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CONCERNING

SPIRITUALISM.

BY

GERALD MASSEY.

Time was, we read, when Spirits walkt
With Men, who saw them, with them talkt;
Then Earth waxed old, and Man purblind,
But heard them yet with listening mind.
Now he has grown too deaf to hear
The Angel-Helpers ever near:
Immured and distant in a cave
Of self, his body is his grave,
The clay fast hardening into rock.
No marvel if the Spirits knock,
And the Unseen grows audible
By rap of table, ring of bell,
Trumpet of heaven, or thunder-clap of hell.



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JAMES BURNS, 15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THESE jottings are the present result of my having been asked to preside at Mrs. Emma Hardinge's farewell meeting, which took place in St. George's Hall, London, on the 28th of July. As I was expected to say something, I thought it might be well to have something to say. What was then said has more than doubled itself since, although I have not changed the form. It gets printed for a special purpose; else I had no desire to break silence yet on the subject of Spiritualism. I have had a very peculiar experience of abnormal phenomena, and mean to tell my story some day; but the time is not quite ripe, and I am not yet ready. Besides, it is but natural that I should wish, before doing so, to establish my sanity with the world—as far as possible—by work done in other departments. This, I fear, is already sufficiently imperilled in the estimation of the judicious, by my poem called a "Tale of Eternity," not long since published. *That* was received by the Press with a lifting of deprecatory hands in ignorant horror, and a silence so great it seemed conscious of a conspiracy to make the Poem STILL-born. And why, seeing that it was my deepest-rooted, highest-reaching, widest-branching, most sustained bit of work in verse? Because it had the taint of Spiritualism.

What! gentlemen of the Press, are you afraid the thing will lay hold of you? Does it already begin to bite?

As I have not been a reader of writings on the subject of Spiritualism, except those of Swedenborg, it is quite possible that my conclusions may have been attained by other writers unknown to me. All the same; mine have been thought out for myself, from data supplied by the facts of personal experience.

GERALD MASSEY.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

"Spirits may touch you, being, as you would say,
A hundred thousand million miles away.
Those wires that wed the Old World with the New
Are not the only links Mind lightens through!"

On wings of worlds they rise our world above,
But float at anchor still in human love.

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead."

"But when the heart is full of din,
And *Doubt* beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within."

Tennyson.

"I do think that many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelations of Spirits; for those noble essences in heaven bear a friendly regard unto their fellow-natures on earth."
—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

When the Australian shepherds cried, "Behold!
Here in our soil we have found fresh, virgin gold,"
The knowing ones, to show their sceptic wit,
Swore lying impostors had imported it!

You say our spirits are illicit;
Distilled by cunning Satan. Is it
Because they are duty free, and do
Not help to enrich your revenue? \

"You think 'tis true, but of the Devil?" You nod.
"Were you not mortally afraid 'twas God?"

You don't believe the heavens on us break
In dreaming? You are far too wide awake.

"The phenomena, if genuine, do not interest me. I take no
interest in the subject."—*Professor Huxley*.

"As for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it."—*Autolycus ;
his View of Spiritual Matters*.

"Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I
hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts
yet."—*Mistress Quickly*.

**"They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons
to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless."—
*Shakespeare.***

**"The light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness compre-
hendeth it not."**

**Ah ! do not shut your eyes and seal their sight
So blindly against God's revealing light,
Lest the fierce lightning flash upon you where
With lidless vision you as blindly stare.**



CONCERNING

SPIRITUALISM.

—*—

IT is reported that when the Devil first read the Ten Commandments, he remarked, "Well, they are a rum lot!" And such will be the exclamation of numbers of people when they hear of the doings of Spiritualism. Such has been the exclamation of many who have, as they believe, had dealings with the spirits themselves. Things are said and done quite unbecoming our notions of the spiritual dignities, and whatever the amount of truth there may be on our side, I feel pretty sure there is a good deal of imposture on the other. And why not? A large number of impostors have left our world to go somewhere, and possibly they still find us more easily imposed upon than their new acquaintances who are able to see through them, whereas we are so often left literally in the dark. Grant the fact of actual spirit communication, the difficulty is, what to make of it. The spirits can say what they like—assume to be what they please. And it seems to happen pretty often that the case is similar to that of the

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skunk in the racoon's hole. "Who is there?" says the 'coon. "A 'coon," replies the skunk. "Well," says the 'coon outside, "you don't act like a 'coon, you don't speak like a 'coon, and I'll be darned if you *smell* like one!" So with the spirits. They often say they are this person or the other, but they don't act like them, don't speak like them, and very frequently don't spell like them. It would seem that the Poes and the Byrons are plentiful in the other world by the numbers that come to table in this. As for Shakespeare, he must be able to play as many parts as his mulberry tree cut up into snuff-boxes.

It is not all plain sailing, then, in this profound Unknown. You have to go sounding on a "dim and perilous way," if you once start on your voyage of discovery. This spirit-ocean, like other deep waters, has its mud at bottom, and many frightful forms of life and startlingly strange inhabitants. Quite enough occurs at times to make any person, however reasonable and unprejudiced, think that hell has broken loose, or that the other world has opened just at the place in which the Insane asylums are kept. Guilty spirits abound; lying spirits are common. At times you are met with a "blast from hell" in language, and the fetid breath of spiritual corruption is as a whiff from the mouth of the very den of uncleanness.

I am purposely stating the matter at its very worst, and then I say the question whether spirits

or invisible intelligences do communicate with man is one of fact not to be in the least invalidated by the quality of the spirit or the kind of response. The man who once had the honour of being spoken to by George the Fourth was quite positive about it. He was obliged to admit that the King only said, “D—n you, fellow, get out of my way!” still he knew that royalty *had* addressed him, humble individual as he was. It would have been useless for you to urge the unlikelihood of the circumstance because the expression was so unkingly. The question was not one of taste but of fact, and the man would have stuck to his fact, and been in the right too.

If it be only rats, as has been suggested by the term “this rat-hole revelation”—if it be only rats that have gnawed through the partition betwixt this world and the next, never mind—rats have often worked tooth and nail at the rotten foundations of things. Rats have let in many a deluge where it was badly wanted. Rats have sunk many a crazy bark that was utterly unseaworthy. And if the rats have let in the other world in a flood, the present value may lie in the fact rather than in what they have to say; the fact is the revelation. If it be the Devil himself that has made the opening, doubtless God will take advantage of it and turn it to account. The Devil is generally exalted into a kind of vice-dieu of the Dark, but in no sense is he absolute lord of the Unknown.

