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			1st Year.	10th Year.
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HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Esoteric Science.

JUNE, 1870.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RE-INCARNATION.

No. VIII.

It is in order that spirits, on attaining to individualisation, may find themselves in the state of equilibrium which we have seen to be necessary to the autonomic development of their moral character, that the Psychic element whose latent possibilities have been sufficiently developed by its experiences in the lower reigns, and which is about to be individualised into distinct personalities, is subjected to the purifying processes of the long lapse of ages already alluded to (and which, as constituting for that element a period of stagnation, or pause, in its educational progression, is designated, by our spirit-friends, as "the stagnatory period"), by which it is freed from the instincts of animality; so that each of the individualised portions of that element, on awaking from the state of lethargy, or catalepsy, into which it has been thrown by its Guides during its magnetically-effected accretion of the permanent perispirit whose formation constitutes its personality, finds itself in a state of moral and mental neutrality, of innocence and ignorance, analogous to that of infancy. It has no knowledge either of facts or of principles, but only the mental faculties which give it the capacity of learning; it has no vice and no virtue, but only the moral possibilities that may become either the one or the other. For, though freed, by the processes of the stagnatory period, from the unreasoning and unbalanced directness which constitutes the instinctiveness of the animal impulses, *the impulses themselves remain, latent, in the temperament of each individualised spirit*, and constitute, in conjunction with the reason which it has acquired in virtue of its perispiritual organisation, the dual possibilities and springs of action the contest between which will furnish the conditions of its next phase of progress, in which the

struggle between Good and Evil will be waged by each spirit for itself, and in which its moral improvement, and its consequent attainment of happiness, will be retarded or advanced as it follows the promptings of the selfish impulses derived from its animal experiences, or the counsels of reason enlightened by the teachings of its Guides.

As all Psychic Substance begins the work of self-elaboration at the same initial point, and continues that elaboration through the same processes, so all the spirits eventually individualised out of that Substance into distinct personalities begin their new life of Relation on an equal footing. All contain the same elements, *i.e.*, the same latent faculties; but these faculties are diversely combined in each, thus ensuring the spontaneous development of the variety whose harmonious diversities constitute, in the characterial department as in all the other departments of Nature, the Unity of the Creation. The necessary inherance of the opposition of Good and Evil in the nature of things, viewed in connexion with the freedom of choice which is secured to each spirit by the state of equilibrium in which it is placed between the promptings of impulse and those of reason, presupposes the following, more or less habitually and constantly, of one set of motives by some spirits, and of another set of motives by other spirits; for, if all spirits went continuously right from the beginning, such a result would imply a Providential weighting of the scales on the side of Good, while, if all went wrong, such a result would equally imply a corresponding weighting of the scales on the side of Evil. But, the Divine Plan including the free, spontaneous, voluntary preference of Good to Evil on the part of the intelligences called into existence by the Creative Fiat, no such weighting is permitted to occur, and the scales are maintained, for each spirit, in a position of absolute equilibrium. The Divine Justice excluding the possibility of partiality or favouritism, the passional and intellectual combinations which constitute the individual temperament of each spirit, though diverse in each, are equivalent for all spirits, who consequently start on their career of ulterior advancement with equivalent possibilities of making direct and speedy progress, of lingering on the way, or of taking a wrong road and having to retrace their steps, according to the wise or unwise use they voluntarily make of the splendid, but most dangerous possession of free-will, upon the essay of whose tremendous possibilities they have now entered.*

* Do you admit the Divine Prescience, or do you suppose the Supreme Intelligence to be at the level of your own? The Divine Prescience is a faculty which it is not possible for you to analyse. If any directing action were exerted on the free-will of a spirit, its free-will would cease to be free. When a machine is organised, the results of its working are foreknown, and all that it will do is

Contact with Matter in its ponderable state, as undergone through the reactions of the magnetically-accreted forms of the mineral, vegetable, and animal reigns, is declared by our spirit-friends, as previously stated, to be the indispensable, universal condition of the initial stage of Psychic development; but they say that, when this first, necessary course of the mental and affectional development of the Psychic element has thus been

foreseen as going to take place. If an inexperienced or careless workman ventures too near the machinery, or if some one out of curiosity comes within reach of its wheels, he is drawn in by its movement, and is mutilated or crushed. The maker of the machine has done nothing, directly or indirectly, to bring about the catastrophe; and yet he knew that, if any one should come thus into contact with its machinery, such would be the result. On seeing the imprudent approach of the person who was going too near the wheels, he cried out, "Take care! you are running into danger!" but his warning was unheeded. In this comparison (necessarily imperfect) where is there anything of fatality in the relation between the orderly working of the machine and the movements of those who bring themselves into contact with its wheels? Man, in his ignorance and his pride, would fain suppose that the Supreme Power mixes Itself up in his doings; each of you, poor earth-worms! would fain have the Supreme Intelligence to direct your movements, abasing Itself to the level of your little needs. Try to form to yourselves a truer idea of the grandeur of your Creator. Reigning over and irradiating all the Universes of Infinity, the Sovereign Ruler exerts the higher, controlling influence which guides and governs, leaving your free-will at liberty to act and to work amidst the physical and spiritual influences that are in action around you, under the conditions imposed by, and subject to the overruling of, the general, natural, immutable laws by It established from all Eternity; that higher influence which guides and governs by means of the universally-disseminated Spirit-action, instrument of Its Providential sway, and acting incessantly under the conditions imposed by, within the limits and subject to the overruling of, those laws, according to Its Omnipotent and Immutable Will; that higher influence which incessantly attracts you onwards, amidst the free, independent play of your own docile or rebellious will, upon the path of Progress. The totality of existence is present from all Eternity to the Divine Eye. Past, Present, Future—words invented by the Creature—have no existence for the Creator, Who is HE THAT IS from all Eternity. Can you not understand that leaving to Man the free disposal of his will, of his thoughts, and of his actions, that all-piercing Eye can see, meanwhile, the use which Man will make of his freedom? The human machinist who sees the approach of the imprudent, inexperienced, or inquisitive person, knows beforehand what will be the consequences of his approaching too close to the machine; but, possessing only a limited intelligence, he cannot know beforehand whether the imprudent person will consummate his imprudence by approaching too close, or whether he will stop short of actual contact; for he can neither read the thought of the one who is approaching, nor trace the working of his will. For him there is, necessarily, solution of continuity—a past, a present, and a future, in the succession of actions, however small may be the interval of time which separates them to his perceptions—in the use which his fellow-mortal may make of his free-will. But God, for Whom past, present, and future are nothing, Who, without solution of continuity, reads in the thought of Man, sees the play of his will, and thus sees, without solution of continuity, the succession and consequences of all things, knows beforehand the use that Man will make of his freedom; for, to God, the totality of existence is eternally and continually instantaneous. No comparison can be established between the luminous SUN that shines with Its own fires, and the faint sparkle upon the ripple of the wave that reflects Its splendours; between the incomprehensible Being Who radiates life and existence upon all that is, and your feeble intelligences. We repeat it:—the Divine Prescience is a faculty which it is not possible for you to analyse.—ROUSTAING. *Les Quatre Evangiles*, vol. 1, pp. 245, 246.

accomplished, that element—having acquired all that the contact with ponderable Matter is intended to impart, viz., the rudiments of all the faculties which the experiences of the life of Relation are now to develop—has no need of any further conjunction with Matter in its grosser state; but that each individualised soul, enshrined in its *périsprit*, should pass through the phases of spirit-growth analogous to those of infancy, childhood, and adolescence, in the fluidic spheres appropriated to the early training of individualised intelligences, and pursue its career of endless and indefinite progress in the progressive spheres of the fluidic world, to whose glories it is now introduced, and where, under the loving tutelage of its Guides, it is taught to “try its ‘prentice hand” at the simpler branches of the Cosmic labours which constitute, for the inhabitants of that world, an inexhaustible field of activity, usefulness, amusement, admiration, and delight.

The Divine Being “inhabiting Eternity”—*i. e.*, not being in Space and Time—though constantly present with all spirits, only becomes perceptible to each spirit as, through progressive changes in its own state, it gradually approaches that Being. For the “Vision of God,” to which each spirit will eventually attain, is simply the result of the unfolding of its own powers of seeing; its growth in science rendering visible to it more and more of the Divine Power and Operation, and its growth in purity bringing it into more and more intimate sympathy with the Divine Perfections. To employ a rough comparison:—The capacity of “seeing God” may be conceived of as something like the capacity, in material bodies, of receiving and reflecting an image. The lump of ore can neither form nor reflect an image of the sun which is shining upon it; but, through the processes of refining, it gradually develops a metallic surface, which, purified from earthly dross, and duly polished, is susceptible of imaging and reflecting the solar rays. If we go a step farther, and suppose the image to be formed in, and reflected from, a plane of consciousness, we see how the possibility of this perception and reflection, on the part of a spirit, must depend solely on its own preparedness, arrived at through the purifying processes to which it has been subjected, and the friction of its various experiences. There has been no change on the part of the Sun, which was shining as brightly on the ore as on the metal; but the dull surface of the ore was insensible to the splendour of the rays so vividly imaged by the purified and polished metal.

The perception of the Divine Being as the sole life of the Universe, and of the Divine Law as the sole rule of action and sole condition of happiness, being the all-embracing aim of the creation of Derived Existences, the instructions given, by their Guides, to spirits who are thus pursuing their career of educa-

tion in the fluidic spheres, all tend to the elucidation of the problems involved in our relations to that Being, and of those Laws as the key to the infinite complexities of Universal life, and the condition of our attainment of the Sidereal Degree; Religion—*i. e.*, the science and sentiment of the relations of all the forms of Derived Existence to one another, and to the Self-existent Creator, from Whom they all proceed, in Whom they have their being, and to Whom they tend—not being regarded as a matter of long-faced sanctimoniousness, a mystical abstraction, a something ascetically distinct and apart from life, but simply as the essence and meaning of all science, the vital, all-pervading reality of every department of existence and manifestation. The action of their Guides, which was direct, constant, irresistible, during the preparatory education of the Psychic element, is now only exercised indirectly, as that of affectionate counsellors, desirous to see them take the right path, but yet more desirous that the taking of that path should be the result of their own free choice, and consequently refraining from the exertion of any pressure on the minds and wills whose earliest steps in the path of spontaneous effort they now assist with their advice. Immeasurably happier and easier as are the conditions of progress in the fluidic world than in the material world, the work of learning and of progressing, even in the former, is declared to demand laborious application on the part of the newly-individualised spirits, and to give constant occasion for the exercise, by them, of docility and teachableness towards their Guides; of humility, in the sense of hierarchical subordination; of abnegation, in regard to the selfish impulses whose opposition to the counsels of reason and of conscience constitute the necessary condition of a voluntary adoption of Right, in preference to Wrong, as the rule of conduct; of patient perseverance, as the slow and toilsome road to the attainment of the power and glory of the higher spirit-ranks; and of charity in its largest sense, as self-forgetfulness and universal serviceableness. They therefore endeavour to prepare their pupils for passing safely through the inevitable ordeal of temptation and trial by awakening in their minds the sentiment of reverent and loving devotion towards the Great Unseen Creator Who has called them into being in order to render them supremely happy, and of affectionate goodwill towards all Creatures as united in the brotherhood of a common origin and a common destiny; and to impress them with the conviction that—being endowed with the reason which is the apanage of personality, and also with the impulses which will furnish them with the occasions for choosing between Good and Evil, between conformity with, and opposition to, the instructions they receive—they have now the power of judging, and consequently of directing their action, and of choosing their

path. They encourage them to persevere in the path of duty by assurances of the happiness to which they will thus attain; and dissuade them from wandering out of that path by showing them the consequences which such dereliction from duty will necessarily and correspondentially entail upon them; the terrible penalty of wrong-doing—*i.e.*, of forsaking the guidance of reason and conscience which would lead the spirit progressively upwards to the perfection and glory of the Sidereal Degree, and following the leadings of the selfish impulses which, by assimilating the spirit's state to that of the animal, constitutes on its part a voluntary return (as far as such a return is possible, to a fully-formed spirit) towards the level of animality—being to find itself exiled from the glorious fluidic world (whose harmony would be compromised by the presence of disorderly or malevolent spirits), and compelled to re-commence the work of its education, through contact with the grosser state of Matter, in the nearest approach to animality which is possible in the case of a spirit furnished with its permanent *périsprit*, viz., that of incarnation in a human body, on the surface of a planet corresponding, in point of moral backwardness and of consequent hardship of physical conditions, to the degree of its culpability; and where, in conjunction with the gross, stultifying, pain-creating material envelope which is at once the livery, the punishment, and the cure of Sin (*i.e.*, of selfish disobedience to the inner law of conscience and reason), and surrounded by spirits who, misled by the same selfishness, have incurred the same penalty, it will learn the practical import of wrong-doing (*i.e.*, of making Selfishness its guide instead of Conscience, and thus, by attempting to sever its interests from the well-being of the Universe, placing itself in opposition to the Creative Plan) through bitter experience of the horrors and tribulations of human existence, intensified—until it has worked its way up to a point of amendment at which it is permitted to acquire the knowledge of the meaning and uses of the hard conditions of life in the flesh—by what necessarily appears to it, until its real nature is explained, as the most appalling of mysteries, viz., the law of Death under which it has brought itself through its conjunction with the material body whose accretion is the correspondential result of its voluntary return towards the conditions of animality.

The causes of the declension which entails the stern, but, in the end, beneficent and regenerative necessity of incarnation in fleshly bodies, the process by which that incarnation is accomplished, and the steps by which the spirit, thus self-exiled from the happy fluidic spheres, is enabled—through gradual growth in science and in virtue,—progressively to overcome the impulses of materiality, and thus to accomplish progressively higher and more fluidic incorporations, until it has again reached the point

of fluidicity from which it has fallen, and whence it will resume the course of its interrupted ascension towards the Sidereal Degree, will form the subject of the following paper.

ANNA BLACKWELL.

Paris, May 7, 1870.

CREATION.

THE SYMBOLISM OF NATURE.

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

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian,"
"Ecstasies of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

FORM is simply thought ultimated into shape on the sensuous plane, just as function is force in manifestation through the sphere of effects. This stated in other terms implies that the universe is a divine idea, and its phenomena the result of the Divine will. Hence, then, the profound significance of form and function.

The primordial bodies on the cosmic plane—suns, planets, and their satellites—are spherical, because the sphere or universal circle represents the perfection of a unitary totality, whereof they are the primal reflection and reproduction. The circle in process of formation represents creation in evolution. When closed, by the movement of the radius vector over the entire cyclical circuit, it equally represents creation finished, and so ready for reabsorption into the Divine unity. We thus see that the centre symbolises Deity and the circumference creation, the radius vector being a projection of the Divine, from the eternal sphere of the Infinite ONE to the temporal plane of the finite many, or as the mystics would say, God in manifestation as the Demiurgus, or Logos Creator.

As the sphere or universal circle represents completeness and perfection, so the cube or universal square represents equipoise and strength, and thus morally symbolises justice and power. It is in every direction equilateral, and thus all its angles are right angles. It is the symbol of being as based on truth and rectitude. As the sphere, or universal circle, is representative of the unity, so the cube, or universal square, is symbolical of the trinity of form—that is, of height, length, and breadth, equal in dimension, yet diverse in direction; that is again, as the mystics would say, co-ordinate in rank, equal in power, yet different in function. The sphere represents those divine integers, eternity and infinity, having neither beginning nor end; while the cube or universal square, on the contrary, symbolises time and space, each susceptible of the most rigid limitation—the sequences of the former implying definite periods of duration;

and the expanses of the latter limited areas of extension, like the lines and sides of a cube. Perhaps the reader begins now to understand something of the Pythagorean reverence for numbers, and the belief once prevalent, as to the magical power of mathematical diagrams.

The circle—and with it, of course, the sphere—is masculine because it is unitary, being formed on one centre, and generated by the movement of one radius vector. An ellipse, on the contrary, is feminine, being formed on two foci, whose distance is the test of its feminity, the intervening area being the sphere of multiplicity. So a square, or cube, is masculine, while a parallelogram, or parallelopiped, is feminine, the containing lines of length transcending those of breadth or height, so that it is no longer the symbol of absolute rectitude, strength, or stability. It may, perhaps, also be observed, that both in the ellipse and the parallelogram, the containing lines are longer in proportion to the area enclosed than in the circle and the square. Now circumference and superficies represent the external sphere of creation, where interior thought is ultimated into exterior form, and the architypal ideas within the Divine mind are projected into visibility on the plane of effects.

