

HUMAN NATURE:

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RESEARCHES IN SPIRITUALISM.

By M. A. (OXON).

CHAPTER IV.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

It has always seemed to me that a rich mine of investigation remained unworked so long as this question was not thoroughly probed. In the midst of much that, to an inexperienced person, is uncertain and shifting (not to say shifty), here is something which is, to some extent, scientific. The observer who enters on an enquiry into the phenomena called Spiritual, is met with many obstacles which seem to him needlessly vexatious. Mysterious "conditions" are perpetually cropping up in bewildering quantities. The phenomena of to-day, so clear, so satisfactory in their nature, are vainly sought for on the morrow. They cannot be repeated with certainty, for the "conditions" are not the same. Either the atmosphere is overcharged with electricity, or befogged with mist or rain, or the physical conditions of medium and circle have varied, or a cloud of anxiety or trouble hangs over the mind of some sitter, and hinders the evolution of phenomena, or some one of the endless catalogue of accidents prevents the observer from commanding an exact repetition of what has previously occurred. Or, even if success crown his efforts, some good-natured friend suggests to him that he was under hallucination. "Pooh! my good sir, your senses deceived you. Spirits! nonsense; you can't show *me* any spirits, I'll undertake to say." Most assuredly not, while in a frame of mind such as that. There is no power to call them. Nor can we say with certainty on any given occasion why they do not answer to the call.

But it would seem that Spirit Photography supplies just the missing link here. At any rate, the camera has no imagination,

No. 1.



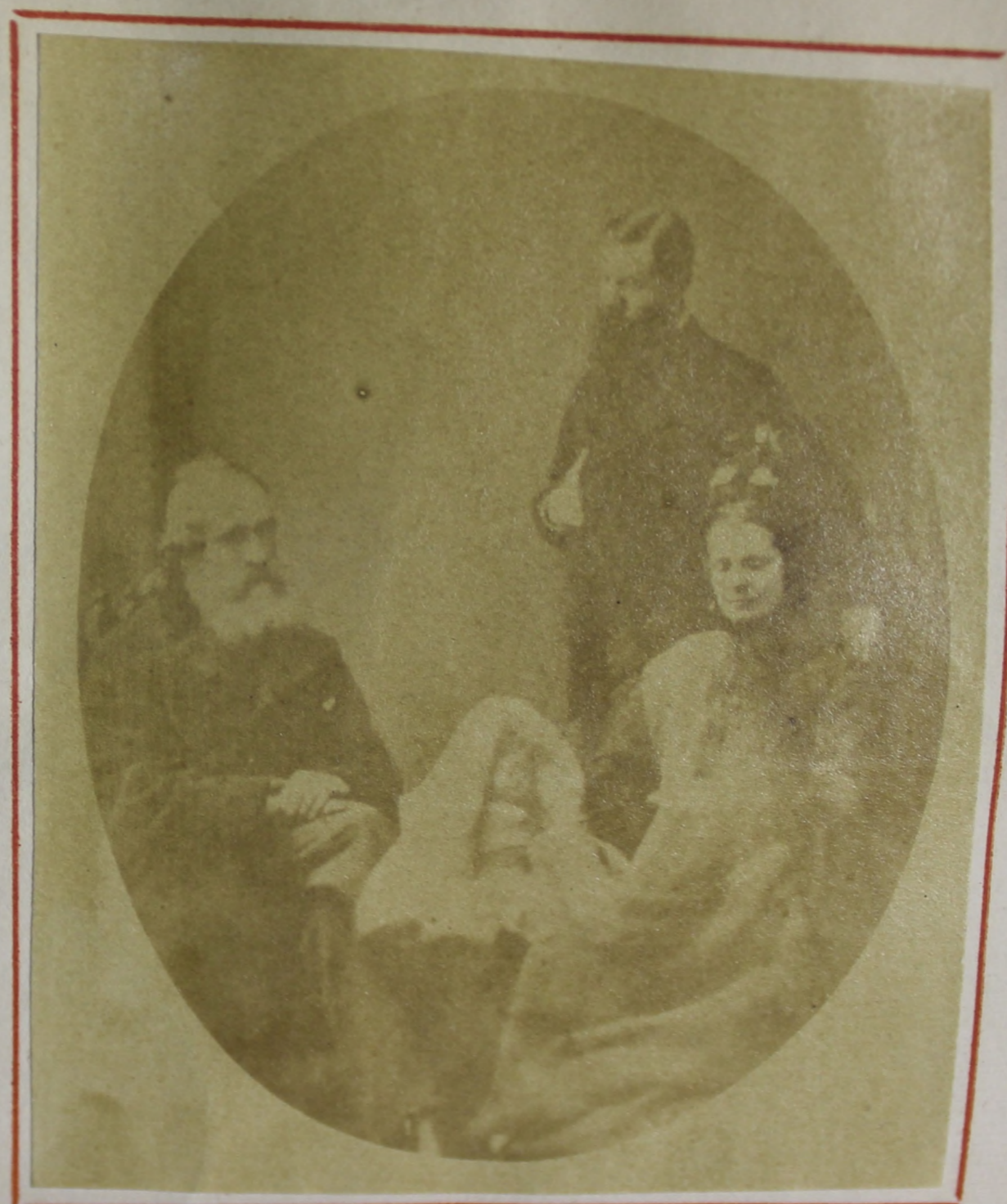
No. 2.



No. 1.



No. 2.



deep black. And there it would have continued to be if a dozen other pictures had been taken, for the pretty hoaxer had painted the sepulchral emblem there with an invisible fluid before coming to the studio. This colourless fluid (sulphate of quinine) possesses the remarkable property of causing a black image on the photographic plate, so that if, for instance, two bottles are photographed, the one containing water and the other quinine, the former will appear to contain a colourless fluid, while the latter looks like ink. This experiment was first demonstrated by Dr. Gladstone (now Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution) at a meeting of the British Association.

It is easy to see what part this fluid may play in Spirit Photography. Nothing is required but to take a plain background, and paint on it a good bold ghost, with all "properties" to fancy, and the plate will reveal to the astonished sitter a perfect spirit photograph. Nay, one background may contain half-a-dozen ghosts side by side, and the slightest shifting of the camera will bring them into its field one after the other. The simple precaution against this trick is to change or pull down the background, lest it be prepared; or simply to move the camera so as to throw the background out of focus. If the background has been prepared, the camera will have been so placed as to have the invisible ghost in focus. A movement of it forward or backward will defeat that plan at once.

Our investigator, then, has been piloted through all difficulties, and may at last place some reasonable confidence in the reality of the results obtained. Not exactly. He must be sure that no apparatus is concealed which, from a point without the studio—above it, if it be on the topmost story of a house, or through a side window—may flash a sham upon his plate. Of this he may make himself sure by very simple inspection. And if after that search—after turning out the camera and changing its position, altering the background, inspecting the plate throughout, and following its development step by step, emptying the bath in search of a lurking trick there, and marking the plate to prevent its being changed—if after all this he gets a Spirit Photograph, then I think he *may* rest content that he is not victimised by a fraud. If fraud be possible under such circumstances, I shall be very grateful to any one who will show me the *modus operandi*. I can but say that I know no means by which it could be done; and I have detailed to several photographers the precautions I have taken, and have asked them whether under such conditions they could manufacture me a sham ghost, but invariably they have shrunk from attempting it. However little confidence they may have in Messrs. Hudson, Mumler, Parkes, Buguet, and the rest, they have still less in themselves.

But the crowning test, beyond which none can get, is the identification on the plate of the features of a departed friend. If our investigator present himself without previous notice at the studio of a photographer, to whom he is personally unknown, and there and then secures a picture, plain and unmistakable, of a face well-known to him in the flesh before death removed it from him, then he has a piece of evidence for Spiritualism and Spirit Photography which no argument can assail. And if his own recognition is backed up by that of other friends who knew the face of the departed one, then both for himself and for the world the chain of evidence is irrefragable. Any one who would refuse to accept such proof, would refuse to believe on any evidence. There are such minds, and they may well be left alone. It is not from them that any candid investigation is to be expected, and it is to be regretted that so much time and trouble is wasted upon them.

I purpose in the course of this chapter to describe and give examples of the most remarkable and best attested Spirit Photographs that I have been able to collect. I am acquainted with four principal experimenters in this matter—Messrs. Hudson and Parkes of London, Mons. Buguet of Paris, and Mr. Mumler of Boston, U.S.A. Spirit Photographs have been taken, I believe, at Turin, and descriptions of them have appeared from the pen of Baron Kirkup. Amateurs also have obtained good results in this country, probably in more cases than I am aware of. Such experimenters usually prefer to carry on their investigations in private, and have no taste for the publicity which follows on a description of their results in print. This is an important item in estimating the spread and influence of Spiritualism generally. It is not until one has penetrated the inner circle that any idea of the wide-spread belief in its phenomena and teaching which permeates the community can be formed. Of necessity this does not come before the eye of the public, and can be gauged by none but the initiated. Hence it is that some valuable evidence is necessarily omitted from this chapter. I shall deal with nothing but what can be investigated and tested by any who has the inclination and patience to do so.

Before I enter upon the description of the pictures obtained by the several operations enumerated above, I proceed to notice what Mr. Wallace, F.R.S., in his article in the *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1874—to which I beg to refer my readers for much valuable evidence on this subject—calls “the valuable and conclusive experiments of Mr. John Beattie, of Clifton, a retired photographer of 20 years’ experience, of whom the Editor of the *British Journal of Photography* says, ‘Every one who knows Mr. Beattie will give him credit for being a thoughtful, skilful, and

intelligent photographer—one of the last men in the world to be easily deceived, at least in matters relating to Photography, and one quite incapable of deceiving others.’

“Mr. Beattie has been assisted in his researches by Dr. Thomson, an Edinburgh M.D., who has practised photography, as an amateur, for 25 years. . . . The pictures were taken in series of three, within a few seconds of each other, and several of these series were taken at each sitting. The figures produced are, for the most part, not human, but variously formed and shaded white patches, which, in successive pictures, change their form, and develope, as it were, into a more perfect or complete type.”

I am happy to append a complete account of these very striking experiments furnished by my friend Dr. Thomson, and attested by Mr. Beattie. To me the evidence is most interesting and conclusive, for it corroborates my own experience. I have before described the floating masses of luminous vapour which I see when sitting in a circle, and the way in which I see them, as it were, condense into a form. Just such appearances as I constantly see are those which appear on the plates which I refer to. They reproduce what my eyes are perfectly familiar with, and what all our circle sees more or less clearly. “They demonstrate the fact,” says Mr. Wallace, again, “that what a medium, or sensitive, sees (even when no one else sees anything) may often have an objective existence. They give us hints of a process by which the figures seen at séances may have to be gradually formed or developed, and enable us better to understand the statements repeatedly made by the communicating intelligences, that it is very difficult to produce definite, visible, or tangible forms, and that it can only be done under a rare combination of favourable circumstances.”

