

THE Spiritual Magazine.

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“RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.”

So sings our noble Tennyson, apostrophising the midnight bells that toll out the dying, ring in the advent of the new-born, Year. As we listen to their wild music, borne to the wild sky, they recall the history of the wild, stormy, changeful Old Year dying in the night, whose life is even now fast ebbing as we write these lines; and as we again listen with attent ear our spirits drink in the rejoicing music which speaks of hope and promise with the Coming Year. For this Old Year has been specially busy, beyond its predecessors, in ringing out the changes of Time and Destiny. In Political Government we have seen it

Ring out the old, ring in the new ;

Sounding the note of passage from the Past, to what we trust will prove the better Future;—a Future in which the young shall be educated, and the aged cared for; in which the poor shall not need to beg for bread, nor the erring to lead a hopeless life of shame, nor the criminal to be swung from the gallows; —a Future that shall

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws,

and a higher Christian civilization.

This Old Year, too, has been ringing the Church bells:—they have indeed pealed but little with the sweet music for which they were cast—the gentle notes of “Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men;” on the contrary, they have been harsh and jangled and out of tune; telling of sectarian bitterness and party strife; sounding the alarm of danger—but in reality of

danger only to withered trees of barren formula, bearing neither fruit nor leaves, cumbering the ground,—and to vested interests in the perpetuation of mental slavery and conventional pretence. The Church bells have rung out their summons to Bishops to assemble from all the ends of the earth, as if to shew by an example of utter impotence how effete are Ecclesiastical Synods, how incompetent to deal with, or even to apprehend, the life and thought and movement of the age.

And what mean those notes the midnight bells ring out—which sound faint and feeble indeed, but gathering in volume and in power as they say—“Free Christian Union;” “New Catholic Church?” Ah! is not that what we need—Union more free and Christian;—Churches more Catholic? The attempts at their realization may at present be abortive, but however crude in themselves, they indicate the growing conviction that the wine of the New Age needs other keeping than the old bottles of Ecclesiasticism. Christendom however, while it sadly needs deliverance from the bondage and spiritual deadness of systems and sects; wants no New Christless Church—Church only in name—in pursuit of a futile Catholicity emptying itself of all distinctive truth,—a new sect with a genesis of yesterday; but while holding to its rich inheritance of Christian thought and pious memories, and claiming freedom from all shackles that would fetter the conscience or the intellect, it needs a new outpouring of the Divine Spirit; the Christ-spirit—Christ within, ruling the heart, outworking in the life, regnant in all the institutions of Society. It needs in fuller measure the new and higher—the divinely spiritual life,—the life of Love and Reverence and Trust; for there can be no outgrowth where there is no life, and the character of the outward growth will be in close correspondence to the character of the inward life. If the Christ-spirit—the spirit of self-sacrifice and disinterested love is born in us it must as surely outwork itself in forms and institutions, in individual and social action, as the tree develops leaves and fruit corresponding to the seed from which it springs. Dig and water the soil as you may unless the seed is first planted you will gather no fruit; you may as well grind the air.

But how can we look for even the beginning of a higher spiritual life, while men, as far as it is possible to them, close up the channels through which the Divine life flows into the soul; living a merely external life, denying all present inspiration and communion, and even affirming it to be impossible;—shutting out God and the Spirit-world from view—denying their existence, or acknowledging them only with lip-confession which springs not from the heart? We confess that observation and experience do not warrant us to hope much from merely verbal argument

and metaphysical discussion. However useful these may be in carrying the mind forward from some ground of existing conviction, they can do little in displacing primary convictions and implanting new ones. Where the only outlook is from sensuous perception, and the mind rests in phenomena alone, it is vain to appeal to considerations which, however strongly they may affect ourselves, bear with no force upon those whose principles and methods alike are fundamentally different from our own.

It is here that Modern Spiritualism renders an important service. It meets the Materialist on his own ground. He clamours for facts which his senses can take note of. Spiritualism meets that demand in the most simple and direct way. It gives him the very kind of evidence he needs—plain, palpable facts, and plenty of them. Not facts of history merely, but contemporary facts, which he may see, hear, and feel, and to which, or the like of which, he may recur again and again. Of the sufficiency of this method for the end in view and its superior efficacy there can be no question with those, who, from a knowledge of its results, are competent to judge. It has demonstrated itself. Its statistics (making all allowance and abatement for possible error) are conclusive on this point. It is on this ground then, that we ask our readers—many of whom must now be familiar with the facts and arguments we are accustomed to present—to bear with us in our persistent efforts to press them upon public attention, for the sake of those who may still need them. We shall be glad when the more general acceptance of their truth shall render their reiteration by us no longer necessary or desirable; and when we, or better qualified successors, shall be more free to trace out the higher teachings and philosophy of Spiritualism, which, (as it seems to us) in their ultimate aim, embrace no less than the entire renovation of the individual and collective life of humanity, and their fit preparation for that immortal life of the Spirit, which the facts of Spiritualism so fully demonstrate.

With the New Year we trust our Friends will with new earnestness aid us in our work, and so help to extend a knowledge of those truths to which our pages are devoted. It is becoming evident to all thinking men that education is the great work, as it is the great hope, of the future. But education is of many kinds, and works by many methods. Our work we believe to be educational in a most important sense; for we seek to draw out into consciousness, to exercise and strengthen, man's highest nature,—to elevate his character and his aspirations, and enable him to realize that Earth is the Seminary for Heaven. So, in sincere fellowship with all earnest co-workers,

we would labour for that "good time coming"—the World's
HAPPY NEW YEAR whose glad bells shall

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

NEW WORKS BY THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

- 1.—*The Breath of God with Man: An Essay on the Grounds and Evidences of Universal Religion.* By THOMAS LAKE HARRIS, New York and London, pp. 104.
 - 2.—*Arcana of Christianity: An Unfolding of the Celestial Sense of the Divine Word, through* THOMAS LAKE HARRIS. Part III. "*The Apocalypse*," Vol. i. pp. 487. New York and London.
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MR. HARRIS has made a long visit to England apparently for the sole purpose of dictating and printing these new volumes. We suppose this to have been his sole object, as this appears to have been the sole result. Mr. Harris isolated himself, or hid himself carefully from all, or nearly all, of those friends who on his former visit received him with open hands and hearts, and exerted themselves to insure success to his mission which then was to lecture publicly on the great topic of Spiritualism, or at least, on his peculiar view of it. As in these volumes Mr. Harris takes every possible opportunity of treating Spiritualism and its phenomena as emanations from the hells, we suppose he regarded contact with his former friends who still adhere to their more charitable, more general, and more logical views of this power, as the height of contamination. Supposing this to be the fact, we cannot sufficiently marvel at the inconsistencies of the man. If Spiritualism be the diabolical system which Mr. Harris now proclaims it, it is at the same time a system and dispensation through which he himself has passed from beginning to end, and by which he has arrived at the ground, whatever it be, on which he now stands. From it he has drawn his experiences, his lights, his strength and his reputation. But whilst kicking down the ladder by which he rose, he expresses no regrets, remorse or repentance for having ascended so criminal a machine, nor

attempts to explain the many mischiefs that he has done. All his earlier works were avowedly dictated to him by individual spirits assuming great names in the literature of this world. His great poems, the "Lyric of the Golden Age," and "Lyric of the Morning Land," were according to his own statement, dictated by the spirits of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Pollok, &c. Now, every one of these spirits, according to Mr. Harris's present belief, and indeed, a belief which he held when he visited and lectured in London, in 1861, are devils and impudent impostors. But has he, therefore, on making this discovery, in any way denounced these impositions and devilish dictations of which he had been made the unconscious medium? Has he done all in his power to put a stop to the circulation of these devil-inspired books? Has he burnt those in his own possession? On the contrary, he suffers them most complacently to go on, and himself as complacently to reap the benefit of their sale. At the very time that in his lectures at the Marylebone Institute he was denouncing all dictations by individual spirits, as emanations from the hells, he had these very books daily exposed at the door of the lecture-room that he might sell as many as possible to the attendants of his lectures, and thus to spread as far as possible the knowledge of them. Still more, before this time, he had made himself the willing mouthpiece of Satan, and at his dictation wrote down and published a set of the most diabolical effusions, which, collected into a volume, he entitled "The Song of Satan," but more properly the "Songs of Satan," of which a second edition appeared in 1860, the year preceding Mr. Harris's visit to England. In no work that has come under our observation is the practice of every sensuality and every blasphemy inculcated with more satanic recklessness than in this volume. Many of the songs are worse than any Rochester ever wrote in their debased principle and hellward tendency. Take a stanza:—

The juggler has his tricks, they say,
 With a ha, ha! and a ha, ho!
 The village priest can't always pray,
 The maiden has many a string to her bow,
 Life is a game, and the merriest plan
 Is to dance while you may, and to kiss while you can.

Take a few more stanzas:—

Now curses on the Man divine,
 With a ha, ho! follow me down;
 For curses are the lamps that shine
 To light us through the devil's town.
 There are who say that spirits win
 Through death a milk-white angel's crown;
 'Tis thus we lead the souls who sin
 To serve us in the devil's town.

Then dance by night, and dance by day,
 With a ho, ho! follow me down;
 For wine and women lead the way
 Men travel to the devil's town.

Fill up the cup with sherris sack,
 Fear not the monk with shaven crown;
 None ever care to wander back,
 Who once have found the devil's town.

Mr. Harris tells us that he condescended to be the devil's amanuensis in order to shew us what a devil he is. Did any one need any such instruction? Don't we know pretty well by all the murders, wholesale and retail, by all the violences and oppressions, the frauds and rascalities, the hypocrisies, and the nastinesses that riot through the earth, and through what we call civilized society, what are the doctrines and the doings of the hells? Yet Mr. Harris, with all this pandemonial demonstration in the world, willingly took up the devil's censer, and scattered abroad a fresh outpouring of blasphemy and moral defilement, at the very time that he was branding all conscientious and pure-minded Spiritualists as dealers with the devil! What a fine example of the privileges of saints, as Hudibras had set them forth long ago:—

The saints may do the same things by
 The spirit in sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the devil's instance do:
 And yet the actions be contrary,
 Just as the saints and sinners vary!
 For as on land there is no beast,
 But in some fish at sea's expressed;
 So in the wicked there's no vice,
 Of which the saints have not a spice;
 And yet that thing that's pious in,
 The one, in t'other is a sin.

But the inconsistencies of Mr. Harris do not end here. In the *Apocalypse*, p. 396, he gives us this description of the moral and social condition of England:—"Age after age, the guiltiness of the people has been absorbed as a poison, till the elements reek, and the earth is tainted thereby. Over well nigh extinct feudalism, all victorious Mammonism, in this last age, erects its throne. It is a social hell. Every man who sins through the body, infuses, through bodily sin, bodily poison into the body of nature. What then must the body of this terrestrial England be? It is this all-pervading elemental taint that benumbs the rational faculties, and that makes even the just connivers at the iniquities of the unjust, till Christians take pleasure in the triumphs of aggressive war, and benches of bishops uphold slavery and the slave trade; that makes this nation esteem itself the best and purest on the globe; that

causes it to sit in lordly places, the Pharisee of peoples. It is rich and increased in goods; it enlarges its store-houses; it is the fool that saith in his heart 'there is no God.' But the crimes that are buried in its soil are coming forth to take possession of its body; the judgment of this nation is at hand.

"This is the land of common-sense; the hard, shrewd, practical, bargaining, money-getting, power-holding country, that has undertaken to be the merchant, the manufacturer, and middleman for all the globe; the land of the heavy purse and the strong arm. Well has it thriven upon its traffic in human flesh. Men dimly discern in this hour the sins of their fathers. We now see what accursed wretches were the Crusaders, who met Mussulman cruelty with a worse cruelty and wickeder lust. We see what thrice-besotted tools of despotism were the old Tory priesthood, who grovelled for preferment at the feet of king's mistresses, and held that every crowned oppressor was the Lord's anointed, who grew fat from the spoils of rapine and butchery, till the oppressed were maddened with scepticism, and no God was believed in but that false god who helps the strong against the weak. There is a judgment in this world. The enlightened conscience now re-hears, and sets aside the decisions of the past. Righteousness, that always was a sentiment, is fast becoming a science. The thunders of the four Gospels are loosening their voices. Lips, crushed into dumbness for generations, and trodden into dust, are faintly heard! and lo, all around us, it is the cry of our brother's blood that goeth up from the ground. The invisible Hades has broken loose, and like a subterranean torrent, men hear the hollow voices of the under world. Men stand upon an earth that is crumbling, and beneath a firmament that is being cleft asunder, by the swift down-rushing of the final breath of fire.

