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PSYCHOLOGY; OR, THE SCIENCE OF SOUL.

TWO LECTURES BY EMMA HARDINGE.

First Lecture.

THE subject to which we will call your attention to-night is, "Psychology; or, the Science of Soul." We know we might speak of many portions of the spiritual philosophy that would excite more interest in our audience than the theme we have selected; but as there is none which exceeds it in importance, and as the period of our deliberations is so rapidly closing that we may no longer pause by the wayside to gather the flowers of spiritual science but must hasten on to consider the goal to which we are aiming, we deem a consideration of the important subject of Psychology the demand of the hour and of our present stage of inquiry.

"The march of intellect," is a phrase familiar to us as typical of the progress of the human race from the lowest depths of savagism to its present status of civilization. Intellect has been as a pillar of fire, guiding man through the wilderness of ignorance, and leading him on by the study of science and the achievements of art, step by step, until the results have been his conquest over all forms of being, animate and inanimate, below himself; the subjugation of the animal kingdom to his will; the control of the elements to his use; and the knowledge of many of the fundamental laws or principles of creation for his guidance. For the better elucidation of our subject, a brief review of the footprints which the marching mind has thus far left upon the sands of time is necessary. Man commenced his career of intellectual growth by turning his thought in the direction of the primal demands which his nature made upon him for exertion; namely, to seek for the supply of his wants in the world he inhabited. He required shelter from the changes of atmosphere, and his instincts impelled him to erect dwellings, which finally suggested architecture. He needed clothing, and his necessities urged him to the practice of weaving and spinning. He learned

to distinguish between the various forms of nature around him, until he became a botanist, herbalist, and at last a natural philosopher. He became a hunter, and must needs fashion himself instruments for the chase, and subjugate fleetier animals than himself to his will. He must cultivate the ground and contrive tools for his work, thereby discovering the nature of metals, and a thousand occult forces of life, growth, and change in nature. The seasons must be studied, and the scriptures of the skies instructed him in astronomy: in a word, from the first period of his existence on earth, learning by experience, prompted by necessity, instructed by observation, and inspired by the instinctive faculties of his soul, he gained an ever-unfolding, ever-increasing knowledge of the visible universe. From point to point he ascended the steps of wisdom, up to the age when he learned to stereotype his thoughts by aid of the printing press, and to scatter his knowledge broadcast over the earth till each mind adds its sum of experience to the ingathered knowledge of the race. Thus, then, by knowledge, did man gain the mastery of the visible universe, and bend the world of material form to the exercises of his sovereign will. But a crisis in his intellectual progress arrived, when a change appeared to become inevitable in his aims at discovery. Either the realm of sensuous nature had yielded up all her secrets to his exhaustive search; or, prompted by some of those invisible movements of soul that compel the mind onward, his aspirations soared beyond the realm of the visible. From the point when the printing press seemed to place him on the apex of his power, enabling him to reduplicate and give forth his thought to mankind until the mind of man is becoming as it were an unit in knowledge, we may observe that his researches in science appear gradually to tend towards the invisible world. The discovery of the mariner's compass gave him the means of exploring the unknown realms of the visible. The fact that the magnetic finger that guided him was viewless and imponderable,—that there was an invisible but irresistible power enthroned in the attracting pole of the northern hemisphere ever calling him by the voice of the compass to the investigation of its great magnetic reservoir enshrined in the mystery of the Arctic Seas, became to his eager intellect a hint to search for the real springs of mundane life and motion in the hitherto untrodden realms of the invisible. From such suggestions in scientific discovery as this, the master-minds of the ages seem to spring up from matter, and, spurning the mere study of the sensuous, to leap onward and upward into the realm of mind. By induction they discover the position of this planet amongst the moving bodies in space; by induction

they follow out the suggestions of a Galileo, begin to comprehend the mathematics of the invisible realm of space, upholding suns and systems in the viewless arms of gravitation, and penetrate by chemistry, geology and astronomy, deeper, broader and higher into the realms of the wonderful universe, its laws, motions and composition, until man comprehends the sublime but startling truth that the real force of creation is in the *unseen* world. The power that binds the atoms together into the mass on which we tread is unseen. The power of growth in the vegetable world is invisible. The wonderful chemical action that is precipitating metallic veins in the rocks, that is ever laying strata and then upheaving vast masses into mountains, decomposing and recomposing substances into ever-varying forms; all this ceaseless power of change and motion, working in the great mystic laboratory of nature, is unseen. The forces of the invisible are mightier far than the visible, for in them is hidden the secret of motion that makes them forces, and in proportion to the energy of their motion is their power as forces; thus the fire is mightier than the water, and the water more powerful than the inert earth; the wind is stronger than water, and the viewless power of electricity, that by attraction and repulsion sets all forms of being into motion, is stronger than the wind. And still there is something behind, mightier than all; and that is the invisible mind that governs all. It is by such trains of thought as this that we are led up from a contemplation of the merely sensuous world into the realm of the imponderable. It is thus that we have experimented with and at last mastered the understanding of the elemental world, until we have ascended from matter to mind—from effects to causes—from performance to the motive powers that have enabled us to mount by the mighty Pegasus of mind into the infinite realms of causation—to send our thoughts into the limitless world of space, exploring the infinite behind us and the eternity before us.

We understand the restless power of motion that is upheaving the tempestuous billows of the deep. Science can yet extend her empire to the almost accurate prophecy of the once mysterious and erratic movements of nature, until the birth of new islands and the disappearance of old, the terror of the earthquake, and the fury of the tempest take rank amongst the inevitable predications of unerring and scientific lore. And thus as one mystery after another melts out of the realm of ignorance into the broad sunlight of knowledge and becomes an axiomatic fact in natural law, man needs but to take stock of his knowledge, and extend his memory by aid of the printing-press, to connect the first days of savagism to the last of civilization. And yet one mystery baffles him still—still he stands before the closed

gates of soul, his own mighty mind, transcending all yet discovered boundary of natural law. But shall he thus stand for ever, comprehending all nature but himself, and endowed with the mastery of all being but that of his own soul? Review the footprints of mind on the ages, and whilst acknowledging that thus far we have advanced, boldly conquering every obstacle but one that impedes our view of the whole realm of being; and we shall perceive that still that one mystery that remains is the clue to the whole, the master-key that unlocks the entire arcana of creation, for that unsolved problem is the nature and law of spiritual existence.

But if man's marching intellect has at last brought him face to face with the closed doors of the temple of mind, are they to remain for ever an impenetrable barrier to his progress? To some of us already it would seem as if glimpses of the light beyond the gates has shone upon our way; and what we have seen,—what the glimmering rays of spiritual sunlight have already revealed to us of the nature of this greatest of all creation's mysteries, the soul of man; we may imperfectly divine by a careful study of what we vaguely term "Psychology;" or, "*the science of soul.*" And in attempting by the light we have, or deem we have, as Spiritualists, to search out this mighty problem, let us not be told that we are "profanely rushing in, where angels fear to tread." In every age we have sought for the clue to this tremendous mystery, and hitherto sought in vain. True, we have instituted religious systems to deal with this subject,—instructed religious teachers to search it out,—humbly, reverently, and unceasingly bent at religious shrines, in faithful supplication for light on its solemn meaning; and, as yet, we have waited in vain for answer. Religion waves us back, and warns us off with the spectral finger of a hideous death-phantom, or the awful tones of an offended deity, from searching into the unsolved problems of eternity. Proudly separating herself from science, religion draws an impassable line of demarcation with her in the words "sacred and profane." Rejecting all bounds of natural law, she absolves herself from connection with God's universe, in the impossible term of "super-nature." She bids us worship God "who is a Spirit," and yet denies our right to ask what spirit is. She commands our belief in a spiritual eternity, while she denies all possibility of our comprehending a spiritual existence; bids us acknowledge a spiritual cause for all life's wondrous issues, yet closes against our spiritual eyes the realm of investigation. And thus whilst science has contentedly endured banishment to the realm of matter, dealt only with effects, and offered us systems which trace creation no farther than the visible universe conducts us, we are left utterly in

darkness concerning the cause of causes; and, beholding the wonderful effects of soul and the triumphant achievements of mind, are denied all clue to the knowledge of the one or the laws of the other; whilst religion, as I have said, by ignoring the aid of science, and attempting to transcend in her assertions the boundaries of natural law, hopelessly closes against our reason the doors of spiritual investigation with the master-key of "*impossibility*." And thus, I repeat, we have no science of soul; thus from the lyceum of demonstrable sciences, mind and its laws have been hopelessly excluded; and we have no scientific basis for our religion. We have assertion enough, but demonstrable proof in the department of natural law, never! A lyceum without a soul—a church without a body—a visible bodily universe unvitalized by spirit—a temple of worship where reason has no place at the altar; effects without causes, and causes utterly divorced from effects. And it is in this desolation of our scientific no less than our religious systems, that the highly significant though as yet but ill understood light of Psychology begins to dawn upon us, illuminating the realm of matter with an unmistakable revelation from the world of causes, and setting the seal upon religion by bringing to her aid the actual facts and scientific demonstration of the existence of spirit. And now we are beginning to perceive that the various sciences that one after another have been dawning upon us, have led us up to that point where we can discover the relations of matter with mind,—where we are compelled to acknowledge that the operations of matter are all due to mind; and that mind itself, whilst hindered, bounded and even shaped by matter, is still the controlling power, the invisible though governing force. True we are as yet only on the mere threshold of the great temple of the science of mind; we have but now begun to acknowledge that mind, erratic as its manifestations are, and seemingly irresponsible to any known laws as soul appears, is yet the subject of rules, systems, and fetters as stringent as any that hinder matter, and we deem our wisest attempts at investigation will be found in examining the first and yet the most conclusive tokens that the phenomena of modern times furnishes us with concerning the nature and powers of our own souls; and thus to commence our search systematically, we should consider, in the first instance, the familiar phenomena of what is called "*Electro-Biology*."

No question that many of you have turned from the experiments thus named with an idea that they were altogether unworthy of scientific investigation, and only calculated to excite in the mind of the thinker disgust,—or to use a milder phrase, regret that a power which might be converted to use and blessing, should be debased into the mere mountebank exhibitions

so constantly put forward in the name of "Electro-Biology;" experiments tending only to shew how far the spirit of one man can be controlled, and too often debased into utter absurdity by the will of another. Viewing the experiments only in this light, I repeat they have (when witnessed) only tended to excite disgust, fear, and even sorrow.

But that we may better understand the subject, permit me to reiterate that which is doubtless familiar to those who have witnessed the phenomena developed by "Electro-Biology." The first action appears to be (as a pre-requisite to results,) that the operator should mesmerize his subject. Now, the action of mesmerism is *simple* to the observer, only because it has of late years become familiar; but consider carefully the wonderful power involved in mesmeric phenomena, and even this initiatory step in itself, becomes in its suggestiveness one of grand and magnificent import.

Think of it; here is a power existing in one human organism to project, by will, the great mystery of the life-principle itself upon another. Connect the action of mesmerism with the miracles of olden time, and you have the clue to all the occult powers of the magician and enchanter, to the powers of oriental fascination, and the whole secret of ancient magic. Is there nothing sublime in this? Does it not moreover suggest the possibility of a scientific basis for the mysteries of so-called magic? What follows? No sooner is the subject saturated with the magnetism of the operator than a change immediately appears in his mentality. The will of that subject is subdued, the mind is in abeyance, or possibly absent, in some cases indeed it appears to be so entirely abstracted that a total unconsciousness ensues, a state known as the magnetic sleep. Of this condition we shall not speak to-night, limiting our notice to that state induced by magnetism in which the will of the subject is held in abeyance by the mind of the operator. It is obvious that the action of the mesmeric fluid, or animal magnetism, has had the effect not only of acting in some mysterious mode upon the system, but it has also measurably affected the mind as well. It may be difficult to pronounce with certainty that the spirit of the subject is gone, but *the will* is evidently no more in operation; nay, more, the senses do not perform their ordinary functions, for the operator can compel his subject to see, taste, hear, and feel, no longer through the external avenues of sense but through his own will. But this power is fearful, you say, and even in this stage of its exercise you shrink away from it. Is it not terrible to behold a sane and responsible being thus reduced to helpless imbecility and yielding up in despite of reason all the knowledge which the senses supply, to the will of another? The

exhibition partakes to your mind so largely of the subjugation of the mind and the deprivation of the senses, that you shrink away from it in disgust, or merely retire with the common-place expression of "It is very strange." But supposing that you extend your thought from the scene you have witnessed to the realization that every living creature, more or less, and all in degree, are subject to the minds of others, and that each possesses measurably, the power to influence the mind of others, and that what you see in its exaggerated form in electro-biology is but a representation of the mode of mentality that is operating in action and reaction, influence and counter-influence, upon the entire of the race; and that measurably similar phenomena are going on throughout all the movements of society. When you can realize this, that which you have witnessed is seen to be merely the exaggerated illustration of the whole motive power that is operating through all life, and becomes the tremendous and startling revelation—that the whole of the springs of human life, motive, action, and character form one complex page of electro-biology, or the power of mind upon mind. Nor must we forget the psychological effect of the inanimate world upon the mind, as well as that which minds exert upon one another. I may hereafter speak to you of the psychological effects of the world of spirits on humanity. At present it is enough for us to consider how far we see in the simple experiments of electro-biology the fundamental principle that underlies all the movements of human society, and question whether if man stood alone in this world with all the magnetic influences of inanimate nature around him, even without the electro-biology which every living creature is exerting the one upon the other, he would not still be the subject of a world of invisible influences which he can only control by understanding them. I know that on the very threshold of all attempts to search into the wonderful realm of occult forces, we are constantly met by the foolish and captious query of "What is the use of knowing all this, supposing that it is true?" I cannot better anticipate this oft-repeated question than by responding in other queries—What has it been to the world, that the mighty mind of Newton became startled from its dreams of science by the falling of an apple? And yet at the time when this most simple phenomena engaged his attention how many would have queried—"Supposing that apples *do* fall, what is the use in our knowing it, or speculating on it as a fact in science?"

