

THE  
Spiritual Magazine.

---

---

JULY, 1875.

---

---

CRYSTAL PALACE LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM.\*

By GEORGE SEXTON, LL.D.

IV.

II. PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.—This class of manifestations is, as I have already stated, as a rule, somewhat less convincing to sceptics, and yet it is usually of a much higher character than that in which there are physical manifestations, whether seen to be controlled by intelligence or not. There is, of course, in all cases where a disembodied spirit makes a communication through the mediumship of the organism of some person still in the flesh, not only a considerable danger of deception being practised, but also the extreme probability of the message itself becoming largely affected by the mental powers of the medium. Even in those cases where the trance is known to be perfect, and where, therefore, the entranced person cannot consciously exercise any influence over the communication that is being made, still, as his or her brain is unquestionably employed in some mysterious manner, as a medium of communication between the disembodied spirit and the material world, the message takes a considerable tinge from the previous impressions that have been made upon the cerebral organ of the agent used for the purpose. This is, undoubtedly, the reason that, as a rule, the messages which we receive through trance mediums generally partake very largely of the tone of mind and idiosyncracies of the mediums themselves. It would, indeed, be surprising were it otherwise; for, by all the laws of spiritual

---

\* Delivered at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on Wednesday and Friday, 2nd and 4th of April, 1873.

being, as far as we can understand them, spirits can only enter into close communion with those persons to whom they are drawn by a similarity of disposition and affection. Highly intellectual spiritual beings would, of course, find a considerable difficulty in giving their lofty thoughts to the world through the mediumship of an ignorant and uneducated person, whose cerebral organisation was of a low order, and whose mental powers were deficient in culture and refinement. And, in the same way, a disembodied spirit, overflowing with benevolence and redolent of purity and goodness, could never be attracted towards a vicious and immoral medium. I can easily understand that such facts as these—and facts they unquestionably are—should tend very largely to destroy all faith in the so-called spirit-message on the part of those who had not by other means thoroughly convinced themselves of the truth of Spiritualism. It may, with great force, be objected, that if the communication made through a medium does not rise above the mental condition of the medium himself, not only does it fail to prove that there is any spiritual agency at all at work in the matter, but it shows also that the whole thing is valueless, let it come from what source it may. Of course, I am free to admit the full weight of this objection; but then there are thousands of cases in which the communications that have been made, although largely, no doubt, influenced by the mind of the medium, have yet been of such a character as clearly to establish their spiritual origin; since no other explanation will prove of the least value in helping us to a solution of the problem which they present. Cases of this kind are not confined to the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, but they abound in the history of all nations and all ages.

The large number of facts which we meet with in connection with somnambulism and clairvoyance are of this character. I am quite alive to the circumstance, that to call in spiritual agency as an explanation of what are considered well-established physiological facts, is to lay oneself open to the charge of abetting superstition. But, if man be a spiritual being at all, he is clearly very largely subject to spiritual laws; and he who ignores these is likely to wander very far from the region where the true explanation of many of the phenomena of mind is to be found. Not in all cases, perhaps, shall we discover the operation of a disembodied spirit in the production of mysterious phenomena; but, at least, we shall be compelled, in order to get a satisfactory explanation, to fall back upon the spiritual nature of the man himself in connection with whom they occur. And in very many cases, I have no doubt, even spirits out of the flesh play an important part in what is called the workings of the human

mind. If you turn to works on the subject of sleep and dreams, written by men whose tone of mind has been of an exceedingly matter-of-fact tendency, you will find innumerable cases recorded which set completely at defiance the theories of the authors, and which point unmistakably to the action of some power not recognised in their philosophy. "The minds of sleeping persons," says the Elder Cyrus, "strongly manifest their divine origin; for, when they are free and released from corporeal influences, they foresee much that is to be." Certain it is, that when the restraint arising from the influences of external circumstances operating on the organs of sense is removed, the mind soars into a region peculiarly its own, where, in obedience to those spiritual laws which are specially related to its nature, it sets at defiance the restrictions imposed upon material things. Time and space are completely changed in the relationship which they sustain to the human mind. The former is traversed with the rapidity of thought, and the latter appears to have no existence; for dreams, which are known to have occupied only a few seconds in duration, have had crammed into them almost the effects of a lifetime.

How strange is Sleep! When his dark spell lies  
 On the drowsy lids of human eyes,  
 The years of a life will float along  
 In the compass of a page's song;  
 And the mountain's peak and the ocean's dye  
 Will scarce give food to his passing eye.

The dreams of De Quincey, the opium eater, furnish an admirable study in connection with the powers of the mind in sleep. And there is no person, who has not at some period or the other of his existence, experienced the floating through his mind in a dream of thoughts and ideas so vast and marvellous, the mere recollection of which in the waking state has startled him beyond the power of language to express.

Dreams in their development have breath,  
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
 They take a weight from off our waking toils:  
 They do divide our being. They become  
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
 And look like heralds of eternity.

Dr. Macnish, in his *Philosophy of Sleep*—a most admirable little work by the way, but the materialistic tendency of which is frequently strangely at variance with the facts which he quotes—remarks respecting dreams—"I believe that dreams are uniformly the resuscitation or re-embodiment of thoughts which have formerly, in some shape or other, occupied the mind. They are old ideas revived either in an entire state, or hetero-

geneously mingled together. I doubt if it be possible for a person to have, in a dream, any idea whose elements did not, in some form, strike him at a previous period. If these break loose from their connecting chain, and become jumbled together incoherently, as is often the case, they give rise to absurd combinations; but the elements still subsist, and only manifest themselves in a new and unconnected shape." Now is this statement in any sense of the word correct? I simply ask you to reflect for one moment upon your own experience, and the dreams which have occurred to any one of you at different times, to say whether these have not frequently been of a character which could not possibly be reconciled with the theory here put forward by Dr. Macnish. Most of us have dreamt at some time or other of events which had never fallen within the range of our ordinary experience, and which sometimes were of such a character as to point unmistakably either to a communication made to us from a higher source, or to a state of pre-science on the part of the mind itself by no means common to it in its normal condition. Dr. Macnish relates a case which occurred to himself in August, 1821, in which the facts are strangely at variance with the theory to which I have just referred as advanced by him as an explanation of the philosophy of dreaming. I give you the case in his own words. "I was then in Caithness, when I dreamed that a near relation of my own, residing 300 miles off, had suddenly died; and immediately thereafter awoke in a state of inconceivable terror, similar to that produced by a paroxysm of nightmare. The same day, happening to be writing home, I mentioned the circumstance in a half-jesting, half-earnest way. To tell the truth, I was afraid to be serious, lest I should be laughed at for putting any faith in dreams. However, in the interval between writing and receiving an answer, I remained in a state of most unpleasant suspense. I felt a presentiment that something dreadful had happened, or would happen; and although I could not help blaming myself for a childish weakness in so feeling, I was unable to get rid of the painful idea which had taken such rooted possession of my mind. Three days after sending away the letter, what was my astonishment when I received one written the day subsequent to mine, and stating that the relative of whom I had dreamed, had been struck with a fatal shock of palsy the day before—*viz.*, the very day on the morning of which I had beheld the appearance in my dream! My friends received my letter two days after sending their own away, and were naturally astonished at the circumstance. I may state that my relation was in perfect health before the fatal event took place. It came upon him like a

thunderbolt, at a period when no one could have the slightest anticipation of danger." The explanation which Dr. Macnish gives of this case is a very curious one. It arose he says from a "fortuitous cause," which I suppose is no cause at all; and in another place in the same book, in dealing with cases of this character, he speaks of them as due to a "fortuitous coincidence," a theory which I have already discussed. Certain it is that the case given—and there are scores of such—is utterly at variance with the theory laid down, that dreams are invariably the result of a reproduction in the mind of events that have occurred to the individual in the waking state. Very mysterious indeed are many of the phenomena of sleep, and the true theory by which they can be explained, has perhaps yet to be discovered. I am very much inclined myself to believe that dreams are occasioned by the constant activity of the immortal part of man, modern physiological theories notwithstanding. This is I know to revive a very ancient hypothesis, but I have yet to learn that a thing cannot be true, because it is old. Martin Tupper, a poet, who is now-a-days made the subject of a good deal of ridicule and abuse, but who has nevertheless given to the world some noble thoughts, remarks:—

For the soul never slumbereth, but is as the eye of the Eternal,  
 And mind, the breath of God, knoweth not ideal vacuity :  
 At night, after weariness and watching, the body sinketh into sleep,  
 But the mental eye is awake, and thou reasonest in thy dreams :  
 In a dream thou may'st live a life-time, and all be forgotten in the morning.

The condition of Trance so commonly witnessed in connection with what are called clairvoyants in Mesmerism, and mediums in Spiritualism, is in very many respects strikingly analogous to what has been sometimes seen in the normal condition of ordinary sleep. This is an important fact to bear in mind, and a consideration of it may help us to an explanation of much that would otherwise appear mysterious. Sleep is perhaps after all the most favourable condition for spiritual communication, and hence the large number of instances on record of dreams in which knowledge has been obtained in a manner which sets at defiance the ordinary laws that prevail generally in the waking state. In a book, the authority of which will be disputed by few, and the antiquity and profundity by none, we read. "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face;"\* And this teaching is strictly in accordance with very much of

---

\* Job iv., 13-15.

modern experience. Of course I do not mean to say that in all cases of dreaming, even when the dream may happen to be of an extraordinary character, that there is necessarily any operation upon the mind of the sleeper by a disembodied spirit. No doubt the soul itself, when freed from the influence of circumstances operating through the organs of sense, acquires powers to which it is an entire stranger in the normal waking condition. Still I feel certain that some of the phenomena of sleep can only be explained upon the principle of spiritual interference, and as such may become extremely valuable in illustrating what is called trance mediumship. Twenty-five years ago I had great experience of what is usually called Mesmerism, and I saw large numbers of cases of clairvoyance which presented a striking similarity to the phase of modern Spiritualism known as trance mediumship. In lectures which I then gave, and in papers which I wrote on the subject, I frequently remarked that all the facts of Mesmerism even to the most extreme cases of clairvoyance, were of precisely the same character as many of the phenomena to be met with in cases of ordinary sleep. This fact I supposed brought the whole thing within the range of what is called natural law; and I confess that for a great many years my strong objection to this phase of Spiritualism was, that it displayed nothing more wonderful than I had frequently seen in Mesmerism, and was unquestionably of precisely the same character. I see clearly now that both Spiritualism, Mesmerism, and some of the phenomena of ordinary sleep will alike have to seek for an explanation outside the domain of material law.

In order to enable us to understand more clearly what occurs in trance mediumship, I will glance briefly at a few facts that I gather from the study of natural sleep. I have thought much on this subject, and have read as far as I am aware almost everything that has been written, and from it all I have come to the conclusion that the following important facts are thoroughly established.

1.—*In sleep the mind often acts and obtains a knowledge of the external world, independently of the senses.*—This is clearly established in the innumerable cases of somnambulism, in which works on the subject of sleep abound so plentifully. In nearly all of these the person affected seems to be perfectly aware not only of what he is doing, but of a great number of the circumstances by which he is surrounded, while the senses are most certainly closed against impressions from the external world. Ordinary sounds are not heard. The eyes are usually both closed, and the balls rolled up, and even when open, so fixed as to be totally incapable of exercising the ordinary powers of

vision—a fact noticed by Shakespeare, for when Lady Macbeth was in this condition, the Physician observed—

You see her eyes are open.