"Sodom and Gomorrah would have repented before that preaching of Divine Love which proved ineffectual in Capernaum and Jerusalem; in other words, the nations grow harder as they grow older, and the world grows old about them. The truth that would reclaim an African and transfigure a Japanese, provokes, in stiffened, antiquated lands, like this, the sneer of derision and the cold smile of incredulity. In fine, we have marched in the progress of civilization, and by the outgrowth of nationality from nationality, to the Spiritual West, as the men of the age of bone, to the edge of the Material West of the known world. We have graded and terraced the precipitous mountain-sides, and planted our gardens, and built our palaces thereon, but they overhang the pit. For this land in the future there is but one of two things possible; utter abnegation of self, utter abjuration of vices, utter casting out of devils, utter acceptance

of Divine life in all things,—or the last days and the last experiences of an old man grown grey in evil, paralysis, and imbecility, and idiocy, and death, and judgment and hell!”

There is, no doubt, great truth in these statements, but in proportion to the truth is our amazement at the proceedings of Mr. Harris. In the second chapter of this same volume he points out the evil effects of spiritually-opened men being surrounded by anti-spiritual and diabolical influences. The last place, therefore, where you would suppose that Mr. Harris would think of going to, would be to a country like England, thus saturated and reeking with such influences. Yet it is into this very tainted and bedevilled land—into this old haunted house of the nations, as he terms it—that he directly rushes to dictate and print his new spiritual volumes! Whilst all America, “the Spiritual West” as he terms it, is open to him, with all its vast solitudes and airy mountains, whilst he is in such a sensitive and contagious condition that he cannot see the face of a single English friend, touch the hand of the most spiritually-minded, but shuts himself up a second St. John in a Patmos of self-isolation, for the parturition of a new *Apocalypse*—he steers his eccentric course right into the heart of the land which swarms with demons more densely packed than those which Luther anticipated on the tiles of Wurms; into this “social hell,” as he knows and pronounces it, festering with the crimes of ages, fetid with the breath of Mammon bishops, “of bloated Plutocrats,” and murderous and adulterous kings. If we find in the volumes thus produced to the light, doctrines and revelations bearing the marks of wild inspirations and of imposing spirits, we shall not greatly wonder thereat. Our present purpose is to notice the two psycho-theologic volumes whose titles head this article; his new poem, “The Great Republic: A Poem of the Sun,” will require a separate analysis.

To understand the character and drift of these volumes, we must first understand the pretensions of the writer. Thomas Harris does not come before us as a simple, uninspired writer, giving us a careful and earnest statement of his views of theology; but as a seer, a prophet, and an authorized and commissioned revealer of the arcana of heaven. He takes not a position on the same plane as Swedenborg, nor of St. John the seer of the Apocalypse nor of the Apostles in general, but on a far higher elevation. He treads in the steps of Swedenborg so far as to assume the same office of interpreting the inner meaning of the Scriptures; but he ascends avowedly far above Swedenborg, and opens up to us mysteries to which, he says, neither Swedenborg, nor any other man, has yet been admitted. Let us hear his own announcement. These are the words with

which his *Apocalypse* opens:—"The Apostle John did not possess the gift of opened respiration, neither did any of the Apostles." But Thomas Harris possesses it; and the whole of these two volumes is occupied with his assertion of this superior condition, and with the mysteries into which it has introduced him. "There were twelve methods of respiration peculiar to the inhabitants of the earths and suns of the universe, before the ancient harmony was invaded. These were respectively as follows:—First, respiration from internals to externals, through the Celestial Heaven; Second, through the Spiritual Heaven; Third, through the Ultimate Heaven; Fourth, through the Ultimate Earth of Spirits; Fifth, through the series of World-souls; Sixth, through the life-world of each Heaven; Seventh, through the love-world of each Heaven; Eighth, through the form-world of each Heaven; Ninth, through the essence-world of each Heaven; Tenth, through the harmony-world of each Heaven; Eleventh, through the most intimate access of the Divine Spirit through the inmost degree of the Will; Twelfth, through the full and plenary possession of the Man by the Divine Spirit." *Apocalypse*, p. 25.

The Apostles had none of these; but Thomas Harris has them all; and through them, as he tells us, enters all spiritual regions, damned or divine; converses with all angels, devils, fays or fairies, aromal spirits and others; and possessing and possessed by the Divine Spirit itself, comprehends all mysteries, and reveals just as many as becomes a prophet and saint of such beatific and sublime proportions, and as may keep simple, anserine souls gaping for a glimpse of more. "Patmos," he tells us, "signifies isolation and reflection. The man who desires to become celestial-natural, that is, to breathe by influx from the Lord, through the Celestial Heaven, must be isolated from all ties, which have their origin and action in the principle of self-love. To him there must be literally no country, since he must esteem all men, of whatever race, as with an equal nearness, brethren and friends. To him also, there must be no kindred in the principle of self-love. He must place the children of his own loins at an equal remove from himself, with the children called from others, acting and doing towards them as the Lord's agent of benefaction, guided by Him. *Coming out of all personal and private friendships* in the same manner, he loves companions; but as the Lord loves in and through him, dissociating himself from them, conjoining himself to them, ministering, or ceasing to minister, solely by direction from above. The state which he is in is then called Patmos." Yes, that is Patmos, and that was the Patmos which he made of England when he dictated these books. But step one step further.

"There will arise on earth a society called the 'BROTHER-

HOOD OF THE NEW LIFE,' internal respiration being the bond of union in the soul. In Christian and Pagan nations, both bond and free, this fraternity will exist. Whoever becomes a brother of the New Life through the full re-opening of the respirations, being in preparation to become a living human tabernacle of Christ, will henceforth stand to the Lord, to the angels, to men, to evil spirits in relations radically different from those of others." *Apocalypse* p. 32. But the mysteries unveiled to the New Brotherhood, can only in part be communicated to the outsiders. "Further *arcana* on this point should not be written for the indiscriminate public, they belong to the husbands and wives in the Brotherhood of the New Life. It is perfectly impossible for men and women to advance beyond a preliminary stage without such knowledges," p. 234. "The *arcana* here are for the most part of too sacred a character for publication in a work designed for general circulation," p. 235. "Becoming the members of a solidarity (New Brotherhood) the true education is begun: it is only through education in solidarity that the Divine Wisdom can take possession of us," &c., p. 352.

Mr. Harris tells us that "a new society called the Brotherhood of the New Life" *will* arise on earth: but every one who knows anything of the career of Thomas Harris, knows that this society has been in existence for some years in America, nearly since the time that he was before in England. That he is the head of it, and these very volumes bear on their title pages the name of this society as their publisher, namely, "New York and London, Brotherhood of the New Life, 1867."

With these particulars before him the reader cannot be unconscious of their bearing, tendency and significance. The Brotherhood of the New Life is a society exclusively for those who possess the internal respiration according to Mr. Harris's conception of it: Thomas Harris is the head of this association, he is God's appointed expounder of all divine mysteries, and these mysteries are not communicable to any one without the pale of this elect society. In fact, it is a new species of Popery, of which Thomas Harris is the Pope. That we do him no injustice in this statement, his own repeated declarations in this *Apocalypse* volume testify—"In treating of the celestial sense of the Apocalypse the task has been easy, so far as the letter has been concerned, notwithstanding the fact of various readings and interpretations. I have seen that temple of harmony, the glorious image of which was let down into the mind of St. John. So far as it has been possible and lawful, I have described it," &c., *Apocalypse* p. 9. To qualify him for this great task, he has traversed more continents of heaven, hell and intermediate regions, as well as planetary and other cosmical

worlds than his predecessor Swedenborg himself. "I stood in the Celestial Heaven, in a wheat-field, and observed an angel," &c., p. 16. "I was conducted to the earth, Mars in spirit," p. 14. "I saw one resembling Richard Arkwright in the world of spirits," p. 44. "I saw an attributal man of the first type on the orb of Jupiter," p. 47. "I saw Alexander Humboldt with Kepler and Copernicus in one of the provinces of the Upper Earth of Spirits," p. 78. "I saw in the depths of the Intermediate Hell a mighty man of the eighteenth century," p. 87. In the 7th illustration, beginning p. 112, he saw the spirits of a lot of novelists, and a demon who pretended to have communicated to Charles Dickens all his works: also those who claimed the originals of the novels of Fenimore Cooper and Lord Lytton, all these being, according to them, mere pretenders to what they had only received from them. "I was translated to a broad, luminous landscape in the Spiritual Heaven," p. 122. "I was in the World of Spirits on a certain occasion," p. 148. "I was at a synod of trans-terrestrial men . . . in the Ultimate Earth of Spirits," p. 154. On another occasion in the World of Spirits he met some Swedenborgians, who found things so different from what their great seer taught them to expect that one of them exclaimed, "There must be some mistake," p. 159. "I met a man in Hell," p. 164. "Let down into the lowest Earths of Spirits, near the Hells, I saw there many men and women who go down there by night to absorb a virus from the pit," &c., p. 166. "Held up between the two world-souls of Mars and our own globe," the Almighty came to him, and breathing on him, said, "Receive my spirit with power to be continued in the Ultimates;" and he adds, "I then received instructions from Him concerning the means and measures to be taken to initiate relief for infantile humanity," p. 167. Then the Virgin, encompassed by children, came to visit him, and said, "Oh, servant of God, I am sent to visit you. Till the times of the revealed Apocalypse, such visitations have not taken place." Which assertion, by the way, is as much as to say that all the accounts of the appearances of the Virgin to saints and saintesses in the Catholic Church, are mere lies. He then perceived that he was in the Celestial Heaven; the desert Earth far below: and he saw an archetypal mansion, and over its door was written in golden fire, "INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE," &c., &c. "I saw when present through the body of the nerve-spirit in the inner mineral kingdom of the globe, the unborn basis of the new Earth," p. 183. At p. 243, we find him in the heavens of ancient Israel and ancient Syria, in which latter, oddly enough, he found John Bunyan and Mrs. Bunyan. At p. 378, in what

place may be imagined, he was attacked by six demons personating Kosciusko, William Penn, Martin Luther, Sidney, Wilberforce, and Washington. One of them confessed that he was "infesting the ghost in the world of spirits who was called 'Lord Macaulay.'" Again he was in heaven, and heard a great voice from the east crying, "New bread." Then he was conversing with an angel about St. Paul, p. 384, and anon, "at a Sabbath of sorcerers in Infernus," p. 385. After all these travels and interviews, varying through all classes of spiritual society from the very highest to the very lowest, he received a renewed commission for his great work of establishing the New Brotherhood on the earth from the Most High, through one G. W.—George Washington, of course—in these words:—"You were sent for because the day of the Lord is at hand, and it is appointed that you be initiated into the work, which devolves upon you in the earth, but first rest," p. 388. We say a renewed commission, because on other occasions he had told us that he is the appointed expounder of mysteries. So at p. 230, "Bear, O sisters, with a brother's voice, speaking as an exponent of Divine Oracles."

We trust that we have made sufficiently manifest what a superb commission has been conferred on Thomas Lake Harris, by no less an authority than the great King of Kings himself, if we are to accept his own assurances of the fact, and what a magnificent preparation for it; a free admission to, and most ample travels through, all the regions of heaven, hell, the middle states, the interior of this earth, and the worlds of material space, with all the teachings and revelations of the wisdom of ages and of the innermost realms of life. No great founder of a new religion, that we can call to mind, had anything like a tenth part of so magnificent an education and enrichment with the arcana of wisdom for that purpose. Even our Saviour was but trained in the workshop of a carpenter, and suffered forty days' temptation of the devil in the wilderness. Even Mahomet, with all his visions, makes but a poor figure in comparison with Thomas Harris in this respect; Joe Smith with his angel and his golden tablets, suffers utter eclipse; and Swedenborg, his typical forerunner in the same supernatural path, grows dim and diminishes before him. If all this be true, what a man we have had amongst us! We feel wholly overcome by the sense of the awful seer, saint, prophet, and delegate of the Divinity who has been dwelling amongst us shrouded in the darkness of a most solemnly sacred sanctuary. No wonder that so august a personage, who had recently

Trod on shadowy ground, had sunk
Deep, and aloft ascending, breathed in worlds

To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
 All strength—all terror, single, or in bands,
 That ever was put forth in personal form.
 Jehovah, with his thunder and the choir
 Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones,
 Had passed them unalarmed,

should not condescend to renew an acquaintance with men and women of ordinary mould.