"What is the use of it?" Should we ask this of Galileo, suspending a weight beside a hill, when we know that the mighty revelation of gravitation hung in embryo on his thread? Should we ask this of the astronomer who bends his eager gaze on the

dark blank space in the firmament, where planets were not as yet revealed, that patient science tracked in the darkness? We should shame now to ask of a Watt, why he idly speculated upon the heaving lid of the boiling kettle,—or why the venerable Franklin flew his schoolboy kite in the electric atmosphere; and yet we ask with querulous impatience of those who pause with deep suggestive awe on the effects of electro-biology, even if exhibited by mountebanks for pay, “What is the use of it?” because in the public exhibitions of this marvellous power we see only the abuse and nothing of the real use of it. But let true philosophy turn from the incoherent effects, and pause with reverend spirit of analysis upon the mysterious cause. Granted, we behold simply a fact in nature—as such it must have a meaning and be designed for use; and, above all, each fact in nature is a fact from God, and as such embodies some revelation of His Divine mind, and must therefore be meant for some sublime and beneficent use. Have we not the witness of the ages that it is from a rudimental point in space that this planet grew?—that it is ever from a grain of mustard seed that the mighty trees of mentality have sprung up? If we had not all the evidences of creation’s universal processes of growth from the infinitely little to the infinitely large, it would be enough that the power of mind upon mind is a *stupendous fact*, and that there must be a meaning there, though our darkened eyes as yet cannot perceive it. But to me it explains not only the phenomena of human societies, and all their strange and seemingly erratic movements—their repulsions, antipathies, prejudices, and attractions; but it may, when understandingly used, be made to underlie a system of education for future generations that shall annihilate all that we now find wrong and evil. “Knowledge is power;” and no sooner shall we comprehend the action of the psychological powers of nature upon us, and the psychological powers of mind upon mind in our intercourse with each other,—and trace the true nature of these influences, than the ability to control and regulate them will be our own. Think, then, what a vast array of influences nature is everywhere conjuring up to bear upon us, and that are now acting upon us in our ignorance of their true meaning and extent.

Take, for example, the realm of sounds. Who does not realize the power of sound upon the mind? Who has not listened to the sighing of the summer breeze, the roaring of the winter storm, and the stirring of the tree-tops in the sough of the coming tempest, with ever-varying emotions? We realize the variety of the impressions that even these simple phenomena make upon us, but are all unaccustomed to analyze the causes or nature of those feelings; and yet there are some of us who

have felt our souls chant anthems in solemn chorus to the hoarse murmurs of the sea—some of us who have bent in worship to the God of the storm, as if His awful voice had chided us in anger. Consider the infinitely varied effects of noise on the minds of the susceptible. Shrinking and coward fear has died with heroic strength and courage to the stimulus of the patriotic air that sounds of home and country. Guilty men, grown hoar and crusted over with long practised crime, have become as little children, wept like babes, and prayed as lisping infants, beneath the spell of some old-remembered tune. Grief has leaped up to the measure of the merry dance, pain laughed with the joyous chorus, joy melted to agonizing memory of long-past days, and despair exchanged its sullen robe of night for hope's sunlit rainbow garments, to the magic peals of music. The sounds of the human voice are themselves all passion's storehouse. Its own simple inflexions convey a thousand meanings that the alphabetical form of a single word could never be thought to embody. In how many forms may one simple word be uttered, and all convey to the mind a different meaning? Think, then, what a vast realm of subtle psychological influence is pouring in on the mind through the ear which drinks in the sounds of our city streets! The curse, the bitter execration, the foul expressions that fall from the lips of vice: we hear them all,—and our children receive, to some extent at least, their subtle impress. We cannot escape ourselves the world of influence about us. For good or evil, all created things electro-biologize each other. How coarse, harsh and repulsive are the tones of the city! What is there in them to elevate the soul to God, except in protest against them? And yet we all of us live in a world of such scenes, and exist in an atmosphere magnetized by loathsome dens of vice and crime, and move in airs rife with the psychology of deadly sin. What is the meaning of the mysterious influence which nations exhibit in specialities of national character? Why are the inhabitants of mountain regions who dwell in pure bright air, and ever look out upon the great cathedral spires of nature piercing the skies around them, full of ideality, imagination, patriotism, courage and truth? Are they created better than their fellow-men, or do they owe their purity of feeling to the pure psychology of natural life around them? We know that thus it is, and that not only the influence of atmospheres and temperature, but of all surrounding objects, impresses the mind with the characteristics of the scene wherein we dwell. Nature is now admitted by the best psychologists of the age to be an educator, no less than a primal cause, of national character. Thus, then, we are living in a world of electro-biology, and in every moment of our existence

we are subjecting our children, no less than ourselves, to precisely the influences that we create for others, and others for us, and the world at large for all. And dare we then murmur at the results? We know the peculiar susceptibility of one to certain sounds, of another to special odours, and of others again to colours, forms and scenes. All character is made up of repulsions and antipathies, sympathies and attractions. Have we investigated the nature of these occult tendencies of mind? How apt we are to stigmatize some persons as over sensitive, or even unbalanced minds! Should we not rather regard them as the index fingers that are pointing to the yet uncombined letters in the alphabet of the science of soul, assuring us that we are living in a realm of causation that is writing its characteristics upon us, whether we will or no. The senses are not only handmaids of instruction concerning the visible realm of nature, but in the study of psychology we begin to discover that they are also teachers of the invisible forces of life that are forming the soul and making up the character; and when we comprehend this fully the day will come when our legislation shall be directed against the foul psychology of ugly acts and baneful sights, pernicious sounds, and every sinful influence. The day will come when we shall recognise the occult force of every sight and sound, odour and taste in nature, and then for ourselves, no less than for our race, we shall forbid each gross foul image to be imprinted on the daguerreotype plates of life. Remembering that every shadow leaves its impress as it passes, we shall analyze the substance that reflects it;—and enlarging our view of psychological influence from its effect on the individual to that on the mass, we shall extend our beneficent care to all mankind, realize that humanity is an unit, and comprehend that whilst the viewless influence that passes from the operator to his subject, may, in a special case and projected by strong will, be absorbed by that subject,—yet, that the same magnetic influences are at all times unconsciously passing from us all, that they are in the atmosphere and ever coming in contact with humanity; hence that every living creature is our subject more or less, and that we in turn are influenced by unknown operators. And thus humanity is always operating and always becoming a subject, and thus great cities are operators and subjects, and the very rich and highly favoured, the refined and delicately cared for are as much psychologized by the inhabitants of the underground city, with their dark, foul, loathsome influence and strength in crime, and strength in evil purpose, as if they stood before them and were their subjects. You cannot escape from this. Draw your curtain close, and retire within the shelter of your splendid dwellings, illuminate the darkness of the gay saloon with the thousand mimic lustres

of your splendour, and yet you are in crime, in sorrow, and in darkness still. You cannot shut out the orphan's sigh, or exclude the cry for bread; the tramping feet of the houseless poor are in your very ear, and there is an echo that goes round the world, that carries on its viewless wings the sound of the dropping tear and the plaint of the hungry mouth. It will penetrate into the homes of peace, and pride, and plenty. *Humanity is one*—and sorrow and joy, and crime, vice, virtue, and human suffering—psychology makes an unit. We are writing our character on everything in creation; we are stamping it on the ground, breathing it in the air, telling it to the winds, imprinting it on our walls, sending it up in aroal characters to the skies above us, and inscribing it on the records of eternity. Do we marvel, then, that all who come within our sphere and live upon this earth partake of our special nature? Such I believe to be the psychological action of mind upon mind throughout the universe; such I believe to be the magnetic cord that binds up the entire physical realm of nature. I go to the wild wood and it tells me of its bygone tenants by its sphere. The solitary glen where foot of man has never trod sends forth its silent influence to the world. I find there a tiny violet, no mortal eye has seen it, no mortal sense has been refreshed by its fragrance. It lives, it dies, unknown; but all creation is made better for its being. Its small blue head has pushed its way into the atmosphere in which man lives, and there it has exhaled its fragrant breath. There is not an inch of air that presses upon us but what is of a different nature to that which is above it, and so, for mile on mile of air the space which the blue head of the tiny violet has formed in the earth's atmosphere impinges upon one wave of air after another,—away, away, away, up into the clear blue ether, away into the vast unknown above, and for ever away,—and for ever acting upon the connected realms of all infinity, and though to earth it may be lost in creation, it exists until the single breath of that lone flower is anchored round the universe and gathered up in the eternal laboratories of the Creator. Ever the same throughout the universe; we neither live to ourselves, nor die, suffer, love, hate, think, nor feel to ourselves alone. And if the physical realm of nature is thus strung like beads on one eternal chain that binds up the universe, how shall we sever from the universal harmony of influence God's noblest, grandest work, His image—Man;—Man, the living soul; Man, who rules all below the Infinite;—Man, to whose power there is no boundary but ignorance; no horizon but his finite physical weakness! Can we exclude man from this psychological chain of creation? No; and electro-biology shews us the mode, shews us the operation, proves that there

goes forth from every living being, and every substance in nature an aroma which we call magnetism, and as all life in creation is magnetism, so the combinations of chemical magnetisms are perpetually forming relations between us all, and so each one is a link in an universal chain. We know there is no space in magnetism, we know that with a good conducting line and no nonconducting substance intervening, we might send a wave of electricity round the entire world. Knowing this, realising that the life-principle or magnetism within us is analogous in its mode of operation to electricity, how or where shall we find the boundary to the thought projected by our magnetism throughout all space?