We have spoken of length, breadth, and height. The first symbolises action; the second, power; the third, aspiration. These principles are as applicable to architectural styles as to special types, but from the nature of our present paper, we cannot just now go into the details of this branch of the subject. Suffice it, then, that Classic architecture is the outcome of the intellect, while Gothic is more especially the product of the moral sentiments. Thus, a Greek temple may be defined as a poem, and a Gothic cathedral as a prayer, in stone. Grace and beauty are the distinctive features of the former, grandeur and sublimity of the latter. There is no surer sign of the essentially analytical and fundamentally negative character of these latter ages than the fact, that modern civilisation has hitherto failed to develop an architecture of its own. We have knowledge, but not inspiration. We are great on the plane of fact, but pitifully weak on that of ideas. It would seem that every distinctly characterised style of architecture has been the product of a faith, whose spirit, embodied in its doctrines and institutions, was vested in its ritual and its temples. We need, then, have no fear. The faith of the future, whose resurrection trump has already awakened the long slumbering lore of Egypt and Babylon and India, and whose elements are the theosophy of the past, and the science of the present, will doubtless prevail to clothe itself in befitting garments, the appropriate and symbolic vesture of its Titanic spirit.

But the greatest of all symbols is the universe itself, for it is

the thought of God, ultimated on the material plane, and thus whether in the cosmic, telluric, or organic sphere, everywhere abounds with emblems, which, without any especial figure of speech, may be termed divine. Having already spoken of solar and organic cellules, and having also treated of the properties of the sphere, we need not here say any more as to the individual form of the great bodies of the cosmos. The light with which they are vested, and the motion by which they are affected, are both indications of the Divine life by which they are pervaded. To the eye of a sufficiently susceptible clairvoyante, our own blood circulation is equally "firewinged," and our organism as a whole, similarly vested in "light from heaven." The truth is, that darkness and opacity are relative, not absolute; they exist in us, and not in the objects we contemplate. Every work of God is divine; and so, had we but eyes to see it, ineffably radiant with the splendour, and glorious with the beauty of his faultless handiwork.

We hear much in our day of democracy and equality, and we and our more immediate forefathers have seen many terrible revolutions produced in the attempted establishment of conditions of government and society, based on the principles supposed to be implied in these celebrated war-cries. But these phenomena are simply the gleam of the axe, as it is laid unto the root of the tree of our effete and corrupt political and social institutions. Nature knows nothing of equality. The solar system, the only cosmic arrangement with whose order and disposition we are intimately acquainted, is eminently hierarchical, with its central sun, circumambient planets, and dependent satellites, the material reflection of moral conditions, that rule from the throne of God to the outermost limits of his ultimated creation.

Let us now, as in some previous sections of our inquiry, descend from the cosmic to the telluric sphere, where we find that a marked characteristic of our Earth, as a planet, is its diurnal rotation, whereby it is distinguished from a satellite, and through which we have the expanding and diversified experiences of day and night. Now, what is day, with its roseate dawn and golden eve? and we reply, that more immediately it is the analogue of the year, and yet more truly, though perchance, in a sense, more remotely, of an eonic period of creation. It is a direct revelation to the sensuous eye of the material sphere, in all its details of form, and all its splendour of colour—a revelation primarily, be it observed, from the sun, whose reflected light is really all that we see of any prospect, just as the glory of God is all that can be truly revealed to us by the sublimest expanses of creation. But what shall we say of night, that shrouds the nearer beauties, and yet unveils the remoter grandeur of the universe, which, but for its friendly mantle of transparent gloom, would

be for ever hidden from our gaze in excess of light? Symbol of death, it shows that his pall of darkness shuts us in from the perishing things of time, that it may open to us the fadeless glories of eternity. With what beautiful propriety have the constellations been used by the Oriental seers, as emblems of "the many mansions" of the spirit land. They are the illuminated charter of our inheritance, the star-gemmed pages of God's everlasting testament, whereon his divine promises of final redemption and crowning mercy are inscribed in words of fire for the guidance and consolation of all generations.

But we have not yet decyphered and interpreted—what finite mind, indeed, can fully interpret, much less exhaust?—even the surface meaning of that sublime page of Divine symbolism, so gloriously embodied in the starry host of heaven, amidst whose radiant legions our own sun, so vast in volume, so magnificent in vesture, and so regal in power and position, when contemplated from a merely planetary standpoint, marches but as an undistinguished unit; for, while thus unveiling the fiery splendour of this great army of the sky, night also reveals another most significant fact—we allude to the vast interstices of space, by which not only its grander divisions, but its individual members are separated from another. Space, *empty* space, the barren expanses of the universe, the mere parade ground over which suns and systems, sweep in their stupendous evolutions! Oh! my friends, let us rise above this gross materialism of thought. Space is not empty, on the contrary, it is pervaded in every direction by imponderable elements of the most refined, subtle, penetrating, and potent character. Across its azure fields fly "the swift-winged arrows of light;" or, perhaps, more correctly, through its oceanic extenses roll those never-ceasing billows—"vibrations," as we call them—that, breaking on the shores of worlds, foam up into light and splendour before the eyes of men. While through its vast expanses operate those mighty forces, which hold the Earths in their orbits, and on whose pivotal and subpivotal centres suns and planets revolve with an accuracy in which the waxing and waning centuries can detect no error, such is the undeviating regularity of their movement to the Orphic music of the spheres. Space, empty, barren! yes, doubtless of the ponderable forms of being, but who shall say what force and fulness there is here of the imponderable phases of power and action, the apt and more immediate analogues of mind and spirit.

And what say the meteoric phenomena with which we are so familiar? Do not the clouds tell us that sorrow and misfortune are not all an evil, seeing that they are the vehicle of the fertilizing rain, without which, did we enjoy perpetual sunshine, the now green and fruitful earth would be dry and adust as a

parching desert. And not only has every cloud a silver lining, but we know that it has also a sunny side, that which is heavenwards, showing that God's apparent frowns are but the masks of his brightest smiles. Yes, there is always sunshine above and beyond the cloud-shadow, just as there is perpetual day beyond the earth-shadow. Death and sorrow are for time, not for eternity. And what is the rainbow, that most beautiful arch that will ever meet the eye of man in this tearful timesphere? As was said long since by a primæval poet, the bow of hope, belting the blackness of the storm-cloud with the bright and cheering promises of God, that the souls of men shall not be finally overwhelmed beneath the terrible deluge of their misfortunes. And what do we learn by the alternation of sunshine and shade—of storm and calm, to which earth and sky are so continually subjected? Why, that joy and sorrow, in ever-recurring change, are very properly and appropriately the lot of man in this material sphere, above and beyond which are the shadowless light and everlasting calm of that supernal realm, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

It is doubtful if we have yet interpreted aright, the magnificent chemistry of the heavens, and the repeating cycle of purifying transformations, to which it is continually giving birth. We read in our sacred books that, at the call of the resurrection trump, the sea shall give up his dead; but we forget that this sublime event is being even now transacted every day, when from sunrise to sunset exhalations of stainless purity are rising from their graves in the azure plain, and ascending fire-winged to the cerulean altitudes, thence in due season, and after long journeyings, to descend once more, richly laden with a thousand blessings, to the performance of their beneficent duties on earth. "Sown in corruption, and raised in glory," may be said of these simple earth-powers, how much more, then, of those forms of conscious existence, whereof they are but the weak and inadequate emblems.

Let us clearly understand that every province of creation is a page in the great evangel of God, whose living thought is breathed into every sentence, and beams from every letter of this gorgeously illuminated volume of everlasting and exhaustless truth, whose real significance is limitless as the infinite mind of its Divine author. Hence it is that Nature is always fresh and fair to the poet and the artist, sublime and beautiful to the sage, sacred and mysterious to the seer; each man bringing with him his own modicum of power for the apprehension and solution of this arch-mystery of manifestation. Here, as in all else, it is *suum cuique*. To the aligator his environment is a universe of ooze and mud; to the eagle, of mountain peak and vast extending plain; to the demon, it is a hell; to the angel, a heaven—

"every eye seeing only what it brings with it the power to see." How sweetly and easily his beautiful parables fell from the lips of the pure and high-souled Nazarene, distilling thence like evening dew upon the fevered souls of suffering men through all succeeding generations! And why? because he brought a stainless soul, open as in the innocence and simplicity of childhood, to the contemplation of God's great universe, whose divinity thus responded freely to his own.

All things indicate that we live in a transitional, and therefore a comparatively weak age. At the dawn of civilisation religion was science, and a day must come when science will be religion. The Vedic hymns demonstrate that the early patriarchs of the Aryan race saw a divine life beneath all physical phenomena; and a time must again come when it will be equally recognised, though, perchance, in a somewhat different form; for the cycle is but the promise whereof the epicycle is the fulfilment. But we, devoid alike of exalted inspiration or profound knowledge, have neither the insight of the vates nor the sage, and so content our shallow souls with the comparatively barren spectacle of a dead mechanism in place of a living and absolutely divine organism. We don't any longer believe that wind is the breath, and thunder the voice of God—having exorcised this debasing superstition by duly repeating the formulæ of a shallow science, that measuring the ultimate, fancies it has plumbed the depths of being. "The laws of nature," as commonly interpreted, simply eventuate in litanies of death, which the spiritually blind have been chanting to their own infinite satisfaction for the last two centuries, but which must, as we have said, at no remote period, be superseded by a true psalm of life, in which the significance of form and function, cosmic, telluric, and organic, will be duly recognised, and thus the great hieroglyphics of creation, the tables of the Divine law, written by the very finger of God, be restored to their former place in the holy of holies of that living temple, the soul of man.

The transforming power of death and resurrection has been often aptly illustrated by the change of the Grub into the Papilio, but such evolutions of the beautiful out of the unsightly are by no means confined to the sentient plane of being. The so-called inorganic sphere is equally rich in similar emblems. What, for example, can transcend the change of Earth's venous blood, as it pours through her swollen and turbid rivers, into that aerial drapery which decks the glowing portals of the dawn, or falls in ever-changing folds of opaline around the golden gates of eve? These, however, are instances of splendour and beauty to which the transforming power of resurrection may give birth. While in Earth's newly-fallen mantle of spotless snow, at once the shroud of the old, and "the wedding garment" of the new year,

we may see in what robes of stainless purity the spirit may hereafter be clothed, when purged of its earthly dress, by adequate translations under the refining and exalting influence of the celestial Sun of infinite perfection.

The Peace question has been much agitated of late, and many eloquent addresses have been delivered on the evils of war, which its opponents seem almost to regard as something demonstrably abnormal, notwithstanding the evidence of history and tradition, that, from time immemorial, it has been a recurrent phenomenon in human affairs. Now, what is the voice of Nature on this subject? And she replies, The war of elements, the conflict of forces, eventuating in action and reaction, is everywhere, and notably in the thunder-storm. Here, too, the crisis is only the disease in manifestation under its acute form, although in this, as in much else, the superficial mistake effect for cause, and do battle with symptoms, when they should rather endeavour to amend or remove the conditions which produce it. The reverberating thunder and the roll of musketry, are only war in ultimates. If we would see it in first principles, we must look much deeper. In truth these are only the processes by which Nature re-attunes her harpstrings, which otherwise would, perchance, slacken into the sources of perpetual discord. Ah! my peace friends, greatly do I respect your notions; profound is my reverence for your aspirations, but I fear the roots of this matter lie altogether beyond your ken in those depths, wherefrom war and controversy, as known to us, are transmitted results, at removes, not yet to be precisely enumerated.

A preacher on the instability of temporal greatness will never lack a text while the earthquake is recurrent. Solidity and fluidity are obviously but relative terms. With adequate force, the granitic foundations and superincumbent strata of the mightiest continents may be tossed into rolling billows, like the waters of the ocean beneath the breath of the tempest. In contemplating volcanic action, we must remember that cosmic vitality, at certain stages of intensity, implies actual combustion. Our great lava beds are, in all probability, merely telluric excreta, whose expulsion was absolutely necessary to the health and well-being of the globe as a planetary organism. And what are the tides but a species of telluric pulsation, a part of the systole and diastole of the great heart of universal being, repeated, doubtless, on a much grander scale in the aerial and magnetic oceans, amidst whose comparatively still depths, we live through our cabined, cribbed and confined existence, but feebly conscious of the floods and ebbs through which the cosmos maintains its vitality and discharges its functions.

We have spoken of the Aurora as the promise, if not the actual commencement, of that magnetic vesture of light and glory,

wherewith the earth, as a matured cosmic cellule, will hereafter be robed for her solar march through the more distant expanses of the empyreum. And what is this aurora but that nimbus wherewith traditional art has encircled the heads of saints and saviours from time immemorial, the aura of vital force, the crown of spiritual splendour, always perceptible to the sensitives of Reichenbach, even in the case of ordinary men, but sometimes manifested in such force and intensity through archecstatics, as to become more or less visible even to common beholders. And what is that royal robe of fadeless splendour wherein our solar father even now sits on his fiery throne, a celestial potentate, whose provinces are worlds. And we reply that it finds its analogue in the Odic light which beams so mildly from all vital forms, and wherewith God's holy prophets and Messianic messengers have, according to the legends of many faiths, been seen occasionally glorified and transfigured in their more favoured moments of prayerful adoration and rapt exaltation.

Let us here again remember that it is one divine life which pervades alike the animalecule and the man, the world and the universe, and that all phenomena are but this life in manifestation through the discharge of its various functions. The phosphorescence of the summer sea, the glowworm's mildly beaming lamp of love, the starry brightness of the midnight sky, and the dazzling splendour of the mid-day sun, are alike the effects of this omnipresent vitality, the evidence of its existence, and the test of its intensity.

We talk in our baby tongues of the glory of the universe, and sometimes speak as if it had been almost duly reflected in poetry and art. Alas! the simplest revelations of a good clairvoyante may suffice to show us that our sublimest prospects are shrouded in wintry gloom, and that the brightest splendours we can ever witness with the bodily eye are but as the shadows of some dun eclipse. Nevertheless, these dim reflections of the glories of the spirit-land have their significance, as a part of the Divine symbolism of the universe, which, if wise, we shall not wholly neglect. Who that has watched the glorious galaxy of heaven, slowly fading in the light of dawn, can doubt that at our advent in time, through the process of birth, we leave the grandeur of eternity behind, its everlasting splendours being gradually dimmed in the increasing brightness of that solar radiance which reveals the nearer and more contracted scenery of earth. And who that has seen the shadows of evening steadily flooding the valleys, and ultimately submerging the mountains as with a rapidly rising tide of darkness, and has observed that, while terrestrial objects waned, stellar splendours were restored, can doubt that death unveils the sublimities of antenatal experience to the liberated spirit of the returning exile, wending home-

ward to our Father's mansion in the skies. Even the simple fact that, by descending into a sufficiently deep pit, you may see the stars by daylight, is not without its significance in reference to sorrow and suffering, as gateways through which we may at least approach, if not enter, the heaven-land of everlasting rest. While the radiant beauty of sunrise and the solemn grandeur of sunset, may suffice to show us that birth and death are alike matter for jubilation on the plane of Nature, each being, in truth, a process of renewal and restoration, when contemplated from the standpoint of advent rather than departure.

(To be continued.)

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL :

A REMINISCENCE.

BORNE on the wandering wing of memory,
 I visit oft, at midnight's pensive hour,
 The home to which my heart turns as the leaf
 Towards the light—or rather, I might say,
 As spirit parted from its fleshly form—
 Heedless of space, condition, circumstance—
 Deserts the fair abodes of blessedness
 To linger round the loved ones left below.
 Even so, my soul doth cleave to thee, old home!
 And linger fondly o'er thee, loth to leave.