But may not all, or a great deal of the gorgeous drama thus evolved before our eyes, turn out to be very much of a phantasmagoria; a dream of transcendental glories, and little more? Mr. William White has shown us most demonstrably that Swedenborg, when he thought that he was conversing with the Almighty and his highest angels, was often grossly mistaken. To a certainty the Divine Spirit whom Swedenborg claimed as the communicator of his revelations, never told him that the Quakers were a most vilely sensual and debauched people, and never pronounced to him the reality of eternal damnation. If Swedenborg, then, stumbled on these heavenly plains, who shall assure us that Thomas Harris is any more to be depended on? For we have only his own word for the grand array of personages and things that he has displayed before us. Now giving Mr. Harris every credit for the most perfect honesty, the most perfect faith in the reality of the manifestations which he believes to have been made to him; we think there is a much simpler and more probable way out of the mystery. Mr. Harris is a poet, and one of no mean endowments. He possesses a vivid imagination, a flowery style, a luxuriant fancy, and a tender, and almost feminine temperament. That he has seen all that he so authoritatively states we do not for a moment question; but he has seen them as visions. That he has had them spiritually communicated, we as little question, but to our mind they were communicated by the very class of spirits which he so much delights to denounce as the deceivers of *séances*. To such spirits, what could be a richer treat than thus filling his imagination with all the teeming, and often most fantastic creations which this volume of the *Apocalypse* displays? Every religious enthusiast and projector of new systems firmly imagines himself the sole elected instrument of the Divine will. Butler describes such an one:—

He could deep mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a needle!
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their way:
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right!
 'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
 That none see by, but those that bear it.

The portrait is not less striking in another feature :—

This grand inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over man's belief
 And manners : can pronounce a saint
 Idolatrous or ignorant :
 When superciliously he sifts
 Through coarsest boulder others' gifts ;
 For all men live and judge amiss,
 Whose talents jump not just with his.

This latter trait is particularly conspicuous in these volumes, especially wherever Spiritualism and Spiritualists, or even Revivalists are mentioned. The fact is, that Mr. Harris, notwithstanding his great and excellent theory of the abnegation of self, as the ground of genuine Christianity, has, undoubtedly, a most eager ambition of being the projector and head of a new church. Probably, to some extent he is not aware of this, but mistakes the aspiring passion for godly zeal. He has, however, very well described his own condition, as it strikes us, as shewing itself in the opposite sex :—"When ambition has entered into the heart of one of the female sex, and the thought to become a foundress of an ecclesiastical institution, she generally succeeds in convincing herself that the sources of her impressions are supernal, or even of the infinite ; but having the sphere of her sex, which is one of pliant absorptiveness, she teems with conceptions which cannot become fully embodied fantasies, without the assistance of the masculine element. Hence she seeks disciples, who shall serve as reservoirs of spiritual magnetic vitality ; drawing through them an important element of life, and through the male influx, a subversive order, becoming pregnant with ideas. When such syrens find access to those who are becoming spiritual-natural, and can conjoin themselves so as to produce faith in their pretensions, the slavery which ensues is rigid, and may be long protracted. The most honest and conscientious, who are physically open to an extreme influx from foreign bodies, will be very liable to this form of bondage." *Apocalypse*, p. 97.

Apply this to the prophet himself, and to the sort of American Agapemone, which he has established, and the correspondence is striking.

But what of the moral and religious quality of the works themselves under notice ? They abound with great spiritual truths which will have the full assent of all sound practical Spiritualists, because they are the truths which Mr. Harris has learned in the school which he now condemns, and in his progress through those marvellous and faith-inspiring manifestations which he now affects to treat as ultra-demoniac. His grand "*Deus ex Machina*" is the doctrine of the inner breathing, and the smaller

work, "*The Breath of God with Man*," may be read with nearly unalloyed satisfaction, for it is sober and rational, and contains some passages so true and beautiful that we should have liked to quote them. The larger work, the *Apocalypse*, is a continuance of Swedenborg's comments on portions of Scripture. As Swedenborg chiefly took in hand Genesis, Harris has undertaken the Revelations; but this volume of 487 pages, runs riot into so many regions of thought, and amongst so many personages, that it only gets through a portion of that mysterious work. The spiritual truths in it are so thickly overlaid with a chaos of wild fancies that they become very much lost sight of. Many of the meanings given to the text appear to have no more connection with it than if they had been attached to any other words: but then, we are told that they are an inner and truer meaning, for which, not having had the same assumed enlightenment in the inner heaven, we are wholly at the mercy of the expounder for. This however, is the less to be regretted, as he tells us that there are no fewer than seven inner meanings to the same texts.

In the course of his revelations Mr. Harris assures us that the body of Christ when on earth was inhabited by legions of fairies, or fays. As a child he attracted all races to him through his breath. These resolved within him, and thus densely peopled he moved from place to place. When he was upon the cross he broke his own fay body, and dispersed the fay souls of which it was composed throughout the humanity of the entire orb, so that we are now all as densely inhabited by fays as a pigeon-cote with pigeons, the air of a summer evening with midges, or an ant-hill with ants. "The fays who were in the seven spheres of the Lord's natural body followed him up to heaven, and are now called divine fay-angels. So vast were the human extenses within the natural body of our Lord, that the fays who dwelt therein, and who followed him to heaven, were as the small dust for number. Before the day of Pentecost they began to return, and were the tongues of fire seen on the apostles' heads." See 1st illustration from pp. 16 to 24.

Every atom of the material universe, Harris assures us, is "an atomic man." Many of these are still inwrought into the bodies of the demons of the lost orb, and await their new combination in a human race which shall replace that which fell. "The atomic man in the inmost of the atoms of the human frame make war against the accretion of atomic nebulae in the human system which is undergoing regeneration," &c., p. 52. The fay-men pass through our bodies in any direction at will: the world-souls exist in pairs, male and female, throughout the universe, presiding over their individual worlds. Besides these, there are the aromal men; that is, beings constituted of the essences

or aromas of things in nature. The aromas of flowers, those of the wild moorlands and woods, of the rocks and minerals in the bowels of the earth. All these, and waters, fountains and seas, have their aromal creatures, which somehow acquiring life, finally travel up to heaven and obtain salvation; though it may only be through centuries of labour in their respective departments of nature, that they become impersonal creatures in heaven. See pp. 129 to 139. There we have the Necks and Undines of northern and Germanic mythology, who obtained salvation through connection with men: as Mr. Harris's aromal spirits are but the dryads, naiads, and fauns of the Greeks revived. In every country too, the aromas of good or bad deeds, of tragic or benign histories, produce aromal flowers. So in France, an aromal flower lives that grew from the dust of Joan of Arc. The Wickliffe blossom, a disc of purple and gold, springs glorious in the aromal air of England. The martyrs of the Cevennes and the Alps have given birth from their dust to an airy flora. Italy bears a queenly plant that commemorates the virtues of Savonarola. Imperishable nature holds the dust of the saints in honour, and represents through them an ever-springing life, in worship of Him they worshipped, in sympathy with the great cause they served. p. 132.

This is all very poetical, some of it extremely beautiful, and in the sense of a living pictured memory in the spirit of those scenes, true. But as put forth by Harris as matter of sober fact, and as matter of revelation from the highest source of inspiration, is but the out-pourings of a sensitive poetic imagination excited to the verge of insanity. It is a wild, fantastic, and bewildering dream of beauty and morbid sentiment, as different from the simple and practical truth of Christianity as *renaissance* finery is to classic grace.

That we may not be misunderstood, let us now speak a few words on the inner breathing. This is, no doubt, a great and substantial truth: but not as Harris inculcates it. We hold it to be a universal and inalienable function of every living soul: not the capriciously bestowed boon which Harris represents it. We are persuaded that no living spirit could continue to live without spiritual breath, any more than an animated physical body can exist without breathing physical air. Every view afforded us by physical or spiritual philosophy assures us that the spirit is the active force which creates for itself the body. Swedenborg in the first instance, and the whole of psychological experience since, maintain the assurance that all evolution is in an outward direction from the inner or spiritual world. The soul proceeds from God the original and eternal centre of all causation, and the soul originates by energies with which God has endowed

it, its outer covering or body adapted to its condition in a physical state of being. In the *Ontology* of Dr. Doherty, a truly sound and spiritual system of physio-spiritual science, this is lucidly expressed in few words:—"The spirit forms the body in utero, by collecting and associating particles of matter from the blood of the mother to form organs; and it sustains the physical organism during life by a constant interchange of atoms with the external world," p. 137. This being the case, it is the soul which originates the body, and adapts it to its own special functions. The function of breathing, therefore, obviously exists in the lungs of the soul and operates outwards through the lungs of the body. Spiritual and physical breathing must necessarily go on together, as all other functions of soul and body, the soul being the directing, willing agent—the body the co-operating servant. Every fact of psychology which has ever come to the actual observation of men regarding the soul or spirit, confirms this view. Every assertion of spirits in *séances* pronounces the spirit the real man; and the body the merely compliant envelope. Every apparition of a spirit is that of the real man, not only in appearance, but with all the members and portions of a man. Nothing, therefore, can be more certainly proved than that spirit and body breathe simultaneously, and in precisely the same mode, but not breathing the same atmosphere, each respiring its appropriate one. The idea of Swedenborg, then, that the inner breathing proceeds from the navel towards the heart, and so by the Eustachian tube to the mouth, is simply absurd; as is his idea that the people of the first ages down to the Flood possessed this inner breathing, and by it expressed themselves without articulate speech. That this inner breathing gradually decreased with the love and faith of the people, and that such as possessed it near the time of the Flood were choked by its cessation, but that some surmounted this crisis, and then outward respiration began, and with it outward and articulate speech,—is as much as to say that the ante-diluvians were destitute of articulate and resonant speech, and conversed by the changes and expressions of the countenance—a thing contrary to the whole history of those times. See *Swedenborg's Arcana Cœlestia*, Vol. II. Genesis, chapter x. pp. 6-7. See also his *Spiritual Diary*, 3,464.

In several excellent papers on Internal Respiration in the *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. III. under the signature of *Respiro*, the writer says—"Swedenborg was the first to bring internal respiration before the world, not from any historic record, but purely in his capacity as a seer, a matter of revelation." But this is only another proof, in addition to those pointed out by Mr. White, of the too great reliance on him as a seer. Jacob Böhme very

long before Swedenborg taught the same truth. In his 46th chapter, 39th verse, he explains what is the flesh and blood of Christ, which if we do not eat we have no life in us. That it is the Sophia, or Divine Wisdom, and in his *Threefold Life*, v. 50, and *Clavis*, 106, he asserts the Sophia to be the pure element of the Holy Spirit. And again in *Aurora* I, 15 and 16, that "every time we breathe with entire abandonment of self, and full trust in the loving-kindness of our Divine Master, we receive the sacred body, which is everywhere, and we saturate our hearts with the pure element in which and by which alone we can be born again to a new life." This doctrine of Böhme's was noticed by St. Martin, and declared by him "an important truth, generally hidden from man." See *St. Martin's Correspondence* translated by Mr. Penny, pp. 119 and 120.

We fully agree with Böhme, Swedenborg, St. Martin, and Harris in the substantial truth of the inner breathing; and that, through this, in conjunction probably with the nervous system, our communication is opened, or, rather, kept open with the spiritual world, and with the Sustainer and Nourisher of all things that live. But we take a very different view of its endowment on men from Harris. We cannot believe that it is conferred partially and only on a few. That when it comes to impure or evil persons, it instantly burns up their interiors, and that they fall down dead. We cannot believe it to be a function tending towards narrow sects, and little exclusive Agapemones, or Brotherhoods of the New Life, as exclusive. We believe that, like all the rest of God's gifts, it is a universal gift, seeing that He is no respecter of persons, but sends His sun to shine alike on the just and the unjust. As He desires the regeneration of all, He patiently leaves the means of it open to all. To the good, the respiration will be from the atmosphere of heaven—to the bad, the atmosphere of hell. That by it, and by other psychical functions, we are open to spiritual influxes of beneficent, and also of deleterious natures. That those who aspire heavenwards and towards the love of God, inhale larger and fuller draughts of this divine ether, and are proportionately fed and strengthened by it. That none of the apostles possessed this interior respiration, as asserted by Harris, is plainly untrue. According to his own definition, this breathing is the quintessence of the Holy Ghost, "the tides of the Divine Spirit, which roll as never before, uplifting, illuminating, strengthening, and giving peace." And therefore, as Christ himself breathed the breath of life upon them, and said, "Receive the Holy Ghost," they consequently received the inner, divine breath. They were filled with the fulness of the Holy Ghost, and, therefore, of the breath of God. Without this there could, according to Harris himself, be no

regeneration; for it is by the operation of this inner breath that the process of regeneration is carried on and perfected; or, as he says, the old soul is destroyed, and a new celestial soul introduced and built up; and not by a parcel of fays working away at the old materials of the old natural soul, as Harris would persuade us, like a *possé* of bricklayers clearing away an old house, and erecting a new spiritual-natural soul, with fresh and pure materials. See *Apocalypse*, pp. 21 to 24, 135, &c.

