

THE
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THE SECT-CREATING TENDENCY OF NATIONAL
ASSOCIATIONS IN SPIRITUAL MATTERS.

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THE National Associationists say that it is not fair to put forward the evils of National Association for spiritual objects, and to pass over the evident benefits. True, if the organization of sects, calling themselves churches, were, whilst beneficial to church purposes, beneficial to TRUTH. Organizations may promote the prosperity of human institutions, but that is not the real question. If the tendency is mischievous, the more associative prosperity, the more evil. Such organizations have been in all times the enemies of INDEPENDENT TRUTH. They are the originators and fosterers of creeds, dogmas, ritual and governative ordinances, which are the fetterers, distorters, and stiflers of free-truth; sects, that is self-styled churches, are wholly the inventions and manufacture of men, and must necessarily bear, and ever have borne, upon them the impress of the human. Spiritualism bears as prominently on its brow the master-stamp of the superhuman. Truth and it stand together, children of the invisible, spiritually kith and kin, and are equally intangible by the thumbscrew and iron boots of human domination. They are not nourished by man's wisdom, they are expelled by it. Truth never submitted her shoulders to any yoke of man's will; men and systems may succumb to collective cogence—Truth never!

But there are those who think it inconsistent in me to say I will answer no one on the subject of National Association, and yet to answer by general comments. That is indeed what I have done, and there is no inconsistency. I answer and do not answer. I decline to reply directly to any individual Spiritualist

dissenting from my views, but I answer to the cause and thing itself. I have too much regard for my brother Spiritualists to enter into a direct controversy with any of them. Direct controversy is apt to become personal controversy, a combustible thing, in whose fire cool judgment and unity of spirit suffer. In the defence of truth I am nothing—truth is everything. Therefore I fear no man or thing; it is truth's affair, not mine. My only object is the good of Spiritualism; my great desire, whilst acting as the simple clerk of history, that nothing shall abate my love of my fellow Spiritualists. Sects and associations rise and fall—Truth

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis œvum.

And as to the tendency of sects? To shut up Spiritualism within the limits of an Association would be, were it possible, to reduce it to a sect. Well then, what of modern sects? for we have already dealt with the old churches.

Some of them have gone near to solve the question of spiritual association. The Society of Friends originally proposed to avoid establishing a new sect. It declared itself a band of Christian brethren; Christian friends, or Children of the Light, because they followed the light within. George Fox expressly declared that he contemplated no sect, but merely the revival of the Gospel spirit amongst Christians; a drawing nearer to the spiritual life. When he and his friends, however, met in London, they proposed that a meeting should be held there annually for mutual spiritual communion and refreshment, and this annual gathering, especially under the pressure of those persecuting times, soon grew into a sort of council for framing rules for social order, but they still protested vigorously against the formation of any creed; any other than the general belief in the Gospel itself. Here was an associative platform laid, however they might overlook its results. It had already coagulated into a sect, but it was sternly based on the most Republican principles. Every member was declared free and equal, just as the United States of America afterwards declared its members. But this equality was speedily defined to be merely personal, because God is no respecter of persons, and therefore, his true followers must be the same. Quakerism—the world's cynical term—not the Friends' own, was to be no respecter of persons. But the ecclesiastical element—the most rampant tare that the devil ever sowed in church fields—soon sprang up in Gospel-purity Quakerism, and spoiled all, by giving to these so-called equal persons no equal vote in the decision of society questions. Instead of this, into the heart of personal equality was introduced the idea of moral and spiritual *inequality*, and to this personal moral and religious *weight*—that was the

phrase—was given the decision of all subjects under debate. This religious *weight* was attributed originally to ministers, elders, and persons of the most exemplary piety. But here the devil had got his foot in, and laughed inwardly. Into every new and truly great reform he loses no time in infusing the elements of decline and ultimate ruin. Into the Apostolic church, even during the life of the Saviour, he introduced the fatal ambition of being the greatest, which has ruined every church in its turn, and though the Great Master trod this rank infernalism under his feet, and declared that he who would be greatest must make himself the servant of all, the devil laughed again, and taught his popes—the most haughty, imperious, tyrannical men the world has ever seen—to dub themselves in the very rankest climax of their pride, the “servants of servants.”

Well, the Weighty Friends, who inclined the balance of decision in the meetings of their Society, soon degenerated into men with weighty purses, and under the oligarchy of this moneyed weight, the Society has gone down till it has found it necessary to enquire into the cause of its decline; and from a body of immense numbers, including judges, clergymen of the Establishment, magistrates, officers of the army, and gentlemen of old family and high estate, besides a great army of humbler but most undaunted religious reformers, who uttered great principles and did bold deeds, fearing the face of no man, shrinking from no declaration of unpalatable truths to King, Parliament, or great men in office, has now in Great Britain shrunk into a little quiet body of 19,000 souls, not likely to set the Thames on fire.

But this concession of the rights of the individual man, pronounced free and equal, to presumed moral, and ultimately moneyed weight, was not the only mischief that crept in. The same weight was advanced to the presidency over all meetings and matters of worship. Overseers were appointed to sit facing the general body of each meeting under the minister's gallery—pulpits in Quakerdom are unknown things—to see proper order and decorum maintained—a measure proper enough; but by their side were set also elders, whose vocation it was to see, or rather *feel*, that no unauthorized preacher arose, that is, no preacher unsanctioned by these elders,—men supposed to be in strict *rapport* with the Divine Spirit, the sole legitimate Elector to the Gospel ministry. These elders were, in fact, *spiritual tasters* of the Word.

Here, at once stepped in the ecclesiastical element again. Here was the basis of a spiritual conclave laid in each meeting which needed only to converge to a central point to become a

permanent spiritual Inquisition. As the Society, on account of its intrepid crusade against a State Church, political compulsions on worship, tithes, church rates, paid ministers, and also against turning by force peaceful citizens into "scarlet moths of war"—that is, against murder on a national and wholesale scale—was grievously persecuted, its members hauled out of their meetings by constables and soldiers commanded by such men even as Sir Christopher Wren, who was set not only to build churches, but to pull down Quakers' meetings;—it seemed necessary to establish another ecclesiastical body in permanence, called the Meeting of Sufferings, an office of record of the sufferings of the Society for conscience sake. This meeting was composed of the ministers and elders, having a permanent committee. Thus the point of combination was attained. It became a strong and formidable power in the Society, a veritable Conclave. Every aspirant to the religious ministry whose sermons did not please the spiritual palate of the elders, or spiritual tasters, and who appealed to this central body against the decision of his own elders, was pretty sure to find himself crushed into obedience, or eventually expelled, that is, excommunicated.

No doubt the leaden pressure of men, who, to my knowledge in my own time, and doubtless long before, were men as spiritually dry as the remainder biscuit, as to all interior life, proved a deadly blight on the ministry of the Society. Of talent they seemed to have an instinctive horror, and called it the moving of the natural man, working in self-strength. Talent, therefore, unless backed by wealth in its possessor, was outlawed by ignorant common-place in these Dogberrys of the conventicle. No wonder, therefore, that the general character of the Quaker preaching became for the most part flat and sapless, though under a system of true inspirational liberty it ought to have bloomed out into a grand and original eloquence.

But it was not simply the Quaker ministry which felt this incubus of *weight*—this burden of a Meeting truly called one of Sufferings, that body was charged also with the censorship of the Press. No work at all touching the doctrines or customs of the Society, called testimonies and peculiarities, could authentically see the light without undergoing its inspection, and the desolating effect of this on all original power may be imagined.

By this means also the primal Quaker doctrine of the non-admission of a creed became neutralized. The dictum of the Meeting of Sufferings on books of a religious character fixed inevitably a standard of orthodoxy; certain doctrines became designated sound, others unsound. There existed, therefore, a creed, which, though unwritten in syllogistic and literal form,

was as fully understood by all Friends, as the Apostles', the Nicene, or Athanasian by the Church of England. Acting on this sub-inducted creed, not only was no one allowed to diverge from the codex of Barclay, but holders of heterodox opinions, were publicly condemned and expelled, as in the cases of Thomas Foster and Hannah Barnard in England, and Elias Hicks in America; in this last case producing a great schism, 60,000 members following their ejected chief. By such subtle means do organizations overthrow principles and doctrines adopted by religious professors in their free original condition, and hence the present aspect of a Society, once the hope of the noblest minds—a society which Admiral Penn assured his son William, the Founder of Pennsylvania, would, if it stood fast by its spiritual faith, put an end for ever to priests and priestcraft.

It was a narrow miss of the first Friends of the great solution of the question of spiritual government. Had they carried out the equality principle thoroughly by equal individual vote, the Society in England now instead of numbering 19,000 might have numbered millions, and produced a religious literature of infinite value to humanity. Their great philanthropic, anti-slavery, anti-war, anti-priest doctrines show what this might have been, since the spirit of these uniting with the same spirit without has achieved human triumphs of the noblest kinds, but triumphs which belong not to the sect, but to the Gospel-soul, overtopping and overflowing all sectarian bounds into the great life-ocean of the Christian world.

Still nearer to the grand solution came the Independents, by proclaiming every individual congregation a perfect self-included, self-existent church; a church made so for ever by the Divine Master when He said, "Wherever two or three are met together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Words of infinite significance, excluding all hierarchies, Popes, bishops, synods, conclaves, spiritual dignitaries, convocations or dictations whatever. A church however small yet complete: the congregation and its minister, in the presence of the Eternal Minister, leading into all truth. The first Independents grasped the cardinal truth, when they declared that such an individual congregation is independent of all others, and may govern itself in religious matters. That there is no absolute occasion for synods or councils, whose resolutions may be taken for advice, but not as decisions to be peremptorily obeyed. That one church may advise or reprove another, but has no authority to excommunicate.

That is the pure Christian theory of church government; but the succeeding Independents did not steer clear of a creed,

which is a spirit manacle, inconsistent with that spiritual freedom which exists where Christ sits in the centre as Minister and Dispenser of the Gospel at large. So early as 1658 the Independents issued a creed from their conference in the Savoy. In later years they have *organized*; that is, created a Congregational Union in which each individual congregation is represented, and whatever of their original Gospel freedom they have lost they have sacrificed to this control.

Again, John Wesley made a Revival, and collected a great body of followers, but like Fox he protested against this body being a sect. Yet even whilst claiming for it to be only a part and a spiritually quickened part of the Church of England, he gave it a constitution ably and curiously constructed. It had all the elements of popularity to a certain point. He was essentially an organizer and constructive builder—he wrought out means of combination and co-operation—he borrowed and engrafted laws, rites, and customs from other bodies, especially from the Moravian Brethren, and he modelled his people into a human machine, with its prayer meetings, class meetings, love feasts, and the like, so that every man and woman had some specific action in the great body politic; every one if not a wheel was a cog, and a really working one. He gave to this body just the human mechanism that the church he belonged to was wanting of, because it had sprung from the bosom of the papal system, where the priest is everything and the flock nothing *but* a flock, to be guided by the spiritual crook, and be for ever shorn.

To this popular organization Wesleyanism owed its wondrous progress. It was on its first appearance a new and marvellous thing. Its mission was to the poor, the ignorant, the lukewarm, and criminal. It had no Pharisaism, that chills and repels. As Wesley himself, I believe, said, it was a general hospital that took in all the ailing and cured what it could; a blessed and wide-souled scheme, but it was not perfect. Wesley was a priest by education, a priest of the Church National and Established. A priest of the church—the firstborn in this country of Popery—in which the popular cry for thorough Gospel reform had been sternly stifled by royal despotism, and compressed into a bald but dominant similitude of what was called the Holy Mother of the Seven Hills. John Wesley as an awakened Christian was popular and expansive—as a priest he was a fixture in the old church groove. He crowned his admirably popular fabric with a genuine church cupola. He gave to his society an ecclesiastical form of government, The whole control—religious, fiscal and administrative, was put into the hands of priests. The Wesleyan vessel had a laical crew, but the priest sate at the helm, and held it with an iron grip that

no power of opposing numbers could ever relax. Vainly to this day has the Wesleyan body endeavoured to recover to themselves the governmental power, and the consequence has been schism after schism; sect after sect of Methodists have peeled off like the scales of an onion, without, however, breaking down the central solid substance of clerical cohesion. Amid all the progressive spirit of liberty, of legislative expansion, of intellectual effervescence in England, the Wesleyan hierarchy still sits aloft above the great multitude that prays and pays, holding the purse-strings and the conscience-strings with a tenacity worthy of the priests of Rome.