“Detailed Account of Experiments, by Mr. Beattie of Clifton and Dr. Thomson.”

“About two years ago, when the subject of Spirit photographs was before the public, I was asked by my friend Mr. Beattie to join him in making some experiments, in order, if possible, to determine if such things could really be produced; as in all specimens which Mr. B. had seen, the signs of deception were more or less apparent. These experiments were undertaken solely for our own private satisfaction, as both of us were interested in the subject of Spiritualism generally, and in this branch specially, each of us having practised photography for nearly thirty years—Mr. B., before retiring from business, as the leading professional artist in Bristol, and myself as an amateur.

“A mutual friend, through whose mediumship we had fre-

quently witnessed trance manifestations, and on whose integrity we could thoroughly rely, kindly agreed to give us his services.

"We began our experiments in the middle of June, 1872, meeting at first once a-week, at 6 P.M., that late hour being necessary owing to the medium's business engagements. The lens we used was a Ross 6-in. focus, and the camera one similar to those employed for *cartes de visite*, with a slide capable of marking three exposures on a single plate; while the silver bath was contained in a porcelain tray. The back-ground was an ordinary one, made of canvas stretched on a frame, and painted of a colour intermediate between cinnamon and slate. On every occasion we began by sitting together at a small table, by the movements of which we were informed how to proceed. According to these directions, Mr. Beattie prepared and developed most of the plates, while I managed the exposure, the duration of which was invariably regulated by movements of the table, at which all except myself were seated.

"The plates were taken at random from the batch provided for the evening's experiments, and not in any regular succession. I think it important to mention this, as it answers most, if not all, the objections which have been urged against the genuine character of these photographs. In addition to the foregoing precaution in the selection of the plates, the medium never left the table, except when directed to be present during the development of a plate; so that it was impossible, on the supposition that the plates had been previously manipulated, that he could know what appearance would be developed on any particular plate: which appearances he latterly described with minuteness and accuracy. Our séances generally occupied upwards of two hours. On the first occasion we made nine exposures without obtaining anything unusual.

"After a week's interval, we again met, when eight exposures took place, with the same result; and we determined to discontinue our experiments if nothing appeared on the ninth. However, on applying the developer to it, a strange appearance started out, almost instantaneously, resembling somewhat the outline of a human figure in a stooping attitude. At our third meeting, we had no manifestation on the first plate; and, indeed, at almost all our subsequent séances the first few exposures were generally devoid of anything unusual. On the second plate however, of the third evening, the appearances were remarkable, resembling the outline of the upper part of a female figure; the same, but more elongated, coming out on the third plate also. After this, instead of the head of the figure, we got more or less of a star-shaped form. At our next meeting we had at the commencement twelve failures, and when the manifestations

began, we found they had changed in figure to that of a cone, or flask, the luminosity apparently increasing in intensity from the edge towards the centre. These cones of light almost invariably appeared directly in front of the medium, and were generally accompanied by a star or round spot of light immediately over his head. In one instance there were two such stars, one of which was very much fainter than the other, and partly concealed by it. These appearances in their turn gave place to others, the cones and stars spreading out into the forms of birds with outstretched wings, the luminosity of the edges being no longer sharply defined as at first, but shading gradually into the dark background.

"The next evening, when we met, twenty-one exposures took place without any result. Then, for the first time, the medium began, while in the trance state, to describe the appearances he saw during the exposure of the plate in the camera, and which were fully verified on developing the picture. On one occasion he suddenly exclaimed, 'I am in a dense fog, and can see nothing.' On developing the portion of the plate which was undergoing exposure at this time, nothing could be seen on it, the whole surface being completely fogged. Shortly after this he described a human figure completely surrounded by fog, and on developing the plate, we found a faint though perfectly discernible outline of what appeared to be a female figure. On another occasion last year, when I chanced to be seated at the table, he described a female figure as standing beside me, the rude outline of which came out strongly on development. From this time the appearances were almost invariably described during the exposure of the plate, and in every case with minuteness and accuracy.

"Last year the manifestations were more varied in form than those previous, one of the most curious being a luminous star about the size of a threepenny piece, in the centre of which, and separated from the points by a dark border, was the figure of a medallion bust, described as such by the medium.

"At the same séance he suddenly called our attention to a very bright light, and pointed to it. He seemed astonished that none of us saw it. The plate, when developed, showed the light, and his finger directed towards it.

"Any one who has examined the complete series of these photographs must have remarked that in most of them the forms represented appear to pass through a sort of gradual development, commencing with a small luminous surface, which by degrees increases in extent, undergoing at the same time a modification in shape, this latter change being often caused by the coalescing of two portions originally separate.

"During our experiments Mr. Beattie often remarked the suddenness with which these forms appeared on the plates when the developer was applied, coming out very much in advance of the ordinary impression on the plates. And I have been informed by others who have experimented in the matter that they have met with the same peculiarity.

"Frequently, towards the close of the day's experiments, when the light had become very weak, we found, on developing, that nothing was impressed on the plates except the forms of these invisible emanations, showing that, though unable to affect our eyes, the power of acting on the prepared plate was still strong. In fact, to all intents, we were photographing in the dark, as the visible light reflected from the objects in the room failed to affect in the smallest degree the sensitive film. This circumstance suggested to me the idea of endeavouring to discover whether or not the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum might have any influence in the production of these effects; and, with this end in view, I proposed that we should expose, in the direction in which the medium described the luminous appearances, paper prepared with some fluorescent substance. I accordingly immersed one-half of a sheet of blotting paper in a solution of quinine, the other half remaining attached to the prepared half, in order that we might the more easily perceive any effect which might arise from the presence of the quinine. I was unable to be present at the séance at which the experiment was made, and which was our last, but Mr. Beattie exposed the paper in the position I proposed, without, however, obtaining any result.

"When we resume our experiments, which we hope to do soon, we will endeavour to follow out this interesting part of the subject."

Photographs of Mr. Hudson, 2 Kensington Park Road, London.

Mr. Hudson comes first in the list of professional photographers, both as being the oldest in standing, and as one with whom I have chiefly experimented. Deferring for the time being any comments or remarks on other pictures, I proceed to describe in detail those which I have selected as illustrations to this article. For the accompanying description of No. 1, written by the sitter, I am indebted to the courtesy of my friend Mrs. Fitzgerald. The letter from which the quotation is extracted is addressed to her, and the facts, so strikingly demonstrative of continued life and intelligence beyond the grave, are within her own personal knowledge. I should explain that the apparition is that of the deceased father of the sitter, and that the singular black head-dress is a copy of that which he wore during his last illness, and was presented as a test in reply to a mental request. The

letter requires no further preface, and I offer it exactly as I received it:—

[June 28, 1874.]—"I write, according to your desire, an account of the photographs I obtained at Mr. Hudson's, Photographer, Holloway Road, London, on the 18th November, 1873. I must premise that I had never seen or been in the company of Mr. Hudson; and he had not the slightest knowledge of myself or of my name at the time. I was living in the country, fifteen miles from London, and knew no spiritualists, as such, in the neighbourhood excepting my two daughters, one of whom is a medium. For many months, through my daughter's mediumship, communications had been given me by an intelligence professing to be the spirit of my departed father. He had expressed the greatest anxiety to appear to me personally, but we had not sufficient power for this. You suggested that I should try a sitting with Hudson, which was delayed through ill-health and difficulties of various kinds, and was *suddenly* arranged at last.

"One evening, sitting at the table with my daughter, her sister only being present, in a small room quite isolated from all other apartments, the communication became very urgent, 'Go to Hudson's and I will show myself.' We then agreed that we must ask a test for identification in case the likeness was imperfect. I told my daughters that I should ask the test in silence. They agreed; and bending my head close over the table, I mentally requested that if my father's spirit came to be photographed he would appear in a peculiar head-dress which he wore in the latter years of his earth life. My daughters laughed outright to see the energetic tilts of acquiescence from the table to my silent requests.

"In a few days I went to London, no one but my daughters, yourself, and your daughter-in-law, who was to accompany us to Mr. Hudson's, being aware of the object of my journey. The test I had asked was still a secret confined to myself. As I travelled with my daughter (not the medium) in the train she begged me to tell her the test, as, if it really should be granted, sceptics might *fancy* it an *after-thought*. I therefore whispered it to her. On our arrival in town she parted from me at the station to go on a shopping expedition, and I did not again see her till we met at the station in the evening. I went to your house, and you and I started for Holloway Road. You were ignorant of the test I had asked, and your daughter-in-law, who was to have assisted by her mediumship, did not arrive till the first sitting was in progress, and consequently was obliged to remain outside till it was over. You and I never left Mr. Hudson's elbow till the plate which we marked was perfectly ready in the camera, we having watched minutely the whole process.

When Mr. Hudson placed the negative, freshly developed, before us, a distinct portrait appeared behind my own sitting figure. I was turning my back to the apparition. Your daughter-in-law, on seeing it, exclaimed, 'Why, what is that on his head? It must be a black velvet cap.' And so it was, tassel and all, *with my father's marked features below*: a muslin veil hanging over the top and back, and held under the chin. *This black velvet cap was my mental test*, revealed to no earthly being except my daughter, who was then far away from the spot.

"We then had two more portraits; one of my youngest departed sister, recognised by the manner in which she wore her hair as a child; and one of your own beloved daughter, *whose features I decidedly recognised*. Moreover, she wore on her head flowers with which she had promised to appear whenever she could do so, and which she had taken from your hand at a dark séance some time before—a séance in a distant house, totally unconnected with Mr. Hudson, and unknown to him.

"It appears to me that it would have been a very strange coincidence if that velvet cap, those marked distinct features, and those flowers, were produced on that particular occasion by any earthly being."

No. 2 was also taken by Hudson during the time that he lived in Palmer Terrace, Holloway. The little child in the centre of the picture is a baby sister of Dr. Speer, the sitter on the left, in the foreground; and the shadowy form in the right front is the mother of the infant. I have related before how this child-spirit has persistently manifested at our circle almost from its first formation, coming with a French message first of all to suggest her identity. She passed from this sphere of life more than fifty years ago at Tours, being then only seven months old. Her little joyous message, "*Je suis heureuse, très heureuse*," was the first indication we had of her presence, and that the little child, so constantly described by clairvoyants as standing near me, was this little spirit, who, by a round-about means, was trying to get at her brother. Since then she has never left us, and her joyous tap is rarely unheard at our séances. She lives in the house as much as one of the children of the family; and is as well known to me, is just as real as they are. I see her, and hear her voice by the inner senses; I have felt her touch, and twice have had her portrait on the photographic plate.