To which the gentlewoman replied—

Aye; but their sense is shut,

thus displaying a thorough knowledge of the case.\* Yet Somnambulists are certainly aware of the existence of many of the objects by which they are surrounded. If you place any material body immediately in front of them while they are walking, they will, usually, avoid it by going on one side, or sometimes will remove it out of their way, and this without either opening the eyes or directing them in the position in which the object is placed. Innumerable cases illustrating this fact are on record, which might be quoted had I the time; and one or two such cases have occurred within my own knowledge. Dr. Macnish remarks, “A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again, being all the time asleep. . . . Dr. Gall takes notice of a miller who was in the habit of getting up every night and attending to his usual avocation at the mill, then returning to bed: on awaking in the morning, he recollected nothing of what passed during night. Martinet speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Pritchard of a farmer, who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done.” A most interesting case is recorded in the *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, which demonstrates, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the fact that vision is carried on altogether independently of the eyes:—“The somnambulist in question was a young priest in a Catholic seminary; the witness and reporter of the facts, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who used to go into his chamber after the priest had gone to sleep, and observe his proceedings. He sometimes arose from his bed, took paper, and wrote sermons. After finishing a page, he read (if the act was properly reading) the whole aloud; and, if necessary, erased words, and wrote

---

\* For a full account of the Somnambulism of Lady Macbeth, see the *Psychology of Macbeth*, by Dr. Sexton. Price 3d. May be had at the *Christian Spiritualist Office*, 75, Fleet Street, E.C.

his corrections over the line with great accuracy. I have seen the beginning of one of his sermons which he had written when asleep; it was well composed; but one correction surprised me: having written at first the words '*ce divin enfant*,' he had afterwards effaced the word '*divin*,' and written over it '*adorable*.' Then, perceiving that the '*ce*' could not stand before the last word, he had dexterously inserted a '*t*,' so as to make the word '*cet*.' The witness, in order to ascertain whether he made use of his eyes, put a card under his chin, so as to intercept the sight of the paper which was on the table; but he continued to write without perceiving it. Wishing to know by what means he judged of the presence of objects which were under his eyes, the witness took from him the paper on which he was writing, and substituted others repeatedly. He always perceived this by the difference of size, for when a paper of exactly the same shape was given to him, he took it for his own, and wrote his corrections on places corresponding to those on the paper which had been taken away from him. The most astonishing thing is, that he could write music with great exactness, tracing on it at equal distances the five lines, and putting upon them the clef, flats, and sharps. Afterwards he marked the notes, at first white, and then blackened those which were to be black; the words were written under; and once, happening to make them too long, he quickly perceived that they were not exactly under the corresponding notes; he corrected this inaccuracy by rubbing out what he had written, and putting the line below with the greatest precision."

Here it will be perceived that the somnambulist was able to see distinctly the work upon which he was engaged; clearly, however, not by means of the ordinary organs of vision, because an opaque body was interposed between his eyes and the object. One of Gassendi's somnambulists used to rise and dress himself in his sleep, go down to the cellar, and draw wine from a cask; he appeared to see in the dark as well as in a clear day; but when he awoke, either in the street or in the cellar, he was obliged to grope and feel his way back to his bed. He always answered his wife as if awake, but in the morning recollected nothing of what passed. It has been sometimes suggested that in these cases of somnambulism the sense of touch is made to do duty for that of sight. Such an explanation would, however, fail in the case just quoted, because, immediately the patient was roused into a state of wakefulness, he found a difficulty in groping his way back. In truth, in somnambulism, the whole of the senses are locked in repose. The loud blast of a trumpet may be blown, but the somnambulist hears it not; while the gentlest whisper will be perceived, if in harmony with his train



of thought, or coming from a person whose mind is in unison with his own. And herein this condition of somnambulism bears a most striking resemblance to the mesmeric or spiritual trance. The fact that somnambulists will walk along dangerous precipices, climb upon tops of houses, cross streams of water on a narrow plank, and perform other exploits of a similar kind, without experiencing any danger, is well known.

2.—*In sleep persons have frequently evinced the possession of knowledge not previously acquired.*—There are thousands of cases on record in which persons in a state of delirium or fever have been found speaking a language that had not been previously acquired, and which when recovery has taken place the patient has been entirely ignorant of. The instance recorded by Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria*, is a case in point, and although here it is attempted to be shown that the patient had previously picked up the scraps of dead languages from having lived in the house of a clergyman who had been in the habit of reading aloud from books written in foreign tongues, the explanation is very far fetched, and exceedingly unsatisfactory. Even however were it conclusive, it would in no sense help us to a solution of the problem which frequently presents itself in connection with phenomena of this kind, where the person displays a knowledge which could not possibly have been obtained previously. You are probably all familiar with the case given by Sir Walter Scott in his notes to the *Antiquary*, which I will however read as illustrating the communication received in a dream from some mysterious source of a supernatural character. “Mr. R——d of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the Vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of teind (or tithe), for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropriators) of the tithes. Mr. R——d was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and therefore, that the present prosecution was groundless. But after an industrious search among his father’s papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed the determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father who had been many years dead, appeared

to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. R——d thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. ‘You are right, my son,’ replied the paternal shade; ‘I did acquire right to these teinds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. ——, a writer (or attorney), who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible,’ pursued the vision, ‘that Mr. —— may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern.’ Mr. R——d awoke in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to walk across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream—a very old man. Without saying anything of the vision he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them; so that Mr. R——d carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing. The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best access to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot, therefore, refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind, which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts.”

Anyone would think that this would have been conclusive in establishing the fact that by some means or other the information was imparted to Mr. R——d in his sleep. Seldom indeed, do we obtain stronger evidence than this in connection with the various matters which fall within the range of every-

day life and experience. In this case however, there was a preconceived theory to support, and consequently the whole of the facts had to be explained away. The author goes on to remark that "few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and especial communication from the dead to the living permitted for the purpose of saving Mr. R——d a certain number of pounds." What suspension of the laws of nature are involved we are not told. Why a communication from the dead to the living should not be permitted, one is also puzzled to make out. Unless universal history lies, communications have been made by the so-called dead to the living for purposes much more trivial than this. And if Spiritualism be true, there is no suspension of the laws of nature whatever, but an effect following a cause, which cause although having its origin in the spiritual world, was as much within the domain of law as a communication made by one human being to another, both being in the flesh. The explanation given of the whole thing is that Mr. R——d had really been in possession of the information all along, but that it had escaped his memory until the influence of the dream brought it back to his recollection. It is difficult to see however, why if this were so, the apparition of his father should have played any part in the transaction. Indeed, no reason can be given why the dream was employed at all, for the purpose of bringing back into the field of memory something that had long since passed away. Far more rational is the supposition that the spirit-father did actually communicate the intelligence to his son, which served so important a purpose, not simply in saving him a few hundreds of pounds, but in establishing right and defeating injustice. At all events, there are thousands of cases on record of a similar character which admit of no explanation, but that which recognises the power of the dead to communicate with the living.

3.—*In sleep the mind frequently perceives events that are taking place at a distance.*—There is the case which I have already mentioned as happening to Dr. Macnish, in reference to his relative, and a still more remarkable case is recorded in the same work, as occurring to a young Scotch lady:—"Miss M——, a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular War. The constant danger to which he was exposed had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and, in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction that when she last parted with her lover she had parted with him for ever. In vain was every scheme tried to dispel from her mind the awful idea: in vain were all the sights which opulence could

command unfolded before her eyes. In the midst of pomp and gaiety, when music and laughter echoed around her, she walked as a pensive phantom, over whose head some dreadful and mysterious influence hung. She was brought by her affectionate parents to Edinburgh, and introduced into all the gaiety of that metropolis, but nothing could restore her, or banish from her mind the insupportable load which oppressed it. The song and the dance were tried in vain: they only aggravated her distress, and made the bitterness of despair more poignant. In a surprisingly short period her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness, and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and, with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her, at the same time, to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. It is needless to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the unfortunate girl died a few days thereafter; but not without desiring her parents to note down the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct, for accounts were shortly after received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day on the night of which his mistress had beheld the vision."

The only explanation that is ever attempted to be given of cases of this kind is that they arise from coincidence, which I need hardly say is not only unsatisfactory but monstrously absurd. A remarkable case of this kind is related by Lord Stanhope. "A Lord of the Admiralty, who was on a visit to Mount Edgcombe, and who was much distressed by dreaming, dreamed that walking on the seashore, he picked up a book, which appeared to be the logbook of a ship of war, of which his brother was the captain. He opened it, and read an entry of the latitude, longitude, as well as of the day and hour, to which was added, 'our captain died.' The company endeavoured to comfort him, by laying a wager that the dream would be falsified by the event; and a memorandum was made in writing of what he had stated, which was afterwards confirmed in every particular." One more instance, which I quote from Dr. Abercrombie, bearing on this subject. "A clergyman had come to this city [Edinburgh] from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he

dreamt of seeing a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression and instantly left town on his return home. When he arrived within sight of his house he found it on fire, and got there in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm and confusion, had been left in a situation of danger." Of this case one can only say that it seems conclusively to prove the existence in sleep of the power which is usually known by the name of clairvoyance, and which, as far as I can see, there is no means of explaining upon the principles of materialism. Either the soul has a power of going out from the body and observing what is taking place in far distant localities, or else the intelligence is communicated to it, by some other, thinking, conscious being. You probably recollect the circumstance which happened in the life of Swedenborg, in which he saw and accurately described a fire at Stockholm, he being at Gottenburg, 300 miles away. It seems that about six o'clock in the evening, one day in July, 1759, he went out a short distance, and presently returned in a great state of alarm. He said that a fire had broken out in Stockholm, and was spreading very fast, that the house of one of his friends whom he named was burnt down, and that his own was in danger. He went out several times, and about eight o'clock on coming in he exclaimed joyfully, "Thank God, the fire is extinguished, the third door from my house." This news caused considerable commotion among the company, and was communicated to the governor the same evening, and on the following morning he sent for Swedenborg, and questioned him concerning the disaster. The great seer gave a minute description of the fire, stated how it had begun, how long it continued, and what damage had been done, all of which turned out afterwards to be correct to the very letter. The reporter of the transaction is no less a personage than the Philosopher Kant. Cases analogous to this, abound in connection with what is called mesmeric clairvoyance, and they are still more plentiful in relation to Spiritualism. Many years ago I fancied that I discovered the means of accounting for phenomena of this character, by what I then called Mental Association, but what has since been termed the theory of Brain Waves. This hypothesis is based upon the supposition that under certain circumstances one human mind has the power of communicating with another however far they may be apart; and that, therefore, what happens in all such cases as those under consideration, is that the information is obtained from some other human beings, still in the flesh, who are on the spot where the transaction is taking place. I do not now think this theory is for one moment tenable, and if it were, it most

certainly could do nothing towards explaining a large number of phenomena which we are continually coming into contact with. ' But I shall have more to say on this subject hereafter.

