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THE DISCERNING OF SPIRITS.

A LECTURE BY EMMA HARDINGE.

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I PROPOSE to speak of the power existing in the human organism for the discerning of spirits, and that not alone of the disembodied spirits who have passed from the vale of mortality—who, already in the pure and radiant atmosphere of the brighter and the better—the spiritual world, surrounding us as they do, are yet invisible to our eyes; but the power of discerning the spiritual part of all things, the attribute of the human soul, the great fore-glimmering of those vast and boundless powers to which we shall attain when we are no longer peering behind the prison bars of mortality, but behold cause and effect in creation face to face, and realise that the cause is spiritual—the effect alone material. I ask you, therefore, to consider how many of the glimmering lines of phenomenal power that exist amongst us evince—not alone the outward and visible sign of God's workmanship in mere sensuous forms—but assure us of the spiritual part incarnate in matter, that which I call the Soul of Things.

That we may better comprehend the nature of the attribute which I propose to discuss, I shall attempt to classify the powers that exist in man in this direction, by first referring to the very smallest, the most familiar, but still the commonest evidences of the gift as known amongst us, in the form of clairvoyance,—the power of beholding objects at a distance without the ordinary aids of the visual organs,—the power of perceiving character and recognising histories attached to substances by the touch, known amongst us as psychometry—the power of prophesying the future, the capacity of recalling what men call the “dead past.” All these are attributes belonging to the human soul, and they

exist independently of the agency or influence of an invisible disembodied spirit.

All these give us the assurance that our souls have powers which, though masked by the form of matter, when in the bright and glorious transfiguration of a spiritual life, shall make us indeed the image of the Creator, and grant to us some approach to those attributes—if I may so say—of omniscience and omnipotence which must belong to us by our relation to the great Creator. I shall next speak of the powers which enable us to commune by spiritual sight with the world beyond the grave. We are accustomed vaguely to suppose that the powers claimed by the gipsy, the fortune-teller of to-day, the astrologer and the magician of olden times all come under the category of impostures, or else of some peculiar and abnormal faculty, neither intellectual nor spiritual, which is not worth the investigation. In olden times, when Saul the son of Kish sought unto Samuel the seer to discover his father's asses, this power was deemed quite sufficient to stamp upon him who possessed it the title of the "Man of God." It was the having such powers as these that distinguished men in olden times by the sublime name of prophets. To-day the power exists—we know it, we behold it exhibited around us amongst the humblest in society; we employ it either for the purpose of idle curiosity, or, it may be, from the love of the marvellous, or from a desire to penetrate into the hidden things our souls give witness of, but which too often our tongues are ashamed to acknowledge. I repeat, the power exists now. Be pleased to consider the philosophy it involves. What is sight? What is this philosophy of optics which requires the camera obscura of the eye, which demands from the architect of the structure of man the beautiful and curious arrangement of lenses and reflecting apparatus, which after all, when removed from the organism, forms a very curious but very beautiful, model for some of our optical instruments, and has just as little power, when removed from the organism, as the senseless glass by which we detect microscopic or telescopic objects—no more? We know that, in order to use the human eye, and to obtain whatever knowledge it is capable of imparting to us, we require the sensuous object for perception—a radius of vision in which to perceive, an atmosphere to transmit the rays of light; and after all, this radius of vision is just as limited as the conditions of matter require it to be. But in the perception which enabled the seers of old, and the fortune-teller of modern times to discover lost property, to find hidden things, to detect the absent, and to trace the wandering form of the distant, to recall the past, and to penetrate the future, what radius of vision is demanded there? The eye then perceives

through all material obstacles—time is annihilated, the past is recalled, the future is grappled with, the present is dealt with, and becomes as an open page where the spirit traverses creation, and is enabled to penetrate any space, any distance, without any of the ordinary arrangements for perception. You will perceive from this, that there is no analogy between spiritual and material sight. You will recognize, even in this simplest, this humblest form of discerning things, first, that there must be a spiritual power to see. For the clairvoyant does not perceive the outward and material form, except by the outward and material eye. It is obvious, therefore, it is not the external form that is seen, and here is one revelation which the discerning of spirits brings us—all things have a spiritual form. These blossoms (*referring to the flowers in her hand*) shall never die out from the grand and universal totality of the universe. Not alone in the chemistry of their particles, but as they were created in the mind of the Infinite, ages and ages before matter was so arranged as to produce them in their present form, as they were prophesied of when the foundations of this planet were laid, as they were pre-determined ere the laws of mineral life were so elaborated as to necessitate the production of vegetable life;—and all this may have been millions of years ago. These blossoms have existed in the divine mind in the eternity from whence they have come. So when the particles of matter have passed away, clairvoyants of distant ages shall behold them wheresoever the links of association can recall the train of causation which enables them to penetrate back to this place and time. Experiments in clairvoyance have proved that whatsoever has existed can always be reproduced to the mind of the clairvoyant. You may say that this requires the action of the mind of the magnetiser, the operator; but in half the cases of lucidity or good clairvoyance there is no operator present. In many of the cases of clairvoyance, the person who enquires has not the previous knowledge of where to find, or even how fully to describe the person or the thing sought for; and when information is thus rendered, by what means is it given? Have we never considered that the clairvoyant must perceive something? We find a vague, though beautiful philosophy extant, that all things are daguerrotyped in the air, and that the vast laboratory of air around us receives the impress of all we say and all we do, and of all forms that exist; and that in this a clairvoyant can recall all that has been done. Do they mean to tell us that the clairvoyant can recall a nothing? Something must be there ere the clairvoyant perceives the object; therefore we believe that, investigated in its philosophical rather than its mere phenomenal character, even the humblest manifestation of clairvoyance—the power of discovering

hidden things, searching out lost property, recalling the past, and telling, as it is called, the history of the "Long Ago," all is evidence—aye! and evidence conclusive—that histories and things, and acts and deeds have all left an indelible record upon creation. Somewhere they exist, and the power of discerning this something is that which we call "clear-sight," or "clairvoyance."

We next point to the manifestation called psychometry. We ask you to remember if you have ever beheld any exhibitions of this phenomenal power, and do not now dismiss the subject with "It is very strange or curious;" but be pleased to recollect the philosophy here involved. We discover character by the touch, but not alone character. It is well understood now, that to the good psychometrist, the touch of any substance will recall, not alone the human character with which it has been connected, but will recall, if it be a fossil, the scene, the time, and the circumstances under which that fossil was deposited. Experiments of this kind have been practised in lands where modern Spiritualism is not deemed merely a gratification of the hour, not sought after merely for the amusement of the time or the personal information on some subject or point gratifying to the enquirer, but where it is sought and studied as a science of soul. It is recognized by numerous experiments, that by the touch, a susceptible psychometrist can discover the history of all things with which that touch comes in contact. Experiments of this kind have proved that of a hundred various substances, a good psychometrist with a very few failures, each one of which proves a part of the philosophy, can recall the mystery of the life of that object, the persons connected with it, and the history through which it has passed.\*

Pause here, and consider what this power of discerning spirits involves. First, I repeat, it involves the necessity of a spiritual part of all things, of a spiritual life in all things—because it is not by the mere touch of matter that you can discern more of the substance than the quality of matter. Place this in the hands of such a psychometrist, and what hidden things shall not be revealed? The mask of humanity shall drop, the secret thought, the hidden purpose, the mystery of character, are all impressed on the substance and revealed by the touch. Oh! pause before it. Supposing this power to become universal—supposing that these experiments in psychometry should be as they have proved, susceptible of cultivation by practice, and humanity to deem it worthy of study—by practice to acquire

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\* In evidence of this see Denton's book—*The Soul of Things*, some account of which will be found in No. 9, Vol. v., of the *Spiritual Magazine*.—EDITOR.

this power, what will be the result? The very stones will prate of our whereabouts. We enter the house of guilt now, and we feel the impress of wrong and evil upon us. We enter the presence of the hypocrite, and all his smooth speech and wiles fail utterly to mask the dark heart that is prompting him. We enter the presence of the humble and good—those who pass through life unnoticed and unknown—and we feel the aroma of an angel entertained unawares. We enter into the dwelling where some saint presides in human form and, we know not why, repose and a holy tranquillity steal over us. In all our dealings with one another these monitions are perpetually present, and they pass by us unheeded as the familiar routine of daily life. Investigate them, and you discover a portion of the power of the soul for the discerning of spirits, the extreme action of which is what I have spoken of as psychometry, or the power of discerning spirits by the touch. I again remind you that this power is growing, that it is susceptible of cultivation in practice, and that if it should become as He in whom some of you believe, has promised, the power by which all that is hidden shall be made manifest, and all that is secret shall come abroad; oh, what a revelation will be amongst us! Farewell to the mask of seeming. Mankind will be transformed when we all possess the power of discerning spirits. We are growing to this; and I believe that this power, whilst it is an inevitable attribute of the human soul, is beginning in this day of the science of mind, to become triumphant over matter. I call it now to your attention to show that it is an attribute of the human soul, and that it proves that which some of you men of science have yet failed to discover—the soul of things.

You say that this substance is held together by what you call attraction—that when the atoms become old they decay, crumble apart, and the thing is dead. It is not so. The spiritual part once born into matter lives for ever; it is the spiritual part of all things in the past that forms the houses, the dwellings, the scenery, the landscape of the spirit-world, the spheres that interpenetrate this earth, and it is this that the clairvoyant perceives. It is by this that nothing is really hidden, and that those who have the power of discovering spirits can track your whereabouts. You ask wherefore this power is not more manifest, and if it be possessed, as I have said, amongst Spiritualists and mediums, why the great good God has not bestowed it universally upon all mankind, as a protection against crime, as a revelator of guilt, as the transfigurator of the hypocrite? I answer you, we have been groping through the sciences of matter, we have been struggling upwards through the rudimental ages, merely with the knowledge of the external

and the proven. We are to-day standing in the dawn of the science of mind, and the first way by which we shall grasp at the knowledge of spiritual things is through the study of the science of magnetism, which is the connecting link between body and spirit, the clothing of the spirit, the innermost part of the body, the spiritual part of St. Paul, the mystic substance that passes from out of everything, that leaves its impress on every substance that man touches, and that preserves the form of everything intact in a spiritual existence when the material has passed away.

I pass on to other attributes of the human soul. I propose now to speak of the gift of second sight—so the term is used; we had better call it by the generic title of clear sight. What is the phenomenon which distinguishes what is called the power of second sight? It is usually that of perceiving by a pictorial representation in the atmosphere some scene transpiring at a distance, or some scene prophetic of that which is to come. It is a mere phenomenon, it is something very strange, says the man of science, always provided that it is proved as a fact. We cannot go over the ground and the facts of history to prove them: we prove them when they occur; they are facts in the experience of those who are credible witnesses; if they are not, they are never handed down from one generation to another as facts. I give credit to the Architect of Creation for disposing of falsehood, dissipating error, and paying the wages of sin or imperfection by death in all forms. I believe that the same wise Providence has ordained that the beautiful shall never die, that the true is immortal, that the good is eternal, and never perishes. When I find a succession of facts permeating the ages and reproduced in every part of the known world, without possible chance of collusion amongst nations, and times, and peoples, I give more credit to the universal attribute of truth in their nature than to require to substantiate the facts of the ages again and again for the satisfaction of those who are not philosophers enough to understand that truth forms the silver thread upon which history is strung.

