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## SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY.—JACOB BÖHME.

THE Rev. Charles Kingsley, in speaking of the "illumination, intuition, or direct vision," claimed by Tauler and other "mystics" of various denominations, thinks "it would be in accordance with Baconian induction as well as with St. Paul's direct assertions in his Epistle to the Corinthians," to say "The testimony of so many isolated persons to this fact is on the whole a fair probability for its truth; and we are inclined to believe it, though it transcends our experience, on the same ground that we believe the united testimony of travellers to a hundred natural wonders, which differ as utterly from anything which we ever saw, as do these spiritual wonders from anything which we have ever felt." Mr. Kingsley's reflection is equally applicable, not only to somewhat analogous experiences of a more recent time, but (and even with greater force) to those outward spiritual manifestations which are now comparatively so common. Both classes of facts are generally held by us in but slight account, and are almost equally foreign to our habits of thought and ordinary experience. Neither class we think can be adequately understood, so far even as it is in our power to comprehend it, without some knowledge of the other, especially by those who regard it *ab extra*. They will look upon the mystic as an unintelligible dreamer, and his revelations and experiences as the result of morbid conditions tending to insanity; or as an enigma, not easily to be solved, and perhaps not worth the labour of the attempt, and so to be passed by on the other side by kindly disposed people of common sense with a smile of superior sagacity and contemptuous toleration. The phenomenal class of evidences of spiritual action give to these interior experiences a continent and basis of support. They demonstrate the action of spiritual powers in a way that appeals direct to the senses and the intellect, and so these outermost manifestations, which considered alone would seem low and limited, adapted only to meet a gross Materialism on its

own ground; have this farther effect, that they excite a more general attention to, and prepare the mind for, higher spiritual truths, and present in graduated series phases of spiritual operation of more interior and complex character, even to the highest visions and inspirations of seers and revelators; so that instead of seeing only separate links, we thus by the knowledge and comparison of the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism and psychological experiences learn to apprehend that together they form as it were a golden chain, uniting the visible and the invisible, the natural and the spiritual; and they enable us to gain a new and deeper insight into the laws of their mutual relation and interdependence.

One of the most profound, and in some respects extraordinary of the so-called mystics, is Jacob Böhme. A man possessing none of those advantages of education, learning, or social position which ordinarily attract attention. He was, on the contrary, illiterate, poor, of unprepossessing appearance, and yet we find him producing books that have deeply interested such men as Schelling, Hegel, Oken, and Sir Isaac Newton. The papers of the latter contained many autograph extracts from the works of Böhme, and the Rev. William Law, a learned and enthusiastic disciple of Böhme, conjectures that Newton derived from him his system of fundamental powers, but that he avoided mentioning him as the originator of his system lest it should be brought into disrepute.

Böhme was born in 1575, at Alt-Seidenberg, a small market town near Görlitz, in Upper Lusatia. His parents, in popular phrase, were "poor but honest people" (by the way, why do we never say "rich but honest?" is it that nobody would believe us?) His first employment was the care of cattle, but when grown older he was placed in a school where he learned to read and write, and was afterwards apprenticed to a shoemaker at Görlitz. He married when nineteen years of age, and had four sons whom he placed in various trades. He became master shoemaker in 1595. He is described as being lean, of small stature, with a low forehead, prominent temples, and somewhat hawk-nosed, eyes grey and glistening, and beard thin and short; had a low but pleasing voice, and was modest and humble in conversation. He wrote very slowly but legibly, and seldom ever struck out or corrected what he had written.

He relates that when a herdsboy he had a remarkable trial. In the heat of mid-day, retiring from his playfellows he went to a stony crag called the Landskron, and, finding an entrance or aperture overgrown with bushes, he went in, and saw there a large wooden vessel full of money, at which sight, being in sudden astonishment, he retired in haste without touching it, and

related his fortune to the rest of the boys, who, coming with him, sought often an entrance but could never find any. Some years after a foreign artist, as Böhme relates, skilled in finding out magical treasures, took it away and thereby much enriched himself; yet he perished by an infamous death, that treasure being lodged there and covered with a curse to him that should find and take it away.

He also relates that when he was an apprentice, his master and his mistress being abroad, there came to the shop a stranger, of a reverend and grave countenance, yet in mean apparel, and taking up a pair of shoes desired to buy them. Knowing as yet little of the business, Jacob would not presume to set a price on them; but the stranger being very importunate, he at last named a price which he was certain would keep him harmless in parting with them. The old man paid the money, took the shoes, and went from the shop a little way, when standing still, with a loud and earnest voice he called, "Jacob, Jacob, come forth." The boy came out in a great fright, amazed that the stranger should call him by his Christian name. The man with a severe but friendly countenance, fixing his eyes upon him, which were bright and sparkling, took him by his right hand and said to him:—"Jacob, thou art little, but shalt be great, and become another man, such a one as the world shall wonder at; therefore be pious, fear God, and reverence his word. Read diligently the Holy Scriptures, wherein thou hast comfort and instruction. For thou must endure much misery and poverty, and suffer persecution, but be courageous and persevere, for God loves and is gracious unto thee;" and therewith pressing his hand, with a bright sparkling eye fixed on his face, he departed.

This prediction made a deep impression on his mind. He grew serious and thoughtful, went more frequently to church, "and profited well therein in the outward reformation of his life," and read and meditated the Scriptures. Seriously considering the promise (Luke xi. 13) that the Holy Spirit would be given by our Heavenly Father to them that ask him; he with much earnestness prayed for the promised Comforter; and, at length, as he relates, he was "surrounded with a Divine light for seven days, and stood in the highest contemplation and in the kingdom of joys whilst he was with his master in the country about the affairs of his vocation." In the twenty-fifth year of his age he was again surrounded by this "Divine light," and so quickened were his perceptive faculties, that in going into the fields and viewing the herbs and grass, he "saw into their essences, use and properties, which were discovered to him by their lineaments, figures, and signatures. In like manner he beheld the

whole creation, and from that fountain of Revelation he afterwards wrote his book *De Signatura Rerum*. In the unfolding of these mysteries he took great delight, yet scarcely spoke of them to any till the year 1618, when, "being again taken into this light lest the mysteries revealed to him should pass through him as a stream, and rather for a memorial than intending it for publication he wrote his first book called *Aurora, or The Morning Redness*.

This manuscript being seen by a gentleman of rank who sometimes conversed with him, he requested Böhme to indulge him with the perusal of it, and so greatly was he interested in it that he got it copied, and being circulated it soon fell into the hands of the pastor primarius of Görlitz, Gregory Richter, who denounced both the book and its author from the pulpit, and stirred up the Senate against him, so that they summoned Böhme before them and admonished him to stick to his business and leave off writing books which were calculated to give offence. In obedience to this injunction he abstained from writing for seven years; when, what he felt to be a higher than earthly power again impelled him to write. His second book is entitled *Three Principles*. Of the manner of its production he says:—"Art hath not wrote here, neither was there any time to consider how to set it punctually down, according to the right understanding of the letters, but all was ordered according to the direction of the Spirit, which often went in haste; so that in many words letters may be wanting, and in some places a capital letter for a word; so that the penman's hand, by reason he was not accustomed to it, did often shake. And though I could have written in a more accurate, fair, and plain manner, yet the reason was this, that the burning fire did often force forward with speed and the hand and pen must hasten directly after it; for *it comes and goes as a sudden shower*. I can write nothing of myself but as a child, which neither knows nor understands anything, which neither has ever been learnt, but only that which the Lord vouchsafes to know in me, according to the measure as himself manifests in me. For I never desired to know anything of the Divine mystery, much less understood I the way to seek and find it. I knew nothing of it, as it is the condition of poor laymen in their simplicity. I sought only after the heart of Jesus Christ, that I might hide myself therein from the wrathful anger of God and the violent assaults of the devil; and I besought the Lord earnestly for His Holy Spirit and His grace, that He would please to bless and guide me in Him, and take that away from me which did turn me from Him, that I might not live to my own will, but to His; and that He only might lead and direct me, to the end I might be His child in His Son Jesus. In this my earnest and Christian seeking and desire, the gate was opened unto me

that in one quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than if I had been many years together at an University, at which I did exceedingly wonder, and thereupon turned my praise to God for it. For I saw and knew the Being of all beings, the Byss and Abyss, and the eternal generation of the Holy Trinity, the descent and original of the world, and of all creatures through the Divine Wisdom; I knew and saw in myself all the three worlds, namely, *the Divine*, (the angelical and the paradisaical), and *the Dark world*, (the original of the nature to the fire), and then, thirdly, *the External* and visible world, being of a procreation or outward birth, from both the internal and spiritual worlds. I saw and knew the whole working essence, in the evil and the good, and the mutual original and the existence of each of them, and likewise how the fruitful bearing womb of eternity brought forth. So that I did not only greatly wonder at it, but did also exceedingly rejoice, and presently it came powerfully into my mind, to set the same down in writing, for a memorial for myself, though I could very hardly apprehend the same, in my external man, and express it with the pen. Yet however I must begin to labour in these great mysteries, as a child that goes to school. I saw them as in a great deep in the internal. For I had a thorough view of the universe, as in a chaos, wherein all things are couched, and wrapped up, but it was impossible for me to explain the same. Yet it opened itself in me, from time to time, as in a young plant; though the same was with me for the space of twelve years, and it was as it were breeding, and I found a powerful instigation within me, before I could bring it forth into external form of writing. And whatever I could apprehend with the external principle of my mind, that I wrote down. But however, afterward the sun shone upon me a good while, but not constantly, for the sun hid itself, and then I knew not, nor well understood, my own labour. So that man must acknowledge that his knowledge is not his own, but from God, who manifests the ideas of wisdom to the soul of man, in what measure he pleases."

The primate Richter appears to have become still farther embittered against Böhme by this second book, and procured from the Senate his banishment from the city, but upon more sober thought, they next morning repealed this absurd and unjust sentence. "Yet," says Dr. Weisner, "still tired with the prelate's incessant clamour, they at length sent for him again, and entreated him that in love to the city's quiet he would seek himself a habitation elsewhere; which if he would do, they should hold themselves obliged to him for it, as an acceptable service. In compliance with this friendly request of theirs he removed from thence. After this, upon a citation, Jacob Böhme came to Dresden before his highness the Prince Elector of

Saxony, where were assembled six doctors of divinity, Dr. Hoe, Dr. Weisner, Dr. Baldwin, Dr. Gerhard, Dr. Leyser, and another doctor, and two professors of the mathematics. All these, in the presence of his highness the Prince Elector, began to examine him concerning his writings, and the high mysteries therein; and many profound queries in divinity, philosophy and the mathematics they proposed to him. To all which he replied with such meekness of spirit, such depth of knowledge and fulness of matter, that none of those doctors and professors returned one word of dislike or contradiction. The prince and his highness much admired him, and required to know the result of their judgments in what they had heard. But the doctors and examiners desired to be excused, and entreated his highness that he would have patience till the spirit of the man had more plainly declared itself, for in many particulars they could not understand him. To Jacob Böhme's questions they returned answers with much modesty, being amazed to hear from a man of that mean quality such mysterious depths. There were two astrologers present, to whom, having discoursed of their science, he said, 'Thus far is the knowledge of your art right and good, grounded in the mystery of nature; but what is over and above are heathenish additions.' The Elector being satisfied with his answers took him apart, and discoursed with him concerning difficult points, and courteously dismissed him."

Dr. Weisner is reported to have afterwards said—"We know not but God may have designed him for some extraordinary work, and how can we with justice pass judgment against that which we understand not, for sure he seems to be a man of wonderful high gifts of the spirit, though we cannot at present, from any ground of certainty, approve or disapprove of many things which he holds forth." The favourable opinion of the Elector and the Doctors of the Council induced many preachers and learned men to examine his writings; the effect of which was, in the words of one of his biographers, that they began to cease "from preaching up disputes and controversies in religion, many of these being in no ways determinable but by the intervention of a Divine light above that of reason . . . whence they judged all contest about those difficulties, (being most pregnant mothers of pride and contention,) as baneful to Divine charity, and the common peace of mankind. But for resolution of all doubts referred them to an earnest endeavour after the recovery of the life of Christ, the only fountain of all true light and right understanding in Divine things."

From the publication of his first book he began to be much visited by many learned men, and it was from his frequent conversations with them that he got the use of those Greek and

Latin words that are frequent in his works. One of these learned men was a physician named Balthasar Walter, a man who had travelled in search of ancient magical learning throughout the East, particularly Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, where he found such small remnants of it, that he returned unsatisfied to his own country, where he became inspector of the chemical laboratory at Dresden. Having become acquainted with Böhme, he rejoiced that at last he had found at home, in a poor cottage, that for which he had travelled so far in vain. He introduced the appellation of *Philosophus Teutonicus*, sometimes applied to Böhme. Dr. Walter went to the German universities, and collected such questions concerning the soul as were accounted impossible to be resolved fundamentally, of which he made a catalogue, being forty in number, and sent them to Böhme, from whom he received answers to his satisfaction (which answers are public in many languages). Dr. Walter came to Böhme and professed that he had received from him more solid answers than from the most clever and learned men with whom he had anywhere conversed. The translator of these answers into English presented a copy to King Charles I., who a month after said, that if Böhme were no scholar, the Holy Ghost was now in men; but if he were a scholar, he was one of the best.

It may be mentioned as characteristic of the man that he usually prefixed to his letters the motto, "Our salvation in the life of Jesus Christ in us," and sealed with a seal on which was engraved a hand outstretched from heaven, holding three blown lilies.

Böhme died in Silesia, in November, 1624. Early in the morning he asked his son if he heard the excellent music; the son replied, "No." "Open," said he, "the door, that it may be better heard." Afterwards he asked what the clock had struck, and, on being told, said, "Three hours hence is my time." When the three hours had nearly passed, he took leave of his wife and son, and blessed them, and said, "Now go I hence into Paradise;" and immediately, with this joyful assurance, departed.