This particular group was taken under strict test conditions. Dr. Speer and I followed the plate throughout, and no precaution which I have detailed at the opening of this chapter was neglected. We never lost sight of the plate from the very first, and can give unhesitating testimony that no suspicious element presented itself.

The day following that on which the photograph was taken was

Sunday, and I had joined the family dinner-party. When dinner was nearly finished I became partially entranced, and loud knocks were heard on the dining table. The alphabet was called, and Dr. Speer was requested to go to the room in which we usually meet, and he would find a message for him. He went, but could not at once find anything. He was directed by the same means to look again, and he eventually discovered under a what-not, lying so that the direct rays of light did not fall upon it, a piece of paper, on which was some curious looking hieroglyphic. We could make nothing of it for some time, until it occurred to us to hold it up to the mirror. We then found that it was a message, written from right to left, and from the bottom of the paper to the top. The same rude cross which then accompanied every message, and which even now is frequently used, is on the paper, and the message, at first sight, looks unintelligible. Deciphered in the way I describe it runs thus: "I am Spirit of Love. I cannot communicate, but am near. The photograph was of little Pauline." Pauline was one of the names of the child; her full name (by the way, *unknown to any of us*,) was correctly spelled out in answer to our request; Catharine Pauline Stanhope Speer, together with date of birth and death. Another clear case of unconscious cerebration for Dr. Carpenter!

This writing, so obtained, in a room where nobody was, into which nobody would go, and under circumstances where to play a trick (if it were in anyone's mind to do such a thing) was impossible, gave us the clue to the identity of the spirit. I say trick was impossible; for there was no one in the house who could have executed such an abstruse hieroglyphic, no one who would have dreamed of doing so; no one, except our immediate selves, who knew the child's name: Pauline. The same agency that was at work to produce the picture also authenticated it to us.

On a minute inspection of the picture we were struck by two special points. The little figure is so perfect that a powerful glass reveals the details of feature most distinctly: and, amongst others, the large eyebrows which are a characteristic of the whole family. A stranger might not at once notice what is apparent to all who know them. Again, the constant habit of those who return from the land beyond is to identify themselves by the reproduction of some peculiarity either of dress or demeanour. In the other picture it is a black cap. Here it is a large loose glove which appears on the hand of the kneeling figure nearest to the child. It was her habit to go about the house arranging and tidying in housewifely manner, *with a loose glove on the hand*. She was notably careful about the whiteness of her hands, and took that means of preserving it.

Before I have finished this chapter I shall have other instances to adduce of this habit of identification by the reproduction of

some known peculiarity. For the present I have more to say about the little child.

We went about a month ago to try for a photograph with Mr. Parkes (of whom more hereafter), and she appears again. I sat at a little table and was almost immediately entranced. In my clairvoyant state I saw the child standing or hovering by me close to my left shoulder. She seemed to be standing near the table: and I tried in vain to call Dr. Speer's attention to her. As soon as the exposure was over, and I awoke, I stated what I had seen, and on the plate being developed, there stands apparently on the table a little child's figure. The position is exactly where I saw and felt it. And the figure, which also bears traces of family likeness, was immediately claimed by the little spirit as her picture; unbounded joy being expressed at the success of the experiment. So clear was my vision, so sure was I of what would be found on the plate, that I would have staked all my possessions on the result before I saw it.

So much for the typical illustrations. Very many of Hudson's Ghost pictures are interesting, but space restrains me from elaborate description. The following can only be noticed here.

[*To be continued.*]

. All the photographs that will be commented on in the course of this article, which will probably extend over 3 or 4 Numbers of this Magazine, may be seen at the Progressive Library. The interesting series of Clifton photographs is also to be seen there. The next section will deal further with the photographs of Mr. Hudson; and with those of M. Buguet; illustrations of recognised and attested pictures by the latter photographer being presented in a style similar to that adopted this month.

A DISQUISITION REGARDING THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

WE have no intention of criticising this poem ("A Celestial Drama," by *Ter. Tisanthrope*) considered as a work of art, which ought to be examined by the laws of poetry; but we are much inclined to make a few observations upon a subject which lies at the root of the process developed in the Drama. We mean, therefore, to throw out a remark or two on the subject of the Origin of Evil in general, and on that particular light in which the subject is presented in the work before us.

Without all doubt, *the Origin of Evil* is a point involved in the utmost mystery, and we may not be far from the truth in asserting that, to the great majority of men, it will always be a completely unopened mystery. The fact of evil is patent to all, but the first history of it is contained in a book sealed with more than seven seals.

Still the human mind is so constructed that it is ready to advance theories on almost every topic which falls within the

range of our faculties to any extent; and the topic of the Origin of Evil has been accordingly theorised upon, both in ancient and in modern times. We do not intend to ransack antiquity for all the theories which were entertained, but, nevertheless, one or two opinions stand out from the canvas, whenever we look in the direction of the speculations entertained by the master-minds of those old days. What student in Greek literature does not know of that evil matter (ἔλγ) which had the credit, with almost all the philosophers of Greece, of being the cause of the evil that is in the world. Evil matter, which could not be made good, even by the Gods themselves, lay at the bottom of the speculations, as *the root* of the matter.

Again, who, studying history, has not read about the Manicheism which sprang up, in one of the early centuries of the Christian Church, as a distinct and greatly prevailing heresy—a heresy, which, originating with a Persian, was traceable to the Zoroastrianism of that country in which was developed the grand doctrine of the Two Principles—a doctrine which has its modern representative in the Parseeism of our loyal fellow-subjects the Parsees of Bombay.

But to pass entirely from the theories of these ancient speculators, and, indeed, from systems of philosophy altogether, let us limit our views by at once setting before us the region of poetry; and, in the domain of the poets, we at once fix on the sublimest epic poem of England, with the account to be found therein of the Origin of Evil which the stupendous brain of a Milton delivered. In Books I. and II. of “Paradise Lost,” this great poet presents his readers with the fallen Angels as cast down into Hell after their rebellion in Heaven. But it is not till we come to the 5th Book, the origin itself of evil in and among the Angelic hosts is touched upon, and it is very briefly touched upon. Raphael, the affable Spirit, is sent from Heaven with a message to our first parents. In the course of the conversation between Raphael and Adam, the latter asks a question which leads the Arch-Angel to communicate how evil first entered into the universe.

“As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reigned where these heavens now roll, where earth now rests
Upon her centre poised.”

But on a certain heavenly day, “The Father Infinite” spoke, addressing the Angels, and commanding them to worship, as their Head, His only Son. “On this holy hill Him have anointed” (said God), as Head to whom all knees in Heaven are to bow. He who disobeys, falls

“Into utter darkness, deep ingulfed, his place
Ordained without redemption, without end.”

Then it is added—

“ So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
All seemed well pleased; all seemed, but were not all.”

Immediately there follows an account of the conduct of “Satan” in leading astray, first his great companion Beelzebub, and, subsequently, the rest of the host directly under the Great Apostate. But in the line,

“ All seemed well pleased; all seemed, but were not all,”

is contained *the whole* of what Milton delivers on the subject of the Origin of Evil with the Angels. All the rest is an account of what happened *after* the great Apostasy of Satan. Now, in that brief account, where it is said that all were not well pleased, the meaning is—Satan was not well pleased. But his pleasure, or rather displeasure, was unquestionably a *moral* qualification. And, therefore, his displeasure, contains within it a moral disposition, opposed to passive obedience. And so the fall took place after Satan was already fallen. His fall consisted, in truth, in his being in a condition able to be displeased, or capable of displeasure, at a Divine Ordinance. Plainly, Milton has not thrown one ray of light on the mysterious subject: Nay, he brings before us a fallen Spirit, in giving an account of his fall. In fact, to give any account of the Origin of Evil, was quite foreign to Milton’s object: beyond his intention, and possibly out of the range of his philosophy.

The picture of the fallen Arch-Angel, in another great English poet, need be very cursorily alluded to. In his “Cain,” Lord Byron has given us his portraiture of Lucifer. But already the fall of the human race had taken place, and the fall in Heaven was an old event. Byron’s Lucifer, therefore, comes before us, as a Spirit long habituated to a course of apostasy; and certainly the awful blasphemies against the God of Heaven which are made to proceed from his mouth, are shocking, and, indeed, revolting. No account of the Origin of Evil is attempted in “Cain, a Mystery.”

A third great modern, but not English, poet, has made men familiar with a portraiture of the fallen Angel-leader of all the Apostates. Goethe’s “Faust” has familiarised us all with a great thinker’s idea of Satan. In consequence, it may be, of a long course of wickedness, Lucifer, Satan, the Devil, the Old Dragon, is sunk into a *Mephistopheles*, a sneering, insolent, mean-spirited, abandoned, tempter. Dr. Faustus is an enquiring philosopher, anxious to reach to the bottom of things, and to understand all mysteries. At the same time, he (a man in the prime of life) is capable of being led away, by fleshly temptations, into sensual sins and enormities. Thus, Goethe’s Faust is the representation

of an intellectual man—a most inquisitive psychological philosopher, in combination with mental characteristics of a very different kind. He has all the elements of a low, passionate nature, and is capable of being led away by grovelling impulses. In fine, Dr. Faustus is a great philosopher in the intellectual region—a mighty man in the intellectual system of the universe; and yet he is also a companion of beer-swilling students frequenting tap-rooms—a seducer of unprotected female innocence, and one who does not scruple to become a full-blown murderer. Such is the victim to whom Mephistopheles attaches himself: Sneering at his pupil's philosophy—leading him into the haunts of vice, and opening up new vicious courses, until, at last, when the Magdalen is saved, the pupil is taken away to perdition upon the magical black horses of the Apostate Arch-Angel, reduced to a Mephistopheles. Neither has Goethe attempted to throw the least light upon the Origin of Evil as it occurred in heavenly places.

We come now to the theory regarding the Origin of Evil, broached in the work before us—the *Celestial Drama*. The author of this poem, seems to us to be thoroughly penetrated by the perception that sin, as it originated in Heaven, could not have been the consequence of a moral disposition, for the plain reason (already given) that, in such a case, the spirit falling, is fallen already. A Spirit morally astray, whether in the direction of displeasure at a behest of God, or in any other direction, is a Spirit already fallen. It follows, that the first tendency to evil cannot be of a moral nature—that is, it must be purely intellectual in its first motions. This idea the author of the work before us has seized tight hold on, and endeavours to develope. His Lucifer is troubled with a set of endless questionings in himself as to what would follow from a disregard of the one rule of right? or what would follow from disobedience to God? In these questionings, by themselves, there is no sin, but the author endeavours to show how, though not sinful, they at least, and at last, lead to, and end in sin, rebellion, apostasy, hatred of God, and hatred of all Government. How far the author has succeeded, is another question. But such is his theory, and the Acts of the Drama work out the theory.

No criticism of this poem that we have seen touches upon the topic we have handled, and it forms the kernel of the production, regarded in a theological or philosophical point of view.