The power of beholding visions, allegorical, representative, and prophetic visions, has existed in all times, and is one of the gifts or attributes of the power of discerning spirits. It involves, indeed, another set of causes, and carries us up from the attributes of the soul unaided—from the powers of the mind peering through the veil of matter, but standing alone, to the agency of the disembodied spirit. When we behold a prophetic or allegorical picture full of intelligence, where is the painter? The air does not group itself into the form; the mind of the seer does not originate it. Whatsoever object is

presented, if it be an allegorical picture of a fact or prophetic of a truth, is then recorded, not else; and these records prove the facts, and prove also that a painter has been at work somewhere. This picture involves the inevitable agency of a disembodied spirit. Were there but one testimony in the history of mankind, and that well accredited, of second sight,—were there but one manifestation of the power of the human eye to behold, painted in the invisible air, or on the canvas of ether, any allegorical scene that should represent a fact, or any prophetic picture that was realised,—that alone would be sufficient to prove that an intelligent mind had produced the vision, and that some power exists in the human mind to perceive spiritually rather than materially; we therefore, now rise from the earth, wherein our souls possess certain attributes of clear sight, to the dawning of another world. We make a footstep on the boundary of another world, and we stand in the presence of an intelligent, controlling, though invisible artist, who, whether by psychological power impressing our minds, or actually daguerreotyping on the air the picture or vision presented, is at work, and is the agent for the production of that vision. Here is another revelation which the power of discerning spirits produces. I need not remind the Bible student that this was one of the most marked attributes of the prophets and seers of old.

We now come to modern days, and when we find the same attribute existing, and existing generally under special conditions, such as the clear air of high mountains, the rarefied atmosphere of cold wintry regions—when we realize that the persons who behold these visions or appearances are generally peculiarly sensitive, even somnambulic, and often giving manifestations of those peculiarities which we now call spirit mediumship; we perceive a line of philosophy in the whole of these manifestations extending from the earth onward to the world beyond, and proving the links between our souls and the mysterious beings who are agents in presenting us these pictures. They tell us that by the aid of the solar spectrum we can discover minerals in the atmosphere of the sun by experiments precisely similar to those which test the quality of minerals of our own earth. Oh, what a grand leap science has here made! how many thousands and millions of miles have we climbed into the vast infinity of space until we stand in the presence of the solar chemists, and can tell them as much of the composition of their vast and wonderful luminary almost as we can of our own earth. By the same set of analogies here, with all our wonderful faculties climbing hither and thither through the crust of matter, and manifesting powers of which they scarcely dream as

attributes of the human soul, connecting with these the powers brought from the spirit-world, we first perceive how strictly human are the ministering spirits who are about us and who control us; and next, how strictly spiritual are the powers within us, the motive powers which we so vaguely call life and soul. This is another revelation of the power of discerning spirits.

I now pass on to those still higher revelations by which we are enabled to discern the forms of the angels, the blessed departed, the power of beholding what we call the spectre or apparition of the deceased. Amongst those powers is one which I must not omit to name, that enables us to behold the spectre or apparition of the living. We know that by the same array of facts we have grouped round spiritual phenomena in every age, the spirit of the living is beheld on earth. Various attempts have been made to account for the mystery of the double-goer. It has even been hinted that a duplicate of ourselves exists somewhere in the surrounding air—that in the regions of space some mysterious familiar, something analogous perhaps to the *daimon* of Socrates—some re-duplication of ourselves, partly intelligent and partly dependent upon mind from without, appears from time to time and manifests itself now in the form of the wraith, and more lately in that of the living spirit. I offer you that which I believe to be the truth on this point—you must compare it with your own experience ere you accept it as a judgment worthy of being accredited. I have already pointed to the fact that by psychometry you discover character. You must therefore infer that there is passing from out yourselves every moment an aroma imponderable; but still an aroma charged with your character, that this, which is vaguely called the sphere, by which you mysteriously recognize and understand each other, by which attractions, repulsions, affections, antipathies, group society together in kindreds—that all this mysterious emanation passing from out of yourselves, and proved in psychometry to be charged with your character is something of a substance, is in fact material, although you do not behold it, and though it is not sensitive to the touch or to any of the outward sensations, but only appeals to the spiritual nature of the psychometrist. Here is one step again: it is proved that a portion of yourself, and of your character, does pass from out of you. We have spoken before of the philosophy of the haunted house, and we conceive that this is a place where we may remind you again of that which we claim to be the explanation of the singular phenomena of hauntings. We mention it because it is applicable to this point of our subject. We find that in nearly every well-attested case of a spiritual mani-



festation attaching to a place, some violent death has either taken place there, or some evil mind has poured out the strong magnetism of its affection upon some objects or scene in that place. For instance, the miser, although life may be extended for him to extreme old age, has day by day, and night by night, given off of his love, his dearest affections to the heap of shining metal which he treasures up in some secret corner. If our character—our affections, wishes and proclivities attach involuntarily to every substance we touch, when we project them with all the strong and passionate mind which any great vice or strong purpose of the soul induces;—when we concentrate them, as in the case I have quoted, in one particular direction, does not a larger charge of the magnetism, and a stronger force of the will propel magnetism in that direction? I would pause here and remind the man of crime, or the man of worldly loves or material affections—the sensualist or the gambler, the drunkard or the miser,—any soul that binds itself in the chains of its own vices in strong attraction to the earth;—that he is forging and hammering chains to bind his spirit to the place and thing he loves. He becomes as a spirit enclosed in the prison-house of his own crime; he is compelled by the spiritual and magnetic attraction back to the place as surely as the needle is drawn to the loadstone. He has poured out the oil of magnetism either on the objects of his vice, or the place of his love, or the things of his affection, and that forms an attractive point that drags back the fettered spirit until the magnetism is worn out, and the spirit soars away by the attraction of newer and higher objects from the scene of its earthly tendencies. In the case of violent death—a still more marked evidence of magnetic attraction presents itself. In those who are violently deprived of life, the magnetic principle is poured out with the life-blood. The broken casket is still full of the precious fountain of life, and this distributed around, as inevitably attaches to the place where it is wasted, as our magnetism in part attaches to substances;—it is still a part of the psychometry which I have spoken of. The large charge of the life-principle thus poured out becomes an attractive bond to the spirit. Here it not only returns, but even if distant, its thought is there, and its thought and its magnetism help to make the manifestations that are produced in that place, and always repeat the dark tragedy—the tale of crime. As that was the last thought of the dying, as it was the one strong psychological point which closed up the gates of life, so it is the one strong psychological point through which the returning spirit enters again. Therefore it is that the dire tragedy, the loss of life, which is generally enacted, or the repetition of the miser's love,

or of the sensualist's voice, or tone, or habits—or whatsoever man has loved and thought of most strongly, the last great and mighty act of life imprinted, as in the case of murder or violent death, on the departing soul, becomes inevitably re-enacted in the place which is charged with the magnetism of the departed. This philosophy we might bring to bear even upon the living spirit, and its manifestation or apparition of which I have spoken. Wherever such manifestations are made, the subject of them invariably gives off that magnetic force which constitutes him a medium. I do not realise that there is any separate existence perceived; it is but the magnetism which is represented in the form of a person—that form is not intelligent, it is not a separate existence from the person, it is merely a portion of his magnetism, which departs in moments of abstraction, of sleep, of dream, of some condition of mind when the whole spirit does not fully possess and use the magnetism; then, and then only, is the living spirit seen. The manifestation is not a strange one when we remember the philosophy of psychometry, and that wheresoever we pass, our magnetism is attaching to all substances and things around us. It would not be difficult for the eye of the seer to behold in this chamber the forms of those who have been present, and the receptions, through their magnetism, still attaching to the place, even of their life and character. The whole of these manifestations require for their elucidation the study of that magnetism which I have so often commended to the philosophers who have grouped together here, as the true foundation of psychological science.

I now pass to the consideration of the apparition of the disembodied. The spectre which appeared at the moment when the soul departed from the body, was, in former times, deemed one of the most common manifestations of this kind. Innumerable instances of these manifestations have occurred, and still occur, to those who have not been favoured with a vision of spiritual life. At such a moment to the soul that is not informed of spiritual life the transition into the world of spirits is often strange and startling. We do not enter the golden heaven of theology at the onset; we are not at once launched into the presence of rejoicing saints and triumphant archangels, according to the pictorial fancies of the theologian, but we are in a living, real, and practical sphere of existence—where life is continued from the point at which we drop it here. Now, this being the case, the first thought of many and many an awakened spirit is astonishment to find their life so real, so earnest, so tangible, so thoroughly in accordance with the life from which they have departed; and in this manifestation the memory of earth being strong and themselves not yet risen

to the Father, by which I mean not fully entered into the spiritual sphere, their apparition, strongly charged with that magnetic life that is departed, may readily be seen. It is not always seen by those to whom they would willingly present themselves. It is frequently questioned why strangers have beheld the forms of the departed rather than those who best loved them. Men have asked, "Should not the love of my heart present itself to me, rather than to those unsympathetic strangers?" We need but remind you, that the spirit or apparition of the departed can only manifest itself where the power of seership exists, and that with those who love best, with all the tenderness of affection and all the longing yearning once more to behold the form of the beloved,—if the physical magnetic and spiritual gift of discerning spirit is not there, God's laws are never transcended; it is the seer alone that beholds the spirit under any circumstances.

We next consider by what means your eyes—spirit mediums, behold the forms of the departed. And in this respect we remind you again that your material eye can only behold sensuous objects; that the entire capacity of the beautiful and curious structure of the human eye can never take cognizance of aught that is not in material form. What you behold is not matter, and, therefore, you see not with the outer eye. Your outer eye, the window of the soul, may be opened, but the soul looks not through it. The spiritual eye alone can behold the spiritual form, howsoever it be presented. That is the first proposition I make concerning the power of observing the forms of the departed; the next is as to the process by which the spirit actually presents itself to the eye of the seer. There are many processes, but in almost all cases such manifestations are made by the act of psychology. The spirit wills the manifestation; the psychologist knows that his subject perceives through his sense, beholds through his will; the psychologist wills his subject to behold whatsoever form his mind conceives, and the subject perceives it. Even so, the form perceived by the spiritual subject or medium is nothing but a psychological presentation. Aye, and this explains, says the man of science, all the hallucinations which men call apparitions. Not quite. Where is the psychologist? There must be some one, some mind, some intelligence to present the psychological picture—some intelligence that knows that the psychological picture will be recognized—some intelligence to fashion it, some one to represent the garments of earth, the living gait, the dull ear, the blind eye, the crippled form, the specialties of those who have long since passed away; the representation of which forms such conclusive evidence of identity, and has brought so many joyful recognitions of the

immortality of the soul to thousands who have heard of the spectre and apparition with scoff and ridicule, until the form of the long-ago said to be hidden in the grave, crumbling in the dust, or sleeping until the judgment-day, has been represented before the eye of the seer, and all the psychological memories of it re-produced. This is the means by which garments that clothe the spirit are re-produced—by which the old forms that have perished out of all material existence are shewn again. We have heard the question asked with sneer and scoff within this very chamber, from whence do the spirits procure these garments? Were we inhabitants of another planet we might question where the inhabitants of this procured their garments. We should find that they are adaptations from the world around us; that they are material; of the same component parts that clothe our viewless spirit, formed of the atoms of the planet on which we live, the chemistry of which is as much found in this substance (of dress) as in this hand. Both originate, perhaps, from the combination of hydrogen and oxygen gas; both these combinations are sufficient to produce a world, and the chemist knows it; and all the varieties we behold around us are but modifications of the atoms of matter. Do we suppose that this, our planet, is the only existence in creation—the only world, the only form of substance, or the only subject of the great chemistry of the universe? Be assured, that wheresoever we live, whatsoever atmosphere surrounds us, the world in which we live, the elements that are about us, are as much under God's providential care there as here, and that we shall as surely realize all the attributes that are necessary for our existence there as here. Do we fall out of the hands of God by passing from this sphere, or must we leave it to fall into them? If His majesty and His power, and His laws and His prescience, and His wisdom are sufficient for us here; by analogy, they are sufficient for us though we traverse worlds, suns, systems—the roads and bye-ways of eternity. He is everywhere, and so He clothes His spirits with the substances of the world around them. But the powers of spiritual existences are so much larger, so much wider, and grander than those of this world, that we dwell fondly upon the power of mind to re-habilitate itself, even in the garments of thought. This psychological power, which we merely regard as an experiment to amuse the hour—this biological power by which the mind of the operator can compel the mind of the subject to behold any actual, tangible form, accompanies the spirit, and by this same biological power the spirit wills to be represented in that form and habit, that custom and appearance that will best recall the identities of earth. That is one mode by which the spirit presents itself again to man.