Notwithstanding his peaceable and blameless life, and his always having been in strict communion with the Lutheran Church, so inveterate was the hatred borne to him by the clergy that they refused to bury his corpse till compelled to do so by the magistracy, and though Richter had died three months previously, a double portion of his spirit seemed to have fallen on his successor, who refused to preach at his funeral, feigning illness; and his colleague, when compelled to do so, began by declaring he would rather have walked a hundred miles than preach the funeral sermon.

After Böhme's death, his opinions spread over Germany, Holland, and England. A son of his persecutor, Richter, com-

menced a refutation of them, but in reading his works for this purpose, his views underwent an entire change, and so highly did he come to esteem them, that he edited, and printed at his own expense, an edition of a hundred copies of an epitome of them in eight volumes, and arranged their contents in a sort of index. His works have gone through several editions, and have been translated into Dutch, French, and English. He has written upwards of thirty treatises. I give below the full titles of some of the more important, with the respective dates of their publication.

It is greatly to be wished that some competent person, well versed in the writings of Böhme, and who has entered into the spirit of their philosophy, would present us with a clear digest of his teachings in good modern English. Many of his deep truths are veiled in an obscurity in part arising from his imperfect knowledge and command of language, as well as from the inadequacy of language itself to convey many of the ideas and images that flowed into his mind. It must always be difficult to find suitable terms in which to convey to the mind of another a knowledge of spiritual things. It would be vain to attempt to convey to the reader an idea even in outline of the theosophy of Böhme. The best I have seen in a short compass is by the Rev. William Law, which is here subjoined. Speaking of "the poor illiterate Behmen," and the "mystery" revealed in his works, Law says "he was so merely an instrument of Divine direction, as to have no ability to think, speak, or write anything, but what sprung up in him, or came upon him, as independently of himself, as a shower of rain falls here or there independently of the place where it falls.

"His works being an opening of the Spirit of God working in him, are quite out of the path of man's reasoning wisdom, and proceed no more according to it, than the living plant breathes forth its virtue according to such rules of skill as an artist might

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\* *The Aurora, or the Dawning of the Day; or Morning Redness in the Rising of the Sun. Containing the Root of Theology, Philosophy, and Astral Science from the true ground.* 1611.

*The Three Principles of the Divine Essence: of the Eternal Dark, Light, and Temporary World. With an Appendix of the Threefold Life of Man.* 1612.

*Signatura Rerum; or the Signature of All Things: shewing the Sign and Signification of the Several Forms, Figures, and Shape of Things in the Creation; what the Beginning, Ruin, and Cure of everything is; comprising all Mysteries.* 1613.

*The Mysterium Magnum: an Explanation of Genesis; treating of the Manifestation and Revelation of the Divine Word, through the Three Principles of the Divine Essence. Also of the Origin of the World and the Creation, wherein the Kingdoms of Nature and Grace are explained, for the better understanding of the Old and New Testament, and what Adam and Christ are.* 1623.

*A Table of the Divine Manifestation; or, an Explanation of the Three Principles of the World.* 1623.

*Of the Supersensual Life.* 1624.

*Of Divine Contemplation, or Vision.* 1624. (imperfect).



use to set up a painted dead figure of it. But as the Spirit of God worked in the creation of all things, so the same Spirit worked and opened in the ground and depth of his created soul, an inward sensibility of it.

"His writings begin where the spirit of God began, in the first rise of nature and creature. They are led on by the Spirit of God, as it went on in the creation of angels and men, and all this material system of things. The all-creating Spirit of God, which did, and still does, all in every birth and growth of life, opened its procedure in this chosen instrument, showing how all things came from a working will of the holy triune incomprehensible God, manifesting himself as Father, Son and Holy Spirit, through an outward perceptible working triune power of fire, light, and spirit, both in the eternal heaven, and in this temporal transitory state of material nature; showing from this eternal manifestation of God in the unity and trinity of heavenly fire, light, and spirit, how and what angels and men were in their creation: how they are in and from God, his real offspring, and born partakers of the Divine nature; how their life begun in and from this Divine fire, which is the Father of Light, generating a birth of light in their souls, from both which proceeds the Holy Spirit, or breath of Divine love, in the triune creature, as it does in the triune Creator: showing how some angels and all men are fallen from God, and their first state of a Divine triune life in them; what they are in their fallen state, and the difference between the fall of angels and that of men: showing also how and whence there is good and evil in all this temporal world, in all its creatures, animate and inanimate, spiritual and material, and what is meant by the curse that dwells everywhere in it; showing what are the natures, powers, and qualities of all creatures; whence and why their numberless variety; what they have of good in them, and how they have it; what is the evil in them, and why there is such strife and enmity betwixt creatures and creatures, elements and elements, what is meant by it, to what end it works, and when it shall cease; how and why sin and misery, wrath and death, shall only reign for a time, till the love, the wisdom, and the power of God shall in a supernatural way triumph over sin, misery, and death, make fallen man rise to the glory of angels, and this material system shake off its curse, and enter into an everlasting union with that heaven from whence it fell."

I believe that Böhme is the first writer who has evolved from the letter of Scripture a consecutive spiritual sense, though this is carried by him no farther than the Book of Genesis. It is not so clear, nor so methodical, as the similar exposition by Swedenborg; but it is probable that though less formally methodical,

this does not, at least, in the same degree, extend to its substance—to the ideas themselves. Nor is this the only point of junction between these two eminent seers; (though, on the other hand, there are some in which there is a marked divergence). Böhme seems to have anticipated the Swedish seer in tracing the parallelism between the physical and the spiritual worlds and their correspondences. Both taught that in all things natural forms take their shape from, and are the sign or expression of their interior spiritual forms, their qualities inhering not in the natural but in the spiritual. These views, however, cannot be said to have originated with either Böhme or Swedenborg; they (or at least views very similar to them) may be traced to Plato, and, perhaps, beyond. The doctrine of discrete degrees, however, is one drawn more clearly and sharply by Swedenborg than I believe by any previous writer. In his teaching of the Trinity, there seems again to be a substantial agreement between the Swedish Seer and the Teutonic philosopher. The opening of the creation to Böhme by the Divine light, so that he saw into the essences and properties of things, will remind many of the like experience of George Fox, who, in his Journal, describes how in vision the creation was opened to him, and the nature and virtues of all things were so revealed that he was in doubt whether he should not practice as a physician for the good of mankind. In this, and in teaching that there is a *one* language, a *spiritual* language (spoken he believes on the day of Pentecost), from which the earliest languages have proceeded, and in many other things his statements agree with those made by the Seers of Prevorst,\* and by many of the seers and mediums of our own time, and even with some of our modern churches among whom the gifts of the Spirit have been manifested. This language Böhme held could be known only by those who were spiritually enlightened.

Of those who deny spiritual illumination, who hold with Locke that we can receive ideas through no channel but the senses, we ask "Whence had this man this knowledge?" Not from education, for his was of the humblest description; not from books, for he was little acquainted with them, and had he sought it there he would not have found it. He was not a learned professor, but an industrious shoemaker. Whence had he this knowledge? Can we give to this question any better answer than the Saviour's words:—"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit?"

T. S.

\* See *Spiritual Magazine*, No. 30. There is no ground for any surmise that Madame Hauffe was acquainted with the writings of Böhme.

## A GUARDIAN SPIRIT'S PROPHETIC WARNING.

As an old magnetizer who has had a very extensive practical experience, wonderful phenomena have from time to time been presented in my practice which have made me a confirmed believer in the protection of spiritual beings being constantly exercised, and in their presence amongst us; a constant fact long before the recent "Spiritual Manifestations" occurred, as material demonstrative evidence of this fact. As one instance, taken from many, allow me to present you the following. Some of the parties are still living, and could add their testimony to mine if needed.

One day in the beginning of January, 1853, a lady visitor was announced, who on being seated informed me "That she was told that she had been mesmerized, and had been talking in her sleep, and that some lady friends assured her that in this she had done a very wicked act, and one which she would get punishment for in the next world. This had frightened her, and having heard of my name as a mesmerizer of great experience, she had come to ask me if it was true that she could have been asleep, and have talked in her sleep without remembering it, and if so, was being put to sleep when she did not know anything about it such a serious sin as the lady friends declared it?" I inquired as to the circumstances, and ascertained that my visitor, Miss E. resided as housekeeper with a gentleman, Mr. A. B. with whom I was slightly acquainted; that she was suffering very much with pain in the face and head, that Mr. A. B. told her to sit down and he would draw away the pain, and that she did not know anything more, excepting that after a lapse of some hours, she found herself in the same chair, the pain quite gone, and was told she had been in a mesmeric sleep, and had been talking. I requested her to put her right hand on the back of a chair, made two or three passes over the hand with the intention of causing it to stick to the chair, and then said quietly, "Be so good as to remove your hand." This she could not do, the hand was fixed; and I thus ascertained that she was a subject peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influence. I of course immediately released her hand, and telling her there was no reason to doubt that she had been put to sleep, gave her proper advice about allowing herself to be again magnetized, and comforted her by an assurance that mesmerism was not sinful, but a "gift from God," which she should thankfully accept, when it relieved her from suffering.

In the evening of the same day, Mr. A. B. called to request me to magnetize him and remove a pain from his back. He

became an occasional patient for a few months. In the course of conversation, he told me that he had mesmerized his housekeeper Miss E.; that she had gone to sleep, and then talked to some imaginary being, who she said was her guardian spirit. I then laughed at this hallucination, and I then discovered that he did not believe in the future or spiritual existence. The Bible afforded him no evidence of this truth, as he did not believe in the Scriptures; he was a deeply learned natural philosopher, chemist, astronomer, electrician, and good mathematician. He liked to have ocular and rigidly demonstrative evidence of facts before he accepted them. He was not perversely stupid enough to reject human testimony; he would believe many things on the testimony of others, but who was to testify to the truth of those whose evidence we accepted as to the narratives of the Holy Scriptures; these belonged to past history, the original witnesses were dead and could not come into court, we only had a tradition handed down from one set of believers to another set of believers. My friend was anxious to know that our future existence was not a fable; but he was a student of material science, and having sought to ascertain a fact in spiritual knowledge employing the instruments required in natural or material philosophy, he always failed in the result of his experiment. My friend occupied in this respect no exceptional position, he was only one amongst thousands who totally deny the Divine authority of Scripture as to our future existence, because they reject tradition and have never been fortunate enough to obtain evidence which could appeal to their material senses and bring conviction.

How happy would my friend have been, how happy would thousands of kind-hearted, moral, loyal, but atheistical clever men now be, if they could only catch a departed soul and cork it up in a bottle, put it on a shelf, and at their leisure subject it to rigid and exact analysis. They would then know that a human soul did exist and they would know what its nature and condition was, whether he, she, or it. However our Heavenly Father does not allow any of His creatures to catch the souls of others of His creatures and cork them up in bottles; but in His merciful Providence He treats learned and philosophical materialists who will not believe on testimony and tradition with more kindness than many of His ministering servants do—for He has provided that there shall exist other evidence than testimony and tradition for those who harden not their hearts, but desire a rational conviction of His existence, and their future life in the spirit state.

My friend, Mr. A. B., required evidence which he could accept, and we shall see how this was afforded, and how he became a Christian and a believer in our future existence. He continued daily to put Miss E. to sleep; he took notes of her

conversation and statements made in this sleep; but on no account was any casual visitors admitted to these mesmeric sittings—one other friend, who was also a philosopher and unbeliever in the future life, being the customary witness. Miss E. usually conversed with her guardian, and sometimes made remarks relating to herself, and to her health, and foretold circumstances which would shortly happen, and which did happen as foretold. These prophecies, when verified, greatly disturbed Mr. A. B.'s atheistical tendency; he began to think this guardian really might exist, although he had no sensuous perception of his existence; but he yet strove hard with many clever hypotheses to show the wonderful powers of the brain and its electrical life, and to explain the phenomena in accordance with the conditions of ponderable matter, and thus blot out Miss E.'s guardian spirit.

Although the occasional information and prophetic warnings of the guardian spirit were curiously true and often useful, not any had been sufficiently marked to be quite out of the range of "extraordinary and wonderful coincidence;" at least, not enough so to convert my unbelieving friend from his scepticism. One evening, the 2nd of February, he called and told me, "Miss E. has been to sleep to-day; her guardian says there is a great danger awaiting her; it may be avoided, but this is not certain; it will be from an accident; it will endanger her life, and may deprive her of it. More cannot be told her now." This, of course, greatly interested the few friends who were informed, and Miss E. was usually mesmerized every day, and notes taken of her statements. For several days no more information was given by the "guardian." Then we were told by Miss E., "that the accident could not be avoided, it must happen;" but the guardian could neither inform us of its character or the day when it would happen. The guardian was now often addressed through Miss E., by telling her to ask questions and requesting replies. Of course, as a mesmeric (or rather magnetic) medium she heard the questions and put them, and returned the guardian's replies. But how was Mr. A. B. or his friend Mr. F. to know that there was a guardian, it might all be hallucination, a dream repeated as often as the mesmeric sleep was induced. One day, Miss E. said, "My guardian tells me the accident will happen in March; if I escape with life I shall be subject to fits afterwards." This kind of information was given us until the 20th of February, when Miss E. said, "My guardian now tells me the accident is to happen on the 13th of March; I cannot know what it will be, but I am to tell you, Mr. A. B., not to go from home that day on any account or I shall lose my life; Mr. F. is not to go from home on any account or I shall always have fits;—when it

happens I shall have an epileptic fit from fright; then send for Mr. F., who is to magnetize me until I have quite recovered from the fit and the fright. I am not to know at what hour it will happen; but it will be some time on the 13th of March."