It is deeply to be regretted that a man of the fine faculties and the high poetical endowment, the extraordinary eloquence, and long spiritual experience of Thomas Lake Harris, should thus have become the victim of his imaginative temperament, and have disfigured and overlaid with a pile of merely florid imagery the great and solid truths of spiritual science. Had he introduced his fays, and atomic men, his aroamal men, and aroamal flowers as the machinery and drapery of an avowed poem, we might read it with the same pleasure as we once read the *Rape of the Lock*, Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, or the *Arabian Nights*: but truth, and above all spiritual and divine truth, is too solemn a thing to be disguised with the airy flowers of a fairy land and surrounded by the swarming nonentities of a visionary. With what a sublime, and at the same time practical grace, simple, unadorned Christianity stands beside this meretricious system of spiritual ontology and theosophy. The principles of Christ are at once clear, concrete and universal in their nature. There is no tendency in them to monkery either Popish or Protestant: to exclusive New Brotherhoods, or Agapemones. On the contrary, they look outwards, onwards and upwards. Open in a grand lucidity to the plainest intellect, they are at once accepted as divinely consolant by the common heart of humanity. They spread their vitalizing rays over all lands and peoples like those of the sun. Instead of a multiplicity of senses and breathings we find in the plain terms of the influence of the Holy Spirit operating on and renewing the heart and soul, and in the simple declaration that in every nation they who fear God and work righteousness shall be accepted, a divine charter of salvation which the poorest child of humanity can fully comprehend and lay hold of, and the most cultivated and masterly intellect must instinctively adore. In a word, we infinitely prefer the Gospel of Christ to the Gospel of the New Brotherhood, and the operations of the Holy Ghost as in and on the Apostles, to all the wild lights and multiplied inner meanings, and the almost innumerable breathings of the system of Thomas Lake Harris. The poor wanderer of Wordsworth taught only by God in solitude, had arrived at a far nobler conception of communion with his Maker, than through the mediumship of fays, atomic and aroamal men—or of white

butterflies presented by angels as "the pleasures of sensation sporting in the ether of the region which corresponds to the left lower jaw," *Apocalypse*, p. 405. This poor youth, knowing nothing of the contents of and peoples of Jupiter, Mars, or the lower hells, had caught the substance of true worship as saints and spiritually-minded men and women in all ages have done.

A herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,
Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence often times *possessed*.
O then how beautiful, how bright appeared
The written Promise! Early had he learned
To reverence the Volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die:
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
Responsive to the writing, all things there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving: infinite;
There bitterness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe—he *saw*.

We believe that such a simple God-embracing heart has reached the substance of divine respiration, that he respire with the angels and with Christ,—a substance we are in danger of losing sight of, and letting slip, amid the sparkling verbiage and the phantasmal visions of the writer of this so-called *Arcana of Christianity*.

THE LAND OF REALITY.

ALPHONSE KARR, in his *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*, one of the most charming and right-thinking books in the French language, was very nigh to the truth when he wrote the following 54th chapter of his second volume:—"Oh, my friend! I have returned from a beautiful country! How shall I be able to recall all the wonders that I have seen? At the first glimpse, I saw the trees bearing fruits, which exhaled unknown fragrance. Some of them had flowers of fire; and in these flowers revelled bees of gold, the murmur of which was an enchanting music.

"Scarcely had I entered these happy regions, when I perceived the influence of the climate; I was light and joyous; I no longer walked, but leaped: I alit on the summits of the trees.

"There I found all that I believed that I had lost by death, or by forgetfulness. I found them all living—all happy, and all loving me with a delightful tenderness. They were all young and beautiful. There I beheld all things that I had ever dreamed of, or desired, and which I had expelled from my

thoughts and from my heart, as follies and fancies of a sick brain. I saw them all realized—common and familiar. No one was astonished at them; and I no more than the rest. At my call, the tigers and lions came and rubbed themselves against me, and offered themselves to carry me; but what need had I of them, for I flew myself like an eagle?

“There I re-found Madeleine—Madeleine who loved me, and explained that she had never been unfaithful to me; but, oh! happiness inexpressible! I know not what she said to me, nor what arguments she used. All that I know is that I believed her. And M. Muller! how he grasped my hand! How happy he was in our happiness! And my father—my father, for whom I had wept so—he was not dead! He went with me into that fortunate land, where were re-united all those that I loved. He had still the same smiling and open countenance; and from his fingers flowed streams of harmony still.

“It seemed as if my life up to that moment had only been a dream and a nightmare, where, after difficult trials and an initiation, the phantoms which had terrified me were made to vanish from around me. I was rich, and I lavished on Madeleine all that women love—all that one loves to give them. Over what magnificent precious stones, over what carpets, and what flowers she walked! What pearls were woven into the waves of hair which floated behind her as she walked! How beautiful she was! How adorned she was by all these riches, and how rich I was in her! The precious stones—the diamonds which surrounded her, or which glittered beneath her feet; they were not deemed worthy to shine upon her. I gave her stars to emblazon her hair. Mars, that red star—Venus, that cerulean one—that I had so long seen sparkling in the heavens, they were not, as we had been told, great planets; they were flowers of fire, which gave her a ravishing air.

“Then, as I examined her further, I discovered that she was at the same time all the women that in the whole course of my life I had loved or desired. Then, our regards encountering each other, the flame that flashed thence confounded itself, and confounded us both also. I was she, and she was I; I felt her blood in my veins. I then comprehended what love truly is—a flame divided into two, which strives to re-unite.

“Oh, my friend! that beautiful country! No one interfered with us; no one envied our happiness; we thought of no one else. And how blue was that heaven!

“This country, my friend, you may visit as I did. If you were here you might be there this evening; but take care that no stupid person comes to knock at your door in the morning, and wake you, as they did me; for it is a heavy fall from those

smiling regions of dreams into this arid country which we call life. On sound reflection, however, who knows if, after what we call death, we shall not discover that what we named life was really a dream; and, what we took for dreams, were really excursions into the region of real life which our soul made, whilst our body—that prison of flesh—was asleep.”

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

TAKING at the commencement of a New Year a view of the past, we naturally ask ourselves whether as teachers we have been instrumental in disseminating truth or error.

As one of the contributors to this Magazine I have accumulated and recorded a large number of strange facts which tend to uphold the doctrine of spirit-communion, and I ask myself whether I am conscious of having given currency to any important statement which I would now desire to modify or withdraw? and I am happy in being able to say—no, not one. The curious phenomena of which I have spoken from time to time have been either witnessed by myself, or have been described as having been seen by others equally trustworthy. None of these statements have been truthfully impugned, and thus an amount of evidence has been published in the pages of this Magazine which ought to be sufficient to establish beyond cavil that there are intelligent, invisible agencies in active operation around us, which under certain conditions, and in apparent contravention of all recognized natural laws, produce phenomena of a very surprising and, even to the most initiated, very puzzling character. The *Cui bono?* and the possible evil consequences of encouraging these investigations are questions entitled to respectful consideration; but to deny the existence of the phenomena, and to assert that millions of men and women, in all parts of the world, are victims to a delusive epidemic, is a monstrous folly which no intelligent man will dare at this day to assert, unless he is himself nursing an idle delusion.

We need not therefore waste time to argue with that class of opponents, still less with those who can only meet the evidence by a foolish attempt to laugh the witnesses out of court. Let me then devote a few words to a consideration of one of those objections we are bound to answer, though I am conscious that I can add nothing new, nor say anything that has not been

better said by many others; and it must be understood that I am only addressing myself to new enquirers who I know are springing up about us every day. The question is constantly asked by believers in the Bible—"If Spiritualism be true, what is the use of it?" I reply, if you who are provided with the comforts of life, were to ask the hungry mendicant why he lingers at your door, his answer would be, "I want something that will satisfy my cravings, give it me!" One half the world want that faith which satisfies you. They cannot obtain it as you have done, will you deny them the means of securing it in any other way? The Book that gives you comfort commands no respect from the man who does not believe in it. The eloquent preacher whom you admire, and whose reasoning you think conclusive, has no influence upon the sceptic. He marvels at what he thinks your folly, but at the same time he is not quite satisfied with his own unsettled condition. He does not say there *is not* another state of existence, but he has no faith in it. He wants a revelation to satisfy his doubts, and Spiritualism and its phenomena furnish it. He finds, perhaps, in the manifestations which some think low and undignified, the evidence for which he has thirsted. Will you deny him that—and say, if he cannot obtain it in the inspired Word of God as you have found it, he must go without it? No, you dare not say that if you are a Christian! and this is, in part, my answer to your question of *Cui bono*? Don't carp at the nature of some of the manifestations;—at least, recollect that we who receive them as proof of spirit existence *don't make them*. We know from our better experiences that they are but the means to an end, and that when the sceptic is once convinced of their reality, he is prepared to advance and to realize the higher teachings which Spiritualism unfolds. No other "*ism*" has made such rapid strides in the history of the world. It is now well known that, in less than 20 years, millions of intelligent men and women, many of whom were materialists, have found a refuge and a consolation in Spiritualism for which they had previously sought in vain. What can it be then that gives such irresistible evidence and makes so many converts, despite the ridicule and opposition of the press, the bigots and the scientists, but a demonstrated and patent truth? You cannot demonstrate a falsehood, nor destroy a fact. There is, however, a right and a wrong path in every walk of life. We know when "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," that evil consequences will follow; I, therefore, warn the profligate and the heedless of the danger there may be in encouraging disorderly spirits, and of the folly of accepting all they are told by every spirit-pretender who may come into their presence.

An illustration of the fanatical conduct of some persons who rush into Spiritualism without any knowledge of the landmarks for their guidance, and rush out again after a few days' experience, convinced of its reality, but equally certain that it is all diabolism, has recently been given by a gentleman and his wife, who have published their experience.

Mr. and Mrs. C—— attend a *séance* at which the spirit of "a darling child" is manifestly present. They attend a second *séance*, and, through the same medium, they are confirmed in the conviction of the real presence of their child. Mr. C—— then finds that he is himself a medium, and, forthwith, he purchases a small table for the exercise of his power.

His first experiment proves to him beyond a doubt that an intelligent being, though invisible, is with him; but he speedily begins to suspect that whatever the character may have been of the spirit which first manifested to him through another medium, this, which is now communicating through himself, is an evil spirit. On his "wishing it to walk to the dining room, it started at once." He was struck by its heavy tread, "so very unlike the footfalls of a young child," and he exclaimed, "This is *not* the spirit of my child, if so I want no other manifestation." Becoming more and more suspicious of the character of this particular visitant, he said, "If thou art not the spirit of my child, march out of the house." "The table did, indeed, 'march,' making a noise like the loud and well-measured footfalls of a heavy dragoon—literally shaking everything in the room."

This gentleman then adjured the spirit in a variety of forms, and asked if it was not a bad spirit? and it said, "Yes!" Then he said, "Accursed devil! by the living God I adjure thee to speak the truth! Has the spirit of my child *ever* been put in communication with myself or her mother through this or any other table?" The "accursed devil" said, "No, never!" Then, after similar assurances, Mr. C. made up his mind to believe the devil; and he closed his experiments with an *auto da fé*, by *breaking up and burning the table!* This illustration will serve to point a moral, inasmuch as it shews the need of acquiring some knowledge of the subject prior to entering on a course of practical investigation, and of exercising discrimination and patience, and a more Christian spirit, in conducting it. Such experiences are as little creditable to the intelligence of the actors as they are derogatory to Spiritualism. But even these support the truth of spirit intercourse, and the reality of the phenomena—the main points to which *my* efforts are directed through the pages of this Magazine. The evidence of these is accumulating around us in many ways; and to some of which I desire now to draw attention.