There are yet others ; and the next that we shall notice, is the more tangible form that appeals to the touch. We all know that there are manifestations amongst us, far too well and credibly witnessed to be questioned now, by which substances are produced—by which for some temporary purpose substances, seemingly of the human form, of garments and other material objects, are produced and become manifest to the touch. We ask by what possible power can an invisible spirit thus re-produce the atoms of matter ? Permit me to ask if you have ever beheld in some of the laboratories of chemistry vast arrangements made for containing what the vulgar would call nothing ? The chemist will tell you that *this* vessel contains some substance and *that* another. You behold nothing but the clear ether ; yet these jars, or receptacles, are full of gaseous substances, invisible to your eyes. Let sparks of electricity be passed through these, and you behold them at once in the shape of substances, in the shape of drops of water, and yet further, of crystallized atoms. From the viewless air, the chemist can produce the solid, hard mass known as crystal. Not the lack of knowledge, but the lack of power—of man's capacity to grasp the elemental keys that open all space to him ; merely from such a lack of power as this do we fail to be able to recompose a world by chemistry. We can produce in the laboratory of the chemist all the various phenomena which carry matter from the most sublimated gas up to the hardest form of the solid. Perhaps the chemistry of the cold marble sarcophagus crushes out this knowledge ! Perhaps man is less wise in the world beyond the grave than he is here ! Perhaps the great Architect of creation can only reveal Himself and His laws upon this world, and not in spirit-land ! If we reverse this picture, and assume that God's laws are eternal here and everywhere, that the knowledge we obtain here is but a preparation for the broader vistas of perception hereafter ;—if we understand that the soul and spirit is the man and not the dead form—that the spirit sleeps not in the ground—that the spirit goes not down into the grave—that the spirit still lives, though the form perishes, we shall understand that all the attributes of the spirit pass with it to the life beyond the grave, and that spiritual chemists and spiritual philosophers, sages, seers, master minds of every age in the grand broad liberty of the land of light, and the land of causes, are better chemists and better philosophers than they were here, and that it is by the aid of such knowledge, by the power to accomplish results in immeasurably short periods of time ; by the power to realize, as it were by magic (because invisible to you) the same chemical processes which they perform on earth, that spirits can form round the hand, or about the spirit-form such substances as will, for a short space of time, appear

to be solid and substantial. That they cannot continue these substances, or their life, that they are not permanent, is merely a deficiency of their chemistry. Perhaps it will never be given to the will of man, so to organize the atoms of matter round a spiritual form as to produce a living envelope. There is a mystery in it which the spirit has not yet entered—a seal which he has not yet broken, and that is the mystery of life. Unlike Prometheus, we cannot steal the fire of life from heaven and animate it. We are but poor fragmentary finite imitators of the Creator; and, therefore, spirits can do no more than reproduce fragmentary evidence of chemical power to aggregate substance. They cannot put the life into it: that is the mystery of God. Nevertheless, doing thus much you will realize that another of the powers of the gift of discerning spirits enables us to go further than the power of vision; by that of touch we realise that there are attributes possible to the disembodied spirit, and, therefore, possible to us, of which we know not. What the soul disembodied can do, our souls can achieve when we do but possess the knowledge.

The last of the powers that belong to this gift, which I may now notice, is that of beholding the soul in its home of light and bliss. Happily for the true balance and equilibrium necessary for the spirit while it yet lives in matter, this power is yet limited to vision. We may not with mortal eye, we may not even with our pure spiritual eye, separate from the body, behold the forms of life and the glorious blossoms of life which spring out of the ashes of this material form—for, could we behold these, all our senses would so follow that of sight that we should fail to realise the beauty, the use and glory of this poor dull earth again. It is only ecstasy that can realise the glory of the life beyond, but fore-gleams of immortality, flashes of light from Paradise, and wafts from the fragrance of the blossoms of eternity do come in soft breathings, and low whispers, and gleams of light, falling across our darkened way, and now and then a vision of the bright and glorious home of beauty which God has destined for his struggling pilgrims, gladdens the eye of the seer. And, oh! what a glorious presentation it is. What a sunlight, to which this shadowy earth of ours is but the eventide—or, at best, night illuminated by the stars of God's providence and blessing. We have never seen daylight yet—we are still in the darkness, and ere the liberty-angel, Death, shall open the gates of life for us it is not well we should comprehend, (except by the revelations of your mediums, the footprints of the boundaries of both worlds) that there is such a glorious reality in store for us; and, when the forms of the beautiful, the bright, the glorious, and the risen are thus perceived, there

are transfigurations also realised which it is not well for us to inquire into. We perceive there so many strange changeable operations of spiritual life that we could not comprehend them; we cannot leap beyond our shadows; we can take no step in advance of our knowledge; the instruments, the modes, the occupations, the growth of instruction, the means of progress, are all so vastly in advance of our experiences that we can but hope and trust, and faithfully work up to them. But every revelation brings us the same assurance of eternal wisdom and eternal goodness—the fitness of all things, the adaptation of all means to ends. The deeper we search into the volume of spiritual life, the more we consider the power of discerning spirits, and the gifts and the revelation which this power has brought to us, the more surely do we realise that it is well with us, and that we are safe—very safe—in the hands of the Infinite One. How supreme is that goodness that cares for the darkest criminal! For, oh! the discerning of spirits in the land of darkness, as well as of light, brings hope with it. There is movement even there—there is life there—there is struggle there—there is effort there. The fire of passion is burning out, the darkness of crime is expending itself on itself. The creator of his own ill is realising the work he has done, and the thing he has made of himself. In the transfiguration of death one of the grandest and most glorious attributes of the soul is self-knowledge—the perception of the true causes; and, therefore, in the case of the dark and evil spirits the undeveloped and the criminal, the passions which he has indulged, and the habits with which he has bound himself, and the chains with which he has manacled his soul down to the earth—all this brings so much teaching with it, brings such bitter remorse, such an agonising realisation of Milton's piteous cry of the fallen angel, "Me miserable!" Yet, with all this, there is such a perpetual strife for happiness—happiness is such a goal for the soul, the longing to be blessed, the effort to live and ascend is so inevitable, even to the darkest mind, even to the most miserable prisoner of crime, that the turning point must come at last, and the gift of the discerning of spirits has never been bestowed upon the seer in vain: for, whilst he beholds the darkness visible, the cloud of thick night that clusters round the soul, outworked from its own miserable heart, he perceives how surely that misery and that very wretchedness is becoming the tutor to the soul to stretch out its hands in the appeal, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

I may not dwell further upon this point. The gift of discerning spirits is so full of instruction; it is so rife with teaching; first concerning the glorious faculties of the human soul—it brings to us such assurance that there are properties of

soul yet unwrought, that there is a grand mine of science yet to be worked, and yet to be systematised and developed, in this new day of mental dawn and illumination, that I pause upon it with delight, and point to it, not as a mere marvel, not as an evidence of phenomenal power, but as an evidence of what we shall be, what we may be, and what an era we have entered upon when we can recognize these powers no longer as miracle, or magic, or hallucination, or folly, but as actualities which we must deal with, which we must cultivate and which we must investigate. Thus much, therefore, for the knowledge which it brings to us of ourselves—for the revelation which it gives us of the presence of a spiritual world about us—of the ministry of angels, of the marvellous love of the Infinite, who has related us not only to the spirits of the departed, but by the aid of the inspiration that is brought to them of broader vistas, the inspiration by which they drink in the light of arch-angelic worlds, has connected us with grand and glorious spheres of which now we only dream: but they are all there. We cannot aspire too high, we cannot hope too much, we cannot dream too brightly of the glorious path of light on which we enter when first we realize the true nature and attribute of soul, when once we realize what a grand and glorious thing life is, through the discerning of spirits.

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THE OLD KITCHEN IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT CINTRA.—Mrs. Sullivan, the daughter of Wordsworth, in her *Journal of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal*, speaking of the strange old kitchen of the Royal Palace at Cintra, says:—"One of our party tried the effect of a flute in this kitchen. It was strange and delightful. The softness, the power, the growing swell of notes meant to be soft and subdued, and the reverberation, louder and yet sweeter than the notes themselves, was almost awful, for it gave the delicate flute the character of an organ played by a wizard. The player, however, was soon obliged to leave off; it shook his nerves so that he could hardly stand. When he was afterwards rallied on his faintness, he declared that the reverberation thrilled him intolerably, and that the flute itself had got a sudden life in it, so that after a few minutes he seemed himself to be rather the thing played upon than the player." (Vol. II., p. 55.)

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## SPIRITUALISM IN BENGAL.

*The Bengalee*, (a Native Journal published every Saturday in Calcutta) in its issue of September 22nd of the present year, has a leading article under the above title, which we give without comment as its story is one which needs no explanation from us, and is only a further corroboration of a world-wide truth.

“The very interesting and lucid articles on this subject which, for some time past, have been in course of publication in the *Shomeprokash* have exerted a tremendous influence over the youthful native mind. The *Bengalee* above a certain limit of age is sardonic and sarcastic generally. He reserves his faith in novelties with a persistence which would be laudable if only he could assign an intelligible reason for his incredulity. ‘The thing is impossible’ is however the lingual bulwark behind which half the intelligent and working minds of the country post themselves when a new dogma in ethics, religion, or other speculative science presents itself at the door clamouring for admission and a hearty welcome. Spiritualism is not exactly a novelty in India. The belief in ghosts and in the influence of ghosts on the transactions of this world is a fundamental part of our religion. That the spirit haunts its worldly abode is an axiomatic article of our faith and the offering of libations in Gya is popularly esteemed to be the sure means of relieving it from the chain which binds it to the earth even after death. The funeral ceremonies of the Hindoos are nothing else than acts performed avowedly for the pacification of the spirits of deceased progenitors. Yet so low had we been accustomed to estimate every part of our religious institutions owing to the exaggerations and forgeries which conspicuously overlies them, that it had become actually necessary to wait for the progress and success of American Spiritualism before any action could be undertaken by us for the revival of our ancient faith and learning on the subject. At the present moment, the seniors of the community with the exception of a few zealous enthusiasts in all kinds of holy work, have not deemed it worth their while to test the truth of the existence of spirit-worlds, such as those beautifully traced in the flowery and inspired language of mediums developed in the circles organised in America. It was reserved for our youth—boys still in their teens who are prosecuting their studies in English schools, and who have enthusiasm and curiosity and trust—to experimentalise on a subject brimful of gushing interest to living men.

