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SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart!
Yet if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field:
No rapture dawns, no triumph is revealed!
Oh! let her read, not loudly nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But sad as angels for the good man's sin
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

Les miracles sont selon l'ignorance en quoy nous sommes de la nature, non selon l'estre de la nature."—*Essais de Montaigne.* Liv. I. c. xxii. p. 218.

It is a fact as curious as it is melancholy, that in Germany, a country which has always prided itself on its penetration into the heart of intellectual and psychological subjects; the country not only of Kant and Hegel, but of far more practical anthropologists—Jung Stilling, Kerner, Meyer, Schubert, and Hornung—Spiritualism is now at the lowest possible ebb. The reign of what is called "pure reason," that is, reason diving into the muddy and bottomless gulph of metaphysical abstractions, now fully prevails. What Kant planted and Hegel watered, Paulus and Strauss have cultivated into one great upas tree, which overshadows and breathes its soul-destroying aura over the whole Teutonic Fatherland.

With the exception of the Catholic church, a small section of Protestants, and a still larger portion of the ordinary country people, too little educated to be thus corrupted in faith, the whole of Germany may be said to have marched back under the banners of the infidel philosophers to Heathendom. The few

and feeble waves of unbelief which have reached the English shores in the shape of *Essays and Reviews*, and of Colensoism, give no idea of the great and wide ocean of Materialism which exists in and covers the general mind of Germany. Materialism of the grossest kind is entertained by the principal professors of philosophy and theology in its universities; and if they do not venture to go so far in their college lectures, it is plainly from the fear of endangering their places from the resentment of the Catholic and small section of yet remaining sound Protestant populations. There are few men of the whole academic class who would not blush at the faintest suspicion of being believers in the authenticity of the Bible, and, consequently in that of the origin of Christianity.

As for Spiritualism, it seems to exist in Germany only in little centres and groups, here and there, of sincere disciples, who, overborne by the prevalent Materialism of the schools and of public opinion, make but a dim figure in the general psychologic aspect of the country. Nevertheless, I believe that there really does exist more Spiritualism there than appears on the surface. Hornung in his zealous travels and inquiries found it in Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, Regensburg, and many other places. It is not likely to have died out there. On the contrary, we find that some remarkable works are still sold in the house in Berlin in which Hornung lived; that at Breslau and at Berlin the coadjutors of Hornung have been translating the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, and publish a small Spiritual journal called *Psyche*; at Vienna various Spiritual works are sold by Lechner, in the Graben, by Wenedikt, and others. Amongst these works is one called *Der Spiritismus*, which has been very popular, by G. C. Delhez; and the *Odognostischer Brief*, by Gottlieb Dämmerung of Mödling, near Vienna; who has also published a *Critique on the Sidereal Photographies of Mumler of Berlin, and the Phenomena given through Home and Squire, &c.*

M. Dämmerung's *Odognostischer Brief, or Letter on the Science of Odyle*, is a very learned work, and gives us glimpses of other Spiritualists and their writings, as the *Natural History of Apparitions* by Carus Sterne, and the remarkable discoveries of water-springs by the Abbé Richard, whose performances of this kind in several of the principal cities of Germany, without any divining-rod or any instrument whatever, have astonished all classes, even the most sceptical. Besides these, Herr Dämmerung brings to our knowledge the works of Dr. Berthelen; of Silverio, of Madrid; Gourges, of Mexico, &c. At this very moment also appears a remarkable work by Dr. Epp, of Heidelberg, called *Seelenkunde*, or science of soul, an out-and-out avowal of

Spiritualism, and a startling apparition amid the rationalistic professors there. Such are the evidences that even in Germany Spiritualism is not dead, it only sleepeth. My business now, however, is to take a view of the more prevalent condition of things in Germany.

In Heidelberg there has been a great ferment on account of the teachings and publications of the theological professors. The little duchy of Baden, of which this is the great seminary, contains 1,500,000 inhabitants, of whom 500,000 are Catholics. For the 1,000,000 Protestants they have 350 state clergymen, of whom 119 only are orthodox—or, rather, are Christians. The 231 being of this *soi-disant* rational, but really infidel, school. In the university are “five state-appointed professors of theology, of whom four are of this infidel class. There is also another professor of theology allowed to teach, though not salaried, who is of the same infidel stamp. After passing their term at the university, the theologic students pass three years at the theologic seminary, where they have the same teachers, and where a Professor Schenkel is the director, who has written a work on the life of Christ—*Ein Charakterbild Jesu*—à la Renan, but outstripping Strauss himself in his mode of explaining the miracles of the Gospel. In speaking of the conversion of water into wine at the marriage of Cana, he says, “Oh! Christ knew very well that His disciples were fond of good wine, and that at the marriage to which they were going the people were too poor to have much or good wine, and, therefore, He sent on some secretly to be brought out at the right moment as water, though in fact it *was* wine.”

This is the style and character of a work on the Gospel history by a leading theological professor in a leading German university, and the director of the theologic college of Baden in 1865.

To us who have, for these fifteen years, seen the laws of nature developing themselves in the same direction as they stand in the Bible and New Testament, it is truly laughable to hear these German professors denouncing the miracles of the New Testament as untrue and impossible, because “they are contrary to the laws of nature.” They cannot believe in any of the miraculous acts of Christ nor in the resurrection of his body, because they are “contrary to the laws of nature,” and all this while over all America and all Europe the laws of nature have been almost daily, and before twenty millions of people of all classes, producing phenomena equally surprising. We have all seen matter actually passing through matter without leaving a trace of its passage. We have seen Mr. Home, and the French have seen Hilaire float in the air repeatedly, and a thousand

other things of a like kind. And still these German philosophers, who imagine they understand the laws of nature, go on pronouncing such things impossible. Such is German learning of to-day. Well may Dämmerung call on the learned men of Germany to look boldly at the phenomena presenting themselves in every quarter of the globe, and not to renounce their former proud position in the world of science.

What a prospect for the Protestant religion in Baden, when all its candidates for the public ministry of religion have to be modelled under such teachers, and have to receive their credentials and authority from such hands! When all these young sucklings of Strauss, Paulus and Schenkel are let loose on the congregations of the Duchy, what a prospect for its Christianity! Vain have been the efforts of the small body of faithful Protestants, headed by Herr Metz and others, to resist this outbreak of Paganism in the high places of the church and schools. Even the Catholics have taken the alarm, these learned converts to Paganism having had sufficient influence in the Legislative Chamber to get a mixed commission of Catholics and these sham Protestants to visit the Catholic as well as Protestant schools. The most dangerous and disgusting feature of this Baden Rationalism is, that, after calling in question the authenticity of the Gospels, and denying the truth of every miracle of Christ, and even his bodily resurrection, they pretend still to have faith in him as their Saviour, and to believe in the resurrection of his spirit! Now, it is clear that if the Gospels be not true narratives, and if they deny the bodily resurrection of Christ, these men have not an atom of ground for any belief in the life of Christ at all, much less in his spirit having risen. This is so self-evident, that the only conclusion that sensible men can draw, is, that these gentlemen, have said all that at present they dare to say, lest they should thereby forfeit their livings and professorial chairs. In some pamphlets put out by them, called *Protestantische Flugblätter für Baden*, they menace the orthodox opponents with the thunder "of some thousands of other pulpits from all parts of Germany," No. I., p. iii. This is a proof that the same pestilence of unbelief is rife throughout the pulpits of the Fatherland. "Unter einige tausend Pastoren," they say.

It is difficult to imagine the public mind of a country reduced to such a condition of imbecility, by being so drugged with anti-spiritual philosophy as to tolerate, as it is tolerated and even approved by the student and reading public, such pitiable trash as this. Either the Bible and New Testament are empty myths, or they are accredited histories, accepted by the nation in and for which they were written; accepted as true by the contemporary public of each historian through a period of four thousand years.

If they are or can be proved to be only myths or fables, let them be set aside altogether as unworthy of credit. But if they are, as they must be, the genuine history of a people, yet existing, and maintaining their verity, to treat them as stories of Tom Thumb or Jack the Giant-killer, is the act of men who have no idea of the true dignity of philosophy, and no capacity for the analysis of history. Certainly, no such exhibition of the degradation of human thought, of the stupifying effect of an infidel criticism, has yet been manifested in any nation deserving of the name of a civilized much less of a learned community.

And what are the effects of this earthly philosophy ; a philosophy which delights in the prostration of the noblest hopes and aspirations of man, and in the establishment of a mere animal life in their stead? These, combined with a long course of prosperity, are evident on the face of society all over Germany, Switzerland and France. Our travellers, who are legion everywhere through the summer and autumn months, must see with astonishment the pitch to which drinking and riot have risen amongst the lower classes. In countries where so much of the soil is occupied with the growth of wine and tobacco, it might be supposed that drinking and smoking would hold a conspicuous place, but none but those who have been accustomed frequently to visit these countries for the last twenty years, can have an idea of the progress of sensualization and demoralization during that period. In our own country, God knows, we have a fearful amount of intoxication, owing in a great degree to the essential patronage of Government of gin and other palaces of Bacchus, so prolific of excise revenue,—and to so many magistrates, who grant licenses, being connected with brewers and distillers. We have, in consequence, a monstrous growth of murderous crime, which astounds the whole Continent by the daily details of it transmitted thither and over the whole world by our newspapers ; but we have, at the same time, the satisfaction of knowing that we have a very large body of men and women daily zealously labouring to introduce a spirit of temperance, and to carry moral light into this lurid region of social life. In these countries, whatever may be the amount of such exertions, they are apparently swallowed up by the on-flowing deluge of sensualism. A philosophy which systematically aims at extinguishing every principle of religious elevation or restraint, must inevitably have a downward tendency, and seems in fact, to have set at liberty a torrent of licentiousness which threatens to pass all bounds. From highest to lowest, all classes seem to live simply for animal enjoyment. The highest form which this disposition assumes is for music, scenic representations and reading of the lightest and most frivolous kind. The

commonest form is that of swarming to public-houses both men and women, who take their children with them, and may be daily seen drenching them with wine or beer in their earliest, often really infantine years.

The real god of Switzerland and Germany is Bacchus! The Christian churches may be deserted, but the temples of Bacchus are always full! All the potshops and taprooms in town and country are crowded on Sundays to suffocation with the ardent votaries of Bacchus, who sing lustily his praises in boisterous chorus, and burn the incense of tobacco devoutly before him. No one need inquire what is the real religion of these countries; he has it before him for ever on all sides in a universal deluge of evidence.

The Sunday is the grand day for this sort of life (as it is for opening fairs and for great shooting parties, and for heavy boat traffic on their rivers); and the ensuing night, often till the approach of morning, is dissonant with streams of people staggering homewards—many of them dressed, at least, as ladies and gentlemen—singing, shouting and howling in the wildest hubbub, with which the police never seem to interfere. In these nocturnal bacchanalian orgies the Swiss are the most tremendous. They have a habit of shrieking on these occasions with all their might, and making the midnight streets resound as with the horrors of murder. In their peculiar singing called jodelling, which is very pleasant in itself, they frequently break out in these wild screams, which seem necessary to them as escapes for their pent-up energies of passion.

If the government of God on earth really includes a system of moral discipline, it can require no prophetic power to foresee that ere long He will enter into controversy with these nations, in the shape of some desolating pestilence, disastrous seasons, or decimating war, such as has swept over America recently. In such a dispensation we shall, no doubt, come in for our share for the moral corruption rife amongst ourselves. The insatiable quest of wealth, honor and domination amongst the educated classes, the domestic licentiousness in all, and the frightful extent of murder and infanticide in the lower ranges of life. Are not the plagues already breaking out in our cattle, swine, and other animals, hints and foretastes of what lies in the background for us?

The Swiss appear to be the first to open their eyes to the present rampant prevalence of crime and sensuality amongst them, as evidenced by the following paragraph:—

SWITZERLAND.—The executive power at Berne has just published a circular appointing the 17th (of September, 1865) as a national fast and humiliation. The following is an extract from this curious document:—"Let us not disguise from ourselves, beloved fellow-citizens, that selfishness, the service of mammon,

and the love of sensual enjoyments, are threatening the public weal; that private prevail too often over general interests; that pride and envy, injustice and hatred, spread division among us—that vanity, luxury, idleness, and dissipation undermine the happiness of families; that falsehood and insincerity render social relations more and more difficult; and that the olden simplicity of morals, the sincere piety, and the civic virtues which are the support and glory of republics, are becoming more and more rare amongst us.”