SOME FURTHER FACTS OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Referring the reader to the evidence I have given in former numbers of this Magazine of THE REALITY OF SPIRIT VOICES, and of the active intelligence displayed by the two spirits, known as John King and his companion Kate (names which may be taken as generic), through the mediumship of the Marshalls, I find that much interest is excited by the statements I have already made, and a desire to know more of the character of these manifestations, and of the conditions under which they are exhibited. Several of my friends who have attended these *séances* but once, are not satisfied with the slender evidence they obtain on special points, and think it important that the facts of this oral communion should be thoroughly sifted and freed from all taint of suspicion.

I have had many opportunities, it is true, of examining this case, but I am not competent to offer a solution of the scientific problem involved.

I have satisfied my own mind, and I think I have already given ample evidence to satisfy others, of the *bonâ fides* of this curious exhibition. I have conclusively proved that ventriloquism (the only suggestion made to explain the speaking), is entirely inadmissible. The mediums have talked and sung at the same moment that John and Kate were speaking or singing. Both spirits have spoken repeatedly to me (and others, in my presence), at the same time, one on each side, so close to my ears that their breaths were distinctly felt. Kate, in her low voice, has frequently spoken as if she were standing behind my chair, and I have been unable to catch all she said in consequence of the overpowering loudness of John's voice in conversation with another person at the opposite side of the table. Kate, who, I think, draws her power from Mrs. Marshall, sitting on my right hand, has, on several occasions, spoken through the tube (elevated horizontally to the height of my head) to the person sitting on my left hand; and, whilst this conversation was going on, the tube rested against my forehead, and I have felt every word vibrating as it passed from the invisible speaker. At the same time I have held Mrs. Marshall's hands in mine, and also, at the same time, John was heard in active conversation on the other side of the table nearest to Mr. Marshall. On one occasion, I asked John to let me hold one end of the tube whilst he held the other. "Take it," he said. I put out my hand, and tried to get hold, but it was not there. "Well, why don't you take it?" he tauntingly asked. This question came from the direction of the ceiling. I rose from my chair, and stretched out my arm, the voice still taunting me from a height out of my reach, and

directly over my head. This, and many other incidents, which have happened in my presence, satisfies me that impenetrable as the darkness is to us, we are distinctly visible to the spirits.

One of my correspondents says, "Mr. Marshall, it appears, is the real medium in this case," and there is evidently a lingering suspicion that Mr. Marshall has something more than mediumship to do with these oral exhibitions. I believe, as I have been told by the Marshalls themselves, that Mr. Marshall's presence is necessary for obtaining strong and continuous oral power during a sitting, which frequently occupies two hours, but I have now satisfied myself that the voice can be obtained without his presence at all. I have reason, too, from what I hear, to believe that there are other mediums in London who are now obtaining these oral communications, and I am of opinion that *every* medium for physical manifestations can, under suitable conditions, get the voices with more or less power; but, so far, the Marshalls, I believe, are far the best. At a recent visit to them, I asked the elder Mrs. Marshall, who does not like the dark *séances*, and who had not sat at any at which I had been present, to accompany the younger Mrs. Marshall and me to the dark room. We three only were present. I invited John to speak to me. Within a minute he addressed me with the usual form of greeting, and continued to talk for several minutes. The voice was as strong, at first, and as clear as I ever heard it. It was precisely the same tone—it was, in fact, the very same voice. I expressed to him my surprise at this, and he said, "Oh, Marshall and his mother are the same, you know; but I can do better with him," then dropping his tone, and, as I believe, feigning a weakness to propitiate Mr. Marshall, who appeared piqued at my making this experiment, John said, in a husky voice, "I can't keep up; let Marshall come in."

It is from the result of this experiment that I now think we are entering on a new phase, that spirits speaking will be a common manifestation,—that we shall soon obtain these voices through many mediums, and perhaps to realise the promises which have been made to me several times during the past three or four years, and doubtless to others, by spirit messages through the alphabet, "We will walk with you and talk with you as when on earth."

John King, too, has said that he will give us a surprise some day soon. "We expect to be able," he said, "to shew ourselves and to talk to you." "What prevents you doing so now?" I have asked. "We have not found the exact conditions, but we shall: I am always trying." One evening when 33 persons were present, and John was bouncing about from one to another in a very excited state, he suddenly said, "Strike a light! strike

a light!" I lighted a candle, and then asked him to rap three times when he wished it to be extinguished. In a few minutes he did so, and I enquired why he wanted the light in such haste. "The power," he said, "was becoming too strong for me to control, and I was afraid of mischief."

I tried to get some further information at that time, and could not; but subsequently, when alone with the mediums, I asked John to explain that circumstance. He said, "We gather the electric effusion which passes from persons around us, and form a body, which is invisible to you, but visible to us, and we occupy this body. Sometimes we can only make part of a body, and then the manifestations are not so strong. Now, my object is to make the body visible to you, and I try many experiments, which don't always succeed, and the electric power then becomes too strong for my control." John, as I have before said, is a very erratic sort of personage, and it is almost impossible to hold him to any serious point. He flies off at a tangent, and, instead of giving a direct answer, rallies you in a jocular way with marvellous quickness of repartee, and frequently quotes pertinent passages from Shakespeare. The above is the most connected explanation I have been able to get from him. In answer to the question why other spirits did not speak through these mediums, he said, "All *spirits* are not mediums! You are not a medium, and cannot receive a message! They are not mediums, and cannot give one!" This, of course, is not a complete and satisfactory answer, as there must be multitudes of spirits who possess this condition, supposing that conditions *are* as necessary to the spirit as to us. I rather incline to the belief that it is only one class of spirits who can use one class of earthly mediums.

I have long ceased to regard the ordinary messages received through mediums who get powerful physical manifestations, and I never allow such communications to influence my actions in any way. But I see the value and importance of all manifestations, and the necessity of collecting the facts and classifying them; they are evidently tending to very important results which the scientific world cannot much longer withstand. They prove beyond doubt that there is a *force*, not yet recognized by natural philosophy, in active operation all around us, and that this force is accompanied by *intelligence*, which from the evidence we are justified in believing proceeds from, and is exercised by, the living denizens of the spirit world, and that thus the close connection of the TWO WORLDS is shown. It is vain and foolish to deny the *facts*, the evidence is overwhelming, and the student of natural philosophy therefore must be prepared to accept and deal with them as best

he may. The voices proceeding from invisible intelligent entities is, in my belief, but the introduction to greater unfoldings of this nature. The frequent, now almost daily, evidence that material substances can pass through any material barrier is now known to many. The readers of this Magazine have seen so many statements made by competent witnesses of this seemingly impossible phenomenon, that I feel that further evidence upon the point is unnecessary, for them, at least; but I have witnessed something recently which strengthens my conviction that the law of matter is over-ridden by spirit power, and I think it useful to record the

INCIDENTS AT ANOTHER SEANCE WITH MISS NICHOLL.

Six persons were present, whose names can be given, if necessary. We sat, as usual, round a circular drawing room table, above which a glass chandelier was suspended.

The light being extinguished, the first movement made by the invisible operators was to place a small work-table with three legs, upon the large table; this was done without noise, and without touching any of the party or the chandelier, though there was but a space of five or six inches left between it and the top of this small table.

The communications generally through Miss Nicholl's mediumship are made by rapping sounds, which, however, with her are comparatively feeble, and this table it appeared was placed in that position to make the raps with more distinctness. It tilted, no one touching it, and rapped with one of its legs to the letters of the alphabet. Seated, as I was, opposite to Miss Nicholl, the small table formed a barrier to that extent between us. I said to the spirits, "Please to give me something substantial that I can carry away with me, will you?" The leg rapped three times, signifying "Yes." Miss Nicholl added, "Give him one of the most precious things in life."

In an instant, a thick round of a fresh loaf of bread was put into my hands. There was no bread in the room, as far as any of us, knew before we sat to the table, and, of course, no one moved from their seats. I pressed for something more. The light was called for immediately, and we found a fine apple, of a very unusual size in the centre of the table, and something was seen to fall, as if from the ceiling, just behind my chair. It proved to be a remarkably beautiful specimen of pink heather in full flower, thirteen inches long, quite fresh, and the stem showed that it had been but that moment gathered by *breaking*, not by cutting it off.

We all examined the apple, and when the light was again extinguished, I placed it on the table, and said, "Now that apple

is large enough for all of us; suppose you cut it up in six equal parts, and give a piece to each. Can you cut it up?" "Yes."

We then heard a crisp cut as if a sharp knife had passed quickly through the apple, then a second, and a third cut, and a piece of it was given to each of five of the party. Upon collecting and examining the pieces, we found that my request had not been literally complied with; it was not cut into six equal parts, but into five unequal parts, presenting the appearance of the blocks of a Chinese puzzle. It required a good deal of ingenuity to put them together again, which we only effected after several trials. Now I ask any sceptic to ponder these facts, and, more especially, the production and the cutting of the apple.

No one knew that I should ask for the apple to be cut up. It is possible that had there been a knife in the room, which there was not, and, had we all fallen asleep for a minute or two, the apple might have been cut up without detection by an expert hand into *six pieces*, as I had requested; but I am satisfied that no living man could have cut up an apple *in the dark* in the ingenious way this was cut. It was an optical delusion; we were all psychologized; the thing did not really occur, though we believed it did; will be among the foolish attempts at explaining this and similar phenomena. But the answer in this case is, that I carried the apple away with me, and, together with the heather, placed it under a glass shade, where it still remains.

Many other equally strange facts which have recently occurred through Miss Nicholl's mediumship have been related to me, and one by a gentleman who sat next to me on the evening when the incident I have just alluded to took place. This gentleman said he had up to within a few days been a great sceptic. "I had been present," he said, "at two *séances* when fruit and flowers had been brought to us, but I found it impossible to accept the evidence. There were persons present whom I did not know, and I was sure there must be collusion among some of them. On the third evening, I became greatly excited, and I said I would forfeit 100 guineas if Miss Nicholl could prove to me the genuineness of the phenomena upon my own conditions, which were—that she should accompany me alone into the small room adjoining, and allow me to hold her hands. She consented, (though she would not hear of any forfeit) and, taking our seats at a small table, I took her hands in mine, and then challenged the invisibles to produce any kind of fruit. In an instant or two I heard something fall upon the table, as if it had come from the ceiling, and there, to my astonishment, I found a bunch of grapes! This was conclusive—the test was complete—and I am now a confirmed believer in the manifestations."

NEW SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

WE have had within the last few weeks some very remarkable manifestations of spiritual presence and power, and I will render the account of what occurred as briefly as the recording of a series of truly characteristic phenomena will permit. The medium present at the *séances* was Mr. D. D. Home.

The first group of the manifestations (I use the term "group" to mark the characteristic difference of the phenomena on each occasion) occurred at a friend's house at Great Malvern. Those present had only incidentally met, and owing to a prohibition being laid upon Mr. Home by his medical man against trying his strength, no *séance* was attempted. I name this as characteristic. Raps in different parts of the room, and the movement of the furniture, however, soon told of the presence of the invisibles. The library in which the party had met communicated with the hall, and the door having been left half open, a broad stream of light from the burners of the gas lamp lit up the room. At the suggestion of one of the party, the candles were removed. The rapping which had till then been heard in different parts of the room, suddenly made a pause, and then the unusual phenomenon of the appearance of spirit-forms manifested itself. The opening of the half-closed door was suddenly darkened by an invisible agency, the room becoming pitch dark. Then the wall opposite became illumined, the library being now lit up by a luminous element, for it cannot be described otherwise. Between those present and the opposite and now illumined wall two spirit-forms were seen, their shadowy outline on the wall well defined. The forms moved to and fro. They made an effort to speak; the articulation, however, was too imperfect to permit of the meaning of the words being understood. The darkening which had obscured the half-closed door was then removed, and the broad light from the hall lamp reappeared, looking quite dim in comparison with the luminous brilliancy of the light that had passed away. Again the room became darkened, then illumined, and a colossal head and shoulders appeared to rise from the floor, visible only by the shadow it cast upon the illumined wall. What added to the interest was the apparent darkening and lighting up of the room at will, and that repeatedly, the library door remaining half open all the while. The time occupied by these phenomena was perhaps five to ten minutes, the manifestations terminating quite abruptly.

The second group of phenomena was manifested at the house of a well-known literary gentleman, and in the presence of several other witnesses whose names are equally well known.