Thou wer't a cosy bield, though reckon'd but
 A shepherd's shieling on a Highland moor ;
 I see before me yet thy lowly roof
 With humble rushes thatch'd, and here and there
 A verdant patch where moss and vagrant weeds,
 Tenacious squatters, blossom'd all the year ;
 The white-plumed groundsel, and the tender green
 Of chickweed, dear to little haunting birds
 In winter, and for which they chirp'd and sang
 Right merrily at dawn or day's decline.
 Here, too, the swallows, when the west winds blew
 Sweet odours from the firs, shot swiftly past,
 And as they flew scann'd wistfully the eaves
 And windows' sheltered nooks for last year's nests.

Crowning its sloping roof, a ridge of turf
 Lifted its sky-line, crooked as our hills,
 Or dromedary's back, at its far end—
 All brown and bare of grass—it grew into
 A sod-built chimney, from whose ebon throat
 Arose in playful wreaths with upward curl,
 The peaty incense of our cottage fire.
 That pungent smoke whose memory haunts us still,
 Recalls to us the joys of other years,
 Nor less affects the healthy appetite
 Of humble wayfarer upon the moor.

And when the air was calm and skies were blue,
 It hung about the eaves so dream-like, till

It blended with the welkin's bluer blue.
 Well I remember yet how when a child
 I used to watch in fancy its blue spire
 Ascending 'gainst the back-ground of the hill,
 Close followed by my thought, till it became
 No longer visible; yet still with it -
 I clamb from rock to rock, and steep to steep;
 For from my earliest years that mountain wall
 Had been to me a standing mystery.
 And oft I longed with eager feet to scale
 Its boulder'd sides that steeply, sternly rose
 Behind our cottage, blending with the sky
 Its far-off summit, dim, and seldom seen;
 For there, like anchoring ships, the passing clouds
 Would muster and unfurl their ghostly sails,
 That drooping heavily come rolling down
 In wreathing vapour like our chimney smoke,
 But whiter and more dense, which then awok
 Imagination in my youthful soul,
 And wizard-like from the invisible,
 Rose at my call shapes weird and wonderful,
 That stalked along the dim hill-side, or clomb
 The mist-clad crags in which I lay concealed;
 Or perch'd on some high peak, methought I gazed
 On sunny islands, such as Mirza saw,
 Bloom out of mist-hid hollows and dim seas,
 Revealing pictur'd landscape, tower, and tree,
 With silver lake and frith spread gloriously
 'Mid fadeless fields where white-robed angels glide,
 And gleesome children sport the whole day long.

'Twas thus my boyish fancy far outgrew
 All sense of danger, such as being lost,
 Or left alone with Nature on the hills,
 Till I resolved undaunted to attempt
 The path my father took at early morn,
 As was his wont, to view his little flock
 Of sheep and lambs wide-scatter'd on the hills.
 One day when far away upon his rounds,
 My mother busy at her spinning-wheel,
 And thinking that I played—and so I did,
 The truant though—I quietly sped along
 The grey-stone fence that girt our garden round,
 Save where it yields a passage for the burn,
 The which I crossed, and on its farther side
 Began the steep ascent to scenes unknown.
 With toddling step, and slow up, up, I toil'd
 Admiring as I went the fair wild flowers
 That met my gaze, a beauteous sisterhood,
 Nodding as if to greet me, one by one,
 At my approach; but more than all the rest,
 One bonnie wee blue flower—loved even yet—
 Spoke to my heart as if to cheer me on.
 At length I sat me down, partly to rest,
 And partly to collect the bright-hued flowers;
 For there the cannach sported its white plumes,
 Like fairy banners waving in the wind;
 These with the orchis and the pale blue cups

Of butterwort I gathered, while the heath
Shone with a yellow splendour not its own,
The golden tint of tormentilla blooms.
There, too, beside the rill, the saxafrage
Draped the grey boulder with its fringe of gold ;
And there the snowy-hued parnassia,
The poet's flower, whose veined chalice burns
With that rare zone of gleaming emeralds.

Thus occupied, my limbs regained new strength.
And then within my soul I felt once more
The eager spur of curiosity.
Above me, dizzy height surmounting height,
Dark hill succeeding hill; meanwhile the path,
Though visible perhaps to trained eye,
No trace afforded me, yet I held on
Past boulders hoary with the flatten'd fronds,
Of stony lichens—grey, but not with years,
Till, faint with toil, and limbs that sorely ached,
I quite lost heart. To add to my distress,
On looking back I could no longer see
My cottage home, nor yet its cultured croft.
A sense of utter loneliness comes o'er
My venturous spirit, while along the heath
All desolate, a nameless terror crept.
Whether to turn my steps, or brave anew
The steep ascent, or downhill make for home,
I knew not, it seem'd all so like a dream ;
But, while I pondered, suddenly there came
Down from the hill-top, veil'd in heavy clouds,
A wall of mist, rolling majestically
Sheer down the mountain side, swift blotting out
Rock, bush, and brake, flower, heath, and rushing stream,
Leaving to me no more of mother Earth
Than a few yards of sterile-stunted heath.
Stunn'd and bewilder'd, there I sat me down,
And breathless waited, till methought I heard
A muffled growl that made my blood run cold
And as I gaz'd with straining eye, there grew
Out of the mist a shadowy giant form,
Leaning upon a staff that might have been
Mast for a ship, or stem of some fair tree;
While in advance of him, foot poised to strike,
Glared a huge lion with up-rising mane.
Ere I could move my hand, one sudden spring
He made—I fell, and then I knew no more,
For I had swoon'd ; but when I woke, what joy !
To find me cradled in my father's arms,
While Rover round me leapt and wagg'd his tail,
And barked, beside himself, to find me there.

My father chid me in his kindly way ;
But when I told him of my long desire
To scale the hill and see what lay beyond,
He looked well-pleased, and mounting me upon
His manly shoulder, strode right up the hill :
To him a task how easy, knowing well
Each crag and scaur, and boulder-bedded stream ;

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

Nor darkness, driving storm, or mountain mist
 Could damp his manly heart, or turn his steps
 When love or sterner duty led the way.
 I'll ne'er forget that novel mountain ride
 Under the archway of the melting mist,
 Whose lifted skirt began to trail along
 The neighbouring heights, revealing their dim forms;
 While on the mountain top, high overhead,
 One calm blue patch of sky shone window-like.
 And when at length the summit we had gain'd,
 We paused and watched the mist-sea down beneath
 Its ghostly waters 'gainst the mountains dash,
 Then hurry towards the pass as if pursued;
 For from the west had sprung the light-heel'd breeze,
 While through the parted clouds the summer sun,
 With living radiance flooded all the vale.

Charm'd with the bright'ning prospect, now I turned
 To feast my fancy on the world beyond,
 No longer hid by intervening hills,
 But spread in boundless prospect, and—woe's me!
 Instead of sleeping lakes and sunny isles,
 A dreary waste of treeless, houseless heath,
 Bounded by hills more dismal than our own,
 With rushy swamps of wide extent between,
 That scarce grew herbage for a few poor sheep.
 Thus face to face with stern reality,
 My boyish dream melted as did the mist,
 Away into the vast invisible.
 Disgusted, disappointed, wearily,
 I laid me down and with vexation wept,
 Wept bitter tears, the which I strove to hide
 With hands firm clasp'd upon my tear-wet face.
 In vain, for well I knew my father guess'd
 As with provoking smile he lifted me
 Upon his knee, the while with cheerful look,
 He drew my attention to our native vale,
 From which the mist had sailed away and left
 It basking in the sunlight's golden glow;
 While, far below, my father pointed out
 Our own lov'd cottage in its nestling nook
 Of greenery—a perfect oasis.
 Then from his breast he drew mysteriously
 A shining tube, which, lengthening in his hands,
 He to his eye adjusted, then to mine,
 Grown wonder-wide the while—he bade me look,
 And lo! our little cot seem'd close at hand,
 While like a vision from its rustic porch
 Out came my mother, looking wistfully,
 With hand held o'er her eyes, as if to shade
 Them from the light, while eagerly they scann'd
 The dim hill-side in quest of her lost boy.
 Deeply impress'd by that which I had seen,
 I threw myself into my father's arms;
 My mother's grief was tugging at my heart,
 And like a magnet her affection drew
 Me from myself, while in my secret soul
 It made me feel how foolish I had been.

Rising in haste, I took my father's hand,
 And drew him quickly down the dizzy steep,
 But not for long, for soon my failing limbs
 Began to flag, and I was fain once more
 To accept his stalwart shoulder for a steed.
 And thus we made swift progress down the hill,
 Rover delighted, bounding far a-head,
 To give the warning-note of our approach.
 But still, the great event was yet to come ;
 Rounding the corner of a jutting crag,
 I saw, and with a frantic shout of joy,
 Leapt like a bird into my mother's arms.

Thus have I found—perchance shall ever find—
 That hope's bright heav'n lies not beyond the hills,
 Seas, continents, suns, systems, starry zones,
 But in the home where loving human hearts
 Beat loyally in tune, and in the soul
 That rests in child-like confidence in Him,
 Who is at once its Father, Friend, and God!

JAMES NICHOLSON.

"DIVINUM HUMANUM IN CREATION."

REMARKS ON A REVIEW in "THE RECIPIENT" for January, 1870, of a
*Book entitled "DIVINUM HUMANUM IN CREATION."**

IF an enquirer wishes to find a good book on a religious or metaphysical question, let him look in the "Index Expurgatorius," and take any one of the many books condemned in that limbo of heretical authors on the subject required. A book of manifest evil tendency, or a feebly written treatise, can safely be left to the judgment of the world. Books in the "Index" are such as the "faithful" might be tempted to peruse, to the danger, if not of their own souls, of the prosperity of the Romish Church—a much more serious matter. The condemnation of books among Protestants is somewhat different. The censor is an individual only. He is backed by no conclave whose dictum shall be taken as the voice of the Church, and as he has an instinctive knowledge that his power is small and his time short, he usually endeavours to compensate for lack of authority by a virulence of expression that never is used against a really bad book, and has never yet hurt a good one. Such a notice of a book, entitled "Divinum Humanum in Creation," called my attention to it. I had not seen the book before I read a notice of it in a small publication, entitled "*The Recipient: a Quarterly Medium of Greeting and Friendly Communications between Christians in all parts of the World where the English Language is spoken, who espouse the Doctrines and Principles, and yearn for the Life of the New Jerusalem Dispensation.*"

This publication is, as the initiated will perceive from the title, a zealous advocate of New Church doctrine, and of the spiritual sense of the Scriptures as expounded by Emanuel Swedenborg, but differs from other organs of that sect by its warm advocacy of the revelations of T.

* London: J. Burns. 3s. 6d.

L. Harris respecting "internal respiration," and the "celestial sense of the Word." A simple-minded person might be apt to think that as the natural sense of Scripture tends to make, and has made pre-eminently good men, much more ought a knowledge of the spiritual sense affect for good the minds of its receivers, and still more the reception of the celestial sense. To be sure, there must in these latter senses, as there is even in the natural, be knowledge transcending our capacities, and none the less useful on that account; for the lilies of the field have unspeakable influences for good over us, notwithstanding our ignorance of much wisdom taught through them to higher intelligences. One thing, however, we have a right to expect even from a Christian—

"Who knows, and knows no more, his Bible true,"

—and that is, common courtesy to his brethren and sisters of the same Father, whether their home be in the natural or the spiritual world, for even the good heathens render as much as that to their brethren; and when we find the editor of the only publication in the world which vindicates the claims of new knowledge respecting heavenly breathing and the celestial sense of Scripture, deficient in ordinary courtesy to whom or to what does not accord with his knowledge or judgment, we need not be surprised at people saying, "Talk no more to us of a spiritual or of a celestial sense; what we desiderate in religious literature is a little more common sense, leading to common courtesy, such as we expect and can find among men without any superior pretence to religious knowledge." "But, friend," we may rejoin, "don't rashly come to the conclusion, because some one who professes to have received celestial knowledge manifests very uncelestial tendencies, that there is either no such knowledge, or that it is powerless for good." You may in your haste, when walking down a muddy lane, quarrel with the rain from heaven, because it enables the dust to become mud, which splashes you from head to heel, only remember that the same rain is falling on many cultured fields and gardens, and increasing sustenance and beauty. The rain must fall on the dusty road, and make it thereby worse than before, if only to induce you to aid in making the path better, and though the unattended way shows the effects of the heavenly gift only in muddy pools, so that there is—

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink,"

you shall receive the benefits elsewhere in a better form.

As the people of Israel were enjoined to deal kindly with strangers, because they themselves had been strangers in Egypt, so it may reasonably be expected of "recipients" of new truth, that they should be more than others slow to deal coldly or unkindly with any strange truth sincerely professing to come in the name of the Lord, however new the form of its appearance; but there ever has been in sects the representative of the "rough" in mining districts, who, when a new face appears in the village, cries, "There goes a stranger, heave half a brick at him."

To any one who has read the book and has not seen the review in the *Recipient*, the author's expectation of strong censure, as expressed in pages 145 and 171, must seem very unlikely to be realised—

"It is our privilege to bear this witness to earth. Freely we offer our back to the smiter; for we are encased in an armour of strength invulnerable to any malice of earth; we are well aware that it will be expended upon us. . . . Every human being is his own revelator; he interprets his own nature as that nature requires and suggests; he sees the Divine Being with the eye that Being has given him. His brother man delineates his conception of God and says, 'This is my God.' The other replies, 'Yes, that is a good representation of God, but I never saw Him like that before.' . . . But we exhibit our portraiture to another observer, and tell him 'That is God.' He is alarmed, and turneth away, saying, 'This is Beelzebub.'"

Though there is not a little that may appear new and strange, even to those acquainted with spiritualistic writings, there is really nothing in the book that seems calculated to arouse indignation and wrath on the part of a reviewer, and certainly it will arouse no such feelings in any man who reads it as the author rightly desires it should be read: "We desire only that our record be perused with holy feeling, and with a calm understanding." No book ought to be perused with an unholy feeling and perturbed mind. Well, the editor of the *Recipient* has read the book from beginning to end, and he has found no good thing in it. Nothing but evil, and evil of such a kind that he requires such epithets as the following to fitly characterise it, its author, and medium:—

"A lying spirit—Incongruous spirit make-believes—Wily falsehoods uttered for evil purposes—This spirit's purpose of making out a clear (or muddy) path for men and women to go on sinning at the suggestion, and by the impulse of their lusts, while the conscience is quieted by a spirit's authority, self-called 'an angel's,' for laying all the blame on God—The tendency of this book is to give license to all kinds of evil—The real author is in hell, from whence these 'infallible' instructions reach the subject-dictator by the line of the infernal magnetic telegraph—Blasphemous statements and crooked perversions of divine and sacred things, are so flagrant and revolting, &c.—Deluded and enslaved medium."

With much more of the same kind of rhetoric. Well, the disciple is not above his Lord—

"They called him 'fellow,' and 'this man,'
 'Deceiver,' and 'a devil,'
 I'm sorry you have learn'd their plan,
 And fallen to their level."

Surely there is nothing that has ever been written, or can be written, that will justify a Christian man to publish such expressions, any more than anything that can be said or done will justify profane swearing. Indeed, no such virulence of expression has ever been written except against what has afterwards come to be acknowledged as good and true; for whatsoever is more than yea and nay cometh of evil, and brings with it its own qualities of blindness to, and enmity against, the truth. We aid the evil one most effectually when we go to his armoury in the name of the Lord for weapons, rather than to the armoury of the Holy Spirit, whose emblem is the dove. Angels, who are greater in power and might, dare not bring a railing accusation against the embodied power of evil himself. Nevertheless, let us see what show of justification the reviewer adduces from the book itself illustrative of its "dense falsehoods;" for, perhaps, a little light thrown on passages quoted may

show them not so harmful as they appear when viewed in dense darkness.

As regards many of the passages quoted, it is difficult to see what he regards as the objectionable statement, even when he quotes fairly, which is not always the case, as, for instance, the following extract from page 98 of the book:—

"The doctrines we enunciate are eminently practical, for they embody the Deity in every existing form. God is in the world. God as our Father, Mother, Brother, Sister. Shall it be said, in this belief there is no incentive to virtue, and no discouragement to vice? Be it so; there is none (!)"