Strange things are asserted, said, and done, but, with all their cleverness or their folly, our modern mediums have not quite equalled the performance of Balaam's ass, nor has there been any spirit-writing of so luminous a character as that which was exhibited at Belshazzar's feast. Mr. Home's levitations are poor when compared with those of Enoch and Elijah. In point of strength he has not yet rivalled Samson, or given reason to suppose that the Israelite has been exhumed in him. (By-the-by, could not Mr. Crookes get him tested, if only for sport, at the Royal Institution? he might possibly pull down a pillar or two.) Our lying spirits would have no chance as yet beside him who promised to become a lying spirit in the mouths of Ahab's prophets, which numbered four hundred, on purpose to persuade the King to go up to the battle of Ramoth-Gilead and meet his death; and certainly no cases of possession or obsession in our time can be more real or repulsive than those recorded in the New Testament. "Ah, but those things don't occur nowadays, if they occurred in the past!" That is the whole question. We say they do—you say they do not. We have the facts of personal experience on our side, and you have the intrepidity of assertion. It really is almost tearfully funny to think that the whole inspiration of the Bible, all that is extrahuman or supernatural, was given to men through the same abnormal

mediumship as is shown in its degree by any trance-medium of to-day, and then to hear the Bibliolator denounce the phenomena as devils' work and imposture! This is indeed the very cradle of Divine revelation from its earliest infancy.

But so little have these things been apprehended as realities by the Protestant mind, that it may fairly be doubted whether there is one person amongst those who are about to revise our translation of the Bible, fitted to deal with the language in which these spiritualistic facts are expressed. They need to be studied and underlined by a personal experience of the phenomena before they can be equivalently worded.*

There are many kinds of mediums, and, broadly speaking, there are two kinds of mediumship—the *abnormal* and the *normal*. There have always been, and are now, born into this life persons of a peculiar organisation who become the unconscious mediums of spiritual manifestation. They can be

* Take the following as an illustration:—"The Word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision." The meaning is that the Word, *i.e.*, God expressing himself directly, was exceeding *rare* in those days because there was no open vision. God could make no new revelation for lack of mediumship. Of course "precious" is very good Elizabethan for "rare." But the modern reader is likely to read the passage as though it exulted over the fact that the Word, *i.e.*, the Bible, not then written, had superseded all abnormal faculty or need of it, whereas it bewails the want of it!

easily put into the magnetic trance by other people, and it looks as if they could be as easily entranced by spirits on the other side.

The writer of the books of Esdras evidently regarded the prophetic trance condition as effected in the mesmeric manner. He asks: "Where is Gabriel, the angel who came unto me at the first? for he hath caused me to fall into many trances." "And as I was speaking these words, behold, he came unto me, and looked upon me, and lo! I lay as one that had been dead." (Esdras II., x., 28.) The process is similarly described by Daniel:—"Now as he (the spirit 'as the *appearance* of a man'—note that expression) was speaking with me, I was in a deep sleep (comatose) on my face toward the ground, but he touched me and set me upright." (Daniel viii., 18.)

These mediums of whom I speak are so constituted that spirits can magnetise them and take possession of their physical organism, make use of their nervous system, speak with their tongues, and become for the time being the conscious and directing soul of their bodies. This, I repeat, seems to depend on the physical constitution—they are, as we say, "born so." It is through such mediums, mainly, that our modern phenomena are produced, and the spirit-world is brought visibly, audibly, tangibly present to your senses with a force sufficient to overcome some of the most ordinary laws of matter, and a power which is in itself a vivid revelation

from the hidden life. I myself have had the most positive and convincing proof that such organisations do exist, and can be taken absolute possession of by other intelligences higher or lower, for I lived face to face with the fact for fifteen years, and did a bit of work by the help of it which I maintain would not have been done in any other way. (I do not here allude to poetry.) But there are other mediums whom we call normal mediums because they are acted on by spirits without any suspension of or visible interference with known laws, and we are all more or less mediums of this kind, although we may not know it. The Creator is for evermore acting by mediumship, and carries on the work of all his worlds by means of the varied forms of life and mental consciousness that receive and transmit his influence. I think it was Pythagoras who said that no true word has ever been uttered about God but what was said by God, and this of course would be through spiritual and human media. In this kind of mediumship the spirits work *en rapport* with us, and do not need our ordinary faculties to be in trance—they quicken the life of the usual faculties, and, as we say, inspire us. They have power to guard us, warn us, comfort us, illumine our mind, kindle our feelings, and add a precious seeing to our spiritual vision; and all this is done in a most natural way. In the case of the abnormal mediums, you have spirits consciously making use of them, but the normal medium un-

consciously makes use of the influence that spirits bring to bear on the mind. Now, the primal value of the abnormal mediumship lies, for me, not in its startling interferences with known physical laws—rapping of tables, playing of music, or floating of bodies, but in the light it throws on that normal mediumship which is the common inheritance.

I believe that this abnormal mediumship is unnatural, and will be unnatural to the end. It may be a necessity—a stage of progress. It is a rift through which strange gleams of revelation flash, and but for those gleams we could not see as at present. It lightens on those who have no light. We may study it as physicians do disease with the view of reaching higher laws of health. But I know of the brain sapped and racked—the heart arrested or furiously quickened in its movement—the health overthrown. In many constitutions this can hardly be otherwise, for passing into the trance condition is a sort of dying every time—dying to be quickened by and into other life.

I am not aware that the idea has ever been broached, but I think it would bear arguing that St. Paul's mysterious "thorn in the flesh," which has caused the commentators so much perplexity, had to do with abnormal mediumship, and was the tendency he had to fall into the trance condition. There can be no question but that he was struck down in trance when his conversion occurred. He remained in trance three days, and whilst in

it saw the man who was to restore him to bodily sight, and whom he recognised when his eyes were open. Alluding to this he says:—"Ye know how, through infirmity of the flesh, I preached the Gospel unto you at the first, and my temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not nor rejected, but received me as an angel of God." There can be no question that the abnormal condition was so common to him that he could not remember whether certain things took place when he was in the body or out of the body. Moreover, it was an infirmity that he gloried in. And he makes use of these remarkable words: "And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations (evidently received in the trance), there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.'" I venture to say *that* can never be interpreted so satisfactorily as by the Spiritualist, who knows how active the messengers of Satan are in troubling mediums to-day. That there may be no doubt about this interfering satanic agency, here we have the same thing represented as in a picture, and in perfect accordance with our modern experience. "And he showed me Joshua, the high priest, standing before the Angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him." (Zech. iii. 1.)