It was high time for public attention to be drawn to this state of things. Albert Bitzius, writing under the name of Jeremias Gotthelf, in the popular stories in which he has vigorously taken the field against this national curse, has drawn the most frightful picture of the general drunkenness and its effects in Switzerland that ever issued from mortal pen. He says the progress of political freedom has only stimulated personal licentiousness. Every man, especially in the country, thinks he has a right to do whatever he pleases, including destroying himself and ruining his family. In his *Five Maidens miserably destroyed by Brandy*, and his *Dursli, the Brandy Drinker*, he attributes an enormous increase of drunkenness and crime to the cheapness of potato-brandy, and to the Government having authorized the granting of licenses to any one to sell it at only the cost of fifteen batzen, that is, fifteen pence, a year. In these works he describes the people taking their children with them to these brandy shops, and dosing them with it, as I have seen the German people dosing theirs with wine and beer at the suburban public-houses in that country. “Seldom,” he says, “is a father so high-hearted that he won’t help his child to this poison. Nay, he scolds it if it endeavours to avoid having it. So the father teaches the habit to the children. ‘Take a drink,’ he says; ‘thou shalt take it—it will do thee good.’ And so, afterwards, these children beg or crib the money to indulge in the paternally inoculated vice.” He describes his countrymen of the working class, when they have money, making “blue Monday” all the week, and driving about to skittle grounds and gambling pot-houses, instead of going on foot. And he solemnly asks where all this is to end.

We may well echo his words. “What is to be the end of it,” in countries where, while the populace is evermore brutifying itself, the professors of the universities, the preachers and popular writers are zealously at work to destroy the authority of the only religion which can offer an effectual barrier to the progress of this demoralization? Previous to the French Revolution, popular sensualism and infidelity went hand in hand, and we know where they ended.

In Protestant Switzerland you are surprised to see what a swing the religious pendulum has made since the days of Calvin, and in the towns—Geneva and Lausanne—where he taught. From these places the severe and gloomy Calvinism of Scotland

was imported; but what a contrast now between the ideas of a Sunday in these very towns and in Edinburgh or Glasgow. The bow that was so thoroughly bent into the short curve of an ascetic Pharisaism has now flown back into the other extreme. You see shows open on Sundays in those places, and a deprivation of a day of rest for horses; a thing far too general amongst ourselves: you see the wildest scenes of drunkenness and riot in the crowded casinos, and in the railway trains returning from such places at night. In Germany, where the national disposition is essentially good-natured and kindly, you feel the spirit and tone of what Bitzius calls "die allerneueste Weisheit,"—"the very newest wisdom;" which the "aufgeklärten Menschen dieser Zeit"—"the illuminated men of to-day, sell dearly to the public." You feel it in the offensive conceit in the men of this revived pagan school, and in the hard and unspiritual expression of the ladies, who have most widely imbibed it as a more precious gospel of knowledge and intellectual liberty. At the same time we look about in vain for that host of philanthropic and reformatory institutions and voluntary societies which spring necessarily out of the spirit of Christianity, and which are constantly at work to counteract the on-surging depravity of the times. All in this new-fangled heathenism is of the earth, earthy; and the bulk of the population seem content to live on as the creatures around them—in the present, and for the present only. In the words of Saint Martin, "A la manière dont les gens du monde passent leur temps, on dirait qu' ils ont peur de ne pas être assez betes." But effects, of course, spring from causes; and these causes are soon discovered when we look at the sort of literature which prevails amongst a people.

During my recent sojourn at Heidelberg, I read a little volume by a Dr. Brugger, who, like Professor Schenkel already mentioned, was till last year, the popular preacher of a congregation of that city. Schenkel was the most popular preacher of the Protestants; Brugger of the so-called German Catholic Church there. These German Catholics are the disciples of Herr Ronge, so long resident in London, and who himself officiated at the chapel of the late Dr. Brugger during my stay there. Why this Church should make any claim to catholicity might puzzle even Mr. de Morgan in one of his paradoxes. Catholics in general are firm to the principles of the Christian faith, in the immortality of man, in his redemption through Christ, and in the perpetual existence of his supernatural power in the Church. The German Catholic Church, if this book be a true exponent of its faith, is a Church with no faith in soul at all. Dr. Brugger, who only died recently, entitles his work, *Geist Seele Stoff*, that is, Spirit-soul matter.

In the whole of this volume by a so-called Christian minister, in which he seems to have followed the work of Dr. Büchner, there is rarely a single reference to the Bible except in his preface, where he tells us that the first book of Moses assures us that the human soul is material. God breathed into Adam the breath of life, and so he became a living soul. Thus, says he, it is plainly avowed that "Luft ist das Wesen der Seele," air is the being of the soul; and the truth of this, he adds, is proved, because man begins to live exactly when he begins to breathe, and ceases to live exactly when he ceases to breathe. It would scarcely have been believed that any man with the slightest pretence to a knowledge of anthropology at the present day would set out by asserting that the breath of God is common air. Yet Brugger does this most seriously all through his volume. God himself is matter. Everything, according to him, is matter—soul and body, God and man, are all matter. Presently, however, he changes his ground, and makes God Blitzstoff, or electricity, so that the breath of Deity cannot be common air, it must be Blitzstoff too. Such are the clumsy inconsistencies of this luminary of the German Catholics.

If Dr. Brugger had really accepted the authority of the Bible as the foundation of his philosophy, this philosophy could not have existed at all, for this book says "God is a spirit," the great fact which Brugger denies, reducing him to Stoff, namely, to electricity—"ALLES IST STOFF UND DIESER IST EWIG." The capitals are Brugger's, to shew emphatically that he does not except even the Divinity. It is not worth while to follow Brugger through the whole of his book, for it consists chiefly of a repetition of this idea. We are assured that we know nothing on earth which is not matter, and Dr. Brugger finds no difficulty in constructing all our wonderful machinery of mind, sentiment and intellect, all our thoughts, propensities, imagination, genius and poetry out of matter. Electricity in the brain is the actual fire of life in creation, and especially in man. We are told, indeed, that this matter is so fine that it often altogether escapes our senses, and Dr. Brugger refuses to accept the existence of anything which cannot be explained by our five senses. Such is the lame and melancholy foundation of the Bruggerian philosophy. It is not only the Bruggerian, it is the grand argument of the whole material school. It is taken for granted that because our senses are material, everything in the universe is material. Certainly, that which is material can only grasp and test what is material, but is that any proof that there is nothing beyond the reach of such an instrument? No fountain can rise higher than its own head; no instrument can reach or affect anything beyond its own nature. Now, beyond the reach of our material senses

there may be a hundred thousand things and principles. To assert that these outlying entities, if such there be, are this or that, is a simple act of groundless assumption. There the question must for ever have rested, had not history, tradition, frequent experience and abundant existing facts and phenomena been at hand to settle it. History, however (not merely Biblical history, but universal), asserts the existence of disembodied spirits, and gravely and continuously records their appearance to men.

It may be asserted that no one knows what spirit is; and that, therefore, it may, after all, be only a superlatively refined kind of matter. No one, indeed, does know what either matter or spirit is. Both of these things exhibit qualities which shew that they are, in their first principles, beyond our analysis or our conception in this state of being. But it is enough for us, as believers in the well-authenticated histories of the Old and New Testaments, that they assert an essential difference betwixt matter and spirit; and that this distinction is not only a fundamental, but a most important one, is constantly shown by the materialist having an invincible proclivity to a denial of a future existence, and the believer in spirit to a firm faith in the immortality of the soul. "Le néant fut toujours l'horrible espérance du crime; l'immortalité fut toujours la consolation de l'innocence opprimée et le soutien de la vertu."—"*Marmontel: Leçons d'un Pere à les Enfants, sur la Métaphysique,*" p. 99: These predominating features of the two doctrines are significant and decisive of their respective values. Brugger, indeed, would fain bolster up his reader and hearer in the hope of a future life, on the principle that matter is immortal, but his theory proves dearer to him than their hope of another existence; and after a feeble attempt to delude them, he tears down the flimsy curtain of his sophistry, and shows them the dismal darkness all behind. "All," he says, "which exists in and with man on the earth, is finite and perishable like himself—consequently, his most original thoughts and the soul itself. Equally false is the conclusion or the consequence that immateriality, freedom, and immortality are or can be attached to this unendingness. All this stands merely on paper and in the air, but not in reality," p. 26. What a melancholy doctrine of death to be preached from the pulpit, and issued from the press, in the nineteenth century, and that in a country swarming with philosophers! On reading such things we naturally exclaim with Campbell,—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph, this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and Champions of her cause?
For this, has Science searched on weary wing
By shore and sea; each mute and living thing?

Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
 To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
 Or round the Cape her living chariot driven,
 And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven?
 Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
 To waft us home the message of despair?
 Then bind the palm—thy sage's brow to suit—
 Of blasted leaf and death-distilling fruit!
 Ah me! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears,
 Blood-nursed and watered by a widow's tears,
 Seems not so foul, so tainted and so dread,
 As waves the nightshade round the sceptic head.

Dr. Brugger, besides this general and most loveless exposition of no faith, asserts a great many things equally untenable, such as soul and spirit cannot be made visible to the outward senses separate from the body, an assertion in direct contradiction to the history of all times, and to the domestic annals of every class of society, in which such appearances of disembodied souls abound, of which many living persons are attestors. Singularly enough, however, immediately after asserting this, he confesses that the principle opposed to materialism, namely, "Geistansicht oder Spiritualismus," is on foot, and cannot be banished out of the world—p. 86.

Amongst the numerous assertions of a like untenable character, we will notice only one more, namely, that the brain is universally acknowledged to be the seat of the soul. On the contrary, no philosopher has yet been able to decide where lay this seat of the soul; but Swedenborg and all the Spiritualists have asserted that the soul exists all over the body, and the immediate appearance of spirits after death, in the perfect form and character of the living person, settles the fact.

In concluding this cheerless picture of the theologic and philosophic condition of the country whence came the Reformation, or at least that great Lutheran wave of it, and the country also of Stilling, Kerner, and Hornung, of Schubert, and Eschenmeyer, let no one, however, feel any dejection or doubt as to the fate of Christianity there or elsewhere. Such is the immortal and irrepressible nature of the religion of Christ, that they who endeavour to trample it under foot, only add fresh evidences to its truth. These German disciples of Kant and his "reine Vernunft," these so-called Rationalists think, and no doubt sincerely, that they are stripping away all the antiquated superstitions of the Bible; all the fabulous embellishments of the Gospel narratives, and are rescuing truth and the human understanding from the incrustations of priestcraft, or folly; but, whilst in reality they are perpetrating murderous onslaughts on genuine history, they are made conspicuously the unconscious witnesses of the divine prescience of Christ. The more they spread the epidemic of unbelief, the more

they accelerate the crisis of Christendom, as predicted by the Messiah himself. Ever as they delve with indefatigable activity at the historic foundations of Christianity, before them flaps the broad banner of that faith across the azure sky, emblazoned with the words—"But when I come shall I find faith on the earth?"

Pause awhile, ye learned Rationalists, with your delvings and minings beneath the historic walls of Revelation, and read that epigram. The decadence of faith is the test of Gospel truth, and the herald of the approach of its promulgator. Work on, ye men mighty in comments and in tongues! and demonstrate that which you would destroy. And yet we may promise you a tolerably long day of delving and blasting with scholastic gun-powder. When Antoinette Bourignon was told of the spiritual darkness of the age, she replied, "It must be darker yet before the new Gospel morning, for Christ said that He should not come till midnight." But whenever that morning shall come, or how it shall come, it is even now growing arduous for the Rationalists and Materialists. On all sides phenomena ominous for their philosophy are starting forth. Laws of matter and of mind, of which they are wilfully ignorant, are making themselves familiar to the multitude, and once more the first in knowledge are becoming the last and the last first—another prognostic of confirmed Christianity.

A FAIRY SEERESS.

"ANN JEFFERIES (for that was her maiden name) of whom the following strange things are related, was born in the parish of St. Teath, in the county of Cornwall, in December, 1626, and she is still living (1696) being now in the seventieth year of her age. She is married to one William Warren, formerly hind to the late eminent physician, Dr. Richard Lower, deceased, and now lives as hind to Sir Andrew Slanning, of Devon, Bart.

"It is the custom in the county of Cornwall, for the most substantial people of each parish to take apprentices the poor's children, and to breed them up till they attain to twenty-one years of age, and, for their service, to give them meat, drink, and clothes. This Ann Jefferies, being a poor man's child of the parish, by providence fell into our family,* where she lived several years; being a girl of a bold daring spirit, she would

* The author's name is Moses Pitt, who communicates these particulars to the Right Reverend Father in God, Edward Fowler, Lord Bishop of Gloucester. Printed 1696.

venture at those difficulties and dangers that nobody would attempt.