Here the quotation ends, with the reviewer's note of exclamation, followed by his remarks about the "exceedingly hurtful" and unpractical nature of the book. As my object is different from the reviewer's, I continue the paragraph—

"Be it so, there is none. Do we need one or the other? Recompense is an abomination, to be shunned by every just one of the earth. Take the bribe if it be good to thee; but ask not God to take it for thee. God works in godliness, and what is that principle working in ungodliness? The answer is obvious. The evil do not possess God, because they do not possess good; and nothing that is not good can possess continuous life. It is good alone which lives; and even the earth-life of an evil person is chequered with the rudiments of undeveloped virtue."

It may be admitted that this is not the kind of "incentive to virtue and discouragement to vice" which appeals to many minds, but it is one very likely to be set forth by an angelic spirit.

The spirit-author propounds a theory of the nature of man and woman, and their relation to each other, which, though not opposed to anything written by Swedenborg, is most in harmony with the teaching of Jacob Böhme. The reviewer refers us for sound doctrine on this subject to a paper by himself in the same number. Thanks, but I had rather not read it. I believe with the Apostle James that a fountain cannot, "at the same place, send forth sweet water and bitter;" and I am not desirous of receiving knowledge of the spiritual relation of men and women from one who can treat the writings of one woman in such a manner.

In "Divinum Humanum," the relation of evil to good and its providential uses, are freely and philosophically treated. I have no idea that an intelligent receiver of Swedenborg's writings will find anything in this volume contrary to what Swedenborg says regarding evil and its uses. Thus, in the treatise on "Divine Providence," paragraph 19, he says—

"That which is good and, at the same time, in truth is something; and that which is evil and, at the same time, in falsity is nothing. . . . As the wicked have no power, the universal hell before the Lord is not only as nothing, but it is really nothing as to power. That it is so, I have seen confirmed by much experience. It is wonderful, however, that all the wicked think themselves powerful." (234) "That evils are permitted for a certain end, which is salvation." (285) "That the Divine Providence is equally with the wicked and the good." (308) "That the Divine Providence neither appropriates evil nor good to any one, but that self-derived prudence appropriates both."

Thus, as the reviewer for once truly remarks, "this laying of the blame

of all evil upon God is not by any means confined to this series of books (those by the author of 'Divinum Humanum') among the productions of the press of late years; others have also tried to show that 'whatever is, is right,' in the sense of being as God has designed it to be." Quite right, only we should hardly have expected to hear this objection from a professed receiver of Swedenborg's writings. If one who simply believed in his Bible had urged the objection, we could easily have replied—No, the doctrine is not new, for have you not read what the patriarch Joseph said respecting the unbrotherly and wicked act of selling him as a slave?—"Now, therefore, be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me, for God did send me before you to preserve life. . . . So, now, it was not you that sent me hither but God." Then the hardening of Pharaoh's heart, David's numbering the people, the lying spirit in the mouths of the prophets, the trials of Job, and many other things relatively evil, and meant by the immediate actors to work evil, are all said to be of the Lord, because he made them subservient to good. "Is there evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" "I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil: I, the Lord, do all these things." Is it not more in accordance with a true faith in God's providence, as well as in the teaching of Scripture to believe that, in relation to the whole, and thus in relation to God, "Whatever is, is right, in the sense of being as God has designed it to be," than to believe in something right and something wrong—some events as God would have them, and others as He would not have them? It seems to me that Atheism and devil-worship lies in the direction of the latter faith. It is a relative truth that our Lord by wicked hands was crucified and slain; but it is an absolute truth that no man took his life from him; that by his own will and power he laid it down and took it up, and that the wicked hands had no power at all, except the power given from above.

As regards the uses of evil in the work of regeneration, the spirit-author says (page 203):—

"Mortality is strife with evil. Remove the source of contention, of trial, of temptation, the stimulus to exertion, the necessity for watchfulness and prayer—what would life be, what could it be? What manner of man is that who hath committed no sin—who is not conscious of the possibility of sinning? That man is Jesus Christ; that Man is within us, and is the interior constituent of our being; we feed upon him, otherwise we have no life."

We need not wonder at strong objections being urged, even by sincere admirers of Swedenborg's writings generally, against what he says, are "legitimate, just, and truly excusatory" licenses to concubinage, for as his latest biographer, and warm, though discriminate admirer, justly observes, "It would be hard to say who might not (on such grounds) find an excuse for concubinage; but we may well be astonished that one who has written a pamphlet wholly defending Swedenborg's teaching on that subject, should assert that the book before us contains "teeming profusion of all kinds of licenses to evils of life," when there is not from the first page to the last, either directly or indirectly, the slightest word of encouragement to evil, whether in general or in particular.

The reviewer quotes the following sentences from pages 24 and 26 :—

"Natural life is in natural breath, spiritual life in spiritual breath, and in the celestial mode of existence there is breath likewise; for celestial men—'angels of the Lord'—breathe in nature, in Eden, and in their heavenly paradises. They draw their breath in all states—simultaneously inhale God's holy atmosphere as men, spirits, and as angels. *They are as God, having no finite limitation (!)*"

"Be not alarmed to hear that 'angels of the Lord,' as witnessed to in ancient writ, are with you *now*, as intimately as ever they were with your scriptural ancestry. The consequence of your not beholding them with your natural vision is, that you do not believe in their present existence. But you do not see Christ, yet you believe in his existence in and within you (!)"

It is difficult, even aided by the reviewer's italics and notes of exclamation, to see in the above sentences an illustration of the "evil tendencies," or the "dense falsehoods," of the book. So far as an angel is in God and God in him, he has no finite limitations, for he knows and acknowledges that his life is from the Infinite. Swedenborg tells us that the angels whose appearances are recorded in the Old Testament, being filled with Deity, believed themselves to be God, and received Divine honour from those to whom they came. As to the second extract, does not the reviewer believe that angels are with us now?

"Again," he says, "on pages 28 and 29, we have the slimy insinuation, 'Ye shall be as gods,' in all its subtlety." I do not find any such insinuation in these pages, or in any other page of the book. The serpent's promise, like all others from the same source, is so very mean and poor that it is utterly unworthy of being offered to any man in God's image even as a bribe. "*As gods!*" why, even of the Jews, who received but partially the words of Jehovah, it is said by the inspired Psalmist, "*Ye are gods,*" and our Lord, in the New Testament, confirms the Psalmist's words. But those who receive and keep His Word of Life can confidently look forward to a higher destiny. "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be one in us, even as thou, Father, art in me and I thee"—"Members of his flesh and of his bones." To us there is but one God, one real humanity—the Divine Humanity—in whom we shall, when regenerated, find ourselves living intelligent members, branches of the True Vine. To prove his charge the reviewer quotes from page 28 as follows :—

"The natural mind is shocked at this implied proximity to God—this union with Him. It would fain contemplate Him as a wholly Divine Being, as far removed from its own debased condition as it is possible to be. Yet it desires to live in God; but to *be* God is awful—degrading to the God of its accustomed contemplation. Nevertheless it is a truth that God is in us. Language is at variance in this matter; for by what power do we live, move, and have our being, save in God? Is there any place where He is not—any power that He does not possess—any vitality extraneous to Deity? How vain, then, are our mortal fears of approaching too nigh unto the Most High God; for we find there is and can be but one only Being in existence—God infinite, *also finite (!)*"

Yes, as the spirit-writer goes on to explain, finited in man as he was finited, and yet infinite in Christ. The "Divine Esse" is infinite;

the "Divine Existere" is finited on every plane of life. "In the view of creation depicted in this book, God is all in all; there is nothing that is not God'(!)" Well, can the reviewer tell us what is not God? Everything apart from Him, it may be said; but there is nothing really apart from Him; evil, as Swedenborg says, is nothing. It is true that there is nothing singly and considered as separate from Deity that is to be called God, for "God is all in all," as the Apostle Paul teaches. Speaking of our realisation of this truth, the apostle uses the future tense; but God is unchangeable, consequently He can be nothing in the future that He is not now and has not been from eternity.

"God is in the work of this page; the hand that traces these letters is the hand of God." It may frankly be admitted that such a sentence must appear rather startling to religious people generally, who regard themselves as their own and God as a Being wholly apart from them in some distant locality called "Heaven." Possibly none but an angel or angel-spirit would have dared to put the truth in that form, at least, in our day. For we must remember that substantially the same truth is taught by Paul in words quite as bold, only we have got accustomed to read these as well as many other words of Christ and his apostles without attaching much meaning to them. It is well, then, that old truths should come up before us for our acceptance or rejection, according as we have or have not the life of the truth within us. "It is not ye that speak," says our Lord to his disciples, "but the spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." "What!" says St. Paul, "know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body, and in your spirit which are God's." "Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ?" "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." Alas! we may say, alas! Paul we do not know it; we think our bodies are our own, and we defile them; we think our hands are our own, and we work evil works, and write uncharitable words against our brethren and against the truth. We even attribute blasphemy to one who confirms thy sayings. But is there not, it may be objected, danger of such a truth leading to fanaticism? Yes, if exclusively appropriated. The fanatic is one who says not merely "the Holy Ghost speaks through me," for to that claim he may have a right, but "the Holy Ghost speaks through me *only*, and not through you who hear me." George Fox claimed to speak from the indwelling Spirit—the Holy Spirit—but he made no exclusive claim, and the works of his followers showed that he and they made no false claim.

"God is nature, and He is spirit, and HE is. Without Him—independent of Him is vacuity, and what—where that is, may be answered by every man in existence—Nothing—Nowhere. 'Leave all and follow Me.' Whom else can we follow, seeing that He who gave utterance to these words is our Creator, Saviour—our inner Being, in whom is life, and out of whom is—not death, but nonentity, non-existence?"

Of this passage the reviewer says, "Here we see Pantheism taught under the cover of pretended Christianity." Possibly, but there are two kinds of Pantheism—a higher and a lower. The lower is Atheism

under another name, as it denies the existence of a personal Supreme Spirit; the higher Pantheism regards God as a personal deity, and as "all in all"—the only substance, the only real existence in the universe, for He is the Universe of Being, yet Man, the only Man, the visible universe being merely a faint shadow of his attributes. Perhaps the reviewer does not know that some of the most intelligent receivers of Swedenborg's writings, among whom are C. A. Tulk, and Henry James, advocate the higher Pantheism as the real teaching of Swedenborg. It is certainly the Pantheism of the volume before us, the Pantheism of one of the latest utterances of England's most popular living poet:—

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands or feet.

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?"

The reviewer complains, not that there is nothing about "discreet degrees" and "correspondence" in the volume, but that they are not set forth in the way he thinks right, which is very likely. These doctrines, as "Old School" Swedenborgians have been accustomed to hear them from the pulpit, have become a wearing to flesh and spirit, but, no doubt, there are some receivers so accustomed to get truths about degrees and correspondence in such a crude form, that they are not able to recognise them when dissolved and diffused as sweetness among other truths.

In the preceding number of the *Recipient*, the reviewer tells us, "For several years past we have been again and again asked our opinion about them"—(the writings of the author of "Divinum Humanum")—"but a special indication given in a dream, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, about eight years ago, has precluded this up to the present time." One is naturally curious to know whether the restriction, as it seems to have been, was removed before the writer began to break his reserve of eight years. Was the dream like unto Laban's respecting Jacob, "See that thou speak not to Jacob either good or bad"? or like the dream of Pilate's wife?

But leaving conjecture and the reviewer, it may not be amiss to say a few words concerning the book reviewed. No Swedenborgian, and no one who believes in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism ever, I suppose, doubted for a moment that this and previous volumes by the same writer were written in the manner stated. Indeed, one may go further and say it is utterly impossible, considering the style and tenor of those writings, that they could have been written in any ordinary way. The thought is essentially masculine, and above the sphere of feminine thought, while the style is essentially feminine, such as no man would be likely to adopt and continue. The style is not attractive,

judged by a literary standard. What book of germinal truth ever was written in an attractive style? It is as if the author cared not so much for the form in which he expresses his thought, as for the truths which he communicates. So far as the subjects treated of are within the sphere of the reader's comprehension, the thought is clearly enough expressed. I have read the works * previously published by the writer, and though I regard "*Divinum Humanum*," &c., as the best, yet there is more originality and coherence of thought in the books as a whole than in any other professedly mediumistic books I have yet read.

The next question is, Who, or what is the author? The easiest reply that I think can be given is, that the author is just what he claims to be. Not an angel; for the reviewer's "self-styled 'an angel'" is entirely *his* mistake—so far, at least, as this volume is concerned. The spirit-author says expressly (page 199), "I am a spirit, not an angel." According to his teaching, an angel is two in one—the masculine and feminine united for ever in the heavens. The author claims to be the spirit's counterpart of the writer dwelling in her life-sphere, and that at her decease they twain will form one angel. This may or may not be the fact; on due consideration I think it is most likely. At all events, the author must be an angelic-spirit. For any one to read through the volume without prejudice, and to conclude that "the real author is in hell" is simply absurd. I wish most heartily that—the teaching of the book being as it is—such a conclusion could be substantiated, for then hell itself must have been cast into the fire of the Divine love, and come forth seven times purified—"a little heaven below." The author is not a diabolous—a slanderer or accuser of the brethren; for there is no word of accusation against any person or party; not a Satan-adversary or opposer, for he opposes no one.

Suppose the origin of the book to be what it claims, how are we to regard its teaching? Just as you would regard the teaching of any other book written by a good man on earth. The spirit-author claims nothing more. "I am not," he says, in the preface, "exclusive in my function, neither is she in hers, for all spirits and all mortals are similarly constituted. There is but one created rule of life for every living soul. The outward manifestation is exceptional, and is the only speciality in our case." And on the last page, "The sayings may alarm the timid; but the strong in faith will not fear to ponder on their deep significance, and, if not true to them, they will be justified in their rejection." Swedenborg says that he received nothing of his doctrines from any spirit or angel, but from the Lord alone, and it is just as incumbent on every Christian to receive nothing on the mere authority of any man, spirit, or angel, but from the Lord alone. Indeed, there can be no other true reception of goodness and truth. Our Lord says of his disciples, "They shall be all taught of God; whosoever, therefore, hath learned of the Father cometh unto me." What an apostle, a spirit, or an angel teaches may be true for him—and I hear him with all reverence speak what has been revealed to him—but it is not true for me until the Lord has revealed it in my interiors. Much truth,

* Primeval Man : the Origin, Declension, and Restoration of the Human Race, 5s. ; Ecce Homo : a Discourse on the Personality of God, 2s. London : J. Burns.

doubtless, lies in a man's spirit waiting for the confirming word of the teacher, whether man or spirit, which, like rain or sunshine, develops the living gem sown in the heart, and he becomes outwardly conscious of the inner truth. God's truth, then, is known by him—"as in heaven, so upon the earth," as God's will is done by him when the truth is established by action. It may be doubted whether any truth comes to us pure and undiluted, or whether we could receive it in such a state. If it did, it would be contrary to all analogy. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. There is a rumour of gold in a country, and men endure much privation, and make many sacrifices to get a chance of finding a portion. They do not, because they find none lying on the surface of the ground, or unmixed with vastly more than its weight of mud and stones, throw away their implements in disgust. They know gold when they see it in spite of the crude earth and stones in which it appears. But when a book appears in the religious world, especially if it claims anything of a supernatural origin, the professed truth-seeker, in most cases, feels called upon wholly to reject and denounce it as utterly evil, if he finds some startling assertion or some truth imperfectly expressed in it. We ought not to make a spirit or an angel any more than a man, "an offender for a word," nor will we, if we possess enough of that charity "which believeth all things" and "thinketh no evil." The truth comes in various forms to test whether we have a real or only a superficial acquaintance with him. He who cannot identify truth in a crowd or in a new garment, confesses that truth and he are far from being intimate. That faith is fullest and best which affirms most, and therefore comprehends most; for there is no sect that has not a basis of truth—no religion that has not a justification in the needs—relatively poor and imperfect sometimes—of its adherents. A man is more likely to be right in what he affirms than in what he denies, for truth is varied and has many sides. No heresy in a book or from a preacher can hurt a man, any more than truth can save a man, unless he has an answering heresy or truth within him; for it is with spiritual as with material food—not that which is taken into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out from the heart, that defileth the man.

CATHOLICUS.

CHRIST THE HIGHEST MEDIUM.