“A spiritual circle in Putuldanga, in Calcutta, consisting of the elements we have described, and a spiritual circle in Jessore scarcely more eminently qualified, have been daily and dutifully

at work. The sublimest patience was their characteristic, the most devout and pious souls the offerings which they brought to the spirits they endeavoured to invoke. At last after tedious watching and smothering despair, after disappointments which would have driven grown-up men routingly from their ground, they have succeeded in obtaining manifestations which would be incredible were not the witnesses to the awful scenes well known for the purity of their character, their abhorrence of deceit as gathered from their every day school-boy life by intelligent tutors—their acuteness of mind and strength of observation. Two mediums were simultaneously affected, one by the spirit of Raja Ram Mohun Roy, another by that of Hurris Chunder Mookerjea. The manifestations were preceded by convulsive fits in the boys affected, who subsequently declared that suddenly a cold tremor seemed to attack them, their nerves shook with galvanic violence, their veins swelled, a strange fear seized them and they became insensible. Whilst in this state the unaffected members of the circle hastily put pencil and paper into their hands, and the two mediums respectively traced thereon the names of Ram Mohun Roy and Hurris Chunder Mookerjea. They subsequently got up, and approaching each other whilst still in a state of absolute insensibility, the person possessed by the spirit of Ram Mohun Roy warmly shook hands with the other, exclaiming ‘I am very glad to see you, Hurris.’ The latter spoke rather despondingly of his present condition. There is every hope of further success when the two mediums are more fully developed.

“In the Jessore Circle a little girl of 12 years, who had never studied English, wrote out sheets of paper in that language whilst under the influence of the spirit. These are well authenticated facts, which lead us irresistibly to the Poet’s puzzled solution ‘There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’”

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A YOUNG ZOUAVE, A CURATIVE MEDIUM.—*La Presse Illustré*, of the 6th of August, says, quoting the *Journal de l’Aisne*, “The only talk in this part of the country, is of the miracles performed at the camp of Châlons by a young Spiritualist Zouave. Numbers of invalids direct their course towards Châlons, and a thing incredible, a great number return cured. Within these few days a paralytic patient went in a carriage, and after having seen the young Spiritualist, found himself radically cured, and returned joyfully on foot. Explain these prodigies who can: all we can say is that they are decided, and thoroughly attested by a great number of intelligent persons, and worthy of credit.”

## A NEW INVENTION WANTED.

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By WILLIAM HOWITT.

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OUR age prides itself beyond all former ones, on the triumph of its scientific discoveries and manufacturing progress. As an able writer in the *La Verité* of Lyons says:—"In our epoch, progress marches with giant strides, both in industry and in physical science;—steam, railways, the electric telegraph, photography; aërostation, which now seems approaching a new development; spectral analysis, which discovers to us the physical constitutions of most distant stars; cosnical astronomy, which every day improves itself, and opens to our astonished gaze the material portion of the heavens; so many instruments, whether for manufacturing or agricultural operations,—these are the precious conquests, which we have no desire to depreciate: but have not these very things caused us to lose the view of the spiritual world and of our future destinies? Intoxicated by his genius, and by his anticipation of transforming prodigiously this terrestrial world in its physical conditions, is man to forget God and his soul? Is he to have no respect for anything but luxury, material good, and for gold, as the result of his labours and the means of his happiness here below, in the satisfaction of all his covetous and even least legitimate desires? Faith and the science of the invisible are menaced with annihilation, and as they contain the real evidences of the real life, it is necessary that our present sojourn should find itself shaken by some supernatural event or dispensation."

That is precisely the need of this age. We have invented all sorts of clever things. We can travel by vapour, and hope to travel on air. We can talk across the globe in a few seconds, and have engaged the sun as our portrait and landscape painter. All our shops display the marvellous results of our science and our tradings. We embellish our houses and our persons in splendours and tissues unknown to our proudest and wealthiest ancestors. What would have maintained a country squire a hundred years ago, will not now pay for the dresses of a citizen's wife. Jewels hang on our ladies thick as dew-drops on a May thorn. We roll in wealth and live in luxury, beyond not only any former age of our country, but in a manner to which the royalty of Solomon or the table of Lucullus were strangers. Babylon has fallen! And not only Babylon, but Athens, Rome, the great empires of ancient Asia, have all fallen from the effects of luxury and its corruptions; but we are ten times more wealthy, more luxurious, more prodigal in costume and splendour of abode, and we laugh at the idea of *our* ever falling.

And yet, what were the first symptoms of decay in those famous nations and cities? They were the growth of pride, the excess of sensual indulgences of all sorts, the decadence of moral principle; and they fell under the inevitable doom of "all the nations who forget God." Yet, we may safely say, if we know anything of history, that we enormously transcend all past ages and people in our wealth, our pride, our luxury and our utter ruin of moral principle.

Does any one start at this assertion in this so-called Christian country? Let that innocent wonderer, if such there be, read our newspapers. Let him glance at the parliamentary debates and compare those speeches with the solemn promises on the hustings. Let him see how Reformers hate reform; how professed advocates of the people hate the people's rights. Let him look in at the Divorce Court and estimate the domestic morals of our higher and middle classes. Let him trace our young men of wealth and rank into their daily and nightly haunts. Let him see the solicitings and bargainings for place, and the bargainings for wealthy marriages during the London season; and the feudal despotism of rural and game-law life in the rural season. Let him wonder at a public press whose eyes are too weak to bear the lustre of spiritual truth, and which closes them irresistibly at its smallest glimmer. Let him observe how ably our laws are framed to muzzle truth and enable rogues to look like innocents, and to brand the innocents before all the world as rogues. Let him remember ship-owners who send forth ships formed to carry their passengers to the bottom. Let him follow the populace into their gin-shops and see them spend £13,000,000 in excise annually on these waters of hell. Let him count, if he can, our voluminous catalogue of murders, robberies, suicides, infanticides and kindred crimes. Let him note the continual cases in our police courts of the embezzlement of employers' money, of forgeries of cheques, and of the most ingenious swindles. Let him hear what men in all professions admit of the fearful corruption of principle in their trades and arts, of the daily frauds of railway clerks on passengers. Of silks manufactured of cotton, and cotton weighted by a ponderous size. Let him go amongst preachers, and hear them scheming, not how many souls they can convert, but how many sovereigns they can net by preaching sermons in different places. Let him attend the auction mart in the City, and see a sight only to be seen in England—the sale of the next presentations to church livings. Let him be very sure that neither St. Paul nor St. Peter will be there to purchase a right to preach Christ's Gospel, but he *will* be sure to find clergymen there to buy such a right, and speculating, often in very revolting language, on the ages and infirmities of in-

cumbents. Let him reflect that this is an open, regular and admitted practice of the Church of England, held in utter abhorrence in every other church and nation, and then he will no longer wonder at such clergymen acting in their churches Popery without a Pope, and preaching a Christianity without a Christ.

Well, having made this little round of observations on our daily deeds and moral status, let him tell us whether the picture is more like that of a Christian community, or of "a sinful and adulterous generation." Is it possible that such a generation has any wish for any other world but this? Can we wonder that its philosophers concern themselves only with this world, and, if they have a glimmering notion of another world, do not think it worth looking after? There is a very disagreeable and disturbing book called the New Testament, that contains the very disagreeable declaration that "we brought nothing with us into this world, and it is very certain that we can carry nothing out of it." By some strange means, this disagreeable and really radical assertion has got into the Churches' Burial Service, and people hear it every day: but it is clear that they do not believe it; for they go on scraping up money, and adding house to house, to the very last moment of their existence. What for? Any one from another planet would say—"Certainly, they could either take it with them, or they could stay with it as long as they pleased, or that they were certainly insane.

Well, they neither can take it nor stay with it. We see these money-scrapers and earth-collectors every day shot out of their bodies by death, as recklessly as coals or potatoes are shot out of a sack. And these "children of this world" are said to be "wiser than the children of light." Then, what very fools must these children of light be! For more foolish creatures we cannot imagine than such as spend the first stage of a journey in gathering what they cannot take with them, and then having to set out without food, or clothes, or money, or any other means, on the longest journey that has ever been heard of,—namely, into the unmeasureable regions of eternity. What, indeed, must be the condition of a rich man of the earth suddenly bolted out of his riches,—whisked away from his houses, his lands, his bonds and debentures, and standing the poorest of the poor, the nakedest of the naked, the most hideous of the hideous, "a spectacle to angels and to men." Such a man who devoted every hour and energy of his life to root himself into the earth, and has made not the smallest provision for the spirit-world; who has not laid up a house or an acre of land there, or provided a single coin of such only as is there current,—namely, purification of heart and soul; love to God—

the gold coin of heaven ; love to the neighbour—its silver coin ; renunciation of self and all its selfish fibres and ramifications, truth and integrity “ in the inward parts.” What a desperate condition must he find himself in—what an idiot he must begin to think himself ! Blind, deaf, naked, cold, because he has neither exercised his spiritual senses nor laid up those “ treasures in heaven,” warmth and clothing, which are the life and raiment of the saints,—namely, love and worship of the Giver of life and all good ; love of another as of himself ; love of truth and the beauty of holiness. For such a man to have all his earthy passions and avarices grown into monstrous growth in him and through him, craving for their food and finding none but in the deeps of Hades,—why, he had much better have remained where he was—on earth. Yes, and there he would have been glad enough to remain for ever. There he was comfortable ; there he was honoured for his wealth, though he is now the poorest beggar in Hades. The case is urgent, and demands immediate remedy. What are all the millionaires and the great philosophers about ? Here are the noble and honourable of the world daily dropping and disappearing into this miserable Hades, and they do nothing to prevent it. The believers in the Bible, and the Spiritualists, have told them long enough what is going on, and they laugh both—especially the Spiritualists—to scorn. Come then, let them employ their wealth and their science to some purpose,—let them find another remedy ; and the only one is an invention to enable all those who do not believe in another, and another kind of world, and all those who do believe in it but do not want to go there, to remain here for ever with their acres, their halls, and their money bags.

I throw out this simple and most palpable idea for them. Let the rich men who want to stay here for ever club a few millions as a prize to stimulate the scientific to add to all their great discoveries in physics just this one other—how to keep soul and body together for ever ; how to act on this living *corpus* of matter, so as to give it the permanent mastery over the soul, or intellect, within. What a glorious discovery for those who have clearly set their hearts on this world and this world only ! Why, no contribution can be too great for such a boon—nothing can pay them so well. Investments in cotton or mines, in gas or railway companies,—they are not to be named with the grand privilege of keeping your banks and money-spinning offices, your estates and titles, your power and enjoyments, here for ever ! And for the men of science, what an opportunity ! Surely, with all their boasts of familiarity with matter, with their exaltation of it over spirit, and their own power and exaltation over *it*, it cannot require any stretch of ingenuity

which a few millions cannot call forth to add to their grand physical triumphs this single one of giving to matter a permanent form and hold on the life within.