This, then, is the secret of national character; this the power by which the master minds of earth have attained their rule over the masses; this the power of the statesman, orator, musician, poet, painter and warrior. This was the secret that enabled the peasant girl of Domremy to lead forth the legions of France, and, by the fragile hand of a child, to liberate the country whose chains were fastened with the iron knot of national rivalry. Before the psychological power of Joan of Arc, warriors bent their plumed crests, and armies moved as pieces on the chess board. Granted that the Maid of Orleans was but the fountain of a higher psychology than that of earth—that her organism was as the fountain through which flowed the psychology of a spirit-world; yet her frail and childish frame, moved by that irresistible will, proved more than a match for the mightiest soldiers of civilization, held the fate of two countries in her grasp, and wielded it as a toy. It was the power of psychology that placed the poor Corsican boy, Napoleon Buonaparte, in the seat of the sovereignty of Europe. He who was by physical surroundings too poor to buy apparel in which to contend for a schoolboy's prize, lived, by the power of mind, to wield sceptres as playthings, and bestow crowns as children's baubles. What but psychology—the psychology of a master operator—could achieve this conquest over millions of subject human beings? Those who waited at his beck, and came and went at his command, obeyed the *will* and not the physical strength of the great psychologist. They bowed to the invisible power of mind which was operating through the links of magnetism, and threw its psychology over the entire of Europe. It was only when the spell of psychological power was over-mastered by the Great Spirit whose laws he defied, that his control was lost, and Napoleon became the subject of the Infinite, instead of the operator over his creatures. Whithersoever you turn your eyes, and consider those land-marks that have stood out as mountain-tops in the history of humanity, life is written all over with the power of

mind upon mind. Heroes, patriots, statesmen,—all who have moved in the van of marching intellect as its leaders, all who have written their names in the shining roll of immortality as strange and exceptional persons, all these are but great psychologists; and the application of this solemn truth belongs to us all. Think of it, each one of you, you are each A CENTRE OF POWER, not alone of power to those amongst whom you move, but of power to the whole world. When they tell you of the hapless criminal, expiating his offence on the shameful gallows-tree, of the nameless mass of vice shut away in doleful prisons, reflect that all these are a part of you;—their fate is in fact your own, their atmosphere is around you. There is crime and wretchedness so great that it seems a sin to think of it; poverty so debased, that you turn with loathing from the beings your charity relieves. Would you believe it, that these foul and ugly objects are making invisible marks on you? and yet 'tis true:—they are a part of humanity, so are you, and all humanity is bound together by the inevitable chain of magnetic psychology. Oh! it is sweet as you sit in the quiet stillness of the holy place of worship, sabbath by sabbath, to believe and hope that the words of the preacher shall come true, and that the day shall yet be, when “the lion shall lie down with the lamb,” when all that is evil and wrong shall be done away; when good shall conquer evil, and the desert bloom as the rose, and when “there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.” And how do you expect the new heaven is to grow, till you have made the new earth? And how do you expect that the lower creatures shall set you the example of innocence and peace, and love and good fellowship, till you, the strongest of psychologists—till you, the controlling power, the grand magnet, the lord and sovereign of all below yourselves, shall send forth your holy, kind, fraternal, purifying, and peaceful influence down to them? Man! it is you who are to be the author of the new heaven and the new earth; and never till you have studied the science of soul, and understood the subtle but inevitable fact that soul is the controlling power, and is always making its mark for good or evil upon all things in nature; never till you comprehend this, will the dream of the pious or the prophecy of the seer be fully realized. We all strive to look into the distant future and behold the glorious time “foretold by seers and sung in story;” but remember, *you* are the instruments of the day of promise, *you* are to be the workers; and it is because we believe that this science of soul is the means by which we are to inform ourselves of the system necessary for the work, that we press upon you this night the study of psychology, or the science of the soul. The page is open before you. The spirits, not alone of the disembodied, but

also of the embodied, are reading you the lesson. The mysterious influences of sympathy and antipathy, the wonder of psychometry, the fact that you are leaving the impress of your character on every substance you touch; the realization that all that you come in contact with is saturated with the character of others, that all your thoughts, even the very hopes and fears that disturb your mind, are shared in by the rest of humanity, that you cannot exempt yourselves or others from the common lot of all, renders it imperative upon you to search out through whatever light the revelations of science can yield, or the phenomena of ages disclose, that rudimental and necessarily ill understood science, which we vaguely name psychology.

I have already pointed to some of the pages of the volume in which you may investigate this. I have attempted to shew you that magnetism and psychology are the two great columns that support the temple of Spiritualism, and I must here add that the great mission of Spiritualism is not alone to convince you of the presence of the blessed dead. I believe that its chief work is to prepare the soul for its spiritual home; to advise us of the true nature of life, inform us of its science, give us an appreciable understanding of the duties that are required from us here, and of the nature of the influences that hinder us in its performance. He whom the world accepts of as Divine authority has said, that all law and all commandments were fulfilled in the one word—Love, and He promised that a day should come when the Spirit of Truth should reveal all things to us; that all that was hidden should become manifest; and that many things that the Jew of old could not in his time bear, should be yet disclosed. And are not these new developments of spiritual science the fulfilment of that promise? How vainly have we been charged for eighteen hundred years to fulfil to each other the golden rule of love! Vainly, because we find hindrances in our natures that impede our will to do,—physical obstacles stronger than our spiritual powers of resistance,—movements of evil, promptings to sin, strong chains dragging us away from the law of love. We have grown *wiser* day by day; we have mastered all of intellectual knowledge that the ages can bring; “the march of intellect” is one perpetual conquest over ignorance and darkness, scientifically speaking; but the hideous statistics of crime stand still; the ghastly records of guilt grow refined with civilization, but untouched in numerical proportion. But how does this affect our subject? Rather question Religion, and ask *her*, why the influence of her costly and boundless hierarchies has failed to administer to the plague-spots of the human soul—why man is still a conqueror over every form of intellectual darkness save that which blackens his immortal

soul? The tall steeple of the church pierces the sky in every city, town and hamlet,—while the solemn call to prayer is heard throughout the land, and the “life-giving” words of religion sound down the ages. Why do we thus repeat, age after age, the words which we follow not? Sometimes we plead in answer that the cold world plucks too strongly at our heartstrings; sometimes we urge the chain of circumstances; and anon, God’s failure to make us perfect. But is it not in truth the lack of knowledge how to rule the wayward spirit within ourselves, or how to reorganize those broken links of beauty that childhood shews but manhood snaps in twain,—how to conquer ourselves, and so frame conditions around us that others shall not poison our moral atmosphere, nor we give off the foul and loathsome magnetism that makes ourselves a centre of ill to others? We fall back also upon the plea of fatality; and is not this, too, false? There is, in truth, within us all, a tendency ever to strive against necessity. Granted that the bond of law is about our mortal forms, our spirits transcend that bondage; they at least are free. That pleading within to do—that determination to achieve—that realization that we, if we strive, by a mighty struggle can conquer, is not a falsehood; it is the witness of the soul that *there is* a power that can achieve and conquer. That power is the power of mind over matter; it is the triumph of soul over the body that binds but does not compel it. And more than this: psychology teaches us how far matter does bind mind,—and, by analyzing the effects of colours, sounds, forms; the garments we wear, and the aliment on which we feed; the atmosphere we breathe, the society in which we dwell, and the mental, moral and physical influences whose combinations form the sphere around us,—it is the great revelator that we need, the answer to the oft-repeated question of the soul—“Why do I not act out the light I have, and be as good in deed as my theory is true?” And psychology teaches us also the necessity as well as the mode by which we may change the forms of matter, and enable the spirit to conquer its inequalities and inharmonies. Great is the gladiatorial combat between mind and matter, but we shall never be conquerors until we understand the powers of mind and the influences of matter; and psychology is the open page which alone can teach us. Oh! we may learn whole volumes on this subject, and discover how the psychology of the orator, preacher, statesman, and all in power, hold beneath their sway the destiny of others; and this often unconsciously,—for magnetism is the carrier of mind; and we must understand that all the magnetism that passes from every living creature is charged with mind, and hence we recognize

our deep responsibility to one another not to suffer the intents and purposes of a bad mind to psychologize the world with our wickedness. We must remember that our magnetism is always going forth, and always influencing some other life, besides writing its record of ourselves.

I conclude, therefore, this discourse, with charging upon all those who are endeavouring to investigate this occult science of soul to start from its basis stones,—magnetism and psychology. Like physics which form the base of the column of which metaphysics is the apex, animal magnetism is the base and spiritualism the apex of the column of this great science of soul. Animal magnetism is the evidence of the power and action of embodied mind upon matter; spiritual magnetism, the inspiration through which the higher realms of being act on this mundane world. I have in other discourses attempted to shew that animal or human magnetism is the one great curative agent of the world; it is the power of life, and, as all disease originates in a disturbance of the life-currents, so all help is to be found in the return of perfect equilibrium in the life-currents. I have spoken as yet only of the power of the operator. Permit me briefly to add in closing, that there are some powers belonging to the subject as well as to the operator, for if the operator can temporarily control his subject, yet he cannot usurp or extinguish his individuality, and in that the subject may by will repel his operator's power. Despite all the bonds and obstacles that hinder us in matter, the spirit still is free, and all may assert that freedom if they only recognize its right, and understandingly can use it. One nation may be psychologically bound by the power of another, but when it recalls itself—its honour and its selfhood—it breaks its bonds, revolts and frees itself from its tyrant's yoke; so of a people, so of individuals. Whilst we claim therefore that the subtle power of psychology is upon us all, whilst all are the subjects of each other's will, and unconsciously rejoice and suffer from the joys and sorrows of the race—never forget we are a power to humanity as much as it is to us. Remember even *you* can become the psychologist as well as the subject, you never can yield to aught which is beneath yourself. If, indeed, your own soul is below the operator who acts upon you, you can but hope that a higher psychology will be exerted to draw you upwards, *but you must be beneath your operator ere you yield*. Magnetically, you may be more powerless than he; spiritually, you never can be, unless he can affect your spirit; therefore the plea of psychology as an excuse for crime avails not. Man as an individual may be pure and good in the midst of a criminal age, or criminal nation, and he ever possesses a sovereign individuality which he can always call into action by

knowledge, effort, and counter powers of resistance. And therefore it is that all the munitions of evil that appeal to us from the base psychology of the evil men with whom we live, should only serve to arouse within us the powers of our own souls, and compel us in turn for evil influences to be psychologists for good. Cultivate then to the very utmost the dormant powers of this mysterious "psyche" within. We know not how grand is the human soul—how vast its powers. Now and then we gaze upon earth's mighty ones who hold the destiny of nations in their grasp; now and then we look upon those shining stars of mind that glitter on the mountain tops before us, great hearts that have pressed on—that have fought and won in life's fierce conflict; but oh, how seldom do we realize that we can follow them—how seldom do we try! We may be great in any direction that we choose. Stand thou alone, O soul, and let the world rush on as it will about thee; let the psychology of the base and vile strive to drag thee down in vain. Stand thou alone, O soul, and never forget that there is a grand magnet ever drawing thee up. Lean on that, and brace thyself against the Infinite. In His strength thou canst not stand forsaken, though alone with God. Study psychology, learn how far matter can act on mind. Our present grain of knowledge on this mighty subject will yet become a science. "Up then, thou man of reason," up viewless soul, God is on thy side. The ages are fighting with thee; the marching intellect advances to the realm of spirit, and this is the day of the noble science of mind. The gates are opening wide,—enter, oh struggling soul, and be thou the first to lead the fearful on; or if thou must stand alone, forsaken of thy kind in thy bold quest for spiritual light and knowledge, remember thou art led on by Him who cries for ever down the ages "Let there be light!" and lo! there shall be light.

WHITTIER ON CREEDS.—Having been interrogated as to his religious faith—a common impertinence in these latter days—the poet Whittier, feeling himself called on to make a correction of public statements in which the interrogatory was implied and included, remarked:—"I regard Christianity as a life rather than a creed; and, in judging of my fellow men, I can use no other standard than that which our Lord and Master has given us: 'By their fruits you shall know them.' The only orthodoxy that I am specially interested in, is that of life and practice. On the awful and solemn theme of human destiny I dare not dogmatize; but wait for the unfolding of the great mystery in the firm faith that, whatever may be our particular allotment, God will do the best that is possible for all."

“SECULARISM,” AS SEEN IN THE CIVILIZATION
OF CHINA.

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

I point thee to the life its millions drag,—
Its famine-stricken millions,—eager, glad
To find a putrid dog for food, or rag
To hide their nakedness: gaunt men, driven mad
By hunger and oppression, to these sad
And dreary shades fleeing for refuge from
This hell on earth: pale woman, loathe to add
More wretched things to life's slow martyrdom,
Strangling, remorselessly, the fruit of her own womb!

THOMAS COOPER'S *Purgatory of Suicides*.

CIVILIZATION is dual—moral and material; spiritual and physical; religious and secular. It is conservative and progressive; it has ideas and institutions,—an inner life, and a corresponding outward form. We cannot say of it what Sydney Smith said of corporations: it *has* a soul that may be damned, as well as a body that may be kicked.

And every civilization, like every individual, has a soul of its own, differing in some respects from every other;—the natural development of the special genius of each particular race. Each has its own part to play in the great drama of humanity,—has its “mission,” as the stump orators say. To the Oriental, religion; to the Roman, law; to the Greek, art; to one, the conquest of nature; to another, the empire of ideas; to a third, the cultivation of the æsthetic. And there is a close correspondence between the religion of a people and its institutions;—the one is the seed of which the other is in great part the product: the one, the impelling force; the other, the outwrought result; that is, so far as the distinctive and native character of a people is concerned, and apart from influences of a purely physical kind. The diverse civilizations of Athens and of Rome in ancient times, and of the countrymen of Voltaire and of John Knox in modern times, are illustrations of this truth; to exhibit it at large would be to write the history of civilization, though on principles different to those of the late Mr. Buckle. To one point only I would now draw attention, namely, that the decline of religious faith of a people is coincident, or nearly so, with the decline of its greatness, its strength, its civilization. It at once arrests its progress, and is the forerunner of its decay. Egypt, India, Palestine, Greece, Rome, might each in turn be cited as evidence for this truth. Where the spiritual nature of a people is withered from neglect, corrupted by a low

wordliness and sensual life, struck with spiritual blindness and a paralysis of the active and highest powers of the soul, that vital force in which its civilization had birth and growth, and which is necessary to its sustenance and development, is well-nigh spent; such a people may linger in the shadow of their past strength, and, if subject to no violent shock, retain awhile its place among the nations; but it can make no new conquests, and in the battle of existence, it yields to some more fresh, vigorous race, with a fuller life, and more robust faith.