“ In the year 1645 (she then being nineteen years old), she being one day knitting in an arbour in our garden, there came over the garden hedge to her (as she affirmed) six persons of a small stature, all clothed in green, which she called fairies; upon which she was so frightened that she fell into a kind of convulsion-fit; but when we found her in this condition, we brought her into the house and put her to bed, and took great care of her. As soon as she recovered out of her fit, she cries out, ‘ They are just gone out of the window—they are just gone out of the window. Do you not see them?’ And thus, in the height of her sickness, she would often cry out, and that with eagerness, which expressions were attributed to her distemper, supposing her light-headed.”

(On her recovery she becomes very religious, goes to church, and takes mighty delight in devotion, although she could not herself read. She even begins to work miracles, and by the blessing of God, cures her old mistress’s leg, which had been hurt by a fall, as she was coming from the mill, with continued stroking of the part affected: when our author thus proceeds:)

“ On this, my mother demanded of her, how she came to the knowledge of her fall? She (who had been walking at the time in the garden and orchard till the old woman came from the mill) made answer, *that half-a-dozen persons told her of it.* That, replied my mother, could not be, for there was none came by at that time but my neighbour who brought me home. Ann answers again, that *that* was truth, and it was true, *that half-a-dozen persons told her so.* ‘ For,’ said she, ‘ You know I went out of the house into the gardens and orchard very unwillingly, and now I will tell you the truth of all matters and things which have befallen me.

“ ‘ You know that this, my sickness and fits, came very suddenly upon me, which brought me very low and weak, and have made me very simple. Now the cause of my sickness was this: I was one day knitting of stockings in the arbour in the garden, and there came over the garden hedge, of a sudden, six small people, all in green clothes, which put me into such a fright, that was the cause of my great sickness; and they continue their appearance to me, never less than two at a time, nor never more than eight. They always appear in even numbers—two, four, six, eight. When I said, often in my sickness, *they were just gone out of the window*, it was really so, although you thought me light-headed. At this time, when I came out into the garden, they came to me and asked me if you had put me out of the house against my will. I told them I was unwilling to come out

of the house. Upon this, they said, you should not fare the better for it, and thereupon, in that place, and at that time, in a fair pathway, you fell, and hurt your leg. I would not have you send for a surgeon, nor trouble yourself, for I will cure your leg;’ the which she did, in a little time.

“The cure of my mother’s leg, and the stories she told of these fairies, made such a noise over all the county of Cornwall, as that people of all distempers came, not only so far off as the Land’s End, but also from London, and were cured by her. She took no monies of them, nor any reward, that ever I knew or heard of; yet had she monies at all times sufficient to supply her wants. She neither made nor bought any medicines, or salves, that ever I saw or heard of, yet wanted them not, as she had occasion. She forsook eating our victuals, and was fed by these fairies from that harvest-time to the next Christmas-day, upon which day she came to our table, and said, because it was that day she would eat some roast beef with us; the which she did, I myself being then at table.

“One time (I remember it perfectly well) I had a mind to speak to her, and not knowing better where to find her than in her chamber, I went thither, and fell a knocking very earnestly, at her chamber door, with my foot, and calling to her earnestly, ‘Ann, Ann, open the door and let me in;’ she answered me, ‘Have a little patience, and I will let you in immediately.’ Upon which I looked through the key-hole of the door and I saw her eating; and when she had done eating, she stood still by her bed-side, as long as thanks to God might be given, and then she made a courtesy (or bow) and opened the chamber door, and gave me a piece of her bread, which I did eat, and, I think, it was the most delicious bread that ever I did eat, either before or since.”

(She could also render herself invisible, of which he relates an instance, and then proceeds:)

“One day these fairies gave my sister Mary (the now wife of Mr. Humphry Martin), then about four years of age, a silver cup, which held about a quart, bidding her give it my mother, and she did bring it my mother; but my mother would not accept of it, but bid her carry it to them again, which she did.

“I presume this was the time my sister owns she saw the fairies. I have seen Ann in the orchard, dancing among the trees; and she told me she was then dancing with the fairies.

“The great noise of the many strange cures Ann did, and also her living without eating our victuals (she being fed, as she said, by these fairies), caused both the neighbouring magistrates and ministers to resort to my father’s house and talk with her, and strictly examine her about the matters here related; and she gave them very rational answers to all those questions they then asked

her (for by this time she was well recovered out of her sickness and fits, and her natural parts and understanding much improved), my father and all his family affirming the truth of all we saw. The ministers endeavoured to persuade her they were evil spirits which resorted to her, and that it was the delusion of the devil, and advised her not to go to them when they called her. Upon these admonitions of the ministers and magistrates our Ann was not a little troubled. However, that night my father with his family sitting at a great fire in his hall, Ann being also present, she spake to my father and said, 'Now they call' (meaning the fairies); we all of us urged her not to go. In less than half a quarter of an hour she said, 'Now they call a second time.' We encouraged her again not to go to them. By-and-bye she said, 'Now they call a third time;' upon which away to her chamber she went to them; (of all these three calls of the fairies none heard them but Ann). After she had been in her chamber some time she came to us again with a Bible in her hand and tells us that, when she came to the fairies they said to her, 'What! has there been some magistrates and ministers with you and dissuaded you from coming any more to us, saying we are evil spirits, and that it was all the delusion of the devil? Pray desire them to read that place of Scripture in the 1st Epistle of St. John, chap. 4, v. 1:—Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God,' &c. This place of scripture was turned down to in the said Bible.

"After this, one John Tregeagle, Esq. (who was steward to the late John, Earl of Radnor), being then a justice of peace in Cornwall, sent his warrant for Ann, and sent her to Bodmin jail, and there kept her a long time. That day the constable came to execute his warrant, Ann milking the cows, the fairies appeared to her, and told her that a constable would come that day with a warrant for to carry her before a justice of peace, and she would be sent to jail. She asked them if she should hide herself. They answered her no, she should fear nothing, but go with the constable. So she went with the constable to the justice, and he sent her to Bodmin jail, and ordered the prison-keeper that she should be kept without victuals; and she was so kept, and yet she lived, and that without complaining. But poor Ann lay in jail for a considerable time after; and also Justice Tregeagle, who was her great persecutor, kept her in his house some time as a prisoner, and that without victuals; and at last, when Ann was discharged out of prison, the justice made an order that Ann should not live any more with my father. Whereupon my father's only sister, Mrs. Frances Tom, a widow, near Padstow, took Ann into her family, and there she lived a considerable time, and did many great cures; and from thence she went to live with her own

brother, and in process of time married as aforesaid."—*Morgan's Phœnix Britannicus: London, 1732, 4to., p. 545.*

"Here ends this singular narrative, which atheists and infidels will doubtless be inclined to ridicule, and accuse of falsehood and imposture; the facts, however, are so fairly represented, and so authentically proved, that no pious Christian, who sincerely believes the Gospel, can hesitate for a moment to admit its veracity."—*From a Collection of Fairy Tales, by Joseph Ritson, London, 1831.*

WHAT IS RELIGION?

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

II.

MAN is distinguished from the animal creation in many ways: his upright form, his more complex organism, his power of speech, his commanding intellect—all point him out as the lord and ruler of the animal kingdom. And yet he has much in common with it; nay, taking his powers separately, he is even in many points surpassed by some one or other of the inferior creatures: his senses are less fine, his instincts less sure than theirs; he cannot navigate the air like the bird, nor remain with the fish in the depths of the sea; the eagle has sharper sight, the hound keener scent; the lion is stronger, the horse outstrips him in the race; the beaver gives him lessons in building, and the bee in geometry; the spider spins a finer web than the Jacquard loom, the wasp "makes a paper as excellent as any manufacturer at Maidstone; she has been for sixty centuries acquainted with what was only discovered by men between five and six centuries ago;" and three thousand years since, the wise man sent the sluggard to the humble ant that he might "consider her ways and be wise." But there is one thing in which man stands pre-eminent and alone, and it is a distinction that goes deeper than any other:—he, and he alone, is capable of religion—of devout, intelligent worship, of reasonable service, and of conscious communion with the God and Father of all. The heavens, indeed, may declare the glory of God, and earth praise him with all her myriad voices; the lark may trill forth his matins, and the nightingale her vespers, but man alone consciously rises to the thought of God, comprehends his laws in the tiny dew-drop and the revolving world, and as he enters into the Divine purposes manifested in nature and humanity—as he turns page after page of God's open revelation, and reads, more or less perfectly, the successive chap-

ters of the plan He has there in varied characters presented to the soul of man through the avenues of the senses and the intellect; or, as independently of this deep and varied knowledge, hitherto achieved by few, he hears the solemn voices which speak to him in silence and solitude, in past and present experiences, in the visible creation, and in the depths of his own heart, he feels how near to him is an Infinite Presence not to be put by, and bows in wonder and in worship.

There may be individuals, there may even be, as is alleged, tribes, who as far as can be ascertained, have no knowledge, no thought of God; as there are persons born blind, and others—and even communities who seem to have no moral sense—tribes in whose vocabulary are no such words as right, duty, obligation, gratitude; the ideas which these terms express to us having no place with them. Such tribes, however, so destitute of this chief distinctive element of a true humanity, are found in all respects in the lowest state of degradation, they recede farthest from the true type of manhood, having the human form, but standing in the nearest degree to a mere animal life. And whenever among any people, however polished in manners and advanced in a material civilization, the light of faith grows dim and flickers faint and feeble, and religion is made the mark of sneer and scorn and ribald jest, be sure that the cankerworm of corruption is eating the very heart of that society, and that it is a people swift hastening to decay.

However infinite the distance between man and God—however the Divine may transcend the human—there must be some point of contact, a nature in some respect kindred and responsive, or there could be in man no thought of God—no communion. God might indeed act on man by force, He could not draw him by sympathy; nor could man aspire towards God if the Divine image were not reflected in the human soul: if it were not conscious of faculties and relations which shadow forth, however poorly and dimly, the Infinite Perfections, and are indeed their finite symbols and representatives.*

For, consider however men may differ, and however idly they may speculate, concerning God, He is ever the *highest* conception to which they have attained; and if we examine carefully, we find that the idea of God, as realized in intelligent and devout minds, is that of a tri-unity:—Love, Wisdom, Power,

* "Man is created in the image of God, and so in man the Creator has abridged and copied out His own attributes. Were it not so, we could have no communion with the eternal Father, any more than the beasts of the field, or the clods of the valley. We could not even form any conception of the Divine nature, for we could get no ideas answering to the terms which describe it, and God would be unrevealed in the human and finite images, which set him forth."—*Regeneration*. By EDMUND H. SEARS.

or, as Swedenborg calls the latter, proceeding operation. In what these consist, and how they operate, are questions of theology, rather than of religion, and into which it is not here necessary to enter. I remark only, that though these human attributes are discreted from the Divine, and though in man the difference is in defect, and in their being in him more external and of lower type, they are yet the reflex of the Divine—the light by which God reveals himself to the inmost heart; they are our true essential humanity, our most interior life, the ground of all our similitudes—the Jacob's ladder by which the angels of God ascend from earth to heaven, and descend from heaven to earth; without this correspondence God would be to us but a name floating idly in the air.

But, whatever view we take of human nature, and however we may explain the fact, it is a fact painfully apparent that man's nature is not in harmony with itself and its surroundings—that he is not true to his nobler impulses, and higher moods, and Divine promptings;—that he has broken the eternal order to which he should conform;—that his loves are often mean, groveling, perverted; his wisdom only cunning—the mere instrument of his degraded and ignoble loves; and his acts but the manifestation of this discord and perversion within the gates. I stop not to discuss the various theories in relation to this subject. I but state the twofold fact that the soul of man is stamped with the Divine image and superscription, and that that image and superscription are defaced; or, if you prefer so to state it, that man has a higher nature and capacities which, were they supreme, holding in due subordination the whole realm of man, would make that nature grow in ever nearer likeness to the Divine, but that, instead of this, these are now obscured and overpowered by the predominance of the selfish nature and baser appetites; hence, and in so far as these are unchecked—as they are not counteracted and controlled by a force greater than their own, their subject gravitates to a lower plane, the integrity of his being—the law of his higher life is violated, and he sinks into deeper and deeper states of evil and misery, from which, who, or what, shall rescue him? By a law of their nature the love and practice of evil ever tend to perpetuate themselves and to beget their kind.

That this condition is merely the result of ignorance, as is sometimes alleged, is a most shallow pretence. I appeal to the experience and the conscience of every man and woman who have had the courage and honesty to deal fairly by their own hearts, in proof that the defect is not primarily in the intelligence, but in the will,—that while oft they know the right they yet the wrong pursue.

The problem then is:—How is this tendency to be effectually counteracted, so that man may be reinstated in his original integrity? Or, if you will:—How is he to progress into that higher life which shall accord with the Divine law written in the constitution of his own being?