There is a solemn warning against National Association in spiritual matters in this additional fact. What vast and varied benefits might Wesleyan Methodism have brought to the people of England, even beyond what it has done; what triumphs of religion and political liberty, what social and moral advancement, had this popular system been carried in literal homogeneity from base to pinnacle.

This brief review of some of the most popular and successful sects is by no means favourable to the principle of associated control. I have already mentioned its blighting effect on Swedenborgism. But with the exception of Swedenborgism, these sects were, with some vague claims to inspiration in their ministers, substantially human institutions. How widely different is the origin of Spiritualism, to which our National Associators wish to apply the same principle of organization that has ever dwarfed, fettered, and contracted them. Spiritualism has issued openly and avowedly from the onward-moving heavens. No man, however highly endowed with soul-craft, took up its sacred fire and blew it into a flame; no man's sacred erudition or holy enthusiasm pretended to guide it; no man with a man's ambition of apostleship planted the banner of the new Gospel on his particular hill, and with archangelic eloquence startled earth's sleepers and announced the new Kingdom of God. Spiritualism started forth ten thousand strong from the inner heavens; it broke from within the veil—it moved mysteriously but rapidly behind its folds of ages. It flew spectre-like from city to city, land to land. It was here, there, everywhere, nowhere; yet soon men found it all about them in everyday life—in their shops and warehouses, amid their bales and barrels, in their counting-houses, and on 'Change. It was talked of in Courts and Parliaments, in the lawyer's office, and the doctor's dispensary. When it had been somewhat scanned with shy and suspicious looks, felt after and conversed with, amidst demands of "What is it? Why here? And bent on what?" some knelt to it and embraced

it, and clung to it as a new life and salvation. Some denied and defied it; more cried "Avaunt! back to thy hell!" Others declared that they could not see a trace of it; and the world at large mocked at it as the hallucination of the feeble and fanatic. To others, men of the pulpit, it was the great fiend himself—Pan of Pandemonium. A host of philosophers caught at it with their pincers and callipers, but as they could neither get it into their jars, raise it into a gas, or reduce it to the slime of protoplasm, they solemnly denied it an existence. It emerged in visions and trances; shapes and faces of the dead startled the living as if still walking amongst them. Its conjurations, surpassing those of Egypt or Babylon, gave fresh consistency to those long past marvels. In a word, the mysterious power was now a hidden, shapeless vapour, a buried sound, nothing more, then a wildfire gas, and as suddenly a host of spectral beings floating on before the searchers of it, like the cloud-ghosts of Ossian, never tangible, yet laying prostrate the theories of modern philosophy, like the Passover-Angel destroying the first-born of Egypt in the dark.

Anon, it was as if the angels of the higher spheres had descended on God's behests with words and works of Divine confirmation of his long-revealed truths, and that the swarms of the earth-bordering Hades had rushed out after them, making a new chaos. Hence the grand declarations of heavenly wisdom mixed with endless outpourings of follies and stale platitudes. The prophets and seers of the long-spent ages seemed to rise again, and affirm themselves; the old phenomena became once more the freshest novelties. But amid the solemn and august still cropped up the absurd. Silly Platos, drivelling Shakespeares, dull-eyed Franklins, that could never have looked on the live thunder and captured it, played a wretched *rôle* that scandalized the serious and disgusted the proud. "What a desecration of the high and holy!" cried the pious, "what a degradation of the angelic!—what an insult to the divine dignity of departed saints!"

Yet amid all this folly and reckless violation of all the fixed ideas of the heavens, what noble truths came scattering isolatedly, what new and cheering assurances of advancing and progressive being in the spirit-lands. The very lowest of the spirits from Hades brought with him the proofs of immortality. The Devil, to suit the wishes of his material, philosophical friends, has of late years denied his own existence, but the poorest soul from the intermediate lands stood stoutly on his spirit-being and imperishableness. All spirits, high and low, declared life one continuous and progressive. On this rock, therefore, based in the unfathomable depths of the infinite and eternal, man may

take his stand and can say, "Nothing can interrupt my existence or its work. What I cannot do to-day I can do to-morrow. The light has shone beyond Death, and I see that he is only a masker. I can lay hold of the hand put forth from the inner tabernacle of God and say calmly, 'Burst ye thunders, strike ye lightnings, rage ye tempests, surge ye oceans; amid all that is rude, riotous, hostile and destructive on earth—what are ye all to me?'"

This is the marvellous, multiple, Protean power, erratic, yet real, at once flying and yet fixed, intangible, incomprehensible and untameable. This is the dispensation that defies the most consummate genius to deal with, or give account of, which our National Associationists have undertaken to bring upon their platform, mould to their purpose, guide, protect and promote.

It is a dispensation which no man or set of men could have imagined before it came, and whose future no man can any more imagine. That future may be ten-fold more strange than the past. Who then shall take charge of it? Not mortals, only immortals; not spirits in the flesh, but the same spirits in disembodied freedom and God-infused power who have hitherto led its conquering battalions. As it has ignored all the forces of its enemies, it will ignore those of its mistaken friends. The Associationists are doing their best to reduce it to a sect. Well, there may be a sect of Spiritualists, there may be a dozen, but there can be, and will be, only one Spiritualism. As real Christianity, the genuine Church of Christ, remains outside of all man-made churches—as Swedenborgism remains outside the Swedenborg sect, so Spiritualism, which is as ubiquitous as the air, will remain outside of all schemes for incorporating it. As I have said, the Wise Men of Gotham could not hedge in the cuckoo, so the Wise Men of Spiritualistic Gotham will equally fail. They will find that platform speeches and platform *séances* will not chain down the phoenix of the new Spirit Kingdom. Its flight will be high above the most prosperous Association; its range is beyond that of the eagle, it extends to all lands, it lives only in the life-atmosphere of all souls.

Spiritualism is not a sect, it never can be. You cannot put the whole ocean into a quart pot. Spiritualism is the universal, resistless, indivisible life-element of all nations, people, and tongues. God created it, mingled its elements, daily renews and purifies it; let us inhale it and be content with our allotted portions. Belong who will to the sect, let us belong only to the integral, undivided, universal church.

But, say the Associated Sectarians, shall we not do what we can to aid the great cause? Well, has it asked you to aid it? Has it fainted and called for even a cup of cold water? All

the aid it needs from man it takes as it goes. It puts every man and woman into their places; it says interiorly to them, "Do this, or do that. You are a medium, you a clairvoyant; your mission is to lecture, yours in *séances*. Through you we will show ourselves visibly and palpably. You shall photograph us; you have a purse, you a pen, you a voice. In this or that vocation you are all our servants and friends, masters we have none but the Most Highest."

In a word, should any occasion for combination arise, whether to refute calumny, or to promote funds for mediums or lecturers; the ever-ready press can announce that need, and any number of individuals or local Associations can appoint a committee for the purpose, non-existent beyond the purpose and the need. It is obvious no individual or local Association can possess the influence or authority to become dictatorial and dangerous. But History stands for ever pointing to where the danger lies—namely, in a head-centre, a combined presiding body, which the Devil is for ever tempting to arrogate to itself rule, control, and the despotic power to strangle Truth and Freedom.

MATERIALIZATION OF SPIRIT-FORMS.

FURTHER TESTIMONY OF T. P. BARKAS, F.G.S.

The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, of July 14th, contains a second letter from Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S., descriptive of a *séance* at Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 10th, in the same room, with the same mediums (Miss Wood and Miss Fairlamb), and with nearly the same company as at the *séance* quoted in our last number. We omit the description given of the first part of the *séance*, at which a variety of manifestations occurred, and quote *in extenso* his narrative of the second part of the *séance*. Mr. Barkas says:—

"A cabinet was again extemporised in the corner of the room, by placing opposite the recess a four-folding screen. With the exception of long dark curtains hung over the recess, there was not anything in that corner of the room. I carefully examined the recess, and with the assistance of the hostess gathered together all the antimacassars in the room, and rolled them up in the form of a pillow. I placed this extemporised pillow at one end of the recess, in order that the medium, Miss F., might lie on the floor, and rest her head on the pillow. The antimacassars were all formed of dark material; there was not a single white article among them. I introduced Miss F.

to the recess, and before doing so, examined her dress and mode of fastening it. The medium was left alone in the recess, lying on the floor, with her head resting on the pillow already described.

“ We then formed a curve of chairs across the room, the curve being immediately below the chandelier. The chairs were nine in number, eight of which were occupied; they were arranged for and occupied by the following ladies and gentlemen in the order in which I have placed them—Mr. R., Mr. B., Miss W., Mr. S., Mr. R., Mr. B., Mr. H., Mr. I., No. 9—the last chair, No. 9, was unoccupied; my sceptical friend occupied the fifth chair from the left, and I occupied the sixth. In the curve of chairs behind the front row sat, reckoning again from the left, Mrs. M., Mr. M., Master M., Miss M., Mr. P., and Mr. T. The sitters being so arranged, all holding the hands of their neighbours, the gas was turned down, but not out. There was sufficient light to enable us to recognise with ease all who were present, to distinguish the pictures on the walls, to trace distinctly the pattern of the hearthrug opposite to me, and when I took out my watch to ascertain the time I saw the time indicated with most perfect ease. I pushed the chandelier close to the ceiling, and before Miss F. entered the recess I requested her to stand on the hearth rug, opposite the mirror, in order that I might register her height by the reflection of the gaslight on the mirror.

“ We were holding hand in hand, and for a few minutes sung some popular melodies. In about five minutes the door of the screen began to move, and a small figure cautiously glided or walked out. This small figure was wrapped in what appeared to be luminous white gauze muslin. The apparel appeared to consist of two garments, one garment extending from the waist to the floor, the skirts surrounding the figure with a train of variable dimensions, but usually about 18 inches long, and frequently changing in brightness. The other garment covered the upper part of the body, and extended to the limbs like a tunic. This child-like figure came timidly to the centre of the fireplace opposite to where I sat, and took up in its hands a fire-paper which was lying within the fireplace, and after visibly and audibly shaking it, laid it down. The figure then moved further into the room, and, lifting the skirts of its dress, showed a pair of black feet, extended its arms and showed black hands, drew aside several times the part of the tunic that covered the upper part of its body and showed its black skin. I remarked in a low whisper to the gentleman on my left, ‘ You see the exact height of this figure by the height of the mantelpiece,’ and he said, ‘ Yes.’ The figure, child, apparition, or psychic form,

call it what you will, appeared to have heard the whisper, and moved immediately to the mantelpiece, stood upright under it, turned its face upwards towards it, and raising a little hand rapped audibly against the under surface of the white marble mantelpiece. I remarked to my friend on my left, 'You see that the full length of the figure is one inch less than the height of the mantelpiece.' The figure or child then passed to the side of the room on my extreme left, and kissed the gentleman, Mr. R., who sat there, and returned and stood near where I sat. I said, 'Will you please to come and kiss me?' It immediately with a quaint, child-like, modest expression, shrouded its face with its mantle, drew its head towards its shoulders, and shrank away behind the screen, drawing the fold of the screen after it as it entered.