From time to time previously to this March 13, Miss E. was mesmerised, and repeated this statement, but could neither ascertain the nature of the accident which was to happen, nor the precise hour at which it would happen. We had nothing else left us but to await the event, which those who were informed did with much anxious and curious speculation as to whether it would be, and what it would be. Miss E. herself knew nothing of this warning prophecy, and was as merry and unconcerned as usual on the eventful March 13. On that day Mr. A. B. never left his house, and took care that Miss E. should not leave home; Mr. F. also kept closely at his own house. Mr. A. B. waited all day and nothing happened; at half-past six, p.m. he was sitting in his counting-house, tired of waiting the event, speculating whether it would come off, and thinking there was no "guardian spirit," that the whole was a dream and delusion, when suddenly he was startled by loud screams proceeding from his kitchen; he hastened there, and found Miss E. in flames. She had gone to the kitchen to give some directions, and was standing with her back to the fire, when some one opened a door, and the draught blew her dress against the grate bars. Mr. A. B. threw her down, rolled her in the carpet, and extinguished the flames before she was seriously burnt. Then Miss E. became convulsed, and had a severe epileptic fit; Mr. F. was sent for, and magnetized her until she recovered. She never had any more fits. Thus was the guardian spirit's prophetic warning, given many weeks previously to the event, verified. Did the materialistic philosophers, Mr. A. B. and Mr. F., believe? Yes! they could not do otherwise. Was it the devil or an evil spirit who took all this trouble to save Miss E. from harm, and convert two of God's creatures from their infidel scepticism? I think not. Who did it then? I believe a good angel or spirit directed by God's providence; if not I know not who else did, or what other power could.

GEORGE BARTH.

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Every act is to be regarded as a religious one which raises man above the mere animal, and that brings him nearer to the Divine nature.—HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

## LAZARUS AND HIS MESSAGE.

To "see ourselves as others see us," however useful, is certainly not easy. We wonder at the blindness and folly and hardness of heart of the old Scribes and Pharisees and Sadducees; but we have no doubt that to their contemporaries they were simply respectable, well-dressed gentlemen, who gave good dinners, and who, though they might differ a little among themselves as high church and low church, were yet on the whole, good orthodox people, who went to the synagogue every Sabbath-day, paid tithe regularly, and united against all outside heresy. They were great sticklers for the old faith and the old forms, believed devoutly in all the miracles contained in the canonical books, and treated with proper contempt all alleged supernatural manifestations in their own day. Those who affirmed their occurrence, they regarded as either fools or impostors. Was not the law of Moses perfect, and the canon of Revelation closed? What need then for further miracles? Were such alleged occurrences at all conformable to observation? Had not "a firm and unalterable experience" established the constancy of nature? The age of miracles had ceased, or granted that miracles were still possible, and had actually taken place as affirmed, were they not wrought by Beelzebub? These new thaumaturgists taught something different from Moses: did not this dench the argument, and convict the *pseudo* wonder-workers of rank blasphemy? We need not travel to Judea, or go back eighteen centuries to find illustrations of this type of character. Gentlemen of that ilk may be found any day walking the west end of London. Accepting for the moment the theory of transmigration, we can imagine Dives a regular swell, his shirt of the finest linen, his coat of the best broad cloth, keeping an excellent table, and giving wine parties. Perhaps, following the ancient occupation of a scribe, he may be the editor of a *Critic-al* publication, and sometimes visit his friend the magistrate, to consult with him as to the best means of putting down mediums. Not altogether a bad man, he would perhaps have sufficient commiseration for Lazarus to allow him to sit on his door-step without ordering him to "move on." That Dives had some good points about him, that his milk of human kindness had not all turned sour is evident from the interest he took in his five brethren on earth, and his anxiety that Lazarus should carry to them a communication from that world of spirits into which both had entered. Had his request been acceded to is it likely to have had any more effect upon them than spiritual communications have upon some people now-a-days? In a sermon

on *Lazarus and his Message*, in the volume entitled *Three Months' Ministry*, the Rev. Thomas T. Lynch has endeavoured to depict what is likely to have occurred. We leave him at this point to carry on the argument. He says:—

That we may picture to our minds what might have occurred had Lazarus been sent according to the rich man's wish, let us suppose the brothers in succession visited. The first brother has dined, and shortly afterwards a Rabbi enters—his friend. "You seem disturbed to-day," says the Rabbi. "I am," he replies; "a strange thing has occurred. I was thinking of my poor brother, and presently it seemed as if some one were in the room. I looked up and saw that beggar that used to lie at his gate. It was Lazarus, and yet he looked handsome and young; but I could not mistake him: it was another Lazarus, and yet himself. And as I looked he spoke these words: 'Thy brother says repent, lest thou also come into the place of torment.'" "Ah!" says the Rabbi, "no wonder you are disturbed! This is an illusion, but the time will account for it. You had just dined; you have been very anxious lately. The brain has affected the stomach, and the stomach in return has affected the brain;—tit for tat, according to our law. The anxiety you have suffered disturbed your digestion, and then indigestion disturbed your brain; and hence this illusion. Indeed, you have felt your brother's death too much, and though every conscientious man must, as he thinks of death, wish at least to be ready, you, my friend, are too feeling and too conscientious; be not disturbed; it was but an illusion; do not fear." And so the Rabbi will leave this brother, and the man will feel somewhat complacent with himself. The apparition is accounted for, and accounted for in a way rather complimentary to him than otherwise.

We will suppose the second brother is walking in his garden, and one comes to accost him upon business. "You are deep in thought," he says. "Well, I was; I have just been visiting my late brother's house to settle some affairs there, and as I went up to the door I saw sitting, or I thought I did, the very beggar man that died about the same time that my brother did. There he was sitting, there were his rags, there was his miserable countenance, the very same; and as I went up the steps he spoke these words: 'Thy brother says repent, lest thou also come into the place of torment.'" "Strange, indeed," says the friend, "is the power of association. You have not been thinking of the man, but you go to your brother's house, where you had often seen him, and the mere going to the house with your mind naturally full of old times and scenes has raised up this illusion." The brother feels satisfied. True, it takes the whole afternoon and part of the morrow for the moral effect to wear off. But still he has a philosophical explanation—the principle of association. What we have seen in a particular place, that, under a change of circumstances, we may fancy we have seen again!

The third brother had occasion to visit the grave of the deceased rich man, and as he was looking rather reflectively, in much sorrow, for in fact there came thoughts into his mind just at that moment about the division of the property, as he was looking at the grave, he saw—the figure seemed to rise up before him, first like a shadow, and then it became distinct—he saw Lazarus standing. He started, he was surprised; still more surprised when the voice addressed him: "Thy brother says repent, lest thou also come into the place of torment." But you know, where can you expect to see a ghost if it be not by the side of a grave? The very fact that you see it there proves that it is not a real ghost; men naturally conjure up these phantoms at a grave-side. Thus he reasoned with himself and walked away, and the impression very soon wore off.

The fourth brother was going into the temple, at the gate of which people were often sitting or lying to ask alms, and whilst he was at some distance he saw this beggar man, Lazarus, sitting at the gate. He recognised him—certainly was he, or very strangely like him. He noticed many persons passing into the temple and giving him nothing, and then there did sit a twinge of thought across his soul—how often he had passed Lazarus, and given him nothing himself. He comes up, and as he enters, Lazarus speaks again the very same words: "Thy brother says repent, lest thou also come into the place of



torment." He goes into the temple; he feels partly persuaded that it was indeed Lazarus's ghost. "But," says he, "how strange that men should carry their evil tempers into the other world! Why, that man Lazarus often grudged with his eyes the good things that went into my brother's mansion. The very smell of the dinner made him feel wicked; and now he has got into the other world, all that he thinks of is to come back here and spite himself upon us, to try and frighten us with a bugbear. As if our brother had gone to any place of torment—a man that lived respectably as he did!

The fifth brother is reading Moses in a very comfortable apartment, and he has fallen upon that part of Moses in which the dreadful curses are pronounced upon those that depart from the living God and commit folly and sin. He feels there is a strange incongruity between this awful kind of reading and the very comfortable aspect of the apartment; and as he is feeling thus and determining to put by the roll of parchment, the figure of Lazarus rises, the same words are spoken: "Thy brother says repent, lest thou also come into the place of torment." He feels really alarmed; his friends do not see him next day; he takes Moses again and reads him next day. He thinks he will repent. But friends begin to talk: "How is it that he keeps himself so retired?" they say. "He has seen the ghost of Lazarus," is the reply. So one friend cries, "Well, if any ghost could persuade me, it should be a better ghost than that of the beggar man, Lazarus." And this is very kindly and carefully reported to the fifth brother; so he feels angry and yet ashamed. Ashamed of what? Why, ashamed of having so nearly made a fool of himself by repenting. So he goes on dining worse and worse, that is to say, better and better, more and more sumptuously; he is obliged to dine himself into stupidity, lest the memory of the ghost should prove too much for him—lest he should after all be a fool in the eyes of all his acquaintance, and repent of his sins and lead a new life.

This kind of preaching is indeed holding the mirror up to Nature. We hope some of our friends may be persuaded to look into the glass.

T. S.

## THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

It will be forty years ago, next month, since the ship I was then in came home from the West India station, and was paid off. I had nowhere in particular to go just then, and so was very glad to get a letter the morning after I went ashore at Portsmouth, asking me to go down to Plymouth for a week or so. It came from an old sailor, a friend of my family, who had been commodore of the fleet. He lived at Plymouth; he was a thorough old sailor—what you young men would call "an old salt"—and couldn't live out of the sight of the blue sea and the shipping. It is a disease that a good many of us take who have spent our best years on the sea. I have it myself—a sort of feeling that we must be under another kind of Providence, when we look out and see a hill on this side and a hill on that. It's wonderful to see the trees come out and the corn grow, but then, it doesn't come so home to an old sailor. I know that we're all just as much under the Lord's hands on shore as at sea; but you can't read in a book you haven't been used to, and they that go down to the sea in ships, they see the works of the Lord and his

wonders in the deep. It isn't their fault if they don't see his wonders on the land so easily as other people. But, for all that, there's no man enjoys a cruise in the country more than a sailor. It's forty years ago I started for Plymouth, but I haven't forgotten the road a bit, or how beautiful it was, all through the New Forest and over Salisbury plain, and then on by the mail to Exeter, and through Devonshire. It took me three days to get to Plymouth, for we didn't get about so quick in those days. The commodore was very kind to me when I got there, and I went about with him to the ships in the bay, and through the dockyard, and picked up a good deal that was of use to me afterwards. I was a lieutenant in those days, and had seen a good deal of service, and I found the old commodore had a great-nephew whom he had adopted, and had set his whole heart upon. He was an old bachelor himself, but the boy had come to live with him, and was to go to sea; so he wanted to put him under some one who would give an eye to him for the first year or two. He was a light slip of a boy then, fourteen years old, with deep-set blue eyes, and long eyelashes, and cheeks like a girl's, but as brave as a lion and as merry as a lark. The old gentleman was very much pleased to see that we took to one another. We used to barge and boat together, and he was never tired of hearing my stories about the great admirals, and the fleet, and the stations I had been on. Well, it was agreed that I should apply for a ship again directly, and go up to London with a letter to the Admiralty from the commodore, to help things on. After a month or two I was appointed to a brig lying at Spithead; and so I wrote to the commodore, and he got his boy a midshipman's berth on board, and brought him to Portsmouth himself a day or two before we sailed for the Mediterranean. The old gentleman came on board to see his boy's hammock slung, and went below into the cockpit to make sure that all was right. He only left us by the pilot-boat, when we were all out in the Channel. He was very low in parting from his boy, but bore up as well as he could; and we promised to write to him from Gibraltar, and as often afterwards as we had a chance. I was soon as proud and fond of little Tom Holdsworth as if he had been my own younger brother and for that matter, so were all the crew, from the captain to the cook's one boy. He was such a gallant youngster, yet so gentle. In one cutting-out business we had, he climbed over the boatswain's shoulder, and was almost first on deck; how he came off it without a scratch I can't think to this day. But he hadn't a bit of bluster in him, and was as kind as a woman to any one who was wounded or down with sickness.

After we had been out about a year, we were sent to cruise off Malta, on the look-out for the French fleet. It was a long

business, and the post wasn't so good then as it is now. We were sometimes for months without getting a letter, and knew nothing of what was happening at home, or anywhere else. We had a sick time, too, on board, and at last he got a fever. He bore up against it like a man, and wouldn't knock off duty for a long time. He was midshipman of my watch, so I used to make him turn in early, and tried to ease things to him as I could; but he didn't pick up, and I began to get anxious about him. I talked to the doctor, and turned matters over in my own mind, and I thought he wouldn't be any better unless he could sleep out of the cockpit. So one night, the 20th of October it was—I remember it well enough, better than I remember any day since—it was a dirty night, blowing half a gale of wind from the southward, and we were under close-reefed topsails—I had the first watch, and at nine o'clock I sent him down to my cabin to sleep there, where he would be fresher and quieter, and I was to turn into his hammock when my watch was over. I was on deck three hours or so after he went down, and the weather got dirtier, and dirtier, and the scud drove by, and the wind sang and hummed through the rigging—it made me melancholy to listen to it. I could think of nothing but the youngster down below, and what I should say to his poor old uncle if anything happened. Well, soon after midnight I went down and turned into his hammock. I didn't go to sleep at once, for I remember very well listening to the creaking of the ship's timbers as she rose to the swell, and watching the lamp, which was slung from the ceiling, and gave light enough to make out the other hammocks swinging slowly all together. At last, however, I dropped off, and I reckon I must have been asleep about an hour when I woke with a start. For a moment I didn't see anything but the swinging hammocks and the lamp, but, then, suddenly I became aware that some one was standing by my hammock, and I saw the figure as plainly as I see any of you now, for the foot of the hammock was close to the lamp, and the light struck full across on the head and shoulders, which was all that I could see of him. There he was, the old commodore; his grizzled hair coming out from under a red woollen nightcap, and his shoulders wrapped in an old threadbare dressing-gown, which I had often seen him in. His face looked pale and drawn, and there was a wistful, disappointed look about the eyes. I was taken aback—I couldn't speak—but lay watching him. He looked full at my face once or twice, but didn't seem to recognize me; and just as I was getting my tongue and going to speak, he said slowly: "Where's Tom? this is his hammock. I can't see Tom;" and then he looked vaguely about, and passed away somehow, but how, I couldn't see. In a moment or two I jumped out and hurried to my cabin, but young Holds-

worth was fast asleep. I sat down and wrote just what I had seen, making a note of the exact time, twenty minutes to two. I didn't turn in again, but sat watching the youngster. When he woke I asked him if he had heard anything of his great-uncle by the last mail. Yes, he had heard; the old gentleman was rather feeble, but nothing particular the matter. I kept my own counsel, and never told a soul in the ship; and when the mail came to hand a few days afterwards, with a letter from the commodore to his nephew, dated late in September, saying that he was well, I thought the figure by my hammock must have been all my own fancy. However, by the next mail came the news of the old commodore's death. It had been a very sudden break-up, his executor said. He had left all his property, which was not much, to his great-nephew, who was to get leave and come home as soon as he could.