It may be conceded, and I say it with regret, that history warrants the declaration: "Wherever Papal influences and Bibles have gone, there has followed in the wake war, persecution, bigotry, and oppression." As a set-off against the above, we have had, at the same time, a law for the inner life of the *individual*—a *moral law*, which has fostered, in its highest sense, the better life, owing to the knowledge that the soul is immortal, and must give an account of itself; both these being essential doctrines of the Christian religion under every form.

Another advantage of the Christian religion has accrued by its sanctifying the married life in a way that no other religion has done; and by that and other Christian laws has raised woman to her present position—a position she had never before attained by any other religion.

For this very cause, Christianity has been termed in mockery, "The religion of woman;" but let all remember who are upholding woman's rights, that it is to the Christian religion she owes the rights she already possesses. If we add new steps, do not let us attempt hastily to kick down the steps that raised her.

The elevation of woman by Christianity has raised the standard of morals among men. Mrs. Farnham, author of "The Ideal Attained," has shown us what men are without the society of honest women raised in Christian lands. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has proved that among spiritualists, those societies where women have due influence are reticent and moral; but where men have undue influence some of these societies have issued in free love. Mr. Stearns, on "The Moral Precedence of Woman in her Higher Phases," has shown how all this comes to pass. He says that "man in his highest phase is of himself a rational but immoral being; that woman, in the order of birth and growth, is in her higher phase, a would-be moral being, but wanting in rational endowments." He adds, "There can be no sound morality without reason, and reason without righteousness is naught. The rationalised man and the moralised woman have attained each their natural perfection standing alone. Beyond this they must help each other to become positive in that wherein they are by nature negative."

What many would be if the common amount given us of reason were not kept in check by the moral law, Mrs. Hardinge has sketched out in the following words:—"So long as the restraints of law are about us we act as if the restraint proceeded from within. We do not know ourselves, or realise what we would be in the large liberty which is void of all restraint, but we know what we have been when such restraints are removed." She was speaking of the French Revolution, and of those who had cast away the restraints of religion. That children and many men have not sufficient reason to guide them without teachers is evident. Every one who stands up to teach confesses this; and we should be very careful of whom we accept as our teachers, before we give up that great teacher who may have hitherto kept us personally straight. Impulse is too often mistaken for reason.

It would be folly to speak of dreams to any but spiritualists, but here I make no apology. This very morning I had a dream which seemed to have been sent me in order to give me help in my present argument. I was, during sleep, wandering in the regions of imagination on a wooded hill in a lovely country. A spirit, pleasing in manner and appearance, met me, and urged me to follow him down a new path which seemed very agreeable, but which I knew to be dangerous. I refused without hesitation or after-thought. A short time seemed to elapse, when suddenly I felt an earnest desire to follow that path. I called to the spirit, who had been some time out of sight. He immediately returned. I consented to go down that path, adding as a reason, "At any rate, this is a free country;" when I was suddenly stopped by hearing my Christian name called loudly by a new voice in a tone of reproach. I awoke with a start, my ears tingling.

We know how much misery sectarian disputes have brought into the world, but they are common to every religion. The Bhuddists

separated from the Brahmins; the Mahomedans have always had their disputes. And disputes have their advantages. Among Christians each sect desires to excel the others; this can never be done but by the excelling of the individuals of the sect. There is perhaps no sect, let them talk of "dead works" as they will, which does not regard morality as an essential of Christianity, for they all know that a life of good works is the great Christian test. Men are known by their fruits. Each sect attempts to prove by its mode of living that it is not deficient in this great test; more, that it exceeds the others by this test. What caused the hatred of the then Pope towards that great Christian medium and reformer, Savonarola, but that he set up a lofty standard of morals against the existing iniquities of the Roman Church—the more immoral because at that time there was no war to speak of of the sects? That Rome is very different now to what it was then, since the wars of the sects, is, I believe, allowed by all candid men who have studied its history.

I had fondly hoped that one great advantage of modern Spiritualism would be demonstrated by its power of setting Christian people right on many points where they are all left in some doubt; and also in healing our differences. I thought that the glorious doctrine of Progress, future progress—for which all hail to Spiritualism! in this, on this point, benighted age—was to be our panacea. I thought that at least Spiritualism had settled this great question, whether God was inimical to all but a few who personally thought well of themselves, or whether He was the great Father of all, "not willing that any should perish;" and I had come to the conclusion that Spiritualism had, by incontrovertible facts, proved the latter, and that its law was Progress. I saw, therefore, that the chief texts which have divided men into sects, with the selfish view of maintaining a place among the chosen few—as, on the other hand, those Roman assumptions which confine salvation to one church—have a new meaning when read by the eyes of the spiritualist; nay, that these very texts are actually in accord with Spiritualism itself. I found that Spiritualism teaches that few, very few, go straight from this life to the higher realms of heaven, just because they are unfit for them; and that if, in consequence, "many are called, but few chosen," Spiritualism is right in showing that, nevertheless, God never calls in vain, and that therefore progress is sure, though it should be impeded by time and tribulation.

Reformers have acted unfairly, unworthily, untruthfully; they have, in their insane hatred against Rome, blotted out the word Hades from the Protestant Bibles, in order to quench the doctrine of Purgatory, which is in fact the key-note of the success of the Roman Church. Luther and Calvin knew that well; hence their stooping to the fraud, hence their setting up Christian Phariseism as its only substitute, while utterly ignoring the doctrine of Progress contained in that of "the few and many stripes." For many stripes must have an end, and "paying the uttermost farthing," for they are both spoken concerning our future life; and in all this we English have followed in the wake of the German and French Reformers.

Another wrong committed by these first Reformers in their sectarian

bitterness—although they were spiritualists themselves—has been the utterly ignoring all Spiritualism that has existed for the last fifteen hundred years, just because it was assumed by Rome. Hence have we and the Germans become the most material nations that the world has ever seen; or else, as Bunsen says in our case, “In England everything except the moral principle, in the form of the *fear* of God, is death life,”—a fear induced by a belief in eternal hell for the many, heaven for the few, and by the suppression of Hades from our Bibles.

For the above reasons, I am in accord with one of your late correspondents, and I think that Protestant tracts and teachers can have little effect in Catholic countries; because I believe that few who have tasted the comforts of the doctrine of Purgatory are likely to give it up, even though it may come through a polluted stream; or rather, should I not say that I know they are not likely to give it up, for is it not the especial privilege of the spiritualist to say *I know*? And what a blessed affirmative it is! Blot out then though we may, and have done, Hades from our Bibles, or Christian purgatory (*i.e.*, cleansing, for that is the true meaning of the word), or progress, for they are all, I believe, synonymous, we cannot blot out the words of the Great Medium who taught them.

On the other hand, let a fallible man, under the presumptuous assumption of infallibility, mete out eternal condemnation to any—mete out the “times and seasons” of the cleansing process, or even remit them on insufficient or any plea whatever, we cannot blot out the dicta of the Great Medium, who declared that “the times and seasons the Father keeps in his own power,” and that they are hidden from the angels of heaven, and from the Son himself—that Son who knew and acknowledges men to be his brothers and to be the children of the same Father, verifying the words of the Psalmist and logician, who said, “It is God who hath made us, and not we ourselves,” consequently “we are his people and the sheep of his pasture,” a privilege that the very worm which creeps beneath our feet might claim also, if it but knew reason and the glorious doctrine of mighty Progress.

Against the hatreds of the sects I thought Spiritualism came to protest, and against that system of ignoring Christian doctrines by one sect, because they were held by another, however hopeful those doctrines were for humanity at large. We must judge Christ by his fruits, not by religious wars; for if we did we could never come to a right judgment while wars concerning religion remain, and they are rife still. Christ, judged by his fruits, presents himself at the present day as having captivated the most intellectual nations of the earth, and they will not let him go, if only because they cannot let him go, because he is now, as ever, a great reality, a great Power. More, it is under Christianity that we have become, what we are, the most intelligent nations.

Is it true that the great divisions which have caused such misery among Christians have begun among spiritualists? Is it true that the two inimical signals on our future banners are to be Christ and Antichrist? Can spiritualists, who have themselves to undergo so many crosses, give up the cross? I doubt it, for I still find that the noblest argu-

ments on both sides are still borrowed from the same noble source; and the climax of high sentiment on both sides is still conveyed in the very words, or at least the ideas of our Great Medium? Why is this? Because there is something within us that is above and beyond us—the greater light which constrains us; and the greater medium overcomes the lesser by the law of natural selection.

What great medium has ever been stamped out except by a greater medium? Chrishna, Buddha, Confucius, Mahommed! who says that any of these powers are yet stamped out? Not they; they are as living now as ever, and still influencing large races of men. Spiritualists know this well. The spirits of these men are, all of them, far more powerful than when they lived in the flesh. Their followers are all now a hundred to one to what they were when these men were teachers upon earth, great mediums all! When their power here is annihilated, it will be only by a greater power than their own. Why, “Imperial Jove himself,” though he was but one of many, is still a lesser power; and men who swear at all are as likely to swear by him as by a greater; with the intuitive perception, that to swear by him is the lesser presumption. If, then, great mediums of former days are Powers still, still great Powers, what are we to say of the Greatest? The power of Christ influenced men for thousands of years before he was sent on earth in the flesh, at the time and season appointed by his Father and our Father. He influenced men, I say, before his earthly birth, because he was then a living power, a great reality; if he did not, then all the old seers were myths, and prophecies plainly fulfilled are no longer facts. And when he came on earth, what then? Why, according to the suppressed histories of his early life as a little child, his electric and medium powers were the most wonderful upon record. When twelve years old, he electrified the wise doctors by his speech and power. When a peasant man, he entered the great temple with an electric power that no peasant has dared or has had the force to apply before or since; and what that peasant did by that electric power we all know, and the object we all know; men had made God’s temple a den of thieves. His power of language and doctrine we all know also; what is more, we all make use of them when we are at our best. Did he not teach us to love one another? Whose fault is it that we have not? Did he not say, “Lo I am with you, even to the end of the world”? He certainly has been with us hitherto. What other peasant man ever made such a prophecy of himself? How daring, how ridiculous it would be in common cases; but in this case the prophecy has been fulfilled; but if this was said as a spirit, what other spirit has ever said the same? That the spirit is in existence before it is clothed with a body, is believed by many, if not by most spiritualists of the present day. That this doctrine was taught by Christ, as well as by the prophet Malachi concerning Elias or Elijah and John the Baptist, seems plain, if plain words express anything. I know it is explained away by most Christian teachers, but the words remain. M. Roustaing, whose *nom de plume* was Allan Kardec, was taught by spirits that this was no exceptional case, but a law of nature. M. Roustaing also tells us, through the teaching o

spirits, that re-incarnation is ordained as a general law for men and women, either as a mission or a retribution. Who knows whether it might not have been, in the beheaded Baptist's case, a mission and a retribution both? for great seer and medium as Elijah was, he had not learned the great truth from the greater power—a truth which is known to the mediums of the present day—that “the divine principle of love alone subdues;” that “mercy is better than sacrifice;” that “love is the fulfilling of the law.” I am not a convert to the late M. Rousstaing's views, but this much I must say, that if the words of the prophet Malachi, combined with the words of Christ concerning Elijah and John the Baptist, cannot be explained away—that is, if Elias and John the Baptist *were* the same spirit, and if also the laws of nature are general and irreversible—then that law which applied to Elijah and John the Baptist must be a general law; and I rejoice in seeing Miss Anna Blackwell's papers in your periodical, because they keep us to a moral law; they teach us that, “as a man sows so shall he reap;” they do not set up Antichrist, and they do not put impulse for reason; and I hold these latter views, not from any especial feeling of my own, but because I believe them to be true and just, and according to the will of God.

It seems to me that if any men of the present day may be shocking the Christian world—and it is composed of many, very many men of superior attainments, and almost every woman of the most advanced races—and I must add also, impeding, I think, Spiritualism by setting up other teachers as equal or superior to Christ, it may be, and is, I hope, but a reaction permitted only for a time; a réaction provoked possibly by even a greater evil still, by some Christians themselves, who hold the Eternal Father as an angry God, and give all the elements of mercy and love to the essentially “beloved Son.” But I am quite unable to believe that Mr. A. J. Davis is one of those who would set up on his banner Antichrist; he who speaks of the Bible as “the sacred pages”—pages, indeed, which manifest Christ most fully. But in some respects, is he wrong in saying, “The *cause* and the *effect*, the *why* and the *wherefore*, do not appear on the sacred pages”? It is certainly as a moral law for which we must chiefly look, and certainly find in those sacred pages; and no man who believes that the world goes round the sun has any right to complain of science for guiding us when we are in ignorance or doubt. He who believes in this greater light—the movement of the heavenly bodies, for which we are alone indebted to science—cannot in any justice find fault with any lesser new light which science may afford; and to cut through the mists and mysteries by which we are surrounded with the two-edged sword of Science and Spiritualism, is given to few as to Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis; but even in this he is, I believe, the last man to deem himself infallible.

Further, I feel convinced that this powerful seer can never forget an extraordinary passage of his youth, when, rapt away soul and body, he was permitted to meet a great and good Shepherd, and received the high and dignified mission to give *help* in keeping the sheep in one flock, and not to let them get scattered. Such a commission, from

such an one, is surely honour enough. This, I am fain to believe, Mr. A. J. Davis knows better than any of us, and that in this point he will, "under all circumstances, keep an even mind." PATIENTIA.

LOCATION OF THE SUMMER LAND.

IN an article by Mrs. De Morgan, which appears as an extract in the *Spiritual Magazine* of February last, it is stated that "Mr. A. J. Davis has fixed the locality of the spirit-world in the Milky Way," &c. It then refers to observations of Sir William Herschel on the "resolvability" of the milky way, a fact patent to all at the present state of science, and continues, apparently with a view to impress the reader with the nature and extent of this "immense nebulae," with various comments, which indicate to the writer that Mrs. De Morgan, in common with many other interesting writers, greatly misunderstands the American Seer in this branch of philosophy.

Having read Mr. Davis, somewhat critically, and having had the privilege of frequent conversation with him on this and various cosmological subjects, I should be pleased to submit the following remarks, and to correct, if possible, misapprehensions apparently so prevalent, not only in England, but in this country also. As the article referred to, though very short, touches upon two or three distinct or widely different topics, you will pardon me, Mr. Editor, if mine appears to wander somewhat to meet them.

By reference to a diagram in the "Magic Staff," page 340, and to illustrations and descriptive scales in "the Stellar Key," page 65 *et seq.*, we can, it seems to me, easily comprehend the principles, order, and system of the UNIVERCELUM, and its concentric zones as disclosed and taught by this American writer. In the references it is clearly shown that the Milky Way, sweeping grandly through space, and which the respected Herschel deemed *so vast*, which he conjectured to be stars massed to a cloud by virtue of distance only, and which his telescope finally resolving, proved this bold conjecture to be true, is but *one* among *countless billions* of similar milky ways (or universes, as Mr. Davis more truthfully terms them), disposed through the vast circuit of a belt of galaxies, and which, in its unimaginable sweep around the Divine Centre, constitutes what he terms the "Sixth Circle of Suns." This Sixth Circle is the outermost of the concentric star-belt formations—the only one old enough or ripe enough to evolve humanity-producing planets. This circle or belt is formed of countless Island-universes like our milky way tract, disposed in the comparatively narrow periphery of this circle, at right angles to its inconceivably long radius. This belt is ring-form, if star-strewn space can be so designated—not sphere-form, as many misunderstand it. It is composed, I repeat, of isolated milky way tracts, or better, universes, which again are composed of solar systems like our own.

Now it will be seen by the mind's eye that this ring-form belt is so vast, its radius gives such an immeasurable sweep that the inconceivable circumference affords ample area in this infinite belt to harbour with its broad sea-room the *countless billions* of universes, each as large

and often vastly larger than our own, with measureless and more than "interstellar" spaces between them. This Sixth Circle (to make it plainer), in form an equatorial ring-section, as if it were cut from a vast sphere, is about forty degrees in breadth, and its component milky way tracts of stars are disposed successively around the belt, with their areas or concave sides facing the grand Centre of Formation, each universe revolving in its own plane around a centre within itself.