Here, it seems to me, is the special work and office of religion: its purpose is to reknit the ties which bind earth to heaven;—to bring man into greater nearness to God by rescuing him from the selfishness and sin which alone separate him from God by alienating him from the Infinite Purity and placing him in antagonism to the Divine order; it delivers him from degrading and cruel superstitions, from darkness and tormenting doubt, by revealing Him whose name is Love, in whom is no darkness at all, and whom to know is Life Eternal:—its mission is to raise the soul above the grossness of mortality, and the meanness and sordidness which press upon our daily life, so that it may even here be steeped in the atmosphere of Heaven, and rest in the Eternal Love, as a child reposes in its mother's bosom:—its aim is to open the entire man, from the soul's inmost centre, to the inflow and free play of the Divine affections and intelligence, so that he may become the conscious, willing, joyful organ and medium of the Divine Spirit—his spiritual nature ever tending to a closer blending and oneness with the Divine nature:—in a word, Religion is Godliness, or, to restore the word to its full form and significance—*God-likeness*; this, and this alone, regarded in its final end and aim, is what constitutes Religion. “When human nature is raised up and purified, and brought into harmonic relations with the Divine nature, the final results of the Divine plan of redemption are accomplished.”

Hence, in the Christian world the religious life is called a regeneration—a new birth; the phrase may now sound hackneyed and conventional, but no term could well be more significant as expressive of that higher life into which the soul that yields to the influent Spirit of God is as truly born as the child is born into the natural world. A thoughtful writer remarks on this subject, that Regeneration (or Religion) in its internal nature and process, includes three things—

First,—The receiving the Divine life into our inmost being through those capacities that open inward towards God and the spirit-world,—the Divine life imparted by the Holy Spirit that ever breathes through the heart of humanity.

Secondly,—Moved by this divine and attractive force, our natural powers, intellectual, affectional, and active, incline towards God, and are drawn into His service.

Thirdly,—All corrupt instincts, whether we acquired them ourselves or received them as the foul inheritance of the past, constituting the Adam of consciousness, are expelled. This is the old man which is put off as the new man is unfolded from within.

The new man is known and characterized—

By the new motives which are the springs of conduct. Hope of reward and fear of punishment both give place to an ever-abounding love. In other words, we act not from motives drawn from the future, but from the glad promptings of the present hour. Hence, again—

By a new kind of worship; for we do not seek God to purchase his future favour, or to deprecate his wrath, but because he is our present life and joy, and our powers lift the spontaneous hymn to his praise.

By a new enjoyment of external things, since the light and peace within us invest the world without us with their sun-bright hues, and since even the body which we wear is pliant to the new power that shapes the internal man, and makes the external reflect its radiance.

By the new morality in which the new life seeks expression and embodiment, when the soul puts on righteousness, and it clothes her, and makes justice her robe and diadem.

The means by which this great change is effected are as various as the culture and discipline of life.

The religion of Christ distinctly and pre-eminently sets forth this as its great end and aim. I do not care to lay stress on particular texts, as I know how misleading this practice often becomes; but I think no one can carefully and with open mind read the New Testament and fail to see that this is its one recurring, predominant, and underlying theme. Christ came "to save His people from their sins." "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself;" and, urges the Apostle, with almost passionate earnestness, "We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Christ's prayer for His disciples and for all believers was, "That they all may be one; even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us . . . that they may be one even as We are one." And He assures us not only of the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, but that when the wandering penitent prodigal "in a far country" began anxiously to retrace his steps towards his Father's house, "*when he was yet a great way off*, his Father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." And as in the Prodigal Son we have "The Whole Marrow of Divinity," so in the words, "Father, *Thy* will be done," we have the sum of all true prayer; and the final endeavour after the Christian life—the substance of all real religion is, "Be ye *perfect*, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect."

But the religion of Christ is not simply preceptive and didactic: it is seen in its only perfect form, in that full-orbed humanity that has shone through all the Christian centuries: *it is a life that has been lived, and that it should be our aim to live also*: Christianity is Christ, the beloved Son in whom God is well pleased. Religion is set forth in Him as God manifested in the flesh for the redemption of our humanity: I do not say—the Scriptures do not say—simply for our example. I feel that that language is altogether inadequate and insufficient: for to follow

an example is cold, mechanical, imitative. His action is that of the higher on a lower nature,—subduing it not alone from without by force of historical example, but still more from within by the potency of His risen and ever-living Spirit,—influencing it not so much by direct instruction as drawing it by sympathy, and stimulating all its holiest affections. If Christ be our Exemplar, still more is He our Inspirer, filling the souls of men through all the centuries with admiration, love, reverence, enthusiasm; enkindling the love of God and humanity, and making men's hearts burn within them, as did those of the disciples whom Christ the Spirit met and conversed with as they journeyed to Emmaus and talked of Him by the way. If the causes of the early triumphs of the Christian faith have baffled the keenest intellects of unbelievers, is it not because they have had no apprehension of spiritual dynamics,—of Christ, not only in the flesh, but in the spirit, as a new centre of spiritual force, acting on and through not only our human society but the societies of the spirit-world, and ever working to its consummation the complete redemption of our humanity—the universal establishment of God's kingdom in the souls of all His rational creatures?

What is religion? I answer, in the language of the New Testament, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." The very function of a Christian Church in all its offices, and by all its teaching, is defined to be for the *perfecting* of the saints till we all come "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Is not that religion good enough for you, my brother? Is it so obsolete and outworn that you must set your wits to work to find or make a new one? Is your mind so advanced that you have indeed "progressed" beyond it? I need not point out how far the Christian world (the vanguard of humanity though it be) still falls short of this its own ideal, but I would refer to the biographies of the most saintly men and women, and to their own confessions how even their best endeavours have failed to satisfy—I will not say the Divine requirements—but even the demands of their own spiritual natures, in evidence that they, at least, felt bitterly how far and how shamefully they had fallen short of it.

When we find by experiment that the religion of Christ (freed from the commandments, and traditions, and systems of men) is unsuited and unequal to our spiritual needs, we may begin to think about a new one; meanwhile, I for one would hold up my hand for the resolution said to have been passed by the New England Puritans,—

"RESOLVED,—*That we obey the laws of God until we find time to make better.*"

THE SHIP "SABINE."

By A. G. EASTERBY.

I WILL premise by stating that I am not a medium, nor is my wife; yet, on our passage around Cape Horn, in the ship *Queen of Clippers*, and after we had left New York about six weeks, we heard the mysterious raps apparently on the bulkheads, or partitions of our state-rooms. My wife had never heard them before, and was very much alarmed; but I had heard them, and at once recognized their character repeating the alphabet. I at once opened communication, and my wife became re-assured on receiving a consolatory message from her mother, whose Christian name I had never before known. My wife, ill and confined to her bed, had been very much alarmed by the stormy weather, but appeared to become perfectly re-assured by the presence of these invisibles; and, indeed, became so dependant on what she considered their protection, that she could not rest without hearing the tokens of their presence. One midnight, off Cape Horn, she aroused me from sleep. I dressed rapidly, and went into her cabin, when it was spelt out by the raps on the bulkhead, "The ship *Sabine* is near you, and there is no head on deck." I may state here that, having been once run down at sea, I was very nervous on that point, and explaining my anxiety to the officer on deck, without however, mentioning the immediate cause, he assured me that there was a look-out on the fore-castle, which, like most look-outs, he found asleep on going forward at my earnest solicitation. I remained on deck some hours, but, the night being very dark, saw nothing. At daylight, however, we spoke the ship *Sabine* on opposite tacks, and had been very probably in close proximity during the night, as sailors will understand where ships are beating up against a head wind.

The fact of speaking this vessel may be found in the ship's logbook, and I affirm that we had never seen or heard of such a vessel until this warning. Conversing next day in our cabin on the wonderful verification of the warning, we asked our invisible friends if they would warn us in future in case of danger from collision; they replied that they would give five loud raps in the direction of an approaching vessel, and, as a specimen, five raps were made as if with a muffled hammer.

There were no mediums on board, none who knew of our intercourse, and with the voyage our mediumship ended.

ARE THERE ANIMALS IN THE SPIRIT WORLD?

 By A. E. NEWTON.

To our apprehension, this inquiry might be answered correctly *either way*, according to the meaning of the questioner. If he means, Do the animals of this world pass, as individualized existences, to the spiritual state, and there have identical immortality, as man is believed to have?—we should answer, with our present information on the subject, most emphatically, *No*. If we understand the matter, all animals below the human are but *imperfect* or *incomplete* formations—man being the only *complete* type of the animal kingdom. The lower animals, then, are but embodiments of some one or more of the numerous elements which go to make up the human being,—and nothing less than a combination embracing in some degree *the whole* of these elements can constitute the “image of God” (who is the Universal Whole,) and thus possess immortality. Thus man is an epitome of the universe, concentrating all principles or elements within himself; and hence has that *wholeness* from which alone endless individualization or immortality can result.

But if the questioner means, Do those *principles* or *elements* which when embodied and incarnated, produce the various animal forms of earth, exist in the spiritual world?—our answer is, quite as emphatically, *Yes*. If they did not, there *could be* no animals on earth. For the spiritual world is *the world of causes*, and without causes there can be no effects. Nothing does or can exist in the external world, which has not its corresponding *cause* in the spiritual realm. And as all objects in the external world are but the *effects*, or *correspondences*, or *symbols*, of realities in the spiritual, it follows of necessity that when spirits speak of birds, beasts, trees, &c., in the spiritual world, their language is *symbolical*, and must be understood as referring to the *spiritual principles* or elements from which such objects in the external proceed.

Furthermore, since man is an epitome of all elements, he comprehends within himself the *elements* of all animal forms, and hence can and does project these from himself in the emanations, or (as Swedenborg has expressed it) “affections” which he throws out.

It is well known that the microscope has lately revealed the fact that the human blood contains myriads of living animalculæ, in all the lower forms of animal existence. The blood is but the physical correspondence or instrument of the spiritual life-prin-

principle ; and hence the latter must also contain the spiritual principles or elements of all forms of animal life.

Hence, those principles or "affections" which predominate in a person give their general characteristics to all emanations from that person. If one is selfishly shrewd and cunning, the fox-principle is prominent in him ; if he is treacherous and cruel, the hyena-principle ; if courageous and faithful, the dog-principle ; if bold and powerful, the lion-principle ; if meek and gentle, the lamb-principle ; if loving and aspirational, the dove-principle ; and so on, through the whole catalogue of zoology. Now, most people can distinguish, even with external perceptions, the predominance of these different characteristics in different individuals ; and hence they often instinctively recognize persons as foxes, lions, elephants, lambs, or doves.

It necessarily follows, then, that when persons' *spiritual* perceptions are opened, either in this life or the other, they distinguish these predominant characteristics more clearly ; and hence human spirits themselves often look like, and appear to be (in truth, really *are*) hyenas, serpents, lambs, or doves, according to their ruling "affections."

Moreover, the emanations of thought and affection from all individuals take form, by natural law, in accordance with their real characters. *Thoughts* are *things*—living entities. Hence a person who is grovelling and sensual, appears, to spiritual vision, surrounded by loathsome reptiles ; and one who is loving, tender, pure and aspirational, appears surrounded by pets, lambs, doves, and bright and beautiful birds. These are not *mere appearances* ; but are actual realities of the soul's life—far more real than any earthly objects can be. Thus it was that Swedenborg when his spiritual vision was first opened, saw "the floor of his room covered with hideous reptiles, such as serpents, toads and the like," which he afterwards learned were but the emanations of his own impure condition. Thus, also, is it that mediums now often perceive the presence of birds and other animals as spiritual entities, whenever in the company of certain individuals.

To conclude, we would remark that we consider all forms of life on earth as originating from emanations of thought or affection proceeding from intelligent beings,—from *minds* in lower or higher spheres of existence,—which emanations become embodied or incarnated in earthly matter, and these embodiments are beautiful or unsightly, useful or noxious, as they proceed from elevated and pure, or from low and impure sources. This is, we believe, substantially the philosophy of Swedenborg on this subject ; and we know of no other which is adequate to the case.

One further remark : We do not consider *our opinion* on this

or any other philosophical question,—nor the testimony of any spirit, or the belief of any Spiritualist,—to be necessarily any part of *Spiritualism*. Spiritualism accepts the *fact* that spirits communicate; it by no means endorses *what* they communicate, nor what individual Spiritualists believe.

SPIRITUALISM AND ORGANIZATION.