That, indeed, would be a glorious means of prostrating the silly Spiritualists, with all their talk of spirit-worlds and spirit supremacy, of moral retribution, and of the final triumph of virtue over successful cash accounts. The new race of theologians would hail their discovery with acclamations. Preachers of the old school say—"Repent, return and live!" but they have been saying that any number of Sundays, through any number of centuries, and nobody in these enlightened times cares a straw for them. The new preachers, teachers and philosophers, tell us that that stupid book, in which all these useless, unregarded exhortations to think of another life are contained, is altogether, or almost altogether, a myth and a hoax, and no better than Zadkiel's Almanac, or Joanna Southcott's prophecies.

Let the scientific men, then, put the climax to their discoveries in matter, and give it permanence in the human form, and the day is their own! "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." To the bulk of mankind this has already come to pass. They believe neither in prophecies, nor tongues, nor knowledge, which speaks of spirit or directs to another world. In this world, and for this world only, they desire to live. It is for the autocrats of wealth and of science to accomplish the yearning and mighty desires of the materialistic millions. Why should they, spite of their own earth-bound faith, see themselves, having achieved fortune and honour, daily drop and disappear?

What! With all their breadth of lands, cannot they lay hold fast enough of it to keep them here? With all their money bags, cannot they purchase a right to stop where they are, and only desire to be? With all their greatness, cannot they command a halt in their beloved world? What, men of science! with all your knowledge and scientific discoveries, cannot you find out how to bind the soul within us by an indissoluble knot—how to live for ever in the only world you think worth cultivating, examining, analyzing, loving, and believing in? Oh, vanity of science! with all its lofty looks and words, not to be able to add that one discovery which can give a permanent value to all the rest! Oh, folly of human ingenuity! that amid the multitude of its nice inventions, lacks just the invention of remaining with its inventions! Oh, vanity of wealth! that cannot purchase this discovery from the masters of science,—this invention from the great inventors!

What! that science which scoffs at spirit, and spirit-worlds,

and spirit believers, not able to teach itself and its materialistic worshippers how to continue in the only world they have any faith in! What! cannot all the millionaires with all their mountains of gold, which can build palaces, bridges, giant factories, steam ships, and colonial bishoprics, not put together such a sum as shall pay for the discovery of "THIS ONE THING NEEDFUL!"

Let them think! What a glorious world they might make of this, and all for themselves! Possessed of this great secret—this power of earthly immortality, they might remain the really imperial few. The multitude of poor devils, the uninitiated, might still go "the way of all flesh" and not crowd too much on their sacred greatness. This done, and the poor fanatic Spiritualists might depart to their spirit-world and good riddance of them. Never more could they lift their visionary heads in a world where science had thus planted its immortal trophies. It is but reasonable to ask of them, as they scout all existence but matter, all worlds but the material ones, to give a desirable place on this actual earth to those whom they discourage from seeking any other. If they cannot do that, let them, at least, leave the Spiritualists alone, who do in all truth and honesty, not only promise to their fellow-men this attainment to a spirit-world hereafter, but the acquaintance, the aid, comfort and counsel of the spirit legions whilst here. If the men of science still continue their boasts, and their scornful language, without finding a remedy for the present wretched state of things—a world of wealth, pleasure, power, and knowledge, without a perpetuity and without a sequence—mere bubbles on a stream—we must regard them but as inmates of a large lunatic asylum—men playing out solemnly a fool's game, and "dying as the fool dieth!"

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#### ANECDOTE OF THE MOTHER OF GEORGE CANNING.—

The mother of George Canning, who was in narrow circumstances, accepted the offer of the proprietor of a house, which had the reputation of being haunted, to live rent free in a part of it. Under her apartments there was a joiner or cabinet maker's workshop, which was locked up every evening when the workmen left. But every night about twelve o'clock the work seemed to begin again. The planing, sawing, hammering growing louder and louder. When she stole down to the door of this workshop in her socks, the sounds suddenly ceased. When she had regained her room, they commenced as busily as before. The noises, however, only lasted for about half an hour each night. The owner of the house, who also lived in it, heard them too.—*Mrs. Crowe's Night-side of Nature.*



REMARKABLE PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECT OF  
CERTAIN DREAMS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Nation* (a respectable New York weekly newspaper), gives the following account, in its issue of November 1st:—

“M. N—— C——, a well-known mining engineer, who is vouched for as being a man of talent and education, of cool and methodical temperament, and about thirty years of age, has become, most unexpectedly to himself, the hero of a nine days’ fit of wonderment on the part of the Parisians, from the fact that his hair, black and unusually luxuriant, has been whitened in a single night under the impression of a dream.

“ ‘We should not give space to the narrative of this singular adventure,’ says the editor of the *Pays*, in whose columns the incident was originally mentioned, ‘were it not that M. C——, is personally well known to us as a truthful and honorable man, and has himself furnished us with the account we publish, affirming *on oath* the absolute exactness of every detail therein given.’

“ From the account thus given to the public it appears that M. C——, when inspecting certain mineral tracts in Brittany, stopped one night at a little roadside inn a few hundred yards distant from a mine which he had never seen, but which he purposed visiting next day. Having walked many miles in the course of the day, M. C——, on reaching the inn, felt very tired. He accordingly went to bed early, fell asleep at once, and dreamed, he asserts, the following dream: He thought that he had just been appointed to the managership of the mine in question, and he was busy in superintending the work of the miners, when the owner of the mine appeared on the ground. This man, rough and ill-bred, addressed the new manager rudely, reproaching him with his inactivity, adding: ‘Instead of standing there, with your arms folded, seeing other men work, you would do better to go down into the mine and draw the plan of it, as you engaged to do.’ ‘I will go down and begin the drawings at once,’ replied the young engineer, hurt and annoyed at the manner of his employer. Placing himself forthwith in the basket, he ordered the men at the windlass to let him down into the mine. This was done; the basket reached the bottom; and then, summoning a couple of the workmen to precede him with their lamps, he explored the various galleries of the mine, and, having made a plan of the

workings, returned to the bottom of the shaft, got into the basket, and gave the signal for the ascent. As he placed himself in the basket he remarked the great thickness of the rope which served to hoist it, and calculated that, the mine being unusually deep, the ascent could scarcely be accomplished in less than a quarter of an hour. He had been ascending thus for two or three minutes when, chancing to raise his eyes, he espied what seemed to him to be an abrasion of the rope by which he was being drawn up. Startled by this appearance, he fixed his eyes on the portion of the rope which had attracted his attention, and saw distinctly that the rope was cut a few feet above his head, just out of reach of his hand. His terror at this discovery was such that he nearly fainted. Rousing himself, by force of will, from the stupor of apprehension that had so nearly overcome him, he compelled himself to calmness, and set himself again to examine the rope. Perhaps he was mistaken; he would look again. But no; he was not mistaken. The rope had rubbed against some projection of the rocky walls which hemmed him in, and its strands were untwisting slowly but visibly. At the injured point the thickness of the massive cable was already reduced to less than an inch. The unfortunate man felt that his doom was sealed; the conviction of the utter hopelessness of his position chilled him to the very marrow of his bones. He tried to call out, but his tongue seemed frozen. Moreover, he felt that, even if he could make himself heard (which was totally impossible, as he was now half way up), no human aid could reach him. Looking upwards, he could see the daylight at the mouth of the shaft, bright but distant, like a star. Gazing downwards, over the edge of the basket, at a depth that it made him dizzy and sick to look down to, he could see, like so many glow-worms, the lamps of the miners. And the basket, meantime, mounted higher and higher every instant, the rope cracking audibly under the increasing strain of the ascent. The unfortunate engineer saw clearly that there was no possibility of escaping the horrible fate awaiting him, and could almost count the seconds that would elapse ere the breaking of the rope must precipitate him into the fearful void below. Such was the intensity of his anguish that he was tempted to abridge its duration by throwing himself down at once, instead of awaiting any longer the inevitable instant. As he hesitated, longing yet fearing to take the fatal leap, the basket reached the mouth of the shaft. He was saved! With a loud cry he leaped from the basket, awaking as he felt once more the solid earth beneath his feet.

“The horrible adventure was only a dream; but M. C— was trembling, exhausted, bathed in perspiration, and incapable

of making a movement or uttering a sound. After a time he recovered his self-command so far as to be able to ring for help. The people of the inn hastened to obey the summons, but could not at first recognize their customer of the preceding evening, for his luxuriant raven hair had become perfectly grey. And, stranger than even this physical evidence of the violence of the emotions he had undergone during his troubled slumbers, there lay upon his bed, and evidently drawn by his own hand, a plan of the adjacent mine which he was to visit on the following day, but which he had never seen, and of whose internal arrangements he had no idea; and this plan, so unaccountably produced, proved, on examination of the mine, to be absolutely correct in every particular. So much for the story vouched for by one of the five 'leading journals' of this capital; its explanation I leave to the ingenuity of your readers."

An instance of a similar kind happened to Henry IV. of France, and we have the best authority—his own word—for its truth. Matthieu, his historian, says that he was present when the king told the Marquis de la Force that, when he heard the unexpected and mortifying news that Henry III. had published the edict of July, 1585, by which every Huguenot was ordered either to go to mass or to leave the kingdom in six months, he was so greatly affected, that in an instant the moustachio on that side of his face which happened to rest upon his hand was converted into grey.

The physiological phenomenon is probably explicable by reference to the processes of vital chemistry. It is well known that sulphur is an important constituent in the hair. An American author remarks, "Any physical derangement or powerful mental excitement, producing a strong determination of vital forces to the brain, is liable to develop an electro-chemical action, in which the oil containing the colouring matter of the hair may be absorbed by the sulphur, which is then perceived through its transparent envelope. Thus hair of all colours and of every conceivable shade assumes the same appearance." But how, on the principle of the Materialist that all knowledge is and can only be obtained through the physical senses, are we to explain the phenomena of true clairvoyance, and especially, as in this case of the engineer, of true clairvoyance in sleep, when all the avenues and gates of sense are closed and locked? The facts of this class are numerous, but I cite only one further example. One, comprehending all the particulars of a tragic scene that was enacted in California, on the 6th of December, 1854, and which originally appeared in the editorial columns of the *Cincinnati Times*. The subject of this singular experience, we are told, "was a young married lady—

wife of a merchant doing business in Main-street." It should be observed that the dream and the actual occurrence were simultaneous:—

“She dreamed of seeing her brother, who in 1852 left home to brave the hardships of a life in California, that he might secure a competence for himself and his sister. She saw him rise from a bed, in a small, hut-like tenement, and running his hand under the pillow, draw from thence a revolver and a huge bowie-knife, both of which he placed in a belt that encircled his body. The time was not far from midnight, for the embers were yet smoking on the rude hearth; and, as they cast their lurid glare over his countenance, she thought that perhaps it was all a dream; but then she concluded that no dream could be so real, and became convinced that all was actual.

“While she gazed on his countenance, the expression suddenly changed—it betrayed an intense watchfulness; all motion seemed suspended, and every heart-throb muffled, while the eye was fixed on a particular spot near the head of the bed, where—through a small aperture not noticed before—a human hand was visible, grasping a short keen instrument, looking terribly like a dagger. It apparently sought the head of the bed, for as it touched the pillow it passed slowly down to about the supposed region of the heart, and poised for a second, as if to make sure its aim. That second was sufficient for the brother to rise noiselessly from his seat, draw his bowie-knife from his belt, and advance a single step toward the bed. Just as the dagger descended into the blankets, the knife of the brother came down like a meat-axe, close to the aperture, completely severing the hand of the would-be assassin above the wrist, and causing the dagger and limb to fall on the bed, trophies of his victory. A deep, prolonged yell sounded from without, and on rushing to the aperture and convincing himself that there was but one, the brother unbolted the door and stepped out. The moon was shining, and by its light was discovered a man writhing as if in the last agonies.