The first time we touched at Malta, Tom Holdsworth left and went home. We followed about two years afterwards, and the first thing I did after landing was to find out the commodore's executor. He was a quiet, dry little Plymouth lawyer, and very civilly answered all my questions about the last days of my friend. At last I asked him to tell me as near as he could the time of his death; and he put on his spectacles, and got his diary and turned over the leaves. I was quite nervous till he looked up and said:—"Twenty-five minutes to two, sir, a.m., on the morning of October 21st; or it might be a few minutes later." "How do you mean, sir?" I asked. "Well, said he, "it is a very odd story. The doctor was sitting with me, watching the old man, and, as I tell you, at twenty-five minutes to two, he got up and said it was all over. We stood together talking in whispers for, it might be, four or five minutes, when the body seemed to move. He was an odd old man, you know, the commodore, and we never could get him properly to bed, but he lay in his room with a nightcap and old dressing-gown, with a blanket over him. It was not a pleasant sight, sir, I can tell you. I don't think of it, you gentleman, who are bred to face all manner of dangers, but I would have liked it. As I was saying, the body first moved, and then sat up, propping itself behind with its hands. The eyes were wide open, and he looked at us for a moment, and then said slowly:—"I've been to the Mediterranean, but I didn't see Tom." Then the body sank back again, and this time the old commodore was really dead. But it was not a pleasant thing to happen to one, sir. I do not remember anything like it in my forty years' practice."—*Tom Brown at Oxford.*

SPIRITS *versus* ODYLE.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE following letter was addressed by Mr. William Howitt to the Rev. G. H. Forbes, and is taken from Mr. Forbes' pamphlet in reply to the late Rev. Baden Powell, reviewed in No. 11, Vol. II., of the *Spiritual Magazine*:—

West Hill Lodge, Highgate, May 9th, 1861.

Dear Sir,—You ask me to give you a few facts witnessed by myself which support the position in your essay, "No Antecedent Impossibility in Miracles," as directed against the reasonings of the late Rev. Baden Powell, in his article in the "Essays and Reviews." In your note you suggested that we may differ as to the nature of the power which is called spiritual. You have adopted the theory of the Rev. A. Mahan of America, that this power or agent is the Odylic Force, and not spirits, to which you say "those ignorant of the real cause" ascribe this agency. Now I am one of those—one of many millions—who ascribe the phenomena called spiritual to spirits; whether in ignorance of the real cause remains to be seen.

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I am glad to see Mr. Hughes—"Tom Brown"—in a "Tract for Priests and People," speak brave words for the Bible. He admits the frightful growth of infidelity amongst our youth, and he thinks that he can charm them back to belief without a faith in the historic evidences of Christianity. I admire his enthusiasm, but I prophesy his failure. I, too, have mixed a great deal with the young, both in this country and abroad; I have gone, too, much amongst the working classes, and found at home and abroad the same deadly infidelity. A church spiritually dead has brought forth dead children, and I never yet found the magic word,—that music of Amphion,—which could rebuild the temple of faith when its historic foundations were torn up. Men of this age are not trouts to be tickled, or to be caught with *artificial* flies. They demand not logic, but facts. They are true Baconians; they care nothing for the postulates of any Aristotle; they demand nature, that they may draw their own inferences. As I stated in the *Critic* long ago,—“Sceptic materialists always turn round with this pertinent remark, ‘It is all very well to tell us of miracles and a history occurring nearly 2,000 years ago; but if God then condescended to convince souls by the reality of a spirit-world, by unquestionable physico-spiritual manifestations, why should He not now? Is God grown old? Is He less regardful of humanity? Don't preach to us, but give us *proofs*.’” And men not being able to produce those proofs, never did convince the sceptic; and till they do produce them, never will.

I rejoice, Sir, that you and other clergymen are not disposed to approach these proofs in any degree. It is not for me to say how long, or how carefully, or with what opportunity you have examined these phenomena, but I have examined them steadily, cautiously, perseveringly, and with ample opportunity for more than six years; and I am prepared to say and to prove that the so-called spiritual phenomena are produced by direct spirit agency, and that the Odyle force is totally inadequate to elicit them. Whilst, therefore, prepared to support your position that there is a power proceeding from the world of matter which does control the action of matter, and completely known on the head all the reasonings of the Rationalists, I am equally prepared to shew that the ignorance does not lie on the side of the Spiritualists, but on that of those who, yet bound in the fetters of a materialistic education, tremble to advance beyond the precincts of physical law.

Amongst the facts which I have to give you, let us first determine this. The Odyle force, then, is a mere physical unreasoning force, and consequently cannot adduce or refute arguments. They who ascribe the powers exercised by spirit agency to Odyle force, betray an equal ignorance of the real properties of that force, and of the present status and facts of Spiritualism. Search through Reichenbach's essay on this force, and you will find no trace of a reasoning power in it. He ascribes no such properties to it. He says it throws a flame in the dark visible to sensitive persons, such as the Spiritualists call mediums; that this flame is thrown from magnets of great power, from crystals, from the light of the sun, &c. That by passing magnets with magnets, or crystals, or by water impregnated with the sun's rays, certain sensations, agreeable or disagreeable, as the power is applied, are induced, but not a trace of any reasoning in the power, of any revelation of facts, of any pictorial vision, of any faculty of prognostication. It cannot tell you what will take place to-morrow, much less at the Antipodes, or in the spirit world. But spirits do all this, and more. It does not attract iron, or other physical substances, which, as far as iron goes, is cognate, magnetism, does. But spirits lift iron or any other body of very great weight, and not in one direction only, but carry them about from place to place. Spirits lift heavy tables. I have seen dining tables, capable of accommodating more than a dozen people, lifted quite from the ground. Spirits play on musical instruments; they can carry about hand-bells, and ring them in the air, *as I have seen them*. The music which they produce is often exquisite. Spirits will draw or write directly upon paper laid for them in the middle of the floor, or indirectly through the hands of people who never took a lesson, and never

could draw. *I am one of them.* These are things which are not only going on in England, and amongst my own friends every day, but have been going on for these forty years; ten years in America, and thirty before that in Germany. But in America, the wide diffusion and constant repetition of these phenomena have convinced some millions of people, and some of them the first men of scientific and legal ability in the country. Those persons have not believed on mere hearsay, or mere hocus-pocus and delusion, but upon the familiar evidence of facts; and as I have observed, for thirty years before that in Germany, there existed a considerable body of the most eminent philosophers, poets, and scientific men, familiar with most of these things. Amongst these no less a man than Emanuel Kant; and also Görres, Ennemoser, Eschenmayer, Werner, Schubert, Jung Stilling, Kerner; and pre-eminent amongst women, Madame Hauffe, the seeress of Prevorst, whose history Kerner has written. The seeress of Prevorst is a sort of antitype of everything which has occurred in Spiritualism since; and after intimate observation of the laws and phenomena of this power, now again, through ten years, every Spiritualist recognizes the truthfulness of her statements. She always professed, not merely to have spiritual communications, but to see and converse daily with spirits, and she gave continual proofs of it, as any one may see who reads her story.

Now it is useless to tell us that the Odyle force, acting somehow mysteriously on the brain, can produce these results. It cannot enable people to draw, and write, and play exquisite music, who have no such power or knowledge in their brains; for on the old principle *ex nihilo nihil fit*, no such things being in, no such things can come out. It cannot come from other brains, for there are often no other brains present. If it could do such things it would be *spirit*, endowed with volition, skill, and knowledge, and there would be an end of the dispute. The condition, therefore, of those who ascribe these powers to Odyle force, is that of one ascribing the telegraphic message to the wire, and not to the man at the end of it. Odyle force may be the wire,—for spiritual communications are, and ever have been, made through and under certain laws, as all God's works always are,—but it certainly is not the intelligence at the end of it: as I shall soon shew. They who believe in the Odyle force, and not in spirit operating upon or through some such force, believe in the staircase, but not in the room for which it was erected.

I should have said that not in Germany alone, fifty and more years ago, were there great Spiritualists, but in many countries of Europe. In Switzerland, Lavater and Zschokke were Spiritualists. In France, the pious and learned Oberlin.

When he went to his living in the Ban de la Roche, his parishioners used to talk of spirits and ghosts, and he told them it was a nonsense and superstition; but after his wife died she re-appeared to him, and he used to sit an hour with her nearly every evening for, I think, nine years. Then the tables were turned upon him and his friends told him it was a delusion. "You are welcome to think so," said Oberlin quietly; "I know that it is as real as any other part of my life." In fact, is not the world full of Spiritualists? Is there a man who does not from education ridicule the belief in ghosts? Is there a family that has not its authentic story of one? Scholastically they disbelieve: in their inner hearts they believe and tremble. Thus the world goes on living in a laughable see-saw betwixt the influence of a false education and the omnipotent power of nature in the human heart; blowing hot and cold; believing and disbelieving; without courage, from the bugbear of superstition, to come out of this fool's labyrinth, and admit that God's eternal laws are forever in the ascendant above all school theories.

And, in fact, are you not all Spiritualists? Does not your church and creed call upon you to believe in the direct influence of the Holy Spirit, and in the communion of saints? If you do believe that God—a Spirit—influences your hearts; that He hears your prayers, and turns events in accordance, as He has promised; that by the supernatural power of the Holy Spirit you are actually born again; that by the vitalizing and detergent essence of this Spirit you are made "new creatures," or have no hope of entrance into heaven; then, you are essentially Spiritualists, every one of you. If you do not believe in this constant living influence and celestial metamorphosis, then you are not Christians. Your religion is a dead religion, not a vital principle; not a transforming, renewing, divinely-creative principle, but a mere dry husk, a mere hopeless and worthless tradition. Do you believe that all God's angels are "ministering spirits, sent to minister to all those who are heirs of salvation?" Then where is the difference betwixt you and those at whom you say your friend will "smile,"—betwixt you and avowed Spiritualists? The only difference is that Spiritualists are consistent with themselves and their professions, and whilst you take these broad and substantial declarations in a vague metaphysical sense, they believe and know that they have tangible evidences of the fact; and have not all good men and women in all ages been, more or less, believers in these open evidences of the fact? What say the works and lives of the Reformers,—of Luther and Melancthon? Of your own bishops and clergy, many of them educationally denying present miracles in their works, but recording them as special providences in their lives. What of a Bishop of Gloucester,



who records an apparition? What of Bishop Scale of Norwich, with his "Invisible World?" What of John Wesley's father, and the occurrences in his parsonage at Epworth? What of Wesley himself, and all the records of his "Armenian Magazine?" What of Fletcher of Madeley? What of the avowed doctrine of continued miraculous power in God's church, in Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity?" Are not all these full-length Spiritualists, admitting and shewing evidences of these things? New modes of evidence may have been added to meet the stern necessities of the times, but the principle is absolutely the same. And let me ask you, do you think that the three millions of Spiritualists in America, and the many millions in Europe and elsewhere, including the whole population of the East, the native region of revelation, who have been always and are, confirmed unshakable Spiritualists—are likely to be all "ignorant;" so ignorant as not to be able to distinguish between the operations of a magnetic fluid and those of living and intelligent souls?

You say that many religious persons think that the devil is seen in these phenomena, but that "it is God and not Satan who rules in this world." But these religious persons are nearer the truth than you suspect, for undoubtedly the devil takes care to have a finger in this matter, as he does in everything on earth. God rules indeed, but the devil rules too; and such is the marvellous patience of God till His own good time shall come, that many think that the devil rules in this world more than the Almighty. Look at all the wars in which the *soi-disant* disciples of the Prince of Peace are engaged all over the world. Does God or the devil rule in them? Spiritualism, therefore, claims no exemption from the inroads of the devil. It is an open general influx from the spiritual world, as universal, as inevitable as the influx of light from the sun: but like the world, it has its two sides, its day and night; and the dark side is the devil and his sorcery, the light one is the power of God teaching Spiritualists by prayer and faith in the Cross to trample Satan under foot.

Whilst the odylists and automatists speculate about an action on the brain, we cut the matter short, and say, there stand the spirits themselves, seen, heard, felt, and conversed with. As to Mr. Mahan's theory, Professor Hare, the great American electrician, has completely demolished it. Using almost the words of the celebrated treatise of Andrew Baxter on "The Nature of the Human Soul," he first demonstrated Odyle to be matter, and then, as a consequence, "that no inanimate, imponderable principle can be, *per se*, a moving power; that inanimate matter does not move itself." To satisfy himself whether he was dealing with Odyle force or a spirit, Hare took

this course: being at Cape May, nearly a hundred miles from Philadelphia, and a deceased sister having repeatedly announced herself to him, he asked her to go to Philadelphia, and request Mrs. Gourlay, a medium, to get her husband, Dr. Gourlay, to go to a certain bank and inquire whether a certain bill regularly passed through it. The spirit promised to do so, and in half an hour came back, and said that it was done. On Dr. Hare's return to Philadelphia, some weeks afterwards, he asked Mrs. Gourlay whether she received any message from him during his absence? She said—Yes, and under very extraordinary circumstances; that she was holding a *séance*, and receiving a communication from a spirit, when it suddenly stopped, saying that another spirit was anxious to deliver a special message; that his sister announced herself, and gave the message about the bank, to which Dr. Gourlay attended. Dr. Hare then went to the bank, and found this quite correct. This quite satisfied him that he had been dealing with a spirit, and not with a fluid and lying force.