Among the questions which the Spiritualistic movement suggests for solution is that of Organization. The experience of the world has demonstrated the utility and importance of organizations for certain purposes. It enables those engaged in the promotion of any cause to work more efficiently for certain ends. It will not be questioned that the strength and efficiency of Catholicism and Methodism are largely due to the thoroughness and compactness of their organizations. But do not the members of those communions pay a fearful price for the benefits derived from their compact organizations, in the loss of individuality and intellectual freedom? When an organization is completed, in all its parts, it is virtually controlled by the lower stratum of minds—minds that live and work almost solely for the interests of organization, regardless of the general interests of mankind. On this ground, then, are serious objections to be urged against organizations as they are ordinarily managed.

All new movements, destined to usher in a better era, must be untrammelled by the shackles of sectarianism; because, in being thus shackled, they cannot be outspoken and free, as their work demands. From Moses to Theodore Parker every founder of a church polity was a *comeouter*. The proverb relative to turning new wine into old bottles will ever prove applicable to any new movement that is to bless mankind. The scientific and incontrovertible facts of Spiritualism cannot be accepted by any of our church establishments, because it is felt that the new wine would inevitably burst the old bottles. How could Theodore Parker have done his God-given work had he been hampered by the conventionalisms of sect? His social and genial nature would have relished the social sympathies of the clerical class in Boston and vicinity, but he could not have that sympathy and fulfil his mission. Christ and his Apostles did their work outside, not inside, of an organization. . . . The Universalists and Unitarians of this country have done a noble pioneer work; and all the better they have done it because so loosely organized.

If, in their present efforts to get organized, Spiritualists succeed, their spiritual life will depart, and their condition will be analogous to the brakes and switches on our railways. . . . With all the sectarian advantages that would accrue, the Spiritualistic movement, in the broadest and best sense, would be as impotent for good, if compactly organized, as was Samson of old for the exertion of physical strength when shorn of his locks.

The writer of this knows something of the bitter workings of the sectarian spirit, where men of small minds are enabled to wield its weapons.

Should Spiritualists organize thoroughly, there are thousands who would enlist in their ranks for the purpose of heading the organization now unknown to most faithful pioneers. The severest trials of genuine Spiritualism are to come in attempts that will be made to cramp its free spirit by rigid organization.—
Banner of Light.

PERSONAL SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns !

MILTON.

God is his own interpreter ;
 And He will make it plain.

COWPER.

I AM going to tell you what Spiritualism has done for me. Shall I occupy your time or the valuable space which you have kindly awarded to me in your journal by recounting the physical phenomena which I have witnessed in its study, or shall I tell you of the change which it has wrought in my heart and in the order of my life? Perhaps a little of both would be well, therefore the least important first.

Now, what I am about to write shall be written in all sincerity, and this article shall alone be valuable for the truthfulness of its statements. I do not expect to please any one—and I beg that your readers will not be offended with me, for I shall allow the truth to flow freely from my pen, and should I say, or rather record, anything astounding to the prejudice or belief of any one, I beg of them to take all calmly, and pass it over as another of those unaccountable diversities of thought which are indeed needlessly alarming. I believe in inspiration, and occasionally I give way to it, and I may do so on this occasion.

All the members of my family—my wife and daughter, and myself, the trio—are mediums. My wife and daughter, while in their normal state, see spirits daily; and this spirit-presence, these angels constantly going and coming, is never a matter of great surprise with them. These two ladies are accustomed to the most brilliant sights imaginable, which I can in no way satisfactorily describe—nor will I attempt it. Previous to my own belief in Spiritualism the most startling phenomena were of common occurrence in my house, such as bell-ringing, knockings, rappings, thumpings, as with a sledge-hammer, on the furniture; showers as it were of hail falling upon the floor; the sound as of persons running up and down stairs, helter-skelter, as if chasing each other, making the while, the most furious rattling against the balusters, as with a cudgel, while the terrified household stood looking on, candle in hand, but seeing nothing! Yet instantly the noises ceased my daughter would then see spirit-forms on the stairs smiling and beckoning or motioning to her not to be afraid. My wife has, in the daylight, seen the spirits of her relations and friends in form, as visibly and looking as palpable as those we all

see in the body. She has been struck in the open day when in a room alone by herself, and with considerable force, with a man's visible shut fist, to which she saw no body attached.

With regard to myself—to God be all the glory—I have great power in healing the sick, both of mind and body, and without medicine. When lately I had the pleasure of making Mr. Fradelle's acquaintance, at the Mesmeric Infirmary in London, he promptly told me that I was a strong magnet, or healing medium, and that it was a matter of certainty with him to know it. Indeed, if I may speak as a mere observer, it is very curious the power I possess of producing, as it were, peace and pleasure, or pleasurable feeling rather, in whatever company I enter. This must have been the secret of my jolliness of companionship in the days when I was a harum-scarum, a long time ago.

In order to further test the facts of Spiritualism, we commenced sitting *en séance*, in order to obtain, as we thought, more important and extraordinary manifestations of spirit power. For upwards of six months—during which time many friends joined us, but most of whom soon gave up the "waiting for spirits"—we had no manifestation, no sign, no rap, nor any indication worth a "rap"—to me at least—but my daughter's wrist was once injured by spirit-power dashing her hand against the hard surface of a mahogany table. The hands of other sitters, both ladies and gentlemen, were similarly moved and knocked about, but these "pranks" were pronounced worse than stupid by our gatherings, and the great circles of twelves and fourteens became once more reduced to the original three—my wife, child, and myself, though since then other friends have joined us. My wife and daughter always saw "something," but your correspondent was as blind as a bat. However, I made the grand resolution to hold a special *séance* every Sunday evening, at eight o'clock, *in total darkness*, and very shortly after this determination, the sights we saw and the sounds we heard should be seen and heard by those who would properly appreciate them. Lights of all shapes, forms, and colours. Spirits coming, as it were, from out of the solid wall. I say *as it were*, but they *did come* through the solid wall, and returned again the same way. The spirit of my eldest brother David came, one evening, from the centre of a yellow oval-shaped light, walked round the room, surveyed the company, and tapped on the writer's head in a very palpable manner. Miss J. A. C—, a young lady seventeen years old, who has from these sittings become a trance medium, can tell of things seen by her in "Summer Land," which mock all effort of description. I will not attempt it here. At home we talk of them only in whispers of astonishment and delight.

We become in a manner "crazy" with joy, at the prospect of a hereafter so blessed. When I have been lecturing to the people upon these things I seem to lose all control over my feelings, and give way to expressions of unbounded rapture. O beautiful Spiritualism!—divine philosophy!—science of sciences! In the deep darkness of my terrible ignorance how have I maligned thee! In the blazing revelry of the midnight gathering I once was loudest in the ribald laugh against thy holiest warnings, and have spurned as utterly contemptible, thy merciful messages to mankind, and those manifestations which brought before my trembling unbelieving soul the blessed spirits of those to whom, as I thought I had bid an eternal adieu. What a wilderness of gins and snares and confusions and discords and hells and curses and hopes deferred and dissimulations and pretences and horrors had I wandered through for the long term of near upon forty years ere I knew thee! What "belief" was mine ere the thunders and lightnings of thy truth arrested my soul in its dark career? Why—that man, "created in the image of God," and His noblest work, whose glorious destiny it is to compass the universe of nature, and to assist in the development and management of countless systems of future existences—that this divine thing was a mere animal 'like a dog,' with the curious exceptional powers of laughing, crying, reasoning, believing, praying, and cheating,—that he of all others, alone, cooked his victuals and made bargains; mounted upon two legs, like "others of his class," as some anthropologists phrase it, with hands and flexible fingers, troubled with many wants and proportionate industry—that he was the vainest of living creatures, and that presently he would die, and *there an end!* Ere I knew this living philosophy I truly was 'dead in trespasses and in sins.'

I read all Scripture, just previous to my spiritual conversion, with a greedy delight in fault finding, and exposing with a keen relish the imperfections of all "sacred mediums." I looked upon the priests of every church as nothing but the rightful heirs to a species of serious, but paying "humbug"—the queer property of those ancient magicians, who by virtue of certain cabalistic words and ceremonies gave the appearance of a science to the most absurd of reveries. I did not even give them all credit for sincerity. But thanks be to God! Spiritualism has rent this thick veil of self-confidence and vain conceit from my vision, and I see all things now—from the starry heavens to the green earth—in a new and glorious light. I shall never again blame any man for his "faith," "creed," or "belief;" but I give all credit for sincerity according to the light that is in them, though I may pity that unaccountable perversion which still prefers a *part* to the *whole*. The cold winter of "materialism," as it stands in its

stereotyped meaning, had all but dried up the immortal aspirations of the true life within me. I had forgotten my God and had ceased to pray! I lived for the present, despised the past, and dreaded the unseen and unknown future. Thanks be to God, by that way that we know not of, He had given to me an organism, both mental and physical, which alike protected my individuality from the cruelties of crime, and from the enormities of the grosser evils with which society is too familiar, and for which I have no opportunity. I have no liking for disorder or folly—no affection for foul workers or their deeds, otherwise it might have been worse with me; my sins nevertheless have been more than enough, but my repentance continues, and this is the prayer of my heart:—“That it would please the ever blessed and Eternal Father—the source of all things, visible and invisible—the Alpha and Omega—the inconceivable Life of my life, to unite me in love to Him for ever. Sleeping and waking, whatever I am yet to be, wherever I am destined to go in this ever-changing sphere, that He may keep me safe in my allegiance, true in my duty, faithful in my love, and constant in my faith with Him! Whatever powers of mind, body or spirit, graces, gifts, talents, or goods; whatever of excellence, benevolence, energy, or usefulness is in my soul I joyfully surrender back again to Him for His service, to teach His truth and to spread forth His glory. I wish only, and He knows it, I will only, to be used for his glory and honour! I wish to be filled, to the full capacity of my soul, with His love and wisdom. I want my heart to be so conformed to His work—and I believe it to be Spiritualism—I wish to be made so certain of His presence and approval in all my performances that the praise or blame of men may never weigh with me—neither exciting ambition on the one hand, nor fear on the other. I wish to be brave as a man trusting in God should be, and to be gentle as brave. . . . Blot out for ever—cancel and make void the follies and wrongs of my past life when my heart was a stranger to Thy grace and mercy! O, my most merciful and heavenly Father! forgive me my sins and trespasses as I now most heartily and surely do all those departed and undeparted souls who may have wronged or in any way injured me! If in this my earnest prayer to Thee, I utter an expression of error, pardon me, my heavenly Father! Thus in the pages of a public magazine shall I shew forth the change Thou hast wrought in my heart. By addressing myself to Thee, I wish to let all Thy children see my devotion—the devotion of one who only a short time since was a stranger both to his God and prayer! My soul’s delight is now to hold communion with Thee, and even at this great distance from Thy glory I lay my humble claim as one of Thy creatures to praise Thee. Neither may any

circumstances whatever alter cases with Thee, my God, and me. Lead me not into temptation! Shape me into the simple grandeur of the ever gentle and holy JESUS! JESUS HOMINUM SALVATOR! In full faith that Thou wilt grant it, O my God, I ask Thee for power to heal the sick. Wherever I go on a mission of mercy do Thou go with me, for to Thee alone shall I give all the honour and glory in every manifestation of thy power, that those among whom I shall labour may know that it is Thy hand that doeth the work, and not mine, and that Thou art the SAME GOD ALMIGHTY, BLESSED FOR EVER."

This prayer which is now uttered, which was engraved in my heart, and which still vibrates within my life, and has flown from my pen on to this paper, will, I trust, be the most acceptable proof of the value and excellence of Spiritualism properly understood. This very language of my heart, these prayerful expressions of my soul are but the results of my appreciation of an eternal fact which looks down every avenue of time and which ten thousand philosophers in as many discourses will never be able to compass completely, or shew an absolutely correct *outline* of in its glorious entirety. And herein consists the ineffable charm that, like the immortal soul, its study will be for ever! The student can know no dying in an educational career that shall know no ending! Spiritualists boast not of a "finished education." O ye who pen yourselves up in small corners of this sphere, nursing fancy theories of your immortal existences—straining at your gnats and swallowing your camels—oracularly pronouncing this and declaring that, on the authority of dogmatic men as liable to error as yourselves—as you turn over the dead leaves of dead men's dead books in dead languages, as rag-pickers do the dust heaps of our cities for articles of very small worth—take care that you barter not the eternal liberty of your souls for a baby-bauble or an old rag. Perhaps you have joined in the common cry which has been raised against Spiritualism; and besides, you have no fancy for appearing among the circles of your acquaintances "ridiculously singular." Perhaps you are "slightly favourable," but you would prefer something more fashionable than this Spiritualism, which, like primitive Christianity, promises anything but social or political promotion to its votaries. If people want a lasting sensation—one they will never fag or tire of—one that will last for ever, and outlive the sun—why don't they accept of Spiritualism, which is ever fresh and ever fair. Spiritualism is not to be understood in a day. Moral and social, religious and theological, political and scientific *incidentals* have been mistaken for SPIRITUALISM; and babies in its study have incautiously propounded a phase of this divine philosophy as the compass of

the whole! These enthusiastic beginners, but doubtless well-intentioned individuals, commence to *teach* almost ere they have begun to *learn*? Before persons take upon themselves to teach Spiritualism would it not be wise to make themselves acquainted with the laws and phenomena of motion, force, equilibrium, of the general properties of matter, of the imponderable agents, and of things common to their "every-day" life? These belong to the alphabet of Spiritualism, a correct knowledge of which is necessary and indispensable to the grammatical study of this science. But our youngsters in Spiritualism would run away from these "hard" lessons, as boys do at our common schools, and feast their untutored reason upon this great subject, as an uncouth rustic would his appetite at a royal banquet, drinking and eating, in greedy madness, whatever comes first. These are they who are well painted by the great Galilean in His parable of putting new cloth into old garments, and new wine into old bottles. Ye who "know all about Spiritualism," do ye know anything of the air ye breathe?