That the fall in Heaven could not have originated in any moral obliquity, is certain: because otherwise the first fall would have proceeded from a præexistent fall—A contradiction. Any measure of moral evil evidences a fallen condition—a fall from

innocence, or thorough uprightness. Yet the first fall must have had, for cause, some præexistent mental condition, which led to the fall. And as that condition, or state, was not a moral one, it must have been a purely intellectual one. No third kind of source can be devised. The cause, then, of the fall in Heaven was some deflection or other from the right of or in reason.

Elsewhere it has been pointed out, that the too brief account given by Milton of the original fall, is liable to the objection that it assigns a *moral* perversion as the cause. Any sort of displeasure, existing in the mind of an Angel, towards a behest of high Heaven, signifies or involves a moral deflection. And therefore Milton's account, although so very brief, is long enough to contain a downright fallacy. Whether the mode adopted in the *Celestial Drama* of accounting for the great fall, be a sound and good account, is quite another matter. The Author of that performance endeavours indeed to set down an intellectual origin, and his method is the following.

The Seraphs love most; and the Cherubs know most; and consequently the highest in the Seraphic Hierarchy is, except God, the most loving being in the Universe. In like manner, the Cherubic Arch-Angel is the knowingest mind in the universe, beneath Divinity. Lucifer, the third Arch-Angel, combines the supereminent qualities of the other Arch-Angels. Lucifer possesses Love and Knowledge or Wisdom in equal measure. The author then sees in that fact a foot-hold for his theory that the mind possessing Love and Knowledge, or, in other words, the Moral or Emotional sentiments, and the Intellectual Faculties, each kind in a supreme degree, will be the mind most likely to be tempted to ask curious questions—to endeavour after the solution of the deepest mysteries, and all mysteries. The author regards the question, "I know what obedience is: what would disobedience be?" Regards this question, we say, as the great riddle which would be, from the necessity of the case, ever recurring to Lucifer's mind. As to the great Seraph's mind, the very first notion concerning disobedience would be stamped out by all-potent Love, with its single eye. In the same way, to the great Cherub's all-knowing mind, the same sort of result would be brought about by the very one-sidedness of the mind, which presents no temptation to deviate from its allotted course. But Lucifer, the many-sided mind, having no one quality in excess, but all developed equally, to the highest pitch,—Lucifer is quite another phenomenon, and there seems to be an opening, in his direction, for the introduction of a specific temptation. The result we have—worked clearly out—in the *Celestial Drama*. And this much may be said for the assumption contained therein that no other theory seems passable, or even thinkable. If any

one dispute this, just let him try his hand at assigning a better theory to account for the fall in Heaven.

Now, the discovery that that fall is not attributable to any moral obliquity, is a very valuable discovery indeed. It at once prevents us from searching for causes in an impossible direction. There is another great discovery to be made, and possibly its importance will be equally great.

Hitherto, it has been thought that pure and utter malignity in a mind, is a possible thing—and the mind of the great Apostate Spirit has, accordingly, been depicted as being one of pure and utter malignity. But such a supposition is, in truth, an absurdity.

Whence did men get the notion of a mind of that character? No beast of the field gave it:—neither from any bird of the air did it come. Was it got from an inhabitant of the sea? By all accounts, there are monsters in the deep more disgusting, and at the same time more dangerous, than any to be seen in the air, or on the surface of the ground. The most poisonous snakes are precisely those which have the most beautiful colours. Take, as an instance, of serpents of most beautiful colouring, but whose bites are mortal, the *Curucucu* Snake of British Guiana. It is dreadfully poisonous, yet celebrated for being a most beautiful serpent, displaying all the prismatic colours. Its familiar name is, "Bushmaster" (*Lachesis Mutus*). On the other hand, in the sea, there are monsters uniting equally ugliness and poisoning power. Hideous to look upon, contact with them is also most deadly. There is the enormous Sepia, or Cuttle-fish, with its fearfully long and loathsome sucker-armed tentacles; and there is (without calling in any Sea-serpent) the frightful *Octopus*, or Devil-fish, described by a great French Author. Who that has read Victor Hugo's description of that *monster of the deep*, but has felt a thrill of horror pass through him at the idea of contact with such a shape? But our idea of utmost malignity is probably derived from reflection on the worst specimens of human beings, animated by evil passions. A Nero, as he is popularly conceived to have been, was more malignant than even a Devil-fish coming up to that great artist's standard. Because, we do not conceive that even a Devil-fish, gorged to the utmost with food, would be as restless and insatiable in pursuit of prey as a Devil-fish in a state of hunger. Nero, however, is figured as almost delighting in torture for its own sake.

But whencesoever the idea of a mind of pure and utter malignity was got, the idea is incapable of realisation; and therefore the popular notion of the Devil, as far as it incorporates that idea, is at fault. Thus in reading the "Paradise Lost," we find how very much its great author was at a loss to account for the

evil passions which he puts into the bosom of his Satan. With Milton, Satan and his crew, find themselves in Hell, owing to causes having no connection with man. Satan is in Hell because he hated God, and his hatred to God is very lamely accounted for. Satan hates God because God, on a certain day, called upon all the Angels to make obeisance, of a certain sort, to The Son. But the Son was already known to all the Angels, and it is difficult to see how his proclaimed headship could have given such offence, or any offence, to Satan. The Son had been virtually the head all along. Accordingly, when Satan, in his celebrated speech, uttered in sight of the Angel of the Sun, is endeavouring to work himself into a paroxysm of hatred to God, he admittedly fails to do so, and confesses that he had received no evil, but only good at God's hands. In short, a studious reader of the "Paradise Lost" can never be satisfied that either the antagonism of Satan to God, or the hatred of Satan to man, has any creditable, or even decent, foundation.

The fact is, that unless we imagine an adequate cause for Lucifer, become Satan—for, we say, his hatred to man, we shall never be able to give a genuine assent to the hatred itself. The Author of the *Celestial Drama* has attempted to do so. Lucifer learns that man is to occupy his place—nay, that man, the sinner, is to be advanced above even the Angels that never sinned—man, in fine, is to be united to the Divine Nature, the highest exaltation conceivable. Hence Lucifer's hatred of man; and therein lies a cause well worthy of all his hatred.

In short, pure and utter malignancy were a contradiction in itself. Perfect malignancy, that bore no relation to any cause, or causes, for the same, would be all one with malignancy—a certain state of mind, which had no cause for its existence. Believing in such state, or condition, we would be believing in a thing without any reason for belief. Malignancy must have a cause: causeless malignancy is a mere chimera. And the cause of the malignancy, and the malignancy itself, must be proportionate to each other.

Another peculiarity of the "Celestial Drama" may be best brought out by a contrast. Milton's rebellion of the Angels takes place in Heaven, where they are represented as endeavouring actively to overthrow the God of Heaven, and a pitched battle for preëminence is fought. At, and as, the end of the fighting, the Messiah drives the conquered Apostates beyond the walls of Heaven; and over its battlements they fall, and keep falling, until they at last reach the far distant region of Hell, where, after a time, they hold a grand council, at which the Leaders devise future measures.

Very different are the occurrences as they come before us in the *Drama*. There, is no pitched battle—nay, Lucifer ridicules the idea of fighting with his acknowledged Creator, who could at once annihilate him. Lucifer's rebellion, in its incipency at least, does not go much farther than the ground which is actually occupied by some of our sectaries. Lucifer deems that his mind, as the continent of his volitions, is the one thing which he has as his *peculium*, from which God is shut out: Just as one of our great Dissenting, or at least, Sectarian, or Denominational, bodies holds, that, although God is the Author of Salvation, men have it in their own power to resist all Almighty God's—the Holy Spirit's solicitations. God may say "*yes*," while those men can yet successfully say "*no*." In fine, Lucifer wills to become a *primum mobile* in the universe, and he actually becomes so. This takes place in Heaven—from which Lucifer is, by a natural and necessary process, gradually extruding himself, until he reaches the verge of Heaven; he even seems to get beyond the verge. He is represented, however, as having been informed, by a Divine Messenger, that he is to be cast down to the Earth, from which, after a sojourn there, in companionship with pre-Adamite monsters, he is to be thrown into Hell, as the ultimate Kingdom of Darkness and Devils.

The notion of a sojourn by Devils on palæontological earth, may be somewhat new, but it has much to recommend it. The New Testament seems to acknowledge Satan as having peculiar rights over the earth. Satan is "the God of this world"—"the Prince of this world"—"The Prince of the powers of the air," or circumambient atmosphere. Man, or at least Adam, is also represented by the Bible as coming to a world in a state of emptiness and desolation [תהו ובהו]—almost a waste howling wilderness. Besides, Geology teaches that there was a world of cruelty anterior to man; and that world of suffering and death must have arrived at its condition owing to the operation of a *sufficient cause*. And as God, or a perfectly good Being, could not have been the direct cause; therefore, the Devil, or a bad Being, must have been so.

In short, the Celestial Drama proceeds upon premises. Some of these may be latent—but none the less is there a whole system involved in the procedure of the piece.

Whether, in the face of a philosophical scrutiny, the system developed by Milton in the "*Paradise Lost*"—or that developed by the Author of the "*Celestial Drama*"—be that which shall be found to stand its ground best; this is a question for after solution. No fault found with the versification, can abolish the system upon which the *Drama* proceeds. Whether that be a good system or a bad one, is a point which must be decided on its

own merits. If it should turn out that the system developed by Milton is inherently absurd, no amount of sublimity and music in the language will do away with the ineradicable impotence of the system. It has long been known, that Milton's theology is not orthodox as to the Trinity, and some other points; and it may yet be acknowledged, that Milton's philosophy of Hell is as vulnerable as his philosophy of Heaven. C. C.

DR. WM. HITCHMAN'S LECTURE ON THE SPIRITUALITY OF SOUL, MATHEMATICALLY DEMONSTRATED.