“The miner drew the body to the door, and turning his face to the fire, beheld the visage of a Mexican who, for some fancied injury, had sworn to never rest content until he had taken his (the brother's) life. On examining the man closely, he was discovered to have a wound near the heart, which a long, sharp, two-edged blade in his left hand abundantly accounted for. Failing in the attempt to assassinate his intended victim, he had with his only remaining hand driven another knife to his own heart. The lady awoke, and, vividly impressed with the dream, related its substance to her husband as it is here recorded. Judge, then, of their surprise when, not long after, they

received a letter from their brother in California (by the *North Star*), relating an adventure that occurred on the night of the 6th of December, corresponding in all its particulars with the scene witnessed by the lady in her dream."

T. S.

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## THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.—SOME ADVANTAGES OF SPIRITUALISM.

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CHRISTIANITY assumes as its own the whole domain of Spiritualism. That whole realm of fear and wonder, traversed in part by the ancient Gynosophists and the various followers of Budh, or Brahma, working through the parabolic myth and alluring in the elegancies of fable, the keen and polished intellect of the Greek, and which, while it furnished the main forms of all the various other religions of antiquity, was limited by the Law of Moses, and the growing instincts of Monotheism among the Jews, fell at once beneath *its* Messiah, and the Christian first of men, the genuine "first born of all creation." This is the wonderful victory intimated by the temptation in the wilderness. The first law and dignity in this new province, henceforth subject to humanity, and its laws of thought divine, was in the promise of the signs which should follow them that believe. *Follow* as attendants do their ruler, being simply signs of their new and heavenly life. Its last law on the subject does but clench this by affirming that the spirit which does not subserve the Lord in flesh is in disobedience, and that with it, therefore, the Christian has nothing to do but reject it. It must be quite clear then, that even he, whose faith in Christianity is limited to a belief in the superiority of Jesus to the world's prophet teachers, has a rightful claim of knowledge in Spiritualism, and it is, we hold, equally clear, that he who takes any communication to have authority as of the Holy Spirit of the creative and redeeming God, is a mere *babe* "*νήπιος*" in Christ.

But now, if this be so, we come to the question, What is the present use of Spiritualism to a Christian? We reply, in one word, it is the power still manifest among men of reading the Word and ways of God, not as of a mere author of nature, bound in its laws and limited by its finity, but as the "Father of Spirits," and, consequently, acting eternally in reproduction from the world of causes, and in the unstinted plenitude of His divine will. The ancient Church so literally understood this that in its best, simplest, and largest creed it places the assertion of the "Communion of Saints" in the same clause as that which

teaches his faith in the Holy Ghost, and between the naming of the Catholic Church and the forgiveness of sins. This is because it so learned the facts of Christianity; for every man found by entering into the rule of one or ten cities in the domain of Spiritualism that he was a member of a church which was divine, and in heaven as well as on earth—and that, therefore, his own sins were most assuredly forgiven.

In proportion as men studied theology they borrowed terms out of the ancient current philosophies, which were accommodations to the wants of the time from earlier schools, and, learning by intellect more than by example and fact, they dropped the mention of this Christian power in the two later and more dogmatic creeds. Now, we cannot return to the days of ignorance, any more than the plant can grow back to its root, but we can bring facts within the courts of investigation and marshal them in the array of science, which is apparently the duty of our era. By doing this in Spiritualism we can realise how very small the difficulty is in reconciling our understandings to the seemingly strange statements of Scripture, and the more easily receive its lessons. He that has heard one of those "airy tongues that syllable men's names," can account for many a story of his old Bible. The critical mind, puzzled by two Isaiahs, is immediately relieved by the spirit-phenomenon of writing by dictation, and ceases to ask himself whether the second Isaiah was a cheat, or the Daniel of Antiochus Epiphanes a wilful deceiver whom a Divine Providence has overruled to inspire the world with Messianic ideas. He rules, in short, in the modern domain of Spiritualism as the primitive Christian did in his, and even more so as becomes the later heir of so glorious an inheritance. In like manner, he will learn in the gifts of healing and in new ideas spiritually suggested much more than his Christian predecessor, for he will thereby get at a science of healing and a philosophy in thought; but he must, like a true man of science, take nothing at second-hand.

It will be noticed, that we have taken merely popular questions, and stated them without references to learned authorities, and we think this the most useful way of writing, as it is by no means our desire to lay down any views of our own, or to force our convictions on others; but our wish is merely to suggest what unbiassed intellects may work out. And this leads us to another view of our great general statement of the utility of Spiritualism.

We never yet met with an honest Spiritualist, who; however much his own conviction of the truth of Christianity as a Divine and revealed law of thought was deepened and extended, remained a hard theologian, and was not led to see how very

various may be the standing points of the mind of man around what he believes the world's great and central truth. In brief, the more entirely he believes, that Jesus is the Son of God, the more hearty becomes his sympathy with the honest lover of his Lord, as the great Prophet who rose up among men.

It is surely no small advantages in a community which is for ever tending to division on the great subject which ought to unite all men, that the Spiritualist by his education in facts, has been taught that there is a power beyond dogma, and a love beyond any of those names, in which the love of his fellow creatures causes him to name his heart's Lord, and the Sun of his intellect. To him the great proof that a truth is divine is, that it is more instinct with humanity than any other he can learn or hear of.

In this rapid sketch of the advantages of Christian Spiritualism, or of Spiritualism to the willing and hearty believer in Christianity, much has been omitted, as not yet brought within men's sphere of reception by generally acknowledged facts; but the writer allows himself to add, that everything he has yet learned or anticipated, is marked by the same liberal and generous characteristics as what he has now so cursorily stated.

W. E.

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## THE FREED SOUL.

A SPIRITUAL WRITING, BY A LADY, IN 1826.

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THE soul, when divested of the body which detains it upon this earth, and binds it, as it were, with a chain, feels as doth the weary traveller when he arrives at a long journey's end, after having experienced the greatest troubles and adversities. A new gleam of light, joy, and hope now shines over him—he is comfortably settled with his little family all well and smiling upon him, at his own fireside, his troubles over, and nothing but a bright prospect of prosperity and delight before him. He bids adieu to all sorrow, and thinks of nothing but happiness and joy to come: or as doth the little harmless bird, after being confined in a cage, if, by chance, it gets liberty, how doth it not flutter its little wings; with rapturous joy and delight it ranges over the wide expanse of nature, nor once it deigns to think of the prison it has escaped from. Such will be the felicity and unspeakable delight of the righteous soul, when disencumbered from its prison of corruptible flesh, it will look at once with pity, surprise, and contempt upon the things of this world which have so long taken up its attention; it will wish for the time to arrive when

those it leaves behind shall join it in glory, which it feels itself already in possession of, and hastens with joy to meet the friends who have gone before. New scenes now open apace, everything bears a different appearance than it was wont to do; the senses are opened that were shut up in darkness; the sight which occupied but a short space now takes in a great part of the universe, which is replete with wonders; myriads of angels fill all space. Nothing but melody is heard, sweet, solemn, lively, and gay; all ideas are expressed in accents of delicious music; ideas that were once so imperfect are now expanded beyond all restraint. All power of perception is given to the senses to view and admire the works of God, all power of conveyance is given to the soul to transport itself wherever it inclines; thousands of angels, arrayed in all celestial glory, covered with the sparkling gems of heaven, meet and welcome with ecstatic delight every new soul to the regions of everlasting bliss and glory. Not unlikely the souls of those persons best beloved by them here, but who had gone a little time before, and now, experienced in the paths of glory, lead them forward rejoicing to the habitation of the most high God. The ethereal gates of heaven will fly open at their approach, a blaze of light and glory emanating from the throne of God, and the thousands of heavenly instruments, with continual variety, with myriads of angels in concert, will sing praises and glorify the Supreme Being, whose glory surrounds them. The new soul is welcomed with songs of joy most harmonious, and in language which all understand, it receives indubitable signs of approbation and mercy from the Most High, the interior of whose Throne is impenetrable, and the glory of which the angels dare scarcely look upon. The soul thus approved falls down filled with reverential awe, delight, love, joy, and wonder; 'tis instantly surrounded by heavenly angels, whose delight it is to instruct it and soften down the first raptures, and the ideas of self-insignificancy which take possession of the soul when first entering the glorious kingdom of heaven. It sees the innumerable worlds revolving around it. It is continually discovering new wonders; and observes minutely the different inhabitants of the spirit-world in their new spiritual state, after putting off the terrestrial body in this the intermediate preparatory abode. Lost in wonder and astonishment, all its praises appear inadequate to express its love and veneration for Him whose power rules supreme and whose glory fills all heaven. Its new world is of immeasurable and inconceivable magnitude, and by its influence governs and attracts all the spheres around it, all inhabited by beings in different states. The angels continually see the great power and glory of God;



He is their delight, joy, love and happiness; the voice of God rolls round them in thunder—the whole heavens ring with joy, and with one accord the angels answer, not with signs of fear, but with unbounded love, glory, reverence, delight, and rapture!

Heaven only is Paradise; Heaven only is the seat of love, joy, and unparalleled felicity; Heaven only is crowned with never-fading joys and endless variety—flowers, trees, and shrubs of everlasting growth and incomparable sweetness, and endless beauty; arbors, groves, avenues, grottoes, cascades, fountains and rivulets, landscapes covered with the finest verdure—all that the finest imagination can picture to the senses—are there, and ten thousand times more of endless variety, such as we can have no conception of, as we only discover the works of God imperfectly produce in this state of existence. No wish is there unfulfilled; all happiness is complete, all beauty and harmony. The angels, in shape as we, but more exquisitely formed—chaste, pure, and transparent, without dross and corruption, the features soft, full of heavenly thought; smiles of innocence play over the countenance of inexpressible beauty, benevolence, wisdom, and virtue. No thought of what shall I eat, what shall I drink, what shall I put on? The body is spiritual, and therefore requires no corruptible food; the flowing robes are of celestial origin, and therefore require no aid to keep them in order, but are always pure, unsullied, and brilliant as the stars of heaven, reflecting the glory of the Supreme Beneficence.