Without a living faith in spiritual realities there can be no high or progressive civilization. A people whose spiritual life is at its lowest point may attain mechanical skill and administrative capacity; may inherit good maxims for the regulation of manners; but their conceptions of life, their estimate of human nature, their poetry and art, their laws, institutions, and general character, will be poor and mean, formal, traditional, stationary if not retrogressive; they can have no lofty ideal, are incapable of heroic self-denying virtue; with few or none of those generous aspirations which urge to the performance and are the pledge of better things, their present is ignoble, and they can look forward to no redeeming future.

History furnishes no instance of a civilized people entirely destitute of religion; but perhaps in no community is it at so low an ebb, and has it so slight an influence on the character and life as in the great empire of China. Its people are not atheists, as from their disregard to religion, it has by some been inferred; but they are strictly Secularists, engrossed with the present life and material pursuits. Confucius, whose system is predominant, had no religious doctrine, and very faint conceptions of a future life; his fundamental dogma—the basis of his theory of duty,—that of filial obligation, did not have reference to another life and a higher being, but to this life and to earthly relations; he never lifted himself above this world to behold the spiritual grace which enfolds and illumines it. The education, the philosophy, the institutions of China, are all based upon this teaching. And what has been the result of this “positive philosophy,” which some of our wise men of this western hemisphere have discovered is the one thing needful to regenerate our modern society? The Chinese are not suffering under the nightmare of “our theologic method,” they “jump the life to come;” they live pretty nearly without God in their thoughts, and without hope or care as to the future. The secular theory has by them been brought to the test of experience on the largest scale; and they have given it ample trial; for their empire is the largest, and their civilization the most ancient now extant. Are they then in the full enjoyment of liberty, equality, and fraternity? Do

they exhibit a glorious example of that "unbounded progress," which we are told must result from entire devotion to worldly affairs and material interests? Have they realized Utopia? Are they in the midst of the true social millennium? Is theirs a "new moral world," the admiration and envy of the outer barbarians who still absurdly allow some weight to religious considerations, believing that the spiritual and immortal life is of nearer concern than earthly gain?

An essay in the *Nation*, based upon a recent treatise by Louis Auguste Martin, entitled *La Morale chez les Chinois*, throws some light on these questions; and his conclusions are strongly fortified by the testimony of those who have availed themselves of ample opportunities for observation among them. The writer remarks,—“At a time like the present, when the spirit of philosophical inquiry is so wide-spread, it is interesting to observe what success a nation so cultivated and so ancient as the Chinese has had in attempting to get on with morality instead of religion; for with no other people, we may add, have the eternal laws of goodness and justice and truth been so completely developed in practical formulas, of which the little treatise of M. Martin furnishes a compendious statement.” After giving an account of the “dominant cult” in China, based, as is the whole system of Chinese society, upon the teachings of Confucius, he concludes:—

“Thus, under the influence of this teaching, the character of the Chinese, has become substantially positive. They seek the satisfaction of material interests only. Inaccessible to theories, they are content with their ancient discoveries, because these discoveries afford them the means to gratify all their wants. Having lifted themselves very early by their inventions into a position superior to that of other nations, they have ceased to progress, because the necessities of their earthly nature having been once appeased, they have no motive to purify or exalt it by the study of a higher ideal, of which they have no conception. Thus, as M. Martin says, the Chinese civilization resembles the figures on their vases, which are remarkable for the fineness of their lines and their brilliant colouring, but express no sentiment or passion.

“And thus it is that the Chinese philosophers have no knowledge of love transcending sex, because their conception of life does not go beyond its materialism; and they seldom speak of the relations of the sexes except with great reserve, for woman was something apart from man, partaking rather of the character of the animal creation. The birth of a daughter was a misfortune, as it is to-day in China a malediction. Is a son born? says one of the ancient books, he is laid upon a bed and wrapped

in rich stuffs, for the master, the chief, the sovereign is born, and to him empire belongs. Is a daughter born? she is laid upon the ground and wrapped in a piece of common cloth, for there is neither good nor evil in her; let her learn how to prepare the food of the family, and how to avoid being a charge upon her relations. And even Confucius consecrates by his authority this subjection of woman, this degradation of the wife which strikes at the root of the social order.

“If the Chinese practised faithfully, indeed, the traditional morality of Confucius, they would be one of the most just and liberal and compassionate of nations; for there is hardly any theory of morals so complete, so characterized throughout by good sense, as theirs. And so the ancients, if they had lived as Socrates and Plato taught, would have been among the wisest and purest nations. But it is just at this point that human nature has thus far broken down. The moral law in China makes a great deal of private and public duties, but there is little social justice; it affirms that the obligations of men are reciprocal, but it does not sanction them; it blames the abuse of power, but cannot prevent it; it declares every one responsible for his own deeds, but makes the son answer for the sins of the father; it preaches humanity, and preserves slavery; it exalts filial piety, and leaves the wife and mother and daughter in a condition of servile degradation.

“Thus half selfish, half indifferent, the Chinese are crafty, deceitful, overbearing with the weak, servile with the strong; indisposed to fight, but so eager for revenge that they will drown themselves in their enemy’s well in order to bring down upon him the punishment of the law. Whatever, therefore, may be claimed for the purity of the Chinese morality in its higher expression, it must be admitted that the practice of it is a failure, for it has no inspiration; it stops with reason, and can find no explanation for sentiment or devotion. It eliminates the spiritual, and so confesses its inability to deal with the whole problem of life, and therefore to found durable institutions; and, in point of fact, the signs of decay are visible to the close observer throughout the empire.”

In the example of China, then, we have the case of a clever, acute, ingenious people, with education universally diffused, and a cheap literature, having by centuries the start of Europe in some of its most important inventions—the printing press, gunpowder, and the mariner’s compass to wit—and abounding with moral maxims and fine sentiments, but ignoring all considerations founded upon man’s spiritual nature and immortal destiny, and resting society on a moral basis independent of religion. The result of this secularism is, and for ages has been, a stagnant

society, despotic government, the degradation of woman, a low estimate of human nature, and disregard of human life; a character corrupt, cowardly, cruel, vindictive, and intensely selfish.

With no Promethean fire, no ennobling faith or divine hope, what wonder that they are of the earth earthy,—cold, incapable of high achievement, deaf to the call of self-sacrificing duty, and so at the mercy of a handful of Mongols or Europeans! Should not the present miserable, perilous state of the Chinese empire be to us a warning that to ignore the spiritual, to allow the higher faculties of the soul “to fust in us unused,” is to degrade our nature, and is fatal to the preservation of a high progressive civilisation?

If the old maxim be true that history is “philosophy teaching by example,” we would ask Secularists and the disciples of the “positive philosophy” to ponder well the example of China, and when they have done so to take to heart the lesson that it teaches.

DR. JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE newspapers announce the recent death of the Rev. Dr. John Mason Neale, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; for many years past, Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead; and “in many respects,” says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, “one of the most remarkable men the Church of England has had in the ranks of her ministry during the present century.” He belonged to the High Church party, and was held in the highest estimation by all who were ever brought into acquaintanceship with him. He was possessed of great literary ability; in 1830, while yet an undergraduate, he obtained the “Member’s Prize,” for a Latin poem; and he repeatedly carried off the Seatonian Prize; (a prize open to Masters of Arts for the best English poem on a sacred subject). He was a voluminous and successful writer, chiefly on subjects of a theological and ecclesiastical nature. The work by which he would probably be best known to our readers, is—*The Unseen World; Communications with it, Real or Imaginary. Including Apparitions, Warnings, Haunted Places, Prophecies, Aerial Visions, Astrology, &c.* It is a very original and suggestive book, containing many striking narratives, and is full of a thoughtful Christian Spiritualism. It appeared anonymously in May, 1847, and had a circulation which led to the publication of a second edition in 1853. It will be seen that its publication just antedates the present series of spiritual manifestations, in which we understand Dr. Neale was greatly interested.

A CAPITAL PICTURE OF THE ANTI-SPIRITUALIST WRITERS BY DR. JUSTINUS KERNER : AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THOSE IN ENGLAND.

IN the *Blätter aus Prevorst*, Vol. I., p. 64, Kerner, after relating some striking cases of spirit-agency, says that any one wishing to convince himself of one of them, has only to make the little journey from Stuttgart to Oberstenfeld ; but he adds—"It is much more convenient to sit at your writing table by the fireside, and decide on such things without seeing them. None of those gentlemen who call themselves the friends of truth, set so much value upon it, as to move a single foot over the Resenbach ; no one takes the least trouble to prove these things at the time, and on the spot ; no one makes himself acquainted with the persons who have had such experiences, and hears what they have to say. For many years the extraordinary manifestations of the Seeress of Prevorst were made public ; but none of the gentlemen who now, all at once, pretend that they would have liked so very much to have seen her, and who sit and write whole blue-books about her, ever took a moment's trouble whilst she lived, to see, to hear, and to test her.

"At their writing tables they continued sitting, but professed to have seen, heard, and proved everything, much more than the quiet, earnest, and deeply-thinking psychologist, Eschenmeyer, who *did* take the trouble to examine and prove everything at the time and on the spot, for the truth's sake, shunning no journey when necessary, in the severest cold of winter. Only by such a method can such things be probed to the truth : the learned way of knowing and speculating by the pounce-box, proves nothing.

"These gentlemen who construct their heaven and their hell according to their own wishes, and push the love and grace of God before them in any direction that is convenient to them, rather than give themselves up to believe what, from their pride and sensual indulgences, is most unpleasant and repugnant to them, labour hard, by all the arts of intellectual acuteness and of dialectics, to persuade themselves, though it be but for the brief moment of this life, that the future inevitably awaiting them, will correspond with the wishes and feelings which exist in this body.

"Probably it is very difficult for the pride of man to believe that he shall, one day, come into a condition where the nothingness of his inner being shall issue to the light, when the mask shall fall, under which he has endeavoured here to conceal himself, and to parade himself complacently in the public eye. It is

difficult, too, for the so-called intellectual to believe in spirits that do not shew themselves spiritual. According to them, every man after his death should at once arrive at the intellectual knowledge and eminence of a Hegel. But now come spirits, trifling and foolish, like those who came to the Seeress of Prevorst; who longed after Scripture texts and hymns; at the name of Jesus became clearer, and asserted that only in the name of Jesus can rest and joy be found. In such spirits it is impossible for the learned and intellectual to believe; and such apparitions are to them only the product of a sick fancy.

“And spirits now come, who are much poorer and more destitute than spirits in this life ever shewed themselves, so that to them such a spirit-world must appear unworthy of God; and if they could convince themselves that such a spirit-world did exist, they would doubt the wisdom of the Creator: since spirits, they think, should either not shew themselves at all, or in a manner to do honour to their Maker. This signifies nothing, however, for God and Nature will have the mastery!

“Let us suppose for a moment that those creatures on our earth, which constitute a transition class, and find themselves as it were in an intermediate state, as seals, bats, megatherians, were so formed that they could only be seen by men of a peculiar condition of nerves, and by others not at all, the latter would protest that no such creatures existed, or could possibly exist. They would exclaim excitedly—‘A creature half mouse, half bird—a creature half calf, half fish—would be unworthy of the Creator, who never brings forth helpless, crippled, half-existences. Such things, they would say, are the mere births of a sick fancy; and were they really existent, which, however, it would be the height of folly to believe, would make one doubt the wisdom of the Creator.’ That is precisely what the critics say of what they call low and undignified spirits.

“But these creatures now mentioned do exist at this very time, my beloved! spite of thy belief and thy critical judgment; and thou shalt not, therefore, doubt the wisdom of their Creator, but shalt fall down, and with all humility, shalt worship and say—‘What I here in the dust, with the eye of a mole, regard as so great a disharmony, will hereafter, when the scales fall from my mole’s-eye, appear as harmony.’