Perhaps it is necessary that these should suffer as they do, on account of the blindness and unbelief of men. Every cause demands its victims, and will have its martyrs. The Romish Church prides itself greatly upon the sufferings of its abnormals, and looks upon them as precious proofs of Divine favour. It is only through the abnormal medium, apparently, that we can obtain such physical phenomena as will arrest the attention of the most unspiritual, and sometimes upset the conceit of the most scientific. There are multitudes who could not be laid hold of in any other way. Doubtless the abnormal manifestations had more effect on the Jewish multitude than either the divine life or the inspired words of Christ Jesus.

There are minds as much shut out from the inner spiritual preception, as there are others shut in from the natural relationship by loss of external faculties of sensation. But the blindest will listen when the other world knocks at our doors, and so the spirits find they will answer that kind of appeal when higher forms of phenomena and more spiritual modes of communication fail to arrest the world's attention.

Also these strange things serve to show that God does not act only by known laws of unvarying uniformity. They let in the abnormal as an inclusive part of the Divine economy. They have the look of "asides" in the regular course of things that keep open the spiracles of expectation to the

everlasting "What next?" Apparently it is only through the abnormal medium that our science can grasp anything sufficiently tangible for its crucial tests. Whether it be worth while trying to convince our men of science that there is a force they can never fathom is another matter. If they be really sincere, and mediums do not mind being tortured and tried, well and good. Let the Royal Society ask for a Government grant to pay mediums and experimenters handsomely; I can promise them it would be quite worth their while. They would fish up as odd things as ever they will in dredging the Atlantic Ocean. But I doubt if they want to face the facts, or the world to believe in them. Perhaps the great Extinguishers are afraid of not only burning their fingers, but of being set on fire altogether if they did attempt to put out this new light.

We have lately had a specimen of the scientific way of dealing with these phenomena. Mr. Crookes testifies fairly enough to the actual facts that transpired in his presence. He calls upon Mr. Huggins to say if he has done so correctly. Mr. Huggins replies, "You said the accordion was floated after Mr. Home's hand was withdrawn, but I did not see it." One naturally replies to that, "But you ought to have seen it—what were you there for else? You ought to have been looking on the table, or under it, so as to corroborate or correct Mr. Crookes's statement." With such indifference of observation Mr. Huggins would never have

measured the rate at which Sirius is receding from our earth. Mr. Crookes testifies that the accordion was floated and played without human contact, and a tune performed without a key being touched by Mr. Home or anybody else. "Supposing that fact established," says another scientific authority, "there is little in it more wonderful than the power of writing by telegraph." Why, there can be no analogy, unless the operator by telegraph had to transmit his message by merely laying one hand on the battery box, whilst the keys—that is, the handles of the machine—were safely shut up away from him in a cage.

And so they nibble at what must be admitted, intending to gnaw it away. And thus they reason! They know, by all the laws of physical science, that tunes cannot be played without the keys being operated on. They know that Mr. Home was not permitted to touch the keys, and yet they profess to believe that a mind could get into the accordion and play a tune when the physical link—the touch on the keys—was wanting. Truly, they swallow their camel easily. A mind is necessary for the purpose of playing a tune, and as they cannot believe in the disembodied presence of mind, they are prepared to assert that the mind was Mr. Home's which performed this miracle, and so the wonder ceases to be wonderful. Behold the credulity of those who have no belief! Again, it must have taken some of us years of personal experience

before we could determine that this force had its fulcrum in the spiritual world, but it hardly takes these men ten minutes to determine that it has not. The truth is, that many of them cannot believe in mind without the visible physical basis. The medium is present when the phenomena occur—no other mind is visibly embodied; therefore, the mind present can only belong to the medium. You cannot cross the sea on dry land, and that is what they want to do. You cannot walk into the other world on the same physical pair of legs as have served you in this. That is what they insist upon doing, or else they won't go at all.

It appears to me that you might as well ask the insect that eats its way through one of Turner's paintings to give you its idea of the picture, as to look for any spiritual conception of these facts from our typical scientific mind of the present. Science has a brow broad and luminous, but as yet the "foolish senses crown her head," and her eyes are vacant of spiritual light.

I think that Spiritualism has infinitely more important work to do than converting those Physicists to a belief in the existence of things spiritual who can only apprehend the presence of force in that domain where it ceases to appear spiritual because it has been transmuted, as will-force is transmuted into muscular force; and who do not acknowledge that the origin of all force must be spiritual. Still, it is as well not to be too sure. Advance is rapid

in our day. There is no telling what change Mr. Crookes may effect. It is only some 200 years since the formation of the Royal Society itself was opposed by the nation at large, on the ground that men had better not go poking and prying into the mysteries of Nature, but be content and let God alone.

But to return to our abnormal media. These are the first who are seized on and made use of to arrest the attention of the world. Still the ultimate object of this human suffering, and all these curious and seemingly absurd phenomena that take place, is not to lift tables or bodies, or make fools or wise men gape, with their hair standing on end.

With many persons these physical manifestations are looked upon as an end in themselves, to be followed for their own sake, instead of a means to an end—an incentive to growth in spiritual life. Numbers of curiosity-mongers run about with their foolish eyebrows lifted in restless search after repeated appeals to their barren wonder, victims to an idle curiosity that uses the eyeglass to scrutinise instead of the eye to comprehend.

This is the Materialism of Spiritualism—gross and Godless as any other kind of Materialism. It sets up as sheer an idol of the sense as anything in Paganism. Where the phenomena tend to lead the soul into the inner presence-chamber of God and enrich the spiritual life, the lowliest means may be sanctified; but where the meal is everything, and the

miracle goes for nothing except to evoke an encore of the miracle for the sake of another meal, then it is degrading, and of the earth earthy. The phenomena were intended to lift up the eyelids of the mind, and elevate the soul to a perception of the fact that there is a spirit-world about us, close to us, and in communion with us, and not to keep on cultivating the acquaintance of the black-guard and the light-fingered gentry of the other world, just as the fine ladies of Paris used to take an interest in their condemned criminals who had been unusually monstrous enough to excite even their languid curiosity. This is conforming the mind to the image of the abnormal in its lowest, most revolting form. Here we may note that St. Paul wisely distinguishes the two kinds of phenomena. He tells us that "tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to them that believe not; but prophesying serveth not for them that believe not, but for them that believe."