Come, I shall give ye a hundred years to study the atmosphere—that birth-place of all those numberless tribes of creation which constitute the vegetable and animal world. From it these obtain all the different materials which constitute their form—from it they all derive their food. It is the nourisher and supporter of life, and in those processes of decay which are continually taking place during the existence of animals, and which, after death, resolve their bodies into other forms. This air receives the products of those changes, and stores them up for our future use!

And ye, my beloved co-workers in this most holy labour, don't repine at your fortune. Ye have a reward in your hearts "dearer than gold—richer than Plutus' mine." For my own part, I look upon it as the greatest privilege of my existence to tell to all men the plain truth as it is, and always shall be, within me! I intend to make myself so familiar with it here that it shall in no way seem or sound strange to me after I shall have taken my dive through "death's cold flood" into that land of pure delight which I long to see! Servile to falsehood never more shall I be. Welcome poverty, danger, distress, pain, or death—but ever true shall I be to this chosen philosophy of my heart. The simplicity of a child shall shine in every future act of my manhood, assured of the presence of God wherever I go. With Thomson, in his "Hymn of the Seasons," I can truly say, should fate command me to the farthest verge of the green earth—to distant barbarous climes—rivers unknown to song, where the first sun-light gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me since God is

ever present, ever felt, in the wide waste as in the city full, and where He vital breathes there must be joy! When even at last the solemn hour shall come for me to wing my mystic flight to future worlds, I cheerful will obey; there with new powers will rising wonders sing. I cannot go where universal love smiles not around, sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns; from seeming evil still educing good; and better thence again—and better still, in infinite PROGRESSION.

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SPIRITUALISM AND CIVILIZATION.

No one would dream in these days of defending the theory of Rousseau as to the superiority of the savage to the civilized state. It may be true, that the life of tens of thousands in almost every nation of Europe is a condition of unalleviated, hopeless, grinding misery, of an intensity utterly unknown to savage tribes. It is true, that associated with the highest culture and most superfluous luxury, there is often a hollowness of heart and a physical deterioration, which might well make the possessor envy the North American Indian. But yet we all instinctively shrink from the notion that savagery, even accompanied by peace and plenty, is to be preferred to any form of European civilization. And whence arises this instinct? Is it not traceable to the universal belief, that progress is the destiny of the human race? And "the idea of progress, developement, amelioration, or extension" (says Taylor in his *Natural History of Society*), "appears to be the predominant notion in the definition of civilization." We have reason, therefore, to think that our sentiments are not in harmony with the Divine Will, unless we are prepared to concur in the domination of this progressive tendency, whatever consequences it may involve.

Progress seems to be the true distinction between a merely artificial and a civilized condition of society. That the former may exist without progress is proved by the state of China, where thought and action are equally forced to accommodate themselves to an unchanging system devised in remote ages; and where, from the model of the meanest article of furniture to the highest social institution, there is a permanent uniformity. Now, it is a noteworthy fact, that to this very country some of our positivist philosophers are at present casting furtive glances of admiration: and though we believe that our Caucasian descent and our priceless inheritance of Christian truth and spirit will

preserve us from such stagnation, and secure our continual advancement towards an ideally perfect social state; yet clear conceptions of the conditions of progress may materially hasten that blessed consummation. Under this impression we offer to our readers a few observations bearing upon this subject.

If it be granted that progress is the central characteristic of civilization, we may fairly consider the perfection of civilization to consist in such a state of society as promotes the freest development of each individual member, so far as is consistent with the greatest development of society as a whole. Judged by this standard, Europe must be allowed to be at a very great distance from a perfectly civilized state. At present a hundred men live in virtual slavery that one man may possess every possible *privilege*, while destitute of that highest unprivileged blessing of communion of enjoyment with his fellow-creatures. What freedom of development is possible to that man, for example, whose energies of body and mind are daily exhausted by twelve hours of severe manual labour, or as degrading, monotonous, mental drudgery. Our ancestors were slaves to their lowest physical necessities, to fetish worship, and all the debasing superstitions which originate in ignorance of the laws of nature. We are, for the most part, slaves to the artificial, mechanical, and irrational organization of society. Ours is a less rigid slavery, because we have advanced in civilization, and have tasted something of the sweets of liberty—in other words, of free development.

The slavery of our ancestors was manifestly caused by their ignorance; and, I think, we gather from history that man's true liberty, or normal development, has ever increased, in proportion to his knowledge of the physical and moral laws which govern that mundane order, of which he forms the head. The more *perfect* his knowledge, the greater his freedom. Thus, in the sphere of natural law, according to the Baconian apophthegm, man conquers nature by obeying her. We should be most ungrateful did we not acknowledge the development of mind and increasing liberty of thought, which we owe to the earnest students of natural science. The day is doubtless at hand when our *savans* will perceive that there is a much closer relation between the physical and spiritual worlds than they at present admit; but their ignorance of this truth is not a serious obstacle to their advancement in most branches of science, and we may cheerfully leave them to pursue their conquests of the realms of nature, assured that they are unconsciously laying the foundation of man's spiritual emancipation. It is impossible to discover physical laws without revealing, at the same time, something of

the Lawgiver, or of that supreme love and wisdom which preside over the destinies of the human race.

In the sphere of spiritual things, which is the highest and governing sphere, we observe a continual process at work by which the manifestation of that order, which the human mind recognises as divine, has been perpetually changing from formal, inflexible enactments, like those contained in the Jewish Law, into an expression of deeply-seated spiritual laws and relations, imperfectly symbolized in the multiform institutions of Christendom ecclesiastical and civil. The fullest revelation of spiritual law was made indeed eighteen centuries ago. But the truth of Christ was too dazzling in its radiance, too ethereal in its essence, to admit of immediate adoption by the world, in all its pure simplicity. In other words, the divine life of humanity, that it might obtain final expression, submitted to temporary obscurity and imprisonment. But its glory is at length flashing upon the astonished gaze of men. At one time it gleams through the parting veil of holy places and symbolic rites; at another by strange spiritual powers and gifts exercised in the service of their brethren by men of every creed and sect. Sometimes the proof that man is—in scripture phrase—partaker of the divine nature, is given under purely secular circumstances, by happily inconsistent persons, who, professedly denying Christ and his mission, yet by their every action, substantiate the authority of his teaching, and so proclaim that he was indeed the Son of God, and, by sympathy of spirit and life, their elder brother.

Spiritualism has been well defined to be “an effort to discover all truth relating to man’s spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny.” Regarded in this light, and expounded in works like Mr. Howitt’s *History of the Supernatural*, *The Two Worlds* of Mr. T. Brevior, and the pages of this periodical, this science lifts the phenomena of spiritual life out of the category of exceptional events into the region of divine law and order; and thus, it appears to us, most efficiently promotes our spiritual emancipation and development. By the light of this infant, or rather adolescent science we now see clearly, that the truth of a doctrine cannot be proved by a so-called miracle. The meaning and worth of “a miracle”—*i.e.* the intervention of some intelligent, unseen agency, must rather be tested by the effect which it is calculated to produce upon the mind and heart, and this again can only be estimated by the devout and cultivated reason. The study of spiritualistic phenomena thus elevates the mind above a servile submission to mere dogmatic authority as well as an ignorant resignation of its rights and faculties before a mere “sign and wonder.”

This emancipating tendency of the new science is quite

sufficient to account for the opposition it has encountered at the hands of the orthodox religious world; while the innovating and revolutionary character of spiritualistic teaching, induces a large section of the irreligious world, to regard it with distrust and uneasiness. The weak and timid, and therefore false and unjust, conservatism of aristocratic England dreads each breath of free thought which tends to quicken the seeds of regeneration sleeping within her bosom. It makes many people uncomfortable to see old landmarks in religion, morals, or metaphysics threatened with annihilation. They regard the whole matter, much as the respectable country gentlemen of fifty years ago regarded Methodism. If a man turned Methodist, it was equivalent to his becoming a radical, a blasphemer of social decorums and time-honoured conventionalities. The case is much the same to-day; and, with a true instinct of self-preservation, the man of mere material, selfish aims, and hebdomadal religion, if he has any at all, recognizes in Spiritualism a disturber of his peace. This importunate proximity of unseen realities calls for a re-adjustment of his stagnant ideas, and it makes him tremble for the safety of the "reserved seat" to which he looked forward in the other world, and also of his reputation as an intellectual aristocrat in this. Such a fear is by no means a groundless one; for who can measure the influence which this despised Spiritualism is exercising on a score of worn-out ologies and isms? Its negative effects are those most obvious at present. It is a great truth, which has not yet woven a dress for itself, or elaborated appropriate organizations, as outward and visible signs of its inward and spiritual grace. It wanders about in rags and tatters, and often in most disreputable company, so that some moral courage is required even to acknowledge acquaintance, much more to associate with this truth, in the public roads of life.

We confess that we perfectly understand the aversion with which many earnest minds have been led to regard this subject. "So far," it is said, "from these investigations having an elevating or emancipating effect upon the mind, so-called spiritual manifestations generally appeal to the lowest mental faculties, while pandering to idle curiosity and a thirst for sensational exhibitions." There is much truth in this. And it is not enough to make the specious and oft-repeated reply to such taunts, that an evil and adulterous, or sense-bound, generation needs a sign, and that the fittest for them are dancing tables, knot-tying, and volant trumpets in dark closets, &c. A cultivated mind CANNOT look upon such things except as most disorderly and undivine, although they may have a spiritual origin.

The higher manifestations of modern Spiritualism are not so

obnoxious to contemptuous criticism. But may I be allowed in candour to add, (N.B. I cannot claim Editorial endorsement of my opinion) that many even of the higher phenomena appear to lie open to one objection, which ought to be well discussed and ventilated. If the exercise of *rationality*, in a state of *voluntary freedom* be, as it unquestionably is, the distinctive characteristic of a man, what right has any medium to resign his freewill and become the mechanical mouthpiece of some unknown intelligence.

To return to our more immediate subject, these and a hundred other objections, whether valid or not, do not disprove the fact, that Spiritualism is exercising a most beneficial influence on civilization, by leading to the discovery or illustration of spiritual laws. Even supposing all these various manifestations to be disorderly and vicious, which I do not for a moment believe, their illustrative value would be none the less. How much would the world know of physiology or the laws of health, if disease had not first necessitated the study of pathology?

Hitherto, as we have already said, the negative influence exercised by this movement appears to us the most important, but even the positive teachings of Spiritualism are less opposed to a rational philosophy and generous morality, than the illogical drivelling insincerity of the majority of our pulpits. Even now, in its infancy, Spiritualism is striving to give utterance, in broken language, to a higher truth than any episcopal orthodoxy. And what deeper philosophy on man's spiritual nature the fuller investigation of this wide field of knowledge may inferentially lead to, the future alone can shew.

S. E. B.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

THE LATE REV. DR. MAITLAND, D.D., AND PROFESSOR
J. R. MAPES.

SPIRITUALISM in England has recently lost one of its most distinguished advocates in the person of Dr. Maitland, and in America in Professor Mapes. The *Athenæum*, *Reader*, and other journals, in their obituary of Dr. Maitland, have done but justice to his scholarly acquirements, and literary reputation. He was widely known as a member of several learned and scientific bodies, and as the author of numerous and able works on historical, scriptural, ecclesiastical, and scientific subjects. He

had for many years paid attention to Mesmerism. He also took great interest in Spiritualism, and was somewhat rudely assailed in the *Westminster Review*, in 1857, for writing in its defence. He was a full believer in the reality of the phenomena, but he could not make up his mind that they were to be attributed to the spirits of departed human beings.

He treated the explanations of Professor Faraday and Sir David Brewster in the most sarcastic and contemptuous manner.

