

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

FRENCH MAGNETISTS.

PART II.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF CAHAGNET'S "ARCANES DE LA VIE
FUTURE DEVOILÉS."—VOL. I.

THIS work, which at one time made a great sensation in France, is well deserving of perusal at present, when we have so much further experience of both clairvoyance and more direct spiritual phenomena. M. Cahagnet was a working man—a chair-turner, and on that account his production is the more meritorious; for he had not only the sagacity to perceive the truth of the phenomena of human magnetism, or mesmerism, but the boldness to avow his convictions, and the magnanimity to suffer ridicule and persecution for the sake of psychological science with a wonderful patience. His work is so well written that we should not have discovered the facts of his humble condition in life, and of his self-education, had he not told us of them. Of the peculiar character of the work, which is in three volumes, and of M. Cahagnet's peculiar views, we shall take notice as we proceed in our researches into his *Secrets of a Future Life Revealed*.

In the first place, let us say—for it is very honourable to a Frenchman—that all the spirits seen by Cahagnet's *clairvoyantes* deny re-incarnation. They say men are born only once, and die only once. This is repeated a score of times in these volumes. In one case, the spirit says, "Once is quite enough to pass through the thralldom of flesh."

The doctrine of every thought and every impression of human forms and acts becoming eternal is asserted. A *clair-*

voyante often sees pieces of furniture in rooms that are no longer there, but are found to have been at some time previously. A young lady is seen sitting in six chairs at once. It was found that this young lady, a living one, had recently sat in every one of them one after another. From this cause *clairvoyantes* have, he says, often been charged with inaccuracy. They also see things that not only have taken place, but which will take place, as in the spirit-world, past, present, and future are one. In this case one wonders how spirits know the time of any particular occurrence.

A singular case of the impression of objects on the mind is given at p. 251 of vol. i. Madame Gorget, a *clairvoyante*, is put in *rappor*t with Adele and sees and describes a chamber in which Adele, M. Cahagnet's regular medium, was ill twenty years before. She described the room exactly, the furniture, the colour and pattern of the bed curtains, the fire-place with old-fashioned dogs, the mother of Adele going about and preparing her medicine in a white pot at the fire. She described the garden adjoining, and Adele furtively gathering fruit, looking round to see if any one descried her; a rabbit-cote in a corner, and all the exact flower-beds and other objects of the garden. M. Cahagnet will have it that all these images were existent realities somewhere in connection with Adele, but they are clearly enough the readings of the *clairvoyante* of these images in the memory of Adele. The only difficulty is in imagining why these scenes only out of Adele's life should present themselves unless she had herself been just then recalling them. If all the incidents of a life are photographed on or about a person, they must form a mass of images laid thick one over the other, and, as one might suppose, thus making a confusion. In some cases, the reading of the mind or memory is difficult to be traced, and persons are seen in places and circumstances, even in very distant countries, where no one at the time knew of their being.

In the case of apparitions appearing as they were dressed during their lifetimes, we are told that these dresses are all photographed upon them. How, then, does one suit present itself more than another? Why are not all the dresses of the person's life photographed one upon the other, producing confusion? That the spirit *can* present himself as seen in life, generally as seen recently before his death, is shown by almost every apparition, and they evidently so appear to identify themselves. The *how* they do it, seems to reside in a power which they possess of which we have no adequate idea.

Cahagnet makes Swedenborg appear and assert, contrary to his teaching during his earthly life, that "the spirit is a substance which demands *space*, spite of the belief of men who imagine that a spirit, because it can penetrate matter without difficulty,

occupies no space. He asserts that spirits occupy as much, or more space than when in the body. He adds, that if they occupied no space they would be nothing. As to there being no *time* in the spirit-world, and as to the assertion that a spirit can be in several places at the same time, or address several persons at the same time, he says they are all errors. If there were no *time* there could be no succession of events, and that all these errors arise from the rapid action of spirits being incalculable by our time. They can transfer themselves from place to place with such speed, and can communicate with other spirits in such rapid succession, that it seems to take place at once. A spirit can see the whole of his existence in a moment, as has been experienced repeatedly by drowning persons; and Sir Humphry Davy, under the effect of taking the nitric-oxyde gas, exclaimed, "The whole human organism is an assemblage of thoughts." "Whoever," says Cahagnet, "asserts that there is neither time nor space for a spirit, speaks in opposition to our reason, and yet speaks a great spiritual truth." I prefer the opinion of Swedenborg, as given by him on this subject; and on how spirits perceive matter, he refers us to Fichte's *Destination of Man*. The spirits generally asserted to Cahagnet's *clairvoyantes* that they only perceive matter when *en rapport* with persons in the body.

As to the common notion that spirits have no form, but are a sort of breath, he treats it as false and nonsensical. All spirits assert that they have the human form, and present a similar appearance to the bodies they inhabited.

Swedenborg, in one of the *séances*, declared that being but a man he had committed many errors, amongst which was that of saying the sun was a globe of pure fire—that, on the contrary, it is a mass of light proceeding from the divine central Sun of the Universe, namely, God. Some day, probably, Swedenborg will come again and correct *this* correction, if he ever made it: for though the sun, like everything else, proceeds from God, it is pretty certainly a physical body either with a fiery atmosphere, or one producing all the effects of fire—the present fashion is to say, by vibration of the ethereal fluid. The divine law is, of course, a *spiritual sun*, giving light to the spiritual universe.

It is the theory of all Cahagnet's spirits that all the souls in the universe were created by God at once, in the immensely past eternity. That they were all placed in worlds of perfect happiness, but yet not with all their faculties and affections called forth, and that they are sent down in succession into the earth, or worlds of material life, like it, to be tried, and to have all their powers, passions, and affections created and brought to their full maturity, and at the same time to be brought into discipline.

That they have some faint and dreamy reminiscences of their prior life, in fact, in accordance with the doctrine of Plato and of Wordsworth's *Ode to Immortality*—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness;
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

That, on regaining heaven, they awake to a full recognition of it, as the world from which they descended, and that the contrast of the sufferings on earth with the full beatitude of heaven constitutes the perfection of their bliss; for without this experience of evil they could never adequately estimate their good. That, in consequence of this, we find on reaching the spirit-world, that we have no father or mother, no sons or daughters, we are all brothers and sisters—our only parent being God.

For my part I prefer the old notion that we are first born into this world, and are born spiritually as well as physically of our parents. That thence arises all the delightful relationship of spirits as well as of men. We find in all communications with spirits that the relationships of life are the most precious and permanent of ties. All spirits draw, by a spiritual magnetism, together. Nations draw to nations, families to families. The near relatives are ever nigh, watching over their kindred in the body; they are always waiting to receive them at their departure out of it. This is because we are not merely the physical but also the spiritual children of our parents. We are not only part and parcel of their flesh and blood, bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh, but soul of their soul.

Cahagnet's spirits, through his *clairvoyante* Adele, always predicated that Christ was not God; He was not seen or worshipped in heaven as God. He even makes Swedenborg say, contrary to all his assertions on earth, that Christ is no more the son of God than we are all sons of God, and this in the face of the Scripture assertion that He is "the only begotten son of God, the express image of His person, and one with Him." He is seen in the heavens, he makes Swedenborg say, as a good man, "and that is all" (Vol. II., p. 41). But when a Protestant minister, M. Bosneville, minister of Lisieux, and a Catholic priest, the Abbé A——, asked the same questions of two different spirits, they replied that Christ was God in his spiritual portion, but not in his human portion. In fact, that he was God and man. That he was recognised as God in heaven, and proceeded, when on earth, from the Holy Spirit (Vol. II.,

p. 151 and p. 134). On another occasion, the boy Emile being the *clairvoyante*, a spirit tells him that he has never seen God, who is a spirit, but that He is represented in a picture in the heavens as a man hanging on a cross (Vol. I., p. 244). On another occasion a spirit is made to tell Emile, first, that Christ is God, then that He is not creator of heaven and earth; but only the son of God (Vol. II., p. 65).

Now, what are we to think of all this? Simply that Cahagnet is himself an infidel. He does not believe Christ to have been more than a good man, and he adds to the boy Emile's communication that Christ is only God of the Christians; the Mahomedans and Jews have each their own God (p. 69). That all religions are alike acceptable to God, and he makes spirits say that the prophets never prophesied of Christ, and that Christ never called himself the Son of Man!

The fact is therefore plain that Cahagnet's own strong opinions influenced the communications of his mediums; but when the preachers of orthodox tenets came into *rappor*t with these mediums, for the time their influence predominated over Cahagnet's, and the mediums vaticinated in another style. These things shew the caution with which the communications of *clairvoyantes* should be received. Swedenborg is made to contradict nearly everything that he asserts as divine truths in his works; affirms the Bible to be a very good sort of a book, and that it contains some very good things and the like.

Passing from opinions, however, to facts, M. Cahagnet gives us a considerable number of curious ones. He has various Catholic priests amongst his correspondents, who are more reasonable than such men are now-a-days. The Abbé A—— (who does not, however, venture to give his name) is a warm supporter of Spiritualism. The Abbé Almignana not only approves it himself, but quotes the favourable opinions of the Abbé Duclos and the celebrated Father Lacordaire. For himself he says:—"I shall never cease, during the whole of my life, to thank God for having accorded to me a favour so great as that of having physically proved to me the immortality of the soul." The Father Lacordaire regards Spiritualism as a divine preparation to humble the pride of the Materialists; for it is certain, he says, that no argument used by the theologians to prove the immortality of the soul has been more effective than the apparition of Samuel. The Abbé Duclos, who so ably attacked the blasphemies of Voltaire, says:—"Spirits good or bad, or the souls of men, cannot appear without the order or the permission of God."

From Voltaire himself, M. Cahagnet, draws remarkable sentiments for such a man. In the article on Man in the

fifth volume of his *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, he says:—"What man is there who, the moment that he enters into himself, does not perceive that he is a marionette in the hands of Providence? I think, but can I give myself a thought? Alas, if I thought of myself, I should know what idea I should have at any given moment. No one knows it. I acquire knowledge, but I cannot acquire it of myself. My intelligence cannot be the cause of it, for it is necessary that a cause should contain the effect. Now my first acquired knowledge not being in my own intelligence, not being in me, since it was my first, must have been given to me by him who formed me, and who gives everything, whatever it may be.

"I fall annihilated when I am made to see that my first piece of knowledge cannot of itself give me a second, for it would be necessary that the second should be contained in the first to do so.

"The proof that we cannot originate ourselves an idea, is that we receive such in our dreams, and certainly it is neither our will nor our attention which causes us to think in dreams. There are poets who make verses in dreams; geometricians who measure triangles, all which proves that there is a power which acts in us without consulting us. All our sentiments, are they not involuntary: the hearing, the eye, the taste are nothing of themselves: we think spite of ourselves, we know nothing, we are nothing without that supreme power which does everything."

"Who," says Cahagnet, "shall dare to say that this article is written by a Materialist? What Spiritualist has ever written better?" Voltaire when he wrote that saw what all Spiritualists must see, that we receive everything by influx from the spiritual world, the great, immortal store house of all thought, all art, all inventions, all emotion, all beauty. This great truth once learned by the writers and doers of our time, would humble our pride of intellect and augment our gratitude. We talk proudly of the operation of the human intellect as if it were something of our own, and not derived from the same all-glorious and all-bountiful source, as our very life and body. We talk of *creative* genius. There is no creative genius but God. Genius is not a creative faculty but an organization of brain and spirit capable in an ampler degree than average humanity of receiving ideas from the invisible universe. Men and women of genius are not creative but receptive, and should never forget that what they receive in order to disperse it for the general good, they receive as the earth receives its rains and dews and sunshine to endow it with beauty and plenty, and should thank God for it, and be humble as stewards not proprietors.

But Voltaire has yet something more for us. In the article on

Magic, in the same work, Tome VI., ed. 1785, he says, " Magic is a science much more plausible than astrology, or than the doctrine of genius. The moment we begin to think, we perceive in us a being totally distinct from the machine; and as this function continues after death, we give to it a body free, subtle, aerial, resembling the body in which it was here lodged. Two reasons perfectly natural introduce this opinion. First, because in all languages the soul is called a breath, and spirit wind. This breath, this spirit, this wind being in some things very light and very free. The second, because if the spirit of a man did not retain a form similar to that which it possessed in life, we should not, after death, be able to distinguish one man's soul from that of another. This soul, this shadow, which subsists separate from its body, may *very well be able to shew itself, on occasion, to re-visit the places which it had inhabited; to return to its relatives, its friends, speak with them, and instruct them. There is no incompatibility in all this. That which exists can appear.*"

Thus we have Voltaire, the prince of sceptics and scoffers, admitting, in a better moment, the whole theory and actuality of Spiritualism. Probably in such a moment he built the church at Ferney by his house, and carved on the front "DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE,"—which church his successors have turned into a barn.