“And so is it also with those wretched spirits! Beloved! they are there! However thou mayest in thy notions of the Creator, consider them so unworthy; however in thy intellectual wealth mayest struggle against them in thy spirit! There they are, contrary to all the systems of such learned, acute, and intellectual men! There they are in truth, as real as the helpless caterpillars, out of which slowly the butterflies shall

unfold themselves. There they are, and you cannot hinder them; cannot do otherwise than disbelieve in them, and disbelieving, fight against them with all your dialectic arts, ready-writings, wit and acuteness, but which, in fact, does not at all annihilate this spirit-world, but it goes on its way, troubling itself not in the least about all your intellectual skirmishing.

“On this point an able writer has said already:—‘Suppose a critic to write an article that turned out and was decided by the public to be a poor affair, are we to consider it unworthy of the Creator to have made such a ‘wretched stick?’ And suppose this critic to have suddenly departed into the other world without having got any more sense, are we to doubt the wisdom of the Creator, if the man should manifest himself here as a very paltry ghost indeed?’ It may, however, be answered by some wise one, that everything should in this world either not exist, or exist as a credit to its Maker. This, indeed, would be very praiseworthy and agreeable, but the courteous reader knows very well that the image of God in this world often reduces himself to a most hideous and foolish caricature of a man, but does any body on that account doubt of the wisdom of the Creator? Yes, let us look into the mirror, and I am afraid we shall find ourselves very much unlike the original image of God.”

Kerner then gives a series of well-attested cases of the apparitions of such distorted and degraded spirits, and then adds—“It is an incontestible truth which Jacob Böhme so ably demonstrates, and which also the Seeress of Prevorst, for the intellectual minds so uselessly brought forward, namely:—

‘The body being now broken up and dying, the soul retains her likeness as the spirit of her will. Now is it away from the body; for in dying there is a separation. Now the likeness appears in and amid the things, which the soul had here imbibed; which she had infected herself with; which she allowed to build themselves up in her; since she has the same well-spring in her. That which she loved here; which was her treasure, and into which the spirit of her will entered, is now expressed in her, and becomes her spiritual image, not as a reminiscence, but as an actual condition. Has an individual in his lifetime given up his heart and soul to haughtiness, so wells this quality of mind ever forth in soul-fire from the image, and flows over love and gentleness as over God’s freedom, and can neither seize upon nor possess these heavenly qualities, but flows forth thus in Tantalian anguish, and represents the spirit perpetually existing according to the earthly things wherein its will lay, and the *rapport* of which he did not break up whilst in the body. Such soul thus shines thereby in soul-fire fixedly, and in

this fire will overrun the gentleness of God, and still grow in haughtiness, for it can draw from no other will if left to itself, nor can enter the holy place of mystery, where it might obtain another will; but it lives merely in itself, and has nothing, and can arrive at nothing, but what it already had in the outer life.'

Böhme adds that the same applies to all other mundane passions and habits, and is in fact, a confirmation of the gospel declaration—"that which is earthy let it be earthy still." Still more foolish, says Kerner, does it appear to the learned and intellectual, when spirits are said to appear in the shape of beasts, but he quotes both Boetius and Plato, who assert that men who are covetous of their neighbours' goods are wolves inwardly: calumniators are vipers; robbers and murderers, and unprincipled conquerors are tigers and vultures; cunning cheats, foxes; sensualists, swine and goats; ravenous people, toads; and whenever they throw off their bodies, will appear in these shapes in the spirit-world, because that is a world of realities, and they must appear there as they really are.

"We know, indeed, that the so-called sensible, and the so-called intellectual people term these things, and especially our belief, phantasticism; but it would be well for them to reflect that we do not draw our opinions from our phantasy, but obtain them in a way more accordant to nature. Many experiments of trustworthy men; the manifestations of magnetic conditions, out of which facts arise into actual historic evidence; and many demonstrations of divine revelation, have been our guides contrary to our own phantasies. We have it on divine authority, that dogs, and sorcerers, and other monstrous and obscene natures crowd about the very gates of the heavenly Jerusalem in the other world.

"On the other hand, those who call us believers in phantasies, take their notions of heaven and hell out of their own empty conceptions, and out of their phantasies erroneously originated by their secular education. To them also are apparitions of ghosts most welcome, but only in novels and romances; and these strong minds, at the actual appearance of a ghost, would be thrown into frenzy; their glass-sculls would be shattered, and their whole consciousness and being too dreadfully confounded. But in how much greater amazement and consternation will these unprepared souls, built up here in their own ignorance, find themselves when their bodily isolation is rent away by death, and they awake in a condition so abandoned, so utterly disbelieved in by them!"

It is needless to say how exactly these striking remarks of the noble and undaunted psychologist, Justinus Kerner, apply

to the same classes of persons in this country. They are types of human character not confined to any country, but formed by certain causes; and as a worthy old officer has written in the margin of this volume—"You might as well whistle to the winds as endeavour to break into their chrysalis condition before its time, which will only arrive when the fleshy veil falls, and they stand in their turn and say—'So the Spiritualists were not the fools after all; we are the fools!'" Well, they cannot then reproach us that we did not endeavour to pull the shell off their inflated heads. We have piped lustily to them, but they would not dance. So we can only say—Adieu till the great morning! *Lex neminem cogit ad impossibilia.*

THE SPIRITUAL AND THE MATERIAL.

A VERY able letter appears in the *Spectator* of August the 11th, under the signature "E. V. N.," on "Miracles and Revelation." We are glad to find the views habitually expressed in this Magazine put forward by so thoughtful a writer as E. V. N., as they are in the following passage:—

"That the 'visible' shows us the 'invisible,' teaching us that 'the things which are seen are not made of the things which do appear,' is a truth proclaimed by science with ever increasing clearness and cogency, as she resolves one set of phenomena after another into results of infinitesimal movements, not less incapable of being discerned by the eye of the body than the purely spiritual principles of will, imagination, and reflection, and thus perpetually brings the sensible nearer to union with that supra-sensible power, to which man, when he attained the power of reasoning upon the origin of nature and of himself, generally referred that origin. It was most natural that in so doing man should place the seat of this invisible might *above* that sky whence all that made the charm of life on the earth, light, and warmth, and fertilizing showers, appeared to descend, and which impressed him with awe by its flashing lightnings and rolling thunders, and with ennobling delight by the majesty and beauty of its starry dome. Most natural that he should imagine this heavenly world to possess a constitution opposed and superior in every respect to his earthly residence, for in truth this imagination embodied his own highest being, projected out of himself. But the whole course of man's religious history seems to me to have been a gradual leading of man by his Divine Parent to perceive that the spiritual is not antagonistic to the material, but

its source; that the supernatural is that which underlies and expresses itself through the natural; and that the true 'kingdom of heaven' is *not without* man, either in this present or in any other home where his spirit may dwell among those 'many mansions,' the scenes of divine power and goodness, but, as Christ tells us, 'within,' in his will and affections."

PHASES OF SPIRITUALISM.

THAT wise and good man—Isaac Taylor, of Ongar—argued once in his *Saturday Evening* that mankind is placed under a law of seclusion from the other world; and yet he himself afterwards invented a key which so far unlocked the portals as to give us a *Theoria*—a contemplative view of the possibilities of another life as shadowed out by physical analogies. Since his book was written, however, men have advanced further in such discoveries, and many are inclined to believe that the law of seclusion is largely suspended, and in some instances superseded altogether. . . . This spiritualistic phase in the soul-life of men is one of a peculiar character, as respects causes and effects, the media employed, and the results obtained; there is, therefore, no wonder that it should be decried and denied altogether by many men, who aim at being leaders of thought and directors of opinion; for these peculiarities provoke sarcasm; and when influenced by that, men seldom care to enquire further whether there is anything noteworthy in spiritualistic or other phenomena. Such people, however, act like one who, never having seen corn except in the shape of flour, would refuse the title to an ear of wheat; they fail to see beneath the husk and the rind that to which these are the guides, and of which they are the protectors, and on account of the chaff they ignore the grain.

Without doubt the negative school is useful in preventing the affirmative one from running into absurdity; and even the "It is nothing but" mode of depreciation may serve to correct, develope, and elevate the assertions of those who, from what they have seen and known and heard, infer, like Hamlet, that there be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophies. If, however, these negative men were to look a little further into these interesting phenomena, they might perhaps find something worth investigating: what they regard as the whole truth on these subjects is really its alphabet; it is the reflection of a few rays of imperfectly developed light; it is the stammer and lisp of a two-year-old child as contrasted with the elocution of an

accomplished orator ; the canoe which foreshadowed the "Great Eastern" steamship.

To those accustomed to look favourably, even *ab extra*, and not as agents in their development, into such subjects as Spiritualism, it seems strange that men, logical and clever on ordinary questions, should be so dull and illogical about that one, and that they should not be able to see that there are glorious verities shadowed forth by it, in which we may perhaps learn more of the meaning of the riddle of the world than by any of the ordinary processes of scientific research : all nature points inward as well as upward—it gives us hints of the flower within the flower, of the animal within the animal, of the man within the man ; the kingdom of life within the *kosmos*. Outward things are outwardly real, but they are not more ; you must go further, deeper, through shell after shell before you can reach the essential flower, animal, kingdom, man. Having gone thither, you enter at once upon the confines of the invisible, and are brought into relation with it. But insight like this belongs to the spirit only. It is here that spiritualistic manifestations play a very remarkable part. "Foot-falls" of those who, going hence have yet returned for the moment, have been heard from times immemorial, and their presence through voice and symbolic appearance recognized and acknowledged ; but it was left for this "end of the days" to have that which was exceptional developed into a kindred law ; and this law, so strong, so extensive, so varied, so progressive ; so poor, not to say grotesque, in its lower enunciations ; so lofty, grand, and Christian in its higher developments ; and so awful and fearful in some of its declarations, that whilst we laugh here, we shudder there, and yet may thank God, and take courage in the consciousness that for the reverent and devout, for those who take off the shoes from their feet in recognition of the Divine through the human and the spiritual, there is yet safe and holy ground whereon to stand.

We should not despise the day of small things, while we should not stop there. Let the sceptic doubt and test the negative, and argue by all means ; those who accept not merely the possibility but the actual facts of these records of Spiritualism, should regard them with honest, fearless, unblenching gaze ; should not allow themselves to be mastered by them, but endeavour to look beyond them, and through them, ever guiding themselves by the Apostolic canon of not believing every spirit, and of trying the spirits whether they are of God, by the supreme test of acknowledgment of the embodied manifestation of light and life in the anointed Saviour.

Did men know it, they would find a very deep philosophy in this test ; but because we do not care to acknowledge that name

in Jesus which is above every name, and before which the mundane, the supra-mundane, and the sub-mundane, must now or some day bow, we do not understand how to evolve the good out of the evil, how to eliminate the true from the false, how to rise above infestation to inspiration; and as part of that earth-work which is to be carried on more effectually hereafter, how to administer comfort and suggest restoration to poor rest-seeking spirits, and to rise ourselves as Christian warriors, clothed in God's armour, to due fight with the rulers of the darkness of this world, with the spiritual wickednesses in spiritual high places.

We are living in no ordinary days.

When this is said, men think of railroads and steam-engines, telegraphs and photographs, growth of commerce and consequent wealth and rational prosperity, and withal, in the midst of universal peace the noise of men "going forth for the fight and shouting for the battle." And these things certainly are extraordinary in themselves: but what if they are really only shadowings of what is opening out upon the world: what if the railroad and its plant are only a type of spiritual locomotion for us of earth; the telescope and telegraph, of spiritual inseeing and inhearing; photography, of the development to sight of invisible form; the steam-engine, of a development and application of latent and immaterial forces; even war, as in the days of Augustus Cæsar, the herald of that day when they shall not learn war any more?