"This remarkable phenomenon was followed by another yet more remarkable; in fact, as wonderful as any that have yet been recorded, and certainly more striking than any that have been recorded as taking place in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"The next form that moved from behind the screen was a female figure, which at first sight presented a somewhat curious masculine appearance. The long black back hair was drawn forward over the neck, and hung on the breast like a long dark beard, the length of the apparent beard being about 9 inches; it was not, however, difficult to see that this beard was apparent and not real, as it opened and closed with the motion of the figure. The first action of the female figure was to stand before the glass on the mantelpiece, and I observed its height in relation to the reflection of the gas jet, and saw that it was at least four inches less than the medium. The figure moved gracefully about in front of us, dressed in long flowing white robes—robes that resemble no terrestrial fabric with which I am acquainted. Luminous gauze would, perhaps, most nearly resemble it; but then luminous gauze would be tolerably transparent; and yet these white luminous robes are not transparent; they altogether hide the object over which they pass; and I observed that when the figure stood before the dark, black fireplace, the robes did not in the least diminish in whiteness and brightness, which would not have been the case had it been ordinary muslin. Another remarkable feature connected with the robes is this, that there does not appear to be the least indication of folding or rumpling; they are smooth, graceful, and flowing and white, so that I believe 'no fuller on earth could whiten them.' This female figure passed across to the left side of the front circle, and sat or reclined on a large arm-chair which was standing near to Mr. R. Mr. R. asked permission to shake hands with the form, and I distinctly saw the hand

stretched across and shaken by Mr. R. The figure then rose and moved forward opposite to where I sat. I requested it to shake hands with me; it immediately placed its hand on mine, and we as certainly grasped each other's hands, as any two hands in this world ever did grasp each other. The hand was small, soft, and warm. The figure again retreated and again moved forward towards the right side of the room, where stood the unoccupied chair, No. 9. It motioned to have the chair removed, and Mr. F., who sat near the chair removed it; the figure then walked past him, and went deliberately to the piano, which was open, and strummed upon it for about two minutes. I observed the figure as it stood near the piano, and saw that the top of the head covering reached within an inch of the bottom of a picture frame that was hanging on the wall. The figure then drew out the music stool, sat upon it, and again played upon the piano. Before leaving the piano it closed the lid and returned to the front of the circle as before. The figure was then asked if it was related to any one present, each one asking in succession, and to each the reply, by a shake of the head, was 'No.' The figure was then asked to shake hands with the whole company. It deliberately and gracefully went to Mr. R. and shook hands with him, and afterwards went to all present in both circles and shook hands with each. It again came to the front, and sat upon a large arm chair at the left side of the room. It exhibited its hands, lifted the skirts of its dress, and displayed a pair of small, neat, naked feet. It then drew the chair forward to the centre of the hearth rug, rose upon the chair, and looked into the mirror. When in the chair I saw that the top of the head of the figure exactly divided the reflection of the centre ornament of the ceiling, and thus gave me another separate measure of its height. The figure next sat on chair No. 9, and permitted the gentleman who sat on No. 8 to feel the texture of the hair descending from its head. The figure then moved to the table, took from it a large scrap book, sat down on the large arm chair immediately in front of me, placed the book on its knees, opened it, and then extended its hand for a pencil, which was reached to it by Mr. J. from chair No. 8. The figure immediately began slowly and deliberately to write in the presence of the whole company, who distinctly saw the figure writing on the book. I traced the motions of the pencil over the page, and, had the characters been larger, the writing was done so deliberately that I could have read it during the process of writing. The whole page was filled with writing in the course of about three minutes. The book was closed and laid upon the chair, and the figure, which had been with us for fully thirty minutes, passed behind the screen.

“ In the course of a few minutes full light was again asked for, the screen was removed, and Miss F. was found lying in the recess, dressed as when she entered, and in a condition of deep trance. I requested the lady of the house to remain with Miss F. until she recovered from the trance, to take her directly into an adjoining bedroom to undress her, and to see if she had any white garment upon her person or in her possession. The hostess did as I desired, and reported that the young lady had not a single white article of wearing apparel on her person, all her clothes, both upper and under, being dark.

“ The following is a *verbatim* copy of the writing which I saw the ‘materialised female spirit-form’ write in a scrap book: ‘My friend is not here to-night. I am so sorry, because I cannot say when I will have the power to show myself again. I must bid farewell to all; and my very kind love to Edward, Harry, and Susan, hoping it will be returned. Do good, and in doing good is to receive good. Good-bye, God bless you all, and my fervent prayer is, God protect you from all evil. Your home is in heaven; also my home. Good-night.’

“ The phenomena I have described were witnessed by 14 townsmen and townswomen, and if you desire confirmation of my statements, I shall be glad to furnish you with the address of each of them.”

TESTIMONY OF DR. HENRY T. CHILD AND ROBERT DALE OWEN.

The *Banner of Light*, July 11th, contains a letter from Dr. Henry T. Child of Philadelphia, and one from Robert Dale Owen, giving an account of a *séance* at the house of Dr. Child, June 7th. Dr. Child is an eminent physician, and a man of great intelligence and strict integrity. Both these gentlemen attest the appearance of the materialized spirit-form in their presence. Dr. Child investigated the case in quite a professional way; he tells us: “At my request she (the spirit) permitted me to count her pulse while she held her arm out in plain sight. It was about 72 per minute, and a perfectly natural pulse. She also permitted me to see her tongue, and then asked playfully if I thought she was ‘right well.’” However strange and startling this may be, implying apparently the presence of blood, the action of the heart, and vital functions, in short something like an actual incarnation, yet it must be borne in mind that Mr. Crookes has also, in his scientific investigation of the subject, in like manner felt the pulse of the materialized spirit, and compared its rate of pulsation with that of the medium, as he avers. Mr. Robert Dale Owen writes:—

“All my former experience in Spiritualism, favoured as I

have been, pales before the new manifestations witnessed by me in the course of last month. After the strictest scrutiny, with every facility promptly afforded me by the mediums, to detect imposition had it been attempted, I here avow my conviction that the phenomena are genuine; that I have again and again, on more than twenty occasions, seen, heard, touched forms to appearance human and material, and to sense tangible; that these forms have stepped up close to me; that I have held conversation with them, occasionally receiving advice, sometimes having my thoughts read and adverted to; that I have received, written under my very eyes, by a luminous, detached hand, a communication of some length, purporting to come from an eminent English clergyman who died twenty years ago, the style and the signature serving further to attest its genuine character; finally, that I have seen the form which had spoken to me a minute or two before, fade away till it became a dim shadow, to re-appear, a few minutes later, in all its brightness. I have seen, during a single sitting of an hour and a half, three separate forms completely materialized, walk out from the cabinet to within a foot or two of where I sat, have touched all three, have conversed with all three, and this has occurred in the light, *without any one in the cabinet*, both mediums sitting beside me. Again, I have witnessed on six different occasions the levitation (that is, floating in the air) of a materialized form. So far as I have followed the English record, this goes somewhat beyond anything there set forth. But in the main, our experience on this side is but the counterpart of theirs. Nor do I believe that we could have succeeded as we have, had not the way been prepared for us by them."

The spirit who takes the lead in these manifestations professes to be Annie Morgan, better known to Spiritualists as "Katie King;" and Mr. Owen considers the evidence of her identity to be overwhelming, but he adds:—

"I cannot give the details of my experience during 20 sittings, and of the evidence I have obtained touching Katie's identity, in a letter. Life and health permitting, these shall find a place in a work which I propose still to write, perhaps under the title of, *Phenomenal Proof of a Better Life to Come.*"

Mr. Owen concludes his letter with remarking:—

"If now I am asked where all this is to end, what is to come of it, in case familiar converse with visitors from another world shall continue to be permitted here? I reply, that that is not our affair. We have to deal for the present with facts, not with results from facts. We are not the governors of this world, and need not trouble ourselves with predictions looking to the ultimate consequences of natural phenomena. Cosmical order

has never, so far, been disarranged by any new class of truths ; and if we fear that it ever will be, we shall merit the reproach, ' Oh, ye of little faith ! ' ”

Spiritualists on both sides of the Atlantic will hail with satisfaction the above announcement of a new work in preparation by him. Mr. Epes Sargent, of Boston, also has in the press a pamphlet on this subject, entitled *The Proof Made Palpable*. Already we have on this interesting phase of spirit manifestation a mass of evidence overwhelming in quality, as well as in amount, and in both respects it is daily increasing.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

THE FREED SPIRIT.

Locked in mutual fond embrace,
Reflecting each the other's face,
Lingering long—as loth to part—
Were flesh and spirit, mind and heart.

Weary eyes, and heart, and brain,
For threescore years with toil and pain
Faithful servants, now to you
I for ever bid adieu !

No longer fed with base desires,
By passion driven—earthly fires
Are quenched—through mortal strife
From Earth I passed to Spirit-life.

Enfranchised now, I feel the glow
Of nobler impulses, and know
The sweet delight, the calm repose
That follow on life's earthly close.

Yet life in Heaven is active bliss,
No lazy lubber-land is this ;
But life more varied, real, intense,
The life of true beneficence.

Of larger vision, clearer thought,
With pure Divine affection fraught ;
Like God's own love—which failing never,
Flows freely on, and flows for ever.

T. S.

MRS. TAPPAN ON HER WORK IN ENGLAND.

WE are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter from Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, dated July 2nd, to a friend in this city (Boston, U.S.A.). Though not written for publication, the frank, earnest and graphic account she gives of her own labours in England, cannot fail to interest our readers:—

“Since Sunday I have lived an age in work and wonder. I was to lecture in Guiseley, (one mile from Yeadon and seven miles from Bradford), on Sunday, and in Yeadon on Monday night. One man and his wife are Spiritualists in Yeadon—Mr. John Waugh, grocer. He has circulated sundry copies of the *Daybreak*, containing my addresses, creating much enquiry, but no one absolutely joining him in the matter. He took the hall, made suitable arrangements, and called the people together from their factories and workshops. A thunderstorm kept the women away in the afternoon, but the audience of noble stalwart-looking men more than half filled the hall. And I wish you could have heard them sing! We had chosen such hymns from the Wesleyan collection as we thought would be known to all, and I have never heard—in opera, oratorio, or other choruses—such fine music. They chose the subject for the lecture and for the poem.

“In the evening, the hall being filled with ladies and gentlemen, they again sang, again chose the subjects, asked questions, and manifested such enthusiasm as I have rarely seen. Remember, these were not Spiritualists—and that during the questioning there was severe opposition from both ‘secularists’ and Orthodox Christians. But the answers—always mild, clear and dignified, carried the sympathies of the audience. We went home to Mr. Waugh’s.

“At Yeadon, on Sunday night, after partaking of some refreshment, a young man came in with a friend, asked pardon for intruding, and gave as an excuse that he had been prevented from attending the lecture by a swollen and painful foot. I looked at his foot, which was encased in a large low shoe, cut entirely open in slits to prevent any pressure. He carried a cane, seeming to walk with great difficulty; said that his foot had been swollen a week. We talked of the lecture and various matters, he sitting more than ten feet from me. Presently I saw a white cloud surrounding his limb below the knee, and two hands making passes. No one else saw this, of course. I said nothing, but the young man looked a little frightened, and quite pale, and said, ‘I feel strangely; my leg is quite numb.’ I replied, ‘It will do you no harm;’ and we kept on talking.

Meanwhile, he continued working his large joint, which he declared he had not done before for a week or ten days; and, after a little, he rose to go, saying he felt much better.

"We learned subsequently that he had walked home *quite well*, without his cane, and that in the morning he had put on his boot and laced it up. About noon he came to us, looking very radiant, saying, 'I could not help coming to let you see that I am well!' and he was. The foot was in a boot, and laced precisely like the other, and he walked perfectly well. He went about the streets telling all his friends what had happened. So many people (all working people) came to the house that I was obliged to keep my room.

"In the evening the whole way from the house to the hall was lined with children and grown people, and at the hall the throng outside was immense and the room *packed* in every part. A shout of applause greeted our entrance. A chairman was chosen from among the audience (a manufacturer). The singing was again most fine. The audience chose the subject—something about 'God,' and for the poem 'Dr. Livingstone.' At the close the chairman made a complimentary speech. The audience cheered in a most enthusiastic manner, and during the questioning all were civil, respectful, and *nearly* all sincere seekers for truth. They followed our cab home, and gave a loud cheer as the door closed. I felt so strongly the spiritual outpouring, especially when the women thronged around me, at the close, and said they could have listened all night!

"We drove in a cab that same night to Bradford. Tuesday, came to Liverpool, speaking the same night, and again last night to two of the most *stormy* meetings I have ever addressed—not stormy from *opposition*, but *eagerness*, and a few opponents.

"Dr. Hitchman, who presided, is a splendid specimen of the '*genus homo*'—more than six feet high, very immense, with gigantic intellect.

"He is a member of most of the learned societies of Europe, and an ardent student of Spiritual Philosophy. The audience received us with applause as we entered. The subject for the first lecture, 'The Future Life,' had been announced, and it was listened to with profound silence. Opportunity was given for asking questions, and I suppose the scene that followed was more like Pandemonium than anything else. However, every question received an intelligent answer, and each answer carried the sympathies of the audience. The questioners, who were sometimes idiotic, sometimes persistent, and sometimes insolent, were all met in the same spirit of candour and power. The subject for a poem was chosen, and the audience were enthusiastic.

“Last night a larger audience, more excitement and greater enthusiasm prevailed. The audience, after much sparring, chose the subject for the lecture from three presented by the committee, ‘The Utility of Spiritualism,’ and the usual scene took place during the asking of questions. Finally, when some persistent individuals carried by a large majority the subject of the poem—‘Death of Marshal Concha’ (Spanish General), and the poem was unhesitatingly given, the enthusiasm was unbounded. It was an ovation. But remember I am telling you this not in a spirit of vanity, but only to show the power of my beloved guides. Dr. Hitchman himself gave to the addresses the highest praise that language could bestow, and the audience rose to give the cheer and parting applause. And this was unquestionably in an audience of whom the majority were not Spiritualists.

“I am resting until Sunday (when I go to Oldham) in the midst of flowers; literally emparadised amid everything that Nature and art can give—flowers, birds, fresh air from the sea, pictures, books, children, and kind, intelligent people.