4.--*In sleep the mind sometimes obtains a knowledge of events which are still in the future.* The premonitions communicated in dreams form a class of phenomena which have completely puzzled both Physiologists and Psychologists from time immemorial, and which to day, unless Spiritualism be accepted, appear to be as far removed from explanation as ever. "Persons," says Dr. Macnish, "are said to have had the period of their own death pointed out to them in dreams. I have often heard the case of the late Mr. M. of D—— related in support of this statement. It is certainly worth telling, not on account of any supernatural character belonging to it, but simply from the extraordinary coincidence between the dream and the subsequent event. This gentleman dreamed one night that he was out riding, when he stopped at an inn on the roadside for refreshment, where he saw several people whom he had known some years before, but who were all dead. He was received kindly by them, and desired to sit down and drink, which he accordingly did. On quitting this strange company, they exacted a promise from him that he would visit them that day six weeks. This he promised faithfully to do; and bidding them farewell, he rode homewards. Such was the substance of his dream, which he related in a jocular way to his friends, but thought no more about it, for he was a person above all kind of superstition. The event, however, was certainly curious enough, as well as melancholy; for on that very day six weeks on which he had engaged to meet his friends at the inn, he was killed in attempting to spring his horse over a five-barred gate." In Dr. Binns's *Anatomy of Sleep*, which the curious in such matters will find rich in material upon these subjects, we find this case:—"A young man named John Gray, residing at Cinderford, who told his mother, before he went to the Crump Meadow coal-pits, at which he worked, that he dreamed the preceding night (Sunday, January 14th, 1844) that, while at work, a large stone fell upon and killed him. The mother made light of the dream. Not so the dreamer, who went reluctantly to work, and not until he had returned twice to wish her good-bye. The dream was fulfilled. An immense block of stone fell upon and crushed him to death." History is full of cases of this kind, of which no explanation has hitherto been given, or according to my view, can be given apart from spirituality. I give one more case which appeared in an early number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and which has been reprinted in the book from which I have just quoted. "Being in company the

other day, when the conversation turned on dreams, I related one, which as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it. About the year 1731, my father, Mr. D., of K——, in the county of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then at the Castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr. D. and three or four young gentlemen from England (his intimates), made parties to visit all the neighbouring places about Edinburgh, Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craig-Millar, &c., &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr. D—— said, 'We have made a party to go a-fishing to Ince-Keith to-morrow, if the weather be fine, and have bespoke our boat; we shall be off at six.' No objection being made, they separated for the night. Mrs. Griffiths had not been asleep long, till she screamed out, in the most violent, agitated manner, 'The boat is sinking—save, oh, save them!' The Major awakened her, and said, 'Were you uneasy about the fishing party?' 'O, no,' said she, 'I had not once thought of it.' She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again; in about an hour she cried out, in a dreadful fright, 'I see the boat is going down!' The Major again awoke her, and she said, 'It has been owing to the other dream I had; for I feel no uneasiness about it.' After some conversation, they both fell sound asleep; but no rest could be obtained for her: in the most extreme agony, she again screamed, 'They are gone; the boat is sunk!' When the Major awakened her, she said, 'Now, I cannot rest; Mr. D—— must not go, for I feel, should he go, I should be miserable till his return; the thoughts of it would almost kill me.' She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping-gown, went to his bedside (for his room was next their own), and, with great difficulty, she got his promise to remain at home. 'But, what am I to say to my young friends whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?' 'With great truth, you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present; consider, you are an only son, under our protection, and should anything happen to you it would be my death.' Mr. D—— immediately wrote a note to his friends saying he was prevented from joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat, and all that were in it, went to the bottom, and were never heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen." I might go on for hours quoting cases of this kind, which seem to establish, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the fact that sometimes in sleep—from whatever source the information

may be gained—the mind has the power of perceiving events which are yet in the womb of the future.

Classical readers will recollect the dream of Hecuba, in the first month of her pregnancy with Paris, that she had brought into the world a burning torch, which had destroyed her husband's palace and reduced the city of Troy to ashes; how the soothsayers explained the dream as applying to the child not yet born; how, to avert the calamity, this infant was ordered to be destroyed as soon as it came into the world, but was afterwards exposed on Mount Ida, suckled by a she bear, found by shepherds, and brought up amongst peasants; and how, after all, the prophetic dream was fulfilled, literally according to the interpretation of the soothsayers. Not less to the point is the dream of Calphurnia, the wife of Julius Cæsar, who, the night before her husband's murder, dreamed that the roof of the house had fallen in, and that he had been stabbed in her arms; in consequence of which dream she vainly endeavoured to detain him at home. The literature of all times, and of every country, abounds in cases of this kind. Hence the great truth expressed by Cicero, *Multa oraculis declarantur, multa vaticinationibus, multa somniis.*

---

## REST IN THE GRAVE.

By WILLIAM WHITE.

IF Cremation should ever become popular, it may relieve us from much sham sentiment. When a corpse happens to be interred in a beautiful country, or in a place accounted honourable, a biographer usually indulges in raptures over the felicity of the said corpse. For example, out of examples numberless, in a memoir of Wordsworth it is written—

He now rests from his labours in the quiet church-yard of Grasmere, among neighbours and kinsmen, within the bosom of the hills he loved so heartily, and the Rotha running at his feet with a music hardly sweeter than his own.

Pretty! but true? Seriously, does Wordsworth rest from his labours in Grasmere church-yard? If Wordsworth has ceased to be, the elements of his corpse rest or do not rest as much or little as any other compost of phosphate of lime and carbon. If Wordsworth survives in another world, the chances are that he is vigorous and active, in renewed youth. Whether therefore, we are Materialists or Spiritualists, we have to disown the biographer's sentiment as illusory. If unhappily it



were otherwise, what an important concern sepulture would be! What pains and expense would be excessive to deposit our dead in Arcadian quarters! For whilst years three score and ten measure existence above ground, illimitable centuries remain for underground. To discuss the question however, is to dissipate it. "How long," asked Hamlet, "will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?" and was answered, "I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year or nine year." Better than we care to realise, we know what happens after interment, and that the process of decomposition is completed when coffin and contents are resolved into mother earth.

The talk about rest and sleep in the grave, is what rational creatures should be ashamed of. Tennyson, who certainly knows better, continues to issue some early verses, in which he requests his widow—

When in the darkness over me  
The four-handed mole shall scrape,  
Plant thou no dusky cypress-tree,  
Nor wreath thy cap with doleful crape,  
But pledge me in the flowing grape.

And concludes—

Then let wise Nature work her will,  
And on my clay her darnel grow;  
Come only, when the days are still,  
And at my headstone whisper low,  
And tell me if the woodbines blow.

Could absurdity farther go? Fancy Widow Tennyson resorting to her husband's grave, to whisper low that honeysuckle is in flower! Perhaps we may be scoffed at for discussing "what is obviously poetic moonshine" seriously; but it seems to us that in poetry if anywhere we should have truth—truth intensified and aglow with feeling, but certainly not sentiment that has to be dismissed, in American phrase, as melodious "bunkum." At the same time we are ready to allow that experience has so identified us with our bodies, that it is only with a sort of wrench that many can escape from the illusion that when the soul has fled some sort of tie remains. Thus Stuart Mill hung over his wife's tomb, believing that her "great thoughts and noble feelings" had therein disappeared. To cite his own words, "Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one half *the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave*, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom."\* A poor dog sometimes dies on the grave of its master, but what is admirable and excusable in a dog is other-

---

\* Dedication of *Treatise On Liberty*.

wise in a philosopher who assumed acquaintance with "all but unrivalled wisdom." Professor Tyndall escaping from the miasma of the church-yard, encourages us to believe, that "like streaks of morning cloud," we shall "melt into the infinite azure of the past,"\* a fanciful assertion where matter-of-fact accuracy should be practised and exacted. It may be maintained that nothing is known, or can be known, of our fate after death, and such I apprehend is Tyndall's position. But if so, let him be true to his nescience, and know nothing. But how often have we to marvel over what is known, and very positively known, by those who avow that nothing can be known! Knowing nothing, they know that Spiritualists are dupes or impostors, for death is the dissipation of being. Knowing nothing, they have no doubt on that score whatever, and thus supply us with a fair standard of their intellectual consistency and modesty.

The fallacy about "rest in the grave" is related to the fallacy of suicide. Few who have suffered severely in mind or body, but have cried, with Mariana—

I am a-weary, a-weary,  
I would that I were dead.

But in such case, we have to turn round and ask, What is desired, when death is desired? If extinction, Wherein is the profit of extinction? To cease to be, to become as a stone, or to be transformed into another creature, Wherein would be the relief? If I lose my consciousness, or identity, or individuality, I, the suffering I, shall be in nowise advantaged. Hence I argue, that when death is desired, it is really rest that is desired, and not annihilation. In the longing for death, or in suicide, when the cry is—

Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!—

there is the hope, manifest or latent, that by the dissolution of the body the intolerable misery of present circumstances may be escaped, and in survival that deliverance will in some manner be enjoyed. There is a poem, by the Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, entitled "Rest," which is not only beautiful in itself, but which, I think, clearly expresses what is desired when, in hours of weakness, or despondency, or anguish, death is desired. It begins—

The day is over,  
The feverish, careful day:  
Can I recover  
Strength that has ebbed away?  
Can even sleep such freshness give,  
That I again shall wish to live?

Let me lie down;  
No more I seek to have  
A heavenly crown;  
Give me a quiet grave;  
Release and not reward I ask,  
Too hard for me life's heavy task.

---

\* Address at Belfast to British Association, 1874.

Now let me rest,  
Hushed be my striving brain,  
My beating breast;  
Let me put off my pain,  
And feel me sinking, sinking deep  
Into an abyss of sleep.

The morrow's noise  
Its aguish hope and fear,  
Its empty joys,  
Of these I shall not hear;  
Call me no more, I cannot come;  
I'm gone to be at rest, at home.

Earth undesired  
And not for heaven meet;  
For one so tired  
What's left but slumber sweet,  
Beneath a grassy mound of trees,  
Or at the bottom of the seas?

Yet let me have  
Once in a thousand years,  
Thoughts in my grave,  
To know how free from fears  
I sleep, and that I there shall lie  
Through undisturbed eternity.

And when I wake,  
Then let me hear above  
The birds that make  
Songs not of human love:  
Or muffled tones may reach  
Of storms that sound from beach to beach.

Here we clearly see that what is prayed for is a quiescent state of being—relief from the fret of existence, not cessation of existence. The mood changes, and the poet continues—

But hark! what word  
Breathes through this twilight  
dim?  
"Rest in the Lord,  
Wait patiently for Him;  
Return, O soul, and thou shalt have  
A better rest than in thy grave."

My God, I come;  
But I was sorely shaken:  
Art Thou my home?  
I thought I was forsaken:  
I know Thou art a sweeter rest  
Than earth's soft side or ocean's  
breast.

Yet this my cry!—  
"I ask no more for heaven,  
Now let me die,  
For I have vainly striven."  
I had, but for that word from Thee  
Renounced my immortality.

Nay! not so. Immortality was not renounced, but only a passive immortality prayed for, which is the point to which attention is specially directed. Having cited so much, we may as well complete the poem:—

Now I return;  
Return, O Lord, to me:  
I cannot earn  
That Heaven I'll ask of Thee;  
But with Thy Peace amid the  
strife,  
I still can live in hope of Life.

The careful day,  
The feverish day is over;  
Strength ebb'd away,  
I lie down to recover;  
With sleep from Him I shall be blest,  
Whose word has brought my sor-  
rows rest.

A strong argument for immortality has ever been the common instinct of immortality. Even when it is supposed the man is buried when his body is buried, the conception is that in his grave he enjoys rest. Annihilation would seem to be inconceivable. And if it should be maintained that conceivability or inconceivability is no evidence for or against reality, we, as Spiritualists, have the evidence of experience to fall back upon, or what Epes Sargent designates "the proof palpable of immortality."

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL  
LITERATURE.

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

UNIVERSAL FAITH IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD—DR. LIVINGSTONE  
CITED. :

AN interesting and valuable book might be written on the incidental and undesigned evidences of Spiritualism in general literature. Poetry and prose, newspapers and magazines, history and biography, books of travel, philosophy, and science, might all be laid under contribution. Following the didactic suggestion of the poet, we might survey mankind from China to Peru, or we might travel backward in time to the father of History; and still farther back to the earliest Scriptures of every Religion, and to the still more remote time of primitive tradition; and still beyond, to a time of which the only records are in the mounds and burial places of the first races of mankind; and in all climes and periods, in all stages of society, and in all varieties of condition, character, and culture; in the saint, the savage, and the sage, we should find, under all diversities of form and expression, the same essential, universal faith in man's spiritual nature, and immortality brought home to the consciousness of men by experience of manifestations from and communion with those who had left the mortal for the immortal state.