Such questions may well be put in days like these, in which a decade sees changes wrought that formerly required a century to evolve; and there is more philosophy in answering them affirmatively than negatively; for human outward history always has its accompanying internal analogue; but connect such indications of what may be as to the spiritual with what is actually taking place, and then what may we not hope, what not wait for? Hoping, waiting, have long been the appointed lot of seekers after the realization of the glory; and as far as earthly realization has gone, they hitherto, save in one exceptional period, waited and hoped in vain: at that time the salvation was seen, the consolation granted, the promise realized, and yet even then but in part; and that was 1866 years ago: since then no answer has been given to the question, where is the promise of His coming save this, *wait!* The Church in the days of the Apostles expected to see Him come in His glory whom they had seen come in His humiliation, but it was not to be. Eight hundred and sixty-six years ago men thought that their century must be the time, for had not one thousand years passed away since their Lord had appeared; but all things continued as they were. Böhme, the seer, spoke of the "Time of the Lily" as near at

hand; Jane Lead, Dr. Pordage, and their followers thought it must take place in their days, because they experienced especial revelations and visions; Gichtel and his chosen band worked for it and dreamed of it; Saltmarsh had glimpses of the sparkles of its glory; Swedenborg saw of the Divine hand in the world of analogy and correspondence; De St. Martin knew of it so well that he cared not for observation or outward show as a testimony to the presence or the indwelling of the King; Irving had proof of some of its signs, and believed it to be near at hand: the fact is, it was near to these men in spirit, though not to the world; for the measurements of time count not for the spirit: it may well be therefore that we of this new age may not have more than dim dawns of that glorious light as our portion.

There is this difference, however, between their times and ours, that they furnish illustrations in their experiences and speculations of spirit-action in individuals here and there, whereas the forces at work in the present day are not merely remarkable in the results they evolve, but are most widely spread; they have been rising from the trifling and shallowness of ordinary spiritualistic circles into fearful illustrations in modern life of the reality of older demoniac possession; from announcements which "it needs no ghost to tell us of," into *Lyrics of the Morning Land*; from coarse Darwinism and Positivism, or, as the word really should be, Negativism, into searching and impassioned Christianity. . . . From Spiritualism in a low, coarse, histrionic form, or worse, in that of Materialism and Pantheism, to the Christian Spiritualism, with all its safeguards and all its power, so earnestly advocated by more than one writer in *The Spiritual Magazine*. . . . God has not left Himself without witness amid these workings on and by the human spirit, of the eternal distinction between good and evil, truth and the lie, by raising up men and women so gifted that the marvel of their words and deeds is only exceeded by the marvel that they have not been accepted more thoroughly as messengers from Him.

But if men rejected the Master, and were deaf to the words of Him who spake as never man spake, who wrought works such as man never wrought, this ought not to surprise us, nor should we be dismayed though we stood alone; but Christian Spiritualists do not stand alone; the band of brotherhood is itself large, and is strengthened in its resolve to maintain the Christian basis by the personal experience of some, the warnings of others, the fatal results of an opposite course which they see in these, the blessed grace they see in those, as well as by the coincidence of such results with the attestations of Holy Writ to the existence of a similar state of things in the early days of Christianity. We know that God will defend the Right.—A. T. A.—*The Recipient*.

SPIRITUAL IDIOSYNCRASIES IN THE GOETHE FAMILY.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

“ I do not name of men the common rout,
That wander loose about,
Grow up and perish as the summer fly,
Heads without name no more remembered;
But such as Thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorned,
To some great work, Thy glory.”

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes.*

IN Goethe's autobiography, under the name of “ *Wahrheit und Dichtung*,” and in one of the works of Bettina von Arnim, we are made acquainted with particulars which shew that Goethe inherited a constitution open to spiritual influx, and hence, no doubt, his openness to poetic inspiration. Bettina says, “Goethe's grandfather, who lived at Frankfort, was a dreamer and interpreter of dreams. Once he foretold a great fire, and the arrival of the emperor. Neither of these things were believed; yet the talk of his predictions was spread through the city, and raised great excitement when they both came true. Once he secretly told his wife that he had dreamed that one of the sheriffs would die, and that he should succeed him, for he had dreamed that this sheriff rose from his seat in the council and offered it to him. On another occasion he predicted his succession as chief magistrate, though his family thought it very unlikely. Göethe in his “ *Wahrheit und Dichtung*” relates these things more particularly:—

“ It was while he was only one of the youngest councillors that he told his wife that, on the next vacancy, he should be elected as sheriff; and as one of the sheriffs immediately died suddenly of a stroke of apoplexy, he ordered on the day of the election, which was made by a sort of ballot, the candidates putting their names into a vessel or bag for the purpose, in which were a number of silver and only one golden ball—the drawer of the golden one being elected—that all necessary arrangements should be made in his house for the reception of the friends calling to congratulate him. He was really elected. His dream, as told to his wife, was that sitting in full council, a certain sheriff rose from his seat, came down to him, requested him most courteously to go up and take his place, and went out of the council chamber.”

Very similar was his election to the chief magistracy. On these occasions, it was customary to make the election as quickly

as possible, lest the emperor would assert his ancient right to nominate. At midnight a council was ordered for early the next morning, the chief magistrate having just expired, and a messenger was despatched to apprise the members of the council of this. Arriving at Goethe's house, the messenger asked for a piece of candle, as the one in his lantern had burnt out. 'Give him a whole one,' said the grandfather to the woman, 'he is taking all this trouble on my account.' And actually he was chosen chief magistrate."—*Goethe's Werke*, Vol. XX., p. 42.

Bettina gives us another curious fact connected with this circumstance, which she no doubt received from Goethe's mother. Goethe says that amongst his grandfather's papers he found in a diary entries relating to matters of prognostication; such as, "To-night N. N. came to me and said—," or "To-night I saw—," all the rest being written in cyphers. "For," he adds, "There were persons who had no trace of pre-vision about them, who, when they came within his sphere, for the moment acquired his faculty, and declared things that were even then taking place in distant places, as sickness and deaths of friends or others, which always proved themselves true. On none of his children or grandchildren did this gift descend; on the contrary, they were rather of an active and gay turn, and disposed to the practical."—p. 44.

This appears an oversight in Goethe, for, according to Bettina, not only had the grandmother a mind perceptive of the supernatural, but also her daughter, Goethe's mother.

The grandfather had called out from his bed to give the messenger a candle for his lantern, but the next morning both he and his family seemed to have forgotten the circumstance, or did not think it worth a remark. Not so the eldest daughter, Goethe's mother, she had heard it, and believed every word of it. She therefore, when her father set out for the council, dressed herself out, according to his own account, in an outrageous splendour and frizzed up her hair immensely. In this high state, she placed herself in an easy chair at the window, with a book in her hand. Her mother and sisters thought she was gone crazed, but she assured them that they would quickly hide themselves behind the bed-curtains, when the members of the council came to congratulate her father on being elected Syndic. Whilst the sisters were laughing at her for her credulity, she pointed out to them their father coming towards the house in grand civic costume, followed by numerous members of the council. "Hide yourselves," she cried; "there he comes. and the councillors with him." One undressed head after another was popped out of the window, and away they all ran, leaving her alone to receive the company.

“This faculty appears only to have been inherited by this one daughter. Immediately after the father’s death, as the family were in great perplexity from not being able to find the will, she dreamed that it was concealed betwixt two boards in her father’s desk, which were secured by a secret lock. It was found there. Goethe’s mother thought it was no particular talent, but arose from her high, care-free disposition, and her regard for everything good; but this probably was the gift itself, since she says that in those cases she never was deceived.

“Her mother, Goethe’s grandmother, hastened one night into the chamber of her daughter and remained there till morning, for she said something had occurred that she could not for anxiety mention. The next morning, however, she related that something in her room had rustled like paper. That, imagining the window was open, and that the wind was blowing about the papers on the grandfather’s writing table in the adjoining room, she got up, but found the window fast; she returned to bed, but the rustling again commenced, drawing nearer and nearer, till, with an agitated crumpling together of paper, it ended in a deep sigh, and the passing of a cold breath over her face. On this, in terror, she fled to her children.

Soon after a stranger was announced, who presented her with a paper much crushed and crumpled together, and as she saw it she fainted. In the night, on which she had been disturbed so mysteriously, a friend of hers, feeling his end approach, called for paper in order to write to her on some important subject; but before he could conclude his epistle, he was seized with the cramps of death—had clutched the paper, and crushing it together, had rubbed it to and fro on the bed cover, and sighing deeply, had expired. Whatever was written on the paper, Goethe’s grandmother seemed to understand the wish of her friend, and her generous husband took the little orphan daughter of the deceased into his house, though she had no proper claim on him, became her guardian, and set aside a sum of money for her particular benefit, which Göethe’s grandmother increased by many little savings. From that time she never despised any predictions nor things of that kind. “If,” she said, “we cannot believe them, we should not deny or contemn them, for the heart is deeply moved by such things.”—*Blätter aus Prevorst*, 12to. Sammlung, p. 167.

Goethe in his *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, Vol. III, p. 79, mentions a fact which should warn physical philosophers of being too physical:—“In Entenheim we saw a stupendous ærolite suspended in the church, and laughed in the sceptical spirit of the time at the excessive credulity of people, not

foreseeing that the like meteoric productions of the atmosphere, if not falling actually into our own fields, would, at least, be laid up in our cabinets."

Goethe shews us in his *Faust* that he was profoundly learned in Spiritualistic facts; either he had witnessed them himself, or he drew his knowledge from authorities who had. What can be truer, what more familiar to the experience of all practical Spiritualists, than the following passage, as it regards a host of spirits that perpetually flock about us?—

Sie hören gern, zum schaden froh gewandt,
Gehorchen gern, weil sie uns gern betrügen,
Sie stellen wie from Himmel sich gesandt,
Und lispeln english, weren sie lügen.

That is—

Gladly they hear us, upon mischief bent,
Gladly obey us, gladly to deceive;
They tell us that from heaven they are sent,
And talk like angels, as their lies they weave.

And this they do because they know that, feeling the emptiness of everything here,

Wir lernen das Ueberirdische zu schätzen,
Wir sehnen uns nach Offenbarung.
We learn the supernatural to prize;
We yearn for revelation from the skies.

Or, in the words of Lord Byron—

They send us prying into the abyss
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this,
The wretched essence.

In his *Conversation with Eckermann*, Goethe touches on a great weakness of the age, that of committing itself too absolutely to the apparently actual, and abjuring the whole region of faith and supernatural agency. "If men only," he said, "would but stick to the right when they have found it, and not turn about and mystify it again, I should be satisfied; and it is a necessity that the truth should be delivered from age to age. But men can never be at rest, and, before you are aware of it, they are again falling into confusion. So just now it is the fashion to be tossing themselves on the Five Books of Moses." This was fifty years ago, almost before Colenso was born. "If the destructive criticism be mischievous anywhere it is in the affairs of religion; for here all reposes upon faith, which, when you have once lost it, can never be restored. We will go quietly on the right way, and others may go as they like—that is the best.

"In the poetical region everything pleases us, and no marvel is too vast for belief; but, in this dazzling daylight of the actual, the least thing makes us start, if it only departs in the smallest

degree from the customary. We are surrounded by a thousand miracles in nature with which we are familiar—we find a single one inconvenient, because it is still new. We find no difficulty in accepting the miracles of a former time, but to a marvel which occurs to-day, to give a kind of reality, and near the visibly actual to honour it as a more highly actual, this appears not to be in man's power, or, if it be, it is driven out by education. Our age will become ever more prosaic, and, with the decline of intercourse and faith in the supernatural, all poetry will more and more disappear."

"He shewed me a picture of Christ walking on the sea, and Peter going to him on the waters, and at the moment of losing his courage beginning to sink. 'That,' said he, "is one of the finest relations in the life of Jesus. I prefer it to every other. In it is proclaimed the lofty doctrine that man through faith and bravery of mind will triumph over the most difficult enterprises, whilst by falling into the least doubt he will be assuredly lost.'"

It might astonish us to hear the author of *Faust* talking in this manner, but he had not only been the college friend of Stilling, and seen and recorded some of the surprising results of his faith, but had himself, no doubt, inherited the second sight of his family, and gives us a very curious instance of meeting his own double. Every one is familiar with the charming episode of his Idyllean love scenes with Frederike, the daughter of the pastor of the village of Gesenheim, when a student of Strasburg, out of which the poet does not come very creditably. He was taking leave of Frederike. "As I reached her my hand as I sate on my horse, the tears stood in her eyes, and I was myself greatly troubled. I turned and rode along the footpath towards Drusenheim, and there fell upon me a strange vision. I saw myself, not with the eyes of the body, but with those of the spirit, approaching myself on the same path on horseback, but in a dress which I had never worn—light grey with some amount of gold lace. The moment that I could cast off this vision the form had vanished. But it is extraordinary that eight years afterwards I found myself on the very same road, clad in the very same dress, and that not from choice, but from mere accident, and on my way to visit Frederike. Be the origin of this phantom shape what it might, it gave me at the moment of parting a certain composure. The pain of quitting, as I believed, for ever that noble Alsace, with all that I had found in it was softened, and the agitation of the leave-taking once over, I felt myself once more on a peaceful and exhilarating journey."—*Goethe's Works*, Vol. XXI., p. 63.