“You will certainly consider that I write without egotism, when I say that my work in England has both surprised and delighted me. I have never found a field of more useful labour; and I feel that the appreciation which has met me here is due solely to those wise and good spirit-guides who have given me strength and health to perform my work. There was never a time in my whole experience when the power and fervour of spiritual things held such sway over me. Nor can I express to you how full of sublime thought and reality are the glorious truths that have been given me from the angel-world.”—*Banner of Light*, July 25th.

THE FUTURE OF SPIRITUALISM.—Mrs. Tappan concluded a paper on this subject, read at the Conference, with the following simile:—

“There is a vine growing in the islands of the tropical seas that thrives best upon the ancient ruins or crumbling walls of some edifice built by man; yet ever as it thrives, the tiny tendrils penetrate between the fibres of the stone, cutting and cutting till the whole fabric disappears, leaving only the verdant mass of the foliage of the living vine. Spiritualism is to the future humanity what this vine is to the ancient ruin.”

SPIRIT RAPPING, HEALING, VOICES SINGING,
MUSIC, DRAWING, AND OTHER MANIFESTATIONS
IN SUNDERLAND, IN 1840;

ATTESTED BY A FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY AND FIFTEEN
WITNESSES.

By W. M. WILKINSON.

THE plentiful crops of weedy writers in reviews and newspapers, who give the world the benefit of extracting a lesson from their ignorance, are wont to attribute the commencement of Spiritualism to the rappings in America, and they speak of it as quite a new hallucination of the mind, and as if it were only at this day that our senses could be so deluded by our imagination as to believe in it. We on the contrary are looking, and not without success, for the evidences of like occurrences in the past ages, and already we find their continuous flow, and that there has never been a time when they were not exhibited to view, and authenticated by wise and learned men. The Bible is the great book of Spiritualism and is not, as is generally supposed, a worn-out book whose facts are not embedded in humanity. We prefer holding to its facts and showing, not only their prominence, but their continuance. What in the then state of the world was considered as miraculous, it is ours to elaborate under a higher law, and to bring within the divine order of our being. Here, in the field of Spirit, is a task proposed for us, in which discoveries are to be made more vast than those of the material laws which Newton's mind was gifted to make known.

Now indeed that some attention is given to this subject, we hope that it is being placed on a better stand-point, by having a larger body of instances grouped together and arranged for use. Enough there is to prove that all natural objects exist only by reason of a spiritual creative force, which projects and sustains them in the realm of matter, which we call the world, and that to have a manifestation of this spiritual force, it is only necessary that some conjoint conditions of mind and body should be so arranged as to be favourable to that end. The person in whom this occurs, is called a medium; but what those conditions and arrangements may be, is at present far beyond us. It is clear, however, that there is, and has always been in some, that mediumship which enables the spiritual to make itself known. There is a special value attached to instances of this mediumship occurring in past times, and down to our recent day, because not being expected or noted by their observers, as

part of a system, they are not open to the stigma of being produced by enthusiasm, or by a biological state, or by any other of those modes in which they are now sought to be accounted for, and these theories, it is clear, would not apply to a solitary instance occurring before Spiritualism was heard of.

I propose, therefore, to give some account of a pamphlet which has come to my hands, and in which I have taken a special interest, not only because it contains an account embracing most of the wonderful kinds of manifestations of the present day, but because the writer of it was a friend of my early years, and intimately known by me and many members of my family. I can therefore give my testimony to his truth, his intelligence, and ability. The title of the book (now out of print) is *A Faithful Record of the Miraculous Case of Mary Jobson, by W. Reid Clanny, M.D., F.R.S., &c., Physician in Ordinary to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, and Senior Physician of the Sunderland Infirmary.* The facts stated in it are deposed to by 16 witnesses, of whom two are physicians, three surgeons, and the others in respectable grades, and their evidences are given at full length, and with a particularity which space will not permit me to imitate. I must, therefore, give a short description of the case, making only extracts of the more remarkable passages.

Mary Jobson, then aged 13 years, the daughter of John and Elizabeth Jobson, living in Sunderland was taken ill in November, 1839, and not recovering under medical advice, another surgeon, Mr. R. B. Embleton, was sent for in February, 1840: who says he found her complaining of great pain in the back of her head, which increased on pressure, and dimness of sight. Not being able to relieve her, he called in Mr. T. Embleton, and they persevered without success in a course "of calomel, jalap, castor oil, leeches, and blisters," the result of which in these days of homœopathy we cannot wonder that the doctors in their testimony have to record in the words "no improvement taking place, the parents began to be uneasy, and wished to have some further advice." Convulsions ensued at intervals for 11 weeks, during which she appeared insensible to all around; for several days she went almost without food, and during the last four of the 11 weeks she lost her speech. The first time her mother left her after she was seized with the fits, she heard three loud knocks in the sick room, and instantly ran back and found the child alone and asleep. The mother, much alarmed, told her husband, when he returned to dinner, of this, and again when he returned in the evening his wife told him she had heard repeated knocks during the afternoon. He was sitting in the bed room whilst she lay in a quiet sleep with her

hands folded, when he heard three loud knocks proceed from the bed-board, and next day also, and for several days afterwards he again heard them, but for long he was very sceptical about their origin; they were again heard by Messrs. Embleton and their assistant Mr. Beattie. Mr. Embleton says in his statement, "We were astonished, for we could not account for them; we several times afterwards heard them, and although I examined carefully about the bed, I could discover nothing that was capable of explaining the mystery." Dr. Drury says, that on going up the stairs he heard three distinct knocks, and after entering the room knockings followed each other, three after three, at minute intervals; after a short period there were three very loud knocks, and Mary Jobson became totally convulsed. "Soon afterwards I heard a sound as of violent scratchings, which noises seemed at first to proceed from solids, and then changed to superficial or aerial sounds; the door of the room opened and shut violently four or five times. There was no one with me during the visit, which was continued at least an hour, except her mother, who sat knitting. Two days afterwards I visited her; I remained an hour and a half, during which time noises, scratchings, shrieks, and most indescribable sounds were heard; subsequently I visited her, accompanied by a friend, and the noises were continued all the time we were there. My friend tried to make Mrs. Jobson accept of some silver, which she would not do, although I was there 14 times in all; I never gave anything but once a sixpence to a little girl when the mother was from home, and at which she was displeased, and wished to return it again."

Mr. R. B. Embleton, continues in his statement, "One morning I found the child in bed, severely convulsed, and not seeming to take any notice of those about her. I watched the child attentively, she was excessively agitated, and the bed clothes were shaken by the movements. She suddenly opened her eyes, and fixed them upon me. I observed also that her mouth was wide open, and the tongue could be seen moving rapidly about. After looking at me, a voice commenced speaking," and he took down the words. "Several sentences were completely lost in consequence of the voice speaking so rapidly. After the voice had done speaking, several loud knocks were heard, as if proceeding from the bed, then a scratching, like a person, or rather several persons, scraping their nails along the table. The voice was certainly entirely different from her own natural voice. Previous to this time, throughout the disease, the voice was soft and feeble, and she spoke in a whining or childish tone. It was now on the contrary, loud and strong, and spoken in a tone of authority,

yet it had such a delightful sweet sound that it came more up to my ideas of the angelic than anything I had ever before heard."

The substance of what "the voice" said, was, that a miracle would be wrought in her person by restoring her to health, and which all the Doctors unite in saying would not be short of a miracle.

Her father, William Jobson, says, "She was now attended by Mr. Ward, who ordered a blister and medicine without effect; he then endeavoured to make her mouth sore by medicine, but could not: he afterwards brought Dr. Brown, who ordered another blister. Now there had been heard in the house, for some days previous to the visit of Dr. Brown, a strange voice, which told my wife and me the pedigree of both our families, of the greater part of which I had no record, nor to my knowledge had ever heard mentioned, but on enquiry, I found it to be correct. We were also now told that these doctor's orders should not be attended to, and that a miracle would be worked upon the child. I persisted that the knocks and the voice came from the child, and that the doctor's orders should be obeyed. The blister was applied by her mother and me, when knocks were heard louder than ever, and a rumbling noise like distant thunder. The tenant down stairs thought that the house was coming down, and asked what it could mean. The blister was then taken off, when the noise ceased. At night a good and pious man, who had been in the habit of coming to my house, called and sat down at the bedside, when I asked his opinion about the noise. I observed to him, 'You see the child's hands and feet are outside the clothes—the knocks you hear—a voice you hear—we cannot see the child's lips move—there is a noise like the clashing of swords—you hear a noise like the crumpling of paper, There is no person in the house except us three. I hope you see it is neither her nor myself.' He said 'The ways of God are inscrutable.' I felt concerned, for some people had said that it was some person playing tricks. This I deny, for I examined everything as minutely as man could do, and we removed her from one room to another. When the signs were increasing, and they were the same in the mid-hour of the night as in the day, I knew not what to do—many nights I sat by myself, and heard and saw fresh signs, such as loud knocks, clashing of arms, the sweetest of music, and footsteps stamping, but could not see any person, large quantities of water falling on the floor before my eyes, doors were unlocked, and footsteps heard at midnight, and still no person to be seen. I was told by this voice that the child was blind, deaf, and dumb.

“ Before this time I could not believe that there was anything supernatural; I persisted that Dr. Brown’s and Mr. Ward’s orders as to treatment should be tried, as they considered it a trick of the child, and they advised me to punish her with hard words. As a father, my feelings would not allow me to do this to my child, who for 23 weeks had hardly rested in her bed for pain, and with so many blisters and medicines. They at first thought it water on the brain, then an abscess, then a contraction, in fact their skill was baffled. We were told from the first by the voice that doctors might try their skill, but it would be to no purpose, and that the child would be restored to perfect health as by a miracle. This I doubted in my mind, for every part of her body was deformed by the violent fits. I sat up at night by myself, when I heard knocks louder than before, as if they proceeded from the top of the bed. I instantly examined every part of the room, opened the door, and went downstairs, the outer doors were all fastened, the tenant below had been in bed three hours; I returned upstairs, when I heard the sweetest music for nearly two hours; I was spoken to by the same voice. I then began to believe the case. From the hardness of my unbelief at the time, I was told by the voice I should see visible signs, when to my surprise it was no sooner spoken than water appeared on the floor, from small quantities to large ones, which I looked at earnestly, not once, but twenty times; it continued for weeks at intervals; I had my hands on it, and it felt as water usually does. By the miracles that were wrought with my child I was brought to a sense of my unbelief.”

Elizabeth Jobson, the mother, gives details similar to those of her husband, and says in addition, “ As my sister, and daughter Elizabeth, a girl 11 years of age, and I, were sitting up at night, between the hours of 12 and 1, footsteps were heard coming upstairs, the door of the kitchen was heard to open and shut distinctly, then to go downstairs, along the passage, and the outer door was heard to open and shut, although the house doors had all been fastened at 10 o’clock. The person living in the lower part of the house heard nothing, and had gone to bed at nine o’clock; he was a widower, and had no servant at the house. My child Mary was laying in the middle room at this time, she was then removed into the kitchen, thinking that no more knocks would be heard to disturb us; but there were more, and louder both night and day, together with sweet singing and music, the most impressive that could be imagined, this was heard by different people. The sweetest heavenly music was heard at intervals during several weeks. At this time a woman, who lived near the house, made great mockings of the case; she was ordered by

the voice to be sent for; she came, and was convinced, when she heard signs and the voice speaking before her. The signs continued, and the voice spoke at different times till the 22nd of June, 1840. On the morning of that day the child was exceedingly ill, and it was thought she could not live long; she continued so up to 5 o'clock, when the voice ordered the clothes that she usually wore before her illness to be laid out, and you may judge what we experienced. There were present at the time Joseph Ragg, Anne Ragg, Margaret Watson, and myself. The voice ordered us all out of the room; we were out of the room a quarter of an hour, when a loud voice called 'Come in,' and on entering the room we found the child sitting on a chair, with her youngest sister sitting on her knee; she was completely dressed in all her clothes that were ordered to be laid out; she appeared as though she had not had one day's illness, and has so continued up to this 30th January, 1841."