Again, the mediumship which depends on physical constitution must, I think, of necessity be a *limiting condition on the other side*, and so determine the range of communication. Hence, as a rule, I believe the greatest manifestations of a physical-force nature are produced by beings on the lowest plane of spiritual existence—earth-spirits; dwellers on the threshold; unhappy souls that have been foully thrust out of this life; spirits that have not passed far into the interior life, but who remain material-

ised and ponderable, dense, dark as the mere dregs of this life that have sunk to the bottom, compared with the happier, higher souls that ascend and rarify, even as matter does in proportion as it rises toward the light. These spirits dominate with the physical-force medium, and possibly thus supply, visibly, the missing link betwixt the two lives, and so are of service in enabling many minds to take hold of that which was before intangible. What they can do may assist the observers in climbing higher, as the bean-sticks help the bean-vines on their upward way; but I look upon their actions as abnormal in the spirit-world as is the kind of mediumship possessed by the abnormals on our side; the one necessitating, producing, and limiting the operations of the other.

To still further illustrate my meaning:—A great living poet, who is a personal friend of mine, had a wife who was a Spiritualist. She had passed away when I first met him, and talking over these things with him one day, I asked if he had never heard her rap near him. He said No, and of course that was quite enough to convince him that spirits do not rap at all! Nevertheless, he was wrong; it is possible that the abnormal conditions for audible communication were wanting on both sides. Possibly she could not have rapped in his presence; if you ask me why not, I will tell you the moment you tell me why iron is the favourite medium for conducting electricity, and not the more

precious metals, silver and gold. Also, as the husband was a sceptic, and as spirits are not always such fools as people will take them for, she probably saw that if she got some one to make the sounds for her they would not have demonstrated her presence to him. I do not doubt that in a sense she was far away from the region of physical communication, for she was one of the purest, loftiest spirits whilst here—one of the rarest that ever wore flesh. But, for all that, I never doubted of her nearness to him, spirit to spirit, her affection for him nestling in his heart of hearts, life of his life, or of her presence and power to help him when he was writing his next poem. In this life she was the medium of a far higher inspiration, and I doubt not is so in the other. She could not take possession of his brain and work the nerve-system, like the telegraph operator using his machine and wires—was not sufficiently finited; but her mind would work with his mind in normal mediumship, and the supernatural would thus become perfectly natural.

And that this is the right and ultimate way of working is illustrated, if not proved, by the fact that where the writing is done directly by some spirit in actual possession, it is seldom of much value. I have seen no poetry written in the abnormal condition that would bear any comparison with that which is written normally. Both the poetry and the spirit-drawings that I have seen may have gleams and glimpses of something far

away and fine—a glory ungraspable, but they do not talk the language of this life—rather, they make signs in a dumb show from another world. The poetry needs translating for us, and the picture wants interpreting. It may well be that there is something so interior, as Swedenborg would say, that we cannot get at it under the present corporeal conditions—something that eludes the corporeal sense; something that is inadequately represented by corporeal signs; something that of necessity must be freed from the corporeal conditions before we can know it absolutely. This applies far more to the spirit-drawings than to the poetry; they are the most unique.

Dr. Wilkinson is a great writer in his normal mood, and he has produced a very curious specimen of work done without volition on the part of the writer, in his volume of "Improvisations." He tells us he never knew what was coming, and they were produced so fast that the longest poem was written for him in fifty minutes. Good heavens! when I think how often I have put a month's life into a lyric, a week's work into a stanza, or spent a night's rest in double-clasping a comparison! But then, when I compare results I do not envy the rapidity. I am afraid they have not yet found out the way in the other world of doing our work for us in this.

We often see allusions to the sublime poetry, the marvellous inspiration of Mr. Harris. For brevity's

sake I will only examine his book called "Hymns of Spiritual Devotion." (New York, 1857.)

On behalf of these Mr. Harris claims that the spirits of departed bards took an active part in preparing the volume for press. He says the pieces are not his except in a mediatorial sense. Many of them were communicated verbally by individual spirits, such as Watts, Cowper, Wesley, and Montgomery. And it certainly does look as though the following quotations had to do with plenary inspiration :—

"He dies! the friend of sinners dies,
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around."—*Watts*.

"He dies! the great Redeemer dies,
While nature darkens round."—*Harris*.

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning."—*Heber*.

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning."—*Harris*.

"Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind."—*Old Hymn*.

"Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
Praise Him the indwelling mind."—*Harris*.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar."—*Mrs. Browning*.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
In music borne from spheres afar."—*Harris*,

"Thou art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee,

Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine."

Thomas Moore.

"Thou art, O Lord! the life and light
Of that celestial world we see;
Its angel-songs of truth and right
Are but responses unto Thee.
Through every soul Thy glories shine,
And all things pure and true are Thine."—*Harris.*

Is not this calculated to cast discredit on the pretensions of abnormal mediumship? Mr. Harris may call it inspiration—we call it plagiarism and mental piracy. There must be imposture somewhere, no matter in which world it originated. Poets in our world, however, would not dare to repeat their old lines in new work in that fashion, and it is very shabby of them to do so in the other, especially when a confiding medium may have to bear the responsibility. It is curious to notice that in each case the lines quoted are the first in the respective pieces, and, as every artist knows, the great difficulty in all creative work is at the beginning. Another point is, that Mrs. Browning was not among "departed bards" at the time. And lastly, the repetitions cannot be all the result of a treacherous memory, as in the case of the stanza from Moore's hymn; and in another piece, borrowed from Bowring, the matter is most elaborately *teased* out of the original. It is in the name of things like these that Mr. Harris assumes to receive

the "loftiest lyrical inspiration," and claims to "combine the functions of the priest and the poet." In the name of the Prophet—figs!