One of the most curious revelations in Goethe's writings is given in his "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*," Vol. XXII., p. 399

He expresses his belief in a principle in nature, which he calls demoniac and that very much in the sense of the ancient Greeks. He says, "In the course of this biographical essay the reader will have fully seen that as a child, a boy, a youth, I sought in various ways to approach the supernatural; first, seeking with curiosity after a natural religion; then giving myself up firmly to the positive; next, trying my own proper strength by drawing myself inwardly together; and finally, giving myself up joyfully to the general faith. In the intervals betwixt these regions of inquiry, I wandered about, looked round, explored, met with many things which seemed to belong to nothing else whatever; and believed and perceived more and more that it was better to turn away my thoughts from the monstrous and the incomprehensible.

"I believed that I had discovered in nature both the living and unliving, both ensouled and unsouled, that which manifested itself only in contradiction, and on that account could be expressed by no particular idea, still less by any word. It was not divine, for it was unreasonable; not human, for it had no understanding; not devilish, for it was occasionally benevolent; not angelic, for it often took pleasure in mischief. It more resembled chance, since it displayed inconsequence, yet it had a resemblance to Providence, for it betrayed coherence. All that circumscribed us, appeared penetrable by it; it seemed to deal arbitrarily with the necessary element of our existence. It appeared only to delight in the impossible, and to fling the possible with contempt from it.

"This principle or life, which intruded itself betwixt all other things, as it seemed both to separate them, and to bind them together, I named demoniac, after the example of the ancients, and of those who had observed something similar. I endeavoured to rescue myself from this fearful entity, and according to my custom, fled for refuge to an image."

The image, or eidolon, as Bacon would have called it, was that of Count Egmont, which he worked up into his celebrated drama. With all his exalted patriotism, with the property of attracting towards himself the affections of all men, the devotion of the noblest women, the most unbounded popularity amongst his countrymen of all classes, yet this spirit of contradiction and overturning steals into his fate, and he dies on the scaffold in the front of the grand Hotel de Ville in Brussels. Goethe goes on:—

"Although this demoniac essence can manifest itself in everything corporeal and incorporeal, yes, in the most remarkable manner in beasts, yet it stands in the most wonderful connection with men, and forms in the moral government of the world, if not an opposing, yet a pervading and constantly thwarting

power, so that we might imagine these conflicting potencies the woof and the warp of the tissue of our existence.

“For the phenomena which are produced by this complex action there are countless names; for all philosophies and religions have striven, poetically and prosaically, to solve this enigma, and to drag its mystery satisfactorily to the light—an experiment, however, which yet remains open to future endeavours.

“Most fearful appears this demoniac power when it comes forth in overwhelming force in some particular man. During the course of my life I have had occasion to observe such men; some at a distance, some close at hand. They are not always the most estimable men, either for spirit or for talents; seldom recommending themselves through goodness of the heart, but a stupendous power emanates from them, and they exert an incredible influence over all creatures, some even the elements; and who can say how widely such an operating agency shall extend itself? All united moral forces are opposed to it, and to its incarnated ones, in vain. In vain do the more clear-sighted portion of mankind denounce them as deceivers or deceived, the mass of humanity is irresistibly drawn after them. Seldom or never do they find contemporaries of their own stamp, and nothing can conquer them but the universe itself, with which they have flung themselves into conflict; and it must have been out of the contemplation of such characters that the extraordinary but monstrous adage has arisen, ‘*Nemo contra Deum, nisi Deus ipse.*’ None but God himself can contend with God.”

The truth of the whole of this most remarkable piece of writing must have been felt by every one. The truth of the last portion of it stands written on the world's history. The manner in which mankind have been in all ages and countries, blinded, bewitched, hallucinated, drawn away to their own destruction, led on to the most insane enterprises, slaughtered, trodden upon, and annihilated by some single man—enthusiast, impostor, or maniac of ambition—is the wonder and opprobrium of our race. The Alexanders of old, the Fredericks of modern times, called by the base adulation of besotted men the GREAT! are not more astounding in their influences than the poets, historians, projectors in science, speculation, and religion, statesmen, and orators, who, for their day, bamboozle mankind, without a virtue or one genuine talent, into the worship of their pantomime hollowness, their spectral inanity. This is discovered in the next age, and a fresh generation stands aghast at the folly of its fathers, whilst perpetrating some still more transparent madness of its own. Napoleon, who alone could be conquered by the

universe with which he had dared the conflict, is not a more surprising proof of the demoniac principle in the life-blood of this earth than the great Mormonite development, or than the frantic attempt of science and the press to fling off the palpable visitations of the spirit-world from their closely-hugged Materialism. Every philosophic mind which has, like Goethe, watched with silent wonder the incessant working of the demoniac element in the pulsations of this world, must see that it is but one portion of a great perpetual and universal protrusion of life from the spirit-regions which surround us, and co-exist with us and within us, and can only be coped with by our seizing on the higher and diviner portions of this life, and by and through it achieving our spiritual independence.

With all his worldly wisdom, Goethe spoke ever and anon great moral truths, and this now given is one of them. He was not only a friend of Stilling's but of Lavater's, and tells us that there was something alarming in being in Lavater's immediate neighbourhood, for he saw through your whole interior organism, and could seize and display your most secret thoughts at pleasure. That on one occasion of making a charitable collection in his church he determined to look at no one in the act of giving, and would not lift his eyes above the plate, but that he knew from the very fingers of those who deposited alms the character and thoughts of the donor.

Lavater foretold the spread of Materialism, and the sending of a new age of miracles to destroy it. This was previous to the breaking out of the French Revolution, with all its horrors and infidelity. In the preface to the edition of his works published in 1806 this remarkable fact will be found. He told the Prince of Montbeillard that the dangerous doctrine of Atheism would become general; the condition of civilization; the empire which it was obtaining in those days over the public sentiment, reason, and philosophy, would cause that horrible dogma to prevail. This revolution would follow in the track of what was called enlightenment. "But," added he, "the reign of Atheism will be only temporary; God will send new manifestations to expose it," and that revelation and miracles were upon the point of recommencing to illuminate and save mankind.

How had Lavater acquired this power? Not by his physiognomical rules. Those rules arose out of careful observations made clear by his clairvoyant faculty. Like Swedenborg, he had discovered that this world and the next are one in nature and in continuity; that men in bodies are but spirits under a veil, living in the same world in which they will find themselves when the veil is withdrawn—in its lower stage, certainly, but in all its powers, passions, and essentials, the

same. That it is because this life is part and parcel of what we have been taught to call the next life, that our schooling here is essentially adapted to our advancement and advantage there; if, in fact, we can say, except conventionally, here and there. We are but like seeds of life planted in the dark earth of the great garden of God. We have all our principles of being, all our future coiled up within us. Anon, we shall burst forth under the power of the fostering sun of a paternal Deity, and find ourselves in the same divine garden, amongst the already developed plants of the Eternal. We shall undoubtedly put forth perpetually fresh branches, leaves, and blossoms—shed forth fuller and purer fragrance, be transplanted by tenderly culturing hands into higher and nobler sites, but still plants of one God, of one garden—the garden of a great, interminable, and congenerous universe.

Such was the teaching of Swedenborg, such the doctrine of our spiritual-eyed Milton:—

What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

It is therefore that Goethe puts into the mouth of this mysterious power these wonderful words:—

“In the floods of life, in the storm of deeds, I wave up and down. I weave here and there—birth and the grave—an eternal sea—a varying web—a glowing life. So work I in the rushing loom of time, and weave the living garment of the Godhead.”

“All forms,” continues Goethe, “have a resemblance;” therefore the chorus sings to us of a “Secret Law.” Therefore it is that he elsewhere says, “The spirit-world is not closed—thy sense is closed, thy heart is dead. Up! student! and bathe undauntedly thy earthly form in the ruddy glories of the Morning!”

Goethe, the greatest intellect, perhaps, of the German nation—a man who had wonderfully accomplished himself by the accumulation of knowledge in almost every direction; the greatest of Teutonic poets, yet, at the same time, the profound metaphysician, the natural historian, the palæologist, the connoisseur of art, the originator of abstruse theories of colours, of the metamorphoses of plants, of the laws of optics, in these glances at the demoniac, had pressed upon the edge of a great truth, yet had not fully fathomed it. Had he lived to witness the phenomena of present Spiritualism, his sagacious mind would have probed the deeper regions of this mystery. Had he grasped the full fact of the influences of the invisible world operating everywhere and at all times on the visible, he would quickly have comprehended whence arose the continual contradictions which so much per-

plexed him. He would have found in the grand idea of the world of man surrounded by the world of spirit, and the heart and soul of man open to its influences, the solution of all his difficulties. He would have seen a mighty drama playing out before God, in which his angels, good and bad, are the actors, and mankind acting unconsciously with them. He would have beheld the armies of heaven and of the air, and of the subterrene,—Milton's "Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on this earth,"—combating for the dominion of the human race, and the Almighty Arbitrator watching the conflict, sure of its result in the discipline and the ultimate exaltation of souls, through the sharp and lasting experiences of woes, trials, and heart wounds, in triumphs of courage, faith, and affection. He would have seen that, as the good or evil influence, thus striving through the preparatory spheres of fresh-springing human life, rose into the ascendant, so would the features of mundane society shew dark or light, depraved or ennobled. In the middle grounds of these contests the fluctuations of character and event would present all the phases of contradiction which had astonished him. As the powers of darkness found a soul of large organization capable of vast action on mankind for good or evil, and concentrated itself within it, then would rise one of those human potencies which shake an age with direst convulsions, and dye the majority of souls in its own colours; steep them in the magic cauldron of its own sentiments. Then would strange and perverse theories and doctrines from some demon-infected head take possession of the worshipping public. In the falling or the rising of the balance of influence between the contending principles, would be seen the changing lights and shadows which pass over society, and give to view alternately phases of character which astonish by their good or evil, or their strange mingling of both. "In the floods of life, in the storm of deeds, I wave to and fro." Yet, as even in the extremest contrasts there is a certain resemblance, this points evermore to a great "Secret Law." That law is the guiding will of God, swaying the world-wide battle field of spirit legions, good, bad, and indifferent, and producing all the countless varieties of spiritual and intellectual condition and fortune which the human world presents, where no two faces and no two moral states are, perhaps, exactly alike. Yet, out of all this, arises serious thoughts on present and future, serious retracing of steps, unravelling of errors, and wisdom won through suffering, crushing of hopes and hearts, baptizings in shame and despair, till the tossed and shipwrecked soul strikes on the ground of divine recognition, and finds the "Welcome home!" of the prodigal son.

But what a saving from sorrow; what an escape from

confusions and shattering consternations in the knowledge of this great spirit mystery! When we know demonstratively what St. Paul told us long ago, that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places,"*—being thus forewarned, we are forearmed, and by prayer and watchfulness can draw near to the armies of heaven, and take shelter beneath the banners of invincible love, beneath the omnipotent sceptre of the King of all these shining hosts of the universe.

THE DAVENPORTS IN BELGIUM.

AT length it would seem that the Brothers Davenport have found a nation and a press willing to give them a fair hearing. The violence and barbarity which they experienced in England; the determination of the press, and of literary and scientific men, almost without exception, to mis-represent and to malign them; the ignorant brutality of the Liverpool trading public, which destroyed their cabinet and menaced their lives, shews that England in the investigation of great philosophical questions has not yet advanced beyond the stupidity of the monks who compelled Galileo to declare that the earth did not move. No circumstance has of late years occurred so usefully to shew the stolid pride and crass prejudice which overlay the mind of this "nation of shopkeepers," as the arrival in it of the Davenports. Their reception in France and Germany was equally characteristic of the materialistic philosophy which prevails in those countries; but at the same time, of the more civilized and courteous character of those people. The French *savans* shrugged their shoulders and cried "*Mon Dieu!*" but without doing the Davenports or their cabinet any harm, and the homelier Germans stared and cried "*Potz tausand!*" and walked away to their beer and sausages; but the Belgians have received the Davenports, notwithstanding the prejudice that almost all the rest of Europe has tried to raise against them, as men entitled to fair hearing, and fair treatment. Like sensible people, they have not rushed on the cabinet to tear it to pieces in order to see whether there was any particular machinery about it—a thing they might just as well have discovered without; nor have

* Literally, "in the heavenly places," *εν τοις επουρανίοις*,—a very obscure passage, perhaps meaning merely what we call the welkin, or upper atmosphere, in allusion to the devil being the prince of the power of the air; but more probably meaning in the invisible world, popularly regarded as the heavens, though in its inferior regions great power of evil exists.

they chased the Brothers themselves through the streets to kill them, by way of solving the mysteries of their proceedings: they have gone quietly to see their exhibition; have quietly used their senses, and come to the plain conclusion, which all candid enquirers have come to before, that the Brothers and Mr. Fay are honest fellows, and that they are attended by phenomena which no law of matter at present known can explain. They do not yet pretend to say what is the real nature of these phenomena; but they have candidly declared them genuine.