In this instance the gentleman at whose house friends had met, anxious again to witness spiritual manifestations, asked Mr. Home to allow a *séance* to be held; but this the prohibition of his medical man compelled him to refuse. Despite, however, of his reluctance to concede to the wishes of his friends, the invisibles soon gave signs of their presence by raps on and *inside* the piano in the adjoining room, followed by raps all over the room, on the floor, window, ceiling, mantelpiece, &c. Unable to resist these demonstrations, a *séance* was arranged, and the party seated itself round a small kettle-drum octagon table covered with velvet, the legs being screwed into the top, and then we awaited the result. After a short pause raps were heard on the table, which was tilted and raised straight up in the air, next rolled into the lap of Mrs. —, then into the lap of Mr. H.; after which it was placed on Mr. H.'s foot, and balanced to and fro whilst in that position; it finally turned itself upside down. Raps were then heard, and a sentence spelt out, to the effect, that *this* was the present condition of Spiritualism, that it would soon be otherwise. The table was then seized by an invisible power, and again set on its legs. Mr. Home had in the meantime risen from his chair, impelled he said to do so, and was walking to and fro. Then followed the extraordinary phenomenon of the lengthening out and shortening of the medium's body; a phenomenon not unknown to those who have followed this inquiry, but nevertheless very remarkable, and equally unaccountable. Mr. Home said he felt as if his hair was being pulled, but without causing pain; on the contrary he described the sensation as pleasant. At his request one of those present held his feet, his body becoming elongated whilst thus held, to the height of seven feet—the time occupied in this elongation being about one minute. Between Mr. Home's waist-band and waistcoat the clothing separated the span of a hand wide, showing distinctly that his body had become stretched. Those present now grouped round Mr. Home to satisfy themselves as to the reality of what they saw; the interest in the phenomenon being increased by the repetition of the lengthening and shortening. The act of elongating and drawing in appeared to take place almost at will; for strange to say, Mr. Home alternately shrank into the size of a boy, and then again lengthened out to quite seven feet. Every means was resorted to by those present to test the truth of this extraordinary manifestation; the phenomenon was so inconceivable and strange that all felt it needed more than ordinary proof to convince them that no self-

deception was deluding them into belief of an absurdity. These manifestations lasted for quite seven minutes.*

On Mr. Home resuming his seat, raps were heard in different parts of the room. The octagon kettle-drum table was again seized by an invisible power, raised straight up into the air and placed inverted upon the head of Mr. Home. It is necessary to state that Mr. Home remained perfectly motionless whilst the table was being held and balanced on his head. Words were again spelt out, significant of the meaning of this droll procedure, such as "*It is hard to bear, but it is a crown.*" The table was then replaced in the centre of the circle, and again raised straight up over the heads of those present, and carried to the farther end of the room. Mr. H. then said he felt something hard touching his hand, and that the palm of his hand had been opened by an invisible power. On examining what it was that had touched him it was found to be the leg of the octagon table, which, it now appeared, had been screwed off, and placed in Mr. H.'s hand. Sentences were then spelt out, "Truth is strength,"—"We will give you strength when you most need it,"—followed by other sentences of a similar meaning. The leg of the table was taken by the invisibles from Mr. H.'s hand, and carried across the table to Mr. Home. It was then observed to pass between Mr. Home's coat and waistcoat, down his spine, then moved up and down, and from side to side. To make certain that no self-deception was practised, those present examined the table leg as it passed up and down Mr. Home's spine, touching the end with their hands. During this process Mr. Home described his sensations as if under influence of shocks from an electric battery. The octagon table now, with its two legs, was replaced by the invisibles in the centre of the circle. Next the leg of the table was taken from Mr. Home's back and carried round to each present, gently touching their faces and hands, and finally, in the presence of all, screwed firmly into the top of the octagon table. Again raps were heard all over the room, movements of furniture, and sounds not unlike the laugh of a child resounded in the air.

When these had subsided, the final and culminating phenom-

* That this elongation and contraction of the body of mediumistic persons, or "the inspired," as they were then called (as well as other forms of modern mediumship), was not unknown to the ancients appears from the following passage in Jamblictrus:—"The signs of those that are inspired are multiform. Some are agitated throughout the whole body, others in some of their members, others, again, are entirely quiet. Sometimes there are pleasing harmonies, dances, and according voices, and sometimes the contraries of these. Again, *the body is seen to be taller or larger*, or is elevated, or borne aloft through the air; or *the contraries of these* are seen to take place about it." *On the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians.* Sect. III. cap. 5.—[EDITOR.]

menon was manifested, which in itself constitutes quite an epoch in the history of spiritual phenomena, replete as the records of spiritual manifestations are with what, under ordinary circumstances, would be regarded as impossible. After a short pause, a luminous coronet of star-like light points settled upon the head of Mr. —, and remained stationary, resting on his head for several minutes. Then a semi-luminous appearance was manifested, which assumed the outline of a face with two star-like eyes; Mr. H—— said he felt as if this form was pressing against him. Mr. Home had in the meantime arisen from his chair, and was walking to and fro complaining of pressure on the head; suddenly he said he felt a weight on his head. It was then noticed that a luminous crown, narrow at the base, and broad at the top, had been placed on his head. Tendrils and outlines of leaves were plainly visible, the leaves being vine-shaped, fashioned into the form of a crown as already described. Mr. Home appeared greatly agitated, and repeated, "I am crowned,"—"I am free from pain,"—"I am receiving a new mission,"—"The pain in my head is gone." He then walked up and down the room, the excitement all but overpowering him. Finally the luminous crown was removed from his head, while sweet-toned notes were distinctly heard proceeding from it; after which it was gently carried towards those present, as though for their inspection, and then removed into the angle of the door, where it remained luminously visible for four or five minutes—visible as though it were from its own intrinsic light. The brilliancy of its star-like form had so deeply impressed all present, that after its disappearance they continued to gaze at the place where the beautiful luminous crown had once stood, unable to realise its disappearance. I may add that Mr. Home has since that evening been quite restored to health. We have thus on record a second instance of the curative power of Direct Spirit Mesmerism.

I have now to record the last group of manifestations which occurred at a friend's house, also at Great Malvern, towards the middle of last month.

In this instance the *séance* was held by appointment. Our object being that of investigation, we limited the number to three, and I must add used every precaution we could think of, to preclude the possibility of self-deception; we likewise guarded against any possible preparatory arrangement. Accordingly we changed from the library to the dining-room. We were soon seated at a heavy square table. Twenty minutes passed without any manifestation; then came gentle raps, followed by the table being lifted, tilted, and gently vibrated. Then raps were heard simultaneously in different and opposite parts of the room. At

my suggestion the lamp was partly turned down, when a cold current of air was felt to pass over our hands and faces. A pause ensued. The dining-room table-leaf stand in the corner of the room then commenced to vibrate, and one of the leaves being taken from the stand was passed between Mr. Home and the table at which we were seated. It was then raised straight up and passing vertically over my friend, gently touched him; in passing over me it struck me on the crown of the head, but so gently that I could hardly realise it to be the heavy leaf of the dining-room table; the touch nevertheless caused the leaf to vibrate all but sonorously. I name this to prove how delicately balanced and suspended in the air the leaf of the table must have been to have produced the vibration. It then passed over to the right, touching my shoulders, and finally was placed upon the table at which we were seated. The distance the leaf was carried I compute at nearly twelve yards (allowing for the circuit made) and at an elevation of six feet. A small round table was then moved from the corner of the room, and placed next to my friend, and in reply to his question *who it was*, he received the answer, audible to us all, "*Pa'—Pa', dear—darling Pa'.*" An arm chair behind my friend, and at a distance of three yards, was raised up straight into the air, carried over our heads, and placed upon the dining-room table to my left—a voice clearly and loudly repeating the words, "Papa's chair." We then observed the wooden box of the accordion being carried from the extreme corner of the room, up to my friend. In passing my right hand, I passed my hand under and over the box, as it travelled suspended in the air to my front. I did this to make sure of the fact of its being moved by an invisible agency, and not by means of mechanical aid. The box was finally deposited on the table in front of my friend. Mr. Home had in the meantime taken the accordion in his right hand, and given me his left hand. Words were spelt out that the spirits would play his life, from early infancy to the final drama—"Daniel in the Lion's Den," evidently in allusion to his suit with Mrs. Lyon. The accordion immediately commenced playing, and continued so for fifteen minutes. What added to the interest was the accompaniment by voices imitating the clock in the hall, the rush of the waves, and when the "Lion's Den" was played, loud roars in imitation of lions were heard. I counted three or four voices. The accordion was then taken from Mr. Home, carried about in the room and played. Voices were distinctly heard; a low whispering, and voices imitating the break of a wave on the shore. Finally the accordion placed itself upon the table we were seated at, and two luminous hands were distinctly seen resting on the keys of the instrument. They remained luminously visible for

from twenty to thirty seconds, and then melted away. I had in the meantime, and at the request of my friend, taken hold of the accordion; whilst so held by me, an invisible hand laid hold of the instrument and played for two or three minutes what appeared to me to be sacred music. Voices were then heard, a kind of murmuring or low whistling and breathing; at times in imitation of the murmur of the waves of the sea, at other times more plaintively melodious. The accordion was then a second time taken by an invisible power, carried over our heads, and a small piece of sacred music played—then a hymn—voices in deep sonorous notes singing the hallelujah. I thought I could make out three voices, but my friend said he could speak to four. A jet of light then crossed the room, after which a star or brilliantly luminous disk, followed by the appearance of a softly luminous column of light, which moved up between me and my friend. I cannot say that I could discern any distinct outline. The luminous column appeared to me to be about five to six feet high, the subdued soft light mounting from it half illumining the room. The column or luminous appearance then passed to my right; and a chair was moved and placed next to me. I distinctly heard the rustling as of a silk dress. Instinctively I put my hand forward to ascertain the presence of the guest, when a soft hand seized my hand and wrist. I then felt that the skirt of a dress had covered my knees. I grasped it; it felt like thick silk, and melted away as I firmly clenched my hand on it. By this time I admit I shuddered. A heavy footstep then passed to my right, the floor vibrating to the footfall; the spirit-form now walked up to the fire-place, clapping its hands as it passed me. I then felt something press against the back of my chair; the weight was so great that as the form leaned on my shoulder I had to bend forward under the pressure. Two hands gently pressed my forehead,—I noticed a luminous appearance at my right; I was kissed, and what to me at the time made my very frame thrill again, spoken to in a sweet, low, melodious voice. The words uttered by the spirit were distinctly heard by all present. As the spirit-form passed away, it repeated the words, "I kissed you, I kissed you," and I felt three taps on each shoulder, audible to all present, as if in parting to reimpress me with the reality of its presence. I shuddered again, and in spite of all my heroism, felt very "uncanny." My friend now called our attention to his being patted by a soft hand on his head. I heard a kiss, and then the words, "Papa, dear papa." He said his left hand was being kissed, and that a soft child-like hand was caressing him. A cloud of light appeared to be standing at his left.

Direct spirit writing, which has so often been questioned, was

also manifested that evening in my presence. The writing I have preserved, but cannot for serious reasons give its contents, startling and unusual as they are. A sheet of paper which had been placed before me at the commencement of the *séance* was rolled up into the shape of a speaking trumpet, the edge having been torn off and placed in a wooden box, which the spirits had placed in front of my friend. Voices, raps, soft breathing, and music, were heard; finally after the hallelujah had been sung, words were spelt out, telling us they "could do no more."

October, 1867.

H. D. JENCKEN,
Kilmorey House, Norwood.

November, 1867.

SIR,—I have again to record some interesting facts in connection with the subject of spiritual manifestations, and which have occurred since I last addressed you.

The *séances* to which I now allude were held at my house, and I need hardly add that every means were resorted to to prevent deception or self-delusion.

At the first of the *séances*—and at which, as well as at those subsequently held, Mr. D. D. Home was present—I had invited a friend of mine to attend, who required to be more than ordinarily satisfied of the truth of the manifestations, owing to his utter scepticism. The manifestations commenced spontaneously whilst we were seated at the tea table in the dining room, the table at which we were seated being unexpectedly moved, tilted, and partly raised, and then followed by very loud sonorous raps. The fire-screen behind Mr. Home's chair was removed—laid on the floor, and glided as of itself towards Mrs. —.

My sceptical guest had in the meantime arrived, and we soon found ourselves seated round a square table in the drawing room. Raps and tilting of the table, at once occurred; sentences were spelt out; the names of near relatives of one of those present were given; then raps and vibrations of the room, so violent that the servants in the adjoining house felt the trembling. Mr. Home had by this time gone off into a trance state. Whilst in this trance he said he saw a spirit-form standing next to my guest. The form, character, and past history were so accurately detailed that the identity of the spirit-friend was unmistakably established, much to the surprise of the gentleman, whose departed friend had been quite unknown to Mr. Home. A few sentences were then spelt out, and the manifestations ended.