Having now shewn you why I reject Odyle as the agent in these transactions, I will proceed to the facts from my own experience. More than six years ago I began to examine the phenomena of Spiritualism. I did not go to paid, nor even to public, mediums. I sat down at my own table with members of my own family, or with friends, persons of high character, as serious as myself in the inquiry. I saw tables moved, rocked, and fro, and raised repeatedly into the air. I saw a small round table, whenever touched by a medium, lay itself down, and creep as self-moved, all round the room; and this was continued day for a fortnight, the table refusing to perform any other motion. The absurd spirit which was supposed to be moving it, was then solemnly exorcised in the name of God, and the table immediately all right. A most sensible and obedient odyle, must think. I heard the raps; sometimes a hundred at once on every imaginable part of the table, in all keys, and of various degrees of loudness. I examined the phenomena thoroughly, though I knew every person present treated the inquiry not with a serious but a sacred feeling. Silly, but playful spirits, came frequently, and drew the most laughable life-scenes on paper, and told the most rhodomontading stories. I heard accordions play wonderful music as they were held in one hand, often by a person who could not play at all. I heard and saw hand-bells carried about the room in the air; put first into one person's hand and then into another's; taken away again by a strong person, though you could not see the hand touching them. I saw dining and drawing-room tables of great weight, not only raised into the air, but when placed in a particular direction, persevering

remove themselves, and place themselves quite differently. I saw other tables answer questions as they stood in the air, by moving up and down with a marvellous softness. I heard sometimes blows, apparently enough to split the table, when no one could have struck them without observation; and breathed perfumes the most delicate. I saw light stream from the fingers of persons on the table, or while mesmerising some one. As for communications professedly from spirits, they were of daily occurrence, and often wonderful. As I have said in my note to you, our previous theological opinions were resisted and condemned, when I and my wife were alone. This, therefore, could be no automatic action of our own brains, far less of the brains of others, for they were not there. We held philosophical Unitarian opinions, but, when thus alone, the communications condemned them, and asserted the Divinity and Godhead of our Saviour. When we put questions of a religious nature to the spirits, they directed us to put all such questions to the Divine Spirit alone. They recommended us, in opening our *séances*, to read a portion of the New Testament, and promised to select passages, and they did it through the means of the alphabet, naming the book, the chapter, and the particular verses, and the selections were most *à propos* to the communications which followed. They exhorted us not only to constant reading of the Scriptures, but to constant and earnest prayer. Many persons that we know, draw, paint, or write under spiritual agency, and without any effort or action of their own minds whatever, some of them having never learned to draw. Several of my family drew and wrote. I wrote a whole volume without any action of my own mind, the process being purely mechanical on my part. A series of drawings in circles, filled up with patterns, every one different from the other, were given through my hand, one each evening; the circles were struck off as correctly as Giotto or a pair of compasses could have done them; yet they were made simply with a pencil. Artists who saw them were astonished, and, as is generally the case in such matters, suggested that some new faculty was developed in me; when, lo! the power was entirely taken away, as if to shew that it did not belong to me. The drawings however remain, but I could not copy one of them in the same way if my life depended on it. A member of my family drew very extraordinary and beautiful things, often with written explanations, but exactly in the same mechanical, involuntary manner. In fact, most of these drawings are accompanied by explanations spiritually given, showing that every line is full of meaning. I may add that I have never visited paid mediums, but I have seen most of the phenomena exhibited through Mr. Home, Mr. Squire, and others. *I have*

seen spirit-hands moving about ; I have felt them again and again. I have seen writing done by spirits by laying a pencil and paper in the middle of the floor, and very good sense written too. I have heard things announced as about to come to pass, and they have come to pass, though appearing very improbable at the moment. I have seen persons very often, in clairvoyant trances, entering into communication with the dead, whom they have known nothing, and giving those who had known them the most living description of them, as well as messages from them. And to put the matter at rest whether they are actual spirits who make these communications, though not claiming myself, I have tested two ladies who, from childhood have professed, in their normal state, to see spirits, and have always found that they could prove what they asserted beyond doubt.

One of these, the first time that she was in our house, said that she saw the spirit of a young man, and described his dress and person, which corresponded so exactly with the gentleman who had occupied the house before us, that we all instantly recognized it. On another occasion we shewed her several portraits,—amongst them that of the young man whose spirit, according to her description, she seemed to have seen,—but without making any remark. The moment she saw this portrait she said, "That is the young man that I saw when here before." In a dozen other ways I have seen her prove the reality of her assertions, besides that she is a person of a most truthful character. She is the same lady who saw the apparition of Captain W—— the day he was killed at Lucknow, and was told by him that he was just killed there, though she never knew him before. On the same day Captain W——'s wife in a distant town saw the same apparition, these ladies being unacquainted with each other. The fact, well known to us and all her circle of friends, is related by Mr. Dale Owen in his *Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World*.

The other lady, a very extraordinary medium, saw the spirits at the old house at Ramhurst mentioned also by Mr. Owen, and that when no one in the place knew that such persons had lived there, for they had lived there only in the reign of Queen Anne or George I. Now it is idle talking of Odyle force in the face of facts like these, which are occurring all over America, and in various parts of Europe, and which accord with the attestations of men of the highest character in all ages and nations. In Greece, Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, and numbers of others asserted this spirit action. In Rome, India, Egypt, Scandinavia, and aboriginal America, as well as in Judea and amongst the most eminent Fathers of the Church. The leading

minds of every age but this have but one voice on the subject. It is the last, vain clutching at shadows to avoid coming to the substance, which makes those educated in the anti-spiritual theories of the past century, seize so eagerly on the Odyle as their forlorn hope. It will be torn by advancing truth from their grasp. The cry that all is imagination is gone already; Odyle is the present stage, and it must go too.

And here I could give you a whole volume of the remarkable and even startling revelations made by our own departed friends at our own evening table; those friends coming at wholly unexpected times, and bringing messages of the most vital importance,—carrying them on from period to period, sometimes at intervals of years, into a perfect history. But these things are too sacred for the public eye. All Spiritualists have them, and they are hoarded amongst the treasures which are the wealth of the affections, and the links of assurance with the world of the hereafter.

Now, I ask, what right have we, or has any one, to reject the perpetual, uniform, and voluntary assertions of the spirits; to tell them that they lie, and are not spirits, but merely Odyle, or some such blind and incompetent force? Nothing but the hardness and deadness of that anti-spiritual education which has been growing harder and more unspiritual ever since the Reformation could lead men to such absurdity. As I said to you in my private note, Protestantism, to destroy faith in Popish miracles, went, as is always the case, too far in its reaction, and not content with levelling the abuses, proceeded to annihilate faith in the supernatural altogether. Now it is a striking fact that Protestantism is the only faith, Christian or Pagan, that has systematically combated and rejected the miraculous. The Old and New Testaments are built altogether on the miraculous,—they are that or nothing. Christ appealed to the miraculous of 4,000 years as true. If that were not true, then He is not true. If He be not true, then our faith is vain, and, as the Apostle says, we are of all men the most miserable. The early Fathers appealed to the miraculous of Christ and His Apostles as true, and to the miraculous still existing amongst themselves. The Greek and Roman Churches, the Waldenses, the Vaudois, the Cevennois, have to this day maintained the existence of the miraculous in the Church of Christ. What mean then these "Essayists and Reviewers," thus limping up half a century after Paulus and his disciple Strauss, and clad in their worn-out rags, talking of 'the course of nature?' If the Bible be true,—and surely the Jews must have been rather more competent judges on this point than Strauss or Mr. Baden Powell,—the course of nature for 4,000 years was regularly miraculous. This was clearly

perceived by Bishop Butler, who, in his *Analogy*, (Part ii. chap. 2,) says that "it might be part of the original plan of things that there should be miraculous interposition." That there is an *ordinary* and an *extraordinary* course of nature, to the latter of which miracles belong, as comets and the imponderables do, being so contrary to the properties of other bodies.

But Protestantism having taken up the doctrine that miracles had ceased, having once proved the truth of Christianity, and being, therefore, no longer necessary, the great theologians, both Churchmen and Dissenters, have grown more dogmatic on that head through all succeeding years. The French Revolution, with its culminating infidelity, unconsciously hardened this temper in Protestant writers. We see to what a length it went in Farmer, Bishop Douglas in his "Criterion," and his disciple, Paley. The present generation of educated men in all departments, clergy, lawyers, legislators, men of literature and science, were all regularly moulded in this anti-spiritual school. They are petrified in it, and oh! how hard will it be for them to burst their thralldom, and open up again their spiritual organs to that influx of the heavens which has never ceased through all ages, and never will. But having cut the cable of its belief in the supernatural, Protestantism must drift towards utter negation, utter spiritual death, till God, with His inevitable Nemesis, shall horrify it by the view of the gulf of perdition which it is approaching, and compel it to try back, and seize once more on the vital spirit of faith in our kinship and communion with the unseen. Being spirit as well as body, we are dead if we do not keep open the avenues of perpetual influx from the spiritual world. This modern race of theologians and *savans* stands amid the ages as a thing out of joint; an excrescence on the genial growth of the world,—an anomaly. It is not in harmony with any age that has gone before it, or any church that co-exists with it, and cannot, therefore, be a true birth: it is an abortion.

Mr. Baden Powell sees such insuperable difficulties in accepting the miraculous history of the Bible with our present knowledge of the laws of nature. He should say our present ignorance of those laws. In this little nook of flesh, is it likely that we can know a tenth part of the laws that are operating in and on the infinite universe? The difficulty lies in him, not in God. Men may tie up their own hands and minds in a network of syllogisms and doubts, but they cannot tie up the hands of God. Bishop Burnet, in his *History of his Own Time*, saw that:—"Those who hate the very name of a miracle, in reality suppose the greatest of all miracles, the tying up of the hands of the Almighty from disposing events according to His will."

If Mr. Babbage can so arrange his calculating machine that

it shall go on registering a regular succession of numbers of hundreds of millions of figures, and even for ages, as he contends might be done, and for it then to change, according to his pre-arrangement, is it not downright imbecility to suppose that the Creator of the Universe cannot much more wonderfully vary, by pre-arrangement, his machinery?

But why ask the question? Here stand the phenomena of the higher course of nature ready to put their stamp of verity on all the past,—to grind to dust all this sophistry. The angel of God stands in the way against it. The Balaam of imagined sagacity does not see it yet, but his ass does. Common sense swerves aside, and seeks “a more excellent way.” Spinoza declares that if he could have been persuaded that Lazarus had been raised from the dead, after lying four days in the grave, he would have broken his system to pieces, and have embraced Christianity. The late Baden Powell, it has been said, made a similar remark in regard to the present spiritual phenomena. But whether he said so or not is not of the slightest consequence, for these phenomena do break the systems of Spinoza and Mr. Baden Powell to atoms. Their convincement would, after all, have been but that of two individuals; these phenomena have convinced millions, and, therefore, stand broadly independent of any isolated cases of belief or unbelief in them.

Instead of your philosophy, that there is a law which does control matter, being broken, I trust you will find it greatly invigorated; that a deeper insight into Spiritualism will shew you that you have in it a more efficient weapon against scepticism than you imagined.

Yours faithfully,

The Rev. G. H. Forbes.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

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## INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—EVIDENCES OF ITS LATENT EXISTENCE.

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WHAT we have hitherto written is a *résumé* of a momentous subject lying greatly neglected in the writings of Swedenborg—a subject fraught, as we think, with immense consequences to the race—but if the reader has attentively considered the principle that there is a reciprocal relation between respiration and sensation, and between the organs of respiration and sensation, so, that given the organs of respiration, we may infer the organs of sensation in the animal kingdom, he will be able for himself to trace the analogy between higher forms of respirations and sensations, as he will have proof that there is a latent internal respiration in man. We believe that it can be scientifically and philo-



sophically demonstrated from the very laws of logic, language, music, poetry, &c., that there is in man the germ of internal respiration.

Sensation must have its respirations—its pauses—its breathings; and when you have determined the quality of the sensation you have ascertained the quality of the respiration. Thought is respiration. It is truth that thinks, therefore it is truth which respire. As then man comes more and more to think truthfully and love deeply, internal respiration manifests itself in poetry and song and sensational refinement, &c. If we have only external respiration, it is simply because we are as yet in natural thought, and are the subjects of mere natural sensation—then we are not spiritual nor celestial. When a man says that he has not internal respiration, he confesses the melancholy truth that he has not, in the highest sense of the term, the breath of life in him. God inspires—man respire; but respire in kind and degree according as to his sensational life. He may be a gross man as to his thoughts and feelings, so will he be as to his respirations; assuredly they will not be internal. But God demands that we should have the breath of spiritual life in us—that we should not remain in a mere natural, or animal condition as to our affections and thoughts. We may come to breathe a celestial *aura* with the same life-giving results to the spirit as the body receives by contact through the lungs with the external atmosphere. The Divine breath will produce thoughts, and these will produce speech, which will be the same as the speech of the celestial angels. The race at the present day are confessedly only natural. They are prone to deny the very existence of the spiritual—the fine texture of the spiritual organism is hardened and devitalized by external affections. How can they be softened so that man may come to know from consciousness that there is an internal respiration? Only by the cultivation of interior loves, or by resisting natural loves, for it is this way that the interior are developed—when we reject passion, overcome evil, abandon selfishness, crush pride, avarice, selfish conventionalism, false seemings, hypocritical blandishments.