Margaret Watson, amongst other parts of her statements, says, "The first time I heard anything remarkable was on the 3rd of April, 1840, when I was in the room in which Mary Jobson was in bed asleep. I heard three distinct knocks, which again were heard when she awoke. I visited her several times afterwards and heard similar signs at each visit. On the 27th of April I visited her, and soon after my arrival I heard a voice speak. I heard loud sounds rolling like thunder round the room—my knees trembled, at which the voice said, 'Be thou not afraid, believe in God, for thou believest the Scriptures.' The voice called for water to be sprinkled, and which to my astonishment was done, for water was sprinkled upon the door, as if one had put the hand into a basin of water and sprinkled it on the door, and soon afterwards the water was called to fall on the floor, and accordingly no sooner was the word said, than water was seen at the side of the bed, and the quilt of the bed was wetted. I wrung the water out of the quilt soon afterwards. I often heard music which delighted me—sometimes I heard sounds as of bells ringing at some distance during public rejoicings. Two earthenware mugs were at different times taken away, one of them was away for a week, and was returned. One night, when I was sitting, I saw a lamb which passed the room door, and it appeared to me as if it went into the pantry on the landing of the stairs, in which her father was at the time, but he did not see anything."

Catharine Storie says, "On the 13th of May the voice sent for me. I heard most beautiful music." The voice spoke in different tones, and told her many things which could not be known to the child, and of which Mrs. Storie says, "All the above were facts." The voice now said to us in the room,

“Look up; and you will see the sun and moon upon the ceiling;” we did so, and observed beautiful representatives of the sun and moon on the ceiling. Next day, Elizabeth Wood, my sister, went with me again, and when we arrived and were seated, loud knocks, and grinding as it were of teeth were heard, which continued for about ten minutes; the voice also spoke—its tone was most beautiful, harmonious, clear, and loud, and quite different from any voice that I ever heard before or since that time. Elizabeth Wood corroborates this, and Elizabeth Vasey gives similar testimony. Phillis Thompson says, “I twice visited her and heard loud knocks and clappings as of wings. Both times the child was lying in a state of insensibility and did not appear to me to have the power of utterance.”

Joseph Ragg, and Ann his wife, say, that being intimate friends, they visited very frequently the child, and during her long illness, sometimes they heard most beautiful music which they cannot describe as it surpassed any they had ever heard—they frequently heard a voice in the room, clear and sweet, and very distinct—it quoted considerable portions of the Scriptures, including the whole of the 3rd and 5th chapters of Daniel. The voice also stated the glories of Heaven were beyond all description, and gave some particulars relative to the blessed state of the angels, and afterwards expounded, in a beautiful and impressive manner, different portions of the Scriptures. Many times the voice lectured for hours together, and such was the delight which the hearers experienced, that they never felt tired, but on the contrary, regretted when the discourses ended. One night, when they and the family were sitting round the bed of the child, a voice told them to look up to the ceiling of the room, where they would see a representation of the sun, moon, and stars, and to their astonishment they beheld beautiful representations of them in pleasing and brilliant colours. The voice at different times ordered water in large or small quantities to appear, and the orders were instantly obeyed, and water in small or large quantities actually sprung up through the floor of the room in which they were. On one occasion the voice said, “The child is dead to the world, her spirit is removed, a pure spirit, is placed within her body, and she is used as a speaking trumpet.” These persons were also present at the wonderful recovery of the child.

John Ragg, junior, speaks of hearing “most beautiful music, and also loud knocks and scratchings as if upon boards, with strong finger nails,” and says, “I heard voices lecture upon pious subjects more than a dozen times, and I was several times told the names of those whose voices we were about to hear.”

Jemima Elizabeth Gauntlett, says, “On the 31st of March,

1840, as I was attending to some domestic affairs in my mother's house, I was greatly surprised at hearing a strange voice say, 'Be thou faithful and thou shalt see the works of thy God, and shalt hear with thine ears.' Upon hearing this, I cried out, 'My God, what can this be?' Soon afterwards I saw a large white cloud. I soon after heard a knock at the outer door and said, 'Walk in,' but no person was there. About tea time of that day, I heard the same voice say, 'Mary Jobson, one of your scholars is sick, go and see her, and it will be good for you.' I did not at that time know where Mary Jobson lived, but as I went forth I met her sister, Elizabeth, who took me to her father's. At the door I saw a young woman who told me I could not, at that time, see Mary Jobson, but soon after I was astonished at hearing the same clear loud voice which I had heard at my mother's house, say, 'You must go up.' When I went into the house I heard a different voice, which amongst other things said, 'To-night, when you are in your mother's house, at the hour of ten, you will see a sign and hear loud knocks. Attend to that which you will hear.' That night, at half-past nine o'clock, I took up my Bible, and it fell from my hand. Not long afterwards I heard knocks upon the table and a voice said, 'It is I, be not afraid; for if you keep my commandments, it will be well with you.' On the 8th of April, I went to the house again, and at the front door I again heard the loud clear voice telling me to come into the house. I sat down by the bedside and again the voice spoke to me. Soon after I heard a strange voice at the top of the child's bed. The voice said, 'It is the voice of your brother who died in March, 1822, when he was fifteen and a half years old.' At different times I heard beautiful instrumental music, and also hymns by one or by three voices. I well knew the words of the hymns which were sung, as they were pronounced very distinctly."

"Mr. Torbock, surgeon, narrates some remarkable instances and thus writes to Dr. Clanny:—"I have had, at different times and places, lengthened and very serious conversations with nearly all the persons that have borne testimony to this miraculous case, and I am well assured that they are persons who are known to be religious and trustworthy, and moreover, that they have faithfully discharged their duty in this important affair between God and man."

Dr. Clanny himself only became aware of the case by having to go to the house on other business, but hearing of it, he visited the child shortly before her recovery, and he described her state thus:—"I was convinced that the brain was the seat of the disease. When her mother had finished her touching and artless account of the case, I could not remove from my

mind the impression that supernatural agency must have been in continuous operation. I have reason to rejoice that up to this time I have continued firm in my belief, that in this miraculous case deception was never attempted by any individual." The doctor, with the assistance of Dr. Drury and the other medical men, enquired minutely into all the particulars and says, "I am perfectly satisfied with regard to their accuracy. Some persons may believe that errors of the senses may have produced all the signs and wonders which I record. Now, as a physician of many years' experience, I can testify that this is untenable, for be it known that they were generally made manifest to several witnesses in the same room, or in different rooms of the same house, and upon comparing their accounts of what they heard and saw, they did not differ in the least; this to me is very striking. The reader has these details from the fountain head, and from living witnesses who have no interest in their being made public."

Dr. Clanny visited her some days after her recovery, and says, "I found that she was bashful and had slipped into another room. I followed her and she smiled kindly and appeared afraid on seeing me, when I said, 'Why are you so shy with me, I am your friend; pray shake hands with me,' which she did, but evidently not without some reluctance. At our next interview, we became more intimate and I asked her why she was so backward with me at our first meeting after her recovery? She half whispered to me in a childish voice, 'You were a stranger to me, for I had never seen you before that time, and I saw an angel standing at your back.' One day, not long after, she said she knew I firmly believed in supernatural agency in regard to herself, and said I would have several signs before the end of the year, and which turned out to be perfectly true. I had too much firmness of mind to be afraid or to think much on the subject; however, about the middle of August I had the first. During sleep in the night time, I was awakened by a very loud blow on the floor near the side of the bed, and which was twice repeated at intervals of seconds. These knocks were so loud that I thought I heard the floor crash, on its receiving the second and third blows. A few days afterwards I saw Mary Jobson, when she took the first word, and said, 'You had a sign the other night,' mentioning the night, and added, 'You heard the knocks in your bed room.' I asked the hour, and she said, looking up for a moment, 'At daybreak.' The second sign took place in the same room, when my wife was residing at the Spa Hotel, Shotley Bridge. This I noted on the page of my almanack, October 9th. I had been laying awake for some little time, and

just after I had offered up a prayer, I heard a violent blow upon the top of an East Indian leather covered chest. The third sign was on the 11th of the same month. I had retired to bed about 11 o'clock, and had remarked the sound of the servants' feet as they went to bed, had said prayers and was about to compose myself to sleep, when I heard a violent blow as if struck by a hard whip upon my bed-room door. The door rang from the stroke, and I candidly acknowledge that from the suddenness of the blow I started with surprise.

"Not long after, I was one morning, after breakfast, sitting in a musing state near the fire, when I observed a large printed card to come down in a twirling manner from the mantel-piece and fall at my feet. This card had been firmly placed among the legs of a pretty large marble figure of a horse, and could not have been displaced by any common agency. It is needful to remark that there were circumstances connected with this card in which Mary Jobson was greatly interested, for her parents had left it to me to fix on the school she should attend, and I had made particular inquiries, but had not made up my mind which of the schools was most suitable. The fall of the card decided me, and I am happy to add she is making rapid progress in her education. One night afterwards I heard loud continued knocks on the room door, very steady and regular. I called out 'Come!' but no notice was taken of my invitation. After the knocks ceased I opened the door, but all was silent and dark. I then returned to the room and shut the door, and near to the bed and nearly as high as the ceiling I heard some distinct and loud knocks. Soon after Mary Jobson was restored to health, her mother showed me the figures of the sun and moon upon the ceiling, and though her husband, in his then state of unbelief, had whitewashed over them, they were still distinct."

In the second edition of the pamphlet dated December 25th, 1841, the Doctor, on referring to a long list of appropriate texts which she had given to him, "as rapidly as I could write them down," says, "A few days ago I asked whether, as I conjectured from her fixed attitude, she read the texts in the air. She said that a figure clothed in white, having a somewhat dark complexion, stood before her and pronounced them to her in a deliberate manner, whilst I wrote them down," and he adds, "It is a remarkable fact that the families of John Jobson and Joseph Ragg have, up to this hour, frequently heard heavenly music during the night time."

Dr. Drury says, "I visited her two or three times after her wonderful recovery. One day I visited her: it was a beautiful afternoon—she was sewing. I had much difficulty in drawing her into a conversation, but at last she suddenly exclaimed,

'Oh, what music!' and on listening I distinctly heard most exquisite music, which continued during the time I might count a hundred. This she told me she often heard," and in his letter to Dr. Clanny, he refers to his having, with him, made personal inquiry of "all the individuals who bear testimony, and when we compared their evidences, taken from them on the instant, and several of them on the same day, we were astonished at the manner in which these worthy persons corroborated each other."

I have now finished the statements, and no reader can well complain of there not being enough to surprise him. Perhaps much of it may be a little too surprising for some, but to me the remarkable circumstance is the union in this one case of so many manifestations. There are few who have been inquiring into this subject who are not acquainted with cases comprising two, three or more of such manifestations, and I know of one case which embraced them all except the pictures. The voice in that case was quite independent of any bodily organs being used "as a speaking trumpet," and was heard in all parts of the house, both in speaking and singing, and the water was seen in large quantities and on frequent occasions. It was not, however, in any way coincident with illness, and lasted for many months.

I dare say our sceptical friends will ask how the water was produced, as they should also, to be consistent, how the water was produced when the rock was struck by Moses, and how the vibrations of the air were produced by the voice which spoke to Paul, and the numerous other instances in which it was heard, both in the old and new Word. Naturalism, against which Spiritualism is the protest, can just as easily account for the one as the other, and it is not the mere difference in point of time that would make it believe in Moses any more than in Mary Jobson.

We may add that at the time the facts occurred the case excited considerable interest. Dr. Clanny, in his pamphlet, expresses his satisfaction "at the number of believers in this miraculous case; some of them holding high rank in our national Church, and others devout ministers of our faith, under the denominations of Presbyterians and Wesleyans," besides "a considerable number of lay members of society, who are highly respected for learning and piety."

On the other hand, the case met with virulent opposition; and Dr. Clanny, for writing his "Faithful Record" of it, was assailed with personal vituperation. Some anonymous scribblers in the *Globe* newspaper stigmatised him as "a fanatical physi-

cian," and his pamphlet as "disgusting," and the spiritual manifestations themselves as "vile deception," "blasphemy with trickery," with more of the same kind of complimentary language. Dr. Clanny, vindicated himself and those implicated with him in these charges in a letter to the editor of the *Globe*; which that functionary, in the exercise of "a sound discretion," and "for reasons which were deemed sufficiently cogent," declined to insert. It was, however, with the letters of his assailants, subsequently published in a separate form.

In this letter Dr. Clanny says, "I am a sincere member of the Church of England, as is well known to all persons in this quarter; and will assert, without fear of contradiction, that I have ever been the reverse of that which this anonymous slanderer has been pleased to designate me. I have passed a long and unwearied life in the faithful discharge of my professional duties as a physician; and in the performance of chemical investigations for the advancement of science—more especially in respect to objects connected with humanity,—and I may remark that my intimate friends have, generally speaking, been distinguished for science, morality and humanity. Having made these observations, I fearlessly quote the following trite adage,—'Tell me who you are with, and I will tell you who you are.'"