Cahagnet quotes a remarkable case of stone-throwing, which escaped us at the time we were giving a collection of such phenomena. *La Republique* of the 3rd of February, 1849, extracts the following facts from *La Gazette des Tribunaux*:—" A fact most extraordinary, and which has been repeated every evening, every night for the last three weeks, without the most active researches, the most extended and persevering surveillance having been able to discover the cause, has thrown into commotion all the populous quartier of La Montagne-Sainte-Genève, the Sorbonne, and Place Saint-Michel. This is what has taken place in accordance with the public clamorous demand, and a double inquiry, judicial and administrative, which has been going on many days, without throwing any light on the mystery."

" In the work of demolition going on to open a new street which shall join the Sorbonne to the Pantheon and the College of Law (*l'École de Droit*), in traversing the Rue de Grès up to the old church, which has successively served as a mutual school and a barracks of infantry, at the end of a plot of ground where formerly stood a public dancing-hall, they came to a wood and coal yard, with an inhabited house connected with it of only one story and an attic. This house, at some distance from the street, and separated from the houses in course of destruction by

large excavations of the ancient wall of Paris built by Philippe Auguste, laid bare by the work in progress, has been assailed every evening and through the whole night by a hail of projectiles, which, from their bulk, and the violence with which they have been thrown, have done such destruction, that it has been laid open to the day, and the woodwork of the doors and windows reduced to shivers, as if it had sustained a siege, aided by a catapult or grape-shot.

“ Whence came these projectiles, which are paving-stones, fragments of the demolished walls near, and ashlar stones entire, which from their weight, and the distance they are hurled, are clearly from no mortal hand? This is just what, up to this moment, it has been impossible to discover. In vain has a surveillance been exercised day and night under the personal direction of the commissary of police and able assistants. In vain has the head of the service of safety been continually on the spot. In vain have they let loose every night watch-dogs in the adjoining enclosures. Nothing has been able to explain the phenomena, which, in its credulity, the people has attributed to mysterious means. The projectiles have continued to rain down with great noise on the house, launched forth at a great height above the heads of those who have placed themselves in observation on the roofs of the small surrounding houses, and seeming to come from a great distance, reaching their aim with a precision, as it were, mathematical, and without deviating from the parabolic evidently designed for them.

“ We shall not enter into the ample details of these facts, which will, without doubt, receive a speedy explanation; thanks to the solicitude which they have awakened. Already the inquiry extends itself in every direction to which the adage,—*Cui prodest is auctor*. The author is some one or more whom it may benefit. Nevertheless, we will remark that, in circumstances somewhat analogous, and which equally excited a certain sensation in Paris, when for example, a rain of pieces of small money drew together the loungers of Paris every evening in the Rue de Montesquieu, or when all the bells were rung in a house in the Rue de Malte by an invisible hand, it was found impossible to make any discovery, to find any palpable cause for the phenomena. Let us hope that this time we shall arrive at a result more precise.”

The *Republique* of the 4th of February continues:—“*La Gazette des Tribunaux* speaks still of the famous machine of war, so redoubtable and, moreover, so mysterious, which keeps in commotion the inhabitants of the Quartier Saint Jacques. This is what it states to-day. The singular fact of a launching of projectiles against the house of a wood and coal merchant in the

Rue Neuve de Cluny near the Place du Pantheon, continues in activity to the present time, in spite of the strict and incessant watch kept on these places. At eleven o'clock when the watches were all stationed on every available approach, an enormous stone struck the barricaded door of the house. At three o'clock, whilst the officer of the service of public safety, on duty at the time, with five or six of his subordinates, were engaged in an enquiry into the different circumstances with the master of the house, a square of ashlar stone fell at their feet and burst with the explosion of a bombshell. People are lost in conjectures. The doors, the windows, are closed by planks nailed inside to protect the inhabitants from being struck, as their furniture and even their beds have been, and shattered by the projectiles."

AN ODISIOUS APPARITION.

M. Binet, a manufacturer of chemical utensils, 5, Rue Neuve, Saint Sabin, Paris, wrote to M. Cahagnet on the 4th of September, 1848:—"A fact very extraordinary occurred to me one night in the month of April, 1839. I awoke about two o'clock in the morning in a condition of moral suffering, very fearful. I found myself held down by an occult power, and, as it were, crucified upon my bed by the side of my wife, who slept, and whom the power which oppressed me prevented me from awaking. All my moral force seemed concentrated in my heart. I had presence of mind, and though it was impossible to move my body, I had all my powers of observation. I perceived my heart filled with a fluid which caused me an agony as if it had been sewed together with threads of silk. But spite of the force which constrained me, I had confidence in God, and felt certain that I should be enabled to conquer this miserable condition. When my eyes were opened, I perceived the moon which threw its light into my chamber, and when I closed them I found myself addressed by a being that I knew on earth. He approached in the first instance to ask something of me. He was dressed in a wretched black coat; his shirt was very dirty; in fact his condition announced the utmost misery. He concluded by ordering me to pray for him; but, as I detested the constraint in which he held me, I refused, and braved the consequences. I then perceived his breath enter my nostrils and poison me with an infernal and insupportable stench, but, thanks to God, I made a strong effort, and, spite of the exertions he made in opposition, I awoke my wife, and begged her to push me out of bed, which she did. I traversed the chamber with naked feet, but still I found myself held in the power of this man by my interior senses. My wife

gave me a glass of fresh water which I drank, and I begged of her to kneel with me in prayer to God for my deliverance. This we did with fervour. I found myself better, though the agony of heart remained, still seeming drawn together by threads. I went in the morning to walk in the Exhibition of the Products of Industry.* to distract my attention and recover my calmness." M. Binet continues his account of a long period of suffering under this obsession, for such it was. At length he was advised to visit a *clairvoyante*—Madame Perin. This took place in the presence of M. and Madame Pirlot, and Colonel Roger. The moment the *clairvoyante* touched his hand, though he was an utter stranger to her, she gave a loud cry, and exclaimed that he was obsessed by a hideous spirit, which she saw enveloped in an atmosphere of the most disgusting character, the odour of which infected all around. All the company joined in earnest prayer for his deliverance, which took place a few days afterwards.

INSTANCES OF SPIRITS CARRYING MATERIAL SUBSTANCES.

Colonel Roger, probably the same mentioned in M. Binet's account of his obsession, sent Cahagnet several instances of spirits carrying material substances which had come under his own observation. It is to be regretted that he was not at liberty to give the names of the other witnesses, as he frankly gave his own, and his address, 4, Rue Neuve del'Université, Paris.

First Fact.

M. Rev. * * *, senior, and myself were walking on the high road of a town in Brittany. On entering the hotel, M. Rev. * * * perceived that he had lost his gold seal, which was of great value. After dinner, he put a *clairvoyante* to sleep, who said:—"Call such a spirit, and pray him to go and search for your seal in a heap of stones near the sea, in the place indicated." Scarcely was the command given, when the spirit brought the seal to the *clairvoyante*, who said to M. Rev. * * *, "Thank the spirit, and dismiss him."

Second Fact.

The Colonel says, that on their return to Nantes he was very unwell. The same *clairvoyante*, M. Rev. * * * being present, prepared a glass of sugar and water, and prayed a spirit known

* It appears from this that Paris had an Exhibition of the Products of National Industry in 1848, so that our Great Exhibition of 1851 was not the original idea of such Exhibitions. It was only the extension of the idea from a national to an international one.

to him to pour some drops of a healing fluid into it. They saw this actually take place; the Colonel drank the water, and in an hour was entirely cured. This, he says, took place in April, 1827.

Third Fact.

Whilst still at Nantes, and before returning to Paris, the Colonel attended a *séance* in a society who were clearly addicted to magic. The members sat in a circle in the room, each having a spirit-lamp burning at his feet. The ceremony commenced impiously by invoking the blessing of God on their proceedings. The consequences were appalling. Scarcely was the invocation made when a burst of wild laughter and horrible hisses resounded through the room. The lamps were instantly extinguished, and on all sides fell pieces of old iron, iron bars, &c., but without striking any of the company. The president, he says, instantly chased the demons away by calling on the name of God, and they decamped, leaving their projectiles behind them.

If this be true—and Cahagnet guarantees, from his long knowledge of him, the thorough integrity of the Colonel—it is a frightful instance of the evil side of Spiritualism, and it is to be hoped the Colonel kept better company afterwards.

This case is a proof of what we have always endeavoured to place prominently in view. That Spiritualism, like everything else, has its two sides—its light and dark one. Its enemies, who admit its reality, say it is all from the devil; some insufficiently-informed Spiritualists believe it all from God. The truth in this, as in all other cases, lies *in medias res*. The devil, in proof of the adage, has not neglected to build his chapel alongside of God's Church of Spiritualism; and it always has been, and always will be so. In the history of the Church the greatest saints have always been most assaulted and tempted by the devil. But has any one thought on that account of pronouncing the Church from the devil? In Spiritualism, as in Christianity, we must exercise our free will, and take the advantages or the penalties consequent on our choice. Happy is he who embraces the divine Spiritualism, and, like Bunyan's pilgrim, holds on his way heavenward past the very gates of Apollyon.

Amongst the statements to which a mere reference is sufficient, is one by M. Blesson, a picture dealer of 56, Rue aux Ours, Paris, who says that on two occasions no amount of fire could boil the water for their dinner. On the first occasion they burnt a whole basket of charcoal, and kept up a fierce heat, but it made no impression on the water for four hours. On the second occasion the water refused to boil for six hours. They

called in their neighbours on both occasions, who were astonished at the phenomena beyond measure. Madame Blesson was a medium, and hence, no doubt, the power of the mischievous spirit in the house. On both occasions Blesson put his wife into the mesmeric sleep, and he saw the demon the first time in the shape of a hideous owl. They were only defended from his attacks by constant prayer.

A Madame Belhot, of Argenteuil, sent Cahagnet word that three women of her acquaintance, who intended to speculate in the lottery, got a human skull which they were told, under certain manipulations, would assist to indicate the number through a *clairvoyante*. The four women were about to commence their incantations, when some one knocked at the room door. Instantly they popped the skull into the bed to the ailing woman, who as instantly uttered a loud shriek, and declared that she was bitten in the arm. On examining the arm, they found it not only bitten, but severely, and Madame Belhot, who heard the shriek from an adjoining room, ran in and saw the teeth-marks of the fiend. The women speedily carried back the skull to the place whence they had taken it.

M. J. B. Borreau, of Niort, a man well known and honoured amongst the disciples of magnetism, states that one night he was awakened out of a sound sleep by a blow on his shoulder, and saw standing before him one of his uncles who lived at Châtelierault, who said, "Nineveh is destroyed!" His emotion was so great at this apparition, that it awoke his wife, who demanded what was amiss. "Oh!" said he, "my uncle is dead: he was here this instant." No doubt he used the words, "Nineveh is destroyed," as he had ruined his fortune by a work on the East. All day these words rang in the ears of M. Borreau, and a few days brought the news of his uncle's death.

During the winter of 1843, M. Borreau was much engaged on his property, about half a league from Niort. There he was assured by a *clairvoyante* that there was a copious supply of water to be obtained by an incision into a lofty declivity, which would not only be very valuable to the land but a great charm to the estate. Undeterred by any fear of ridicule from assaying to find water on such information, M. Borreau set to work actively. At length they laid bare a large mass of rock which protruded so dangerously that it was necessary to support it by masonry. Before this masonry, however, was finished, so great was M. Borreau's impatience, especially as his gardener amongst others had remonstrated with him on the folly of supposing he could get water out of a chalk cliff of nearly 50 feet high, that on Sunday, when the men were not at work, he visited the place and taking up a pick, began cutting away at

the cliff. Suddenly he heard a loud, clear voice exclaim, "Get away!" He looked around everywhere but could discover no one. Attending, however, to the warning, he withdrew to some distance, and continued to look around everywhere to discover whence the voice came. He assured himself no mortal was nigh; and whilst thus engaged, the rock which had been over his head fell with a force that would, he said, not merely have killed him, but pounded him to clay. M. Borreau was so overwhelmed with gratitude to God that he remained some time on his knees and lost in tears. Over the rock he caused a grotto to be constructed, and there in his grounds it remained a monument of spiritual beneficence; and from it he and his friends could see the stream of beautiful water, which had been so truly indicated by his *clairvoyante*, flowing through his fields.