There is no hindrance to the realisation of interior breathing but naturalism. Let this be put away under the influence of spiritual truth, and by potency of will in overcoming evil affection and the hardened textures of the spiritual organism will dissolve. It will prove like the action of the sun upon seeds, and hold them in a state of expansion ready to receive the influx as it descends from the spiritual world. Take the writings of our best and purest minds at the present day—men who do and think and dare and suffer for the sake of the good and the true, and it will be found that they abound with evidences of the incipient



opening of the internal respirations. Such men are taught of God; they don't *create* their thoughts, they utter them under inspiration, they have the breath of life in them, and cannot but speak and write as they do; as Byron expresses it, they speak in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" but the Bible said this before Byron. Such inspiration has shown itself from time to time in the writings of all good and great men—of poets, prophets, preachers, statesmen, and philanthropists, but more now than ever, but more hence than now, for reasons which those acquainted with the altered condition of the world of spirits will appreciate.

Is there not on the face of the spiritual heavens, the manifest signs of a great movement and approaching change? The whole world is on the move, under the inspiration of new ideas. The lightning itself is scarcely swift enough to write the history of the hour, so rapidly does one event and change follow on another. Men think and act amazingly fast nowadays; time and space are being annihilated. The conditions of the world of spirits are entering our mundane sphere. Motive is difficult of concealment, crime can scarce escape detection—men are beginning to read each other's minds as they read books. There is less effort as well as less ability on the part of man to be anything except what he really is. Bad men are becoming worse, and good men better. Character ripens more rapidly than formerly. Spirits are breaking through the partition which separates the two worlds, and demonstrating the fact of their existence in the most obvious manner; the ridicule and ravings of bigoted and ignorant journalists to the contrary notwithstanding.

Commercial panics, political revolutions, religious awakenings, the tumults of the peoples, the ground swell of unrest in the minds of the masses—material grossness on the one hand, and the inward longing of many hearts after purity and peace and faith in the spiritual on the other—the doom of despotism, the jubilant shouts of the disenslaved, the hopes and aspirations of the oppressed nationalities; all things give evidence of the quickenings of a new form of life, and the departure of one that is old and effete, and, in the language of Emanuel Swedenborg, show that "the end of the present church approaches and the beginning of a new church is at hand."

"Since the fathers fell asleep," say the scoffers, "all things continue as they were; where is the promise of His coming?" But all things do not now continue as they were; there are innumerable signs of the Lord's celestial advent. A climax in human conditions is surely approaching. Events have been culminating to a point for the last eighteen centuries, which is nearly reached. Hell is subdued—man is redeemed. Fresh

instalments of spiritual power are descending from heaven; and the causes which induce change are vastly augmented and accelerated. It is true that developments of new states in man are slow and gradual, but when a climax is arrived at, changes are often sudden, violent, and universal. Witness the case of the Antediluvians. Internal respiration *gradually* left them, but when the change came it produced sudden and universal results. The passion on Calvary, and the ascension into heaven, mark the commencement of man's return to primeval states.

It has hitherto been slow, but everything gives evidence that we are now more rapidly approaching another crisis in human conditions and relations. There are causes for this which those acquainted with interior states fully understand. Hell is losing power, and heavenly power is on the increase, and changes will be hastened. We do not anticipate that man will return to the simplicity and internal life of the most ancient people. That is, that he will cease to breathe the external air, but that he will retain his present mode of external respiration, but have super-added the gift of Internal Respiration. Emanuel Swedenborg is a case in point. He had both modes of breathing, and frequently conversed with spirits and angels in an audible voice, as witness his interview with Virgil. The man of the future will be developed outwardly as well as inwardly. He will retain all the excellencies of his natural state, fitting him pre-eminently for the expansion and application of scientific thought and action under the heaven-born inspirations obtained through the medium of Internal Respiration. He will be able to gather the starry knowledge of heaven, and weave them into a crown of glory to deck the brow of science.

We have sometimes a dream, which may not be all a dream, of man's future. We see him with the illumined word in his hands, the fire-breath of heaven in his lungs, respiring from internals to externals—his life joined with the angels, his heart all aglow with love to God and man, his understanding luminous with heaven's own light—a habitation of God through the spirit; his physical organism filled with the spirit's presence and power, and made transparent with the ruby splendours of celestial fire. The grasp of his mind is herculean; he has complete control over the elements of nature; heaven and earth are consciously united in his experience. He is at once the seer, the philosopher and the poet, the sage, the utilitarian, and the idealist; his head is crowned with the wisdom of spiritual Christianity; in genius he is colossal, and pure as he is brilliant and mighty. The actual transcends the past ideal; along the broad currents of his thoughts flow poesy and song, science and literature, elevated by the worship of a God divinely human, and by interior openness to

the heavens; imagination is etherealized, and creations of the beautiful in painting, and statuary, and architecture descend to adorn the happy homes of inly-breathing men; and music, divinest art, deriving diviner inspiration from the music of the higher spheres thrill men's souls with an ecstasy of joy in the social circle, and when they meet for worship there is no parallel to such a civilization in all the past. The creations of human genius begotten of natural respiration pale before the new-born glories of the interior life. All things are made new. The very forms of things are new, re-cast in the mould of the new spiritual era; for there is a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Such are the foregleams of the future man. Every devout heart exclaims, "Even so, Lord Jesus come quickly. Amen."

RESPIRO.

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### SPIRITUALISM AMONGST THE QUAKERS.—LIFE OF STEPHEN GRELLET.

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THE first words of the motto on our title page are, "Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion or influx:" and it may perhaps have occurred to some thoughtful readers that such is also the basis of many distinct developments of Christian life and energy. Most of the movements, both of thought and action, that we read of in church history, are unintelligible except upon the assumption that the spirit of man is in direct communication with the heavens, and that all true life is really an inspiration. It would be interesting to trace the workings of this idea in the course of the Christian Church. This will have to be done before either church history or the historical aspects of Spiritualism are thoroughly understood. At present I intend to refer to only one illustration—that presented by the experiences of Quakerism, especially as illustrated by the life of Stephen Grellet.

The doctrine which lies at the root of Quakerism, is, as its best exponents aver, the doctrine of an inner light, which speaks directly to the heart of each man, and brings him into conscious communication with the Divine Spirit. It thus starts with supernaturalism as its very groundwork—it claims for each Christian man an entrance into the kingdom of heaven, and requires that all merely natural suggestions and impulses should be controlled by invisible powers.

The question then arises, is this a working theory—can any man live in this practical, visible world, can he be a useful citizen in it, and fulfil all its homely duties and requirements, and yet act upon such a transcendental rule as this? Here is a scheme of life—Can it be actually carried out? The answer must be

found in the experience of those who have tried it. I do not believe it is a working idea. It is not indeed necessary that any particular form or machinery of church life or common life, Quakerism, should be adopted in order to realize it. Indeed I believe that the great business of Quakerism is to witness for truth which belongs to Christendom as a whole, and which must ultimately be accepted as the only possible foundation for a earnest, vital religion. It is impossible to read the lives of some of the more distinguished members of the Quaker body, without being struck with the strength and vitality of this conviction in their minds. Stephen Grellet, to whose case I wish now especially to refer, exemplified this "cardinal fact" of Spiritualism in a most remarkable degree. For the greater part of his adult life he was a missionary, travelling through nearly every part of North America and Europe, preaching and teaching, in public and in private. His visit to every place, the length of his stay in the audiences he shall address, the private interviews he seeks, the words he shall use, are invariably determined by the suggestions of his invisible Divine guide. Not only so, he is invariably brought into a kind of spiritual rapport with those with whom he is in outward contact. Their piety or earnestness is a cause of deep inward pleasure, if they are sceptical, or frivolous or indifferent, their antagonistic moral state makes itself felt, gives him deep pain and suffering. Wherever he goes his sensitive nature at once measures the attractive or repulsive forces that exist in the moral atmosphere around him.

Stephen Grellet was the son of a rich and influential French landed proprietor, who was ruined by the first French Revolution which happened when Etienne de Grellet (as he then spelt his name) was sixteen years of age. He took refuge first in the West Indies, and afterwards in Long Island and New York, where he joined the Quakers, and ultimately became a minister and missionary. Soon after he moved to Philadelphia, and was actively engaged in administering spiritual consolation to those suffering from yellow fever, in the epidemic which visited that city in 1798. This epidemic he had foreseen; and was almost impelled to proclaim aloud in the streets the calamity that was impending.

But after a while (he adds) being present at several meetings when powerful and clear testimonies were borne on the subject, the concern of my having proclaimed the same through the streets, was removed from me, for which I feel humble gratitude.

During the course of his pious and benevolent works among the sick, he himself caught the fever, and was brought to death's door. This attack was foretold to him in a remarkable way.

A few days after I heard of the appearance of the fever, while I was yet

Jersey, as I was sitting in a room, with my mind retired before the Lord, I was seized with a violent pain in my back, head and bones, accompanied with a great shaking; but my mind continued perfectly calm in the Lord's presence. After having remained some time in that state, considering why it was so with me, a secret language was proclaimed:—"This is the manner in which those who are seized with the yellow fever are affected; thou must return to the city and attend upon the sick; and thus also shall the disease take hold on thee," or words very similar. My spirit bowed in prostration before the Lord, and said, "Thy will be done." Then I felt again free from pain. I proceeded immediately to Philadelphia, keeping these things, however, to myself.

My friends of Woodburg, Haddonfield, &c., among whom I passed, endeavoured to dissuade me from going to the city, representing what danger I should encounter; but my mind was perfectly calm and serene about that. When I came into it the sight was solemn. That great city, but a few days before full of inhabitants, was now nearly deserted; its heretofore crowded streets were now trodden by a few solitary individuals, whose countenances bespoke seriousness or sadness. On reaching the friend's house where I made my home, I found it shut up like most of the neighbours'; but, obtaining the key, I opened it, and resumed my former abode, though alone in it. Several of my friends were urgent that I should go and stay with them, but I could not be easy so to do. Under the impression I had that I should have the fever, I was unwilling to expose any of my friends to take it from me.

The fever in due time seizes him; but he is not destined to die. His recovery and future labours are foretold by the same method of inward premonition:—

The evening of the 25th of the eighth month, having been much engaged that day in providing for about 10 Lascars (East India men), discharged from a ship and left destitute, without friends in a deserted city, and also with some of my dear friends who were ill with the fever, as I was in my chamber exercised before the Lord on account of the sick, some of whom were near their end and scarcely dying at that very time, about eleven at night, just as I had lain down, my spirit being gathered in the Lord's presence, I felt myself seized with the same kind of pains I had upon me when in New Jersey, and the language was heard: "This is what I told thee thou must prepare for." My soul was, as it were, swallowed up in the love of God, and perfectly contented in the will of the Lord, though I did not see the end of this dispensation. After remaining about an hour in that state, feeling my strength fast declining, and being alone in the house, I went downstairs to unlock the front door. Had I deferred this a little longer it is probable that I should not have had sufficient strength to do it, for it was with difficulty that I went upstairs again. My friend E. G. not seeing me next day at the usual time, came to the house. He soon brought me a physician and a nurse. The former paid me but a few visits, for he took the fever and died five days after. The disorder so increased upon me that my extremities having become cold my coffin was ordered, and I was even returned among the daily deaths to the Board of Health, as a "French Quaker." But my dear Master had some further work for me to do before I could be prepared to enter into His Divine rest.

During the whole of that sickness I continued entirely sensible, and whilst death seemed to be approaching, and I had turned myself on one side the more easily, as I thought, to breathe my last, my spirit feeling already as encircled by the angelic host in the Heavenly Presence, a secret but powerful language was proclaimed on this wise: "Thou shalt not die, but live: thy work is not yet done." Then the corners of the earth, over seas and lands, were opened to me, where I should have to labour in the service of the Gospel of Christ. O what amazement I was filled with! What a solemn and awful prospect was set before me! Sorrow took hold of me at the words; for it seemed as if I had had already a foothold in the heavenly places. I wept sore; but as it was the Divine will I bowed in reverence before him, interceding that, after I had, by His assistance, been enabled to do the work He had for me to do, and the end of

my days in this probationary state had fully come, I might be permitted to be placed in the same state in which I then was, pass through the valley and shadow of death strengthened by His Divine presence, and enter finally into those glorious mansions at the threshold of which my spirit had then come. I saw and felt that which cannot be written. Suffice it to say that from that very time the disorder subsided. My strength by degrees returned, and in very few days I was able to be removed to my kind friends, E. and M. G., where I felt quite easy to go. Their brother was then ill in the house, and died a few days after; I was able to minister to him to the last. . . . .

One circumstance I may not omit to notice as a confirmation of what the Lord had shewed me respecting the exercises I must prepare for during the residue of my pilgrimage. In a religious opportunity soon after my recovery at the first second day morning meeting, I was able to attend. Arthur Howland in the course of his testimony mentioned me by name, and said that the Lord had raised me up, having a service for me to the isles and nations afar off, to the east and west, the north and south. I had been careful to keep to myself the view I had had of these things on what seemed to me a death-bed. I knew therefore, that this was a confirmation of the word of the Lord to me, which, like Mary of old, I hid in my heart.

During the Spring of the following year, 1799, he removed again to New York, and joined his brother Joseph in business. But he was not long able to devote himself to business; he felt himself called to missionary work, and was enabled to select a fellow-worker, by the following remarkable communication, made simultaneously to him and his destined companion:—

My mind became much enlarged in Gospel love for the inhabitants of the land; but it distressed me that I could not feel any distinct prospect of the place where the Lord would have me to go in his service. I greatly wondered why the exercise of that nature should come so heavily upon me. I was brought to such a state that to obtain peace, and the lifting up of the Lord's countenance upon me, I could have given up to go to the ends of the earth.

Some time after this I heard that my dear friend, John Hall, was coming from England on a religious visit to the United States, and the impression was made strongly upon my mind that I must stand prepared to join and accompany him in that service. I cried earnestly unto the Lord that if it was indeed His will that I should engage in such an extensive work he would condescend to give me some strong evidence of it, and that as a proof of it He would give to this dear friend to see it himself, with clearness. He arrived at New York early in the tenth month. I visited him soon afterwards, when he took me aside and told me in a solemn manner that I was the identical person that he had seen, whilst at sea, prepared of the Lord to be his companion in the service of the Gospel here. He further feelingly said, "I leave the matter entirely to the Lord and to thee." I felt very cautious not to tell him how it had been with me, though I marvelled at the Lord's condescension in giving me such evidence of His will.