At a subsequent *séance* the physical demonstrations of spirit

power were very marked. On this occasion six of us sat down to a *séance*. Raps, very gentle at first, then increasing in strength, were heard; then the table tilted. After a while the curtains began to be moved, as though pushed forward by a hand from the window, into the room. This manifestation was repeated several times. The semi-grand piano now moved and vibrated. Three or four times in succession the piano was bodily raised quite two inches off the ground and carried from the wall, two to three feet, into the room. Raps were then heard in and on the piano, and the instrument literally trembled. The table next to Mrs. — (not the one we were seated at) was now gently and elegantly raised and suspended in the air, as far as I could judge eighteen inches to two feet off the ground. It remained in this position for from one to two minutes; time enough to allow one of the party to lay down under the table and make certain that no mechanical means had been used. This manifestation was repeated. Three or four times—the table being elegantly balanced in the air whilst not one of those in the room was seated at or even touched it. The accordion was now taken by Mr. Home, and, whilst held by him by one hand, a very beautiful hymn was played and followed by some pieces of sacred music. I noticed distinctly the movement of the keys of the accordion, and which, as the instrument was now horizontally suspended in the air with the finger-board end towards the lights, I was enabled to see; the keys were moved regularly as though pressed by the fingers of a hand.

In answer to the question how many spirits were present, the table tilted twelve times; this was repeated for several minutes, the twelfth tilt being marked by a loud rap or knock. Finally the sentence was spelt out, "We can do no more—we have no more power." The word "power" being spelt by tilting of the end of the semi-grand piano, at a distance of quite four yards from where Mr. Home was seated.

SPIRIT SEEING—SPIRIT VISIONS.

I have also to record several very marked instances of spirit visions. On one occasion the friends present had only casually met; and were seated round the drawing table. Suddenly Mr. Home, who had all the while been engaged conversing with the ladies, changed the expression of his countenance, rose, and, having played a few chords on the piano, returned to resume his seat, but now in a state of trance; his face rigid, hands cold, and the fingers extended. He steadfastly gazed across to where Mrs. — was seated, and said, "L—— S—— is standing between you and Mr. —. I see her as she was in

life—mark, not as she is, but as she was when on earth.” Mr. Home then accurately described the personal appearance of the spirit when on earth. So marked and clear were the traits he delineated that no doubt as to identity remained in the minds of those present. He said a child which had passed away in early infancy was standing next to L—— S——, and that the spirit of L—— S—— was much pleased, and anxious to communicate with Mrs. ——, whom she had loved on earth ; and to prove her identity recalled a conversation that had taken place years ago between the two friends. He then said that L—— S—— wished to say that since passing away her views had much changed—that she had first to unlearn in order to learn. The spirit then impressed Mr. Home to remind Mrs. —— of a conversation Mrs. —— had recently held with her husband, and repeated part of the conversation that had taken place. I must mention that Mr. Home was a perfect stranger to the deceased person, whose name he had never even heard of. We have here what borders very narrowly upon a proof of the actual presence of the spirit of a departed friend, for we have name, description of person, marked incidents in past life, all given, sufficient to establish an identity in any court of law ; but possibly not proof enough to dispel the doubt of a sceptic.

Spirits, visions, spirit appearances, are not unfamiliar to me since I have followed the inquiry into spiritual phenomena, and what has added to my deep interest in this subject is the conviction that the departed do re-visit earth in obedience to a great law we at present only guess at—in obedience to a great physical law which permits this ; and in obedience to a great dispensation, as William Howitt calls it—a dispensation so much needed in these materialistic days to make men think and bestir themselves—do what William Howitt has done, with his large brain and good honest heart, speak out and tell the truth at all cost—at any hazard, even at the risk of being derided.

December, 1867.

Since writing the above I have been present at four *séances*, at which Mr. D. D. Home was elongated and shortened, and as this phenomenon is so strange and incomprehensible to me, I have on all these occasions used my utmost endeavour to make certain of the fact. I will, as my space is very limited, single out two of these manifestations ; as in these instances I had the amplest opportunity of examining Mr. Home, and measuring the actual elongation and shortening.

On the first of the evenings Lord —— was seated next to

Mr. Home, who had passed into a trance state, in which after uttering a most beautiful and solemn prayer, he alluded to the protecting spirits whose mission is to act as guardian angels to men. "The one who is to protect you," addressing Lord —, "is as tall as this." And upon saying this Mr. Home grew taller and taller; as I stood next to him (my height is 6 feet) I hardly reached up to his shoulder, and in the glass opposite he appeared a full head taller than myself. The extension appeared to take place from the waist, and the clothing separated 8 to 10 inches. Walking to and fro, Mr. Home specially called our attention to the fact of his feet being firmly planted on the ground. He then grew shorter and shorter, until he only reached my shoulder, his waistcoat overlapping to his hip. Other and equally remarkable manifestations occurred that evening; six spirit-hands were made visible; beautiful discs of light floated about the room and our semi-grand was raised bodily two feet into the air,—but I must refrain from continuing my narrative, and give an account of the last evening that the elongation occurred. After witnessing a series of most interesting manifestations, shadow-forms appearing on the walls of the room—then spirit-hands touching several of those present, and voices, uttering "Holy, holy, holy," Mr. Home fell off into the trance state which I have so often noticed precedes the more remarkable manifestations. Whilst in this state he said, "Daniel has been elongated six times, he will be elongated thirty times during his life;" and encouraging every mode of testing the truth of this marvellous phenomenon made me hold his feet, whilst the Hon. Mr. — placed his hands on his head and shoulders. The elongation was repeated three times—twice whilst he was standing—the extension measured on the wall by the Hon. Mr. — shewed 8 inches; the extension at the waist, as measured by Mr. —, was 6 inches, and the third time the elongation occurred Mr. Home was seated next to Mrs. —, who, placing her hand on his head—and her feet on his feet—had the utmost difficulty in keeping her position, as Mr. Home's body grew higher and higher; the extreme extension reached being 6 inches.

Later in the night spirit-forms walked about the room. Indeed I could fill page after page with my narrative of the manifestations that occurred; but must desist: possibly I may address you on some future occasion.

H. D. JENCKEN.

THE TWO METHODS:—METAPHYSICS AND SPIRITUALISM,

WITH A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF RECENT GERMAN
SPECULATIONS ON IMMORTALITY.

By T. S.

THE German people are pre-eminent for *geist*, and German writers are famous for scholarship and metaphysical philosophy. Much given to abstraction, to the analysis of the human faculties and emotions, to subtle, patient thought, they have generally on matters pertaining to religion put aside all authority, and have fallen back on the Pure Reason as their only and all-sufficient guide. Whither this has led, and is leading them, we propose to shew. It is an important experiment, not for themselves alone, but for us all that they are making; and they are eminently fitted to conduct it. The experiment is not over, but it has proceeded for a sufficient length of time to enable a survey to be taken of the course it has pursued, and of its present condition and results. This has recently been done by a contemporary—*The Chronicle*, in an able and impartial spirit, not as far as we can see for any theological or party purpose, but as a matter of literary history and criticism. It has for us, however, a higher and more serious aspect than this; it is not a mere question of literary, but rather of the highest human interest. What then, we ask, has been the result of the course of recent thought and speculation on the Soul, its nature, and its destiny, among the perhaps most thoughtful and metaphysical of European people? The answer is a melancholy one. The classic heathenism of old Greece was in relation to spiritual themes, light and order when compared with the darkness and chaos into which the philosophic mind of Germany is fast sinking. It furnishes indeed a most conclusive argument for the absolute need of the demonstrations of the reality of a spiritual world of man, which at this day are so abundant. When the evidence of spiritual and divine revelation in the past is inadequate to the demands of the modern mind, and Pure Reason drifts with the winds and tides of speculation on an unknown sea,—and philosophy has no certain word to utter; the time surely had come that the spirit-world should assert itself, and present those evidences for which the soul hungered, but which by its own unaided power alone it could not attain.

While philosophy has prosecuted its futile quest, and thoughtful men have spent laborious lives, pacing with weary feet and blinded eyes the sandy desert of metaphysics, lured onward by

the mirage of some illusive hope, the object of their search—the evidence and proof of man's continuous life beyond the bourne of mortality—lay all around them within reach, requiring only that they should open their eyes to see, and their minds to receive, it. The problem on which they and those who preceded them in the same path have exercised their powers to so little purpose, has been solved:—not by dialectic skill—but by facts—plain, palpable facts;—by demonstrations of spirit-presence, power and intelligence;—by manifestation and communion in ways as various as were the needs of men;—present, living, multitudinous, ubiquitous manifestations, challenging the world's attention, making successful denial impossible, and all explanation futile save the admission of their substantial reality and spiritual origin.

• America existed before Columbus, but as the knowledge of it was not brought home to the consciousness of Europe, its existence was a matter of hypothesis and debate; but now that ships are constantly sailing thither and returning laden with its merchandise, who would think of resorting to the arguments urged by Columbus upon the Council of Salamanca? Geographers of the pre-Columbian epoch would be an anachronism. And now that communication is open with the spirit-world and a constant commerce with it is carried on, what need have we of the old dry and dreary method which leads—*nowhere*? Why lay the foundations of your thought-castles in the air when they may rest on the firm-set earth? Why go lumbering along the miry road of metaphysics, ever and anon sticking in the mud, when the railway is at your door?

Not that I would disparage metaphysical studies; they are an aid to self-knowledge; they deal with noble themes which discipline and worthily exercise the mind, carrying it beyond the range of mere sensuous perception; but as applied to the question of the Soul and its future, all that metaphysics can do for us is to raise a presumption—a probability of the hereafter, to encourage a hope, which will be strong and fervent, or the reverse, according to individual character and temperament, and the congruity or otherwise of this belief with the general scheme of thought the mind may entertain. Combined with religious principle it may become a faith—a moral assurance; but even at the best it falls far short of that certainty which the soul demands, and which direct and immediate evidence, such as Spiritualism so abundantly furnishes, can alone fully supply.

Whatever force there may be in the argument from metaphysics for the soul's immortality is unaffected by Spiritualism, save in the way of confirmation to its conclusion. It converts what before was but probability into certitude; it supplies the

missing link in its chain of reasoning; it makes good that embarrassing defect in the evidence which has perplexed so many, leading them to question or reject the belief in immortality as not adequately sustained. Let then the metaphysician marshal all his forces, and do what service he may in the cause of this great truth; I would only say in the language of an elder Spiritualist—"Yet shew I you a more excellent way." That it is so is proved by the most satisfactory of all tests—that of its fruit. What a dreary history is this of the last half century of German metaphysics as shewn in the accompanying sketch! Meanwhile, during the last twenty years, Spiritualism has pursued its march of conquest till now millions own its beneficent sway, and thank God for its peaceful victories. As a means then by which to judge of the comparative value of the two methods—that of metaphysics, and that of Spiritualism, the following sketch is most instructive; especially when viewed in conjunction with the results which Spiritualism has already achieved under many discouragements and in the teeth of the most formidable opposition.