Now let us return to our own universe. Looking from our position here toward the grand Sensorium or Parental Centre of these concentric belts, the line of Sight would intersect four other star-belts similar to the Sixth, but concentrically within it, each succeeding star-belt inwardly being younger and less perfected in sun and planet development than ours, for they were evolved later. Now in the almost infinite space between the fifth and sixth concentric star-belts lies like a golden and infinite glory, the undisturbed, divine, and ever-blooming Summer Land of the ascended—the "Aurelian Zone," invisible at present to the external eye—the broad home-land of *all* liberated human beings.

Now this is all *within* the Milky-way belt, is it not? interior to it as the portals of the just opening bud are within the green covering. And this is the sense in which the seer-author wished to be understood. The *infinite* Summer Land cannot lie *in* the finite or limited "milky way," which is only *one* of the countless wreaths of suns that environ it. But it lies a tranquil, divine, unchangeable zone far within, and nearer to, the Parental Centre than the Sixth Circle of Universes. This last is a material-fraught, constellated space. The other is a continuous coherent zone, interior, and sublimated from the countless planets of the manifold universes. "Like a zone on the inside of the Milky-way belt is unfolded the Second Sphere" (*Penetralia*).

The Summer Land is as broad as the immeasurable star-belt above it, and is a consolidated land-zone, as real to the ascended spirit as the Earth is to man. It is an aggregation of refined atoms, eliminated from all the infinite mazes of suns and planets of the Sixth Circle. And behold how these remote suns and wreaths of galaxies tinge with white star-dust the unimaginable spaces where universes have birth and wheel eternally through the unmapped bournes of immensity! Yet the golden mantled Summer Land is infinitely sublimer than these, and is equal in unbroken extent to all the inter-stellar and inter-universe spaces combined!

When compared with each other, the interior Summer Land zone, and the exterior universe belt, which are parallel circles, we perceive that they are *very near together*. It is only when measured by our familiar standards that the apparent vastness of distance which separates them becomes a matter of amazement.

Another and distinctly different subject referred to in the same article and equally misapprehended, is that of the "spirit world." This is entirely different from the Summer Land which, as before stated, is a locality, while the spirit world, according to recent definitions in the Harmonial Philosophy, is an attenuated condition of matter, invisible, but everywhere present. It is the essence world that lies immediately about us, permeating all things, touching them and us, analogously, as

magnetism touches the plate of glass when the magnet moves the needle just beyond it. It extends indefinitely through space. Each thing has its own peculiar emanation, and this makes what is properly termed the "spirit world." Near at hand, it is the aura of each external object, and fully represents it. It is the external's refined totality. It is the essence of things in contradistinction to the coarse external itself. In other words, it is the unorganised ether-realm, the *essence-world*. It is not world-form. It has no surface, no limitations, no locality, but is all-pervading. We are never out of the spirit-world. We breathe its atoms as an element of the common air. Evidently the term "spirit-world" should never be substituted for the term Summer Land or Spirit Land, for it has really no significance in this connection.

"The subject of mediumship, with its powers and limitations so very obscure at present," is also referred to in the same article, and were it not for the error largely prevalent in the minds of writers the world over, it would pass unnoticed in this connection. But a foregone conclusion appears to have taken possession of those at all familiar with modern manifestations, that Mr. Davis is a ready, "strong," and remarkable medium.

Now once for all, and with deliberate emphasis, knowing his methods intimately, I wish to say that this is not the case. Mr. Davis is an independent clairvoyant. His experience as a medium has been rare and exceptional. He is a hard-working, devoted student of laws, truths, principles, and ideas when in the "superior condition," as he more properly terms the state beyond that of mere clear-seeing. It would be quite as reasonable, I should think, to call Professor Tyndall, or Emerson, or Horace Greeley "mediums" as to apply this term to Mr. Davis. True, in his youth he incidentally experienced many of its phases on his way to a development of the Superior Condition. But his methods since then have been through the well-earned powers of this riper development. His clairvoyance, it is well to note, is no mere sight-seeing, no mental play-ground. He never, under any circumstances, enters Nature's divine arcanum out of mere curiosity, but always has a broad significant humanitarian purpose as a motive for his investigations.

A medium, on the other hand, is plastic, circumscribed, and subject to influences of others, is a conveyor of opinions and theories, it may be, of blessed self-evident truths. A medium gives everything indiscriminately as received, and, as an individual, has no choice in the matter. The clairvoyant enters calmly the penetralia of principles. He perceives and comprehends, then returns and explains Nature's hidden but multi-form treasures. Each has an important place in the field of humanity and progress, and it is well that we study the mission and methods of both.

If the remarks submitted aid in explaining the "discrepancies and contradictions" mentioned in the article referred to, and which indeed are often discouraging to investigators, these pages will not have been occupied in vain.

J. B. LOOMIS.

New York, March, 1870.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

MORE DIRECT SPIRIT WRITING.

THE lithographed *fac simile* of direct writing which we gave last month has excited a deep interest, and many of our readers are curious to know more about it. There was so little time to prepare it properly at the end of last month, that a few errors crept into the *fac-simile*, and also into the printed copy. The following letter from a scholarly critic points out the chief of these defects, and also throws some welcome light on the truthfulness of the historical facts conveyed in the spirit-writing, which will be read with much satisfaction:—

SIR,—In the transcript of the first of the direct spirit writings published in your last number, for “Logides,” read “Lagidæ,” for “Seloncides” read “Seleucidæ,” and for “Hyrconus” read “Hyrceanus.” A reference to the original would probably support these corrections. The Lagidæ were the kings of Egypt descended from Ptolemy Lagus; and the Seleucidæ, the kings of Syria descended from Seleucus.

In the transcript of the second spirit writing, of which a lithographed *fac-simile* is also given, a reference to the original clearly shows that the name of the Persian king is “Chosroes” not “Chascoes,” and that of the Emperor mentioned further on is “Heraclius” not “Herodius.” Chosroes II., King of Persia, actually took Jerusalem by assault in A. D. 614, when he carried away the so-called true cross, which the Emperor Heraclius, after his victorious campaign against Chosroes, brought back to Jerusalem, A. D. 629. These facts will be found in the 46th chapter of Gibbon’s History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. The other historical facts referred to appear to be correct. The whole reads like a series of extracts from a popular lecture on Jerusalem.

In the *fac-simile* and printed transcript of the Latin sentence, there are some errors which do not exist in the original, viz., “ducete” for “ducite” “eum” for “cum,” “magistatis” for “majestatis,” and “cruses” (“crucis” in transcript) for “cruces.” There is however one important error in the original, the word “ut” being distinctly written in the third line, where, to make sense and grammar it should be “et,” or if “ut” is retained, the word “affigite” must be altered to “affigatur.” The latter word, however, as written, is unmistakeably “affigite.” J. S. L.

A translation of the Latin message has been given by the spirits. On May 1, at the house of Mr. Freeman, Mrs. Everitt, while in the trance, wrote out the following translation of the Latin paragraph given in last month’s *Human Nature*:—

“Jesus of Nazareth, a disturber of the peace, a despiser of Cæsar, and a false Messiah, as witnesses of his own nation testify: him take ye to the place of common punishment, and there, with kingly emblems, mock, in the middle, between two thieves, nail to a cross. Hasten officers, provide the cross.”

“This was uttered by Pontius Pilate at the time of the condemnation.”

Again, while Mrs. Everitt was in the trance at a séance at her own house on May 3rd, the following translation was given in direct spirit-writing in six seconds:—

“Jesus of Nazareth, a disturber of the peace of this people, a

despiser of Cæsar, and a false Messiah, as proved by the majority of witnesses of his own nation, take ye to the place of common punishment, and there him with emblems mock of kingly state, in the middle, between 2 thieves, nail to a cross. Hasten officers, provide the crosses."

Mr. E. D. Rogers, who was present at this séance, has kindly written the following letter, with a translation of the Latin words:—

May 13, 1870.—Old Palace Road, Norwich.

DEAR MR. BURNS,—In reply to yours enquiring about the Latin message given at a séance at Mrs. Everitt's, and a copy of which appeared in the last issue of *Human Nature*, permit me to say that a few slight errors have manifestly crept into the transcript; and I venture to offer a few suggestions by way of correction.

The points after the word "contemptorem," as printed on page 223 (contemptorem Cæsar's) should not have been there, and on looking to the original message or the lithograph copy, you will find that they are simply the dots to the i's in the next line. The word "ducete" should be "ducite." The words "ut eum ludibriis" should read "et cum ludibriis." "Magistatis" should be "majestatis." There should be a full point after "affigite." And the last word should be, not "crucis" (nor "cruses" as it appears in the lithograph), but "cruces."

The translation is:—"Lead to the place of common punishment and affix to a cross in the midst of (or between) two robbers, with the mockeries of regal majesty,* Jesus the Nazarene, a subverter of the nation,† a despiser of Cæsar, and a false Messiah, as has been established by the testimony of the Elders‡ of his own nation. Go, officer, get ready the crosses."

I was present at the séance at Mrs. Everitt's when the spirit friend who had given the Latin communication, gave also, by direct writing, his own translation of it. I have not a copy of it by me, but I remember that on reading it, my impression was that it was not in every particular quite correct. Our "friend" certainly erred in translating the word "majorum" as "majority"; the correct translation is as I have given it, "elders."—Yours, very truly,

E. D. ROGERS.

On the same evening another piece of direct writing was given, the purport of which is of a totally different nature from those given previously. The conditions were the same as described in our last number. The room was dark, and the paper and pencil lay on the table, round which the circle sat quite close. The hand-writing is similar to that lithographed in our last number. This was given in eight seconds:—

"You all possess Understanding and Will. Your Understanding is the receiver of truth, and is formed from that truth. Your Will is the receiver of good, and therefore is formed from that good. Hence, whatever a man understands and thinks he calls true, and what you will and think, you call good. You are capable of thinking from your Understanding and perceiving what is true and good, but you do not think from your Will unless you will and do what your Understanding

* And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, king of the Jews!—Matt. xxvii. 29.

† Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people.—Luke xxiii. 14.

‡ Now the chief priests, and elders, and all the council, sought false witness against Jesus to put him to death.—Matt. xxvi. 59.

approves. When you thus will and do, truth is both in the Understanding and the Will, and, therefore, in the man, because the Understanding does not constitute the man, nor the Will alone, but both together. If it is in the Understanding only it is *with* you, not *in* you, for that would be only a thing of memory, a science in the memory. The Power is going—gd. nt."

These sentences contain deep truths, and the question arises, Where do these thoughts and historical facts come from? Who are the spirits? Where do they get the knowledge? And how do they communicate it? These are mighty problems for the science of the future; questions which will no doubt be satisfactorily expounded in due time. Direct spirit-writing is not a new phenomenon. It has occurred repeatedly at various circles, and Mrs. Guppy's spirit-drawings, now at the Progressive Library, are an instance of the same kind of manifestation. Mr. Coleman has in his possession drawings and writings done in America in the same rapid manner as Mrs. Everitt's communications, but we have now instances in this country of similar matter being given in such an incredibly short space of time. At a later séance more spirit-writing was given, and the light of the spirit-world was infused into the dark room, so as to be seen by all with the natural sight. This is the first instance we have heard of this phenomenon. Mrs. Everitt has made great progress with her mediumship of late. The spirit voice, "John Watt," intimated that Dr. Newton was connected with, and influenced from, the sphere of Love, presided over by the Apostle John.

DR. NEWTON, THE AMERICAN HEALER.

THIS gentleman arrived in England on May 7th, and was entertained at a reception in London, on May 12th, B. Coleman, Esq., in the chair. He healed the sick poor gratuitously in Cambridge Hall, Newman Street, Oxford Street, daily from May 16th to 21st, and many which he met with privately. He does not cure all cases, nor even attempt them, but his success exceeds the most sanguine expectations of his friends. The blind are made to see, the lame to walk, and the afflicted and depressed in spirit are restored to happiness by some peculiar psychological power, a subject of immense interest to all students of man. The good doctor can impart a sanative love essence which has a most wonderful influence on the mind, health, and disposition of those who are in a state to receive it. He has been attacked in the most disgraceful manner by the *Daily Telegraph*, and the smaller fry of scribblers have echoed its impudent and ignorant declamations. In spite of these drawbacks the doctor has established himself firmly in the hearts of thousands already. He has attended at the Cavendish Rooms on two Sunday evenings, spoken to the people in his peculiar style, and sent out his healing power: many are cured whom he never touches at all. He is under spirit influence much of the time, and claims that he is controlled by Jesus, Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, and other bright spirits of the past. Jesus, he states, has told him, that he, Jesus, is a human creature like unto ourselves, "a good brother" and no more, and those who worship him as a God place an immeasurable gulph between him and them, and thus interrupt his influence for good. There are thousands

of bright spirits as good as him. Dr. Newton finds it difficult to get a house to receive company in, on account of the prejudice against him. He cannot have the Cambridge Hall any longer, but we hope before this meets the eye of the reader, that he will have surmounted all difficulties and be again at his good work.* We have had in type some account of his cures in America, which we now give, though they are a little stale after what has been accomplished in London:—

Mr. E. W. Watson, of M'Lean, Tomkins County, N.Y., gives the following account, in the *Banner of Light*, of remarkable cures by Dr. Newton:—"On the 6th of the present month (September, 1869) I was an eyewitness to some very remarkable cures by the laying on of hands, performed by Dr. J. R. Newton, at his rooms in the Bloomer House, Buffalo, N.Y. Two of these cures I wish to report, as a tribute of respect to the Doctor, and also for the benefit of the readers of the *Banner*. First, I will mention the case of the wife of Elijah Bliss, of Hume, Alleghany County, N.Y. She is forty-eight years old, but in consequence of much suffering appeared to be sixty. She had spinal disease and female weakness. Had not walked in nine years. Had not been dressed in six years, nor had on shoes, and had not been able to sit in a chair during that time. Her limbs were entirely paralysed. In ten minutes after she was brought into the Doctor's room she was completely restored, and walked through the house from room to room shouting and praising God, while tears of joy were streaming down her cheeks. Her husband and two daughters accompanied her. One daughter, nearly eleven years of age, had never seen her mother walk before, and only knew her as an invalid, unable to leave her bed; and as her mother now walked across the floor and grasped the hands of her children, all present were affected to tears; many were witnesses of the scene. The facts concerning the patient's past condition for nine years were given me by herself and eldest daughter. The other case which I wish to relate is that of a deaf and dumb girl, about eighteen years old, who had not spoken since three years of age, and was totally deaf for the same time. She was fully restored to speech and hearing in ten minutes, and all present heard her speak and saw the Doctor test her hearing, by standing on one side and partly back of her, so that she could not see his lips move, and at the distance of three feet from her, when she could hear him whisper, and would answer questions and repeat names, &c., after him. The facts concerning her past condition were given me by her sister, who was with her. I made the journey to Buffalo, a distance of near two hundred miles, mainly to visit Dr. Newton, who is truly my benefactor in an especial manner, for which I am truly grateful. I became acquainted with Dr. N. two years ago, at which time he restored my sight from total blindness, an account of which I purpose to give to the *Banner* ere long."

THE INNER LANGUAGE.