This is the first rational step in such an enquiry. When the manifestations are pronounced honest and genuine, it is clear that they must have a cause, and people satisfied that no trick is being played upon them are in the true temper of mind to prosecute the enquiry into their nature and origin. If, after all attempts to solve them on principles of practical dexterity or of science, they should still remain a mystery, such a people will be more likely to look for a higher mode of solution than the stupid mobs of Liverpool and Huddersfield, who have no better idea of coming at the truth than that which their fathers had, who used to smash up bakers' shops by way of making bread cheap.

We have before us a paper issued at Brussels, entitled *L'Opinion et Appreciation de la Presse sur les Frères Davenport et M. Fay; comptes rendus de quelques Journaux pris au hasard.* This paper commences by stating that the press in Belgium, after a month's observation of the Brothers Davenport, is unanimous in doing justice to the curious experiences which for twelve years have remained throughout America and in Europe an enigma to all the world. Amongst the Belgian journals whose opinions are given are *L'Etoile Belge, Le Reveil, Moniteur Belge, Journal la Belgique, Le Nord,* and *Le Bulletin de Dimanche.* All of these journals, which include the leading organs of the Belgian press, enter at length into the details of the exhibitions, and pronounce the most unqualified praise of the marvellousness and interest of the manifestations. The leading journal, *Le Nord,* declares that the most malignant persons amongst them have renounced the hope of discovering the secret.

It is consolatory to find that there is at least one country in Europe that is not completely given over to that dogged scepticism which has been wittily called the lock-jaw of modern science, which shuts up the mouths of men as with a blacksmith's vice, and says they shall not have an atom more of spiritual nutriment. Belgium certainly stands at the head of Europe for rational common sense. If it is not prepared to accept Spiritualism to a large extent, it is not so utterly lost in what is funnily enough called philosophy as to refuse to use its eye-sight and believe its own senses.

THE REV. FRANCIS PECK, THE ANTIQUARY'S,
FAITH IN APPARITIONS.

THE Rev. Francis Peck, M.A., Rector of Godeby Maureward, in Leicestershire, Prebendary of Lincoln, &c., Member of the Society of Antiquaries, and author of various works in high esteem by the Church of England, as ΤΟ ὙΨΟΣ ἍΓΙΟΝ, *Desiderata Curiosa*, *Lives of Milton*, *Oliver Cromwell*, *Critical Notices on Shakspeare*, &c., was a firm believer in apparitions. In his *History of Leicestershire* he treated of "Stones, Salt, Long Life, Herbs, Earthquakes, Crevices, and Apparitions." The cautious and orthodox Mr. Nichols, in his *Literary Anecdotes*, is rather scandalized at the last heading from so learned a man, and thought "perhaps some apology was necessary for it in this enlightened age." Mr. Peck died in 1745; when he published his account of apparitions, he gave this reason for his faith:—"I believe, with the author of the *Reality of Apparitions*, that the souls of the dead never stay to shew themselves on any account whatsoever, after they are once freed from the body, but immediately pass on to a place of happiness or misery appointed for them, where they know nothing of whatever happens here afterwards; yet, I believe with the same author, that Providence, for its own wise end, does sometimes send both good and bad spirits, with commission to speak and shew themselves to us in the shape of departed friends or enemies, or others, as occasion requires; and, as an imposture may be distinguished by wise judges from an apparition, or spirit, so that good or bad spirits may easily be known from each other by considering the motive of their errand, the manner of their appearance, or the like, and that let such spirit be good or bad, with a good conscience on our side, we need not fear it; and, lastly, that should such a spirit appear to us, we must not ask it impertinent questions."—*Nichols' Literary Anecdotes*, Vol. I., 5-17.

We need not add that Mr. Peck had not acquired an extensive or accurate knowledge of what apparitions may do, particularly as to shewing themselves immediately after death, but he is much to be respected for boldly declaring his faith on such a question in his character of a clergyman of the Established Church.

“WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

FIFTEEN years have rolled away since the first intelligent communications were received in this city by means of the raps, spelling out messages from departed ones, in which there were evidences of identity so clear and unmistakable as to satisfy the minds of honest enquirers. In these fifteen years, what wonderful changes have we experienced. In the undulating waves of human life, how have we been buoyed up with hopes and depressed with fears; but still our course has been ever onward. At first, the cause numbered but few within its ranks, and they were timid and fearful; but gradually, as the light dawned more clearly, the numbers increased, and we became bolder and could look each other in the face and relate our experiences with earnestness; for the truths which we hoped to realize, which had been dimly shadowed before us, began to grow more plain, and as we had strength to utter them they found responses in many minds. How fearfully did we look upon the great question of immortality in those early days. Education and hope led us to believe that there must be in some mysterious manner a spiritual body prepared for those who passed into the inner life. Gradually and by slow degrees we came to realize the fact that these bodies were not new and created in the after life, and that we were living in a spiritual world now—that within these external caskets that we had long known and realized as ourselves and our friends, there lived a form more refined and enduring than the external, which, to a certain extent, it moulded, and which in turn modified this spiritual body. This was a truth, the importance of which we can scarcely realize. Now as we look at our fellow-men, we see not merely the clothing they wear and the external body, which is but a garment, but we see also that there is within each of these human beings a spirit-form working as best it may, amid the dark surroundings of earth. Hence, the cry comes properly from the spirit-land to us, “Watchman, what of the night?” How vainly in our ignorance have we thought this life was one of light, and the after-life one shrouded in darkness and mystery. Now we know this is the night, and that we are groping in darkness—that just in proportion as the body becomes moulded, so that the spirit can control and unfold its powers, do we approach the light. We are spirits now living and moving in the spirit-world, anchored, it is true, to the external world by our physical bodies, but in aspirations, which are a beautiful and certain prophecy of our future powers, soaring aloft into the realms of infinitude—travelling from planet to planet, and not only seeking the companionship of the great and the good of past ages, but

searching for the means by which we may be prepared for that companionship. The man who visits a foreign country without having made himself somewhat acquainted with the character and habits of the people, as well as the general features of the country, goes blindly forth, and fails to find either pleasure or profit in such a journey; so the man who goes into spirit-life, without knowing anything of its characteristics and the habits and customs of its inhabitants, will find that he has many difficult lessons to learn, before he can appreciate his condition and be prepared to receive and enjoy the blessings which properly belong to his new home.

Our good friends in the Church say we have no right to search into these things—that God does not design that we should know anything about them. But the God within us is prompting us to lift the curtain and see where our friends have gone and what they are doing; and, urged on by a Divine impulse, mankind are exploring these regions, seeking by a proper development of their interior faculties to penetrate the veil, and realize more fully the truths that dawn upon us from that world of causes. The cry of infidelity and blasphemy sounds in our ears, but it has lost its potency; and free men and women, feeling the strong impulse of the Divine nature within, are pressing still more closely into the arena of the spiritual; and every step we take in that direction reveals to us that it is not only not forbidden by the Author of our being, but that, while His blessing is upon us, cheering our hearts in these labours, the angel bands are near us, rejoicing and shouting “Amen” to our efforts in search of light and knowledge in regard to the hereafter. And now, clasping hands with the angel-world, we can look back over the past, and see how the mild and radiant light of spiritual truth as it shines over the ages, though dimly perceived and but little understood, has ever been tending towards the grand and glorious era which has now opened so clearly, in which the great world of causes is revealed to us, and, while this furnishes a key to unlock the mysteries of the past, it gives us still more important and instructive lessons in regard to the present and the future. The age of mystery and miracle has faded away before the dawn of Spiritualism. Everywhere, in the Church and out of it—even among those who know but little of the spiritual phenomena which mark the new era—a change has come over the minds of the people. The gross and materialistic ideas are becoming obsolete. The old hell, with its fires of brimstone, has become too gross for the age; and in all forms of belief the refining process is going on, as a result of a nearer approach to the spirit-world by mankind. Another fifteen years like the past,

and the recognition of spirits will become so common that no one can doubt it. The mass of the intelligent world admit the phenomena already; and when the people come to exercise their prerogative and fulfil the command of Scripture to "try the spirits," we have no fears of the result. Truth is ever calm and reliant; she has nothing to fear, and can wait until man grows into a condition to perceive and recognize her. The signs of the times never were more hopeful than they are to-day: the leading minds of the age, wearied with the old dogmas, are rousing themselves up for the conflict; and, though error and superstition may do battle for the time, we fear nothing as to the result. God, and good angels and men, are ever on the side of the right, and they must prevail.

634, Race Street,
Philadelphia, U.S., 1866.

HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.

GENERAL GRANT A MEDIUM.

MANY persons who by accident or otherwise are abruptly removed from the sphere of their earthly duties and relations, have, in one way or another, been able to vaguely intimate, and perhaps clearly reveal the fact to persons with whom they were in the most intimate fellowship. An illustration of this kind seems to have occurred on the occasion of the accidental death of Col. T. S. Bowers, Gen. Grant's Adjutant-General. We extract the following from the *New York Herald's* description of the circumstances attending the accident:

Gen. Grant was notified of the accident by Mr. Garrison, the proprietor of the ferry, who said, "General, I think your Adjutant is killed." Gen. Grant replied "Something told me he was killed."

In a sudden emergency—in a moment of mortal peril—subjects of vital concern and friends with whom we are most closely identified, rush like a torrent upon the mind. Feeling and thought become so intense as to influence the sensations and mental emotions of such as chance to be in intimate association and sympathy with us. In the last moments of earthly consciousness the brain is quite likely to be occupied with the images of those whom we most love and reverence. When the vision of certain destruction was suddenly presented to Col. Bowers, it was but natural that his mind should instantly revert to the man whom he had followed through so many dangers. Hence the General's impression—"Something told me he was killed."

S. B. B.

THE ARTESIAN WELL AT CHICAGO.

IN our number for January last, we gave an account of the Artesian Well at Chicago, found at a depth of seven hundred feet below the surface; the spot where the well was found having been pointed out, and the work from the beginning carried on, under direct spirit guidance. Our account was taken from a pamphlet by George A. Shufeldt, jun.; published at Chicago, in September, 1865, and which pamphlet is now in our possession. Even before this pamphlet appeared we had seen a brief account of the case in a private letter addressed to a friend by his brother, a resident at Chicago. A report of the discovery, and of the means by which it was effected also appeared, at the time, in the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, published at Chicago, and in the *Banner of Light*, published at Boston; and probably in other American journals. These accounts have never, that we know of, been seriously impugned. We recur to the matter now, in consequence of the inquiry by a correspondent for further evidence and particulars. We add, for his, and our readers' information, that an Artesian Well Company has been formed in Chicago, for turning this water to the best account. It is now flowing to the extent of a million and a half gallons daily. Besides supplying the town, this water-power is to be applied to manufacturing purposes. Already, to prevent it running to waste, it is flowed into meadow ponds which, by winter freezing, produce each season forty thousand tons of ice, and which quantity it is said could easily be quadrupled. That the Yankees living on the spot are investing their dollars in it, is pretty fair evidence we think of its being a genuine concern. If our correspondent has any doubts remaining, and feels sufficient interest in the matter, we have no doubt that by becoming a shareholder he will be able to obtain all the information he needs, and that in realizing good dividends his scepticism will find a "perfect cure." We are informed in the company's prospectus that "all communications on this most interesting subject should be addressed to A. F. Croskey and Co., No. 70, Washington Street, Chicago."

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.—A correspondent of the *Banner of Light*, of August the 4th, writes—"A photograph of Mr. C. Brailey, of Troy, Vermont, was taken some time in May last, by the artist, King, of Winter Street, Boston, which on examination was found to contain two or three *extra* faces, one of which strongly resembles that of a son of Mr. B., who passed to the spirit-world some three years ago. This was wholly unexpected—as Mr. B. was not previously convinced of the power of spirits thus to represent themselves on the camera—and had forgotten that this spirit son had promised some two years ago, through a medium, that if Mr. B. would go to Boston and sit for a picture, he thought he could give his own—a promise now fulfilled to the satisfaction of all the friends."