MADAME T. LAMB'S EXPERIENCES.

This lady, who lived at 17, Rue Tiquetonne, Paris, and would appear to be of English origin, or to have married an Englishman by her name, wrote to M. Cahagnet a letter full of such remarkable occurrences that they deserve to be fully reprinted.

"Monsieur,—The reading of your *Arcanes* induces me to relate to you some facts from which you may be able to draw light. My natural tendencies are spiritualistic; my aspirations direct themselves towards the world of causes; but three motives paralyse my tendencies and my aspirations,—the philosophy of our day, with which I have been classically impregnated; pride, which causes me to consider everything a weakness of mind which advances in belief beyond physical and chemical possibilities; and, finally, the fear of becoming a dupe, even of my own illusions. Thus I have always laughed contemptuously at every recital of supernatural things. 'Your father,' said my mother, 'was not a feeble soul; and, notwithstanding, he affirmed that he had seen, twice in his life, human forms clothed in white, in one of whom he recognised his *fiancée*, and in the other his aunt. In effect, these two persons died long before him, and at the moment that he saw them.' At this affirmation I shook incredulously my head.

"Your grandmother, at the moment when her father took to his bed in his last illness, saw him wrapt in a shroud, sitting on the wall of their garden.' 'Illusion,' I replied; 'childish terror; effect of moonlight.'

"For many years, we had not seen,' continued my mother, 'my father's brother. One night we were all awoke by his voice, which called to my father from the court. We arose, and

ran to receive my uncle. There was no one there, yet we were all convinced of the fact; for my father's name had been called three times. The uncle was dead.' 'Hallucination of the ear,' I replied; 'a spirit cannot speak.'

" 'When one whom I loved died,' added my mother, 'blows were struck on a little wheel which hung on the wall, and it began to revolve rapidly. I carried the wheel to my father, who was in bed, weeping, and he made fun of me; but the phenomena renewed itself in the presence of 20 persons, who perceived the agitation of the air under the invisible switch or stick, and saw not only the wheel turn, but form a cloud of dust from that which covered it.' 'It was, probably,' I replied, 'some physical trick which some one played you.'

" 'When my sister died,' joined in my godmother, 'I was not aware that she was ill; I was awake during the night, and I saw her distinctly walking in my chamber. When my husband died, far from me, I felt myself raised three times in my bed.' 'These are all delusions, my dear godmother,' I replied, 'for nothing of all this *could* take place. The spirit has no form whatever, nor any power of action upon matter, and cannot affect it without physical organs.' Such was my incredulity on this head, that I would not believe that three violent rings of the bell at our door, whilst we were on the stairs, were a sign of adieu from a friend of my mother's, though the hour of her death coincided precisely with that of the three rings of the bell. I preferred to believe that a mouse had run over the wire; and when my sister, then in Scotland, asked us, by letter, whether Madame O——, of whose illness we had not written to her, were not dead at such an hour, because at that time they heard her voice calling to them, my incredulity could not be shaken, though the coincidence was exact. 'Something of the same kind,' said my mother, 'will happen to you, which will most likely compel you to believe.' 'I shall examine it,' I said, 'and I shall find some physical cause, be you sure of that.'

" I was in this state of mind at the age of 18, when, working at my thesis on the divine prescience and the free will of man, I heard a knocking above my head. The sound became fatiguing by its continuous monotony, and I went up into the room whence it proceeded. There was no one there. I thought it was an effect of acoustics, and descended, when the same sounds were renewed in an attic over my head. Once more I ascended; no one was there. I examined the attic and the chambers below—I took my place at the window—I could discover no physical cause, within or without, which could produce this persevering knocking. I took up my pen again, but scarcely had I sat down again when the same blows made themselves heard, and imme-

diately a thought took possession of my mind—‘Fritz is ill, and he will not recover!’ To this young man I was engaged, and he loved me with an infinite sincerity and tenderness. I ran to my mother, told her what had occurred, and what was my impression, and entreated her to accompany me to the house of Fritz’s parents. We found him ill in bed, and for many hours he had been in spirit ardently calling to me. Six days afterwards he died.

“My mother herself was then unwell, and my sister fell nearly every night into convulsions, and by my advice I slept with my mother, and we had a bed in the same room for my sister, so that I could at once watch over both these objects of my affection. In the night of the sixth day of Fritz’s illness, a strong shock was given to the bed in which I and my mother slept. Thinking that this was caused by my mother striking the bedstead with her foot, I gently laid my hand on her leg, and at the same moment a still greater shock was given to the bed, though I felt that she did not stir. A third and more violent shock awoke my mother, who started up and demanded what it was. When I told her, she said, ‘My dear child, Fritz is dead, and he came to say adieu.’ I now quickly struck a light and explored the chamber, and the chambers adjoining; then I returned to my bed. Then we heard blows as of a fist fall regularly on the wood of the bedstead, and continued with great regularity. My sister, in her turn, awoke and starting up asked what the noise was. I endeavoured to calm her, but in vain; she would not remain in her bed. My mother took her place, and she came to me. The blows regularly came to whichever side of the bed I occupied, and were so strong that they made the candle shake. I commenced reading aloud to engage the attention of my sister; but the noise did not cease for more than three hours. My *fiancée*, in truth, was dead, and with that day fell my incredulity.

“Amongst facts of the same kind, I give you two which I have received from persons worthy of all faith. One of these persons, a man grave and of deep studies, related that whilst he was a professor at Aix, an inexplicable thing took place there. One evening as the professors were assembled in the common hall, a laundry-woman entered in great terror. She said that she dared not go into her apartment, because the moment she set foot on the threshold of her chamber she heard blows on the furniture, and a great noise as of the breaking of something. The professors, educated in the opinions of Voltaire and of the Encyclopædia, burst into one chorus of laughter; but as the laundry-woman persisted in her story, one of them went with her to assure himself of the truth of her report. He found it

true, and went to fetch his *confrères*, who found the fact as he had found it. The chamber was searched even to its smallest corner, but nothing could be found which could possibly be the cause of this strange noise. On the morrow the laundress learnt the death of her father, a hackney coachman by profession, who had been crushed at the time that everything seemed to be breaking in her room.

“A lady related to me the following:—Her niece fell ill at Paris. The aunt, who lived at Grenoble, knew of the illness of her niece, but took care not to say anything of it to her sister, the mother of the young lady. Some days after the two sisters were sitting together. It was dusk. The mother of the young lady went out of the room, and came running back in affright, exclaiming, ‘Therèse is dead!—my child is dead! I have seen her this moment under the portico. I knew her perfectly, though she was clothed in white.’ This was the fact. The young Madame B—— had died on that day, at that hour.

“Other things not less extraordinary have occurred to persons of my acquaintance, differing in character, though arising out of the same order of events. One of these, an intimate friend, a lady who scarcely believed in a God, and not at all in a devil, had passed the evening with a widower, and as he proposed to marry again she had offered to find him a wife. That night she had an astonishing vision. She had the habit of reading in bed, and was engaged in a novel of Paul de Kock, and was laughing to herself at the thousand follies of the author, when she seemed to see something white. She raised her head, and the wife of the widower stood before her clothed in a white robe, and her great mass of black hair spread over her shoulders, enveloping her like a veil. She gesticulated with vehemence; her lips moved rapidly. The lady comprehended that she supplicated her not to advise her husband to marry again; and, surmounting her fear, and anxious to close as quickly as possible this sort of *tête-à-tête*, she said, ‘Make yourself easy; I will talk no more to your husband of marrying.’ The phantom disappeared, and never came again.

“A lady of Coutances had for about 40 years a sort of goblin attached to her house. Two persons have assured me that they were victims of his malice. He took away their cards, their dice and dominoes, whilst they were at play. He knocked at the doors, sate upon the beds of the domestics, when at prayer, and imitated the noise of breaking dishes, &c. The lady to whom he attached himself, at first was much alarmed, made her *neuvaines*, and took the sacrament without getting any relief. Her house was exorcised, but the goblin would not depart. She never saw anything but twice, once it was a horrible man, the

second time a woman as hideous. All her friends were so accustomed to the malice of the goblin that they took care not to laugh at it; she, herself, resigned herself to it philosophically.

“A naval captain, who in his triple character of seaman, Englishman, and heretic, was free from all superstitious credulity, recounted one day to one of my friends the following circumstance:—He arrived at Lisbon with his family and servants, and could only find a lodging in a palace deserted, as he was told, on account of its being the haunt of spirits. Our captain laughed at first, but they gave him so many details that he came to the idea that it was the resort of brigands or coiners. He persisted, however, in his intention of occupying it. He caused his servants to sleep before his chamber door, and placed two pistols on his table by his bed at night; left his candle burning, and then waited, quite resolved to enact the executioner for Portugal. All was sleep and silence in the city, when, at midnight, the doors of his chamber seemed to open with violence and an impetuous wind burst in; a noise of chains rattling along made the floors shake, yet the captain saw nothing; his doors really were not open. He fired his pistols; the candle went out, and all was silent. He sprang from the bed; traversed the chamber in all directions—there was nothing. He awoke his servants, who had neither seen nor heard anything, not even the discharges of his pistols. He explored the walls and partitions; it was clear that there was no opening in them. The next night he placed himself so that he could see any secret door open, if there were any, of which he did not doubt; but nothing opened, and yet the noise was just the same, and the sleep of the servants equally profound. The third night the same thing took place, and the cool Englishman would have persisted in occupying the place in the midst of the spirits, if his wife would have consented; but she declared that she was dying with terror, and she quitted the haunted place.

“A lady of my acquaintance, who lives in a small town in the country, heard that the curé was ill, and went to see him, when she learned the following cause of his indisposition:—‘Three days, or rather three nights before, the sacristan awoke, and saw, with astonishment, a light in the church. Thinking that there were thieves in it, he got up, and approached with caution towards the quarter where the light was. What was his amazement and terror to see a priest, who had died some weeks before, standing at the altar prepared to say mass. His hair stood upright, a cold perspiration bedewed him, and he hastened away to awake another priest, the friend of the deceased. They returned together; but now there was nothing to be seen. The following night, however, the light re-appeared, and the priest,

immediately informed of it, assured himself of the fact; but he was seized with the same terror as the sacristan, and dare not advance towards it. He related the apparition to the curé, a determined man, who, having had some difficulties with the defunct, resolved to render him the service that he might require. He charged the sacristan to inform him if the church was again lit up, which took place the same night. The curé advanced with a firm step, and said, 'Do you wish me to perform the mass?' 'Yes,' replied the deceased, and the mass commenced. When it was ended, the departed turned to the curé, and said, in a touching voice, 'I thank you,' when he disappeared; the lights went out, and the curé regained the sacristy with a flying step; but this *tête-à-tête* with a departed spirit produced such an impression on him that he never again quitted his bed, and the lady, my informant, three months afterwards attended his funeral.

"This occurrence, of the truth of which I have no doubt whatever, has sufficiently proved to me what you have said, that a man neither loses his belief, nor his habits, in quitting this terrestrial life, and in effect that the great law of analogy demands that there should be progress and distinctions in the different conditions of men, as there are distinctions in nature.

"After all these apparitions, shall I speak to you of dreams? Do they not belong to the domain of somnambulism and clairvoyance? Had not Mahomet reason for saying, that when a man sleeps his soul is near to God, and no longer in his body? Be that as it may, I have never been incredulous on this head, for my mother was a veritable pythoness. Never did a relative or friend of hers die without her being pre-informed of it by a dream. She predicted the death of my father a year before it took place. She said to a friend, 'I shall be taken ill, but I shall not die; but my husband will die in the illness which will seize him, and my sister-in-law will very soon follow him; and these events followed exactly as she had said they would. Often she said to me, 'Such a thing is going to happen—such a person will arrive—I shall receive such a letter,' &c., and she was never wrong. On the evening of her own death, she said, 'Prepare yourselves, my children. My mother is come for me; I shall depart to-morrow with her.' She had several crises as of dissolution. After the last but one, she said, with great composure, 'Yet one more and then all is over for this earth'—as she had said before every previous crisis, 'Not yet; this is not the end.'