Six years afterwards we find him making a "religious visit" through Pennsylvania. Here, during the silence of one of the meetings,—

On our first sitting down my mind was brought into much conflict, under apprehension that the yellow fever had made its appearance in the city of New York. This language passed through it:—"One of thy near relations is taken with it."

The next day, his Journal continues:—

My mind continues to feel for the distressed in New York, though I have not yet any outward information of the yellow fever having begun its ravages among

them; but under the strong impression that some of my near relatives are taken down with it, I am ready to conclude it may be right for me to return home, and methinks I hear the sound of retreat. I now re-crossed the mountains, and on the 12th (two days afterwards) came through Reading to Exeter. Here I heard that the yellow fever was in fact prevailing in New York.'

*Pottsgrove, 13th [Sept. 1805].*—This was a remarkable time to me, for after sitting awhile in the meeting, it seemed as if I was following some of my near relatives to their grave, and I saw with clearness that it was right for me to return homewards with all speed. . . . Then I was introduced into very near feelings for some in that meeting. My faith was much tried, for according to a superficial judgment, on looking over the congregation, what I felt upon me to deliver did not appear to be applicable to their condition. But I saw that my duty consisted in simplicity, not with fleshly wisdom, to declare what the Lord commanded me. I unfolded to them the nature of Gospel ministry, the qualifications of a minister of Christ. . . . the nature of true worship, in spirit and in truth, together with the necessary preparation for it. . . . After meeting, I heard that there was a clergyman present who had been very free in his censures upon friends, and their way of worship, ministry, &c. I had spoken so very particularly on those very subjects, that he charged friends with telling me about him; but they very properly answered, that I was a total stranger amongst them, and that besides they could not have known of his intention to attend the meeting, for it appears he had been drawn there from curiosity to see a French Quaker. I proceeded that afternoon and the following days with all speed towards New York. On the 15th of Ninth Month I reached Rahway by noon, and there heard that my wife's mother was very ill with the epidemic. Thus confirmed in the correctness of the impressions made upon me, I pursued my journey, and after crossing the North River that afternoon, I met with a person who gave me the heavy tidings that my mother-in-law was deceased, and that the family were at Westchester (twelve miles farther), where they had retired when the fever made its appearance in the city, and that my dear wife was sick. About nine at night I reached the house. I found the family in great affliction, but supported under the stroke; and now our solicitude was excited on account of my dear wife, for she had a heavy load of disease upon her. It is remarkable that on the evening of this my speedy return to her, her mind was so sensible of my being near, that she told her sister, who was near her bedside, that she saw me as if I was in the chamber. Her sister thought her fright, through the fever; but she replied, "It is a reality; I see him near;" though at that time she had every reason to conclude I was about two hundred miles distant.

The account above given of the way in which he was led to address himself to the special states of individuals, of whom he knew nothing, is the first instance of the kind recorded in his life. The same kind of impressions were frequently made upon his mind in subsequent missionary journeys. Here is one, the explanation of which did not transpire for years after the event. The meeting referred to was held at Geneva, in the year 1820. The following account of it was given in 1853:—

A considerable number of serious persons had met at Pastor Dewalle's. After some instructive conversation, a time of silence ensued. The whole company seemed impressed with the solemnity of it. It was some time before anything was said. Stephen Grellet then addressed the company in a very edifying manner. Whilst he was speaking, a gentleman, who was but slightly known to the family, and had never before attended the little meetings occasionally held at their house, entered the room and took his seat by the door, without interrupting the stillness, and, it was thought, unobserved by the speaker. For a while there was no change in the tenor of his discourse; but towards the conclusion he was led to address himself, with increased solemnity, to an individual whom he described as being in the greatest danger of committing

suicide. After a solemn warning against that fearful sin and its awful consequences; the forgiving mercy of God, the bountiful provisions and the entreaties and promises of the Gospel of Christ, and the all-sufficiency of the help of the Holy Spirit, even for the most destitute and sinful, were dwelt upon in such manner, that all present were deeply affected, wondering at the same time who they should be thus addressed. But from that time it was remarked that a gentleman who had unexpectedly come into the room whilst S. G. was speaking, became more serious, and frequently attended the evening services which continued to be held by the little company of pious persons with whom he mingled. It was not, however, till many years after that the gentleman in question informed Pastor Demalleyer that, on the evening of the meeting, he had left his own house, under the pressure of great trials, with the determination to throw himself into the lake. On his way to it, an involuntary impulse caused him to take a less direct course, which brought him to the house of the pastor. He entered it—he scarcely knew why—and, through the Divine blessing, it proved the means of his deliverance.

Here is another case of the same kind, which occurred at a Moravian establishment at Bristol, April, 1820.

In the course of my religious communication there, I particularly addressed a young woman, warning her against yielding to the strong temptation which was assailing her; for if she did, anguish and misery would be the result, but if she sought the Lord for help to resist it, he would be her saving strength, and would greatly bless her succeeding days. I knew nothing concerning the young woman, but I could not help thinking my address to her a singular one. Now I am informed that a young nobleman had found means of obtaining access to her, and under fair pretences of strong affection and promise to marry her, had nearly persuaded her to elope with him. This had come to the knowledge of my informant a very short time before I was there. As soon as I went away, the young woman came to her, bitterly reproaching her for telling me of the circumstances; but she satisfied her fully that she had not been with me, except in the presence of them all, and that nobody could have told me about it, since no other person was in the secret; she must therefore consider it as a particular interposition of the Lord to induce her to flee from temptation, and to escape the ruin that threatened her. The young woman resolved, by the Lord's help, to do so; she was enabled to resist, and soon after heard that he who had made such fair promises to her was a profligate person.

In the year 1832, Stephen Grellet visited Switzerland, and held a religious meeting, among other places, in the village of Ban de la Roche, where Oberlin lived and laboured. Of this meeting he says:—

The meeting was held in their place of worship; the word of instruction, comfort and encouragement was given me to preach among them, but I had a solemn warning to proclaim to some, accompanied with earnest entreaties to turn away from their rash and evil purposes, and, after the example of the prodigal son, to return to their heavenly Father. I was astonished at myself to have this kind of labour among such a people; but I was afterwards told that a son of the late worthy Oberlin was in the practice of frequenting unprofitable company. He had concluded to go that very night to Strasburg to enlist as a soldier. Hearing of the meeting, curiosity brought him there; the word preached sank deep into his heart; the Spirit of Truth, the faithful witness, performed his office in him; his purposes were changed, and he spent the night in retirement and prostration of soul before God; so that it might be said of him as of Saul, after the Lord had appeared to him in the way, 'Behold, he prayed.'

The following account of a remarkable dream is related by Stephen Grellet in his journal. It was in the year 1819; he was travelling in Russia, and in the course of his journeying



reached Moscow. At the house of Prince Sergius Galitzin, where they met among others the Countess Toutschkoff, a Georgian lady,

The Countess Toutschkoff gave us an interesting narrative of the manner in which she was first brought to the conviction that there is a secret influence of the Spirit of God in the heart of man. The impressions made upon her were such that she can never doubt that it was the Lord's work. It occurred about three months before the French army entered Russia. The general, her husband, was with her, on their estates near Toula. She dreamed that she was at an inn in a town unknown to her, that her father came into her chamber, having her only son by the hand, and said to her in a most pitiful tone, "All thy comforts are off; he has fallen (meaning her husband), he has fallen at Borodino." She woke in great distress, but, knowing that her husband was beside her, she considered it as a dream, and tried to compose herself again to sleep. The dream was repeated, and attended with such increased distress of mind, that it was a long time before she could rise above it, and fall asleep again. A third time she dreamed the same. Her anguish of mind was then such that she woke her husband, and queried "Where is Borodino?" and then mentioned her dream. He could not tell her where that place was; they and her father carefully looked over the maps of the country, but could not discover any such place. It was then but an obscure spot, but has since become renowned for the bloody battle fought near it. The impression, however, made upon the countess was deep, and her distress great. She considered this as a warning given her of the Lord, that great afflictions were to come upon her, under which, she believed that His Divine grace and mercy could alone sustain her. From that period her views of the world became changed: things that belonged to the salvation of her soul, hitherto disregarded, were now the chief object of her pursuit. She ceased to attend places of diversion, which formerly had been her delight; she looked forward to see what the Lord would do with her; for she believed that she had not had mere dreams, but warnings, through the Lord's Spirit, of what was impending over her. At that time the seat of war was far off, but it soon drew near. Before the French armies entered Moscow, General Toutschkoff was placed at the head of the army of reserve; and one morning, her father, having her little son by the hand, entered the chamber of the inn at which she was staying, in great distress, as she had beheld him in her dream. He cried out, "He has fallen, he has fallen at Borodino." Then she saw herself in the very same chamber, and through the windows beheld the very same objects that she had seen in her dreams. Her husband was one of the many who perished in the bloody battle, fought near the river Borodino, from which an obscure village takes its name.

R. M. T.

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### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA PREDICTED.

THE following prediction of the present war in America was published originally in the *Age of Progress*, and appeared afterwards in the *North-Western Orient and Spirit Advocate*, published at Waukegan, Illinois, under date of April, 1856, from which we now extract it:—

"On Sunday evening last, at the close of the meeting at the Hall, we accompanied Mr. Pardee and Mr. Conklin to the room occupied by the latter gentleman. Whilst sitting and conversing by the stove, the right hand of Mr. P. was extended to us. We clasped it, and looking up into his face perceived that he was entranced, and that we were shaking hands with a spirit. The friendly visitant spoke to us most acceptably, and as an old

acquaintance. At the close we desired the spirit to communicate the name which it bore when in the physical form. Just as we made the request the medium's hand grasped ours more powerfully: his form was straightened up, his countenance seemed to change, his voice underwent a change of tone, and his organs spoke as follows: 'Another would speak to you. I was known by the name of Andrew Jackson when a resident of your sphere; and I come to-night, my venerable friend, to be a witness before the Eternal, that this, thy beloved country, is to feel the fire and sword. Let it go forth, through thy journal, to my people—mine because I love them. Tell them, though I would fain weep in proclaiming it, that they are to pass through more than revolutionary agonies. I know this, if I know anything. The voice of the times speaks it in my ears clearly and distinctly. I would that this people knew where they stand, and that their rulers could feel the issue of a few years to come. Then would they forsake their fleshpots, and eat the pure meat of righteousness and justice. They are, as it were, pitching pennies, whilst the nation's heart throbs convulsively under the heavy load that threatens to stop and still its motion.

" 'If you could, my friend, see mighty minds, as I see them engaged in the work of maturing events, then would you know to a certainty, that the foundations of your States are to be shaken to their lowest depths. What! while the ship of state is irresistibly driving towards the breakers, your so-called statesmen are deeply immersed in the business of individual aggrandizement!

" 'The false watcher in the tower may cry, "All is well," but I say all is wrong, that is, in the government. To me the White House looks as a black mass; it is fair without, but within it is full of corruption and dead men's bones. Here and there, like a stray white sheep, is found in the national councils, a pure man. The end of all this cannot be escaped.

" 'Your country's worthies, who have gone before, with one united solemn voice, proclaim to your people the horrors of civil war. Nothing short of that can serve as a stepping-stone to a better and more righteous condition. Causes will rush out into events; and those who fought in the past to give you independence and a country, by divine wisdom unto them given, are engaged in the work which shall pass you through the fire, so that purified the nation may come out redeemed, dependent upon Heaven, not upon politicians, and sustained by the influence from the higher life.

" 'You will live to see this; but fear not. God, by His spirits, will guide and protect those who stand fast by truth and justice. I have done.' "

## THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE ON "MODERN MANIFESTATIONS."

THE *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* for July contains the second of three chapters of "Drawing Room Necromancy." The chapter in the present number is on "Modern Manifestations." The article thus opens:—

The term "modern manifestations" has been adopted to express the various means by which the denizens of spirit-land, who have "shuffled off this mortal coil," seek, in the present day, to hold communication with those who are still in the flesh. Whether there be any truth or not in this alleged intercommunication between the quick and dead—these wondrous sights and sounds with which the spirits of men and women of the buried past seek strange communion with the souls of men and women of the passing present—it is a subject which may not, ~~must not~~, be dismissed with that catch-a-weasel-asleep sort of shrug with which anything out of the common, or beyond the pale of ordinary and immediate comprehension, is now received. The whole matter is too grave and of too serious a nature to be peremptorily dismissed without an inquiry of the most searching kind—not made in an antagonistic spirit of prejudice that is determined to resist conviction, but with an earnest desire to see whether these things be so or not. It is easy to spatter anything, however truthful—and anybody, however good and wise, with the mire and clinging clay of ridicule. Many a promising scheme, many a brilliant thought or design, that would have been fraught with lasting benefit to mankind if it had been carefully worked out, has been nipped and blighted by the chilling frost of sarcasm; but there is no argument in a jeer, and a smart and caustic jest will not go far in pulling the truth of this matter out of the very deep well in which it is hiding itself. Modern manifestations are of a twofold nature: they are visible and invisible, appealing chiefly to the senses of sight and hearing. Chief among the demonstrations that are palpable to mortal vision are the appearances of brilliant coruscations of coloured light, and the transparent, luminous hand, and the visible movement of different articles of furniture, and even the human body, without any apparent agency. The sounds are endless in variety, varying from slight raps, resembling the pecking of a fowl against a piece of wood, to thundering blows that might proceed from the hammer of mighty Thor, or the grim smiths of limping Vulcan, which shake the house in which such manifestations take place to its very foundation.

Now, the majority of these manifestations are not modern—every one of them has been noticed before; *and we cannot deny the evidence adduced in support of the actual occurrence of these wonders*, although we may differ widely in our notions of the agency by which these things were brought about."