THE large and flourishing Association of Spiritualists, known to the general public as the "Liverpool Psychological Society," bids fair to occupy an exceptionally high rank in the walks of Science, Literature, and Philosophy, if we may judge from the rich and rare character, not only of its inspirational speakers, but other talented lecturers, who frequently grace their platform with a brightness and beauty of true spiritual vision, clear philosophical insight, sound judicious reflection, book-learning, and scientific knowledge, that bespeak an extensive acquaintance with the highest and best phases of modern Spiritualism, as *the first truth and eternal basis of progressive humanity*—morally, socially, and intellectually. The career of these extraordinary phenomena (which even the hardest-headed Physicists are beginning to look upon in their proper light—namely, "genuine revelations"—however fragmentary in detail), as was not unnatural to expect, has been overlaid or obscured by an immense amount of falsehood and exaggeration—fictions alike of the friendly and the hostile—inventions mostly of Parsondom, to disgrace and discredit the followers of our new Religion of Knowledge. Dr. Hitchman's Sunday lecture, however, to the Liverpool Spiritualists and the public in general, might not inaptly have been delivered in the Royal Institution, or the Public Library, nay, Liverpool College itself, where so many essays, papers, and lectures on the spiritual nature of man, were formerly given by him during the past quarter of a century, since it contains food for reflection to all classes of thinkers, whether they believe in the facts and phenomena called Spiritualism or not. He showed that the instrument of mind was not always brain or spinal cord, but rather a mode of manifestation of life, both in the flesh and out of it, not a property of nervous matter at all, as recent writers on mental physiology assert; contrariwise, an independent principle of spiritual power superadded, or united to physical organisations in certain conditions, or peculiar combinations of spheres of force, and neither more nor less than a spiritual expression of will—in short, mind in nature. *Spirit is the one immortal existence.* The principles called life, vitality, force, energy, &c., are nevertheless contained in an elementary state, in all matters which afford sustenance to organic

beings, and are only rendered manifest in a material world by the molecular or atomic constitution of living beings for purposes of this planet. The *mental* principle, he had shown again and again, was just as divisible in man and animals as the vital principle was said to be by his scientific opponents. Many animals perpetuated life, reason, instinct, and other psychical phenomena, by *spontaneous* division of their own bodies, from generation to generation, and each portion of the divided soul evinced a separate independent will, and special individual desire, which fairly evidenced to him a faculty of *judgment*. He demonstrated that all substances, solid, liquid, and aeriform, consist of particles, or atoms, and that what the world calls light, heat, electricity, galvanism and magnetism, are really *forces*, dependent on the disturbance of true *chemical attraction*; all being related together in the most intimate manner, as the various workings, exoterically, of one vast and mighty—everlasting—esoteric cause, when duly examined by the philosopher, synthetically and analytically. Spirit-forms, he said, which prove the *facts* of spirituality of soul, consist of extremely minute particles, too subtle to exhibit the properties of those spheres of force, known as “matter,” yet he doubted not from long experience and observation, that they were in a sense transcendently material—such emanations from certain bodies are most unquestionably *luminous*, travel with amazing velocity, and passing through organic substances, may not impossibly evoke sensation, thought, vision of soul, exaltation of intellectual power, or moral change of heart, by physiologically exciting vibrations and undulations in the electric force of brain, spinal cord, and the nervous filaments of organic life. Spirit and matter are but two sides of one face. Electricity will induce and destroy magnetism, and there are conductors, he had proved, and *non-conductors* also of spirit-power, as there are obstructing media in galvanism, *i.e.*, more repulsive than attractive. Natural electricity circulates in the body of each member of a spirit-circle, and it is often more negative than positive in the most essential parts of the nerve-fibres, as well as the muscles generally, influenced as bodies and souls certainly are by good or bad air, climate, place of abode—supplies of food and water emphatically—in fact, habits, and mode of life, likewise, in every sense, morally, mentally and materially. Demonology, witchcraft, natural magic, spectral illusions, enthusiastic passions, and many forms of false “Spiritualism” resulted, in his opinion, from pictures on the retina, or impressions made on the senses, conjured up by an effort of unsound mind, or diseased brain, without corresponding real external objects in the spiritual or natural world. Many of his patients saw “ghosts,” “devils,” “apparitions,” and other ocular spectra, so closely resembling true spiritual phenomena, with voices, &c., as to be distinguished only by careful inquiry and scientific examination. He firmly believed, for example, that Swedenborg, Luther, Cromwell, Pascal, Goethe, Celini, Scott, and other men of genius, were not

unlike Lord Castlereagh in occasionally seeing ghastly spectres, as illusions of senses,—that never possessed *independent* acuteness of their own perceptive and reasoning faculties, as “ministering spirits,” whatever may have been their influence upon deranged health,—on grounds of *un-reason*, or unrighteous supremacy over the heart and mind. The Doctor concluded with an eloquent and rhetorical peroration, on self-consciousness, religiosity, and the moral duty of being good and doing good, claiming the right to rejoice, as a member of the Liverpool Psychological Society, and therefore as one of themselves, in the great blessings of Spiritualism that God had now vouchsafed to man, and hoped and believed that a day of delight, in the holiest and best sense, had now dawned upon the world, full of promise, purity, and perfection; and he prayed that Spiritualists of all nations may abound, flourish, and prosper evermore in that “peace which passeth understanding.”

POETRY OF PROGRESS.*

SAMENESS, whether in the life of a man or the work of an artist, is not necessarily monotony; and that sameness, whether of one or the other, which is the result of unity of purpose, is, perhaps, the strongest possible contrast to monotony. Of the truth of this not very generally recognised principle, these four volumes are a sufficiently apt illustration. We confess that when we perceived that love was the theme of the greater part of Mr. Barlow's poems, we were by no means free from apprehensions, not unwarranted by past experience of amorous poetry, that sameness of subject would be found to involve monotony of treatment. Our fears, however, were groundless. Variety has not been sacrificed to unity. Mr. Barlow has succeeded in the difficult task of writing a large number of love poems without cloying his readers with a surfeit of sweets. Having said thus much, we feel obliged to add that his execution is by no means faultless. Instances of diffuseness, looseness of expression, and inattention to rhyme, and occasionally, though less frequently, to rhythm, are not so rare as might be wished. And the provoking thing is, that in many of the cases where these defects occur, a very little care would have remedied them. Let us take as an instance the second of four very sweet and musical sonnets, entitled “Dreams,” the pleasure of reading which is seriously diminished by the lameness of the concluding couplet:—

“Therefore I love the darkness, and right gladly
 I lay me down and close my eyes and wait—
 Wait, wondering, half smilingly, half sadly,
 What dreams will issue through the Ivory Gate:
 ’Tis bliss to feel that I perchance may meet her,
 And talk to her and walk with her till morn,
 And falling low before her feet entreat her
 Till dreams at daylight's advent fly forlorn,

* Poems and Sonnets. 3 vols. By George Barlow. 1871. A Life's Love. By George Barlow. 1873. J. C. Hotten, 75, Piccadilly.

To think that ere I wake to face the morrow
 Closed eyes may feast in rapture on her face
 And heart forget its pain, and soul its sorrow,
 And life its labour, for some little space,
*While I my Lady through the halls of night
 Follow after, lips half parted for delight."*

How easy it would have been to write, instead of the lines we have italicised:—

While I, with lips half parted for delight,
 Follow my Lady through the halls of night.

The amendment is purely one of transposition, but it is none the less real.

Such blemishes as these, however, though somewhat irritating, cannot of course affect our estimate of a poet's real power, and we have only alluded to them in the hope that if this should reach Mr. Barlow's eye it may induce him to give his future poems the benefit, which they fully deserve, of closer revision.

Perhaps the most notable feature in Mr. Barlow's work is the capacity which it displays for entering with equal fervour into what we may call, after Mr. Matthew Arnold, the Hellenistic and the Hebraistic modes of approaching beauty and love. This faculty is the more remarkable if, as may be pretty clearly discerned from internal evidence, the writer is a very young man. He can sing with the blithe abandonment of the Greek as well as with that reverential adoration characteristic of the Hebrew spirit, which had mastered the great secret which the bright, limited Greek imagination seems never to have learnt, that the highest love can only be rightly approached from the still higher level of duty. To have apprehended and embodied this truth is something; and for a young poet it is much. But what is still more, he has perceived and given adequate poetic utterance to the yet wider law, that between Hellenism and Hebraism, at their highest, there can be no opposition; that at the loftiest level of each they coalesce and are fused into one harmonious whole. Take the concluding lines of a sonnet, entitled "The Waking of Beauty:"—

"We shall know
 Her resurrection—we who have been reaping
 The bitter harvest of her absent shame;
 From end to end of our awakened earth
 Shall roll upon the wings of morning mirth
 The great reverberation of her name;
 And she shall rule the ages, she the same
 To whom the foam of Grecian waves gave birth."

That is all Greek in its jubilant, passionate devotion to Beauty. Greek, too, in its love of youth and its dread of "formless and creeping old age" is the sonnet called "Once," beginning—

"When we grow old shall we forget, I wonder,
 The bloom and delicate odour of our youth?"

For a specimen of the predominance of the Hebrew spirit let us take the really fine sonnet called "Love's Unity":—

"There cannot be two true loves, for the soul
Is smitten by the unity of God
And blooms but once, whether on heaven's sod
Or where the waves of earth's salt craving roll;
But once in an existence shall the whole
Of any heart be sweet between the hands
Of Love; but once the vision of fair lands
And far off Canaanitish meadows stole
Across the enraptured gaze of Moses; he
Was only once permitted to draw near
To God upon the mountain-top and see,
As the blue spaces, distant and austere,
Are sundered by the branches of a tree,
God's image outlined beautifully clear."

The sonnet is evidently Mr. Barlow's favourite poetic vehicle, and it is perhaps in his sonnets that he is most successful. But he has also given us some songs and lyrical snatches which have the true musical ring. "The Enchantress of the Shore," "Yet how Fair," "August," "Weeping Alone," all show considerable lyrical power and a genuine feeling for rhythm. We select for quotation, almost at random, two stanzas from "As Roses are to June":—

"As sweet you are to me, my love,
As roses are to June,
As clouds that march in tune
To the fair face of the moon;
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"As pure you are to me, my love,
As ether's softest breath,
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As every word Christ saith:
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"God *saw* the world that he had made, and its beauty swept across His soul like a sudden scent of summer in the air, like the sound of distant music, like the melody of the wings of the wind; and He leaned His head upon His hands, and wept."

Love, however, is not the only subject dealt with in these volumes. They contain, also, a considerable number of poems on religious subjects, embodying what we should be tempted to call a philosophy of religion, if it were not for the gloomy associations connected with that phrase. The "Poetry of Religion" would, perhaps, be a more fitting term. Mr. Barlow is, so far as we know, the first

To think that ere I wake to face the morrow
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English poet who has fully apprehended the poetic truth with which the Theistic idea—destined, so far as can be yet foreseen, to be hereafter consciously recognised, as it has hitherto been unconsciously held, as the basis of all possible religious faith—is instinct. And this side of his mind appears to have been a good deal worked upon by American influences. The thoughts of Parker, Emerson, and others find poetic utterance in his pages; and in one sonnet addressed to Emerson he acknowledges the debt which he owes to that great, though somewhat fragmentary, genius. Of the religious poems, the two most ambitious are, "Christ is not Risen," and "The Old and the New." The aim and scope of both are similar. The object of the former, as we are told in an undeniably fine, though perhaps rather florid, prose introduction, is "to show the way back from heaven to earth." This poem was evidently written under the influence of a reaction from Christian ideas and spiritual enthusiasm towards the sweet, child-like, ancient faith in and love of Nature for her own sake. This sinking back of a soul, wearied and worn with the long-continued stress of over-strained religious tension, into the tender, outstretched arms of our bounteous and unexacting Mother Earth, is finely touched in these lines:—

"A long breath—and the earth again is fair;
 And for the gates of Heaven shines the blue,
 And for the dreams of saints awakes the true;
 The many mansions that they would prepare
 On high have faded into common air;
 And for the wings of angels here are seen
 The willow leaves and waving grasses green.
 And all things are as sunny as they were
 In olden days, before the dream of skies
 More golden than the sunset skies of Earth
 Came, marring beauty at its very birth,
 And introducing harsh, discordant cries
 Into the bosom of a land that lies
 By nature in the very heart of mirth."