Reviewing the celebrated lecture delivered by Professor Faraday before Prince Albert, at the Royal Institution in 1854, Dr. Maitland says:—

“The shrewd reader will suspect that we are getting towards the subject of table-moving and the mysteries connected with it; and he is right enough as we shall presently see. The long and the short of the lecture is, that ‘society as a body’ has manifested great want of judgment in believing their own eyes and ears, instead of saying to all the troublesome table-talkers and tilters, ‘Go about your business, Newton has laid down the law, man cannot, and God will not, break it.’” Then quoting Professor Faraday’s expressions of surprise that educated people in every rank of society could believe that a table rises against the law of gravitation, he says:—

“It is my belief, that when such a statement of fact finds acceptance in every rank of society, and amongst classes which are esteemed to be educated, there must be in it, or connected with it, some truth worthy of investigation. The fact is one which imperatively claims the attention of every reflecting man. These mysteries, whether true or false, are a stumbling-block to science in its railroad course. It is utterly at fault; and its misfortune is not merely that it has been unable to explain, but that in rushing out ‘to inflict a mortal wound on the monster superstition,’ it has exposed its weakness. . . .

“It cannot be easily and at once got rid of. A man cannot step out and put his foot upon it, as if it were a spider. Let the Professor’s testimony be deeply considered by every thinking and religious man. If he will only keep his eyes and ears open, he will find it to be more true, and more important than he may at first imagine.”*

Dr. Maitland then turns to Sir David Brewster and says:—
“I have now before me a newspaper, containing a letter from Sir David Brewster to Benjamin Coleman, Esq., and dated so recently as October 1855, in which he says:—

“When all our hands were upon the table, noises were heard—rappings in abundance—and finally when we rose up the table

* *Superstition and Science*, published by Rivington and Co.

actually rose, as appeared to me from the ground. This result I do not pretend to explain."

"It seems," Dr. Maitland continues, "that Sir David is more prudent than some other philosophers, and does not pretend to explain; but what are we to think when we find him placing himself before the public as a person who really cannot tell whether a table under his nose does or does not rise from the ground? Is it on men so grossly and avowedly incompetent to judge of plain matter of fact submitted to their senses that we are to pin our faith in matters of physical science? They will do the seeing, and we have only to believe. We do as far as ever we can believe the philosophers. No doubt we believe a great deal on their word, which we ought not to believe at all; but we cannot help this. We prefer erring on that side, and are quite willing to strain a point, as long as they put a good face upon it, and keep up our courage by assuring us that it is all right. At the same time, this faith in philosophers rests on a belief that they have some common sense, and at least, an average power of observation."

I corresponded with Dr. Maitland in 1859, and from one of his letters I make the following extract:—

"I believe that certain phenomena are brought about by the agency of *spirits*. What sort of beings those "spirits" may be, I do not undertake to say. But I do not believe that they are "departed" spirits—that is, deceased human beings. At the same time I do not know that they are to be considered as Satanic, or as in any way peculiarly subject to, and under the control of the Devil. For aught that I know, or can find, they may be (in the same limited sense as men and beasts) an independent race; or they may be angels, good and bad. In fact, I do not feel bound, or know how, to say what, or whence they are. My chief reason for believing what I do respecting them, is what I find in the New Testament; but that does not make the matter clear. The spirits so often mentioned, and forming such an important feature in the New Testament history, appear and disappear (I mean in the history) without explanation."

The American papers in announcing the death of James J. Mapes, "the Model Farmer," and eminent professor of chemistry, speak in the most eulogistic terms of his great genius and high literary and scientific attainments.

"He was a permanent member of the New York Lyceum, honorary member of the Scientific Institute of Brussels, Royal Society of St. Petersburg, and Geographical Society of Paris, and one of our state universities conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. As a farmer, Professor Mapes has given hundreds of

useful discoveries to the world, and not a few important inventions. The subsoil plough, and the rotatory digger and spade, now in such common use, are his inventions, while his advice was sought and accepted in regard to chemical manures all over the country. He organized the Franklin Institute at Newark, and became its first lecturer, and so early as 1844 he was the president of the Mechanics' Institute of New York. Professor Mapes was one of the most agreeable of men, possessing great geniality and no small share of wit and humour, and was gifted with an extraordinary flow of language," &c., &c.

During my brief sojourn in the United States I had the pleasure of making Professor Mapes's intimate acquaintance, and of enjoying his hospitality for two or three days at Newark, his country house. He was one of those who in the earliest advent of modern Spiritualism, set earnestly to work to explode the "delusion," but the facts which he witnessed at the commencement of his investigations, shewed him that there was a reality in the manifestations for which, with his materialistic bias, he was not prepared. Finding, as he told me, that there was something worth investigating, he secured the services of Mrs. Brown, the eldest daughter of the well-known Fox family, as a medium, and collecting a party of ten friends, all sceptics, they held meetings every Monday evening, for five years, during which period every conceivable test was applied, and resulted ultimately in the conversion of the whole party to a full belief in the spiritual philosophy. His daughter developed as a writing medium, and Mrs. Mapes, who had no knowledge whatever of the art, became a water-color drawing medium. Two specimens of her work were presented to me, which now adorn my drawing-room, and are pronounced by English artists as inimitable, though they were both produced in little more than one hour. In the last conversation I had with Professor Mapes, he summed up his argument for Spiritualism in the following words:—

"If after making every allowance for the incongruities, false theories, fanaticism, and the common errors attached to Spiritualism, only ten per cent. of the whole should prove true and unimpregnable, it is still as sound a science as chemistry was at the beginning of this century, which has thrown aside ninety per cent. of the teachings then received as truths."

WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS IN SCOTLAND.

I have received further accounts from Mr. P. A——, the Glasgow medium, of the manifestations received through him, which will doubtless prove interesting to my readers. And I have personal testimony from two gentlemen who have been present on different occasions at these remarkable *séances*, who

fully confirm some of the most extraordinary facts already recorded in connection with Mr. P. A——'s mediumship.

Mr. P. A——, whilst in the trance state, has made some curious water-colour drawings. One of them is described by Mr. P. A—— in the following terms—and it is considered by a friend of mine who has seen it to be a wonderfully elaborate and very artistic production:—

“ It is a painting measuring seventeen and a half inches by thirteen and a quarter inches, it is also a transparency, being the third of the kind, how the effect is produced I cannot tell, not having seen the painting until it was finished. The pavement is tessellated in a very singular manner, and the sides of the southern transept seem niched, each niche being occupied by a spirit, there are seven on each side, the spaces between the niches are beautifully panelled and flowered, as is likewise the roof; the central portion seems, in the painting occupied by a large dome overhead, in which the solar system circles. The sun is painted yellow, but on being viewed as a transparency it becomes red, in like manner all the spirits come out brightly; their white garments, appearing radiant; the panels change from the golden colour to an azure blue. Under the main dome there is a large fountain, from which a sort of bright halo comes, when held to the light; far in the distance are two long aisles running under groined arches, and in between the two is the president's entrance and seat of authority; a description, however, fails to convey a very clear idea of the subject described, and as I will ask Mr. G—— to photograph it for you, I will leave the minor details for your own eyes. This drawing was procured in my own room, whilst alone and in the trance state, seven hours being the whole time occupied in its production, three hours one night and four hours the night following; the first night the cardboard was taken from me and hid before I was allowed to awake. They said the magnetism of the eyes would affect the next and last sitting if I were allowed to look upon it. The stages were these: First, I was told to stretch my paper on the drawing board, and be ready for next night, this was done. On the next night, after obtaining my assent, I became entranced and thereafter I knew nothing of what was going on. The following three hours being an entire blank to me, farther than that they told me I had been impressed to paint. I am acquainted with mechanical drawing, as I require it in my profession; but I never tried either architectural or free-hand drawing, or painting or sketching; in fact, I can do nothing in that line, neither do I find that these spirit paintings, drawings, sketches and portraits, have assisted me one iota to better acquaintance with it, neither has it increased my ability in mechanical drawing.

“I thought that I had given you a sketch of the spirit-ring in some former letter, but as I see from your letter that I have not, I subjoin the details. The figure of Franklin came to me one day, and shewed me a ring which *appeared* to be gold, and told me that he was going to place it on Miss D——’s finger as a pledge of friendship and guarantee of his ability to produce some startling spirit-manifestations. I heard no more about it until two days after, when Miss D—— wrote to tell me of a singular manifestation which had occurred to her two days previously. She said she had been sitting passive, when the doctor appeared to her, and after making an address, he put the ring upon her finger. I have examined the ring minutely, and find by testing that it is genuine gold. It is a plain hoop, rather heavier than those worn as wedding-rings, and seems stamped in the inside; the characters, however, are black, and therefore I could not find, with the help even of a good microscope, whether they meant anything or not. The ring is about five eighths of an inch in diameter, one sixth of an inch thick, and one eighth of an inch deep, the section being semicircular as is common in plain rings. Miss D—— has a small finger, and consequently the ring has abundance of play (say a quarter of an inch (if tightly drawn to one side), but any attempt to draw it off is stopped by the middle joint (it was on the middle finger of the right hand), neither could she get it off herself. We tried it with horsehair, soap and water, &c. The most remarkable peculiarity in the ring is its expansion and contraction; and, as the doctor affirmed of it, on the approach of any malefic influence, either mentally or physically, the ring immediately contracts, and as the objectionable individual or influence approaches, and the intention gains ground, so does the ring contract, gradually, until the flesh of the finger rises on every side, and the finger becomes cold from the stoppage of circulation. I have applied callipers to measure it, and found that it was an actual contraction of the ring. Its diameter varied as the influence approached or retired, and the ring gradually expands in a corresponding ratio until it regains its former size, and play upon the finger. The doctor took it away once since it was given to re-spiritualize it, or renew its power, and returned it. Miss D——’s own spirit-father took it away next to the spirit-land for the same reason. It was returned, and is once more away, and we are told that its return will be accompanied by some new manifestation. At the last *séance* there were several spirits present, all of whom spoke in audible voices. The following are the names given us by themselves, but we have no means of determining their identity or real names, still they have adhered to the same names all through. First. “Jerry,” of whom I have a portrait. He said that he

left this world about 200 years since; he is scarcely if ever absent from our *séances*; he is usually the first comer, and laughs, jokes, sings and chats very pleasantly to us; he is the most jocular of them all, and exceedingly piquant in his repartees, in which he is quite an adept; he says he was a schoolmaster while here, and sometimes tells us a great deal about some essay he is going to write, but he complains of the difficulty of finding a publisher where he is, and asks us to undertake the job for him. Second. Dr. Franklin came, but did not stay over five or ten minutes. He said a few words and left. We have his portrait also. Third. A spirit called "the Captain," who spoke but little that night. Fourth. A lively spirit called "Redhead," who speaks with great volubility. Fifth and Sixth. Two male spirits, whose names I do not remember. Seventh and Eighth. The Pythoness, or High Priestess of Delphi (whose portrait we have also), and a spirit called "Maggie." Both spoke and sang a little that evening for a short time. One called "Sam," who is a gigantic spirit. He was the first spirit to speak to us a twelvemonth ago—(we have his portrait likewise). And a spirit called "Bill Wason," who has a tremendous voice, like no other voice I ever heard, yet he speaks well and distinctly, and sings well—albeit uncouthly. These were all we had on the 5th. Jerry sang; Maggie sang; Pythoness and I think Bill Wason sang. The personal appearance of Pythoness is briefly as follows:—Complexion, a shade lighter, perhaps, than the Egyptian, hair hanging in long wavy tresses to the waist, head encircled by a jet coronet; the outer garment is a black surplice with red sleeves; on the breast is the cross, and a sun on each side of it; round the top of the surplice the twelve signs of the Zodiac are arranged on a blue ground, shewn through square apertures cut in the the top of the surplice; round the head is a halo or glory, in which are ten stars, or spots of light of a brilliant or electric blue, &c., &c. Maggie is a buxom-looking spirit, who says she was a governess when on earth. Her dress seems immensely hooped, and her face is round and pleasant; hair and eyes black; mouth good, but rather gross; the mark of a cut upon the throat, and a stab on the left breast but I noticed them from time to time becoming fainter. We have her portrait as she was twelve months since, also a portrait of her sister, a dancing girl, who occasionally comes to the table. Sam is a large boned, broad shouldered, and tall spirit, his hair standing all up on end; an immense mouth, usually open to its utmost stretch; an immense pair of black whiskers and moustache. He was a pirate captain and has progressed considerably, used to swear at us fearfully, never swears at all now. He was the first spirit who spoke audibly. Jerry, is a tall thin spirit, a comical sort of good-natured

fellow, his hair arranged (when viewed in front) like a clown's cap, so as to give one the idea that his hair was stuck on in three balls, one ball on the forehead and the other two over each ear. Whiskers exceedingly long and exceeding lank, with a long and lank imperial pendant from the chin, the three long tufts hanging down much as three chains would do of a like length; the neck is remarkably long and scraggy. The dress varies sometimes, but is never well defined with him; he is lively, merry and good-natured. Dr. Franklin answers the popular description of him to a nicety. We have his and other portraits. An address was received at the close of the year, by the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. A long lecture followed, concluding with the following verse, all, I am assured, spoken by the spirit in a clear and audible voice:—

Years, my friends, have passed away
 Since I quitted the form of clay—
 The form that once with stately air,
 Walked through the streets of Vanity Fair.