Mr. Peebles (late U.S. Consul)—who, in company with Dr. Dunn, has lately returned home, having travelled round the globe—in his *Round the World* (just published), lifts a little of the veil of mystery, and gives us some clear glimpses of this wide-spread experience among the various nations of the world, especially in the ancient countries of the East, among the aborigines of Australia, and the natives of Polynesia. Travellers, missionaries, and other residents tell the same unvarying tale. Huc and Gabet, in Tartary and China; Howard Malcolm, in South-Eastern Asia; Mr. Lane (still, perhaps, our best authority on the modern Egyptians); his sister, Mrs. Poole; Harriet Martineau, who has given us such glowing pictures of Eastern Life, past and present; and Mr. Barker, British Vice-Consul at Theodosia, in his work *The Mendal*; the African explorers, Burton and Livingstone, with many more who might be enumerated, all have added something to our knowledge of Spiritualism in the places where they have severally been; not, indeed, with special intent (and it may be the more trustworthy on that

account), but as incidents which came under their observation, or information they had obtained upon the spot. Thus, in his last journals (just published), Livingstone tells us of tribes in the interior of Africa who, in their dances and rejoicings, express the satisfaction they feel at the prospect of returning to earth as spirits, and accomplishing what now they are unable to effect; and in the same work (Vol. II., p. 86) he tells us:—

Suleiman-ben-Juma lived on the main-land, Mosessamé, opposite Zanzibar. It is impossible to deny his power of foresight, except by rejecting all evidence, for he frequently foretold the deaths of great men among Arabs, and he was pre-eminently a good man, upright and sincere—"Thisti," none like him now for goodness and skill. He said that two middle-sized white men, with straight noses and flowing hair down to the girdle behind, came at times and told him things to come. He died twelve years ago, and left no successor; he foretold his own decease, three days beforehand, by cholera.

---

ABORIGINAL SPIRITUALISM.—HENRY WARD BEECHER  
A MEDIUM.

Canon Calloway, in a Paper read before the Anthropological Society, relates similar experiences among the Kaffirs; and the author of *Old New Zealand*—a gentleman holding an official position in that colony—narrates his experience at a spiritual *séance* among the natives, when a departed member of the tribe spoke with the direct voice, audible to all present, and gave the writer a most cunning test of his own devising; it might, indeed, be taken for the description of a *séance* at Boston or in London, its essential characteristics being the same as those with which in America and in England we are now so familiar. If we turn to current literature, to biography and journalism, or to those standard works which "no gentleman's library is complete without," we find some confirmation of Spiritualism constantly cropping up—often where we least expect it; now in the sermon of a popular preacher, now in the biography of a great novelist. Mr. Beecher solemnly assures his congregation at Plymouth Church that there are moments when the presence of his departed loved ones is more real to him than that of those they have left behind. This is the way Mr. Beecher says he evolves his sermons from his inner consciousness:—"I sleep Saturday nights for Sunday. My best services are always slept up—to relieve you of that necessity. I lie in the morning in that dreamy state when my body seems to be asleep and my mind wide awake, and I fashion my sermons. If you could hear one of them, you would never want to hear them as here delivered; they are so much larger and more symmetrical; and I often spring from my bed saying, 'God help me, I will have a sermon to-day!' but the moment I want to imprison my thoughts into words they are gone; and so, I say, I have an

experience of the higher life, momentary though it be—a faint and feeble analogue of the disclosures that are yet to come in the other life.”

---

FATHER IGNATIUS A MEDIUM.—DICKENS—MOZART.

The *Sussex Daily News* reports a sermon preached by Father Ignatius, on Sunday, October 8th, 1874, in the Grand Concert Hall, Brighton, from which we quote the following:—

It was only a trick of the devil, in the present day, to try and make people think it was superstitious to believe anything particular about the dead. If they were heard speaking of the apparitions of spirits they were laughed at as being deluded wretches or fanatics; but, notwithstanding this, he was in continual communication with the spirits of the departed. . . . The spirits of the dead often spoke to him, and in far clearer tones than his hearers and he could speak. And if so-called Christians chose to deny the Bible, by saying that communion with the dead was impossible, the devil would give them spiritual communion of another kind. The Christian, if he were a real Christian, was the true Spiritualist; and if they would not have Christian Spiritualism, the devil would thrust another Spiritualism upon them, *nolens volens*.

It is now evident, from Forster's biography of Dickens, that, while he flouted Spiritualism in *All the Year Round*, he yet realised its truth in his own experience; and although, so far as I am aware, he never openly expressed his mistake, it was probably owing to this that in his later writings he was careful to avoid repeating it, and freely opened the pages of his periodical to narratives which might fitly have found a place in the pages of this Magazine. Mr. G. H. Lewes—whose violent prejudice against Spiritualism is well known—says of Dickens: “He once declared to me that every word he said by his characters was distinctly heard by him.” It has, on more than one occasion, been shown in these pages that he was an impressional clairaudient and clairvoyant medium, often unconsciously illustrating the truth of Spiritualism in his works and in his life.

How much of what is called genius is simply the influx of some spiritual gift, if, indeed, it is ever anything else than that! Mozart acquired his knowledge of music not by laboured study, but as by an instinctive intuition; and he tells us that the music he composed was but a faint reproduction of the music that he heard—as Blake painted his historical portraits from the spirits whom he saw. I know a gentleman of fortune, blind from infancy, whose knowledge of music seems, like Mozart's, to have been intuitive—he never had a lesson in it—yet, from childhood, he executed difficult passages with ease and great ability, and command over the instrument. The landed gentry in his neighbourhood, for miles around, flock to hear his musical improvisations.

---

## ROBERT SCHUMANN A MEDIUM.

A national musical festival in honour of the great composer, Robert Schumann, was recently held in Germany. This great composer was not only a Spiritualist, but a medium, as is evident from the following passage, translated from the German of Wasielwski by A. L. Alger:—

While visiting Dusseldorf, in May, 1853, I one day entered his room, and found him on the sofa, reading. To my inquiry as to the subject of his book, he replied, in an excited tone, "Oh! don't you know anything about 'table-tipping?'" I laughingly answered, "Well?" Upon this, his eyes, generally half shut and in-turned, opened wide, the pupils dilated convulsively, and with a peculiar, ghost-like look, he said, slowly and mournfully, "The tables know all." When I saw that he was in serious earnest, rather than irritate him, I fell into his humour, and he soon grew calm. He then called his second daughter, and began to experiment, with her aid, on a small table, which accented the beginning of Beethoven's C minor symphony. The whole scene struck me with terror; and I well remember that I expressed my distress to acquaintances at the time. He wrote of his experiments to Ferd. Hiller, April 25, 1853, "We tipped the table yesterday for the first time. Wonderful power! Just think; I asked for the first two measures of the C minor symphony! It delayed longer than usual with the answer: at last it gave them, but rather slowly at first. When I said, 'But the time is faster,' it hastened to beat the true time. When I asked it if it could give me the number *which I was thinking of*, it gave it correctly as *three*. We were all filled with wonder." And to the same, April 29, "We have repeated our experiments in mesmerism: we seem surrounded with wonders." There were also occasional auricular delusions which caused him to hear an uninterrupted sound, and, in his nervous excitement, he really heard it, although there was nothing in the slightest degree approaching a sound. The violinist, Ruppert Becker, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, who then lived in Dusseldorf, told me that he was at a beer saloon with Schumann one evening. Suddenly Schumann threw down the paper, saying, "I can read no more; I hear an incessant A!"—*The Choir*.

---

NORMAL MEDIUMSHIP.—BYRON, MOORE, BARRY CORNWALL AND OTHER INSTANCES.

Tarteni, as is well known, composed his celebrated Sonata from his recollection of a performance to which he had listened in his dream; as "Coleridge's *Khubla-Khan*" was the fragment he remembered of a poem under similar circumstances, and which by no effort of his splendid imagination was he able to complete. If, as has been indicated, genius is normal mediumship in its highest development, we have at hand a clue to its many mysteries. We may understand, for instance, how it is that men of genius sometimes feel urged to the performance of a particular work by an overmastering impulse which allows them no rest till they have done its bidding; and the ease, rapidity and force with which that work is executed. In a note to Byron's magnificent apostrophe to the "Clime of the unforgotten brave," in his poem *The Giaour* we read:—"From this line to the conclusion of the paragraph the M.S. is written in a hurried and almost illegible hand, as if these

splendid lines had been poured forth in one continuous burst of pathetic feeling, which would hardly allow time for the hand to follow the rapid flow of the imagination." Pope tells us he "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came." In *The Greville Memoirs*, p. 245, I find these words relating to the poet Moore: "He told me as we came along that with him it required no thought to write, but that there was no end to it—so many fancies on every subject crowded on his brain that he often read what he had written as if it had been the composition of another." Again, from the same book I extract the following (p. 298), speaking of Lord and Lady Burgheret, afterwards Earl and Countess of Westmoreland, he being at that time ambassador at Florence:—"The embassy is the seat of arts, for Lady Burgheret has received the gift of painting as if by inspiration, and she was in a brown robe in the midst of oils and brushes and canvas, and she copies pictures in the gallery, and really extraordinarily well, if it be true that till a year ago she had never had a brush in her hand, and that she is still quite ignorant of drawing." Mr. Henry G. Atkinson writes:—"My dear old friend, Barry Cornwall, the poet, who passed away from life but the other day, at the age of eighty-six—the schoolfellow of both Byron and Peel—often told me how the idea in verse came into his mind, he could not say from whence, but certainly with no effort or conscious pre-disposition on his part. He might be at the time in an omnibus, or in the crowded street, it seemed all the same; and he would often run into a shop for a piece of paper, on which to inscribe the lines." Mr. Atkinson, with more truth than he is perhaps aware, calls these "inspired moments." The newspapers recently reported a remarkable exhibition at Brussels of about a hundred landscape paintings of very great merit, painted by an untutored boy named Fritz Herehove of Bruges, who died when only eleven years of age. The statements of Sir Walter Scott as to the way his literary works were composed, as quoted with reference also to an experience of Emerson, and other examples in the article on "Spiritual Monitions," in this Magazine, (p. 338, Vol. VIII., N.S.) may be referred to as additional illustrations to those now given. Many more might be cited, but I quote here only one:—Lamartine's account of the origin of that greatest of revolutionary airs—the world renowned hymn of the Marseillaise. In his *History of Girondists*, Vol. I., p. 518, we have the story as follows:—

ORIGIN OF THE "MARSEILLAISE."

The "Marseillaise" preserves notes of the song of glory and the shriek of death: glorious as the one, funereal like the other, it assures the country, whilst it makes the citizen turn pale. This is its history:—



There was then a young officer of artillery in garrison at Strasbourg, named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Lons-le-Saunier, in the *Jura*, that country of reverie and energy, as mountainous countries always are. This young man loved war like a soldier—the Revolution like a thinker. He charmed with his verses and music the slow dull garrison life. Much in request from his twofold talent as musician and poet, he visited the house of Dietrick, an Alsatian patriot (*maire* of Strasbourg), on intimate terms. Dietrick's wife and young daughters shared in his patriotic feelings, for the Revolution was advancing towards the frontiers, just as the affections of the body always commence at the extremities. They were very partial to the young officer, and inspired his heart, his poetry, and his music. They executed the first of his ideas hardly developed, *confidantes* of the earliest flights of his genius.

It was in the winter of 1792, and there was a scarcity in Strasbourg. The house of Dietrick was poor, and the table humble; but there was always a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. This young officer was there from morning to night, like a son or brother of the family. One day, when there was only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table, Dietrick, looking with calm sadness at De Lisle, said to him, "Plenty is not seen at our feasts; but what matter if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic fêtes, and courage in our soldier's hearts. I have still a bottle of wine left in my cellar. Bring it," he added, addressing one of his daughters, "and we will drink to liberty and our country. Strasbourg is shortly to have a patriotic ceremony, and De Lisle must be inspired by these last drops to produce one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the enthusiasm which suggested it." The young girls applauded, fetched the wine, filled the glasses of their old father and the young officer until the wine was exhausted. It was midnight, and very cold. De Lisle was a dreamer; his heart was moved, his head heated. The cold seized on him, and he went staggering to his lonely chamber, endeavouring, by degrees, to find inspiration in the palpitations of his citizen heart; and on his small clavicord, now composing the air before the words, and now the words before the air, combined them so intimately in his mind, that he could never tell which was first produced, the air or the words, so impossible did he find it to separate the poetry from the music, and the feeling from the impression. He sung everything—wrote nothing.