"This somnambolic faculty is in me on great occasions. Thus, on the evening of the fatal ordinances of July, being a very young girl, and never having heard politics discussed, I had a

dream, in which I saw Christ in the clouds. In his left hand he held a handful of tricolor cockades, which he shook in the face of the crowd, on whom he smiled as he saluted them; in his right he held a thunderbolt. I saw his eyebrows contract as he fixed his glance on the royal family, and launched at it his lightning. The next day the royal family were on their way to Cherbourg.

“ ‘A prince will die soon,’ I said to my brother on the 13th of July, 1841, ‘for to-night I have seen a magnificent hearse followed and preceded by bodies of soldiers.’ In the afternoon the Duke of Orleans was killed.

“ ‘Have you heard nothing of the king?’ I asked one day of my brother. ‘No. Why?’ ‘Because I had a dream which signifies that some one will attempt his life, and very soon.’ The next day Lecomte was arrested. On the evening of the 1st of January I prayed God to reveal to me the most important events which would happen to me in the year. I saw in a dream a hearse, and my mother died on the 20th of March. At the moment that she had the fall which occasioned her death, I dreamed that we changed our residence, and that we carried my mother. I was awoke by the cries of my sister. We placed my mother on a bed. Three weeks afterwards she returned to the bosom of God.

“ I dreamed one night that I was in another world with my father and godfather. My godfather strove to retain me, but my father opposed it, saying, ‘No, no, let her go; it would cause too much grief to her mother.’ I was then very well, but two days after I had so violent an attack of brain fever that I was despaired of.

“ What inference do you draw from all these facts, and from many others which I could add? Is it not that the intellectual world is represented by zero in our philosophy, and is anything but what our wise ones of to-day think it? May we not ask whether it does not continue in communication with love, sympathy, and the recollection of those whom it has left upon earth? Whether the communication of souls be not universal and independent of the accidents of matter? If time and space exist for a pure spirit? If really the soul has need of the organs of the body to produce physical effects; and if it cannot act upon all matter, even such as is foreign to that which constitutes its envelope? We may ask whether the spirit is not, or has not an immortal form, being in some manner the interior mould of the body? If, in short, it be not possible to discover some law which directs and regulates somnambulic clairvoyance, the magnetic sleep and the natural sleep? Here you have plenty of questions; their solution, I am confident, will overturn

our present philosophy, our metaphysics, and will profoundly modify physics and chemistry. But why hesitate to demolish a scaffolding raised on false hypotheses? It is better even to have doubt than error; better to acquire even a painful truth than to rest in a system very logical but far from the truth. Humanity marches on; let us hope that the beams of the eternal sun will illuminate our intelligence, and that at length it will enter on the path of truth.

“ F. LAMB.

“ 17, Rue Tiquetonne.”

The third volume of Cahagnet's *Arcanes* is much less satisfactory than the former ones. It consists more of discussions and arguments to prove the reliability of his communications. The statements of his *clairvoyante* regarding Sir John Franklin and his crews, are so utterly beside the mark as to destroy all reliance upon her. Besides this, it contains none of those facts derived from more direct sources which we have been able to glean from the two first volumes. But Cahagnet has added greatly to our mass of spiritual facts, and has also greatly strengthened the foundations and leading lines of the truths which Spiritualism and its hand-maid, Mesmerism, have discovered to us.

A REMARKABLE TEST.

WE have received several numbers of *The Present Age*, a new Spiritualist Journal, containing some very able articles, and published weekly at Lyons, Michigan, U.S. A recent number contains the following letter:—

“ Detroit, July 24th, 1868.

“ Editors *Present Age*:—If you consider the enclosed statements worthy a place in your columns, you are at liberty to use them, also my name. My business is not local, but my home is a few miles from Little Falls, N. Y., which is my permanent address. I can substantiate any assertion contained therein.

“ Most respectfully,

“ I. C. WILLIAMS.”

“ Entering a street car one morning some two weeks ago, I found it occupied by a couple of ladies. One about thirty, elegantly dressed in black, the other much younger, wearing a light suit, of the style so much worn by ladies now-a-days.

“ The busy and varied tide on the pavement engaged the attention of the former, while the latter was wholly absorbed in

reading a scientific periodical,—a work deep and logical, and not often seen in the hands of a lady. Thus we rode some distance in silence, when the car stopped, and the lady in black rose and passed out. There was something about her that reminded me of one I had met before, and carried me back to the bitterest hour of my life.

“I involuntarily drew a sigh, which I suppose was audible to the lady reading, for she raised her eyes for the first time since I had entered. I felt rather uneasy as those dark expressive eyes rested on me, for it seemed to me she was seeing my very thought, and I felt a relief, as they fell upon the page again. I soon noticed her hands tremble, or rather jerk, which kept increasing, till in a few moments she laid aside her reading, and turned and looked out of the window. The colour had left her face, on which the perspiration stood like rain in spite of the handkerchief. As the car was about to stop again, she rose, and went to take her parasol from the seat, when by some power invisible to me, it was moved a couple of yards from her reach, quick as thought.

“She saw that I observed the movement, and with an air of resignation, to the powers that be, took a seat beside me, saying as she did so.

“‘Excuse my familiarity if you please, you have lost something.’

“‘Can you tell me what it is?’ I asked; ‘can you describe it?’

“‘A ring. A solid gold ring, plain underneath, with a square top—not quite square either; it is a little longer than wide, and at each corner a small diamond set; on the square are two letters, C.W., the initials of the giver.’

“‘Can you tell me where that giver is?’

“‘He was buried in the sea, but is beside you in spirit, and through his agency I tell you this.’

“‘Can you describe him?’

“‘He is about your height, slender built, very fair, high broad forehead, light curling hair, blue eyes, which are dark and very pleasant, and above the right, is a long fresh-looking scar; wears a moustache and imperial, and his left hand looks much the smallest.’

“‘Can you tell me where my ring is?’

“‘I see you by a trunk, a large calf-skin trunk; looks rather old. On one side of you is a large black satchel, in which you are putting clothes mostly white; you wad them up every way; your ring slips off as you cram them in, but you do not miss it, you shut the satchel and lock it with a key, which is tied to the handle with a purple tape; you have carried it to a woman with very light hair, very short and thick, but she has not taken them

out yet. Go to that satchel, and you will find your ring.' She rose, and took the seat she had left. As she did so, I enquired her name, which she gave me—Mrs. F. M. Stevens. The color returned to her face, all agitation ceased and she was soon so occupied in reading that she seemed unconscious of everything else, till the conductor reminded her of the street.

"I had never met the lady before to my knowledge, and the facts of the affair she spoke of, are as follows:—

"Nine years ago, an only brother and myself went to California, remained five years, then started for home. Soon after we left San Francisco my brother was taken with a fever and died, and was buried in the ocean. Just before his death he took the ring the lady had described most accurately, and put it on my finger, where I have worn it ever since, till a few days before the incident above related. One evening I missed the ring. I searched my room, but as I had been about the City most of the day, gave it up for lost.

"I cherished it more than all else I possessed, and felt its loss more deeply than any I had ever met with in life. I had a trunk and satchel which she described as well as I could myself, and I put clothes in the satchel for washing, but had forgotten whether it was the same day I missed the ring, or not. The night before I had taken them to a wash-woman, whose description was also correct. I took the returning car from the woman's house, asked for my satchel, which was produced the same as I left it with her, my hand trembled a little in spite of myself, as I opened it, and shook each article, but it trembled more as my ring fell out of a linen coat, and rolled across the floor. Having regained it, it was doubly dear, considering the peculiar circumstances which returned it to me.

"The description of my brother was perfect, particularly the scar on his forehead, and the dwarfed hand.

"Whether Mrs. Stevens is a noted medium or not, I do not know, but she gave me the best test I ever saw, and as good as I have ever read of.

"The lady dressed in black in the car with her very closely resembled one on board the vessel when my brother was buried, and did everything to reconcile me to the work of Providence, as she termed it. The world has never seemed the same to me since that terrible hour, but as I look at my ring, I feel that he has not gone, and a feeling of reconciliation comes over me that I never felt before. I thank Mrs. Stevens with a thankfulness that cannot find expression in words; I hope to meet her again, and may she give to others that which is as priceless as that which was given me."

JAMES NAYLER, A CONFESSOR OF "THE INDWELLING DEITY."

CHAPTER II.

DURING the time that Nayler remained in Appleby Jail he published, jointly with George Fox, a pamphlet entitled *Several Petitions answered that were put up by the Priests of Westmoreland*. There is in it, amongst other things, a paper signed by Jervis Benson, who had been one of the magistrates on the bench at Appleby, whereby it appears that, although it was alleged (another account says, by Benson himself) that the words spoken by Nayler were not within the Act against blasphemy, nor against any law, two other magistrates had declared themselves willing to risk being fined at the assizes rather than that he should have his liberty; also that Justice Pearson told his colleague Benson, the subscriber of the paper, that he must give an account of their proceedings to the minister and others. It may be interesting to observe that Pearson, although not appearing friendly to Nayler, received on this occasion such impressions in favour of the principles held by the Friends, that he afterwards joined them, and himself became an open and able advocate for them in writing.

After the termination of his confinement, Nayler continued travelling upon his religious mission in the north of England, and at length, in the year 1654, came to London. He declares himself to have entered London with the greatest fear that he had ever experienced on entering into any place—in spirit foreseeing that something would befall him in it, but not knowing what it should be.

It is with difficulty that we trace his proceedings in the country with accuracy. It is probable that the Quakers were so much grieved with the occasion for reproach which he gave, that none of them thought fit to note occurrences which they probably wished to be forgotten. But they have been and will be remembered.

It appears that Edward Burrough and Francis Howgil (who had been fellow-prisoners with James Nayler at Appleby) had been the means of gathering a congregation of Friends together in London previously to the arrival of James Nayler. Much admiration seems to have been excited in the minds of many of these Friends by the preaching of Nayler, when he at length appeared amongst them. Certain "inconsiderate women," it is stated, undervaluing Burrough and Howgil, disturbed them in their ministrations. This disorderly behaviour was reproved by

the two ministers; but the women, not being silenced, preferred their complaints to Nayler against Burrough and Howgil, and endeavoured to incense him against them. James Nayler did not appear forward to condemn his friends; but this only increased the earnestness of his admirers, one of whom, falling into "a kind of passionate grief," exclaimed in a shrill, mournful voice, "I looked for judgment, but behold a 'cry!'" and with that cried in a passionate, lamenting manner, which so entered and pierced James Nayler, that it smote him down into so much sorrow and sadness that he was much dejected in spirit and disconsolate. Fear and doubting then entered into him, so that he came to be clouded in his understanding, bewildered, and at a loss in his judgment, and became estranged from his best friends, because they did not approve his conduct, insomuch that he began to give ear to the flattering praises of some whimsical people which he ought to have abhorred and reproved them for. Nayler allows this time to have been a time of darkness—a darkness of which probably they can best judge who have witnessed a state of light. "If the light within you become darkness, how great is that darkness." Nayler declared it to be his fear of opposing what might be right in his partisans that prevented his opposing their extravagances. Having lost his spirit of discernment, it has been suggested that he was in a situation to accept almost anything as truth, more especially that which was gratifying; and, however his will had been concerned in the commencement of this unhappy passage in his history, one is inclined to believe that in its progress he intended no evil, but thought himself forbearing in humility, to judge the actions of others, and receiving their honour, not as done to his person, but to that extraordinary manifestation of the spirit of Christ "within him," which he believed himself possessed of.

We cannot clearly discover the date of the disturbances in London, but most probably they occurred in 1656. Between 1655 and 1656 he appears to have published various religious and controversial pamphlets, evidently written whilst he was still in brotherly unity with his friends. Nor, indeed, do we ever find that Nayler sought to dissever himself from them. In the summer of 1656 George Fox was in prison at Launceston, and James Nayler, on his way to pay him a visit there, was, himself, together with other Friends, imprisoned at Exeter. With the exact cause of his being confined there, and with the mode of his release, we are unacquainted. George Fox was released from Launceston on the 13th of September, and, after a short stay in Cornwall, himself visited in Exeter prison those, whose intention it had been to visit him in his severe durance at

Launceston. William Penn says of George Fox that "he was a discerner of other men's spirits, and much a master of his own." Fox, in his Journal, declares his sense of Nayler and his company being wrong, and dates his deviation, which Fox calls his "running out into imaginations," to a little time before his own release from prison. George Fox had a meeting with the prisoners, but Nayler did not remain with them while the meeting was held; and the following day, George, speaking to him—probably by way of advice—James, though he slighted his advice, offered to George a salutation, which the latter in his turn rejected, saying, that since Nayler had turned against the power of God, he could not receive his show of kindness. It is asserted that in this prison, three of his adherents, Hannah Stranger, Martha Simmons, and Dorcas Erbury, knelt before him, and kissed his feet.