In respect to the truth of the facts narrated in his pamphlet, he remarks, "No man dare dispute in a court of justice, face to face, the living witnesses in respect to all the facts to which they have given indisputable testimony. Let any unbeliever try this plan if he dare. Let such persons even privately examine the evidence in any manner he may please, and he will find that 'God is not mocked.'"

Although after the publication of this letter, Dr. Clanny's anonymous slanderers reiterated their former libels, we need not say that they dared not accept the challenge he had thus given.

Dr. Clanny, in summing up the case in his pamphlet, considers that "the object of these signs and wonders is for the direct advancement of the pure doctrines of Christianity;" He adds, "If we believe in the Holy Scriptures, we must, *a fortiori*, believe in a world of spirits, and also that from all time spirits have been seen and heard by many persons at different periods, moreover if spirits have assumed visible forms, we are compelled to acknowledge that what has been may be again, not only in our own day, but to the end of the world."

[Mary Jobson (now a married woman and the mother of a family) is, or was recently, still residing in Sunderland. Can any of our friends there inform us whether she has had any further experiences of a remarkable nature, and whether her mediumship still continues?—ED.]

THE ICEBERG:

A Trance Communication Versified.

MORE seems it than four hundred years,
 Though it can but forty be,
 Since last I sighted Bristol piers,
 Bound for the northern sea.
 The ship a whaler was, old style,
 A clumsy tub of a boat,
 Full stout for shock of icy isle,
 Slow, but a right one to float.
 We reached the destined wintry wave,
 And nought had gone amiss,
 And little was dreamed of an ocean
 grave,
 And least by the teller of this.
 But Death is nearer to us oft
 When most we deem it far;
 The lightning's fire strikes from aloft
 Where lately beamed a star.
 One day there came a gale of wind,
 And the waves beat over the ship;
 A boat got loose—I ran to bind—
 But the ropes cracked like a whip.
 I sprang inside, as a heavy sea
 Over the bulwarks leaped;
 But it swept like a cork the boat and me
 In briny billow steeped.
 The good boat weathered all the storm,
 With neither spar nor oar;
 My mates could but their all perform,
 They never saw me more.
 A terrible dance on the bubbling foam
 That good boat danced with me;
 I thought of my friends, I thought of
 the home
 That was mine nevermore to be.
 I clutched the creaking, quivering sides,
 And cowered down under the spray,
 And sought for the strength that Death
 derides
 In hope of a brighter day.
 And nearer, nearer, every bound
 To the poise on the top of a wave,
 A grisly iceberg coldly frowned
 Like the chill that lurks in a grave.
 Still nearer, until the boat was hurled
 High up on a slippery ledge,
 And my sense made dark to all of the
 world
 By shock with an ice-rock's edge.
 How long I lay as one of the dead
 Might never be known by me;
 No loving one's hand to pour balm on
 my head,
 No voice but the plash of the sea.
 Yet life came back, spite of hurt and
 of cold,
 How strange soe'er it may seem;
 Death's fearsome clasp and skeleton fold
 Were rived like a nightmare dream.

I rose to my feet not far from the boat
 That scarce had been shattered at
 all,
 And wearily, painfully, wended to note
 The place and what chance might
 befall.
 Two miles to the full, on the slippery
 track,
 I skirted the pitiless wave;
 Two miles—and the boat I had left at
 my back
 Told my eyes of a floating grave.
 And quite seven hundred crystal feet
 Beat down my upward gaze,—
 But love of life was strong to meet
 Fool-tasks of former days.
 I clambered up the icy steep,
 With hands and feet and knees;
 Scarce any warmth my clothes could
 keep,
 Almost my blood did freeze.
 Up, up, in strength of mute despair,
 Till to the top I clung
 And turned my eyes, with a glassy
 stare,
 The tumbling waves among.
 Not a speck of white in the dreary
 round,
 Save the white of the restless foam,
 And the horrible whiteness that held
 me bound,
 And the sea-bird far from home.
 My only hope in a passing sail,
 And hour was linked to hour,
 Till love of life began to fail,
 And waned my frenzied power.
 Only a waste of sea and sky,
 And day was drooping fast,
 And I left inch by inch to die
 Like one from the world outcast.
 Down, like a man in a dream, I toiled,
 Down, down to the boat once more;
 And my shivering limbs within it I
 coiled,
 As in cradle of days of yore.
 The moon arose, and the stars peeped
 out,
 And I knew that I drifted south;
 I closed my eyes but to toss about,
 And parched were my lips and
 mouth.
 And sometimes I'd start with the
 snatch of a dream
 That was wondrously pleasant to
 me;
 But it faded at sight of the moon's clear
 gleam
 Caressing the lonely sea.

I dreamt that I lay in a little low bed,
 And sweet eyes were looking through
 mine,
 And so tender a hand was passed over
 my head
 With a love too deep to divine !
 The eyes I knew, and the touch so soft,
 Coming back, through all the years,
 With the dead mother's love that had
 haunted me oft
 When my soul was a fountain of tears.
 And heart-thrilling tones were mur-
 muring then
 Of happiness near at hand,
 Of rest for the weary and stricken of
 men,
 And love in a beautiful land.
 But what were dreams to a desperate
 man,
 At the dawn of another day ?
 No dream the anguish that began
 To gnaw my heart away !
 Hunger and thirst were driving me
 mad,
 While fairer shone the sun ;
 Fierce words my nature else forbade
 Unmeaning utterance won.
 I tried to suck the glistening ice,
 But it scorched my tongue like fire—
 "O, God, could only this suffice
 To turn away Thine ire !"
 Again I scaled the cold, cold heights,
 My veins like molten streams,
 Struggling as one who frantic fights
 For what his all he deems.
 I reached the top I knew not how,
 Awakening there as from sleep,
 And I listlessly gazed on the waters
 below
 Of the peaceful, sunlit deep.
 Not a breath of wind, nor a rippling wave,
 Nor a cloud in the arching sky,
 Nor the faintest sign of aught that
 could save
 A poor wretch waiting to die !
 The iceberg was a sight to see,
 In the glow of the morning rays,—
 But beauty had nought to do with me
 At the darkening of my days.
 In an emerald sea, like a diamond set,
 With wonderful rainbow hues—
 But its lustre in me could no hoping
 beget,
 And, God wot ! it could not amuse.
 Not a breath of wind, nor a rippling
 wave,
 Yet the ice rocked to and fro—
 Or was it that dying men oftentimes
 rave
 And I falsely deemed it so ?

I did not rave, and I truly deemed,
 For the water had warmer grown,
 And was thawing the base while each
 pinnacle gleamed
 As if winds nevermore could be blown.
 Wind came ere long and the glittering
 pile
 Smote its image in the deep,
 And I was hurled afar the while,
 And not one moment to weep :
 For there comes a time when the
 bravest man
 Must yield his heart to fear ;
 Courage has but a human span
 When sudden fates appear.
 I had borne the cold, and the hunger
 and thirst,
 And the sickening sense of despair,
 And the dying aloof like a thing
 accursed—
 But I shrank as I shot through the
 air.
 Down, down I sank till my body seemed
 Pressed to a pigmy size ;
 Then all was nought till a new light
 gleamed
 And I saw as with newer eyes.
 I felt that the change called death had
 been,
 Yet I knew myself as before,
 And hovered in air, just over the scene
 I despaired of beholding more.
 My body was still in sight below,
 Though the ice had drifted away ;
 Like crystal was all the watery show
 At dawn of the spirit's day.
 Upward, but not direct, my course,
 As if with a wafting wind ;
 I did not walk, and could feel no force,
 Nor knew the end designed.
 But, by-and-bye, I saw afar
 A many shadowy forms,
 And, faintly, where the havens are
 For the wrecks of earthly storms.
 The forms grew bright, and the pros-
 pect too,
 And friends soon welcomed me—
 Friends who had never met my view,
 But whom I joyed to see :
 For all their life flowed into mine,
 And mine flowed into theirs ;
 For them for me one truth did shine,
 One bliss till now each shares.
 I was but forty-one or so,
 When up aloft I came ;
 Few missed me in the throng below—
 Dick Irving was my name.

HENRY PRIDE.

June, 1874.

A FEW WORDS TO SPIRITUALISTS ON "DOGMA."

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

THE President of the late Conference, in his opening Address, contended that Spiritualism could not be sectarian, because all sects were based on dogma, while Spiritualism was based solely on facts, and had no dogmas. Almost the first business that came before the Conference was a proposition to rescind the "Declaration of Principles," put forth by the Council of the British National Association, on the ground that the Association had only to do with facts and purposes, and that it should have no principles, which were only dogmas under another name. It was finally referred to the Council to reconsider whether the Association should have any principles or do without them; so far, at least, as its Prospectus is concerned. The Council seems likely to have a warm time of it, and may find it difficult to steer the bark of the Association between Scylla and Charybdis. If it avows principles, it will be charged with putting forth dogmas and being sectarian; and if it has no principles, no dogmas, it will be open to the retort that it has no truths; for a dogma is only the affirmation of some general truth or what is believed to be so; or, as the dictionaries give it, "a settled opinion, principle, or tenet." And without this it may be asked what is there to permanently bind an Association together, especially when, as in the case of the British National Association, it is composed of members holding diverse, discordant and conflicting views on most important questions. Will the common recognition of certain observed facts suffice to counteract these repellant forces?

Now we may observe that a dogma is not necessarily a bad thing: it may be good or bad, true or false; and it may be either philosophical, scientific or theological. But whether it is one of Aristotle or of Plato, of Newton or of Parallax, of Calvin or of Priestley, is comparatively indifferent so long as it is held in perfect freedom. All error indeed is according to its nature and degree in some way prejudicial, and we are therefore, among other reasons, bound to use our best efforts to attain truth, and to this end freedom is a necessary condition. It is only when this condition is violated, and it is sought to force some dogma on our acceptance, under penalties temporal or spiritual on its rejection, that it becomes a duty to protest against it as a common injury and a public nuisance. It matters not in this case whether the dogma is true or false. If, for instance, the dogma of gravitation was sought to be enforced

upon us by Act of Parliament under penalty of fine and imprisonment, or by a dominant church on pain of excommunication in this world, and eternal punishment in another; then however true the dogma, this enforcement of it would be an infringement on one of the most sacred rights of the individual, and a great public evil. It is this abuse of dogma that has brought it into such ill repute that the term is most commonly used only in its offensive and bad sense; but dogmas there must be; and it is the constant aim of every thoughtful man to reach some dogma—some well-established principle or tenet on the subject of his inquiry; for mere facts or phenomena are of little value except for the underlying principle or dogma to which they lead.

This is eminently so in Spiritualism. Many of its phenomena are—as its opponents object—in themselves trivial. They derive their significance and value almost wholly from the dogmas they establish and illustrate; and surely there are some of these which may be said to have the unfeigned assent and consent of all Spiritualists.

Thus I think all will agree in the dogmas of the immortality of the soul; and again, in that of a continuous communion between men on earth and the inhabitants of the spirit-world; and again, every (or nearly, if not quite every) Spiritualist holds to the dogma of a belief in God. If I am told that these are facts rather than dogmas, I acknowledge of course that they are facts, and also that the fact far transcends any dogma concerning it; but this may be said of all dogmas which are but the expression of some fact, or what is held to be a fact, or of a truth based upon it. Spiritualists then have their “dogmas,” articles of faith, established principles, or whatever term may be used to signify what to them are settled truths.

Is then Spiritualism sectarian? I think not. A sect is a part cut off, separated from the general body. Now do these dogmas separate or cut off those who hold them from the general body of their fellows? On the contrary, they are the common doctrines of every age and clime, of faith and creed. Spiritualism only vitalises them, demonstrates them as a present reality. They are held by nearly all who are not Materialists or sceptics. Spiritualism is the broadest of broad churches. It is not these dogmas but the additions made to them which divide mankind and split men into contending sects. If there is a bond of true catholic unity anywhere it is in Spiritualism; if not there, we may sweep the mental horizon for it in vain. Are its dogmas broad enough and binding enough for a basis of union among Spiritualists themselves?—or do Spiritualists generally feel that the things in which they differ are more

important than those in which they agree? Or have they not sufficient charity and good sense to avoid obtruding these differences on unsuitable occasions, or in a way to irritate and offend those who differ with them? If so, there is little hope of common courteous action except for very limited purposes. There can be no broad durable association. Internal harmony among Spiritualists themselves must precede any permanent external union.

I purposely limit these remarks to the specific point under consideration, without entering on the general question as to whether any National Association of Spiritualists is advisable or otherwise.

SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS.—AUTHORITY AND FREEDOM.

For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do.—*Phil.* ii. 13.

It may be, as, indeed, many suppose to be the case, that this text should be restricted in its application to those who are sanctified by truth; to those who thus naturally will and do, only as God wills to have them. But whether the writer would apply this language only to a particular class of men, or to all men, is a matter of indifference to our present purpose. It will be seen, at least, that the idea of authority or control on the part of God, over the volitions and actions of those to whom the text was intended to apply, seemed uppermost in the Apostle's mind.

But notwithstanding God is here said to work in them, both to will and to do, apparently thus to control their volitions and actions, is it to be supposed that this control on God's part was at all inconsistent with the real and substantial freedom of those of whom the text is predicated? Does the fact that God worketh in them both to will and to do, the fact that he thus influences and controls them, render them the less free as moral beings? Undoubtedly not. If any man is free, it is the fully unfolded Christian. Those whose will and desires, whose entire moral natures have become subordinate to the Divine will, on whom and in whom God exercises His supreme, almost absolute authority, we are wont to esteem, and the Scriptures constantly concur in representing, as the freest of the free. Christ says, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make

you free." The Apostle exhorts to "stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free." These are those, of whom it is said, God worketh in them, both to will and to do.

Would it not seem from these circumstances, that there is somehow possibly an entire reconciliation between what we term Authority and Freedom? Is it not possible that the Divine sovereignty may be found to be, after all, perfectly consistent with man's conscious freedom? I confess that such appears to me plainly and frequently implied in the Scriptures. Indeed, I conceive it the aim of Christianity, in its high development of man, to place him in that condition, when, at the same time he bows to the absolute will of Jehovah, feels God is all in all, he still possesses the entire consciousness that he is free; that he enjoys the most perfect and blissful freedom.

I desire to offer a few suggestions upon the subject of *Authority and Freedom*; and this more especially with a view to indicate their possible entire reconciliation with each other.—Your attention is invited then,

1.—*To the Nature of Authority.*

Perhaps there never was an age, when men usually seemed so exceedingly jealous of every species of Authority, as now in this present age. They seem to associate with this idea only that of despotic control. Authority is almost universally conceived as only the most opposite thing to freedom, and hence utterly irreconcilable with freedom. Freedom is generally defined to be the absence of control. Thus, where there is control, where authority is exercised, in just so far the individual is not free.

Conceiving these two subjects in this light, we may account for that endless discussion, to no definite result, respecting the doctrine of necessity, and that of the freedom of the human will. Men have said, now if God controls man's volitions, then man is not free. If Divine sovereignty is a true hypothesis, then freedom is a delusion. Man is a mere machine. But does not man feel that he is free? Yes. Then the idea of Divine sovereignty is a delusion. Thus these two doctrines are arrayed, one against the other; the possibility of their perfect harmony with each other not being conceived.

Now we take the ground that authority and freedom are not only consistent with each other, but that in fact they depend one upon the other; insomuch that absolute authority is the very basis, the only possible condition of absolute freedom. I think the Scriptures already alluded to fully embody this idea. But let us examine a little into the nature of authority—of absolute authority.

Suppose a person is forced to perform a certain act, by mere brute power. Here is one species of authority. It is naked, sheer compulsion. The individual did not desire to act in this way, but, on the contrary, preferred not to do it. He felt a deep, utter repulsion toward performing the act; still, he was made to do it, by the application of external brute force.

Now, evidently, in this case, the person was not free, and sorely felt that he was not. Here we see despotic control. Here is an instance of slavery, so to speak. Any such authority is certainly not consistent with freedom. If God's sovereignty over man were maintained only in this way, by external brute force, then would it indeed convert him into a mere machine. It is well understood, however, that God never seeks to control man in this way. If He controls man at all, it is by a far more ethereal and consistent force.

Then, again, this is not absolute control; for the person's feelings, wishes, entire mind and heart, were in constant rebellion to that mechanical power, by which simply the outward act was forced upon him. His entire being was not controlled, but the body simply. Certainly this does not amount to absolute authority. But here is another way to control human action. You do not apply brute force, but simply fear; for instance, the fear of punishment—you threaten the person with punishment—you present some evil or misery, to which he will be subjected if he does not perform the act you command him. The person thus controlled is a slave in the ordinary and proper sense of the term. The slave, in constant fear and dread of the lash, performs his task, not because he wishes to, or is willing to do so—he hates that task; but he would rather do it than suffer the punishment that awaits him if he refuses. Ordinarily political despotism is of this nature; brute force is not employed, but fear of punishment. The subject submits to be scourged by his tyrant rather than suffer the rack or any other cruelty which the despot may fancy to inflict.

What we call moral bondage is of this kind. The individual does not love God—does not desire to obey Him; but, awed by the threatenings, dreading the punishment of guilt, he consents to yield an external obedience, while his heart is in utter rebellion to that control. This was more especially the character of the Jewish Church. The Jews are said to have been in bondage under the law. God said to them, observe my statutes, or I will send the famine, the sweeping pestilence, the scourge of war, the ruin of your hopes and prospects. They obeyed, if at all, out of fear and dread of these evils. They did not wish to obey, but preferred doing so to suffering those severe punishments. The professed Christian, who seeks reli-

gion, attempts to live a pious life—not for the love of God, not for the love of moral excellence, but because he wishes to escape hell—is in a like state of moral bondage.

Now, here is a species of authority which is not consistent with what we call freedom. It engenders a feeling of restraint—of bondage. We see here what is the very essence of slavery. It is being compelled, by means of these external appeals, to do that which we desire not to do. This is the very essence of slavery.

Nor is this authority, on the other hand, what may be called strictly absolute authority. It is very far from it. While fear, dread, compels the individual to act in a certain manner, his wishes, his aspiration, all the rest of his being, is rebellious toward that control. The heart is not wielded here. That only is absolute, total control, which sways the entire man; works in him to will, wish, and perform. God only can exercise this complete, this entire control over man; He alone can energize our whole being; and only then, consciously at least, when our will bows in perfect subordination to His.

The great difficulty with all human authorities is, that they are not absolute, being human. They must be to some extent external. Often, they consist only in external control; in outward restraint; while the heart, the desires, perhaps the holiest aspirations of the individual, are in constant rebellion to this external control. By this outward restraint, thus imposed upon them by various means, men are compelled to do what they desire not to do;—are not permitted to do what they most desire. The heart is not reconciled with the control—is not in unison with it. The authority is thus irksome, and we feel it to be despotic. We feel ourselves slaves, in just so far as we are compelled to act contrary to our internal wishes and desires. Here is the very essence of slavery;—not in the authority—as we shall show—but in being coerced into obedience to an authority, when we would do otherwise.

It is obvious that any such authority as that at which we have glanced is not consistent with freedom. Take any institution, either of the Church or State, which rules only in this arbitrary, external manner, and that institution will be felt and realized as utterly despotic. As a general thing, all human institutions partake more or less of this character. Men obey, become subservient and passive to them, not from any deep ground of sympathy and love, but they are awed into a superficial conformity by an appeal to the lower animal instincts.

But the authority, which we have just described, is not that which is described in the text. That is not external merely, but internal also. In fact, it is external, *because it is internal.*

God worketh in you both to will and to do. Controlling the volition even, He of course controls the action. This is absolute authority. It takes hold of the heart, the will, the desire, the aspiration, yea, and rules the entire realm of being. There is no opposing will, wish, or thought. God is all in all. This is absolute authority. Anything short of this is not absolute, and should not be falsely termed and esteemed such. This absolute authority is the basis of absolute freedom; and why? Because we then act, with no wish to act otherwise. Not even wishing to act otherwise, we feel perfectly free in that which we do. Here is the essence of liberty. Not, *in doing just as we please*, but in *pleasing to do just as we do*; in not possessing a wish to do otherwise. An authority which takes this hold upon every affection, every desire and thought, is thus the basis of freedom.

2.—*To the subject of Freedom.*

Let us go into a more minute investigation as to the nature and essence of what we term Freedom. The more general impression with regard to the nature of freedom, is, that it consists in the absence of authority or control. Nothing is more incorrect, in my estimation, than this idea. Men talk of the freedom of the human will. Their conception of it is, that God has left man to do as he pleases, not seeking to control his thoughts, willing and action, but leaving him to think, will and act, as seemeth to himself good. This is the more usual idea of freedom. And it is owing to this mistaken conception, as to the very essence of liberty, that men find it impossible to reconcile Divine authority with it. It is owing to this also, that the world has ever been rent with fruitless discussions upon the subject of free will on one hand, and Divine sovereignty on the other. One says, does not experience demonstrate that man is controlled by circumstances? Does not the idea of cause conduct us from the great First Cause, down to all effects and events which happen in the world? This cannot be disputed. It never has, and it never could be successfully controverted. But then, another says, if such be the case, man is a mere machine! You thus annihilate freedom. So there is no reconciliation between authority and freedom. The question remains unsettled. Men either abide by Divine sovereignty, and reject the idea that man is free, or they assume man to be free, at any rate, and hence reject the doctrine of Divine sovereignty. The truth of the matter is, both these ideas are immutable facts. The error is in the conception as to what constitutes the essence of liberty; in defining it to be the absence of authority. It has happened with this question, as with many others, which have created so much controversy

in the world. Both parties are correct; the difference being in the fact, that each party views only the opposite side of the same truth. Or rather, perhaps, that each party considers his fact perfectly irreconcilable with his opponent's idea, and hence maintains his own, to the entire exclusion of the other. I repeat, however, that it is not the case, as has been so generally conceived, one or the other of these ideas must be esteemed false, in order to make room for the truth of the opposite one. They are in harmony. They are both true. Man is essentially, substantially free, and yet God worketh in him, both to will and to do, But let us proceed to illustrate the nature and essence of liberty.

We will suppose a case, in which I induce an individual to serve me in a certain respect, by an appeal to his interest and affection. I actually make it for his interest to serve me in this particular, and make him feel and realize it is for his interest to do so. Not only this, but I secure his love, affection, his aspiration, in favour of doing it. I make it a matter of inclination to serve me in this particular, and he performs the service. Now, we will suppose a different case. I compel a person to do this same service, by external means. I compel him to do it, contrary to his interest, contrary to his wishes, desires and entire feeling in the matter. He, too, performs the service. These two instances will suffice for our present purpose. In the case of the first individual, you say he acted freely. In the other case, by compulsion. The first individual was exercising the entire prerogative of a free man. The other was made a slave. Now let me ask, if there was any less authority in the first instance, than in the second? The authority was of a different nature, it is true. But did I not as much control the individual in one case as in the other? Evidently I did; and yet you say that one acted freely, while the other obeyed as a slave. Authority was despotic here, while there it was not. We may go still farther. In the instance in which, as you say, the man acted freely, my authority, my control was *more* absolute, than in the case of the individual, who acted, as you say, from compulsion. It was more complete, more absolute, because I not only controlled his action, as in the other case, but even the willing, the affection, the entire heart. Do you not perceive, then, that authority is not incompatible with freedom? Do you not perceive even that the more absolute the authority, the more perfect the freedom?—even that which you say is freedom. What then, does it appear, is the essence of liberty? It is not in doing as you please, but in pleasing to do as you do. It does not consist in the absence of authority and control, but in the absence of all feeling or wish to do other-

wise than as we are controlled to do. Now this idea of freedom answers to your daily practical conception of it. The cases which I have supposed are practical cases. In one, you say the man is a free man, and in the other a slave. And yet, this free man is controlled by a more absolute authority than the other. I not merely controlled his action, but his will and affection. His entire heart was in unison with my control; and this was the reason why the control was not esteemed despotic—why he was esteemed to act freely. Let us now go back to the sentiment expressed in the text.

“For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do.” If God so controlled man as to compel him to act contrary to his inclination, his affection and desire, then man would not feel himself free as he now does. But as God controls both his willing and action, he feels free in whatsoever he does. This absolute authority is the very reason why he feels free. If God’s authority over us was not absolute, no man would ever mistrust that he was a free agent. The authority is the basis of the freedom; absolute authority is the only ground for absolute freedom. Hence the philosophy, the reason of the command to love God with all the heart, might, mind and strength. In this case the whole realm of thought, desire and affection is in unison with the Divine sovereignty; and hence the individual is one of the freest of the free. If the whole heart was not thus in unison with the Divine control, if there was any internal feeling of rebellion, the individual in so far would feel himself a slave.