Overcome by this divine inspiration, his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake until daylight. The song of the over night returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down, and then ran to Dietrick. He found him in his garden. His wife and daughters had not yet risen. Dietrick aroused them, called together some friends, as fond as himself of music, and capable of executing De Lisle's composition. Dietrick's eldest daughter accompanied them, Rouget sang. At the first verse all countenances turned pale, at the second tears flowed, at the last enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was also destined to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Dietrick, went, a few months afterwards, to the scaffold to the sound of the notes produced at his own fireside, from the heart of his friend, and the voices of his daughters.

The new song, executed some days afterwards at Strasbourg, flew from city to city, in every public orchestra. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and the close of the sittings of its clubs. The Marseillais spread it all over France, by singing it everywhere on their way. Whence the name of "Marseillaise." De Lisle's old mother, a royalist and religious, alarmed at the effect of her son's voice, wrote to him:—"What is this revolutionary hymn, sung by bands of brigands, who are traversing France, and with which our name is mingled?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a Royalist, heard it and shuddered, as it sounded on his ears, whilst escaping by some of the wild passes of the Alps. "What do they call that hymn?" he inquired of his guide. "The 'Marseillaise,'" replied the peasant. It was thus he learnt the name of his own work. The arm turned against the hand that forged it. The Revolution, insane, no longer recognised its own voice.

## REV. JOHN MURRAY.

We sometimes say that such a man or woman has "a mission." The phrase is often used with little or no sense as to its meaning and fitness. There is a sense in which it is probably true of all men; but it is manifestly so, and in a marked degree of particular individuals, as in the following instance:—

John Murray was the son of parents moving in a high social position: he was brought up in the strict Calvinist school, and was taught to despise everything of a liberal character. Passing one day through the streets of London he heard John Raleigh preach, a man who was a believer in the final reunion of the human race, and had written a book called *The Union*, the argument of which was that as all the members of the human body constituted but one, so the human race formed but one vast body, with Jesus Christ at its head. At first Murray wrapped himself up in his self-righteousness, thanked God that he was not left to believe a lie, but afterwards he was led to read Raleigh's book and to receive his doctrine. Soon after this, persecution set in upon him; his wife died, his business failed, and he was thrown into Newgate for debt; but while there, in a season of great darkness, with no one to sympathise with him, his cell one day was filled with light; he beheld before him his loved departed wife. This was his first experience of direct intercourse with the spirit-world, and it gave him great consolation. He was afterwards impressed that he ought to go to America, there seclude himself from the world, and when in great depression of spirits at the very beginning of the voyage, he heard a voice telling him to be of good cheer, for God would never forsake him. He left England for America in 1770, but owing to some mistake, the vessel instead of going to New York, got driven into an inlet, and the boats had to be lowered with some of the cargo, to enable her to get to sea again; Murray was put on board one of the boats, which was left behind; going on shore, he went to a house to get provisions, and was told by the owner, Mr. Potter, that he had been waiting for him for a long time. Mr. Potter had long lived at the place and had built a chapel there, but could never get a proper preacher for it, till, when he saw the ship in which Murray sailed, a voice told him that there was the man; Murray was induced, after great persuasion, to stop there, and went throughout the land teaching the great doctrine of the restitution of all things, and was a great instrument in God's hands in preparing the way for the advent of Spiritualism in America.

---

## REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

The following is an experience of the late Dr. Guthrie, as related by himself, in the volume for 1872 (p. 103) of the *Sunday Magazine*, and is one of many illustrations of the agency employed "in what is called a Particular Providence :"—

In describing a visit which he paid to the lonely cottage of an aged and helpless woman in his first parish, this eloquent divine says :—" Though believing, not only with theologians, but with such men—the bravest of the brave—as Parry, and Franklin, and Kane, in what is called a 'Particular Providence,' we are slow in setting down events as proving that doctrine. Still, a number of circumstances have occurred in the course of our life it would be otherwise difficult to explain ; and among these we find a place for what happened in the visit we have referred to. Though other duties called us elsewhere that day, a strong inclination to visit her took possession of us. Yielding, at length, to that impulse, we turned our steps to the dell where she lived, and on our way met a friend, with whom we lingered for some time, conversing on a topic of deep interest to us both. All of a sudden we felt as if someone was tugging at our coat, and resumed our walk, wondering the while how we were so strongly drawn that day to the old woman's cottage. The mystery was explained, or seemed so, when we got there, and had opened the door." The doctor then proceeds to state that a short while before he reached the cottage, the fire, made of the outer covering of flax, had become top-heavy, and, throwing itself beyond the hearthstone forward on the floor, surrounded the poor woman with a circle of flames. Her daughter being out at work during the day, the humble cottager, whose lower extremities were perfectly powerless, was all alone. "A more dreadful predicament to be in," the doctor continues, "it were not easy to imagine. She could not rise, nor even move a foot, and it was in vain to cry, as none were near to help. So there she sat, pale and speechless, with her eyes, like a bird the serpent fascinates, fixed on the fire. that, steadily advancing, crawled nearer and nearer, and in a few moments more had reached her clothes, and, enveloping her helpless form in flames, had burned her to a cinder. Such was the spectacle that met our astonished eyes! Another minute and we had been too late to take the floor at one leap, and seizing her, chair and all, place her out of danger ; and, with her, praise Him who, in sending us at the nick of time to pluck her from the jaws of death, was 'a very present help in the time of trouble.'"

---

 DR. NORMAN MACLEOD ON THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Another eminent minister of the Church of Scotland, the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, one of the Queen's Chaplains, and Editor of *Good Words* ; in an article on "The Communion of Saints," which appears in the March number of that magazine, has the following passage :—

But if this eternal principle of genuine love unites the faithful in heaven with the faithful on earth, in how many ways unrevealed to us, yet guessed at by the instincts of our hearts, may not the holy departed manifest their love to us here ? Scripture tells us nothing positive about this, and therefore we do not feel warranted to intrude into things unseen, far less to hold as an article of faith what has not been expressly revealed. But Scripture does not forbid the idea which we may presume humbly to entertain—that heaven is, perhaps, not far away, but surrounding us ; that maybe, the physical journey, from the bed of death to the unseen world of holy and happy souls, is within the confines of the room in which they leave us ; that maybe, love not only becomes more intense because more perfect, but passes into actions in our behalf, and that if

angels are ministering spirits, so possibly may saints be also. And thus the power of ministering tender influences, and of gently coming with unheard footfalls and touches of love to comfort and guide, may possibly be assured as a glorious reward to the parent towards the orphan children—to the husband or wife towards the beloved partner left behind. The loving and strong arm on which the weak one leant on earth may not be altogether removed, though unseen, nor the love which burned most brightly at the end, cease to shed its influence on our earthly path, though to our eyes its heavenly origin may be unknown. We do not say that this must be, or that this is; but we do say that it may be, because the Church is one, and its members who have stepped across the threshold of the heavenly sanctuary do not love less, but more; and do not cease to remember, but rather cannot possibly forget.

A good deal of this kind of Spiritualism now finds its way into pulpits and religious journals. One would naturally think that those who thus speak and write would gladly welcome any facts from whatever quarter that would evidence the truth of their hopes, and convert their guesses into certainties, and their speculations into what may be, into the firm assurance of a knowledge of what actually is. And these facts are not alone to be found in Modern Spiritualism, though there most abundant and accessible; but (as has been repeatedly shown in these pages), they are to be found in connection with every Church, more or less fully, with the universal experience of mankind in every age.

---

#### J. S. MILL AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

It is well worthy of note, that the conceptions which the purest reason and the highest philosophy have reached concerning the Future Life fully harmonise with the representations of modern Spiritualism. Thus, the late J. S. Mill in his posthumous *Essay on Religion* contends that the mind should dwell with preference on the belief and hope of a Future Life, and on considering the nature of that life, should our belief be well founded, he shows what according to all the probabilities of the case, the conditions of that life must be. Let any one compare these conclusions with those of Spiritualists as presented in Mrs. Tappan's trance lecture, Wallace's recent work on *Miracle and Modern Spiritualism*, Owen's *Footfalls*, Emma Hardinge's Discourse on *Hades*, and the chapter on "The Future that awaits us," in Mrs. Crow's *Night-Side of Nature*, published more than a quarter of a century ago, and confessedly (like the rest) derived from those who are in the experience of that life, and he will find there a striking agreement between the speculations of the philosopher and the facts and deductions of the Spiritualist; and see how vastly superior these are to the common representations of the popular theology.

---

THE SUN.

---

IN a recent number of a well-known periodical there appeared an elaborate article on the nature and constitution of the Sun. We were therein treated—with the usual parade of scientific knowledge—to the old conventional opinions respecting this “luminary.” Without the glimmer of an original idea on the subject, we had dinned into us a great deal of discussion about the dimensions, constitution, and appearance of the Sun. Of course it is said to be a dark globe enclosed in a photosphere or luminous envelope, composed of divers metals in a state of incandescence, and of gases blazing away furiously. We are told that scientific observers actually see the surface of the Sun in a terrible condition of turbulent combustion: the vapour of molten metals can be detected in its rays, and its heat and light have been calculated to a mechanical nicety, as far as figures can be conceived by the human mind, and many millions of degrees beyond any power of human endurance. It has also been made a subject of estimate how long the Sun can exist at its present rate of combustion and self-consumption.

In its revelations of the organisation of the Sun, positive and “exact science” plumes itself upon its capacity of triumphantly disclosing and demonstrating the secrets, methods, and laws which underlie the grand aspects and mysteries of Nature. Now what do we know of this subject? Pray do not be so certain and complacent, ye scientific guides and explorers, in the information you deal out to us! We venture to differ from your views and to offer another hypothesis for acceptance and approval. In opposition to our scientific rulers, will our readers “be surprised to hear” that the Sun is *not* necessarily a luminous body in a state of combustion and flame; and that the more probable fact is, that beyond the range of our atmosphere, all the heavenly bodies are cold and dark and would be there invisible?

If we suppose the Sun and stars to be gigantic fountains of magnetic substance, centres of polarised force—attraction and repulsion—acting upon our globe and its atmosphere, and also upon all the planets of our system and their atmospheres, the phenomena of the Universe would then immediately become susceptible of the grandest and simplest interpretation. To explain the effects produced by the Sun, there is not the least reason to infer that it is luminous or even particularly warm.

It may be the source of heat, without being itself hot. This opinion sounds very paradoxical, but it can be elucidated by an example. Take a galvanic battery, which is a dark cold machine; introduce a little acidified water into its cells and set it in action:

by a proper arrangement of wires you may at a long distance from your battery produce a heat intense enough to fuse the hardest metals and a light too vivid to be endured by the human eye. Now if while this result is being accomplished, we could see the action of the acid liquid on the metal plates of the galvanic battery, we should discover on their surface a process of rapid oxydation going on, analogous, on a small scale, to the commotion apparent on the face of the Sun, and which we might easily mistake for violent combustion. Thus we learn that potent action generated in a dark cold body may produce great light and heat at a distance from the seat of action; and what is wrought in a small way, artificially, by a galvanic battery, may surely be done naturally by the grand forces of the Sun.

I think we may be quite sure that the Sun does not waste light and heat through a space of ninety millions of miles between us and itself, when it can so easily distribute the requisite quantity of these necessities at the precise spots where they are needed.

We are told that the spectroscope actually reveals the presence of the vapours of incandescent metals in the Sun, and that these differ from what is apparent in the light of the stars. I imagine that here we mistake the revelations of the spectroscope. If the magnetic quality of the Sun differs from that of the stars, they would naturally produce a different result upon the substances in our atmosphere; and all that we should be entitled to infer from the observed phenomena, would be, not that some metals are in a molten state in the Sun different from those in the stars, but that the magnetic force of the Sun exerted in its effect upon the vapours of our earth, an influence distinct from that exercised by the stars.

In the face of this theory, all the nonsense about Mercury being as hot as a furnace, and Saturn as cold as an iceberg, must be exploded with a smile of derision.

In spite of all our boasted astronomical discoveries, our knowledge of the celestial machinery is really limited to ascertaining the motion of our globe in relation to the motion of the other heavenly bodies. After some thousands of years of observation, we have learnt only the rate at which we are moving through the skies. Our science of the Universe has become merely a science of motion;—"that and nothing more!"