To give us anything additional—anything divinely creative and of human use, it appears to me that the thought must be cerebrated through the natural brain, because it has to reach the spirits of others by passing back again through their natural brain. It is not meant that spirits should take actual physical possession of us and turn us out, as it were, because they could "do it" better than we do. That would not be doing our work—would not evolve us, only oust us. They have had their innings, and now it is our turn. They can help us best in another way—that is, all who *can* really help us—if we will only let them.

And so the higher spirits work *with* us, *on* us, and *through* us, unheard, unseen—and bring their force to bear most perfectly when we are most unconscious of their presence. In this way I take it Shakespeare was the greatest normal medium that ever wrote. I said we did not need to pass into a trance to become mediums of this kind. But there is a sort of trance necessary. It is, that our sense of self—our consciousness of self—our selfishness of every form, be laid in trance before our angel-helpers and elders in immortality can carry on their divine agency most freely and fully, and aid us to their utmost possibility. And here again I doubt not that Shakespeare was so great,

so unparalleled a natural medium because he was the least self-conscious of poets that ever lived.

Well, then, we are all subject to this influence—ever acted upon more or less by these spiritual beings, who sustain, guide, comfort, inspire us, though hidden from most of us by the veil of visible things, in which we are also spirits, although more finited in our humanity. To me they are not so much supernatural as extra-human, still carrying on God's work in this world, hand in hand with us, trying to fulfil the divine designs with a larger vision, a more implicit trust—giving us greater glimpses of his glory and brighter revelations of his love; and when they find a pure heart, a sincere soul, a worker so absorbed in his work as to be forgetful of self—does not think what the world will say of him or his work—has no great joy of it when once it is done, but is consuming with the hunger and thirst for doing more and better work,—then I know these spirit-helpers come by divine stealth from out their golden day, and fill and inflate to its amplest capacity this human receptacle of life from God, called Man.

Mr. Darwin has shown by how exquisite a device the orchids are fertilised by means of insects, who, while in search of honey, deposit the flower-pollen. This plan we believe to be carried out by the Creator on a vastly higher plane and larger range in the fertilisation of the human mind by means of spirit-visitants, who seek to gather honey for him

from his human flowers on earth, and whilst doing so, impregnate them with his heavenly influences. In this way, by spirit-agencies—the angels of his presence, as the Bible has it—does God descend upon the soul, like showers that water the earth and bring forth the flowers, or as dew upon the mown grass, that sends forth a sweet savour.

We talk of believing in the communion of the Holy Spirit, in a vague, general way, but what communion could be holier than that betwixt the child on earth and the spirit of the parent gone before? What form more natural than that could be assumed by the Holy Spirit of God himself? “I will send you the Comforter,” said Jesus Christ, and why should not the promise be realised by the bereaved mother through the spirit of that child which she thinks lost to her because she lost sight of the beloved face as it entered the cloud? What more natural than that its presence should brood down on the aching heart, fill the void of its loss, and still the troubled thoughts till the vanished hand can be clasped once more in spiritual union?

In such wise we are all mediums, and it is our work here to pass on these heavenly influences to others, whenever, and wherever, and howsoever they touch the soul, or illuminate the mind, or inspire the heart in any or in all of us.

The revelations made by Spiritualism must tend to aid the human mind in realising God as a universal Presence and the universal Source of life

—not only a First Cause, but the ever-present and ever-operant Cause. The scientific and orthodox mind has represented the Creator as a sort of First Cause that set things going—gave the pendulum of Time a tilt, or the first impulse, at the other end of the chain of being, and all the rest following in natural sequence, like the series of appulsions given by the buffers of a train of carriages each striking the other from beginning to end of the train. That is not an unfair image to represent their idea of the operation of natural laws.

But that is a totally inadequate representation of *our* First Cause, who is always causing, always present, who makes the succession as he goes. He does not operate only in that visible sequence to which they would limit his workings who are so limited themselves. Every carriage of our train is living—every link of the carriages is sentient—every human atom of it a conscious, vibrating soul; and every particle of it has a direct root-relationship to God himself. There is the *rapprochement* of presence, spirit to spirit, so perfect as to involve no conscious process on either side, or need of it. So that we are not forced to feel back all along the chain of events, or of forms and fashions of life, to find our relationship to God. We are not compelled to grope backward, as Mr. Darwin does when he attributes our present love of poetry and music, and our desire to sing, to the fact that our forefathers in the forest tried to howl, and suc-

ceeded perfectly—the gibbon getting out something like an octave of sounds—and assumes that our present aspiration for harmony is a sort of intimation of our pre-existence, and a dim memory of that early time toward which we are trying to “hark back,” instead of its being, as some of us had hoped, a yearning to praise God in the present and in His presence, and a desire to join in the sweeter choirs and harmonies hereafter.

Wordsworth's ode on the Intimations of Immortality has been called the high-water mark of poetry in the 19th century, and what are its spiritual teachings? That heaven lies about us in our infancy, but that it closes to us in our later life, and all the vision of immortality that attends us is a memory of the glory that has been. But surely the gate of birth is not the only doorway open betwixt the soul and God; we are not lighted by the way of childhood alone from the dying after-glow of a glory that is gone. Our immortality does not lie in descent alone, or come only by hereditary transmission. Our growing consciousness has something to do with it. The child is near to heaven, and knows it not; but the man draws near to God, and communes with him consciously. We do not come to merely trail a splendour after us like the tail of a comet; the light of eternity is now streaming full in the face of the soul that is set toward heaven. Think not the gate of gifts is limited to that which opens for us as we enter life; the heavens are

always open, and the light is ever coming through—
—a new dawn every day—and our intimations of
immortality do not come only from childhood and
the early dawn. Immortality is in becoming rather
than in having been. The path we tread is an
ascent, and not a descent at all.

Not in one primal Man before the Fall
Did God set life a-breathing once for all.
He is the breath of life from first to last;
He liveth in the Present as the Past.
But ye, like rowers, turn your eyes behind;
Ye look Without, and vainly feel to find,
Raised in relief, like letters for the blind,
The substance of that glory in the mind.
Hints of the higher life, the better day,
Visit the human soul, outlining aye
The perfect statue now rough-cast in clay;
And with a mournful sigh ye think and say
"This is the type that was and passed away!"
God holds a flower to you, it only yields
The fragrance fading from forgotten fields.
"Ah, only Eden could have wafted it!"
Immortal imagery His hand hath writ
Within ye is with revelation lit
By secret shinings of the Infinite.
"These are but glimmers of a glory gone!"
I tell you they are prophecies of dawn
And glimpses of a life that still goes on.
Man hath not fall'n from Heaven, nor been cast
Out from some Golden Age lived in the Past
His fall is from the possible life before ye;
His fall is from the Crown of Life held o'er ye,
A falling short of the impending glory.
Upon the verge of sunrise ye but stand—
The door of life just open in your hand.

