does Life Insurance.

The recent disclosures in the Chancery Court show, that an office insolvent many hundred thousand pounds, can, under the present system of business, completely deceive the public as to its true state, provided it has just sufficient cash in hand to meet pressing calls.

Having of late turned our attention considerably to this science, we are forced to the conclusion that the public are themselves to blame for this state of things, in consequence of their own neglect in not insisting upon the offices in which they insure, *keeping intact the entire net premium fund*, and the heavy loss which will now fall upon many little able to bear it is but the legitimate effect of such neglect.

The elaborate financial statements put forth by some offices are intended to mislead, and this they do most successfully.

Our friends are aware that we have placed before them a system of life insurance (which has been adopted by Government through the medium of the Post Office) now in course of development by the British Imperial Insurance Corporation (Ltd.) This we did advisedly, being aware of the unsoundness of a system which places all the premium funds at the disposal of managing officials. We are glad to find our opinion of Dr. Farr's system shared by our Trans-Atlantic friends, and we gladly copy the following from a New York paper:—

"The day of life insurance mystification is gone by. The public is tired of being hoodwinked by technicalities, abstruse figures, and algebraic signs; and though willing to pay a fair, and even liberal, price for life insurance, wants to know what disposition is made of its money—what proportion of each premium is consumed in commissions and running expenses; what in carrying the insurance from year to year; what is actually reserved to meet its liability, and what the policy is actually worth and will bring in money at any given time. If the face and endorsement of all policies can be made to tell this in

plain language and figures comprehensible to all, their value will become equivalent, if not superior to the best currency in the land, and they will soon, at least among husbands, fathers, and the heads of families, have almost as many possessors. Such universality and adaptable excellence are, we believe, reserved for life insurance in the future, and if we hasten their realisation, we shall proportionately lessen the sum of human misery and increase the amount of human happiness. The reformation has been initiated in England, and is already projected in this country. It will be the triumph of justice and right, and we are glad to be among the first to hail its advent.*

“The British Imperial Insurance Corporation of Manchester and London has taken a most honourable stand in the assertion of equity in behalf of the policy-holder. It has opened a banking account in Government securities for each policy, to the credit of which its full value, including that of every premium paid, is placed, year by year, and held in trust as the sole property of the insured, wholly subject to his control, and liable for no other engagement than that of providing for the policy. The company thus makes each policy a negotiable security of the highest order, always available to the holder for monetary purposes by endorsing thereon its current realisable value for every premium paid, determined by a published valuation table, and amounting to nearly 50 per cent. of all premiums paid. The company reserves one-fifth only of the premiums for management expenses and bonuses, and the insured has the right to terminate his insurance at any time, and demand the full stated current value of his policy. An inspection of the register of policies at the chief office, always accessible to the insured, enables him at any time to ascertain that the full value of his policy is invested in Government securities, in trustees' names, from its commencement to the date of the last premium paid. The published valuation table, by which all the policies are valued, is incorporated with the Deed of Trust, and is so simple in form that the insured, with its aid, finds no difficulty in estimating the current value of any policy, according to the number of premiums paid, and the official returns of investment in funds show him that his insurance rests on the highest order of security. The British Imperial is, consequently, always able and ready to discharge every policy liability at once, without receiving any notice.”

MISCELLANEA.

THE veteran Father of the Temperance movement, Joseph Livesey, Esq., of Preston, says of Mrs. Bray's *Lessons on Physiology*,—"It is an excellent work, and I shall induce every one of my family to read it." To truth and progress our respected leader is faithful unto the end.

* "The American company projected on this system, which is ascribed to Dr. Farr, will be entitled the Government Protection Life Insurance Company. Some of our well-established life institutions have adopted the leading features of this plan, and are rendering it still more complete to the equity and the intelligible simplicity of its operations."

THE WELSH FASTING GIRL has been visited by a Mr. Robert Fowler, an East London Medical Officer. He declares her case to be one of "Simulative Hysteria," but he throws no new light on the facts. He thinks she has the propensity to deceive very strongly developed, and that therewith is associated "the power of very long fasting." This is calling things names without imparting the least information,—an exhibition of words to hide ignorance, for which the drugging trade is so famous. This medical luminary, without the least evidence to hang his assertion on, adopts the mean expedient of attributing deception to the patient, and that her parents are her greatest dupes. The condition and sensation of nervous and hysterical patients are very different from those of healthy women; but what must it be in one who has added to her ordinary functions that new one, for the discovery of which Mr. Fowler has the credit, viz., "the power of very long fasting"? Her organ of secretiveness is not by any means abnormally large, and it is well balanced by the other cerebral developments; so that it seems quite absurd to make her tell a lie twenty-three months in duration, especially when she had added to it the "power of fasting" all the time. Does our Medico possess the power of logic?

THE *Voz Femina*, a Lisbon paper, edited and printed by women, has changed its title to *O Progresso*. It is well printed, and equally well edited by Misses Wilhelmina and Frances Wood. The motto on the title is, "The free woman at the side of the free man."

MRS. WILKINSON has again resumed her classes for the Musical Gymnastics at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street. The great satisfaction which Mrs. Wilkinson has given to her former classes, and her efficiency as a teacher, together with the importance of the subject, all constrain us to urge our London readers to investigate the merits of Mrs. Wilkinson's system and apply it to themselves and families.

A LETTER from Mrs C. H. Spear to a friend in London gives information of the safe arrival of herself and Mr. Spear in New York, and they expect to depart for California almost immediately. Mr. Spear took part in Sunday service on board the steamer, and the captain requested him to address a meeting in the saloon on Spiritualism, which he did with great acceptance. Letters for Mr. Spear may be left at our office.

ON the evening of September 16th, Mr. J. M. Peebles addressed a crowded meeting convened by the St. John's Association of Spiritualists in the Hall, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell. Spiritualists from most parts of London were present. Mr. Peebles delivered a most eloquent address. He is a speaker of the highest class, and our movement is in great want of his services. Mr. Pearce, secretary of the Association, has sent him a most flattering letter of thanks for his able services.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' PIC-NIC at Hampton Court Palace and Gardens was a day of high enjoyment to all who participated in it. The weather was delightful, and the beautiful parks and gardens were one picture of soul-soothing grandeur. These as well as the noble gallery of paintings were duly inspected. A substantial tea was provided by Miss Wooderson, when a party of social spiritualists joined the excursionists, and a meeting was held under the trees in Bushy Park. Sig. Damiani ably presided, and Messrs. Peebles, Burns, and Pearce, addressed the meeting in a very acceptable manner.