It is one thing to observe phenomena accurately, and quite another thing to reason about them truly.

I have alluded to the Polarity of the Universe; *i.e.* the attraction which exists between positive and negative poles, and the repulsion which is manifested when two positive or two

negative poles are presented to each other. This theory of Polarity is a much more lucid and philosophical explanation of the movements of the heavenly bodies than the old-fashioned mechanical doctrine of the attraction of gravitation and the centripetal and centrifugal forces; this latter system must be banished from our science if we would in future associate finer and truer ideas with the subtle powers of Nature, and express in more comprehensive language the grand order and method of her working.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

---



---

## HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

---

### MARCHING ON!

We are soldiers of the Lord,  
Who fight not with the sword,  
But with weapon keen and strong,  
To cleave through ancient wrong.

Marching on;  
Triumphant marching on:  
Marching on!

We are preachers of the Lord,  
Who proclaim His living word;  
And the better time to be  
When the Truth shall make men free.

Marching on;  
Ever faithful marching on:  
Marching on!

We are poets of the Lord,  
Who sing His praise abroad;  
With strains of hope and love  
To our happy home above—

Marching on;  
Exultant marching on:  
Marching on!

We are servants of the Lord,  
Who all with one accord,  
With hand, or tongue, or pen,  
Work for our brother-men.

Marching on;  
For ever marching on:  
Marching on!

T. S.

---



---

## EDWARD IRVING—A SKETCH.

By FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG,

*Minister of the Free Christian Church, New Swindon.*

---

THERE was a time when the opinion held about Oliver Cromwell was painfully discreditable to his memory, and altogether in the teeth of the facts; but at length Thomas Carlyle came forth and told the true story of Oliver's career, and we now know that Cromwell was the kingliest ruler that England has ever been privileged to possess, and, so far from being a hypocrite and a man of mean ambition, that he was a man of singularly generous nature, and inspired by deeply religious convictions. It may also be said, with equal truth, that since Edward Irving has passed away the veil has been partly lifted, and we are now

in a better position to estimate his singular genius and great spiritual worth. Carlyle himself has written a notice of Irving, which will live coeval with the English language. Washington Wilks, a well known literary man, wrote a brief memoir of Irving some five-and-twenty years ago; and, subsequently, Mrs. Oliphant, the authoress of many well-known novels, has published a *Life of Irving*, made up of materials drawn from original and special sources, which will always continue to be a precious memorial of this gifted man. There has also been published, by his nephew, an edition, in six volumes, of Irving's collected works, and from all these sources the public are now in a position to judge him more correctly than they had hitherto been able to do.

Edward Irving was born on August 4th, 1792, in the little town of Annan, washed by the waters of the Solway Firth, and seven miles from the famous Gretna Green. He was the second son among eight children, and his father a tanner, while his mother was descended from the Lowthers. The children were all brought up to follow trades and professions. In his boyhood Irving was educated by the parish schoolmaster, who had also the honour of having Thomas Carlyle as one of his pupils. Irving was not peculiarly studious as a boy, but fond of boyish sports, and generous to an unlimited degree. At the age of 13, he and his elder brother went to Edinburgh University, where the training he received was extremely narrow, but where his own natural endowments overcame all obstacles. He then devoted himself to the work of a schoolmaster at Haddington and Kirkcaldy, having at the former place for one of his pupils Miss Walsh, who was afterwards Carlyle's wife, while the friendship between both of them and her illustrious husband continued to the last. After going through the usual routine of a preaching probationer and teacher, and finding few persons who could appreciate his pulpit labours, he received from Dr. Chalmers, in 1819, a call to become the assistant of that divine. His life in Glasgow was one of great usefulness; but, partly from the circumstances of the case, he was restless, and longed for some sphere in which he could put forth all his powers untrammelled. In 1822, he received a call from the Caledonian Chapel, Hatton Garden, London, to which about fifty members were then attached. That call he accepted, and in a little time the world of society knew that Edward Irving was in London. George Canning, at that time Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, happened to mention in a debate in the House of Commons the fact that he had heard Irving preach an unusually eloquent sermon. The news flew like wild fire, and then art, science, literature, theology and fashion, crowded to the un-



fashionable region of Hatton Garden, and filled the Scottish conventicle to overflowing. In 1823, Irving married the daughter of the parish minister of Kirkcaldy, after an eleven years' courtship. And then there came one of the many *crises* of Irving's life. He happened to meet with a gentleman named Hatley Frere, one of a number of students of prophecy, who bore down upon the divine with such force, that Irving was precipitated suddenly and fully into all the depths of prophetic teaching and interpretation, a subject which had for him for the remainder of his life a peculiar and almost fatal fascination. The friends at Hatton Garden could not "enlarge the place of their tent, or stretch forth the curtains of their habitations," and if they were not to "spare, but to lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes," they must do so in some other locality. Accordingly they erected a splendid church in Regent Square, Gray's Inn Road, in which the amiable and accomplished Dr. James Hamilton so long ministered. Dr. Chalmers preached the opening sermon, and a thousand sittings were taken on the opening-day. Here Irving's congregation gradually settled down, some of the first excitement having very naturally died away. In the following year a poor miserable man, named Cole, a London minister, happening to hear the fag end of one of Irving's sermons, put forth a pamphlet, in which he charged Irving with teaching heresy on our Lord's human nature, and there thus began that long train of events which finally ended in the Church of Scotland expelling from her pale her then greatest son. It will always remain a blot upon the memory of Dr. Chalmers, that although he knew at the time all the circumstances of the case, and a single word of his would have arrested proceedings, he remained silent, and thus by his timidity brought upon his more highly gifted friend trouble and sorrow, which no heart less big than Irving's could have borne or rightly estimated. In the years 1830 and 1831, there appeared in Regent Square Church some of those peculiar manifestations which are spoken of in St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians. For these so-called irregularities, Edward Irving was tried before and condemned by the London Presbytery, and his church closed in the following year. He and his communicants, to the number of 800, then removed to a large room in Gray's Inn Road, occupied during the week by the late Robert Owen and his disciples, Irving in the meantime preaching for want of room in Britannia Fields and other public places to as many as 13,000 persons at one time, who were able through his powerful voice to hear every word he uttered. A second move was then made to West's Picture Gallery, in Newman Street, Oxford Street, over the

door of which the words "Catholic and Apostolic Church" were placed, which words remained there until a comparatively recent period. It was in that building that the nucleus was formed of what has since been known as the "Church of the Irvingites," although it ought in all fairness to be stated that the members have always refused to be described by a title which thus associates Irving's name with them. Irving's publication of the *Morning Watch*, and some volumes of greater pretensions, helped to create the storm which, lowering for a time, at length burst with all its fury upon his devoted head. Prophecyings, tongues, and healing continued to be common occurrences in the new community, while Irving, in the matchless simplicity of his heart, believed that he was but teaching in pure conformity with the standards of the Church in which he had been born, and in whose bosom he had been nourished, and that he was doing nothing nor suffering anything to be done which should impeach his character or endanger his ministerial position. Not so, however, did many others think and feel. He was arraigned before his own Presbytery of Annan, in the early spring of 1833, charged with teaching heresy on the holiness of our Lord's human nature, and with permitting scandalous irregularities in the usual conduct of public worship.

The old story was once again repeated. Sandblind pedants, quite sincere but equally narrow minded, were set to try this great soul, and their decision was, that according to the standards of their Church and her discipline, Irving had transgressed beyond hope of reprieve or acquittal. And so on March 13th of that year, as the natural twilight of the day was darkening in, and by the light of a single tallow candle, Edward Irving was formally excommunicated. "And they cast him out," says the Record, which tells of another excommunication 1,800 years ago. Yes, "they cast *him* out," the man of prophet soul and of prophet sight, the true believer, the lover of order, the reverent spirit, the courageous one, a man real in every fibre of him, a sympathetic nature who loved little children, and whose heart overflowed towards all of human kind, the man gifted high above his fellows, the honest minister and pastor, living the life of blameless fidelity, unsullied goodness, and matchless Christian character. But after all, the fault was not his, nor, in a certain sense, was it theirs. It was his misfortune to have put on church garments too small for him, and to stand in a place which imprisoned him, even though he was all the time entirely unconscious of the facts. He returned to London, an outcast from his mother church, and was re-ordained in the church of his own formation on Good Friday, April 5, 1833. But labour, disease, worry, and weariness had all along been doing their

sad work. He was fast breaking down, and in the hope of recruiting his exhausted strength and energies, he turned his face towards his own bonnie Scotland, travelling to the North by easy stages. The illness which had all along been imminent now set in in full force. His wife was sent for, and the last mortal scene opened, which was so soon to close. As reverent and loving watchers stood around his bed, he was heard to say in the Hebrew tongue, "The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me, yea in the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil;" while it is said that his last words were these, "If I die, I die unto the Lord. Amen."

Poor heart! that was the last of all that was mortal of Edward Irving. The busy brain had ceased to throb and ache, the eyes which once flashed with the fire of indignation or melted with speechless love were closed, the cheeks that were once flushed with pity or hope, or blanched with fear, were now colourless, the tongue which was once so eloquent, that there seemed to be a rising again of a second John the Baptist, or Jeremiah, was hushed in silence, and the stalwart limbs were motionless and cold. They put his frail body in a tomb in the crypt of St. Mungo's Cathedral, Glasgow, and as I stood near that tomb some twenty years ago, and the light of the summer sun came glancing through the chancel window, and falling upon the stone, I thought there had once again descended out of Heaven a benediction upon one of earth's worthiest sons.

In Gordon Square, about five minutes' walk from Gower Street Station on the Underground Railway, there is a massive pile of buildings called the "Catholic and Apostolic Church," the members of which must historically trace their genealogy back to this man. They believe in the re-institution of the three Orders of Bishops, Priests and Deacons, in the Apostle's Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, in the rule of the Church by twelve Apostles, in the perpetuity of Apostolic gifts, in an elaborate ceremonial, and, above all other things, in a personal second advent of our Lord on the earth. They are mostly intelligent, cultivated, highly moral, and sincere; but their ecclesiastical and theological positions involve their future absorption into the Roman Catholic Church, where sooner or later they must by pure force of logic lose themselves.

Such is a very brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of the life-history of Edward Irving, the saint and martyr; and as I here close the record, there seem to be no words so fitting in which to do so as those we have all of us heard at the edge of the grave, "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord henceforth; Yea,

saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Yes, blessed are the valiant, blessed are the true, of every name, of every Church. Blessed are the enduring, for their works do assuredly follow them. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap:"

To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored;  
Thus round and round we run,  
And ever the right comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done.

Here was once more a tragedy done under the sun, and in the sight of the people. But God always takes care of His jewels, because they are His. They are His now, and will one day be publicly acknowledged by Him to be such. I cannot conceal from myself the belief that if this man had been born within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, or, what will be taken as a still more singular supposition, had he been a member of even the Unitarian body, ridiculous as either supposition will seem to be to many, his fate would have been both different and better. But it was not to be, and therefore all we can do is to leave him in the hands of the pitying God, knowing that "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and that no single child of His can receive aught at His hands but loving kindness and tender mercy, let those blessings take gentle or severe shapes as best pleases Him, whose we are by the right of creation, and the still greater right of the Divine Fatherhood.

---

## CHRIST THE HEALER.

(An Evening Hymn.)

At even, ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;  
O in what divers pains they met,  
O in what joy they went away!  
Once more 'tis eventide, and we,  
Oppressed with various ills, draw  
near;  
What if Thy form we cannot see—  
We know and feel that Thou art  
here.  
O, Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,  
For some are sick and some are  
sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they  
had.

And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not  
free;  
And some have friends who give them  
pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.  
And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin!  
And they who fain would serve Thee best  
Are conscious most of wrong within.  
O, Saviour Christ, Thou, too, art man,  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,  
tried,  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would  
hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power,  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
Here in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy, heal us all.

“DOUBLES” *VERSUS* “SPIRITS,” OR THE  
DOUBLE DIFFICULTY CRITICISED.