Being released from Exeter, he made his way towards Bristol, his companions attending him. It is said by an adversary, that garments were strewn in his way at Glastonbury and Wells; and it is allowed on all hands that his entry into Bristol was in imitation of the manner of the entry of Christ into Jerusalem. A man, one Thomas Woodcock, went bare-headed before him; a woman, whose name is not given, led his horse; the three women already mentioned strewed their scarves and handkerchiefs in the way, and the company sang "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God of Hosts—Hosannah in the Highest; Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God of Israel." So extraordinary a procession and acclamation could not fail of attracting the notice of the authorities of any well-regulated city, and naturally afforded the persecutors of the Quakers an opportunity of gratifying their malice, which they were not long in availing themselves of.

One is led to conclude that the laws of England had at that period no provision for the punishment of disturbances of a nature similar to the one under consideration, since Parliament took upon itself to be first the court of trial, and then the awarder of the penalty, both as to its nature and extent. If it be allowed that a law suited to the emergency existed, then we must discover some other motive which could induce Parliament to take this business into its own hands, to deliberate upon it from day to day to the interruption of public concerns, to conclude it at length with so much severity, and even to have meditated greater. If we are to suppose that it was the honour of the Christian religion which Parliament had at heart, and abhorrence of blasphemy which it felt, why then were not Nayler's companions pursued with equal severity—those persons from whose mouths had proceeded the expressions termed blas-

phemous, and whose hearts, hands, and knees were said to have made him an object of worship? One is led rather to suspect that the Parliament hoped in Nayler to find a victim in whom the popularity of the whole rising Society might be crushed.

The House interfered the 30th of November, and received a report of a committee on the 5th of December; and after twelve times taking up the business, on the 16th they constructed their sentence, which was resolved in form the day following. Before, however, we recite it, a summary view of the proceedings must be given.

The evidence appears to have been taken before the Committee of Parliament, and agreed to by the House. The facts, as to the kneeling, singing, strewing garments, and walking in procession, were proved, as well by witnesses as the ready confession of the actors themselves; who rather gloried in their deeds than attempted to deny them. Nayler confessed to the facts alleged, and expressed his belief that his companions were moved of the Lord to perform the parts they had taken. One of the charges was, his having assumed the name, and the incommunicable attributes and titles of our Blessed Saviour, "The Fairest of Ten Thousand—the Only Begotten Son of God." The evidence for these were letters written to him by others. At one of his examinations, being asked whether he had reproved the persons who gave him such titles, he would not say that he had reproved them; and to the question, whether he owned or disclaimed them, he replied, "If they had it from the Lord, what am I that I should judge it?" he also said, "If attributed to the creature, then it is reprovably; if they did it to the Lord (whom he believed to be in him), then I dare not reprove it;" also that he looked upon it to be really to the true honour of Christ, or else he would utterly have denied it. During this time it is said to have been the practice of Nayler's companions, at his lodgings, when under custody of the Sergeant of the House, to sit on the floor, or on their heels, or to kneel, singing their usual ejaculations of praise, whilst Nayler was seated in a chair; but they are said to have done the same in his absence. At the close of his examination before the committee he said, "I do abhor that any of that honour which is due to God should be given to me, as I am a creature; *but it pleased the Lord to set me up as a sign of the coming of the Righteous One; and what hath been done in my passing through the towns, I was commanded of the Lord to suffer such things to be done to the outward as a sign. I abhor any honour as a creature.*"

This report of the committee having been received by the whole House on the 5th of December, the next day Nayler was

had before the House, and ordered to kneel, which he refused; and several questions were asked of him, of which no record seems to have been kept. By the 8th, the Parliament got so far as to resolve "that James Nayler, upon the whole matter of fact, is guilty of horrid blasphemy," also that "James Nayler is a grand impostor and seducer of the people." The House having passed these two resolves, the question came daily before it, until the 16th, and two divisions took place, when a motion was made that the punishment should be death. This was lost by the majority of ninety-six to eighty-two, and, after much deliberation, the same day, the punishment was resolved as follows: "Resolved that James Nayler be set on the pillory, with his head in the pillory, in the Palace Yard, Westminster, during the space of two hours, on Thursday next (*i.e.* the following day), and shall be whipped through the streets, from Westminster to the Old Exchange (*i.e.* the top of Cheapside), London; and there likewise to be set on the pillory, with his head in the pillory, for the space of two hours, on Saturday next; in each place wearing a paper, containing an inscription of his crimes; and that at the Old Exchange, his tongue be bored through with a hot iron, and that he be there also stigmatized in the forehead with the letter B; and that he be sent to Bristol, and be conveyed into and through the said city, on horseback, bare-ridged, with his face backwards, and there also publicly whipped, the next market-day after he come thither, and that from thence he be committed to prison in Bridewell, London, and there restrained from the society of all people, and there to labour hard till he shall be released by Parliament, and during that time shall be debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper, and shall have no relief, but what he earns by his daily labours."

Before the admission of Nayler to hear his sentence, it was moved that he should be asked whether he had anything to say why judgment should not be pronounced upon him; which was determined in the negative, by one hundred and seven to eighty-seven. On the speaker preparing to pronounce sentence, Nayler said he did not know his offence; to which the speaker replied, "that he should know his offence by his punishment." Although he was then not permitted to speak, he is said, as he left the House, to have uttered these words: "He that hath prepared the body, will enable me to suffer; and I pray that He may not lay it to your charge."

It is natural to enquire what, during all these proceedings, was the part taken by Oliver Cromwell, who was then at the head of the executive government, under the title of Protector. He appears thus far not to have interfered at all; and even the

warrants to the several sheriffs, for the execution of the sentence, were issued by the speaker.

On the day appointed, Nayler suffered the first part of his sentence. He stood the allotted time in the pillory, and received at a cart, in a course of nearly two miles, three hundred and ten stripes, which he bore with so much patience and quietness as astonished many of the beholders, though his body was in a most pitiful condition. After which he was left with his wounds undressed for above an hour; when a "grave person," Rebecca Travers, in esteem with the Society of Friends—not one of his unfortunate admirers—came and washed his stripes. It is, therefore, probable that four hours elapsed from the time his head was fastened down, until the arrival of this relief.

By reason of these most cruel whippings, he was brought to so low an ebb, that many persons of note, moved with compassion, presented petitions to Parliament on his behalf, who respited his further punishment for one week. Encouraged probably by this, several other persons petitioned for the remission of the remainder of the sentence, as follows:—

"To the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, &c.

"The humble petition of divers peaceable and well-affected persons, in the Cities of London and Westminster, in behalf of themselves, and many others, sheweth,—

"That your moderation and clemency in respiting the punishment of James Nayler, in consideration of his illness of body, hath refreshed the hearts of many thousands in these Cities, although unconcerned in his practice, and hath opened their eyes to see *something more than the terrors of Mount Sinai to dwell upon your honorable House*, and hath likewise given them some hopes to see you come forth *in the spirit of our Lord Jesus, yet more and more to the convincement of those that err, and are out of the way*. Wherefore, we most humbly beg your pardon, that are constrained to appear before you in such a suit (not daring to do otherwise), that you would remit the remaining part of your sentence against James Nayler, leaving him to the Lord, and to such Gospel remedies as He hath sanctified; and we are persuaded you will find such a course of love and forbearance more effectual to reclaim, and will leave a seal of your love and tenderness upon our spirits.

"And we shall pray, &c."

It is to be observed that this petition itself—a specimen of the feeling and mode of expression of the time—contains words which might easily have been construed into blasphemy. Although the petition was read and debated, the petitioners do not seem to have placed much confidence in it, since they

endeavoured to support it by another presented to Cromwell. Cromwell, apparently alarmed for his prerogative, wrote to the House for information on the subject of Nayler, disclaiming all countenance of crimes such as were imputed to the offender; and the Protector's letter appears only to have caused a further fruitless debate. Neither was another application to Cromwell of further avail.

A few days previous to the date of Cromwell's letter, a delegation from the Parliament, of five ministers, visited Nayler in prison. Could it be that the House was seeking further means of justifying itself? The conduct of the visitors was dubious. They refused that any witness should be present at their conference. Nayler, alarmed at this, refused to say anything, unless they consented that what occurred should be taken down in writing; and a copy signed by themselves be left with him, or with the keeper of Newgate. This was agreed to, but on Nayler's uttering these words, "How soon have you forgot the bishops, who are now found in the same, seeking to ensnare the innocent," they rose up, burned the papers, and departed. It appears, however, from what James related of the conference, that he had persisted in renouncing the adoration of the creature, and in justifying his having omitted to reprove those who had bowed to what he had esteemed the power of Christ in himself.

On the 27th, Nayler was conveyed from Newgate to the Old Exchange, stood two hours more with his head in the pillory, after which his tongue was bored through with a red hot iron, and with a red hot iron he was stigmatized. During the whole time, Nayler never flinched; not even when the smoke rose from his forehead. When he was unbound, he embraced the executioner. Three of the women whose conduct had caused the accusation against Nayler, came up to the pillory, being at liberty, and seated themselves, two before and one behind him. Robert Rich, a merchant of London, who is described as dressed "in a black velvet coat, with a loose cloth one hanging over it, and a long white beard," a very bold man, also appeared with him on the pillory, testifying his sympathy with James Nayler, when he was burnt in the forehead, by kissing him, and licking his wounds, saying that he was "the dog who licked the sores of Lazarus." Also previous to the sentence of the House, Rich had written to the Speaker, offering to prove from Scripture, that nothing which Nayler had said or done was blasphemy. On the day that Nayler was whipped in London, Robert Rich had stood at the door of the House of Parliament, accosting the members as they entered with texts of Scripture. He had cried to the Court of Chancery, then sitting,

“The land mourns, because of oppression !” and he had walked, singing, from the door of the House, through Westminster Hall, to the pillory in Palace Yard, which confined his friend.

About three weeks after James Nayler’s suffering the second part of his sentence in London, the third part—the ignominious exposure, and the second whipping—was inflicted at Bristol. It seems doubtful from some accounts, whether this whipping was much more than formal ; as a person is said to have been suffered to hold back the executioner’s arm. And here again appears Robert Rich, who it is said rode before his friend, whilst thus ignominiously dragged through the streets, and sang, “Holy, Holy, Holy !” Rich remained without punishment.

From Bristol, Nayler was sent to his close confinement in Bridewell, London, where he remained a prisoner until the 8th of September, 1659, at which time he was liberated by Parliament. On his liberation, he went to Bristol ; at which City, in a public meeting of the Friends, he made a confession of his fault (as it then appeared to him) in so affecting a manner, as to draw tears from most of those who were present, and to occasion his reconciliation with many of the Friends who had been estranged from him. During his imprisonment, his heart appears to have greatly yearned towards, and his extreme humiliation to have produced a return of their friendship and fellowship ; so that he became as closely united to the body as before his time of trial, and thus no schism seems to have remained.

A part of the sentence of Nayler had been deprivation of materials for writing. Nevertheless, he certainly possessed them in some form or other, for he wrote and even published several pamphlets and papers during his imprisonment, some of them relating to what is always termed by the Quakers his “fall,” and others to his restoration.

The following extract from one of his writings relative to his condition of mind, is not only very affecting, but contains statements, upon which our modern spiritual experience may throw a light, not even vouchsafed to poor Nayler himself:—

“To the Lord Jesus Christ be ever dominion upon earth, and His kingdom above all the powers of darkness ; even that Christ of whom the Scriptures declare, who hath been the Rock of my salvation ; and whose spirit hath given patience and quietness to my soul, in deep affliction. But condemned for ever be all those false worships, with which any have idolized my person in the night of my temptation, when the power of darkness was above. All their castings of the clothes in the way, their bowings and singing and all the rest of their bold actions, which did in any way tend to dishonour the Lord, or

draw the minds of any from the measure of Christ Jesus in themselves, to look at flesh, which is as grass, or to ascribe that to the visible which belongs to Jesus alone.