Sometimes a person attains to a state, where the thoughts of men, which are the vernacular language of the spirit, become distinctly cognisable. Jesus perfectly understood this inner language. There are those now who will answer a question put to them in thought, as readily as if it were addressed to them by the external organs of speech. We have often told what a person's thoughts and feelings were, many miles away. Madam Guyon relates, in her autobiography, that she was accustomed to enter into protracted conversations with her confessor, without the use of spoken words, employing only the *cogitatio loquens*, the inner language. At length

* All who desire to know the facts of Dr. Newton's progress and remarkable cures must consult the *Medium*, 1d. weekly. London: J. Burns.

they could thus converse when they were at a distance of miles from each other. This was no miracle. It was only the unfoldment of an unused power of our nature. There is in every man the innate faculty of conversing with spirits in the flesh or those who have put off their outward envelope. Speech similar to that of the spiritual world is implanted in every man, but our sensual educational systems do not unfold the hidden germ, but oftener suppress it. As soon as any one comes into the other life, he finds himself in the same speech with the inhabitants of that hitherto mysterious realm, and is able to converse with them without instruction. We could do it here and now, if we would possess ourselves of a knowledge of the laws of the human spirit, and take advantage of them. In ancient times, and all along the stream of human history, there have been those who made use of this inner language, and had communication by means of it with the spiritual world. What human nature has ever done, is practicable to-day; for in no epoch of the world have all the hidden powers and capabilities of our being been unfolded. But we are not to suppose that this privilege would be accorded to us for our amusement or that of others, but only for the accomplishment of some important use. For God always gives to every man the light he needs for the performance of the work assigned him in the plan of Providence. Guided by these hints and suggestions, we may educate ourselves to this high and holy converse, and in advanced years as well or easier than in youth. There are many persons who are dissatisfied with the mere shell of knowledge, the rind of the fruit, the cortex of the tree of life, and long for something to nourish and allay the cravings of their spirit. In harmony with the laws of their being, they may find what they need. The tree of knowledge is beginning to be looked upon as no forbidden fruit, but an enlightened science is giving us access to it, and we may eat and live. Our highest conceptions we do not get from books, but they are flashes of a purer light, undulations of the abyss of light that communicate a concordant vibratory movement to our minds, and come to us as the whisperings of a still, small voice within. Such communicated thoughts have been appropriately called impressions. If men were less sensuous, and their inner life was adjusted in harmony with the celestial realms, they would not be an unreliable source of knowledge. They are an effort of the heavens to impart to us their living ideas, and share with us their intellectual and affectional treasures. For such is the nature of the divine and angelic love, that there is in it a perpetual conatus to impart its own life to all the lower degrees of existence. All that we need is a spirit admissive of it, and the light of the higher realms will spontaneously flow in. The needed receptivity consists in the love of truth for its own sake, and a desire and purpose to apply it to a benevolent use.—*The Mental Cure*.

THE GIFT OF EUPHONIOUS WORD-MAKING.—The mysteries of Christian godliness have puzzled the wisest heads for many ages. We are glad to be able to shed a streak of light of the "celestial degree" on the knotty problem, through the "use" of the Rev. T. L. Harris. Writing in the *Spiritual Harbinger*, he lucidly says:—"In the twelfth hour of the glory of God, the life of God, the Lord in God, the Holy Procedure shall crown the Triune Creator with the perfect disclosive illumination. Then shall the creation, in its effulgence, above the divine seraphine, arise into the dome of the disclosure in one comprehensive revolving galaxy of supreme created beatitude." To which the *Cuyuga Chief* learnedly responds:—"Then shall blockheadism, the jackassical dome of disclosive procedure, above the all-fired great leather fungus of Peter Nipninneygo, the great gooseberry-grinder, rise into the dome disclosive until coequal, coextensive, and conglomerated lumaxes, in one grand comprehensive mux, shall assimilate into nothing, and revolve like a bob-tailed pussy-cat after the space where the tail was."

R E V I E W.

POSITIVE PNEUMATOLOGIE: *Die Realität der Geisterwelt, sowie das Phänomen der directen Schrift der Geister: Historische Uebersicht des Spiritualismus aller Zeiten und Völker.* [POSITIVE PNEUMATOLOGY: The Reality of the Spirit World, as well as the Phenomenon of Direct Spirit-Writing; Historical Review of Spiritualism in all Ages and among all Peoples.] By BARON LUDWIG VON GULDENSTUBBE, Author of "Moralle Universelle," the "Pneumatologie Positive et Experimentale," &c. Leipsic: Kasprowitz, 1870.*

THIS work is an edition in German of the *Pneumatologie Positive et Experimentale*, which was published in Paris in 1857, enriched and extended, as the author says in his preface, by twelve years' experience. The worthy Baron states, as the leading principle of this work, that "a direct manifestation of the spiritual (or supersensuous) world" is the first element of knowledge. In his first chapter he shows that Spiritualism is no new idea. "The germ," says he, "of the spiritual faculty is rooted in the very nature of man, and so is as old as humanity itself." He goes on to prove that in the traditions of all peoples from the earliest times are found the traces of Spiritualism, and, in his second chapter, shows how, after the time of Christ, the same idea continually manifests itself, only in a different form. In the third chapter the author states that the religious traditions of all people attribute their most sacred writings not to inspiration, but to a direct manifestation, that is, to writings given by the hand of God himself, or through His messengers; and in proof of this position he gives the tables of the law given to Moses. The author adduces the hand-writing on the wall of Belshazzar's palace as a striking instance of direct spiriting writing; and the speaking statue of Memnon as another form of the same direct manifestation of spirits. The sixth chapter is taken up with the question where spirits prefer to manifest themselves, and speaks of the notions of different people as to where disembodied spirits dwell. In the seventh chapter we have a long list of wonderful spiritual phenomena, and especially of direct spirit writings, given in the presence of witnesses, between the years 1856 and 1868. The following three chapters are devoted to descriptions of the spiritualistic mythologies of antiquity, and must be extremely interesting to one who loves to trace the affinities in belief, and tradition between one people and another. The fifteenth chapter treats of inspiration and the prophetic faculty, and shows that the Pythian priestesses gave their oracles in a somnambulistic state, similar to the mediums of the present day. Two chapters are taken up with the deep metaphysical questions, the human soul, immortality, eternity, and pre-existence of the soul. These are all viewed from the spiritual standpoint, and are treated in a large and interesting manner. He shows that a belief in immortality is one of the strongest opinions held by all people, even the lowest in the grade of civilisation as well as the highest. The

* The French edition is in the Progressive Library, illustrated by many specimens of direct spirit-writing.

twentieth chapter contains the strongest arguments in support of the belief that the soul possesses an ethereal body apart and separate from the earthly or material form. It is this which is seen by the clairvoyant, and by this, disembodied souls are enabled to make themselves visible. The following chapter speaks of the earthly body. The soul is unchanged by birth. The five subtle elements of the ethereal body image the five senses of the material body, and death is only the separating of the soul from earthly form; in fact, no more death than the bursting of the butterfly from the chrysalis is death. The two last chapters examine the question as to the state of the soul after death. "The development of the soul is eternal; its progress has no boundaries, but is continually rising from one sphere of perfection to another." Such is the principle held by the author, and supported by a great array of religious tradition from all people.

This work throughout shows that the greatest research has been brought to bear upon the subject under discussion. No one could read it without interest and instruction. Even one who did not grant the first proposition—namely, that "a 'direct manifestation of the spiritual world' is the first element of knowledge," could not help finding much pleasure in the perusal of this work, since, apart from its Spiritualism, it is an historical compendium of the religious traditions of antiquity. Twenty pages are full of "thoughts" given to the author and his sister by the spirits of departed ones. We quote a few—

"The love of God is the heavenly flame, which lighteth each man that cometh into the world."

"Enthusiasm for goodness is the holy fire of the soul."

"The union of two noble hearts is a diamond which has fallen from the crown of God."

"Justice and love are the weapons of God."

"Truth is the language of the angels. Eternity is the central sun that attracts every noble spirit."

A NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION WANTED.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—For five years I have taken considerable interest in Spiritualism, and have watched its progress and development with keen interest, I have attended a great number of séances, and held many in my own home with several members of my family.

Those lately held by me, have been of an entirely scientific character, and point very certainly to my mind, that a rapid change is coming upon the human race, particularly with regard to scientific knowledge. From the information I have gained, I am convinced that the foundation on which our present system of teaching is based will have to be changed, and principles will have to be developed in a simple form that will entirely supersede the complicated system now in vogue. Any system adopted that does not embrace the practical business of life involves a serious waste of time and money. It appears to me the struggle of the future will be in the difficulties presented by theoretical persons who are constantly dealing with opinions instead of principles. If it were possible that the Spiritualists could find a few live men among their fraternity, who would erect an Institution constructed in exact

harmony with the general laws that govern celestial and terrestrial bodies, we might then arrive at a condition of knowledge superior to anything we at present possess. The institution should represent as nearly as possible, an epitome of the earth on which we live, and the internal arrangements should illustrate the general laws that govern the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. All the arrangements should be of a simple order based on first principles. The corridors through the institution should represent a section of the earth from south to north, and east to west. The geology, geography, climatology, ethnology and sociology should all be classified, and the various longitudes, latitudes, and altitudes should be illustrated on a grand scale. The institution should be heated, drained, watered, ventilated and lighted on the best possible system. The whole institution should be built fire proof, and the carbonic acid and nitrogen, generated in combustion, combined with the vapours of the sewers should be converted into vegetable life in the top of the building. The gallery should be capable of educating 1000 children, which may be classified in four divisions. The drop scenery on the various stages of the galleries should represent every description of knowledge that may be useful to mankind. Very little attention should be paid to history, as the past only represents a dark cloud of transition. All the practical business of life should be carried out on a scale that would awaken within the mind of mankind a deep interest in the enormous powers placed at his disposal. The productive powers should be capable of sustaining the children and their teachers, and ought to manufacture and produce a very large proportion of everything they require. All orphan children should be provided for, and sufficient land should be secured round the institution for the erection of a model city. The workshops should be adapted in every respect to build institutions of a similar character. The fragments of every branch of science should be gathered up and brought to a focus for practical utility, and the whole elements of practical and civil engineering should be brought to bear on every point of the institution. Political palaver should be shelved, and positive science substituted in its place. Preaching should go with working, and "he that knoweth *and* doeth" should be our disciple. This institution would supersede table rapping to a great extent, as I feel confident the assistance rendered from the other side would be immense. I may state before closing this letter, that I know a party who has made provision for erecting an institution of this character. A model of the institution has been constructed, and many thousand feet of canvas prepared to illustrate a portion of this work. Thousands of pounds have been expended in collecting information from every known source, and many important discoveries and inventions have been recently communicated from friends in the Spirit world. It therefore becomes a question whether Spiritualists are prepared to get to business and endeavour to solve the problem of our time, viz., that of erecting institutions capable of encouraging the free and spontaneous development of genius, intellect, capital and labour, and of utilising the hidden treasures of the earth, and dividing the products amongst the industrial producers.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

POSITIVE.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM VACCINATION.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Amongst the many thousands of Petitions presented to Parliament this session, I doubt if there is one more deserving of publicity than the following, which records a case of conscientious objection to vaccination, and the consequent death of the child (or, as Professor Newman justly designates it—a “brutal and foul murder,” though done “according to law,”) by the enforcement of the hateful Compulsory Vaccination Act.

Manchester.

HENRY PITMAN.

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

The humble Petition of John and Ann Sigsworth, of Webster Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

Sheweth,—That your Petitioner, John Sigsworth, was recently summoned before the Borough Magistrates, and was fined, for having neglected to cause his child, Walter Albert, to be examined after vaccination.

That your Petitioners entertained sanitary objections to having the operation performed, but, owing to pecuniary circumstances and to fear of repeated penalties, the child, being then in perfect health, was vaccinated by the Assistant Public Vaccinator on the seventh day of March, 1870.

That the child was not taken to be examined because from the time of the vaccination it continued unwell. An eruption first appeared on the head and neck, which gradually spread until the whole body was such a mass of sores that it could only be lifted to the breast by raising the pillow on which it was laid. The child was in great agony the whole time until it died on the evening of the third of May, 1870.

That the child was attended during this only and fatal illness by Dr. Oliver, who certified the cause of death as bronchitis or inflammation of the lungs.

That your Petitioners considering these events, are solemnly of opinion their child was murdered according to law.

Your Petitioners therefore humbly pray your honourable House to make such inquiry as may be deemed necessary into the facts above stated, and being satisfied of their accuracy, to cause the repeal of the law which operates in a manner so oppressive and so murderous.

And your Petitioners will ever pray, &c.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

THE SEANCES AT THE PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY are being sustained with great vigour. Mr. Morse's controls on Friday evenings are very instructive indeed. Mr. Shepard attracts good companies to hear him sing and perform on the piano under spirit influence; he has commenced a developing circle on Monday evenings which promises well. Mr. Cogman has also taken charge of a circle for investigation on Thursday evenings; so that all have an opportunity of witnessing something of the interesting phenomena of Spiritualism.

MR. PEEBLES is about to return to America after a most prosperous career as a teacher of Spiritualism in London and the Provinces. His ministrations at the Cavendish Rooms, London, have been a marked success. A well-disciplined congregation without a creed, and a full house with no toll at the door is the result. Mr. Peebles returns to his countrymen with bright laurels on his brow, intertwined with other well-earned honours; we hope to see him amongst us soon again.

THE CENSUS OF SPIRITUALISTS.—We are receiving important information and encouraging reports from various parts, but we have to complain somewhat of the laxity of our friends in this matter. We give a form with this month's *Human Nature*, which we hope our readers will at once use, and take some little trouble in sending to their friends in distant places. By applying at our office any number can be obtained of these forms. We shall expect to hear from you all within the next few days.

DR. WILLIS arrived in New York after a very turbulent passage. His goods are all scattered; and, homeless, he had retreated to the hospitable abode of a friend at Glenora, Seneca Lake, Yates Co., New York. He says "Will you have the kindness to inform my numerous friends in London—those who gave me so cordial a welcome when I arrived there last fall—how deeply I regret the necessity that compelled me to hurry through London on my return from Italy without meeting any of them. I had looked forward with many pleasant anticipations to a visit in London this spring of at least six weeks' duration, instead of which I had barely as many hours. But I trust this pleasure is only deferred for a time—perchance for a few months only. I cannot but feel that I shall return to London, that there is some special work there for me. Be that as it may, I feel that I shall never again be a stranger to the many kind hearts that opened so cordially to receive me in October last."

MR. PEEBLES AT BRADFORD.

ON Thursday, the 28th April, Mr. J. M. Peebles gave the first of a series of lectures at the Mechanics' Hall, Bradford, on Spiritualism. There was a very fair audience, and the lecturer handled his subject in a thoroughly masterly manner, informing the Christian portion of his audience that while they "walk by faith" we "walk by light," while they "believe" we "know." At the close of the lecture, a little dumpy woman mounted the rostrum, and delivered herself of a very clever, but bitterly sarcastic speech, denouncing in regular wholesale fashion, the style, arguments, and ideas of the lecturer; but when she was announced as Mrs. Law, the lecturer did not throw away mercy on her, but gave her justice; and as Law and Justice don't quite agree justice (as it ought to be) overcame, and I don't think Mrs. Law will seek it again at the hands of Mr. Peebles. I confess I had no idea that a man with so much kindness in his character, could hit so hard.

On the night following, Mr. Peebles discoursed eloquently on the "Bible Proofs of Spiritualism;" on Saturday, on the "Judgment Day;" and on Sunday, in Pullan's New Music Hall, there were three meetings held, which were largely taken advantage of by the public. In the morning, Mr. Peebles lectured on "Salvation and Punishment;" and in the evening, on "Heaven and Hell;" the afternoon meeting having been devoted to trance speeches; whilst on Monday night the hall at Bowling was crammed to excess, to hear Mr. Peebles deliver his last lecture.

There is a Society of Phrenologists in Bradford, who had a meeting on Tuesday night, at which Mr. Peebles attended, when as a result of his visit, a committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Spencer, Brown, Jarvis, and Cross, to organise a psychological society, which I doubt not will prove successful.

On the whole, Bradford has had a refreshing time of it, and Mr. Peebles is leaving just as he is beginning to become popular.

As an instance of the general feeling in the town, there is a spectroscopic exhibition here just now, and when they were playing the haunted house, the actor declared that his house had always been haunted, but since that man Peebles had come to town, it seems ten times worse. This sally was received with roars of laughter.

Mr. Peebles has left Bradford with the best wishes of every one, and many hope for another visit before his final departure for America.—Yours,
&c.,
CLARA SHERWOOD.