Behind you is the slip of space ye passed ;
Before you an illimitable vast.
Not backward point the footprints that ye trace
Of those who ran the foremost in the race,
With light of God full-shining on their face !
Look up, as Children of the Light, and see
That ye are bound FOR immortality,
Not passing FROM it: Heirs of Heaven ye,
Not exiles. The fair Garden that still gleams
Across the desert, miraged in your dreams,
Smiles from the spirit, rather than the sod,
Wherever hallowed feet of Love have trod ;
Wherever souls yet walk and talk with God.
And Heaven is as near Earth now as when
The Angels visibly conversed with Men.

Sir William Thompson, President of the British Association, felt compelled, the other day, in groping after the origin of life on our planet, to conclude that the first physical germ of life may have been sown by some flying fragment of a shattered world. What a blank and barren conception of what we know as "life" does that reveal! Life, he says, can only come from life. True, but life would never come from life if it were merely an applied external force; life must work from within, even if you go back to the starting-point of the atom. Can he suppose that the Creator was working at our world through millions of ages without getting life into it, and then when it was finished a seed of life had to be sown, ready-made, from without? When the sailor was advised to wear his sealskin jacket with the hair *inside* for greater

warmth, he replied, "Don't you think that 'ere animal knew which side to wear his hair on?" So we say, Don't you think the Creator knew how to get the life inside His work whilst in process of making? He who is the absolute Will; sole Source and Sustainer of existence; the instantaneous and eternal Life; the very Breath of being; the universal Presence that lives infinitely in the least of finite things, figuring forth and transfiguring—kindling and renewing all things by living influx of His presence that is for ever vitalising visibly; the evermore unfolding and unfathomable Infinite of power and wisdom, light and love; the indwelling Life that is known at last in mind, and culminates in consciousness of His presence—becomes His witness within, so that man can recognise his Maker, and read himself and his spiritual destiny by illumination from the Life Divine.

One of two things—either we must conceive of world-making as mechanical work or as mind-work: When a man executes a piece of mechanical work, say, makes a steam-engine, he finishes it and then applies the motive force, steam, that sets it going; but if the work be mental, say, composing a poem, then the force that sets it going is working all through the creative process—is the life of the maker's life, and does not depend on the printer's or paper-maker's applied force for existence. The Spiritualist looks on world-making as mind-work—on the motion of matter as the life of mind. He looks

upon all the modes of motion and forms of force as manifestations of life, so that there is no moment of molecular existence when the life is not there operant, impregnating, incubative, from the first arrest of motion in what we term matter, up to the perfect point of visible vitalisation; or, to recur to the figure previously used, from the first mental motion that puts pen to paper, up to the book full of the kindling and communicative spiritual life. The physicist will look on world-making as mechanical work, and speak of life as if it were external force. He looks for the visible birth; but life exists before birth, is not inserted into the child when the mother quickens, and if we could only get deep enough we should find that life has no visible beginning. Of what avail, then, is it to go back in this way, seeking a visible starting-point, when you are fatally hemmed in by a circle which has no beginning, and when, if you had got back to the first matter of life, the earliest physical germ in the universe, it could only bring you at last face to face with the fact—in presence of which the Spiritualist dwells to-day—that the first physical germ is not the first form of life, and that the life we see comes by a series of transformations from the life that is hidden—the life which is the eternal Omnipresence of the universe, and, where present, efficient Cause of life; and that the first form and earliest germ is spiritual, because God is a spirit; and as life only proceeds from life, He who is the

Life of all is for ever and in all ways the Life proceeding ; or, in other words, a living Creator whose life is continual creation ?

Supposing we were to accept such a notion, and get our vegetable life thus sown on the earth's surface as a happy windfall from Heaven, how would that help us to follow out the transformation of the vegetable into the animal life, the animal into the human, the human into the Divine ? It would simply necessitate man's alighting on the planet a ready-made immortal ; there would be no creation, and we should be just where we were. The scientific conception of life and the creative mind would be quite as limited and limiting as that of the biblically orthodox mind. All such cut-and-dried ideas of design, and sequence, and external application are totally inadequate to express or symbolise anything more than a mechanical Almighty, made by man in the youthful stage of his own development. The God who has hitherto had most worshippers has been a huge and shadowy *dopple-ganger* of man himself, thrown on the mist of ignorance through which he struggled, and the spectre has been hideous enough to cast him down on his knees in fear. It will be no great advance on this should science smoke another false image of God on the ceiling overhead, with the torch it carries. Let us look and see whether any and what help can be derived from the spiritual philosophy, as made out by Swedenborg. And here I may say, in passing,

that I am not what is termed a Swedenborgian ; but a peculiar psychical experience made me gravitate towards him to hold up my facts in his light to see what we could make of them. This has led me to look up to him as to one of the most specially illuminated minds since the advent of Christ : one who has done more than any other to make the world of spirit solid ground for men to tread. He has afforded foothold and resting-place, as of Ararat amidst the deluge—the Ararat of a new world just emerging into view. It was but the other day Mr. Carlyle acknowledged to an American that he had made Swedenborg known to him for the first time ; he, Thomas Carlyle, having looked upon, or rather away from, the great seer all his life as a visionary lunatic.* This is typical of a change now passing over the face of the world, and Swedenborg will be better known after many days. He has waited long with a most placid patience, but is one of the eternal men who can

* “Hitherto I have known nearly nothing of Swedenborg ; or indeed I might say less than nothing, having been wont to picture him as an amiable but insane visionary, with affections quite out of proportion to his insight ; from whom nothing at all was to be learned. It is so we judge of extraordinary men. But I have been rebuked already ; a little book, ‘Growth of the Mind,’ by one Sampson Reed, of Boston, in New England, which some friend sent hither, taught me that a Swedenborgian might have thoughts of the calmest kind on the deepest things ; that, in short, I did *not* know Swedenborg, and ought to be ready to know him.”

afford to wait any length of time. I look up to him as to one of the largest, loftiest, serenest of the starry host in the realm of Mind. He is seen but dimly by the distant world at present; but is slowly, surely arriving from the infinite with a surprising light of revelation. I know him to be a sun; one of the spiritual suns that will go on shining to the full eternal day, and should be glad if I could let anyone have a look at him through my glass.*

According to Swedenborg, then, all force is of spiritual origin, life included. But the idea of *continuity* will not serve us in conceiving the origin of life, or the ubiquitous play of force on, in, and through matter. Because mind and matter do not chemically combine; and the spiritual is not continued into, as a part of, the natural, nor does it endow matter with its own properties, but remains for ever distinct in its closest intimacy.