“This simplicity of my heart did not intend, the Lord knows, who in his endless love hath given me power over it, to condemn it. And also that letter which was sent me to Exeter, when I was in prison, with these words, ‘*Thy name shall be no more James Nayler but Jesus.*’ This I judge to be written from the imagination, and a fear struck me when first I saw it, and so I put it in my pocket close, not intending any should see it; which they finding on me, spread it abroad; which the simplicity of my heart never owned, so this I deny; also that the name of Jesus Christ was received instead of James Nayler; *for that name is to the seed to all generations, and he that hath the love hath the name, which is life and power, the salvation and the unction into which name all the children of light are baptized* And it is in my heart to confess to God, and before men, my folly and offence in that day.”

We would here suggest to the reader’s consideration, an explanation of certain statements in the above passage, as afforded by the light of modern spiritual experience.

It would appear that in the manifestation of spiritual presence, and in the conveyance to the human mind of spiritual ideas, symbolism, more or less refined, more or less recognizable, is invariably made use of. This would appear to be a law universally in operation in intercourse between the world of mind, and the world of matter. Also, that spirit in its essence is pre-eminently plastic and dramatic. In the most direct manifestation of itself in visible spiritual forms to man, it has invariably filled him with amaze, through its constant and rapid transformation. Dreams, with their marvellous dramatic power and richness of imagery—astonishing our great poets even by these their attributes—are a form of spirit-manifestation, known to every man, and regarded from our present point of view, exhibit an ever-changing drama of symbolic action and situation. In that class of spiritual manifestation, which both on its light and on its dark side, we will term “possession,” or the power gained by spirits, good or evil, to use the mental and physical organism of man, thereby to convey ideas to himself and others, this dramatic symbolic element is found to be equally operative.

Thus these women, admirers of Nayler, who were, there are many reasons for believing, what we at the present day should term “highly mediumistic,” and whose minds and bodies were possibly under the control of enthusiastic spirits, enacted in all earnestness, in that very spiritual epoch of the seventeenth century, when there was an universal expectation in men’s

minds of the advent of some great things, in a lesser and humbler form the entrance of our Lord into Jerusalem. And who of us, knowing what we do of the power of the movement of the spirit, and having been vouchsafed in some small degree a glimpse into the mystery of its laws, shall venture to say, that this same drama, pitiful and blasphemous as it appeared in contemporary eyes (and must ever so appear to a world ignorant of the operation of spiritual law), might not, in however rude and humble a form have been the outward expression of a portentous spiritual reality. This reality, the advent of the indwelling Holy Ghost, both *symbolized*, and even to a degree *realized*, in the person of a humble follower of the Great Master, appointed to proclaim this truth in the cities of England, and to set upon his announcement the fiery seal of his physical anguish, he also being "counted amongst the transgressors."

And not alone does this law of symbolism hold good with regard to action, or to representative vision; it holds good in words made use of by the spirit, whether written or spoken—in fact, holds good wherever spirit clothes itself with things of this outer world, as in a body, whether intellectual or physical, whereby it can become recognizable to man. In the acceptance of this law, we believe ourselves to possess a master-key, which is able to open and reveal much which has long lain hidden. Employing this key, it seems to us, that the words written by Nayler's female correspondent, "*Thy name shall be no more James Nayler, but Jesus,*" are readily unlocked, and present, in very truth nothing of blasphemy, but prove themselves a remarkable prophecy given forth, as is usual with prophets, in a sphynx-like utterance. It has become an axiom amongst Spiritualists, and is repeatedly asserted by Swedenborg, that in the Scriptures, and, consequently, in all inspired writings or utterances the word *name* should be understood to mean *nature*, a name, in fact, in original spiritual and intellectual signification evidently being an expression of the *nature* of the individual or thing thereby designated. Thus to write, "Thy name shall no more be James Nayler, but Jesus," in its spiritual reading, stands thus, "Thy nature, henceforth, shall be no longer that of James Nayler, the weak natural man, but thy nature shall be that of Jesus, the divine strong man, the sufferer, the meek, the Holy One," the very name of Jesus being used as a symbol of a peculiar nature! And do we not possess strong evidence to shew that this *nature* was indeed given to him in a supreme degree, and that through his sufferings he bore testimony truly to the presence of this holy *name* or *nature* within him? But let us now return to our narrative.

James Nayler did not long survive his imprisonment. He

died in October, 1660, and but little account is transmitted to us respecting him, after his being set at liberty. George Whitehead, who lodged with him at a house in London, in 1659 and 1660, bears this testimony to him, "that he was revived by the Lord's power, and in measure restored to his ancient testimony, and to bear the same publicly in divers parts of the nation, as the Lord enabled him, both in his ministry and writings;" and that "he walked in much brotherly love and simplicity among us until his end came."

Since the first arrival of James Nayler in London, in the year 1654, it does not appear that he had ever revisited his home; if, indeed, at all from the time of his quitting it in 1652. At length, he set forth homewards, and was noticed by a friend, as he passed through Huntingdon, "to be in a frame of mind so awful, as that he appeared to be redeemed from the world." It is not known whether soon after this he was suddenly taken ill, or had been robbed and abused. But he was discovered in a singular condition by a countryman in a field in the latter part of the day, in a field near King's Rippon; and he was conveyed to the house of a friend at Hohn. A physician attended, and it was enquired of him, whether he desired to see any of his London friends, but this he declined. On having his clothes shifted, he said, "You have refreshed my body, the Lord refresh your souls!" Not long after which he departed in peace, aged about forty-four years.

His remains were interred at Rippon. About two hours before his decease he is said to have uttered the following words:—

"There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations. As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it, for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned, and it takes its kingdom with intreaty and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone can it rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth but through suffering, for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone, being forsaken. I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places of this earth, who through death obtained this Resurrection and Eternal Holy Life."

A. M. H. W.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

ELEVATION OF THE BODY IN NEW ENGLAND UPWARDS OF A
HUNDRED AND SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

IN a work entitled *More Wonders of the Invisible World*, written in 1697, and published in London in 1700, is an account by Dr. Cotton Mather of "The Sufferings of Margaret Rule," to which is appended these certificates,—the account itself is too long to insert here:—

I do testify that I have seen Margaret Rule, in her afflictions from the invisible world, lifted up from her bed wholly by an invisible force, a great way toward the top of the room where she lay. In her being so lifted she had no assistance from any use of her own arms or hands, or any other part of her body, not so much as her heels touching her bed, or resting on any support whatever. And I have seen her thus lifted, when not only a strong person hath thrown his whole weight across her to pull her down, but several other persons have endeavoured, with all their might, to hinder her from being raised up, which I suppose that several others will testify, as well as myself, when called unto it.

Witness my hand,

SAMUEL AVES.

We can also testify to the substance of what is above written. We have several times seen Margaret Rule so lifted up from her bed as that she had no use of her own limbs to keep her up; but it was the declared apprehension of us, as well as others that saw it, impossible for any hands but some of the invisible world to lift her.

ROBERT EARLE.

JOHN WILKINS.

DAN. WILLIAMS.

We whose names are underwritten, do testify, that one evening when we were in the chamber where Margaret Rule then lay, in her late affliction, we observed her to be, by an invisible force, lifted up from the bed whereon she lay, so as to touch the garret floor, while yet neither her feet, nor any other part of her body, rested either on the bed or any other support, but were also, by the same force, lifted up from all that was under her, and all this for a considerable while; we judged it several minutes, and it was as much as several of us could do, with all our strength, to pull her down. All which happened when there was not only we two in the chamber, but, we suppose, ten or a dozen more, whose names we have forgotten.

THOMAS THORNTON.

William Hudson testifies to the substance of Thornton's testimony, to which he also hath set his hand.

A SOLDIER'S VISION OF HIS DYING CHILD.

During the late war, a few miles from the Kennebec River, in Maine, there resided a farmer, three of whose sons had been in the service, and two of whom had given up their lives in the struggle.

In January, 1863, a member of this family, a little child of two and a half years old, was sick with diphtheria. The mother, grandfather and other members of the family were there, ministering to the little sufferer. But the father of the child was absent. He was one of the sons already referred to, and was away in the service of his country. It would scarcely be

supposed that a child so young would remember an absent one ; but the father had so often been spoken of that, whether distinctly remembered or not, he was present to the mind of the child as a dearly loved object of affection. And now as the little one grows weaker and is anxiously watched and cared for, he said in his feeble voice, "I want to go and see papa," and died.

We now pass to Falmouth, in Virginia. There, in the regimental hospital, lies a sick soldier. He is far away from home and home privileges ; but the surgeons and nurses care for him, and do what they can to help him, and that noble son of Maine, General Howard, ministers to his spiritual as well as physical wants. On the same evening on which the child died, General H. was in the hospital, when the soldier sat up and pointing to the door, said "Look there, General." Seeing nothing, and supposing the man was delirious, he made but little reply ; when the soldier again said with earnestness: "Don't you see, General?" He replied that he did not. "Why, how strange that you don't!" said the soldier. "There is a little boy coming in, it is *my* boy, and he is an angel." The soldier knew not that his child was sick. He himself died a few days afterwards. A letter was afterwards received at the hospital announcing the death of the child ; and when the father of the soldier went to Falmouth to obtain the body of his son, the surgeon made inquiries respecting the child, and narrated the soldier's vision ; and it was found that the death of the child occurred at the same time as the father spoke of seeing him. General Howard afterward corroborated the statement of the surgeon. The writer learned the facts from the father of the young soldier. He is a reliable Christian man, and select man of his town ; and there is no doubt of the truth of his statements. We have no theory to propose as a solution of the mystery. We merely give the facts as singular and interesting.—*Boston Journal*.

JACOB THE HEALER.

In the article headed as above in the October number, it is to be regretted that there was omitted a sentence which was in my mind, but not put on paper, because it appeared too minute. I have since regretted the omission, in consequence of the article placed underneath by an anonymous writer, which is in part to my knowledge so untrue that common English fair-play requires that the omitted sentence be supplied. "Jacob's father stands in the fore-court to give tickets of admission, and control the throng. In his left hand he had several 'carte' portraits, and on the top of them a packet of admission tickets numbered. As

the patients came up and asked, a ticket was at once given, no 'carte' was offered for sale, no attempt made to sell, but several persons while waiting to enter the house, went up to, asked for, and obtained a 'carte,' paying a franc (tenpence) for it." I may add that I bought three, being portraits of Jacob in different positions, so that I might have the exact physiognomy of the man, and add them to the collection of portraits I am gathering of the mediums in America, England, and France, who have in years past borne the burden and heat of the battle of the Modern Spiritual Revolution. As to Jacob's alleged rudeness, I saw none towards any of the 28 persons present when I visited him; and as to the expressed fear that the spirits will leave him if he goes on in such an *unchristian* way, it is answered by simply stating that Jacob is a Jew.

Enmore Park, Norwood Junction.

JOHN JONES.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN.

There is a curtain hanging between embodied and disembodied spirits. With our natural eyes we do not see this curtain, nor do we see that which it hides from our view. Its warp and woof are tightly woven from the fabric of the external plane of human thought. To many of us it is so thick, so impenetrable, that never a gleam of light, never a whisper, never a strain of music, comes to us from the other side. Shadows come over us—sorrow-laden clouds heavy with rain,—darkening our windows and shutting out the sunshine of joy from the house. We bow our heads; we hear moaning voices and muffled footsteps; then all is silent. We rise up to hear the tidings that somebody has gone behind the curtain—some darling has gone to sleep on this side to wake up on the other. There are death and sorrow here; there are birth and rejoicing there, where "Life and Immortality are brought to light." Here the "solemn brood of care" mourners and sympathising friends, toil wearily along; there, angels and "ministering spirits" "encamp around" the holy mountain, and lead the new immortal with happy greetings, songs, and hallelujahs along the flowery margin of life's river. While on this side we are laying away in the narrow house the lifeless tenement of clay, gazing for the last time upon the face once radiant with the soul's expression; on the other side the angels are wishing the new comer a happy arrival, smiling with delight as they converse with him on the new life, as they lead him away with winning words, saying, "Be welcome, we will now show you something new."* The friends and

* Swedenborg's *Spiritual Diary*.

kindred who loved us here are all waiting for us on the other side. Here we oftentimes toil and "sweat under a weary load;" on the other side we shall "rest from our labours," and find delight in those angel activities where the shining hosts flock together on their errands of love and mercy, and wherein there is no weariness.—*The Independent*.