The writer then appeals to instances cited by Aubrey, Glanvil, and Wesley, as well as to others in Germany and America, to which we have directed attention in previous numbers, and to those of the present day; and concludes that "when all that has been heard and said and done has been winnowed by careful and impartial inquiry, grains of golden truth will be undoubtedly gathered up, and a key discovered that will unlock another secret of nature, and elicit the laws by which our connexion with the unseen world around us is governed. Yet this is certain, if some of the messages given through media of credit have been trivial and of little worth, the great majority have been healthy in tendency—enjoining Christian love and charity, and purity of life—giving comfort to the mourner, healing the diseased, and convincing them that doubt."

Such admissions as these in a magazine circulating extensively

in the homes of the middle and upper classes of English society is itself an evidence of what the writer affirms, that "Despite objections, the movement has gained ground and grown in strength during the last ten years. . . . Searching inquiry made by men of thought and reason, instead of crushing it, produced adherents and supporters."

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### MRS. BROWNING'S SPIRITUAL BELIEF.

IN the "Memorial" prefixed to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Last Poems*, by Theodore Tilton, he quoted some sentences from a private letter written by her to a bereaved mother in Brookline, from which we make the following extract:—

"Also it seems to me that a nearer insight into the spiritual world has been granted to this generation, so that (by what process we have got our conviction) we no longer deal with vague abstractions, half closed, half shadowy, in thinking of departed souls. There is now something warm and still familiar in those beloveds of ours, to whom we yearn out past the grave—not cold and ghostly as they seemed once—but human and sympathetic, with well-known faces. They are not lost utterly to us even on earth; a little farther off, and that is all; farther off, too, in a very low sense. . . . Quite apart from all former 'spiritual' (so-called) literature, we find these impressions generally diffused among the theological thinkers of the nineteenth century in a calmly reasoning order. The unconscious influence of Swedenborg is certainly to be taken into account. Perhaps something else." *Herald of Progress.*

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### Correspondence.

#### SPIRITUAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL ANALOGIES.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to call the attention of your readers to an analogy between the moral and physiological worlds, or rather to the correspondence between spiritual and physiological processes, which opens out a beautiful hope of a glorious future for the now suffering souls of men. This analogy will become evident after a perusal of the following extracts. The first is from an anonymous pamphlet, which I felt happy in finding favourably reviewed in your magazine, by a kindly and, I feel, a kindred spirit. The second pamphlet is entitled *The Heavenly Marriage*, and the extracts will be found on the 13th and following pages:—

"Now what must be our courses as individuals in order to come to God? We must believe from without—inwards. If we review the experiences of our lives, and our consciousness, full well must we be aware that our eyes, as those of the fool,

been in the ends of the earth, and that we have looked for the sources of our happiness without instead of within. We must now pursue a reverse course. If we would come to God we must, like the prodigal, first "come to ourselves." In order to do this we must give up, as competitors for our supreme love, all external objects and beings. Not to say anything of unworthy objects of love, pleasure, riches, power, we must give up our dearest relatives, the friends of our youth, our parents, our children, yea, the wife of our bosom, yea, our very life itself, as competitors for our supreme love. What says one who went through it all? "If any man come unto me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

This seems very hard, but it is the expression of an inevitable necessity, rooted in the very nature of things. These are all external to the soul, and, so far as they are loved for themselves, prevent the inward march of the soul from without inwards, through itself towards its God, the great centre of attraction for all things, the great *want* of the Universe. This seeming harshness, then, is the veriest love. And oh, wonder of wonders! When we most truly give up, then we most truly receive; when we most utterly renounce, then we most richly enjoy. What again says the Master?

Verily I say unto you, there is no man that has left house, or brethren, or ~~father~~, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold, *now in this time*, houses and brethren, and sisters, and mother, and children, and lands with persecutions, and in the world to come eternal life.

Yes, in a truer sense than holy Job received his losses back again when he had been robbed of all externals and driven inwardly. His new sons and daughters, excellent and fair though they might be, could never altogether supply the place of those he had lost, or renew the pleasures of his first love. Spiritual life is more perfect than physical; the very things you have parted from in your inward progress to God are given back to you *themselves* in a freshness, a beauty, a purity, a perfection you never could have imagined in your first possession of them. Hallowed by God and held by you as gifts from the Supreme love, they become precious indeed, and altogether lovely. The transient has become the permanent, and the imperfect the perfect. Before, you held them as another's, and insecurely as those whom another could take away; but now your insecurity of possession has changed into an everlasting inheritance. The unrighteous mammon has become a holy endowment; that which was another's has become your own, and the false riches, the true. Your tenure has been placed on an everlasting basis, the sure mercies of God; you have become one with the owner of the universe; you have entered into the joy of your Lord.

The other extract is from the *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. III., page 132, as follows:—

Considerable light may, I think, be thrown on the subject by considering the

analysis of ordinary and mesmeric sleep. The subject of the mesmeric operation finds that his eyes become heavy, he cannot but close them; his ears grow dull of hearing, his circulation grows languid, his powers become faint and he becomes insensible to all around save the operator; he sees, hears, talks and wills through him alone. If he transcends this state, he then finally passes into the deep sleep, or what Mr. Davis calls the "superior condition." Before he may have been sympathetically clairvoyant, his clairvoyance being directed and influenced by the suggestions of the operator; but now he has obtained independent clairvoyance, he sees, and, if also clairaudient, hears for himself independent of material obstacles or of the ordinary conditions of time and space. The natural faculties are closed, but the spiritual faculties are partially opened, and according to his spiritual state and the quality of his interior vision and faculty will the spiritual world, in its corresponding degree, be opened to him, and he will be enabled to see and commune with spiritual beings, though but rarely can the consciousness of all this be brought back into his normal waking state.

We have here a close and striking analogy to ordinary sleep and dream. We all know that as we pass into sleep the senses are locked up, the outer world recedes, and our hold upon consciousness becomes increasingly feeble till it is from our grasp, but so long as sleep is imperfect, or any of the natural faculties continue operative, our dreams are (to a great extent at least) dependent upon physical and mental states, and on outward accident. It is only when freed from all perturbation and disturbing influences, when the whole *natural* man is thrown into profound repose that the *realities* of the upper world can be photographed on the surfaces of the spiritual nature; that it is sufficiently sensitive to receive "unmixed with baser matter" the efflux of its love and wisdom; and that the indwelling spirit, partially freed, can hold intercourse with kindred spirits, divested of their corporeal investiture. The external of the spirit is laid aside, and the internal comes into converse with celestial things, and we gain but liminary glimpses of that country of which we are hereafter to be citizens.

Is there not considerable analogy between the moral progress of man, from without, inwards, described in the first extract and the physical progress, if I may be allowed the expression, or rather the *physiological* progress which is described in the second, and which occurs in the mesmeric process, and in sleep? In both operations the hold on externals is given up, in the first with full purpose of intent, and wide-awake consciousness; in the second in submission to the will of another, physiologically expressed; in the third in submission to the summons of exhaustion, and perhaps in the mesmerism of Nature.

In all there is the rise to a higher life. In the first with retention of all the powers of our present life, in full *rapprochement* and harmony with external nature; in the others by a temporary passage from the present to another life and a suspension of our external relations. Does not the hope dawn upon us, when we consider this beautiful analogy, that when our spiritual surrender shall be perfect, our moral harmony complete, the beauties of the now unseen world shall shine in upon this lower world, inspiring without extinguishing them revealing the spiritual without deforming the body?—nay, rather through its insensibility and mentality.

I am, dear Sir, very respectfully yours,

THOMAS HAY, A.M.I.

2, Eldon-square, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—I feel it my duty as a Spiritualist to send you an account of a *séance* at which I was present with Madame Besson, who had previously given two or three *séances* at the house of my mother-in-law. I was present at two of these *séances*, but only for a short time, on the second occasion. As the raps were loud and marked, I thought the spirit power must be very strong, and I asked Madame Besson if she would move her chair out a little from the table, she did so immediately, the raps then ceased in the table, and were heard very loud in the legs of Mrs. Besson's chair. I remarked this to her, and she replied that she could not command the spirits, she then moved her chair closer to the table, and told me that I could put my feet against hers. As soon as Madame Besson's chair approached the table the raps were heard as before in the centre of it. I had at this time my foot against one of her feet, and my leg pressed against her crinoline, but unfortunately for her this was not sufficiently ample, for before each rap I felt a slight movement in her crinoline. The movements in the crinoline were as frequent and marked as the raps on the table. I thus became almost certain that I had to do with a false medium. But as I know it is necessary to obtain absolute proof, I did nothing, but determined to wait till I could catch her unmistakably in the act of cheating. My mother-in-law fixed another *séance* for the 18th July, and Madame Besson arrived that evening about eight o'clock. I was sitting in the same room (a large drawing room) which was quite dark, but at the opposite end to that at which the *séance* was held (I should say, that all Madame Besson's *séances* at which I have assisted have been given in the dark). I slipped noiselessly from my chair to the floor, and extended my entire length, creeping along, I made a circuit round a piano to reach the back of the medium's chair without being perceived by her or any one in the room. I placed my head and both my hands immediately under her chair where I remained for more than half an hour, it was so dark that I could not see; but I heard her feet moving from one side to the other, and with them she touched the gentleman and lady who were seated on either side of her. Then she began rapping with her feet on ~~the~~ and her neighbour's chairs. I was continually trying to place my hand in such a position that she should rap against it. For a long time I could not succeed in this, at last she began to knock on the floor, I then slipped my hand quite flat on the ground and under her foot, as she was lifting it to give another rap on the ground, and actually knocked into the middle of my hand. I could have seized her foot several times before, when she was touching her neighbours, but I was conscious that she should knock on my hand. I am sorry to be obliged to ask you to publish this, but I think it is the duty of Spiritualists to expose all the trickery which comes under their notice.

I remain, sir, yours obediently,

68, Westbourne Terrace.

PIERRE DE GENDRE.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—Concerning the narrative given in your number for June, under the head of "A Russian Story," I find the following statement by the Count de Gasparin, in his voluminous work entitled "Science *versus* Spiritualism :"—

"The Baroness d'Oberkirch mentions in her Memoirs an astonishing vision of Paul I. Now, we have here one of those suspicious anecdotes that have been transmitted through several agents; the Prince, then travelling in France, under the name of the Count du Nord, had related it himself. What plea should we have had for doubt, and on what ground could we have opposed such testimony, if, by the merest accident, Paul I. had not again met Madame Oberkirch, and confessed to her that, led away by the example of people around him, and wishing also to have his mysterious tale, he had invented with the utmost gravity, the whole account of the apparition of his grandfather, Peter the Great."

As the Count de Gasparin does not mention his authority for this statement, and as his object in making it is to discredit testimony in relation to the supernatural, it is not I think to be implicitly received; possibly the denial is based on weaker testimony than the affirmation; but, in either case, in the interests of truth it is desirable that the point should be cleared up. Can you or any of your contributors throw light upon it?—Yours, &c.

INQUIRER.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—A few weeks since, a lady, whom I have known intimately for years, and whom I will call Mrs. Y., expressed a desire at my house, to try table-turning experiments. There were present my wife, my sister-in-law, Mrs. Y., two other ladies, and myself. Mrs. Y. had lost her husband twelve months ago. We formed a circle round a small loo table, which, about an hour's patient waiting on our part, began to move about in various directions, and to tip first to one and then to another of the party. We asked who was present, and repeated the alphabet slowly to obtain an answer. The table tipped at four letters, which were the initials of Mrs. Y.'s husband. A few words were then given to us in the same way, at which Mrs. Y. was considerably agitated, and she informed us that they were the last words her husband uttered when on his dying bed. Several affectionate messages were communicated to the circle, to all the members of which the deceased was known. At subsequent sittings (for the result of the first induced us to continue our experiments), I asked Mrs. Y. to take a pencil in her hand, and hold it quietly and as passively as possible on a sheet of paper. She did so, and in less than five minutes her hand moved involuntarily over the paper, and beyond the table, describing a series of circles and other figures. She then commenced writing a sentence, still moving her hand involuntarily, and being in perfect ignorance of the letters she was tracing. On examining it, it was a loving message as from her husband, to which a signature was appended, resembling in a remarkable degree his own writing when he was a tenant of earth. Other messages were traced in the same way; one of them purported to be to myself from my father, and certainly the signature was extremely characteristic; and another was to one of the ladies in the circle as from her mother. I ought to add that Mrs. Y. did not know the Christian names either of my father or of the lady's mother; but they were accurately given. On another occasion Mrs. Y. brought a sealed letter, which she had just received from a friend of her husband's, making an inquiry about a conversation he had had with him shortly prior to his death, and desiring an answer from the spirit-world; we none of us knew anything of the contents of the letter. An answer was communicated by writing, which was afterwards forwarded to the writer of the letter, who declares that it distinctly answers the query, and relates to a conversation of which no third person was cognizant. Other messages were communicated from friends of nearly all the members of the circle, who were greatly affected by their affectionate tone, and their characteristic peculiarities. One evening on coming home, I found Mrs. Y. writing at the table, and I asked whether the spirit who was dictating could state where I had come from; an answer was written, and the exact locality described. I asked the question because I had not, as usual, returned direct home from my place of business, but from an entirely different quarter, and had not mentioned it to any one in the house before the answer was given. Since the writing through Mrs. Y. has commenced, we have almost discontinued the table-turning experiments, but whenever we revert to them the movements are very energetic, with one finger laid upon the table it easily moves from one end of the room to the other, and the sofa has been removed from its place and back again by the mere imposition of Mrs. Y.'s hands. I am not at present at liberty to mention names; but I can vouch for the genuineness of the phenomena I have described, which I expect are but "the beginning of the end." Yours obediently,

R. D.

[The writer of this sends his name and address; he is well known to us as a person whose statements are deserving of entire credit; but we take the opportunity of reminding our correspondents generally, that where narratives of fact are communicated, it adds greatly to their value if the proper name and address of the writer, and the names of those referred to are sent for publication. We know that this may sometimes be inadvisable, and that our correspondents are always at liberty to do so; but we hope that where there is no actual necessity for withholding them, our correspondents will, in the interests of truth, make the point of thus publicly authenticating the facts they send us.—Ed.]