In "The Old and the New," the writer has attempted, as he says, in a prefatory sonnet to the reader, "to trace two flowing currents"—viz., Naturalism and Christian Revelation,—which "traverse with unceasing, restless speed the ages"; attempted to

"Set the rivers side by side,
 As holding both, yet neither; loving each,
 Perusing each, as doth befit a man
 Who hath the poet's sympathy, and can
 Through outward forms to the intention reach,
 And disregard the sorry husks of speech,
 Seeking the fount whence each Religion ran."

Then follow two long choric songs, sung in alternating antiphones, by a chorus of Christian elders and of Greek maidens, respectively. The first hymn the praises of Christ; the latter laud Venus and Beauty. We quote two stanzas from the song of the Greek Maidens.

“ Christ being dead, liveth no more,—
 Kissed by the ripple that rushes
 Over her, loveliness blushes,
 As the wild wood-anemone flushes
 All over the wild-wood floor.

“ Christ being dead, liveth no more,—
 Aye, and the sun still shines,
 And the blue waves wander in lines,
 And the grass grown green, and the vines,
 And the air breathes, deities four.”

In taking leave of Mr. Barlow's poems, we should like to give him a few parting words of advice. He has considerable possibilities before him; and if he is, as we conjecture, a young man, he is under no necessity to discount them by premature publication. These poems are full of promise. They clearly show a lively and delicate imagination, considerable musical and rhythmical power, and last, though not least, religious and artistic instincts in harmony with the best tendencies of the day. But—and this is the best hope for their author's future—they are distinctly juvenile poems,—the first outpourings of a youth, not the productions of a grown man. And our advice to Mr. Barlow is this:—To publish no more poetry for, say, the next five years; if he must publish, to say what he has to say in prose; to concentrate; to give himself time to grow to maturity; to study, and to study men and life as well as books; to trust unaided imagination less, and cultivated reason more; and, finally, to bear ever in mind this admirable dictum of the author of “Philip van Artevelde”:—“Poetry, of which sense is not the basis—sense rapt or inspired by passion, not bewildered or subverted—poetry over which the passionate reason of man does not preside in all its strength, as well as in all its ardours—though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order.”

* * * The above volumes can be procured at the Progressive Library. The *Westminster Review*, for April, 1874, speaking of Part III. of “Poems and Sonnets,” said:—“Mr. Barlow writes not merely fluently, but with a command of both language and thought. His ideas are thoroughly under his control. The series of poems, ‘Christ is not Risen,’ well represent much of the spiritual unrest of the day. . . . His verse is full of promise.” Mr. Barlow is about to publish a new volume of poems, called “Under the Dawn,” which will contain a great deal of matter of high interest to advanced Spiritualists. When the book is ready, our readers will hear more of it.

Condescend to all the weaknesses and infirmities of your fellow-creatures; cover their frailties; love their excellences; encourage their virtues; relieve their wants; rejoice in their prosperity; compassionate their distress; receive their friendship; overlook their unkindness, and forgive their malice.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A RHYME FOR THE TIMES.

WHY do you constrain me thus, brother,
Continually urge me to go
And hear those men, Moody and Sankey,
The weary old trumpet blow?

You say they are preaching the gospel,
Good news from Jehovah to men;
But what if there's nothing new in it?
If we know it already, what then?

Have *we* not been taught from our childhood,
How Jesus came down from above
To tell us the glad gospel story,
Religion is nothing but love?

Yet, only the saved are God's children,
Though He be the Father of all;
That Christ's blood was shed to redeem us—
At least, so we're told by St. Paul.

In youth I believed the same story
Your Moody is telling to-day,
Of the blood that ran forth like a fountain
To wash all our vileness away:

That all men are ill-gotten creatures,
Accurst, hell-deserving from birth;
Nor that through ourselves, but through Adam,
Whose guilt marr'd the face of God's earth.

I believed, too, that all who believed not
As I believed—sad tale to tell—
Each moment they lived were in danger
Of falling head-long into hell.

The songs I then sung were of fountains—
Yea, rivers of mercy in flood;
But the rivers ran dark in their courses,
The fountains gushed gory with blood.

God, Himself, was a ruthless avenger,
Whose wrath blood alone could appease—
Whose favour no mortal might hope for,
Perfection itself never please:

Yet sinners the blackest—no matter—
In loving embrace would receive,
The moment their lips learned to mutter
That magical phrase—*I believe*.

I knew the good Book—could repeat it
By heart, almost—studied with care
The epistles of Paul, still believing
The Truth of all truths centr'd there.

Those poor swaddling robes of my childhood,
 Thank God ! in good time I outgrew ;
 Fought my way out to manhood and freedom,
 The Old faith eclips'd by the New.

By the Old faith I mean, not the Christ faith—
 Still oldest and newest of all—
 But Jewish hybrid-apostolic,
 Invented and taught by St. Paul.

In God's older Bible—Creation,
 I saw with unspectacl'd eyes
 A new gospel daily unfolding
 In green-bosom'd earth and blue skies.

The gospel Christ taught in times hoary,
 To-day we see written as broad ;
 Even yet catch a glimpse of his glory,
 As we plod along Life's weary road.

Not a flower lifts its head by the way-side,
 Not a leaf as it moves on the tree,
 Not a breath of the sweet-smelling summer,
 But preaches glad tidings to me.

Old Earth, on her pathway rejoicing,
 Her brow ever kiss'd by the light,
 Yet pillows her head on the darkness,
 Still mingles her locks with the night.

But we must emerge from our shadow,
 Our faces uplift to the day,
 Still leaving the darkness behind us—
 Before us, Christ leading the way.

Would you have me come down from the mountain,
 To loiter once more on the plain,
 Go back to the "bib" and the bottle,
 And be a "dear baby" again ?

Milk for babes, I'm afraid, is your gospel ;
 Strong men require nourishing food ;
 Prove all things, as said the Apostle,
 Hold fast only that which is good.

MIRZA.

Glasgow, July, 1874.

PATIENCE.—There is no kind of vocation, no degree, neither spiritual nor temporal, no estate and condition of life, which can lack this excellent virtue, Christian patience. For, as it is some time day, some time night, other whiles cold and frosty winter, other whiles present and lusty summer, and other whiles springtide, so the life of man and woman is mingled of sweet and sour things. It hath commodities and pleasures, and it hath griefs and displeasures. There be things that delight and refresh us, and there be as many things which molest, sting, and vex us. For who is there living, either temporal or spiritual, which can truly report that he hath had continual health and welfare, continual prosperity without any storm of adversity ? Wherefore patience is necessary unto all sorts of men.

THE INDIAN THEISTS.

THE Baboo Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, a member of the Brahmo Somaj, preached in Cross Street Unitarian Chapel, Manchester, on Sunday the 9th ult. to large congregations. In the evening he explained the principles, objects, and organisation of the Brahmo Somaj, and the *Manchester Examiner* gives the following account of his discourse:—Speaking from the 15th chapter of St. John's Gospel, in which Jesus Christ likens himself to the true vine, and God's people to its branches, he said this was to him a beautiful image, because it was emblematic of the unity of God's Church. The society to which he belonged had found it necessary to organise a church. This was an idea which was foreign to Eastern, or at any rate to Aryan, ideas. It was a mistake to suppose that the Hindoo races had always been given up to superstition. A time was when a pure and elevating monotheism was taught by teachers whose writings had been preserved through centuries, and were held in veneration to the present day. But, through the absence of a church organisation, those beautiful doctrines were retained as the property of the thinking few, and did not reach or affect the million masses of the population. Hence a privileged priesthood and a superstitious people arose, and systems of caste and hideous idolatrous rites were established. The Brahmo Somaj, which was monotheistic, like the Aryan forefathers of its members, felt the necessity of a church in order to the preservation and extension of the doctrines they held. In effecting this organisation they required to solve the difficult problem of reconciling unanimity, which was necessary for an enthusiastic, aggressive, homogeneous Church, and the preservation of individuality and independence of thought, which was necessary to its freedom. It was necessary, therefore, to have a creed, and he need not tell Englishmen of the difficulties and dangers which creed-making involved. Nothing more tended to hinder the progress of truth than the existing complication of theologies. But they had endeavoured to settle the difficulty on these principles, viz.,—That their creed should be simple, so that it might be understood of all the people, the Sudra and the Brahmin alike; progressive, so that it might be adapted to new revelations or accretions of truth; and universal, that it might not repel or condemn truth as taught by other churches founded upon God's truth, as sectarian creeds of necessity did. They were not opposed to Christianity, and much of the doctrine they taught had been borrowed—no, he would not use that word, which was not the correct one—but had been joyfully received from the teachings of Jesus Christ and his apostles. But they received truth from whatever source it came. They received with patriotic veneration the noble and elevating teachings of their Aryan forefathers, which were chanted to this day by the Brahmins on the banks of sacred rivers. They listened to and accepted the pure monotheism preached by Mahomet in the sandy deserts and rocks of Arabia, which taught men to render to the one

God sole and undivided honour. They studied with reverence the maxims of Confucius, and were ever open to receive with respect the discoveries of science and the speculations of philosophy. Truth from all these diverse sources they were open individually to teach and to receive, but the cardinal principles of their creed were simple and universal—the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all men, and all tribes and kindreds of men. This creed necessarily forced them into the advocacy of moral and social reform, and engaged them in a crusade against idolatry, the system of early marriage, and the correlative institution of suttee or widow burning, the great dividing institution of caste; but this moral and social work was subordinate to their spiritual work. In order to carry on their Church organisation effectually and extend it, a missionary agency was required, and had been established, and their missionaries had been received gladly, not only in Bengal, but throughout India. He had himself visited as an humble missionary many districts which had only been known in history, and where he had no right to expect a welcome—what missionary had? But when he spoke to the people he always found from their flashing eyes that the old Aryan blood was still coursing in their degenerate veins, and that their hearts and their intellect were affected by the pure and ennobling doctrines taught centuries ago by their ancestors. There were now 100 Brahma Somajas in different parts of India, and every branch was enthusiastic. This was not owing to the ability or eloquence of the missionaries, who were for the most part humble, unlettered men, but was the outcome of a national impulse, as he believed, given by the spirit of God. The attitude which the Brahma Somaj held to other Churches was that they were all manifestations of the one dispensation which had been given to men by the Almighty Father of all. They claimed to be a link in the chain of the prophets and teachers sent of God, by which the whole family of mankind would at last be bound together in one brotherhood, even as the branches were united to the vine.