THE TRAVESTIE OF SPIRITUALISM AT THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

The *British Journal of Photography*, in its issue of August 14th, has a long article on "Modern Spiritualism.—The Polytechnic Institution.—The Davenport Brothers." It seems that at this "house of popular science," the leading feature for a considerable time past has been an optical illusion, professing at once to rival and to explain the "Spiritual Manifestations." The editor gives "an account of what we saw during a visit recently paid to that interesting establishment." A hat, chair, table, coffin, and a lady, were raised two or three feet from the ground and left suspended in mid-air. This was all. The editor compares or rather contrasts this with a Davenport *séance* he attended; and proceeds to say:—

It is now time to commence to give an explanation of these wonders. When the hat in the Polytechnic exhibition was raised, we distinctly saw that it had been elevated on a piece of glass pushed up from beneath. Although it had been surmounted by a lighted candle for the purpose of casting a deeper shadow below, it was by no means difficult to discover the aperture through which the plate of glass was pushed. This also serves to explain the manner in which the lady, the table, the coffin, and the chair were raised. It was cleverly done, but not sufficiently so to elude the ocular observation of any person with sharp eyes who was capable of examining and reporting upon such feats. By the skilful management of the light there is no danger whatever of any reflection being cast upon the front surface of the glass.

To the tyro who desires to "overcome the laws of gravity" in this manner we simply say that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection; and, by skill in placing the lights in front, no one will readily detect the means by which the figure is raised. By this simple means the Polytechnic miracle is performed, and Mr. Tobin, its inventor, is entitled to credit for the manner in which he carries out the idea.

How, it may now be asked, are the Davenport manifestations performed? If the clever successor of the famous Robert Houdin, after due examination, was forced to pronounce the exhibition to be "inexplicable," we need not feel abashed at confessing ourselves to be in the same predicament. Every facility for detecting the origin of the manifestations was afforded, but without avail so far as we were concerned. Of one thing, however, we were well assured: neither the Davenports nor either of their two associates who were on the platform effected anything of what we had seen. Their being tied during the whole time was security of a certain kind; but much better was the assurance afforded by their being held by strangers, with whose names even they were and are now unacquainted.

Our chemical readers know what is meant by *catalysis*, that is, a body acting by means of its presence, such as the influence exercised by peroxide of manganese when used with chlorate of potash for producing oxygen. Analogous to this seemed to be the agency of the Davenports in inducing phenomena

which appeared to us to be subject to no rules of physics with which we are acquainted.

The editor follows this with an account of a visit he paid to the Marshalls. The *séance* was, without doubt, a failure, and was confessed to be such by the medium. He concludes by remarking:—

If we have found the “manifestations” at the house of the Marshalls unsatisfactory and inconclusive, we are equally bound to express our opinion that the travestie of Spiritualism at the Polytechnic is a signal failure.

SINGULAR STORY.

The death of Mr. F. H. Wiggin, proprietor of the Northumberland Arms, Bermondsey, took place on Thursday morning, the 8th inst. Mr. Wiggin retired to bed the previous night in his usual health and spirits, but at 5 o'clock in the morning he ruptured a blood-vessel, and in six hours he expired from exhaustion. It seems a remarkable presentiment of his death was made known to him two months previously, when, to amuse his children, he drew upon a slate a coffin, and wrote an inscription, a verbatim copy of which was inscribed on his coffin plate on his interment, as follows:—“Frederick H. Wiggin, died October 8th, 1868, aged 40.” This sketch and inscription he showed to his wife, and others who happened to be present. The remains of the deceased, who was much respected, were, on Monday, taken from London to Horton, for interment by the side of his father's grave.—*Daily News*, 19 October.

THE REV. T. L. HARRIS AND “THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE.”

WE have watched with interest all the little that has become known, of the interior workings of this experimental seeking after the inner life. With all the more interest, as the personal claims of Mr. Harris to infallible utterances have become more and more developed, and his rule over the new community has in consequence become more and more absolute. On former occasions we have had the opportunity of stating our opinion of these claims, and whilst fully admitting and delighting in the beauty and the truth of much that Mr. Harris has written, we have felt it our strongest duty to protest against the infallibility of his utterances. Many of his more earnest friends, too earnest as we thought them, objected to the line we took, which was necessarily a stringent one, inasmuch as it compelled us to put forward instances in disproof of his pretensions, and which were

not palatable nor easily reconciled with his being the very truth itself. We did this too at a time when we thought that it was needed in the interest of some, who were evidencing a too complete reliance upon Mr. Harris, and in the hope that what we brought forward might save a too late discovery by them.

We hear recently that our strictures were not un-needed, though they were disregarded, and that subsequent events have proved their truth. Our only antagonism is against infallibility, whether it be of Harris or of Swedenborg, or of any other man; and our object is to warn against the acceptance of any utterances whether spiritual or otherwise, excepting upon their own intrinsic merits.

We shall not be surprised if a full account of the interior working of the "Brotherhood of the New Church" as it is developed at Erie, when it shall come to be published, will put this question of infallibility in a light which will be quite satisfactory to those who have given these warnings, and which will prevent others from being misled by their inconsiderate zeal, and search after a truth, which must evidently be sought by another method.

Notices of Books.

THE SPIRITUAL HARP.*

THE Spiritualists of America are very mindful of the Apostolic injunction not to forsake the assembling of themselves together. Besides their Conventions—of which there is always one on hand—and their grove meetings, picnics, and other occasional gatherings, they have whenever practicable their periodical meetings and lectures:—in some of the principal towns the largest halls that can be obtained are used for these purposes. Then there are the Children's Lyceums which they have founded, and which promise to become, as they certainly should be, highly popular. They find that music is an essential element in education and in school government, and they also fully appreciate its special importance at their meetings in harmonizing and blending the hearts as well as voices of those who meet together. And in order that all may join effectively in these exercises, books have been specially prepared for them; they have their "Psalms of Life," "Hymns of

* The *Spiritual Harp*. A Collection of Vocal Music for the Choir, Congregation, and Social Circle. By J. M. PEEBLES and J. O. BARRETT. E. H. BAILEY, Musical Editor. BOSTON: WHITE AND COMPANY, *Banner of Light* Office. May be had of J. BURNS, Camberwell.

Spiritual Devotion," and "Spirit-Minstrel—a Collection of Tunes and Hymns appropriate to meetings for Spiritual Inter-course;" and now we have from the *Banner of Light* Office a large handsome volume of nearly 300 pages, containing about as many Harmonies, Songs, Choruses, Chants, Anthems, and "Spirit-Echoes" as there are days in the year; the words being accompanied (as they always should be) with the music of the tune to which they are to be sung. We have often noticed that for want of this each person at church seems to consider himself at liberty to sing the tune he likes best, or perhaps the only one he happens to know;—and so the congregation, with jangling and imperfect articulation, too often "sing to the praise and glory of God" in a style that must make even an Italian organ-grinder shudder.

In the "Greeting" which takes the place of the usual "Preface" it is stated, that "at least one-third of the poetry and three-quarters of the music is original." We regret this, and wish that these original compositions had been more sparingly used, so that in their place we might have had a little more of the music of the old masters and of the best modern composers, and of the words of our great poets—the mating of perfect music unto noble words.

We could, for their sakes, well have spared a number of pieces and tunes by the long list of obscurities whose names appear in the index, where they will be seen by many for the first time. To name only a few of the pieces which we think might appropriately have been introduced into the volume—there are Vaughan's "They have all gone into the world of light;" Herbert's "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright;" Addison's "The spacious Firmament on high;" Dryden's "Creator, Spirit, by whose light;" Longfellow's "Footsteps of Angels," and "Psalm of Life;" Holmes's "The Living Temple;" Whittier's "The Over-Heart," and the verses "O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother;" Cowper's "God moves in a mysterious way;" Elliott's "Forest Worship;" Nicoll's "High Thoughts," "Arouse thee, Soul," and "The bursting of the Chain;" Lynch's "Heart of Christ, O cup most golden;" Bryant's "Hymn of the City;" Vedder's "Temple of Nature;" Peabody's "Hymn of Nature;" Wordsworth's "Labourer's Noonday Hymn;" Barton's "The Divine Omnipresence," and first four stanzas of "The Spirit's Aim;" Moore's "O Thou who dry'st the Mourner's tear;" Harris's "Oh! lone is the Spirit on Life's troubled ocean;" Wotton's "How happy is he born and taught;" Harriet Martineau's "All men are equal in their birth," and "Beneath this starry arch;" and Mrs. Browning's "The Sleep;"—based on the text which forms the refrain to

each stanza—"He giveth his beloved sleep." A few pieces too, that are anonymous, or whose authors are unknown to the reviewer, might have found a place in the volume; we name only two—both we believe American—"Over the River" and "Evermore." Stanzas, too, might well have been selected from longer poems—such as Byron's "The Prayer of Nature" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Surely, too, some pieces, or selections, might have been given from such poets as Milton, Akenside, Thomson, Campbell, Coleridge, Bowring, and Trench. Nor need such orthodox hymnologists as Wesley, Doddridge, Heber, Keble, Madame Guion, and James Montgomery have been wholly ignored. Some of their compositions all Spiritualists might surely join in singing; and we submit they would have been more suitable for general purposes than pieces so purely local as "Washtenong," and have furnished better poetry than many pieces that might be pointed out in this compilation. For instance, while we make no objection to people being as enthusiastic as they can—boisterous if they will—in praise of the pump and in renouncing wicked tippie and all its ways, we think such sorry verses as—

" Fools may combine to sing of wine,
Of whisky, gin, or porter;
But we delight with all our might
To sing of pure cold water,"

might well have given place to the higher poetry we have indicated. Then, too, we must respectfully protest against giving "improved readings" of great poets. If, for instance, Tennyson's noble bugle song—as he wrote it—was deemed unsuitable, it should have been omitted altogether; and the statement of the editors that "the selected poetry is culled with the most scrupulous fidelity," have been rigidly adhered to.

We hope we shall not be considered hypercritical in these remarks. We consider that the book, as a whole, is far above the average of such collections, and that it will be found very suitable for those for whom it has been prepared. We know that in a compilation of this kind there are always difficulties in making selections to give general satisfaction; but while we accord the editors credit for the pains they have taken, we feel assured that neither they nor our readers would respect inconsiderate or indiscriminating eulogy:—a course which makes literary criticism a mere pretence, and tends only to bring it into contempt. We think so well of the work, and deem it so useful, that we would wish to see it made as nearly perfect as possible; and these hints are thrown out with a view to its improvement in a second edition, which we hope will soon be called for. Perhaps it might be found practicable instead of

having in use three or four separate collections of the same kind, to combine in this the several excellencies of each, and to issue a cheap edition of it for those who may not require the music.

A VOLUME OF SPIRITUAL POETRY.*

THE poetry of this volume is preceded by the following introductory words to the reader:—"The verses contained in this volume flowed from the pen of the writer unasked for, unpremeditated, and without study or effort. She believes their source to be in the spirit-world. They are here given with very little alteration from the original manuscript. To her they have afforded pleasure and comfort, and she hopes they may not be without interest to others."

A personal friend, in whose house nearly the whole of these songs were written, writes to us concerning it:—"It is exactly what the preface says it is, and the writer has never written any other poetry than that from which these are selected." He adds that the publisher was directed to advertise it as a volume of spiritual poetry: which, probably from business considerations, he has omitted to do. That it is so, will, we think, to those at all familiar with such productions, be evident, from intrinsic evidence, apart from external attestation.

But whatever its origin, it is a book for quiet hours, for seasons of calm religious thoughtfulness and pensive meditation, when the cares of the world are shut out, and the spirit hushed and still, is left alone with Nature and feels its spiritual suggestiveness, or recalls the memories of long ago, or listens to the earnest questionings which spring up within it. We should like to present the reader with several of these gems of spiritual song, but must be content to give only the following one:—

THE INNER WORLD.

Around each earth-bound spirit
 A world of beauty lies,
 Of fragrant flowers and golden fruits,
 Seen by the spirit's eyes.
 And music deep and wondrous sweet
 Amongst those flowerets moves,
 Singing those heavenly melodies
 Which the watching spirit loves:
 A world of beauty wholly made
 By man's interior life;
 His holy thoughts those fragrant flowers
 Which cannot live in strife.

* *Songs of the Spirit*. By "H. H.," London. F. BOWYER KITTO, 5, Bishopsgate Without.