PROGRESS AT NOTTINGHAM.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—By the desire of the members of the Progressive Spiritualists' Mutual Improvement Class, and with your kind permission, I will place before your readers the third half-yearly report of the above class. In this month's *Human Nature* you make this remark, "*The Lyceum lives, nay thrives,*" and I am very glad to say the same is equally true of this class. Since my last communication (which may be seen in *Human Nature* for December, 1869, and also our mode of using the contributions, &c.,) our numbers have just been doubled. I am very glad to say that several of our less bigoted friends of the *other camp* have joined, and appear to be much interested in our class. On Good Friday we had a social tea-party at the Lyceum. About nine o'clock the secretary was called upon to give his report. He said there were two things in the report which gave him much pleasure—first, that the women had taken so much interest in the subjects which had been discussed, and to see them defend themselves and claim their rights so enthusiastically; second, that their numbers had so much increased, which would cause a greater variety of opinions and subjects to be brought before the class, which he believed would tend to make the class more interesting than ever, for "*variety*" appeared to him to be conspicuous on every page of the "*Book of Nature.*" The total amount of contributions for the half-year had been £1 7s. 5d., and the total amount of expenditure for books was £1 5s., leaving a balance of 2s. 5d. in hand. It will be seen from this that we have received almost as much this last six months as we did the twelvemonths previous. I might say that the whole, or nearly so, of the books have been purchased from the Progressive Library, as we felt it our duty to support as far as possible our much respected friend Mr. J. Burns. I think classes of this kind might be made of great use amongst spiritualists, where friends might be able to discuss various subjects. I will now give you a list of the various subjects which have been discussed:—Oct. 29, 1869, "*Compulsory Education is against the liberty of the Working Classes, therefore unjust*"—introduced by Mr. Ashworth; Nov. 5, "*A Working Man is not a competent Representative for a Member of Parliament*"—Mr. Herrod; Nov. 12, "*The Republican form of Government superior to Monarchical*"—Mr. Moreton; Nov. 19, "*The Variety of Nations: that all Nations sprang from one common stock, and were originally white*"—Mr. Swain (the above subject, though rather speculative, was very interesting, it having occupied three consecutive Friday nights); Dec. 10, "*Vegetarianism, the ultimate Food of Man*"—Mr. Hitchcock; Dec. 17, the same subject, continued by Mrs. Hitchcock; Dec. 24 to Feb. 11, 1870 (these nights were occupied in revising the rules which were then on the book,

and adding such others as were deemed necessary; Feb. 25, "Womans Position"—by Mrs. Hitchcock; March 4, same subject continued by Mrs. Hitchcock; March 11, the same continued by Mr. Ashworth; March 18, the same by Mrs. Stretton; March 25, the same continued by Miss Gamble.

There has been no question discussed in the class that has been so deeply interesting, and called forth such warm enthusiasm as the one last named. Nearly all the women had sufficient courage to claim their rights, and in a creditable manner too. Mrs. Hitchcock thought the education and training of woman's intellectual faculties was of the greatest importance, as it had a most powerful influence over the child, both before and after it was born. She maintained that all great and good men, had good and noble mothers. She appeared to think that justice would never be done woman until they had their representatives in the House of Commons. Mrs. Stretton was of opinion that there was much room for the better education of women. She contended that there would be very little need for compulsory education if woman was educated as she ought to be.—Hoping to have the pleasure of your company, and such other friends as could make it convenient to attend our pic-nic, I remain, yours for progression and truth,

JAMES ASHWORTH, *Secy.*

April 28, 1870.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

209 ST. ANN'S WELL ROAD, NOTTINGHAM,
May 9th, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—According to my promise in last *Human Nature*, I forward you a short programme for our fourth annual pic-nic, to be held on June 27th, at the Black's Head Pleasure Grounds, Mansfield Road, near Nottingham. It is likely some of our friends will recollect that two years since we held our pic-nic at the above-named place, and we believe all were highly delighted with the day's proceedings. It is our intention to assemble on the grounds at two o'clock in the afternoon, so as to allow the members of the Lyceum as much time as possible to enjoy themselves in the various games—swinging, gymnastics, football, dancing, &c., &c. Tea to be on the table at four o'clock, after which the members of the Lyceum will take up their banners, and perform some of their Lyceum marches to singing and music. Towards the close of the day, it is arranged for the leaders, officers, and friends of the Lyceum to address the meeting, and at convenient times, the choir will display their vocal abilities. We hope to see as many of our friends from the distant localities, as can make it convenient to attend.—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS S. STRETTON.

MISCELLANEA.

UNAVAILING REGRETS.—At a very successful *séance* in Cincinnati the other night a man burst into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall blue-eyed spirit standing by him with light side whiskers and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper. "Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me." "Oh, George, George," he muttered in a voice choked with emotion, "why, why did you peg out?"—*American Paper.*

A STRANGE TALE OF THE SEA.—The *Boston Traveller*, of March 22 says—About a year ago last month the schooner *Andy Johnson*, Maclellan, master, of Salem, started for George's Banks on a fishing cruise, and has not been heard from since. About that time the schooner *Haskell* came in collision with a vessel in the night time on the banks, and sunk her, leaving a large piece of the rail of the unknown vessel on her bows. This piece corresponded with the *Andy Johnson*, and is supposed to be the last relic of her. The *Haskell* started last month for the banks, and the first night on the fishing grounds had bad weather. Four of the men were on deck, when suddenly there appeared to them four of the missing men of the crew of the *Johnson*, who ordered them home. They were frightened and called the captain and the rest of the crew, told them what they had seen, and prevailed upon them to give up the voyage and return home, which they did, leaving the schooner on her arrival. The owners then shipped a new captain and crew, as not one of the former crew would go in her, and she again left for the Banks, where she arrived in good time, and they again tried their luck. Bad weather again met the schooner, and when all hands were on deck, eleven men appeared to them and took their lines from them, ordering them to return at once, which they did the next morning. Arriving off the harbour of Gloucester, they anchored the schooner and took the small boats to land, giving as a reason that they were afraid to take the vessel to Gloucester as they were ordered to Salem. The owners sent a tug-boat and towed the *Haskell* to their wharf, and now she is reported as returning the third time empty. This is a strange and curious tale, but it is vouched for by reliable parties as true. It has created a great deal of excitement in the ports of Salem and Gloucester.

THE DOG A TEMPERANCE ORATOR.—The following, which we clip from the *Boston Daily Herald*, is about the best temperance lecture we ever perused. "The Dumb Orator" is evidently a moral suasionist:—

THE DUMB ORATOR.—"Good Heavens, what does that dog mean?" was the ejaculatory expression of the writer on witnessing one of the most remarkable demonstrations of intelligence and affection ever displayed by a dumb animal. On Thursday night last, only a few minutes before midnight, when the avenues of the city were almost deserted, there might have been seen passing along Cambridge Street, just below the Revere House a well-dressed, and evidently well-to-do gentleman, somewhat past the meridian of life, but who at that hour was certainly not himself. He had been drinking immoderately, and required all the latitude that the side walk afforded to direct his staggering steps. But he moved along slowly and carefully from one block to another, closely followed by his faithful and most affectionate coach dog. Directly he came opposite the doorway and brilliantly lighted windows of a drinking saloon. Here he halted for a moment, when with stumbling footsteps he seeks to enter the saloon. Just as he reaches the doorway, his faithful dog seizes hold of the skirts of his overcoat, pulls him back, and with a determined air of opposition endeavours to prevent his master from entering. With pleading whine and demonstrations of great anxiety and affection he tried to stop his master. Still holding on to the skirts of his coat, the dumb but faithful creature said with all the eloquence he could command, "Don't go in, master, let us go home," and then he rubbed his head softly against his master's legs, raised his soliciting feet as if to seek the patting hand, and while thus pleading his cause he whined and trembled in such a manner that his mute eloquence did not and could not escape the

attention of his master. A sight such as the unaccustomed solicitude of this loving dog presented, was perhaps never seen before. The anxiety he manifested—the unabating perseverance of that devoted dog to accomplish his purpose, and the eloquence he then and there addressed to his intoxicated and unheeding master, can never be expressed in the speech of England. But it was all to no purpose. After speaking roughly to his more than faithful dog, he entered the saloon and called for drink, and even there his four-footed friend stood by him, and as he raised the glass to his lips tried to push him away from the counter. After drinking, the poor dog used every art of affectionate persuasion in his power to call his master to the door, and when they were again upon the street he bounded up and kissed his master's hand with all the endearing affection of the little child. Men, with minds, what call you this? Is it instinct or reason?

GHOSTS.—There are a great variety of these visible and invisible, holy and unholy beings, which of late seem to enter largely into every department of human life. Our literature has been recently filled with stories about them—from the plays of the stage, to the sermons of the pulpit; from the jingle of rhyme, to the homespun narrative of family correspondence. The next generation is likely to be largely educated in ghost literature, as well as in seeing, hearing, and feeling the reality of their existence. As the holy and unholy ghosts come nearer to us and we lose our superstitious fear of both, they become personal, finite, progressive beings like ourselves, with about the same power to aid or harm us as we have to aid and harm each other. The ignorant and superstitious are still bound in fear of them, and over forty thousand clergymen are still engaged in trying to keep up the superstitious fear of the two extremes of ghostly existence, such as was well adapted to an age of ignorant and bewildered superstition, but is not at all fitted to the age in which we live, nor the people we represent. It is time the heathen and pagan ghosts were sent back to the Orient, and we accepted the outstretched hands of our old acquaintances, who are the real and *material* ghosts of our time, and whose friendship is worth every effort of ours to gain. We therefore greet this familiarity with ghosts as one of the best signs of progress in our country.—*Banner of Light*.

MR. RUSKIN ON WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Mr Ruskin, at the close of a recent lecture on war, addressed to the Royal Military College, Woolwich, made the following remarks to the ladies present:—"You may wonder, perhaps, that I have spoken this night in praise of war. Yet truly, if it might be, I for one, would fain join the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat swords into ploughshares; and that this cannot be, is not the fault of us men. It is your fault. Wholly yours. Only by your command, or by your permission, can any contest take place among us. And the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that you women, however good and religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. Now, I just tell you this; that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilised countries would last a week. I tell you more, that, at whatever moment you choose to put a period to war you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner.

You know, or at least you might know, if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many orphans and widows. We have none of us heart enough truly to mourn with these; but at least we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with them. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn, at least inwardly, for His killed creatures. Your prayer is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you to your conscience. Let every lady in the happy classes of civilised Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for an invasion into prettiness; I tell you again no war would last a week."

DEMORALISING EFFECT OF NIGHT-WORK.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has recently been addressing the members of Plymouth Church on this subject. In the course of his address he said:—It was desirable to begin life with nature, and not to run counter to it. He goes fast who sails with the Gulf Stream, and he goes slow who tries to sail against it. As a general thing, men could control their time, and the day was the time for work, and the night for social recreation within due bounds and for sleep. Do not turn yourself into students at night. Although you hear of the midnight oil, it is the worst oil that was ever burned, for it disarranges all a man's body. If a minister works late at night you may be perfectly safe that he cannot be a wholesome man all round. The judgments that men form at night are never so sound as those they form in the morning. There is many and many a man that wears out, without one single vicious habit about him, simply by grinding out life by night-work. Secondly, I object to several pleasures, even in moral bounds. They are not wholesome, turning night into day; using unnatural lights is not healthy, either to body or soul. Men laugh at the old New England customs of sitting down to tea at four o'clock, and coming home, and all getting to bed at eight; but there was nothing to laugh at in it. The unhealthy men are the city men, and the country has to send its true men in all the time to sustain the city. It could not sustain itself without the transmission of country men, who have observed the natural laws of health, and they come in to make up for the waste occasioned by city practices. Men go to parties at eight o'clock, at twelve or one o'clock the festival is at its height, and then comes the internal feeding; and at night all men are pigs, more than in the day, though that they are anywhere when feeding is going on. Did you ever see men on a steamer or at a party? See how they rush, how they lean over, how they grab, how they gourmandise, stuffing their fill; eating and eating and eating, like hogs. And they may be in other respects good men—elders, class leaders, deacons, and ministers; but what can you expect of a man who takes his second supper at midnight, and is up until three or four o'clock in the morning, and then goes home and retires at about the time he should get up? Then comes his restless sleep, and about ten or eleven in the forenoon he gets up grim, desponding, talking in lugubrious tones of his night's—enjoyment. There are creatures, it is said, that can live in the fire, and I believe it, for I have seen people live in this way for 20, 30, 40—ay, 90 days, and then have to go to Saratoga to rest themselves, all broken down, their nerves all unstrung, their digestion impaired, and all run down generally. Consider how sinful it is to allow this rack and strain of the system to go on winter after winter. Talk about thieves being wicked; the man that does this, although he does not sin against society, he does against God. There have been some that may have sinned unwittingly. I have been remiss in my duty for not speaking of it before; but after this, if the young of my congregation do these things, I wish them to know what I think of them. Up all night, dancing

all night, fooling; it is altogether unpardonable. I have a single thing more to say, and that relates to the effect of darkness upon the city itself. Good broad streets, well laid out, and kept clean and well lighted, will have more moral influence than all the churches and all the preaching put together. Therefore, while we preach the Gospel we ought always to make this application of it, and the great physical laws of health which teach us that darkness is evil. I wish that some of the aldermen or supervisors of the city were here among my congregation, and I would ask them to go through some of the streets, and Pineapple Street in particular, where there is only one light that I can see. All classes of men should preach this thing of plenty of light in the streets. Doctors should preach it, ministers should preach it—not that they should neglect dogmas or doctrines, but there is a time for dogmas and a time for doctrines, and these other things, also, should not be neglected.

SHE HAS FALLEN!

“YES, she has fallen! What now have you to do but wrap your pharisaical garment closely about you, and “pass by on the other side?”

What know you of that wily tempter whose honeyed word and smile-wreathed coils no *human* could resist unless surrounded by the all-defending shield of Divine grace? What know you, cold-hearted, passionless moraliser, of the height and depth and strength of that all-sacrificing “first love” of a pure, gushing, young heart? What know you who are shielded by loving arms and noble hearts, of the keenness of those long years of suffering heaped upon that devoted wife by the inhuman monster she is obliged to call “husband,” or the agonies that at last become too great for human endurance, and reason totters upon its throne, while the poor victim hangs suspended over a fearful gulf, with none near to give her aid? How long would you have paused to reflect upon the sin of throwing yourself into the arms of the first angel-robed tempter that offered you his protection?

Oh, believe me, 'tis very easy relying upon your own strength when it has never been tried by a like temptation—very easy to boast of your innocence when guilt has never attempted to lure you to his side! What to you are those remorseful days and sleepless nights that are wearing away the life of the poor, unpitied, forsaken victim of man's debasing passions? You have no work to do, no broken hearts on which to pour the balm of Christian consolation, no bruised reeds to bind up with a sister's love and sympathy. No, none! Enough for you that “Magdalen” is written upon her brow with an indelible stain that her bitterest tears can never wash away! Enough that you have a cloak of purity for your own conscience that no alluring temptation has ever essayed to thrust aside! You can calmly, unrelentingly shut the gate of mercy forever upon her to whom Jesus said: “Neither do I condemn thee.” And you are his professed follower! God help you in that hour when it shall be thundered in your ear, “Inasmuch as ye forgive not one another your trespasses!” God help you when too late you find that “the last shall be first and the first last!” God help you when yours is the hypocrite's final doom!

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

Time is a travelling thief, ever stealing, yet no man can catch him.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which vanity gives currency.

It is not in the power of a good man to refuse making another happy, where he has both ability and opportunity.

Send your son into the world with good principles and a good education, and he will find his way in the dark.

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TO THE READERS OF HUMAN NATURE.—At a meeting of a few friends and admirers of Mr J. W. Jackson, it was resolved to take steps to raise a fund for a testimonial to be presented to that gentleman in recognition of his able and valued services as a writer and lecturer on Mesmerism, Phrenology, and kindred subjects. A committee was formed to promote the object for which the meeting was called; and among other arrangements they think that an appeal to the readers of *Human Nature* might well be included, as they feel satisfied that there are many of the readers of this magazine who might desire to testify their respect to Mr Jackson in the manner proposed, as an able and gratuitous contributor to these pages. They have reason to believe that the readers of this magazine include many who entertain sentiments of high admiration for Mr Jackson, as one whose literary ability and professional skill, displayed in a cause which has encountered much opposition, is entitled to some public mark of recognition of a substantial character. Without entering into details, it may be stated generally, that Mr Jackson has devoted the greater part of a long life to the advocacy of, and instruction in, Curative Mesmerism and Phrenology, a work which the readers of a magazine such as this, to whose pages he has, as already stated, been an able contributor, are presumed to be interested in; and the committee think that no apology is necessary in asking their assistance in promoting the object in view.

Subscriptions sent to Mr Hay Nisbet, printer, or to Mr James Burns, publisher of *Human Nature*, will be duly acknowledged.—In name of the Committee,
Glasgow, April, 17, 1869.

C. GRACIE, Secy.