THE DIPSOMANIAC.

OF the wretched system of petty tipping which, like a vile epidemic, is creeping over certain departments of society, and causing an enormous mis-expenditure of means, so much has lately been said in the public press, that we limit our observations to what is usually the termination of habitual and excessive drinking. We place before us a drunkard at that stage in which his depraved propensities have become less or more ungovernable. It may be conjectured, he knows he is doing wrong, but, knowing better, he is always doing worse. His appetites overrule the will. Perhaps he sees, and he can scarcely avoid doing so, that through his misconduct he is losing caste, that he is involving wife and family in ruin, that he is sinking under debts and difficulties, and that the

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sources of his livelihood are in immediate jeopardy. But, nevertheless, he proceeds on the road to ruin, as if under the controlling dominion of a fiend. If he has kept aloof from base companionship, he is probably not beyond recovery. His disease may be vanquished, or at all events his drinking may be confined to fits and starts, or demonstrated only when vitiated appetite is provoked by some slight accidental indulgence. Curious cases could be mentioned where men were persistent abstainers until their fortitude gave way under the effects of a very small quantity of drink mistakenly presented to them as an act of kindness. Persons coming out of a paroxysm of *delirium tremens* may be so far disgusted with what they suffered, so sensible of their abasement, that they, for a time, voluntarily abstain; but just when all is thought to be well, a trifling quantity of alcohol—even so much as is contained in a mouthful of small beer—indiscreetly administered, will rouse the dormant craving, and back they fall into a repetition of former excesses. We lately heard of a gentleman of considerable means who will be a pattern of sobriety for a whole year, and then all at once break down by the slightest tasting of liquor. Living at a distance from public houses, and ashamed to be seen drinking at home, he resorts to the scheme of procuring a dozen bottles of ardent spirits, which he plants bottle by bottle here and there in secret spots in the fields. So prepared, and beginning his rounds, he drinks an allotted quantity at each station, till the stock is exhausted, and he is prostrated by the result of his hideous excesses. The neighbours facetiously speak of him as being a planter. The man may be termed an intermittent dipsomaniac.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A CURIOUS CASE.

A CURIOUS patient is just now an inmate of Dr. Mesnet's ward at the Hospital St. Antoine. His profession was that of a singer at the Cafés Chantants. During the year of 1870-71 he was hit over the left ear by a musket bullet, which carried off about $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches of the parietal bone, and laid bare the brain on the left side. This led to a temporary paralysis of the members on the opposite side, as is always the case; but he was eventually cured of this, while the tremendous wound on the skull began to heal, so that after a time he could resume his professional duties at the *cafés* to the satisfaction of the public. Suddenly, however, he was seized with nervous symptoms, lasting from 24 to 48 hours, and of such an extraordinary nature that it was considered safe to take him to the hospital. His malady is easier to illustrate by examples than to define. When he is in his fit he has no sensitiveness of his own, and will bear physical pain without being aware of it; but his will may be influenced by contact with exterior objects. Set him on his feet, and as soon as they touch the ground, they awaken in him the desire of walking; he then marches straight on quite steadily, with fixed eyes,

without saying a word, or knowing what is going on about him. If he meets with an obstacle on his way he will touch it, and try to make out by feeling what it is, and then attempt to get out of its way. If several persons join hands and form a ring round him, he will try to find an opening by repeatedly crossing over from one side to the other, and this without betraying the slightest consciousness or impatience. Put a pen into his hand, this will instantly awaken in him a desire of writing; he will fumble about for ink and paper, and, if these be placed before him, he will write a very sensible business letter; but, when the fit is over, he will recollect nothing at all about it. Give him some cigarette paper, and he will instantly take out his tobacco bag, roll a cigarette very cleverly, and light it with a match from his own box. Put them out one after another, he will try from first to last to get a light, and put up in the end with his ill success. But ignite a match yourself, and give it to him, he will not use it, and will let it burn between his fingers. Fill his tobacco bag with anything, no matter what—shavings, cotton, lint, hay, &c., he will roll his cigarette just the same, light and smoke it without perceiving the hoax. But, better still, put a pair of gloves into his hand, and he will put them on at once; this reminding him of his profession, will make him look for his music. A roll of paper is then given to him, upon which he assumes the attitude of a singer before the public, and warbles some pieces of his repertory. If you place yourself before him he will feel about on your person, and, meeting with your watch he will transfer it from your pocket to his own; but, on the other hand, he will allow you, without any resistance or impatience whatever, to take it back again.—*Galignani*.

PSYCHOPATHY, OR THE TRUE HEALING ART.*

THIS unpretending volume really occupies a front position in the consideration of the most obscure scientific questions. Had it not appeared before the recent meetings of the British Association at Belfast, one would have been disposed to have imagined that Mr. Ashman had derived some of his ideas from Professor Tyndall's inaugural address. We cannot, in the present state of knowledge, subscribe to all contained in this book as ascertained fact. Much is theory and inference, as the author candidly informs the reader; but his speculations are so suggestive that they form not the least valuable element in the entire performance. The work is divided into four chapters. In the first, medical systems are reviewed and found wanting, and a search is established for the vital principle, which is discovered in the second chapter; and the result is arrived at that man contains two nervous fluids: that peculiar to the brain, and the other the product of the ganglionic system. Having thus

* Psychopathy, or the True Healing Art. By Joseph Ashman, Principal of the Psychopathic Institution, 254 Marylebone Road, London, N.W. Published by J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row, W.C. Price 2s. 6d.

described the process of life, the third chapter is devoted to a definition of disease, and the proper method of cure. A deficiency or inadequate diffusion of the vital force is the cause of disease. The task of the physician is to supply this force when lacking, and regulate its flow when necessary. The medicine chest of nature is within the doctor's body, and no man has a right to occupy a position in the healing art unless he be fitted by nature to do so. It has been said poets are not made but born, and the same is no doubt true of the physician, and all men who rise above the level of mediocrity. The hand is the instrument, the only instrument required by the true healing genius. Listen to what Mr. Ashman has to say of this wonderful surgical tool:—

“But the hand, being so closely connected with the mind, is largely supplied with the higher or psychical fluid as well as the vital magnetic. So extraordinary, indeed, is the amount of cerebral nerve-aurea or soul-force that may be communicated to the hand that it seems almost to be the seat of intelligence—of mind. The reason of this is that the hand is more abundantly supplied with cerebral nerve fibres than perhaps any other organ of the body in proportion to its size. There is, too, something remarkable about these nerves. They terminate in minute granules or corpuscles of nervous matter, attached by small pedicles or foot-stalks. Each corpuscle appears to the naked eye as a small oval, pellucid grain, but, when viewed by a microscope one of the most complex and remarkable structures of the whole nervous system is revealed. Each body so seen consists of about sixty or more concentric capsules or laminæ, enclosed one within the other, separated from each other by minute septa, and containing between them a transparent liquid. These bodies are well supplied with blood, and, in their minute disposition of capsules and septa strikingly resemble the electrical apparatus of the torpedo. These structures, although not confined to the hand, are the most abundant there, and explain the wonderful deftness and manipulatory power of this organ: that deftness which after long practice becomes so extraordinary that we are accustomed to call it mechanical.” Further on he says. “Can we wonder then with such remarkable power as this that the hand is endowed with the gift of healing? that it can employ its extraordinary magnetic and psychical forces in imparting strength to others, as well as in throwing life into a piece of dull canvas or dead marble? Can we wonder if the hand be the index and exponent of the soul, as the face is its mirror that we feel such attractions and repugnances to individuals on shaking hands with them? As is the mind so is the hand. If the mind (I use the term in a general sense) be low in its tone, its influence will be low as imparted by the hand. If it be false and poisonous (for there are beings constituted like certain plants whose descending sap is changed into poison*) the magnetism of the hand is noxious and hurtful. If, however, the ruling motives are generous and benevolent, the influence communicated by the hand will be beneficent and salutary.”

In the last chapter the author imparts practical instruction to the reader. To those who are adapted to become healers the information given will be found of great service, but some will no doubt regard it as meagre and unsatisfactory. We offer a word of reconciliation should any dispute arise on this point. The book is not intending to make healers without practice. No student of music

* A species of euphorbia.

would suppose it possible to perform a piece with no other training than the mere perusal of the instruction book. The rules and definitions extend over only a few pages, but the application of them may exhaust a long lifetime. The skill of the musician does not reside in his book but in himself, and it must be developed by practice, for it never can be called forth by a passive dependence upon the knowledge possessed by others. The healer stands in the same position as the musician. Mr. Ashman tells us in his preface how he became a healer without any instruction book at all; and with the principles advanced in the early part of the work, and the instructions and cases given at the end, any intelligent and well-disposed person may readily become very useful in the alleviation of suffering.

This little work is destined to do much good. The power to benefit the sick is so general that it is a pity such a work does not find a place in every family library. Any person possessed of the desire to benefit others could not fail to be useful if earnest trial were made on all favourable opportunities. The best healers are sometimes found to be mediumistic; and when they allow their sympathies to flow in the direction of suffering humanity, they are sure to attract the co-operation of spirits similarly disposed, after which, books are of no further use; but impression or intuition guides the operators in the employment of the best methods. Mr. Ashman makes one important allusion to the mental attitude of the operation which is of the greatest importance. He says—

“Before concluding, I wish to make one more observation. In manuals of mesmerism great stress is laid on will—will is, in fact, the *sine qua non* of successful mesmerisation; some, indeed, make it the sole and simple agency whereby an effect can be produced. In my practice I have found that active will-power is a hindrance, often militating powerfully against the effect sought. The first indispensable requisite is, of course, a healthful vital magnetic and psychical fluid; the second, a benevolent desire to do good and relieve pain. It is, perhaps, necessary to say that I have found some who possess considerable of the vital magnetic principle, and who, consequently, have a high degree of manual healing power, but have not enough of the purely psychical aura to effect cures at a distance. In others, probably the psychical element is the stronger. None, however, need despair of doing good, if they only have an earnest desire to do so. I have been successful in instructing others in the use of this wonderful power, so that they have been enabled to effect cures even in very severe cases, as will be perceived from testimonials (19, 20, and 21) in the Appendix.”