I will notice one prominent objection to this view. If God controls our willing and action, it may be asked, then, what is the propriety of all those invitations on his part which the Scriptures extend to us, to come to Christ and receive salvation? Why say, “Come unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be saved?” Why not make them come? Why say, as in the very verse preceding our text, “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling?” If God controls our volition and action, why not save us Himself?—why tell us to work out our own salvation? I am aware that here is a grave objection to the views we have presented, and yet the matter is explained in one sentence. These invitations to come, these commands to do, these threatenings and punishments if we do not, are only other means of controlling us. God appeals to us by invitations to come to Christ; they influence us and we come. Thus the invitations are one of the very means of control. In fact, the very nature of absolute authority renders it necessary to appeal to man in this way. If God exercised only external control, He could force us to comply, yet we should feel ourselves slaves in being thus controlled; but as God must wield the affection, the will, the

desire, in order to render His authority complete and absolute over man, He must needs appeal to the affection, will and desire. Hence, He invites, entreats, persuades, commands, promises rewards, threatens punishment, and employs a thousand means of a like character, all of which, and which alone, are calculated to control and influence our inner being. These invitations and promises and commands, therefore, even go to show that God's authority is absolute, and not that men act in the absence of authority.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE CONFERENCE AND THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

A CONFERENCE of Spiritualists, convened by the above Association, was held at Lawson's Rooms, Gower Street, London, July 5th and 6th, and at the Crystal Palace on the 7th. The Conference was preceded by a *soirée* at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, July 4th, presided over by Mr. Coleman—a very pleasant gathering of Metropolitan and Provincial Spiritualists. From the report read by the Secretary it appears that the Association now numbers about 190 ordinary members, eight of whom are life members, 14 vice-presidents, and 49 members of council. Among its honorary or corresponding members are Robert Dale Owen, Alexandre Aksakof, the Baron and Baroness Von Vay, Miss Anna Blackwell, Mr. J. M. Peebles, and Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten. The attendance at the Conference was not numerous, though a slight gradual increase in numbers was apparent. After an opening address by Dr. Gully, who presided, a question was raised, and excited considerable discussion as to the legality of the action of the Council. Some constitutional amendments were passed, and it was proposed that the "Declaration of Principles and Purposes be rescinded." After much debate the subject was finally referred to the Council for re-consideration. The general feeling of the Conference being evidently adverse to the Declaration in its present form, some members of the Conference expressing a strong opinion that the Association should put forth no principles, but only facts and purposes.

Papers were then read by Mr. W. H. Harrison, on "The Promotion of National Organization;" by Mr. E. T. Bennet, on "The Prospectus of the Association;" by Mr. Robert Cooper, on "Physical Manifestations;" by Mr. T. Everett, on "Direct Spirit-voice and Writing;" by Mr. J. J. Morse, on "Trance Mediumship;" by the Rev. C. Maurice Davies, D.D., on

“Spiritualism and the Church of England;” by Mrs. Fitzgerald, on “Spiritualism of the Bible, and *Cui bono?*” by Mr. Harper, on “Compound Consciousness in connection with Mediumship;” and by Mrs. Tappan, on “The Future of Spiritualism.” Some interesting discussions followed the reading of these Papers. On the first morning of the Conference a letter was read from Mr. Martheze, on the establishment of a college or school for the children of Spiritualists, and offering to subscribe £200 a year for five or six years if twelve subscribers would unite with him to do the same, so as to begin on a small scale at once. The papers read at the Conference might usefully be collated and published in a separate form.

A CHILDREN'S LYCEUM AND LECTURE HALL FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

A Children's Lyceum and Lecture Hall, to hold 300 persons, has just been built at Sowerby Bridge, near Halifax, as a place of meeting for Spiritualists, and for the education of their children. The total cost of the building is £1,500, and as our Yorkshire friends are nearly all working people, we trust their appeal for aid will meet with a generous response, especially from the more wealthy Spiritualists. It is not quite creditable to London Spiritualists that Yorkshire should in this respect be so far ahead of them—that they should not have a building of their own for meetings, for education, or any purpose; and but for the Spiritual Institute for years past they would have had no regular place of meeting for friends and visitors, and for information to enquirers. We hope the generous offer of Mr. Martheze at the late Conference will lead to some well considered effort to meet a want so widely felt among us, and that in the meantime existing agencies, and especially that of our friends at Sowerby Bridge, should be well sustained. Subscriptions and books for the library may be sent to H. Lord, Union Street, Beech, Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire, or to our publisher, 15, Southampton Row, London.

AN INGENUOUS “EXAMINER.”

The *Examiner* of August 22nd has an article headed “Spiritualism and its Proofs;” based on the late Conference of Spiritualists in London, and written in that flippant, disingenuous fashion common enough a dozen years ago, but now happily becoming scarce. By isolating a few sentences here and there, and picking out statements of fact apart from their connection and purpose, or presenting them in one totally different from that for which they were introduced, with other literary artifices, and a due admixture of banter and *persiflage*, the writer may probably have succeeded in misleading uninformed readers

unsuspicious of these trade tricks, more completely than by the clumsy method of direct lying; though this were the more honest of the two. Yet this literary thimble-rigging is presented by our ingenuous *Examiner* as "Spiritualism and its Proofs." With free handling, and little touches of exaggeration, it is easy to produce a sketch to bear some resemblance to the original, yet which is not a portrait but a caricature. Indeed, we almost fancy that the article in our contemporary was written for one of the comic papers, on the model of *Punch's* Parliamentary Reports, and found its way into the *Examiner* by mistake.

A SPIRITUALIST FUNERAL.

A Spiritualist funeral took place July 30th, at Willesden Cemetery, when the body of the beloved child, Beatrice Augustine Drake, 2½ years of age, the daughter of Mr. Walter Drake, of Modena Terrace, Upper Westbourne Park, was given back to the earth four days after it had been cast off by the happy little spirit who needed it no longer. No mourning of any kind was allowed. The ladies, six in number, were all dressed in white, the gentlemen all in their usual light clothes, and each having a bouquet of flowers. The little coffin was covered with white, with no pall or drapery of any kind. When the carriages arrived in the cemetery the company walked to the grave, and, standing around it while the sexton did his usual duties, sang the first and last verses from the 93rd hymn in the *Spiritual Lyre*. Mr. W. Whitley, who had been requested to officiate on the occasion, then delivered an appropriate address to the friends present, after which they scattered the remaining flowers on the grave; and after further singing some verses of another hymn, returned home from this simple but most suitable and impressive ceremony.

Notices of New Books.

SPIRIT-DRAWINGS THROUGH A CHILD TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.*

WE cannot better bring this book of Spirit-drawings before our readers than by quoting *in extenso* the Introduction:—

"The history of these symbolical sketches is as follows—In the year 1865, there passed away an aged gentleman, whose initial names were G. B. As a young man he had been greatly

* *Drawings, Descriptive of Spirit-Life and Progress, by a Child of Twelve Years of Age.* ALLEN, Ave Maria Lane.

attached to a young lady who, however, married some one else and died very soon afterwards, leaving one little daughter. He himself never married; but all through her life took great interest in the daughter of his first love. She, in her turn, married, and died some few years afterwards. Although very few opportunities of his meeting her children occurred, he had always expressed great interest in their welfare. When the author of these sketches was just passing her twelfth year, G. B. passed away at an advanced age. He was a lawyer by profession, was fond of art and had a fair knowledge and appreciation of painting, but he had never drawn a line himself. He had seen this child only twice and it was not at all probable that thoughts of one she had known so little personally should have been much in her mind. About three months after his departure, the girl of twelve years began to enter on the subject of these sketches apparently for no reason and exhibiting no aim, and with wonderful rapidity she used to design and execute them with but small interest in the subject. Every now and then what might be called 'letter press' accompanied the drawings, taking the form either of messages from the spirit-world or explanations of the designs. Whence the drawings or messages came neither she nor those about her had any conjecture, until one day a beautiful message was signed by the completed name of G. B., who seemingly still hovered over the grandchild of his first love, giving her intuitions of bright and lofty mental conditions and aiding her in her delineations of them. I may here add that the young girl herself had great artistic power in drawing, but her subjects had never, before the date above mentioned, had the smallest alliance with these of this series of drawings; and since these last ceased she has not at any time reverted to any resembling them in any degree.

"The first which were produced is the series in the present issue, comprehending the history of the spirit from the moment of its quitting the earthly body to its elevation into a lighter and brighter sphere. Then came the table of emblems, as if to explain the long train of symbolical sketches which were to follow, and which, spreading over two years of time became more and more exquisite in subject and curious in execution, far, far transcending in deep meaning anything that could possibly originate in the mind of a child of twelve years old, whose thoughts, I can positively state, had never been directed towards transcendentalism in any form of religion or philosophy, and who, when she portrayed these passages in the spirit's exit from the body, had never beheld the act of dying or a human corpse in all her life.

"The letter press when it is found on the same sheet as the

drawing, is always what her hand wrote immediately after finishing the latter, and seems to come from the same source. The titles given to the different sketches are also what were written by the young girl at the moment. I have alluded to a long series of drawings produced as I have described. I must add that they amount in number to 248. After going through the spirit's history in its passage hence, the subjects run upon the highest and holiest conditions of the spirit both in, and when freed from, the body, its conditions of love, faith, and charity, the mode of influence from them above to those on the earth, the communion of spirits among themselves, &c., all with a wondrous meaning, wondrously illustrated by a child twelve years old. Should the present issue find favour with and interest the public, much more curious subjects and deeper meaning emblems will follow in future numbers. Remains only to say that the youthful author of these emblematical, I may even say as regards some of them, historical drawings, moves in the highest circles of society, and has been intimately known to me for the last fifteen years: that there has been hesitation on the part of her friends to the publication of them: that I overcame that hesitation in the interest of elevating and purifying Spiritualism; and that I hold myself responsible for the truth of the statements regarding their production made in this introduction.

“J. M. GULLY.

“March, 1874.”

The twelve lithographic sketches thus introduced are well executed, the price is 3s. 6d., and we hope the sale will encourage the publication of further issues of these very interesting and remarkable specimens of spirit-drawing.

Correspondence.

MY GODFATHER'S GHOST AT ABBOTSFORD.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—It may interest you to know that the Mr. George Bullock you refer to in connection with the Scott ghost story, and who was my godfather, was a very remarkable man in his way, one of exquisite taste in the designs and performance of his works, and had interested Scott much, and particularly in respect to the fitting up of his library and bookcase, which brought the two minds into intimate relationship at the time, and with a high respect and warm friendly feeling on the part of Scott, and Bullock was intimate with Scott's friend Terry, the actor, who dramatized some of Scott's novels, or Terryfied them as Scott used to say. My father was a friend of Sir Walter as well as the architect of Abbotsford,

and I still have in my possession about 60 letters of Scott's to my father, showing what a particular and deep interest he took in the work in all its detail, in fact the building of Abbotsford was a complete hobby. And I have also numerous sketches and drawings made by Scott, some very elaborate, whether copied from books or otherwise, but sent as suggestive of some work of embellishment that was being proceeded with; though he would say of himself that if he tried to draw a house it was always more like a hay-stack. But the point in question is that George Bullock, at the time of his death, was constantly in his thoughts, and Bullock was constantly thinking of Scott and his doings for Abbotsford, and anxious for the completion of the works in hand, which Scott was urgently desirous of receiving. Without this explanation there would hardly seem a sufficient reason for connecting the noise in question with the death of George Bullock.

As regards Sir Walter's head, I have the original cast, taken during life. The peculiarity of the form is the very remarkable height, particularly in the region of veneration, supposed to give an interest in all matters of antiquity; and of course the height of the head causes a great elevation of forehead, presenting a very striking and unusual appearance, and somewhat resembling the head of Shakespeare.

HENRY GEORGE ATKINSON.

(Named George after George Bullock.)

18, Quai de la Douane, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

P.S.—When Lockhart was writing the *Life of Scott*, he was anxious to see the letters referred to, but for some cause my father was very angry with Lockhart (Scott's son-in-law), and refused to let him have the letters, so that their contents are not referred to in the *Life*. The noise recurring the second night was curious.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

THE DIVINE NAME.

Our Father! Spirit! Comforter!
 By whatsoever name we call
 On Thee, who still art ever near,
 The One Supreme—the Lord of all:

No form of words that we can frame,
 No prayer, or psalm, or human creed,
 Can all express Thy sacred name,
 Or set forth all the soul's deep need.

But when in silent pensive mood,
 Our souls to Thee would draw more near
 In filial fervent gratitude
 For all our human hearts hold dear;

A holy calm doth o'er us steal,
 And then all other names above,
 Which best expresses Thee, we feel
 Is—The Supreme and Perfect Love.

T. S.