BY CAPTAIN C—.

WHO could have imagined a few years since, that all the well authenticated, and still increasing spiritual phenomena of modern days, would in 1875 be seriously relegated to the mere region of mortal existences, as the effects of man's dual nature on earth; and that by investigators supposed to have been of ample growth and experience? Yet this psychologic, or rather diosyncratical phenomena, as wonderful perhaps as many of the spiritual phenomena themselves, old Spiritualists have lived to witness. What next! If it is true that our disembodied brethren, promoted to a higher sphere of life, have sometimes taken exception to the nomenclature of “Spirits,” a term which without due consideration has been hitherto applied to the immortal portion of the genus *homo*, we mortals may well smile at this non-euphemistic term of “doubles,” an expression erst used by some unthinking wight, but the *learned* philosophy of which to-day seems likely to descend with double-distilled forces upon our devoted heads, and annihilate all our cherished expectations of a blissful immortality!

It has been innocently supposed hitherto that the greater should contain the lesser, and not the lesser the greater. But now the mind or soul of man must be held accountable by its action as a “Double” for all those angelic utterances, philosophical and poetical, which are now-a-days produced through the highest order of *media*, the immortals who claim to be the operators being discovered to be mere *ignus fatui*!

On proceeding further on this *reductio ad absurdum* line of reasoning, if we glance at the theory, happily subsiding, of old *Diabolus*, in reference to these utterances, what do we perceive?—Only that at last “a tree is (*not*) known by its fruit,” nor a fountain's source by the purity of its waters.

And worst of all, a direct charge by implication in upholding such a theory must hold good against even the Divine Architect of the Universe Himself, of whom still no doubt such sublime theorists will exclaim, “He hath done all things well,” uttering then a truth the beauty of which is not half perceived by one of them. For if, notwithstanding “Nature's most tender efforts to yield a happy race,”—and an immortal one too—it should be discovered that the system of benign progress, which modern science has traced from the earliest period of

matter in its most rudimental state up till the present hour, when civilized or rather semi-civilized man crowns the scene, had utterly failed to eliminate immortal beings from the union of mind and matter in combined action for ages—even though it may have been simultaneously discovered that the noble mind vouchsafed to him is one capable of individualizing itself, apart from the “tenement of clay,” existing and acting under certain conditions quite independently of the latter, the non-immortality of that mind or soul must be held to involve a mistake somewhere in the “great first plan.”

Nor must it be forgotten either, that just about the time when man’s soul is discovered—though capable of individualization, a power denied to the lower creation—to be as evanescent as its material garment—modern chemistry having proved the latter beyond dispute to be non-immortal—still deeper scientific researches are rapidly discovering a whole universe of *imponderables*, electricity, magnetism, odyle, ozone, &c.—those stepping-stones to all that lies beyond,—much of the very difficulty previously felt, as to any “local habitation” of a tangible nature existing, suited to receive the individualized soul at death, has been greatly removed; unless we assume absurdly again that all these things too have been “made in vain.”

But there is another little difficulty, I fear, the advocates of the non-immortal “Double” have overlooked, a consideration of which will no doubt perplex them. Suppose in case of “M. A.” (Oxon), that on the occasion recently when his “Double” actually got photographed at Paris, during the entrancement or semi-entrancement of his mortal body in London, a thunderbolt (so termed) had accidentally converted in one moment that body into a cinder, how would it have fared with that unfortunate “Double?”

Would “M. A.” (Oxon) have been attracted by the cinder, and then finding no re-entrance there, vanished like a soap-bubble, or would the real man have felt freer and less hampered than formerly? I do not mean to insinuate that the gentleman in question is troubled, as some are, with any great clogging of the intellect, owing to contact with a gross body, *corpus*, for it is always a treat to have one of his lucid communications to read, but still taking the bare possibility of the thing into consideration, might not his “spiritual body” have happened to find—in company with many other “Doubles” of course,—perhaps in “Double” land, a means of intellectual enjoyment worthy of itself, and of them?

The whole difficulty appears to me to lie in a nutshell, the nut being of easy manipulation. The “doubles,” so termed, whose appearances and action, too, have been so often witnessed

and recorded, cannot of themselves be more powerful than the most helpless new-born spirits at physical dissolution; and this is a point which some Spiritualists, as well as non-Spiritualists, seem to have quite overlooked hitherto. I leave the latter, however, now to their meditations. But to such Spiritualists I would say, avoid the confusion of mind and perplexity attending any attempt to account for such a phenomenon as the following, without considering in connection with it the fact—as clearly explained in Davis's *Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse*, and corroborated by many spirit-teachings in both hemispheres, since that publication appeared—that each spirit, on passing away finally from its terrestrial organism, is tended and nursed temporarily by its own guardian or “ministering spirits,” usually from among its own blood-relations above, until well able to act independently. How then could a spirit or “double,” an individualized soul, be expected, when only *partially* released from the trammels of flesh, to perform such a part as it is now well known that very experienced spiritual beings have found difficulty in enacting of late years? Even now, their study of fresh phenomena, in order to open up still further an intercourse between the two worlds, fraught with blessings to both, is known to be going on around us. Spirit-photography itself is but in its infancy. The special phenomenon, however, just alluded to, and to which I now beg to call attention, is that extraordinary and well-authenticated case, quoted by Robert Dale Owen, in his delightful work, *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, where a large party of shipwrecked persons are rescued by aid of one of their own “doubles.” The “double” in question passes to an unseen ship, sailing in the neighbourhood of the helpless vessel, and writes, in presence of one of the officers on board, “Steer to the N.W.,” and vanishes. Such a course is then steered in consequence, and the shipwrecked are saved. In explanation—no doubt a band of spirits, seeing the jeopardy of their shipwrecked relatives, disembody, temporarily, the most suitable subject on board for such an operation, conveying him safely over the intervening space, &c., &c. Some may ask, why did the spirits not employ one of their own number to act on that occasion, instead of using a materialized “double”—for materialized it evidently was. To me the legitimate reply is plain. When spirits have progressed to certain stages of refinement, bodily as well as mentally, they become, as it were, constitutionally unadapted to intimate personal contact with even the most refined mundane particles of matter, such as are requisite to enable them to materialize and exhibit their forms, also to seize upon gross matter, such as paper and pencil. With an unprogressed spirit, or an embodied one, suited, in

either case, for such operations, their labours are comparatively easy.

This theory is borne out by numerous communications indirectly bearing on this topic; and without such explanation the perplexing statements, as to various truthful persons having seen their own "doubles," could not possibly be understood or even credited perhaps.

Latterly, too, since this strange question of "doubles" has come so prominently to the front, even amongst Spiritualists, a tendency on the part of many sincere investigators appears evident to adopt the theory, that at the numerous *séances* for materialization, now held so successfully, it is often the "double" of the medium present, who operates, not only in the production of spirit-hands or feet, but of the whole frame also, though no statement to that effect is ever made by the spirits directing such operations—but the contrary. If it were only more generally realized by what "a cloud of witnesses" most of us are surrounded, none being altogether unattended, these erroneous views would soon be dissipated, as to "doubles" acting independently of, or indeed without, the protecting ægis of their spirit-guides.

The whole subject is of the highest interest and importance, and the phenomenon of "doubles" will be found, no doubt, on due investigation, to form a direct link in the chain by which *man*, "now a little lower than the angels," is united, and all the the universe of matter beneath him and of mind above him, with Deity.

19th April, 1875.

---



---

### THE GHOST'S WARNING.

*A Norse Legend, newly rendered into English Verse,*

BY NEWTON CROSLAND.

---

[THERE are already in print two versions—perhaps more—of this effective and remarkable ballad, which dates back as far as 1591, A.D. One appears in the Notes to Scott's *Lady of the Lake*: it is crude, crabbed, and in a dialect repellant to a southern ear: the other version—unequal in quality—is among Longfellow's Poems, where it was published in *Aftermath*, without the slightest intimation of the ancient, northern source from which it was derived. Of course the art required, and here merely attempted, in reproducing in translation a work of this kind, is to combine the terse vigour, the earnest feeling, the colloquial homeliness, and the simple form of the antique



conception, with the ease, neatness, and lilting euphony of modern ballad composition. With the view of rendering the transitions of the story less abrupt, I have ventured to add here and there, some touches, which I fancy the original author, in his present state of existence and development, will not consider blemishes, as I believe them to be in keeping with my text.]

Sir Hugh went forth and brought home a wife,  
To share the joys and cares of his life.  
Within eight years from their wedding-morn,  
Six little children to them were born.  
At last Death summon'd her soul away,  
And her body was buried in grand array.  
Sir Hugh then married another wife,  
But she made his home an abode of strife.  
The lady he wed was a dismal dame ;  
Both proud and remorseless she became.  
When into the castle-court drove she,  
The six small children were sad to see.  
When there they all stood in doleful doubt,  
She railed at them sore and thrust them out.  
Nor cakes nor mead to the children she gave,  
But told them that " Nothing from her they'd have."  
She took their warm beds of velvet blue,  
And said, " Some straw is enough for you."  
She carried away their great wax-light,  
And said, " Ye must lie in the dark all night."  
The poor little things their sorrows told ;  
The Mother heard them under the mould.  
When to her there came their cry of woe,  
She said, " I must to my children go."  
She implored the Lord with passionate prayer,  
That she might succour her infants there.  
She was so troubled with earnest grief,  
HE could not refuse this sweet relief.  
The Lord at last gave her leave to go,  
But bade her " Return when the cock should crow."  
" When the cock ye hear in the morning prime,  
Ye may not abide beyond that time."  
Thus helped by heaven to work her will,  
There throbbed through her heart a mighty thrill.  
With her limbs so strong a spring she gave,  
And rent the walls of her marble grave.  
Straight through the gloaming away she stole,  
Swift with the speed of a loving soul.  
When she her old home approachèd nigh,  
The dogs howled loud 'neath the dark'ning sky.  
When she arrived at the castle-gate,  
There was her daughter in piteous state.  
" Ye are my daughter, why stand ye here ?  
How are thy brothers and sisters dear ?"

"Ye can't be my mother—she's fair and red ;  
 Ye are so white—like one from the dead."  
 "Oh, how should I be comely and red,  
 When I so long have been with the dead?"  
 When the Mother entered the chamber door,  
 The six little bairns were weeping sore.  
 She washed the one and caress'd the other ;  
 She brushed and combed the hair of another.  
 She dandled the fourth upon her knee,  
 And spoke to the fifth so tenderly.  
 The babe she lifted and fondly prest,  
 And sweetly nourished it at her breast.  
 Then she turned to her first-born, mournfully,  
 And said, " Bid your father come here to me."  
 When he came before her in grewful trim,  
 Thus in warning mood, she spoke to him.  
 " I left, for my children, cakes and mead ;  
 Ye give them nothing but water and bread.  
 " I left them many a great wax-light ;  
 Ye make them lie in the dark all night.  
 " I left them warm beds of velvet blue ;  
 With straw ye starve them and make them rue.  
 " If ever I come on this errand again,  
 Thy fate, I vow, will be woeful then."  
 He fled from her in repentant fright,  
 And told what happen'd that haunted night.  
 Little Jenny, the maid, who lurked in bed,  
 Upraised herself from her pillow and said,  
 " Trust them to my care, dear lady, I pray ;  
 To thy children I'll do the best I may."  
 With hushing look and listening smile,  
 The Mother lingered and watched awhile.  
 Hark, the cock doth crow ! The Ghost doth glide  
 Away, in her narrow vault to hide.  
 To her selfish kin her mission is o'er ;  
 Their harden'd hearts are touched to the core.  
 Whenever they hear the watch-dogs yell,  
 They feed the motherless children well.  
 Whenever they hear the blood-hounds bark,  
 They fear the Ghost is come through the dark.  
 When the ban-dogs howl in the evening gloom,  
 They think the Dead has riven her tomb.  
 And they cross themselves with a holy fear,  
 Lest the Warning Ghost should again appear,  
 For they shudder to think the dead are so near.