"The philosophers of Germany, and especially those of Hegel's school after the death of their master, occupied themselves chiefly with three problems, which led to their division into right, left, and centre. These problems were—the question of the personality or impersonality of God; Christology; and the immortality of the soul. Upon the question of immortality, Hegel avoided any definite expression of opinion; but if we compare the phrase in a letter to a friend who had lost a child (*Werke*, xvii. 633), and similar ones elsewhere, with the whole spirit of his system, which recognised in the life of the Universe only the incessant process of God's self-development, and in the lives of individuals only evanescent stages and phases of that process, we can scarcely entertain a doubt that he denied the individual prolongation of the existence of the soul. In the year 1831, Ludwig Feuerbach published anonymously his *Gedanken über Tod und Unsterblichkeit*, in which he deduced the cessation of human personality at death from metaphysical, psychological, and ethical grounds; and concluded by making merry over the doctrine of immortality in rude and cynical doggerel. He was soon afterwards followed by Friedrich Richter, who, in two consecutive works, pointed out that the principles of Hegel's doctrine did not tolerate any consideration of this "ambitious craving of egoism," as he denominated the hope of immortality. Strauss, in the second volume of his *Glaubenslehre* (pp. 6777, ff.) and Michelet struck the same note. It became clear that Hegel did not understand immortality to be a state of personal existence after death. In his notion, the mind which in this world could raise itself to communion with

eternal ideas by its enjoyment of beauty, its recognition of truth, and the harmony of its will with the moral law, was then and there, and no otherwise, immortalised. It was, therefore, in vain that his favourite pupil, Göschel, endeavoured to get the exact contrary out of his system. But when the question of immortality had thus been raised, men outside Hegel's school naturally joined in the discussion, and attempted to find a positive solution of the problem. Weisse, in his *Philosophische Geheimlehre von der Unsterblichkeit des Menschlichen Individuums*, would only promise a future existence to spirits which had been eminently good or evil.* Gustav Theodor Fechner, under the name of Mises, in his *Büchlein von dem Leben nach dem Tode*, showed himself to be a man of strong imagination, with a decided talent for temperate and sober research. Still he launches out into the most adventurous speculations. After these came Imanuel Hermann Fichte with his work, entitled *Idee der Personlichkeit*. Weisse and Fechner had substituted the half-developed fancies of a brilliant imagination for exact scientific method, and had thus not only given their adversaries a theme for ridicule, but brought their followers into great perplexity. Fichte went more carefully to work: he dwelt upon the essence of personality, which, according to him, is eternally pre-formed in the Divine Mind, and possesses attributes which never attain complete development in this life. If he did not altogether succeed in dissipating a cloud of objections, he suggested many profound reflections which gave his adversaries material for earnest thought. Throughout the discussion—as it was carried on between the years 1830 and 1840—negation was stronger than affirmation. An entirely new treatment of the question was necessary to restore the equilibrium between *pro* and *contra*, and to prove at least that denial and assertion might lay claim to equal probability, and that it might be left to the faith of the individual to make his own decision.

“Passing by mere *dilletante* philosophers, we shall concern ourselves only with those writers who, in recent times, have endeavoured to get at a positive solution of the problem by scientific means. These are, Drossbach, Johannes Huber, Kirchmann, Ritter, and Imanuel Hermann Fichte. The dialogue, *Ueber den Zusammenhang der Natur mit der Geisterwelt*, published from Schelling's literary remains, cannot be taken into account—in the first place because it was written in the year 1816, and further because it is based less upon scientific reasons than upon a spirit of intuitive dogmatism, which only

* In our own country this opinion was put forth by Thomas Paine, author of *The Age of Reason*.—T. S.

affirms without proving. Nor can we at present include a recent work of great merit in illustrating Schelling's system, by his most distinguished pupil, Hubert Becker—*Die Unsterblichkeitslehre Schelling's ein ganzen Zusammenhange ihrer Entwicklung*.

"Drossbach, in his *Die individuelle Unsterblichkeit vom monadisch-metaphysischen Standpunkte* conceives the soul to be a monad or atom, a simple substance endued with peculiar powers. Its existence and qualities, he thinks, can no more be destroyed or changed than those of a chemical atom; and under favourable conditions it is for ever restoring these qualities to activity, and thus is always capable of renewing itself to self-consciousness. The future life he holds to be entirely analogous to the present. It will be a revivification of the same psychic monads in the same essentially unaltered world. Johannes Huber, in his *Die Idee der Unsterblichkeit*, 1864, first assumes the hope of immortality to be an idea essential to the mind, the natural conception of the reason concerning the nature of its destiny and the end of its development; and then he critically examines the different explanations of it, and shews that Hegel's will not stand without the admission of personal existence in a future state. After demonstrating that Hegel's ethical conception must be combined with a physical conception of future existence in order to attain to the idea of immortality or eternal life, he undertakes to refute every objection which has been made to such explanation. He takes arms against the Materialists as well as against the philosophical opponents of personal existence in a future state, and triumphs over both: but he does not think that scientific arguments by themselves suffice to prove the immortality of the soul; he believes that its proof is equally based in the moral self-development of the individual.

"*Heinrich Ritter*, in his *Unsterblichkeit*, begins by demonstrating the substantiality of the soul on this wise. From its acts of feeling and thinking, he concludes that it is phenomenon to itself, and that other things are phenomena to it. Hence it follows, as phenomenon is only possible in and by means of substance, that the idea of substantiality must be attributed to the soul. In distinction therefore to its manifestations, it is in itself a substance imperishable, spontaneous, and independent. Upon this he bases the proof of the existence of several substances which operate reciprocally upon each other, and reflect themselves in each other, but to which nothing can be attributed as essentially their own except what they do of their own force, and their own free agency. Wherever this self-manifestation attains to the state of feeling and knowledge there also free agency is found. Hence beasts also are supposed to be free

agents, and equally with man are accredited with substantiality and immortality. These substances are subject to the law of self-preservation and progress; by self-preservation they live in the general life of the world; by progress this life reaches forth to its ordained perfection, through higher and higher conditions. Their present condition of consciousness was preceded by one of embryonic unconsciousness. They always were and always shall be. The faculty of life and self-production which lies in them spontaneously starts into activity whenever the surrounding conditions are favourable. The future state is not separated from the present by any abyss; it is continuous, and the soul will continuously require a bodily manifestation for its mutual action and re-action on other beings. Therefore, he says, no sudden transition to a state of blessedness or damnation is conceivable; there must be many intervening degrees of trial. But the only value of continued existence is as a means to good. Our future life will therefore give us more exalted aims till we reach a final end in the enjoyment of which is eternal life. He concludes by showing the necessity of conceiving God as the ultimate ground for the explanation of cosmical facts. God, he says, is simple activity. His creativeness is an eternal act, which He can never recall; and, therefore, all the substances of the world are eternal.

"T. H. Kirchman, in his book *Ueber die Unsterblichkeit*, argues that, as everything is contemporaneous, Time as well as Becoming is only a deceptive phenomenon. This phenomenon, therefore, he endeavours to explain, but instead of notions he gives us only analogies and illustrations. Knowledge, he says, is light. As the light of the sun illuminates first one segment of a planet and then another, so knowledge passes amidst its various substances, always existing in space, illuminating some and leaving the rest in darkness. Birth is an illumination, death an obfuscation. But as the orbit of light is circular, a substance which has once been illuminated is always in the way to be re-illuminated. In other words, it may come again to consciousness; and this consciousness may even be more intense and abundant than at first, if the illumination is more powerful and permanent.

"Immanuel Hermann Fichte has of late devoted himself almost exclusively to psychological studies. In 1855, he published an *Anthropology*, which in 1860 reached a second edition, and in the interval he published a smaller work, entitled *Zur Seelenfrage*. In 1864, appeared the first part of a very comprehensive *Psychology*, which was followed in 1867 by the present portly volume, *Die Seelenfortdauer und die Weltstellung des Menschen*. Whether or not the author's literary career will stop here,

he evidently regards this work as the mature fruit of all his scientific studies, and as their final answer to the supreme question of philosophy. As he has now reached the evening of life, when the varied picture of the world loses the richness of its colouring in the shades of twilight, his whole attention naturally turns to the stars which are beginning to appear, to the hopes and presentiments of a new existence. The work is characterised by a religious tone; and the language of reason alternates with the tremulous cadences of a touched heart. We do not see why the chords of feeling should not vibrate in a work concerning the vital question of humanity; too entire an abstraction from the claims of sentiment not unfrequently confuses the understanding. The metaphysical premisses in favour of personal immortality, which Dr. Fichte undertakes to consolidate empirically and inductively, are nearly as follows:—God, as self-conscious mind, includes within Himself a teleologically-ordained system of individual existences. Whenever the course of cosmical development offers the possibility, these existences emerge from their merely ideal condition and spontaneously assume reality. The human mind, always individual and spontaneous, seizes on the forces of nature which it finds in operation, uses them as means of embodiment and manifestation, and by the spontaneous creation of its corporeal organisation works out its own self-consciousness. As an everlasting monad it passes through a series of progressive phases, in which it gradually develops the basis of its nature, until it attains its perfect form. The reciprocal activity of the individual essences, and the consequent manifestation of their qualities give rise to the spectacle of this changing world, which is, however, based upon an unchanging world. The different parts of the universe are all teleologically ordered and adapted, and the less perfect beings are conditions of and means for the higher. But the highest thing which we know of empirically is the human mind, which serves no other existing thing as a means, or ladder to life, but is in this respect its own end. It is only subordinate to the Divine Mind which irradiates it with the eternal ideas of the beautiful, the true and the good, and thus keeps up its impulse towards culture and perfection. But the human spirit is also destined to personal association and union with God. This is a consequence of the fact of religious feeling. This union produces in it a supernatural wisdom and force of will. Fichte's view of the universe thus ends in Theosophy. In these assumptions personal existence in a future state is, no doubt, virtually contained; but the only question is, how the assumptions themselves are established? His whole system, beginning with his Anthropology and Psychology, is directed towards this proof.

In the work before us, he resumes, with less conciseness than might be wished, all the results which he has previously obtained. Immortality, he thinks, if it have any reality, must exhibit unequivocal traces in the present state of human consciousness; and he reviews a number of psychological phenomena, which he takes pains to explain as direct expressions of an instinctive consciousness of immortality. We cannot say that he is always successful. What we want here are premisses established by experience, and conclusions derived by correct analogy. Thus, from the recognised fact that in each animated being there is an accurate agreement between instincts and faculties, external organs and conditions of life, it may be concluded that man is destined for a future state of personal existence. In refuting the views of his opponents, Dr. Fichte leaves much to be desired, and is himself inclined to build up an inexplicable and untenable dualism between soul and body, substance and appearance. He is most successful in his proof that the essential attribute of the soul is its power of giving birth to consciousness. The whole series of arguments leads finally to a philosophy of history, for the whole present life of the human race is a most weighty argument for its future existence. For here also the argument from final causes obliges us to assume the future existence of the soul, as the explanation of its non-attainment of the ideal aims which are natural to man, and of the discordance between merit and reward. In sum Fichte arrived at the conviction that no conclusive logical proofs of immortality are to be found, and that the acceptance of the doctrine depends rather on a natural sentiment, unclouded by the sceptical objections of reflection, and upheld by the moral conscience."

Correspondence.

PUNCH ON SPIRIT POETRY.

To the Editor of "The Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I see that our old friend, *Punch*, has noticed my last communication to you, giving a specimen or two of spirit-poetry. A few years ago I should have said, "has done me the honour to notice," &c., but that is all over now—poor *Punch*! But the notice I allude to so admirably illustrates the crass ignorance and desperate unfairness of a certain class of critics who can only grin, that I ask the attention of your readers to it. The point of my letter, was that the verses I gave were so written at first as to make it clear to all who could judge of evidence that they were not composed by the person who held the pencil, unless indeed this person (a young lady of education and position), was a hypocrite as absurd as she was wicked. This point the writer in *Punch* says nothing about, but pretends that I gave the poetry as something so wonderful in itself as to prove its spirit-origin. This could only have been done by one who deliberately intended to cheat his readers. He will

see this letter, but he will keep it quiet; or, if his employers find him out, both he and they will conspire to let it rest, thinking, perhaps, that we are at their mercy: though, on this point, it would, perhaps, astonish them to know how wide-spread is an honest faith in that which they pretend to despise, and, I will add, how much more widely known than they think are the facts they are vainly trying to burk.

I will only add that while I do not think the verses I sent are very wonderful in themselves, I think them worthy of any cultivated and pure-minded being; and I think that many readers, even of *Punch*, will feel with me that the very verse it has quoted is the only thing worth reading in the insipid notice I refer to, and that it stands there a rebuke to the vacant laugh of the buffoon and the coarse grin of the fool.

Yours faithfully,

THE AUTHOR OF "SIX MONTHS' EXPERIENCE AT HOME
OF SPIRIT-COMMUNION."

P.S.—The verse quoted by *Punch* is:—

"When spirits guide your trembling souls,
And love flows down incessantly,
Though loud on earth the thunder rolls,
In Heaven you'll rest eternally."

THE SPIRIT HOPE.

Dear spirits, ye have pass'd from earth,
And borne the throes of second birth;
We may not feel, nor see, nor hear,
Yet know ye to be ever near.

Instinctive faith, revealèd truth,
Teach childhood, manhood, age and youth,
That love is of the soul and lives,
When Death not death but freedom gives.

Help us, ye messengers of God,
To use His staff and bear His rod;
Help us to keep our hearts from rust,
By fervid faith and hopeful trust.

Ye hear our prayer, and ye too pray,
For guard and guidance on our way
Through life, in solemn thought and talk,
To walk as He would have us walk.

S. C. H.