Another short extract, showing that the healer may be “called in,” psychically, even by those who reside at a distance:—

“The vital aura can be communicated to almost any object—water, oil, paper, flannel, &c.,—and what is perhaps still more astonishing, the object, so prepared, retains its magnetic properties for an indefinite period. As an instance in point, I may mention the case of a lady who sent from Dublin for a piece of magnetised paper, with directions how it should be used. On receiving the paper, she desired an acquaintance to operate with it according to instructions. He, however, was incredulous, and would not;

and the lady laid the paper aside in despair. Some twelve months after, however, not having in the meantime found any relief from her suffering, she again brought it out, and began to wear it, and derived immediate benefit therefrom, thus showing that it had lost none of its virtue. The method of thus charging an object with the vital aura is simply to hold it in the hand for a few minutes, or, if it be a liquid, to hold the hand over it."

THE MAGIC STAFF: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

We need not, for the purpose of introducing this volume, write a lengthy essay on the personal history or mental endowments of the gentleman of whose life-work it is the record. On former occasions we presented a series of articles which carried the reader over the early life of the Harmonial Seer, but discontinued them, with the hope of doing that which we take great pleasure in accomplishing this month. From our first connection with progressive literature it has been our chief ambition to promote the Harmonial Philosophy; and though we have been of service in that field, yet we find that much more remains to be done. Our purpose is now to set ourselves to that larger portion of the task yet unperformed; and, having made arrangements for a full supply of volumes, at the lowest possible price, we mean to offer them from time to time, as premium volumes with *Human Nature*, at a cost much below what they could be purchased at in New York. This month we offer the "Magic Staff," as the most fitting commencement of the great work we have in hand. Apart from all other considerations, it is perhaps the most interesting work of biography ever written, and is therefore specially attractive, even to the general reader. The story is so charmingly and candidly told that the most vehement dissenter from the principles inculcated can scarcely fail to be engrossed by the perusal. It is on the unprejudiced student of human life, however, that the author confers his richest gifts. The personal history is one of the most extraordinary on record; and its peculiarities are so clearly and intelligently defined that it supplies important anthropological data. The early characteristics are traced to parental sources; and the gradual development of the wonderful psychological powers of the author furnish a series of well-authenticated facts of the greatest value to the student of man.

Besides the gradual unfoldment and successful exercise of Mr. Davis' peculiar clairvoyant powers, the book is replete with the consideration of questions which occupy a prominent place in the thought sphere of the time. Religion, personal freedom, marital adaptation, health, and other theories, find a fitting place in the pages before us. The mesmeric experiences whereby clairvoyance was first developed in Mr. Davis, are singularly instructive; and indeed as an example of psychological development, the whole work is unique. All that have been named are minor considerations.

The grand power of the book resides in its pure morality, its warm humanitarian sympathies, its lofty independence, and its sincere reverence for all that is true and good. The reader cannot lay it down without feeling benefited in his whole nature, and realising therefrom a more perfect possession of life and its vast issues.

We regard Mr. Davis as the typical embodiment of the genius of the great Spiritual movement, which in this generation is sweeping over the civilised world. Its teachings in every respect are most adequately presented in his writings, and its practical portion is beautifully portrayed in his pure and saintly life. Mr. Davis occupies a position with the Spiritual heroes of the past. In the language of the "Book of God," we would place him with the "Messengers." His life is as meritorious as any that the page of history describes, and we know how much "distance lends enchantment to the view." His intellectual career is as "miraculous" as that of any Spiritual teacher on record, while the fruits of his genius are far more valuable and varied. Davis has exercised an immense power over the thought of the age, and that power has been the direct product of his individual Spiritual energies, and not the gleanings merely from the books and traditions of the past. Not as a passive medium, but as an independent Spiritual observer and thinker has Davis given his writings to the world. His "Superior Condition" is just as independent a state as that in which an ordinary writer pens a letter. When he converses with spirits he does so face to face, as a man would to his brother. With all these unusual capabilities, Mr. Davis does not set himself up as an infallible authority. He simply states what he has discovered, what he thinks, and what he has been told, but he leaves his readers entirely free to exercise their judgment as they please. This confers a beauty upon Davis, which has been shorn from Spiritual lights by the fanaticism of their disciples. The prophets and saviours who are embalmed in history are all so perfect, spotless, and infallible that no statement made respecting them must be doubted on the pain of everlasting damnation. That any Spiritual teacher ever promulgated such a doctrine we are not disposed to believe. Freedom is the concomitant of Spiritual illumination and practical goodness, and while the claims of Mr. Davis can be allowed to remain where he has placed them, he must exercise a liberalising power which all past teachers have failed to accomplish.

We must not forget that no one man is the teacher of this age. There are many teachers, or rather the Spiritual schoolmaster is abroad in many directions, and Davis may be taken as his type and one of his personal expressions. While we as Spiritualists and progressives generally act up to the principles of free thought and pure rational inspiration, we shall be doing our best to protect the Spiritual light of the present day from ecclesiastical obscuratation, and protect humanity from the wolves of priestcraft which have in the past devoured the spiritual inheritance bequeathed to the world by the generous Father of all through his well-beloved children.

The "Magic Staff" sells for 7s. 6d. It is offered with this number of *Human Nature* at 5s.—postage 6d. Other volumes by the same author will follow in the same way.

MODE OF TRANSPORTING CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

IN a communication to the *Union Médicale*, of February 24, Dr. Vidal, the director of the Hospital Medical School at Niigata, Japan, describes the mode of carrying young children in Japan, which, he says, possesses many advantages for mother and child. The child, from its birth to the third or fourth year, is always and everywhere carried in a very simple manner on the back. The national dress consists of a long robe (*kimono*) with wide sleeves, which is open in front along its whole length, being tightened round the waist by a girdle. It is nearly alike for both sexes, but for the women the girdle is several metres in length, and from twenty-five to thirty centimetres in breadth. This is passed several times around the body, keeping the two sides of the robe exactly crossed. The latter is so fashioned that, by slightly separating the crossed sides in front of the chest, a space more or less large is left between the robe and the back, being in the shape of a funnel, closed below the girdle. In this space the infant is kept, having its limbs quite free, and only its head appearing above the *kimono*. In this way it is kept warmly in contact with the mother, while she is left at liberty in all her movements, and bears her burden with the least possible fatigue. Indeed, it is quite common to see children not more than five or six years old thus carrying children younger than themselves, and pursuing all their games notwithstanding. The infants thus carried do not seem to suffer any inconvenience, sleeping even when shaken about, and crying when placed in arms until restored to their nest. When a child even five or six years old falls ill, the first thing he demands is to be placed on his nurse's back; and the children of Europeans are nursed in this way without inconvenience. Dr. Vidal states that so rare are deformities that in nearly a thousand patients he has not met an instance.

MISCELLANEA.

EVEN TEMPER.—An attribute so precious that in our consideration it becomes a virtue is a gentle and constant equality of temper. To sustain it not only exacts a pure mind but a vigour and understanding which resists the petty vexations and fleeting contrarieties which a multitude of objects and events are continually bringing. What an unutterable charm does it give to the society of a man who possesses it! How is it possible to avoid loving him whom we are certain always to find with serenity on his brow, and a smile on his countenance?

CREMATION IN NEW YORK.—The *New York Times* says:—"Cremation seems to have made some progress in this city when a society makes up such an exact schedule as that furnished by a German organisation. According to the programme the subject for cremation is to be lowered through an altar and returned in ashes suitable for the urn in exactly an hour and a-half. The work is to be done by machinery, no mortal hands touching the subject. The hot air blast used is to be 1000 degs. Fahrenheit; from 250 to 450 pounds of coal oil will be required, and the total cost will be 8 dols. We are glad to be informed that this business-like transaction is to be so cheap, and that it will, nevertheless, be conducted with due respect for the feelings of the relatives and friends."

ONLY think—if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favourable to virtue. It is a beam of life, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart: they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life.—*Thomas Binney.*

A TOUGH STORY.—If we could only feel a reasonable amount of assurance that there was entire truth in a story which has recently appeared in the *Whitehall Times*, the anecdote would be a very valuable addition to the medical records of the century. We should like to believe it, because it possesses that precise combination of the wondrous and the unpleasant which is so useful to round off an anecdote; but, as has been before observed, facts are stubborn things. A child of eight years old, named Willie Cummings, is the hero of the tale, and he distinguished himself by falling down in front of a tramway car, and being run over so badly that his arm was severed from his body. The incomplete Master Cummings was carried home, his procession being terminated by a man who had found the amputated arm. The severed limb was then placed in a box and buried in the garden. Shortly after, little Willie complained of a pain and a queer feeling in the severed hand. He said that something was crawling on the inside of his right hand. Now, as he did not happen to have any right hand about him at the time, his parents regarded the statement as somewhat odd; but Willie persisted. "The limb was exhumed, when a large worm was discovered in the palm of the hand. A large jar was then obtained, and it became necessary to crowd the arm in, when the sufferer fairly went into a paroxysm of pain. The limb was placed in a jar partly filled with alcohol, and then replaced in the ground. The

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little fellow complained that his arm and fingers were in a terribly cramped position, and that the little finger and the next one were growing together. The jar was then taken up, when the limb was found to be crowded and cramped as described! The lad was very low when the paragraph was written, which is not strange considering the many annoyances which may afflict a troublesome limb over which he had no control.—*Evening Star.*

HOW "THE COMING RACE" WILL CREMATE.—While these two were talking my attention was drawn to a dark metallic substance at the further end of the room. It was about twenty feet in length, narrow in proportion, and all closed round, save near the roof, there were some small round holes through which might be seen a red light. From the interior emanated a rich, sweet perfume. Then the corpse, covered by a long cerement, was tenderly lifted by six of the nearest kinsfolk and borne toward the dark thing I had described. I pressed forward to see what happened. A sliding door or panel at one end was lifted up—the body deposited within, on a shelf—the door re-closed—a spring at the side touched—a sudden whishing, sighing sound heard from within, and lo! at the other end of the machine the lid fell down, and a small handful of smouldering dust dropped into a patera placed to receive it. The son took up the patera and said—"Behold how great is the Maker. To this little dust He gave form and life and soul. It needs not this little dust for Him to renew form and life and soul to the beloved one we soon shall see again." On the lid of the patera was engraved the name of the deceased and these words—"Lent to us" (here the date of birth) "Recalled from us" (here the date of death).—*From the Coming Race.*

COMETS.—*Apropos* of our recent visitor, a story is related of the dread with which comets were regarded a hundred and fifty years ago. A renowned astronomer predicted that a comet would appear on Wednesday, 14th October, 1712, and that the world would be destroyed by fire on the Friday following. His reputation was high, and the comet appeared. A number of persons got into the boats and barges on the Thames, thinking the water the safest place. South Sea and India Stock fell. A captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that his ship might not be endangered. At noon, after the comet had appeared, it is said that more than a hundred clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth to request that proper prayers might be prepared, there being none in the Church service. People believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and some acted on that belief. There was a prodigious run on the Bank; and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time the head director, issued orders to all the fire offices in London, requiring them to keep a good look-out, and have a particular eye upon the Bank of England.