Those fruits his deeds of love on earth,
That music sweet the breathing
Of his immortal soul to God,
Its blessing e'en bequeathing
To others as unto himself,
For as that music swells
On many ears, and gladdens all,
So, as the spirit wells
Up to the fountain whence it came,
It brings an answer back,
Leaving in brightness, as it comes,
A blessing on its track.
Oh ye who tread God's beauteous earth,
And dwell before His face,
Oh ye are building, day by day,
Your own abiding place!
Your words of love, your gentlest thought,
Your slightest acts are there;
And the breath of life which all must breathe
Is the answer unto prayer.
Then fill your heart with heavenly thoughts,
Your life with acts of love,
And beautiful beyond compare
They shall bloom for you above.
So may ye form a world of light,
Of wondrous sights and sounds,
Where, 'midst pure joys by spirits known,
The peace of God abounds.

Obituary.

THE LATE MRS. COLEMAN.

Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.

ON the 28th of September, Elisa, the beloved wife of Benjamin Coleman, Esq., of Upper Norwood, was tenderly removed to the other life.

Her suffering, caused by an affection of the heart, had been long and extreme, and she had waited with yearning desire for the time of her release. Addison summoned his son-in-law, the gay Lord Warwick, to his death-bed, that he might see how a Christian could die. In Mrs. Coleman's case, the doubting sceptic, the disbeliever and derider of spiritualistic truth might have been taken to see how a Christian Spiritualist could die—how she could wait day by day, not alone in calm expectation, but anxiously praying for the divine order of release;

could have seen also how, whilst her soul rested in childlike dependance on the merits and love of the Saviour, there was to her mind no shadowiness or uncertainty as regarded the state into which she was about to enter. The partition wall between the two worlds had indeed become so thin that it existed only as a veil, through the transparency of which, she saw the glory and the reality of the life to which she was advancing.

My daughter and myself had the privilege of seeing her a few weeks before she passed away, nor will the remembrance of the visit be readily effaced from the minds of either. Always singularly pleasing in person she now lay supported by pillows, her whole countenance beaming with the brightness of the spirit within.

Her sufferings were then great from oppression of the heart, and almost total inability to sleep, which produced a constant restlessness, against which she strove with a childlike endeavour which was most touching. Lying thus, in enforced quietness, with her eyes closed or raised to heaven, she would often address those about her in the most beautiful and eloquent manner, pouring forth her love for them, her fear of over-wearying them, and mingling all with prayers to God for patience to wait His time, and yet desiring so earnestly to be set free.

Her husband, writing of her, says:—"Extending over nine weeks, her distressing sufferings seemed to us to be never-ending. My heart, I fear, rebelled when I saw, day after day, that her own earnest prayers to God to take her were not answered. But doubtless, all was for the best."

No doubt it was: her friends who did not hold the same spiritual faith with herself, nay some of them who almost deemed it irreligious, could not fail to be deeply impressed with the calmness of mind, and the certainty of rest and joy in heaven, which sustained the poor sufferer through the long nights and days of her probation. Often, too, she would burst forth into such eloquent and inspired prayers as melted all to tears; or, into such joyful anticipation of the bliss before her as left no doubt that its foretaste was already allowed to her.

It is to be regretted that the means were not at hand to preserve some of those remarkable prayers, which flowed from her dying lips like inspired utterances. They were, however, the sacred breathings of the soul to its Saviour, at the same time that they were a source of strength and comfort to the sorrowing and sympathising ones round her.

A few only of her remarks were kept.

Thus when, one evening, she had been quietly looking through the window for some time, her husband inquired on what she was so intently gazing.

"I am looking," she said, "for a break in the heavens. I listen anxiously for my Saviour's voice, saying, 'Come up higher.'"

Again: "That darling," (her daughter) "brought me back this morning when I thought I had escaped. Don't keep me, darling! Life here has no blessing but for your sakes, and you know I can be with you still."

Again: "I am still here, you see. But you will soon come and find I have flown away. God grant it! Jesus, help me!"

Sometimes in the intermission of suffering, she would write letters to her relatives and friends—perhaps to be left unfinished—to remain as precious memorials of her love to them, and of God's love to her, who had at last taken her to Himself.

Thus she wrote to her sister:—

"Night after night no angel's finger closes my eyelids in welcome sleep, consequently each day finds me much weaker. But the weaker in body, the stronger in spirit, as I near my heavenly home, where I trust that my blessed Saviour has prepared a place for me! Oh! the glorious idea of the veil being drawn aside to see the splendours within! And how many of our dear ones there will be to welcome me!

"I grieve only for the loved ones I leave behind. But they are satisfied that it is well. I am truly supported, and bid you all good-bye.

"Remember your affectionate and loving sister,

"ELISA."

In times of deep excitement, when the mind is strained to that high pitch which gives it, as it were, a preter-natural sense, it frequently happens that outward circumstances, otherwise trivial, assume a prophetic significance. Of this kind was a little circumstance which occurred in the chamber of my friend, which, whilst it has a singular correspondence as being typical of the restlessness of the spirit, seeking to be away and at home, so entirely agrees also with the belief of the simple, country people in the approach of death (so-called), that I must be allowed to mention it.

Not many days before the departure of the beloved spirit, which was even then as a bird beating its wings against the cage, impatient of its detention, a young grey pigeon flew on to the window sill, pecked at the glass of the chamber, and then flew away. Later in the day it came again, hanging to the window frame, as if asking to be let in. On the following morning it came a third time, and the window of the adjoining room being open, it flew in, and perching on the finger of the nurse, allowed itself to be caressed by all present, without showing the least timidity. Mrs. Coleman said,—“Dear thing! It is perhaps a messenger for me.”

With regard to the above circumstance, and the many such which are familiar to the experience of almost every one, I would remark that there exists a wonderfully beautiful but mysterious sympathy between nature and humanity. It is as a glorious musical instrument, every string of which is in perfect accord. Thus—but *how*, who can say? the dove, which typifies the spirit, is drawn into mysterious *rapport* with the quivering human soul; both are seeking for rest; both are seeking for a home. The home eternal with God and Christ is the quest—the yearning necessity of the higher existence, whilst the lower, the typical dove, is satisfied with the caress of the human hand, with a home under human care.

Happy the inquiring soul which has gone on into that sphere of life and light where the great mysteries of existence are solved!

We are glad to find that Mr. Thos. Heaphy, the well-known artist, took a very successful portrait of our friend shortly before she left this life. Being himself intimate with the family and recognising, we believe, some of the spiritual truths which hallowed her dying chamber, a portrait taken under such circumstances will be doubly valuable.

Her mortal remains are now laid in Norwood Cemetery, and the following is, we understand, the appropriate inscription intended to mark their resting place:—

In memory of ELISA, the beloved wife of BENJAMIN COLEMAN, of Upper Norwood. On the 28th of September, 1868, in the 64th year of her age, her bright spirit left its earthly tenement in the full assurance that—

“There is no death—what seems so is transition!
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb to the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.”

MARY HOWITT.

DANIEL FRANK COX.

ON the 11th of October, in Jermyn-street, Daniel Frank Cox, aged eight years and six months, left the earth form, and “entered the portals of the Summer Land.” He was the youngest son of the late Mr. Cox, of Jermyn-street, whose name was so well known as a seeker after and lover of truth—one of the first in England to espouse the cause of Spiritualism, and in every way to aid in advancing it. His removal from earth, five years ago, was deeply felt. Mr. Cox ever felt that mankind had become too much the slaves of forms and useless ceremonies; and amongst other reforms which he advocated was that of dispensing with the useless mummeries and hollow shows attached

to funerals. His philosophy taught him not to murmur against the providence of an all-wise God of love, nor would he show such discontent by clothing himself in the sable costume usually worn on such occasions. Whatever uses it may have, he saw that its abuses were predominant, and that many families could not in reality afford to put on the mourning required by society, yet were compelled to do so, rather than shock the feelings of those who in reality had no claim on them, and could in nowise share the deep grief of their bereaved hearts—they were, in many cases, obliged to stint themselves even in their food, that they might purchase “decent mourning.” He also felt that it is but a sorry compliment we pay to those we love in mourning them “deeply” the first six months, and “half mourning” another six months, and then not at all. Mrs. Cox had the courage in her hour of affliction to break through the usual routine of funerals, and we will hope that others may follow her example. Crape was dispensed with, much to the evident discomfiture of the undertaker, who thought it would be a “bad thing for business” if the whole world were Spiritualists. Previous to the funeral, phenomena of a very extraordinary character occurred, some of the details of which we hope to give to our readers in our next number.

Correspondence.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN CALIFORNIA.

To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”

Napier, California, July 25th, 1868.

SIR,—With your June number before me, I cannot resist the impulse of laying before you a few incidents of my own experience, illustrative, in a personal way, of the “*cui bono*” of Spiritualism, although I think that the proofs—(for which Plato which would have given the world)—that Spiritualism affords of immortality were “*bono*” enough.

I have been acquainted with the facts and phenomena for nearly twenty years; and in 1852 a brother, whom I shall call Frank, became very much alarmed by seeing what he supposed to be apparitions—other well-known spiritual phenomena also occurring in his presence. I have said that at first he was alarmed, because he thought that he was going crazy; but as soon as he became clairaudient, and could converse with these strange visitants, he became perfectly reconciled, and we used to converse daily with our friends and relatives of the Summer-land up to the day of his departure, when he said to me, “It is all right, dear brother; they never leave me now, and it is always light”—and so he passed into the spirit-land.

But to my facts. I will only instance two, as I do not wish to trespass on your space.

On one occasion, walking arm in arm on Broadway Wharf, San Tranata, he suddenly stopped, and apparently conversed with some one invisible to me, and I observed his face brighten. I said, “What is it, Frank?” “Dr. Fish is here, and tells me, that a vessel outside has letters on board with good news for

us." I thought this an excellent opportunity for a test, and requested the name of the vessel. He apparently put the question, and replied, "the *Archibald Gracia*. Write and let me know." He was about to start on the Sacramento steamer, and the bell was ringing. I then returned to our place of business, and sent a clerk to the Telegraph Office, where he found reported a barque outside the Heads. That night the *Archibald Gracia* came in, and next morning I received a letter from Honolulu, releasing us from a 5,000 dollar note which my brother Frank had endorsed without my knowledge, and which had therefore greatly troubled him, the parties having become insolvent. The "good news" was, that the holders of the note had attached sufficient property to cover the debt, and liberate the endorsers. Dr. Fish, whom we had learnt to love for his kindness as much as if we had known him when on earth, seeing his patient's depression, had said, "Cheer up, old fellow; it will be all right"—which little kindly act proves that death, as the "departure" is erroneously called, does not destroy the human sympathy even for our petty earthly troubles.

Another instance. I went home shortly after this occurrence (in 1853), and returned around the Horn, with my wife. After being out a few weeks, we heard the raps about the bulkheads of our state rooms. I told my wife their import, for she had never heard of Spiritualism before, and instructed her in the *modus operandi* of communicating through the alphabet, so that she finally looked upon the spirits as her guardians amidst the dangers of the seas, and frequently converse with her mother through the whole night, when rough weather precluded sleep. One night, off the Cape, she roused me out of the next cabin, where I slept, saying, "You are wanted on deck. They have spelt out, 'There is danger near, and no head on deck.'" Meaning by "no head," no captain on deck. I said, "What is the danger the raps spelt out?" "The ship *Sabine* is near you." I immediately hurried on deck—for I had been once run down at sea—and asked the mate if he had a good look-out forward, and persuaded him, by relating my desperate disaster in the ship I had commanded, to go forward and see if the watch were not asleep, which, he found they were. I remained on deck till nearly daylight without seeing anything, but about daylight the mate came down, and asked if I would like to see the ship they were about to speak. When I got on deck, a ship on the opposite tack had her burgee displayed on the poop with her name—*Sabine*. We had, probably, been beating about in company all night. Next day, in talking over the occurrence with our invisible friends, we asked them how they would warn us in future from danger of collision? They replied, "We will give five loud raps in the direction from which the ship may approach"—and on request a specimen was given us loud enough to wake the watch.

These are experiences selected from thousands of occurrences which have displayed the loving kindness of our friends; and in all communications which I have received, the most striking feature to me is the intense kindness expressed.

I am, respectfully,

A. G. EASTERBY.

CONFUCIUS ON THE POWER OF SPIRITS.—Twenty-five centuries ago, Confucius wrote:—"How vast is the power of spirits! An ocean of invisible intelligences surrounds us everywhere. If you look for them you cannot see them. If you listen you cannot hear them. Identified with the substance of all things, they cannot be separated from it. They cause men to purify and sanctify their hearts, to clothe themselves with festive garments, and offer oblations to their ancestors. . . . Worship the gods as if they were visibly present. Sacrifice to ancestors as if they were here."