SONG AND SARABAND WRITTEN BY A SPIRIT.

In a recent article I referred to the new and highly-successful play of M. Victorien Sardou, the celebrated drawing medium, *Le Famille Benoiton*, which he has publicly announced as being entirely the inspiration of departed celebrated dramatic celebrities with whom he is in constant communication.

It is not only in the drama that spirits in Paris have lately shewn an interest. A recent number of *Le Grand Journal* of Paris has the following singular narrative:—

“All the editors and all the amateurs of music in Paris know M. N. G. Bach, pupil of Zimmerman, who took the first prize as a pianist at the Conservatoire in the competition of 1819, one of our professors of the piano the most honoured and esteemed, and great grandson of the celebrated Sebastian Bach, whose name he bears worthily.

“Informed by our common friend, M. Dollingen, editor of the *Grand Journal*, that the apartment of M. N. D. Bach had been the scene of an actual miracle on the night of the 5th of May last, I asked Dollingen to conduct me to M. Bach's, No. 3, Rue Castellane, where we were received with the utmost courtesy. I need scarcely add that I have not made public what I learned there without the fullest permission.

“On the 4th of May last, M. Leon Bach brought to his father a spinette admirably carved. After long examination of it, M. Bach discovered on an interior board an inscription, stating that it was made at Rome in the month of April, 1564. He passed part of the day in contemplation of his precious spinette; he

thought of it as he went to sleep, and it is no wonder that he had the following dream :—He saw a man stand at his bedside, who had a long beard ; shoes rounded at the toe, and large bows at the instep ; large, full breeches, a doublet with slashed sleeves, stiff collar, and a hat with pointed crown and broad brims. This person bowed to M. Bach and spoke as follows —“ The spinette that you possess belonged to me. It frequently served me to entertain my master King Henry III. When he was very young he composed an air with words, which he was fond of singing, and which I frequently played to him. This air and these words he composed in memory of a young lady that he once met with in a hunt, and of whom he became deeply enamoured. They took her away, and it is said that she was poisoned, and that the King was deeply distressed at the circumstance. Whenever he was sad he hummed this song ; and then, to divert his mind, I played on my spinette a saraband of my composition, which he much loved. Thus I came to confound together these two pieces for I was continually playing them one after the other.”

“ Then the man of the dream approached the spinette, and played a few notes, and sung the air with such expression, that M. Bach awoke in tears. He lit a candle, noticed the hour—two o’clock—and again fell asleep. Now it was that the extraordinary scene took place. In the morning, on awaking, M. Bach was no little surprised to find on his bed a page of music covered with very fine writing and notes quite microscopic. It was with difficulty that he could decipher them by the aid of his eyeglass, for he is very near-sighted.

“ He then tried the air on the spinette. The song, the words, and the saraband were exactly as the person of the dream had represented them. Now M. Bach is no somnambulist ; has never written a verse in his life, and is a complete stranger to the rules of prosody.

“ Here is the refrain and the three couplets as we have copied them from the MS. We preserve their orthography, which, we may observe, is by no means familiar to M. Bach :—

“ J’ay perdu celle
 Pour quy j’avois tant d’amour ;
 Elle sy belle
 Avait pour moy chaque jour
 Faveur nouvelle
 Et nouveau desir.
 Oh ! ouy sans elle
 Il we faut mourir !

“ Une jour pendant une chasse loutaine,
 Je aperçus pour la première fois.
 Je croyois voir un ange dans la plaine
 Lors je devins le plus heureux des roys !

“Je donneroie certee tout mon royaume
 Pour la revoir encor un seul instant ;
 Prèe d'elle assie deeeoue un humble chaume
 Pour sentir mon cœur battre en l'admirant.

“Triste et cloistrée, oh ! ma pauvre belle,
 Fut loin de moy pendant ee derniere joure.
 Elle ne sent plus ee peine cruelle ;
 Icy bae, hélae ! je souffre toujours.”

“ In this plaintive song, as well as in the joyous saraband which follows, the musical orthography is not less archaic than the literary orthography. The notes are of a form different from those of the present day. The *basse* is written in one key and the song in another. M. Bach has obliged me by playing to me these two pieces, which have a melody simple, naïve, and penetrating. For the rest, our readers will soon be able to judge for themselves, as the pieces are in the hand of the engraver, and will be published in the course of the week by the editor, Legouix, Boulevard Poissonière, No. 27.

“ The *Journal de l'Etoile* says that Henry III. had a great passion for Marie de Clèves, the Marchioness d'Isles, who died in the flower of her age in a convent, the 15th of October, 1574. Was she “ la pauvre belle triste et cloistrée,” who is mentioned in these verses ? The same journal says that an Italian musician named Baltazarini went to France at that epoch, and became one of the favourites of the King. Did not the spinette belong to Baltazarini ? Was it not the spirit of Baltazarini who wrote the song and the saraband ? We dare not attempt to fathom these mysteries.”

OLD AGE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

By the REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

It has been imagined that religious faith does not like to draw attention to the decline which precedes, often by years, the approach of death ; that the spectacle of a human being in ruins terrifies the expectation of futurity, and humbles the mind with mean suspicions of its destiny. Scepticism, which delights in all the ill-bodings which can be drawn from evil and decay, takes us to the corner where the old man sits ; shews us the bent frame, and fallen cheeks, and closing avenues of sense ; points to the palsied head, and compels us to listen to the drivelling speech, or perhaps the childish and pitiable cry ; and then asks, whether *this* is the being so divinely gifted and so solemnly placed, sharer of the immortality of God, and waiting to embark into infinitude ? I answer,—assuredly *not* : neither in the wrecked frame,

nor in the negation of mind, is there anything immortal: it is not this frail and shattered bark, visible to the eye, that is to be launched upon the shoreless sea. The mind within, which you do *not* shew me, whose indications are for a time suppressed,—as they are in every fever that brings stupor and delirium, in every night even that brings sleep,—the mind, of whose high achievements, whose capacious thought, whose toils and triumphs of conscience and affection, living friends will reverently tell you,—the mind, which every moment of God's time for seventy years has been sedulous to build, and from which the deforming scaffold is about to fall away,—this alone is the principle for which we claim immortality. Say not that, because we cannot trace its operations, it is extinct: perhaps, while you speak, it may burst into a flame, and contradict you. For sometimes age is known to wake, and the soul to kindle, ere it departs; to perforate the shut gates of sense with sudden light, and gush with lustre to the eye, and love and reason to the speech; as if to make it evident, that death may be nativity; as if the traveller, who had fallen asleep with the fatigues of the way, conscious that he drew near his journey's end, and warned by the happy note of arrival, looked out refreshed and eager through the morning air for the fields and streams of his new abode. And if any transient excitement near the close of life can, even occasionally, thus resuscitate the spirit; if some vehement stroke upon a chord of ancient sympathy can sometimes restore it in its strength, it is there still; and only waits that permanent rejuvenescence which its escape into the infinite may effect at once.

It is not a little difficult to understand, in what way these objectors would desire to improve the adjustments of life, in order to get rid of the grounds of their scepticism. Would they totally abolish the infirmities of years, and maintain the energy of youth unto the end? *Then* would there remain no apparent reason for removal or change: death would have looked tenfold more like extinction than it does now: and we should assuredly have reasoned, 'If the Divine Father, in his benignity, had intended us to persevere in life at all, He would have left us in peace in this dear old world.' As it is, there appears, after the decrepitude of age, an obvious need of some such mighty revolution as death: the mortality of such a body becomes a clear essential to the immortality of the soul: and our departure assumes the probable aspect of a simple migration of the mind,—a journey of refreshment,—a passage to new scenes of that infinite universe, to a mere speck of which, since we can discover its immensity, it seems unlikely that we should be confined.

Or is the demand of a different kind; not for immunity from bodily decline, but for an exemption of the soul from its

effects? for faculties unconscious of the sinking frame,—dwelling in a tenement of whose changes they shall be independent? And what is this, when you reflect upon it, but to ask for a total separation of the material from the spiritual element of our nature,—for the very boon which we suppose to be obtained in death, a disembodied mind? For a corporeal frame that did not affect the mental principle, would no more be any proper part of us, than the limbs of another man, or the substance of the sun: its mere juxtaposition or coincidence in space with our sentient soul (even could such a thing be truly affirmed) would not mix it up with our identity. Unless it were the interposed medium through which we communicated with the external world,—the appointed pathway of sensation; unless, that is, we experienced vicissitudes of internal consciousness precisely corresponding to all its external changes,—we should have no interest in it, and it would have as little concern with our personality as the clothes or the elements in which we live. A hand that should leave us affected in the same way, whether it touched ice or fire; a tongue that should recognize no difference between food and poison; an eye that should convey to us the same impression through all its altering states,—would be unfitted for all its functions, and be a mere foreign encumbrance upon our life. That our organization reports instantly,—with a speed that no magnetic signal can surpass,—to the mind within; that it works changes in our conscious principle precisely proportionate to its own, and affording a true measure of them,—is the very attribute which constitutes its exactitude and perfection. If then it were absurd to wish for limbs that could undergo exhaustion and laceration without our feeling them, and nerves that would give no knowledge of fever or inflammation, it would be no less irrational to desire a release of the mind from those infirmities of age, which are but a long fatigue,—life's final disease. All the lights of perception and emotion flow in upon us through the coloured glass of our organic frame; and however perfect the power of mental vision may remain, if the windows be darkened, the radiance will be obscure.

And in the two most marked characteristics of old age,—the obtuseness of immediate perception, and freshness of remote memories,—may we not even discern an obvious intimation of the great future, and a fitting preparative for its approach? The senses become callous and decline, verging gently to the extinction which awaits them, and in their darkness permitting the mild lustre of wisdom and of faith,—if it be there,—to shine forth and glow; and if not, to shew in what a night the soul dwells without them. And that the mind should betake itself, ere it departs, with such exclusive attachment to the past, is surely suitable to its position. True, the enthusiastic devotion of an awed spectator,

standing near to say farewell, naturally takes the opposite direction, and steals before the pilgrim to his home, and wonders that the old man's talk can linger so around things gone by. But is it not that already the thoughts fall into the order of judgment, and practise the incipient meditations of heaven? In that world of which we have no experience, we can at first have no anticipation: and in the place whither we go for retribution, we must begin with retrospect. All things and thoughts, all passions and pursuits, must live again: stricken memory cannot withhold them: there is a divination of conscience, at which their ghosts must rise, to haunt or bless us. And when the old man incessantly reverts to years that had receded into the far distance, and finds scenes that had appeared to vanish come back even from his boyhood, and stand around him with preternatural distinctness, when ancient snatches of life's melodies thrill through his dreams, and the faces of early friends look in upon him often, the preparation is significant. He is gathering his witnesses together, making ready the theatre of trial, and collecting the audience for judgment. These are they that were with him in his manifold temptations, and can tell him of his victory or his fall; that exercised such spirit of duty as was in him: whom his selfishness injured, or his fidelity blessed. Remembrance has broken the seals of its tombs; its sainted dead come forth at the trump of God within the soul, and declare the tribunal set.

Nor does he leave the world which has been his locality so long, as a scene in which he has no further interest. Possibly even its future changes may not be hidden from his view; and at all events his sympathies dwell and will dwell there still: and all that most truly constitutes his being, the work he has done, the wills he has moved, the loving thoughts he has awakened, remain behind; enter the great structure of human existence, and share its perpetuity.—*Endeavours after the Christian Life.*

CONTINENTAL SPIRITUAL JOURNALS.—FRENCH: *La Revue Spirite*, Paris, monthly; *La Revue Spiritualiste*, Paris, monthly; *L'Union Spirite*, Bordeaux, weekly; *L'Echo d'outre Tombe*, Marseilles, weekly; *La Verité*, Lyons, weekly; *L'Avenir*, Paris, weekly. GERMAN: *Psyche*, Tittau, Saxony, monthly. ITALIAN: *Annali dello Spiritismo*, Fiume, monthly; *La Luce*, Bologna, monthly; *La Gazzetta Magnetico, Scientifico, Spiritistica*, Bologna.