What shall I say, then, of this poor pitiful world, when all we can ever attain in it is of short and perishable duration? Ought we not to look upon everything we see in it as poor and trifling—unworthy of beings who were made for such celestial felicity? All we see is the property of another, we being only pilgrims; nothing we see or have can we call our own, for our state of existence is so soon at an end. One day follows another, one year follows another—until that year, that day, and that hour that shall bring us to the last we shall ever spend in this poor deceitful world, when all we have ever called our own shall be left to another. In the spring of our lives we are thoughtless and gay; no thought of death ever interferes with our pleasures and pastimes. In the summer of our lives we become thoughtful, and careful of the things of this world, which we are to call our own for so short a time. In the autumn and decline of life we begin to see the delusion we have been under so long—our eyes are opened then, and only then, to the real state of things on earth. In the winter of our lives all is over—we wither, perish, droop, and fall to the ground; our pleasures, pastimes, speculations, delusions, cares, sorrows, and pains are over. We die;

the agony of the last struggle and the labour of death is over; we close our eyes upon all we have ever held dear, and what is then the world to us? Perhaps some dear friend weeps over us wishing to recal us to life—for a few short days more to be ours. Alas! my kind friend, you too will soon be the same as that clay-cold corpse you now look upon with so much sorrow. A few short years and all will be over with you also; you will breathe your last breath, as I have done. Look at death, how still it is; touch it, how cold it is. The passions are stilled at that stern repose. Look at the eyes, now closed in death, that once sparkled with delight; they will now open no more upon the pleasures and sorrows of this life; all within is dark and still as the grave; those lips, now sealed up in everlasting silence—no pleasing sounds, no cheering words, no delightful praises, shall evermore come from thence. All within is silent and still as the cold sepulchral grave. That body, once so beloved, is now going the way of all nature, to be, alas! the food for worms. This, indeed, is a melancholy thought for those surviving, but not so for those whom you contemplate. No; all thought has left the pale corpse, all is alike indifferent to it, the grave or the palace. The spirit that once animated the form has made its escape; 'tis hovering about you, accompanied by other spirits, imperceptible to human eyes. They are acquainted with all your thoughts. Soon it takes its departure hence for other regions of greater perfection, or, perhaps for a little time to take a retrospective view of the things in this world and friends at a distance that are beloved by it still,—and whom, after a few short years or days it will again converse with in the regions of eternal glory, never more to separate.

When the spirit leaves this world, perhaps it does not immediately appear in the presence of the Lord, being as yet unprepared for so great a change. The sun, being the superior of this solar system, will probably take it a short period, as being a place pure from all earthly dross, therefore more allied to heaven, consequently suitable for a soul recently divested of all earthly corruption, to be translated to, that it may be prepared in a certain degree to meet its great and awful Judge at the celestial seat of everlasting glory. The sun is ninety-five millions of miles from this globe, and more than a million of times larger; it is surrounded with an ethereal light, which appears to us like fire; things often appear different to what they really are; the moon appears not what she is—an inhabited world, 244,000 miles from this, dark and opaque, and only reflecting the light of the sun, but it appears a clear, light body of matter, composed of we know not what, and shining with

its own light. The sun is a dark body also, but composed of different material from this world, having much greater attraction and reflection, such as it may be gold, silver, precious stones of great refulgence, and such like, surrounded by a fine, clear, heavenly effluvium, and being of a totally different nature from anything earthly; we can scarcely bear to look upon it, having all the effects of distant fire upon this earth; it is ordained by Providence to be the support of the body, as well as the preparation for the soul. We could not live without it here, and hereafter without it we could not enter the spiritual kingdom. It brings all our corn and fruits to perfection—it also brings the soul to perfection, and makes it worthy to enter the kingdom of heaven.

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### THE PROCESS BY WHICH MAN IS FITTED FOR THE ETERNAL FUTURE.

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IT is not often that we are able to quote from a daily journal on a topic like this. We, therefore, the more readily lay before our readers some remarks upon it from a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which appeared in its issue of Thursday, November 9th. Some editorial criticisms on a former letter of the writer's occasioned a reply, in which the following remarks appear:—

“ I hold that it is absolutely impossible to explain the phenomena of human nature and the physical universe except on the belief that this present life leads directly up to some other life by an intimate organic connection; and further, that in all probability the whole human race will ultimately find in a perfected knowledge and love of God the complete satisfaction and employment of their moral and intellectual powers. Here, then, my critic will perhaps reiterate his charge that I reject hell merely because I do not like it. Let me say, then, why I disbelieve in an eternity of misery. In a word, it is because I believe that God is a just God. Justice requires that the penalty of an offence should be proportionate to the capacity of the offender for understanding both the nature of the offence itself and also the nature of the penalty to be incurred. Now man, being a creature of finite capacities, is incapable of committing an offence of infinite magnitude, and, consequently, is incapable of deserving a punishment of infinite magnitude. On the other hand, the justice of God does not forbid his conferring eternal happiness on those who are morally fitted for it, because justice

has nothing to do with the conferring of gifts. Eternal happiness cannot be deserved by man, but it can be bestowed by God out of his pure goodness.

“What, then, is the process by which humanity is fitted for the eternal future? It is not, what my friendly critic makes me say, a sort of rainy May melting into a glorious June. It is a moral discipline, by which the struggle of passion with reason is brought to an end in the final victory of reason. Being this, it is of necessity a painful work and a tedious work. It is, in truth, an agony; with all the alternations of hope and despair, and renewed efforts, and the terrible sufferings of a mortal conflict. But its issue, according as I read the facts of the life of man, is always the same in the end. At what period in man's existence that end is attained we cannot tell. It is probably attained by some few persons in the course of this life; but of those who begin it a vast number die while the discipline is not half completed, while with an enormous majority it is not, as far as we can see, even begun. As for the popular belief that the discipline of man and his moral responsibility cease at the period we call death, I believe that it is a groundless assumption. It is in contradiction with the whole system on which the moral and physical universe is conducted. Looking back myriads of ages, I see always one slow, unbroken process of growth and development, and I see the same in the history of man as a race, and of each man as an individual. There is no precedent in creation, that I can discover, for any such dislocation of the action of organic law as would be involved in that sudden cessation of the operation of moral and intellectual discipline which is popularly supposed to be the result of death. To suppose that every person who has ‘faith’ and some small ‘good works’ is instantly elevated, as the Protestant holds, to an eternal happiness just as he is, seems to me one of the most irrational of theories. And the Catholic doctrine of purgatory is as irrational, for it asserts that the good are subjected to a purifying process without any further moral responsibility; without, that is, any further real moral discipline whatsoever.

“You will say that we have no proof of these views. But in reality we have the same proof as that which establishes the certainty of any scientific truth. They satisfy the conditions of the problem to be solved. They violate no facts, and they supply a solution to the mystery which is in harmony with everything we do really know of ourselves and of the Divine nature. Certainly they are not contradicted by anything that I can find in the Gospels. But you may ask, How is this view to be applied to the millions in whom no moral discipline is ever commenced before death! This is my reply. I perceive that in

the case of those in whom the moral discipline is really begun, and is carried on to the utmost perfection, a material portion of their existence is necessarily passed before the commencement of the discipline. For years we all live a purely animal existence, and are apparently not a whit more like saints and sages in an embryonic stage than are the wretched multitudes who constitute the criminal classes in London, or than the most degraded savages of Africa. How it is that an infancy and childhood of animalism and passion are an organic preparation for an intellectual and moral probation we cannot tell; but there is the fact, not shocking, or distressing, or bewildering, because we are familiar with it, and we are cognizant of the subsequent development of the reasoning and moral character. Just such may be the whole terrestrial existence of the savages under the tropics or in our own fields and cities. All analogy leads us to the supposition that it may be simply the infancy of an existence commenced here and developed hereafter. They live and die in ignorance of their nature and their coming destiny, like a babe that dies after a year of sickness and misery. This ignorance is, too, in harmony with that general law of ignorance slowly passing into knowledge whose operation meets us wherever we turn our eyes. It is one of the great mysteries of our life. 'If there is a God,' we are tempted to ask, 'why does He thus hide himself? And why cannot we speak with Him as we speak with one another?' There is no answer. We do not know. But we do know that ignorance of things great and good and true is no proof that they do not exist. The ignorance of God in the savage and the pariah is no more a proof that He does not intend some day to make Himself known to them than their ignorance of the law of gravitation is a disproof of astronomical science.

"Such is the solution of the mystery of human existence with which I sustain myself when borne down with the contemplation of its miseries, its follies, its ignorance, and its sins. It enables me to trace the real progress of our race through all the errors and crimes and sorrows of the past; to recognize a certain place in the development of the Divine plan in many forms of religious belief otherwise repellent to my ideas; and to sympathize with innumerable men and women in their struggles after what is good and true, even though I reject the dogmas of their special creeds; and it permits me to study patiently the universal onward movement of all things around me, and in the midst of the clang and din of the conflict in which we live to detect and listen to the never-ceasing strain of a sweet melody which sings of the infinite wisdom and goodness that is leading all things to their final perfection."

## THE RECONSTRUCTED CHURCH.

THE hope of the Gospel rests not in dissolving present denominations, nor in abstract individuality, nor in reviving the Churches as they are, nor in their amalgamation—where is it then? The answer is simple: *In a new class of workers.* In vain may arrogant Sadducees preach. In vain may we revolutionize the government, project reforms, build houses of worship, organize societies, support the ministry, and write immortality all over our shuffling world, unless “Holiness unto the Lord” be engraved with the pen of truth upon every love and thought. Development is attained by self-denial; exaltation by humility; honour by suffering. Under blind leaders of the blind, the Church has fallen into the ditch. The *angels of the Lord* demand *holy* men and women; enlightened and *inspired* leaders; *unbribed* and *unbribable reformers*, who are devoted to *righteousness* as were Paul and John. They demand agitators, spiritual artists and abolitionists, who are unpopular in the synagogues; who construct rather than destroy; who pray rather than curse; who, alive with a divine afflatus, breathe the Holy Spirit in their very lungs, and utter a “Thus saith the Lord” in the revealments of the laws of life; who worship in “upper rooms” under *flaming tongues*; who have conquered the lusts of the flesh in the desert of temptation; who have ascended the Mount of Transfiguration and have communed with hoary prophets, until their faces shine with the sunlight of heavenly wisdom; who have endured “the strong crying and tears” in the Gethsemane of trial; who have been crucified by persecutors till the cross is vitalized with love—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;” who have died to the old dispensation, and risen again, masters of the hells of self. Have they had this experience? Is the good of humanity their creed? Are they oblivious to pride of clan, and lustre of denomination, and cant of popularity, willing to lay upon the altar of reform, reputation, interest, respectability, and life itself? If so, they are the anointed of God. Only such can reconstruct the Church; only such can form the HEAVENLY UNION that is to be. Ho! ye despised reformers; ye heretics of every ism; ye persecuted sovereigns of republican religion; ye who have come out of great tribulation and washed your robes in the waters of virtue, be strong for the cost of freedom! Ye Melancthons, and Wesleys, and Foxes, and Murrays, and Channings, and Joan of Arc, and Mary Magdalenes, rejoice for the harvest whose seed ye sowed in the cold, and nurtured in tears! When will you lead us, “the common people,” to victory? “Awake, awake! put on thy strength, oh Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, oh Jerusalem,

the holy city; for henceforth there shall no more come unto thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, oh Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, oh captive daughter of Zion!"