---

## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

## DR. SEXTON'S SUNDAY SERVICES.

IN our issue for March last we announced that in compliance with a very general request expressed by persons, many of whom had known Dr. Sexton as a public man for the last five and twenty years, he had determined upon the delivery of discourses in London regularly on Sunday evenings. The only room which was then available was the Goswell Hall in Goswell Road, which was afterwards taken for the purpose. He commenced his Sunday services in this place on April 11th, and continued them up to the end of last month. The hall was never very well adapted for the purpose, being small and badly situated. Had it, however, suited the purpose ever so well, it could not have been longer retained, as the term for which it was held by the present lessee has expired. It became therefore necessary to cast about for another place, and just at the nick of time it was found that the Cavendish Rooms could be secured for the purpose. Considering the large support which Dr. Sexton received in these rooms in the summer of 1873, when he delivered many of his popular Orations that have since been published, he could hardly hesitate to return at once to the scene of his former labours. Cavendish Rooms have therefore been again secured, the first Discourse in the new locality has been already delivered, and the Doctor will continue his ministrations in this place every Sunday evening regularly in future. A proposition was at first made by some friends, who knew that in the summer months at least there was likely to be a loss on an undertaking of this kind, that a Guarantee Fund should be subscribed for the purpose of meeting deficiencies. Dr. Sexton however, considered it would be far preferable to issue a number of tickets, which could be purchased by those who were desirous of rendering him support, and which would prove a source of income similar to that which is derived from seat rents in churches and chapels. This has consequently been done, and tickets may now be had at the following prices. Front Seats, single, £1 1s.; Double, £1 11s. 6d.; Second Seats, 10s. 6d. for the quarter ending at Michælmas. The seats represented by these tickets will be all numbered, and specially reserved on each Sunday evening for the ticket holders. A goodly number of tickets have been already issued, but of course not sufficient to meet the quarter's expenses. Any donations therefore, will be thankfully accepted. The loss sustained on the Goswell Hall services is about £13, which unless some assist-

ance is rendered, falls upon Dr. Sexton. All communications relating to Dr. Sexton's Sunday services should be addressed to Mr. Frederick Maurice Sexton, 75, Fleet Street, London, E.C., where tickets may be obtained, as well as at the Hall on Sunday evenings.

---

MAGNETISM, MIND, AND MATTER.

If I have proved anything, demonstratively, to the satisfaction of scientists during the past forty years of study, at home and abroad, I have really established, by such experiments, the existence of magnetic particles, impressed by thought and feeling, given off at right angles from the electricity of the nervous system; and that not only *is* the magnetism of mind connected with the matter of the universe, but the human spirit, having no exclusive dependence upon physical organisation, is not extinguished by death of the body. Moreover, analogous emanations of *light* proceed not only from magnetisers but from metallic substances themselves. In fact, metals influence the magnetism of the human system very wonderfully, rather than remarkably or singularly—as may be tested at the bedside of the sick; for example, again and again have I failed to relieve various forms of intractable disease by means of iron and silver rings, &c., whereas eight minutes of “passes” by a Vegetarian, Teetotaller, and Non-Smoker, with a standard gold ring, have speedily *cured* severe attacks of epileptiform, and other convulsive maladies, alike in children or adults, and quite independently of gender.\*

---

MR. MOODY ON SPIRITUALISM.

The great Revivalist has, it appears, been hurling abroad his anathemas against Spiritualism. We copy the following from one of the daily papers:—

On Friday Mr. Moody referred to the subject of Spiritualism, the bane and curse, not alone of the Continent of Europe, but of America also, he said. Mediums of the Evil One were everywhere rampant in the United States. Far better would it be, he added, for a nation to be overtaken by a deadly epidemic than to be subject to the influence of this modern Spiritualism, having as it did its origin in the lowest depths of hell.

This is strong language with a vengeance. We fear that Mr. Moody with all his zeal for his Master's cause and his intense desire to improve the moral and spiritual condition of the people, has learned but very imperfectly the great lesson of Christian charity, which shines out on every page of the New Testament.

---

\* *Vide* “Spirituality of Life and Mind,” by William Hitchman, M.D., Vice-President of the British National Association of Spiritualists (read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science).

The work must not be done except in his way. It is a modern illustration of the old story: "Master, we saw one casting out devils in Thy name and we forbad him because he followed not with us." The rebuke of Jesus to the disciple eighteen hundred years ago may be fitly applied to Mr. Moody to-day. We commend it to his especial notice. Spiritualism has led thousands to see that the future life is a real substantial fact and that immortality is the inheritance of man. This is assuredly something for which Mr. Moody ought to be thankful even had it done no more. But it has not stopped here. It has in many instances led sceptics to Christ. Clearly therefore it is not of "the Evil One" and must have had a far different origin to that which Mr. Moody ascribes to it. Agencies inculcating spirituality are not so abundant to-day that religious teachers can afford to despise any of them. There is assuredly room enough in the world for Spiritualism as well as Revivalism. And although they may not work exactly in the same way they are both conducive to the one end.

---

#### A SEANCE AT MRS. GUPPY'S.

On Wednesday evening, June 2nd, I had the pleasure of being present for the first time at a *séance* at Mrs. Guppy's, which proved to be a very interesting and successful one. The party consisted of Mrs. H. H. Richmond, a well-known Spiritualist from America, Mrs. P——, Miss Spreckley, Colonel Greck, Mr. Vacher, our hostess, my daughter and myself. We had not been seated round the table in the *séance* room many minutes before gentle taps were heard, which gradually became louder, and we were told by the spirits producing them to wish for either fruit or flowers to be brought to us. We asked if we could have both fruit and flowers, but the answer was to the effect that we must confine our demands to one or the other. The former was therefore requested to be brought, Mrs. P—— choosing strawberries, Mr. Vacher a banana, Miss Spreckley an apricot, Mrs. Richmond muscatel grapes, Colonel Greck black grapes, my daughter cherries, and myself a pine-apple. Mrs. Guppy then asked if she could have a cocoanut, which was refused, as were several other things she wished for, the spirits evidently not intending to grant her any favour. Mrs. Richmond, however, asked if a cocoanut could be given to her for Mrs. Guppy, to which an affirmative answer was received. We were then told much to our surprise that we might have still more things brought, and began wishing for most extraordinary articles, nothing more being promised, however, but a piece of ice, which was asked for by Miss

Spreckley. Immediately upon the candle, which had been alight up to the present time, being extinguished—the door having previously been securely bolted by Mr. Vacher—we were requested by raps to rub our feet upon the floor, which we had been doing only for a very short time; when something fell with a great crash upon the table, which proved to be a large lump of ice. Mrs. Guppy called the servant and told her to take the ice away and weigh it, and tell us after the *séance* how heavy it was. The report she gave was, that the weights in the house only amounted to fourteen pounds and three quarters, which the ice weighed down. After Mr. Vacher had again bolted the door and the light had been extinguished, we recommenced shuffling our feet upon the floor, and very soon the fruit was brought to us as promised. Mrs. Richmond was impressed to stand up, and while in that position received the cocoanut in her hands. Colonel Greck also distinctly felt a spirit-hand place the grapes in his. All the fruit was of the finest quality, with the exception of the cherries and strawberries, which were small. My pine-apple and Miss Spreckley's apricot were preserved. After we had eaten some of our prizes and put aside the rest to carry home to show to our friends, the spirits requested that I should write an account of the *séance* for the *Spiritual Magazine*, and that Mr. Vacher should send one to the *Medium*. They then wished us good night, and spelt out "God bless you all," which concluded this most interesting and harmonious *séance*.

E. SEXTON.

---

#### A MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of Chicago, prints the following strange account from the *Boston Courier*:—"One of the strangest exhibitions, or coincidences, or revelations, or whatever it may be named, that we have ever heard or read of—very closely bordering upon the marvellous and supernatural—occurred, not long since, in the house of a Philadelphia gentleman. Its truth is vouched for by the gentleman, his wife, and family, all of whom are credible witnesses, whose testimony would not be doubted by anybody, but whose names we do not feel at liberty to make known. The facts, as stated to us, are as follows:—One of those frosty mornings, of which we had such a superabundance, while the children of the family in which this strange revelation was made were amusing themselves in the sitting room, they observed a figure in the frosting on the window pane. It appeared to be the picture of a female, holding in her hand a paper. The outlines were so plain that even the stripes on the dress were plainly observable. The

children at once called the attention of the mother to the strange picture, and finally the father was called, who recognised in it an exact representation of his mother. Having a correct photograph of her, he brought it out and placed the pictures side by side, and they corresponded even to the stripes on the dress, except the picture in frost was holding the paper document in her hand. This picture remained upon the window pane for an hour or two, till dissipated by the warmth of the room, or perhaps of the sun outside. But now comes the strangest part of the story. The next day after this appearance, the gentleman received, by mail, a paper package exactly corresponding with the one in the hand of the image, which, on being opened, proved to be a notice that he had become the heir to a large legacy from his deceased mother in a foreign land."

---

## Notices of New Books.

---

### MR. F. R. YOUNG ON THE PERSONALITY OF CHRIST.\*

---

THIS publication consists of a sermon delivered by Mr. F. R. Young, before the members of his Church, at Swindon, upon one of the most important questions that is agitating men's minds at the present time. The various conflicting opinions entertained respecting the nature and authority of Christianity must all resolve themselves, more or less, into the view which men entertain respecting Christ himself; and, therefore, anything which may throw light on this question will be acceptable to thinking men. Mr. Young calls his sermon "A Statement and a Protest;" a statement of an important Scriptural fact in connection with this question, and a protest against allowing a difference of opinion upon the subject to establish a barrier between members of various Christian Churches which prevents their union in carrying out the general principles upon which all are agreed. Whatever Mr. Young has to say on this subject will be listened to with great attention, since, from the conspicuous position that he has so long occupied in the Christian ministry, he is entitled to speak with authority. Our readers will be familiar with his articles that have appeared from time to time in these pages, and will therefore scarcely need a recom-

---

\* *The Personality of Christ: A "Reserved Truth," a "Statement," and a "Protest;" in the form of a Sermon.* Delivered at Swindon. By FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG. London: E. T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, W.C.

mendation at our hands of any publication that may appear with his name on the title page. The sermon under consideration is a most thoughtful production, and well deserving of a large circulation.

---

DR. SEXTON ON THE REVIVAL MOVEMENT.\*

IN May last—the Revival Movement forming the chief topic of conversation amongst all classes in London—Dr. Sexton, at the request of some members of his regular congregation, delivered a Sunday Evening Discourse on the subject. A large audience assembled, and a general wish was expressed that the Discourse should be published, which has now been done. The motto on the title page, from Bailey's *Festus*, will give a tolerably good idea of the line of argument adopted:—

I am no party man,  
I care for measures more than men, but think  
Some little may depend upon the men;  
Something in fires depends upon the grate.

It hardly becomes us to say anything in praise of the Discourse; we may, however, without egotism, state that it is issued on good paper, well printed, neatly got up, and in great request.

---

SONGS FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

---

THE WIDOWER.

I KEEP the garden still, darling,  
As you were wont to do  
In the happy time long long ago,  
When we first each other knew.  
  
When we were all to each, dear  
love,  
And the world was nought be-  
side:  
'Twas here a summer-eve like this,  
I won you for my bride.

And here on many a summer-eve  
We passed the joyous hours,  
While children prattled round our  
knees,  
And played amid the flowers.  
  
The world seems changed to me since  
then,  
And you with spirit-eyes,  
In other world see fairer flowers,  
That bloom in Paradise.

But still I keep the garden, love,  
Just as when you were here;  
And often where we used to sit  
I feel your presence near.

T. S.

---

\* *An Impartial Review of the Revival Movement of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.* A Discourse delivered in Goswell Hall, Goswell Road, London, on May 16th, 1875. By Dr. GEORGE SEXTON. London: SMART & ALLEN, London House Yard, Paternoster Row; and *Christian Spiritualist Office*, 75, Fleet Street, E.C.