To think of mind and matter by way of continuity is like trying to get to the other world simply by sailing round this. It is here, corresponding to and with this world, at starting, and would be no nearer at the end of twenty-five thousand miles. The spiritual world is always cause, always causing, but it operates by means of various correspondences which are temporary and

* Or, better still, induce anyone to buy William White's "Life of Swedenborg." I do not recommend borrowing, as it would not be returned, if it fell into the right hands.

external. As an illustration, take the image of two minds conversing with each other and carrying on a continuity of thought. There is a continuity of thought in their interior spirit-world, but this has to be made apparent by means that correspond; that is, by organs of sense which do not think; and there is *no* continuity of the same thing in those organs that constitute the corresponding means of spiritual communication.

However familiar we may be with the presence of mind, we do not know it in itself—only can know it by means of correspondences through material manifestations. In the outer world there is no continuity of the spiritual into the natural, but matter serves as the corresponding means whereby the spiritual may become manifest in life, and the material so easily dropped and dispensed with in death. • So that we cannot and have no need to think the origin of life on the line of continuity. Our idea of continuity will only express propagation of life—will not originate it now or in any time past. Life is never-ceasing origination; the operation of spiritual force evolving natural forms. Creation is nowhere limited to an act. It is ceaseless, infinite evolution of life from one source, and the motion of it all, and everywhere, and for ever is the eternal spiritual life. From this the first soul was created, and equally so the last created. For this end there is, as Swedenborg says, such a concurrence every single

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moment of existence, with every man, of more particulars than can be computed or comprehended as a sum in figures.

In man, the body is the outbirth of the indwelling life and form of the creating spirit; so the external world is spiritual existence figured forth in visible shape. There is no substance cognisable by sense until the spiritual has taken form, any more than thought or affection are so cognisable, and yet these are real existences and final substances of the soul. The spiritual being the sole primary or final substance in the universe, and matter the phenomena of its passing forms in the world of sense; the material atom having a pre-existence in spirit-form, by which it is projected, and an inner life that gives to it the outer law called attraction.

Everywhere we see life as a spiritual power laying hold of matter with all its force, apparent as though it put forth an arm for every atom to visibly clutch with, on purpose to strike root and unfold in flower and bear fruit. What we do not see is the anterior, interior existence of this spiritual world in which and by which all things move and have their being. The world of visible things is but the body of this spiritual world, which everywhere infuses its electric leaven of life into corresponding forms by influx from the eternal Being, and is the one sole final substance in the universe. In the spiritual world we are among the essences of things; here we do but move among their manifestations.

Existence, then, is perpetual subsistence; life is spiritual leaven that impregnates the natural, not by continuity of the spiritual life into the material, but by always acting on the prearranged conditions of matter, which are its correspondences and means of evolution. Having got off our single line of continuity, along which we so often tried to travel back to a beginning, we find ourselves in the midst of Life, which is a universal presence so near, and a power of such potency, that we can easily conceive of vitality or consciousness being evolved according to the receptivity of the external conditions, not at one moment only, but at any moment, seeing that these are for ever being evolved by an Energy that has been from eternity; not by continuity of a life once given and then merely propagated, but by the spiritual presence of a life that always gives to each organism in kind, and for ever feeds and fructuates. So that life-origin is eternal, and not in time at all.

Life is neither really radiated by the sun, nor stored up as force in the seed, for the spirit of life works through all the natural conditions, and the creation of the material world signifies the preparing of necessary conditions for the spiritual manifestation of the eternal existence; what we call latent force being a subtler way of the creative approach, and matter supplies corresponding means for this spiritual to clothe itself and show external signs of life; life that was at first born deaf and dumb, as

it were, and only made a few blind motions by way of expressing spiritual presence, as the sap stirs in presence of the spring, until, in the course of growth and the gradual maturing of the receptive conditions, the creative work culminated in man—not by God becoming man, but by the receptive conditions growing more and more sensitive to spiritual presence, more and more alive to spiritual influx, more and more assimilative, till, in imperial personality of the spiritual, man became a living soul. The connection of spiritual with the natural had begotten its like—not continued it, but created it—by correspondent means. Matter had subserved the purpose of the wall that helps to produce an echo, not by the voice becoming wall or part of it, but by the wall supplying fulcrum force for repeating the voice in likeness; the human mind being a live, discreted, and enduring, though distant, echo of the Divine, and thus by means of matter life has produced life, the spiritual has created spirit, and in consciousness the human mind corresponds to the Divine as its highest means of earthly evolution. And as an issue of all previous means of correspondence, and use of material signs and symbols, there is communicated a principle of spiritual growth, an illumination of interior life, an increasing apprehension of God's presence, and a *rappor*t is established betwixt the mind created and the creating mind. Here, Swedenborg would say, the development of life in humanity culminated in the

possibility of Christ, and He alone existed by direct continuity of the Divine in human form, and became the *nexus* between the creative spirit and spirits created, thus perfecting the union of God and man.

To those who grant this creative Life from which all life is as well as was, and allow it to have volition, there can be no more difficulty with regard to the visible beginning of mundane things than in the continuity of creation which we see going on in and around us to-day by means of a motion for ever re-creating the material forms of manifestations which we say are spiritual. We still see the whole of creation performed; the spiritual atom clothing itself in material form, the transmutation of will into energy, of energy into force, the conversion of one force into another, of motion into generative power, of inert matter (so-called) into live protoplasm, of vitality into mental consciousness, of consciousness into thought, of thought into love, of love into life, and, in the creative act, of mind curdling and projecting, as it were, and being materially ultimated, and, in the final transformation scene, the dead changed in a moment into living spirits, without science being able to understand it. Here, again, what we do not see is the underlying spiritual world of causation, with its spiritual sun and atmosphere of spirits, its breath that we breathe spiritually, and so set the body breathing, its influx of light, heat, and other shapes of spiritual sustenance, its swarming monads

of mind and germs of thought-life being sown on human soil, and its ceaseless waves of the Eternal Will.