The Church is to be a new stratum of theological use, upheaved from *internal fires*, carrying with it all other strata—elevated higher in mind—of the ancient in principle, of the modern in form, of the past in reverence, of the present in love, essentially Christian, and practically scientific. If there are no continents of land to be discovered, there are vast continents of truth yet unknown. An unexplored ocean lies ahead; let no tradition, or dogma, prevent an expedition; be free to sail into the celestial havens. The Church must be built on the foundations of an Eternal Past. The petrified worms and reptiles, and mussel shells, slumbering in rocks, shine with beautiful use to-day in the solid blocks of business, and mansions of kings and queens; so must the smallest and grossest form of truth, exhumed from their mines, serve a noble purpose in man's religious economy. Is there any good in Budhism, or Mahometanism, or Catholicism? Extract it as the bee would honey from the flower or sloe. God's heavenly treasures are scarce and scattered. They can be found, not alone in Jewish Bibles, but in monasteries, catacombs, and Druidical ruins. Brahma and Zoroaster, and Socrates, and Confucius, and Mahomet; yea, all the thinkers and discoverers, moralists, and lawgivers, of every age, are to be builders of the House of God. Ancient Egypt, and China, and Persia, and India, have riches to bestow. The gates to these sepulchres of golden wisdom are wide open to the reformers; and theirs is the right to gather the "precious stones." Invention is Gabriel's trumpet to resurrect the dead. Free thought is a terrible sun that makes fossils sprout and Aaron's rod bud. The Past rises up for reconstruction; animate it with the Soul of the Present! Bring into this new temple the warm zeal and human sovereignty of Armenianism, the elective potency and virtue of Calvinism, the saving faith of Adventism, the bodily purities of Baptism, the rationalistic and humanitarian rectitude of Unitarianism, the paternal providence and universal holiness of Universalism, the correspondencies and charities of Swedenborgianism, the noblest aspirations of Spiritualism, fresh leaping with joy from the ocean of immortality. Thus, whatever is enduring and vital in Catholicism and Protestantism will blend in unity—the conservative and radical, the ancient and modern, the old and the new, the systematic and progressive. Thus, the mysteries of the Classics, the spiritualities of the Hebrews, the superstitions of the Hindoos, shorn of their idolatries, are angelic oracles of the nineteenth century, their originators

speaking again of holier and ever holier governments and blessings to man. Thus, the memorable paintings and statues of the great and good, the song and chant, the relic and symbol, "the communion with the saints," and the sweet maternity of the Mother Church, brought forward with shoutings to the true Protestant, are rejuvenated in a youthful embodiment. Hopeful Union of Theology! Grand Eclecticism of the Soul! let it be consummated for the "healing of the nations!"

Courage, then, in the midst of difficulties. "They that be with us are worse than they that be with them." The hosts of angels gaurding are armed in chariots of fire, waiting patiently to charge with us "on the enemy's works."

They who so think and love, coming forth as they do from customary imprisonment, and leading the van to higher religious life, are the builders and the building. Most weighty is the responsibility; when shall we discharge it faithfully, and fulfil the beautiful prophecy: "It shall come to pass *in the last days*, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established *in the top of the mountains*, and shall be exalted *above the hills*, and ALL NATIONS SHALL FLOW UNTO IT?"

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#### ANECDOTE OF DR. H—N.

TRAVELLING in Iceland this August, I met Dr. H—n, one of the most remarkable men in the island, and he has furnished me with the following brief narrative of what once happened to himself:—

"When I was young," says he, "I was one day engaged in haymaking along with the people on my father's home-farm. About three o'clock in the afternoon, I felt sleepy, and I laid down in a ruined sheep-house, the inside of which was overgrown with grass.

"Scarcely was I asleep, when I dreamt that a dark-visaged young lad came to me, shook his head horribly in my face, and pronounced the following stave:—

"Darksome were my days all:  
Deep the gushing wounds."\*

"When I wakened, I told my father this dream, and he asked his parishioners (he was a clergyman) about the ruin, and what they knew of it; and presently one old man told him that he had heard tell in his youth of a vagabond who cut his throat in this very sheep-hut, where I dreamt the dream."

So far Dr. H—n.

J. J. G. W.

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\* The original is a fine specimen of the old Icelandic alliterative metre—

"Dimmur var eg um daga;  
Dundi blóð úr undum."



## HEAVEN, AND HOW TO PREPARE FOR IT.

IN the old theology the idea of reward for virtue or holiness is centred in the doctrine that heaven is the place of reward and hell of punishment. Every good action done is supposed to meet its reward—true enough when rightly understood, but vitiated by the common idea that heaven is a place of happiness and hell of misery. Hence the great end of human life is made to be the pursuit of happiness—a mere selfish desire for pleasure and delight, unalloyed and unending. Now, instead of Heaven being *a place of unalloyed happiness*, it is *a state of eternal life*, and by eternal life is not meant mere existence for ever, but a life so implanted in the Divine Life that it goes on for ever increasing in true love and good uses, and in constant drawing us nearer and nearer to the Divine Original. Hence, instead of Heaven being a price paid us for our sufferings here, it is a state of life for which, while here, we are constantly paying the cost. The commodity we are seeking to gain is the highest aim of human endeavour—to be Godlike—to become an image in the likeness of our Maker—to enter into life eternal. And any idea of recompense, of ease, pleasure and happiness entering in, pollutes the very air and strikes at the heart's core of heavenly blessedness.

By self-denial—by unceasing combat against evil—by unceasing prayer for strength to do and suffer, we prepare ourselves for Heaven—not to sit down there in idle beatitudes, but to carry out more fully the ends of our being in works of good uses towards all creation. The ministrations of angels entering deeply into human sympathies, must have their sad as well as joyous aspects—we go there to work, not to sit supinely and enjoy a flow of pleasure. And the cost we are paying daily is to fit us for the work.—*The Crisis*.

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## Notices of Books.

### INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSES.\*

To those who were present at the delivery of these Addresses, or who have read the former series, this book will need no commendation, either from us or others. It has all the characteristic excellencies of the former volume, from which, however, it

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\* *Extemporaneous Addresses*. By EMMA HARDINGE. Spoken at the Winter *Soirées*, held at Harley Street, London, 1866. Second Series. London: BURNS, Progressive Library, Camberwell; Scott, Warwick Court, Holborn.

differs in consisting mainly of Answers to Questions selected by the Committee from those received for the purpose; no previous notice being given to the speaker of such questions, or of the subject of her Address, according as the Committee might arrange the programme for the evening. The subjects so dealt with are various, including The difference between Instinct and Reason; Re-incarnation; The uses of Pain and Suffering; Sanity and Insanity; Mediumship; The Law of Faith as a Practical Principle of Life; Time and Space with reference to the Spiritual World; The Law of Temptation; The Philosophy of Prayer; the Perception of Things Future; Mystery; The Metempsychosis; The Process of Death and of Birth into the Spirit-World; The Philosophy of Spiritual Possession; The Difference between Soul and Spirit, &c.

Some of the thoughts on these topics are barely suggested; others are wrought out more fully, and with ample illustration; but in no case are they trivial or common place, or of mere temporary interest. Indeed, were it not so much the habit with our press-men, and the public generally, to give to books a reception in the inverse ratio to their merits, we should anticipate for this volume a wide popularity. It will, at least (which is far better) be useful and prized in proportion as it is known; and this, irrespective of its claim, to have been given under the inspiration of spirits. We believe this; but its value would not necessarily be enhanced to us on that account. We judge of it, as all works (like men) must in the end be judged of, by its own intrinsic merits. But whatever may be thought of these Addresses as to their origin, considering them only as Extemporaneous Addresses, as an intellectual phenomena they rank as one, and that not the least, of our "Modern Mysteries."

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REPORT OF THE SECOND CONVENTION OF  
"PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS."\*

ARE the distinctive characteristics of "Progressive" Spiritualism a pugnacious hostility to the Christian name and faith, and to all creeds and churches;—the adoption, by preference, of that powerful and convincing kind of argument which consists in the habitual employment of strong language, and the free attribution of unworthy motives to those not so "progressive" as themselves, and, the establishment of a new and exceedingly narrow sect to denounce all Sectarianism in the tallest of tall talk? That, at

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\* *British Association of Progressive Spiritualists. Proceedings of the Second Convention, held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 25th and 26th, 1866. London: BURNS, Progressive Library, Camberwell.*

all events, is, we think, the first impression which most persons would receive from the report of this and of the former Convention of "Progressive" Spiritualists. First impressions, however, are not always correct; and it may be that our "progressive" friends only mean by the title they have taken, their desire to "progress" out of the unhappy condition of mind in which they find themselves; their first step in this direction being to rid themselves of all this perilous stuff which weighs so heavily upon them, and disagrees with them so badly. In this case, we heartily sympathise with them, and wish them safe deliverance and speedy progress out of their present very "rudimental sphere."

Or are we to take another hopeful view of the case, and believe that, after all, our "progressive" friends are not fairly represented by the few speakers and correspondents (who, it may be, form only a small minority of their number) who pertinaciously press their pale imitation of the Pagan phase of American Spiritualism upon the Convention? In an assembly of some score of persons, gathered from all parts of the country, with little or no knowledge of each other, and convened for no practical purpose in particular, that we can discern, much difference and even contrariety of opinion may be expected; and we are, therefore, not at all surprised to find that the labours of the "Resolution Committee" ended in failure. The spirit of antagonism and theological controversy is not by any means conducive to harmony, and generally leads to divergent action through differences, rather than to unity of effort from a common basis of agreement.

We think it would have been far wiser to recognize, and, in a friendly spirit, take into account these religious differences, and not to suppose that Spiritualism is, or can for a moment be, exclusively identified with any special theological beliefs or unbeliefs. It is not in the sole charge of the disciples of Emanuel Swedenborg, of Andrew Jackson Davis, of Ann Lee, of Joseph Smith, of Thomas Paine, or of any other sect or coterie whatsoever. Heaven is not a rotten borough, nor the spirit-world a close corporation in which some have a special vested interest, which others have not. Communion with it may be enjoyed alike by Romanists, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, as well as (to quote the classification in the Litany) "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics."

We protest against all attempts to give up to a party what is meant for mankind. There can be no truly "progressive" Spiritualism which does not recognize this broad purpose in it. What is so called, at least as expounded by some of its advocates, means "going backward"—backward to Heathenism, which

is going back very far indeed; and is what we should call not *pro-gressive*, but *retro-gressive*.

If, in the foregoing remarks, we have unintentionally done the Conventionists any injustice, we must plead that our impressions have grown out of a careful perusal of their own Reports; and we trust that in any future Convention they may call, their sentiments may be more worthily represented. We acknowledge and commend their earnestness; we only wish them a sounder judgment, and a more catholic spirit.

Amid much that is crude and undigested in the papers and speeches here reported, there are some well worthy a better companionship, especially one by Mr. Etchells, on "THE ATMOSPHERE OF INTELLIGENCE, PLEASURE, AND PAIN; or a Chapter from the Harmony of Matter, as unfolded in the Circles of Spiritualists who meet at Brothers Chapman, Varley, and Etchells', Huddersfield." This paper has evidently been prepared with great care; the facts it relates, especially those concerning the phenomena of "the Double," are of great interest; and the circles named by Mr. Etchells can hardly be better employed in the interest of Spiritualism than in the further prosecution of these investigations.

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### CHRISTMAS INVOCATION.

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Oh, God, our God!  
 Faint and weary are thy children,  
 Toiling up the steep of time,  
 Seeking for the Eastern token,  
 Listening for the morning chime;  
 Waiting, waiting, ever waiting  
 For the voice of long ago,  
 With its soft, melodious accents,  
 Soothing every human woe.  
 Know they not the star has risen,  
 And its glory gilds the earth?  
 Hear they not the song of angels  
 O'er this glorious second birth?  
 "Peace on earth! goodwill from Heaven!"  
 Sing that white-robed angel band,  
 "Peace on earth! goodwill from Heaven!"  
 Echoes over all the land.  
 Oh, thou God of Past and Present!  
 As the Ages onward roll,  
 May the Peace of Christ be with us,  
 Filling every human soul.