This influx, which can only be described as from God, whatsoever the medium, is instant, irresistible, illimitable, and may be formative, informing, or transforming; and to figure forth its motion as a wave of force—say heat—the same vital vibration may be received at one moment, in an infinite series of difference, through all the worlds of matter and mind; may become the fervency of the seraph aglow with God, the beam that burns on the beloved in the human eye, the sun-ray that opens the flower with its transforming touch, or the sun-stroke that pierces the human brain; the life-ferment of a seed deep down in earth or sea, or fiercer fire of hell to spirits that consume with selfish lusts; so variously is it differentiated by the recipient conditions, so many are the forms of use or abuse that have power to translate the one meaning of God's wisdom, the one life of His love, into their own languages of expression, and thus the life-wave is ultimated, as is that of the sun, in such a diversity of shape and colour. All nature, in its degree and according to its kind, is conscious of this influx from the Divine, and yearns back toward the source in response, until it reproduces, like a longing woman, some likeness of the object longed for—some faint image of the Infinite in the smallest things. We get a foreshadowing of this doctrine of Swedenborg

in the Book of Genesis. The writer says God made every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew. Also the writer of the Book of Job expresses the same idea of spiritual formation preceding the visible embodiment: "Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect. In Thy Book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there were none of them." Nowhere can we find a more beautiful or adequate statement of that spiritual evolution which causes, vitalises, and vivifies the natural! In Genesis also we have something analogous to Swedenborg's spiritual sun, which is the life of the natural, in the light which filled the firmament before the sun, moon, and stars were created. Spirit-world itself is constantly supplying fresh facts which, for us, amount to proof positive that Swedenborg was right as to the outward and visible world being formed and fashioned by the world within. As soon as our spirit-visitants passed beyond the veil, they assure us they found the same world in a higher sphere, and knew it by another light. Only the earth-likeness is poor when they come to compare it with the original. This was but the reflected shadow of the world of light, whose familiar features are now perfected and glorified. Of course our last appeal will not be allowed by the physicists; it is only meant for those who accept our facts. For those who have not wit-

nessed the facts, and do not believe in the phenomena, nothing that I could say would ever constitute an argument.

You cannot furnish arguments which shall convert the blind to a sense of colours, and a discernment of their difference. By the blind I mean those who have not seen and therefore refuse to believe. All that one can hope to do with them is to further illustrate and firmly establish the mystery, which they are driven to admit. These speculations are not included in molecular chemistry, which only works in the dissecting room of creation. They have to do with life as spiritually interpreted. Our physicists have not yet exhausted their forces; ere they have, they will find these springs of the spiritual at bottom, stealing in on them and creating those forms of force with which they are familiar. I think they will not fathom the flux of vortical atomic motion, for example, without coming upon a penumbral outer form of Swedenborg's "influx." But if he be right about the non-continuity of spiritual into mechanical force save by correspondence or analogy, the *nexus* cannot lie with them, and they are never likely to connect, say, life and electricity as they can the liquid and gaseous states of matter.

Still, I do heartily wish that some of our great physicists would study and try to realise and utilise Swedenborg's conception of life, with the view of bringing it to birth in their own domain. It does

seem to me that if they could only bring a vision kindred to his to bear in the sphere of material things, it might aid them even more than do the microscope and telescope.

Professor Tyndall claims on behalf of the evolution hypothesis that the mind of Shakespeare was potentially in the fires of the sun.* He might as well assert that the mind of Shakespeare existed potentially in the papyrus of Egypt because we get the poet's thoughts printed on paper. Where is the warrant for such an assumption? He acknowledges that the phenomenon of thought is a problem toward the solution of which science has not made even a single step. How then can he assert that mind is a continuity of matter? How prove the necessity of mind coming into being in that way? Why must the soul of force—the living creative mind—pass through the various forms of matter to get ultimated in the human consciousness? Matter is one mode of creation, but the propagation of mind in man is another—the generation of thought is another. I suppose it would not be a scientific use of the imagination to think that the

* "Not alone the more ignoble forms of animalcular or animal life, not alone the nobler forms of the horse and lion, not alone the exquisite and wonderful mechanism of the human body, but that human mind itself—emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena—was once latent in a fiery cloud." Surely the Professor has been borrowing from the Hebrews! With them the customary sign of God's presence was "fiery cloud."

mind of Shakespeare may have been a creation of the 16th century by means of a larger wave of influx from the Divine mind independently of previous physical conditions of our globe; that the Creator's relationship to the world is not solely physical and mechanical. Is mind, or is it not, co-factor, to say the least, in the production of Shakespeare? If it be, then we have no right to confine the potentiality to any form of matter. It would be more just to say that every atom of Shakespeare's body existed potentially in the sun, and his mind in the mind of the Creator. How the two, mind and matter, come together and work for the evolution of Shakespeare is the question, but they certainly were not fused in the fires of the sun. Mind is evolved by means of matter, but never by matter becoming mind. Matter is the manufactory of mind, but not the manufacturer. If mind were a growth of matter, and not the cause of growth, surely, then, the greatest eaters ought to have the biggest brains and largest mental faculty: so much beef, so much brain; so much mutton, so much mind; so much pudding, so much poetry; but it is notoriously not so. Nor can we have any reason for believing that consciousness comes from aught save consciousness, however long the forgetfulness that intervenes, whether in the individual or the race. The Professor speaks of some primordial germ as lying at the root of life, and then admits the mystery that still lies behind that

germ. Well, then, why not at the root of every germ? Why limit the imagination to the soul of force that lies there at last? Why not follow it as the attendant nurse of all germination, everywhere, even if it be not recognised as the all-present creative Cause?

As a matter of physical form and external evolution, yes. Shakspeare and all that ever lived on this earth may have existed potentially in the fires of the sun, but not as ideas; not as designs; not as intentions. The Creator has other and subtler ways of spiritual creation for these, and this process was going on all the time in finer forms of evolution—evolution from a still more hidden source. The truth is, look at the matter as we may, we shall not get our creation by getting rid of the Creator. Science has done good work in disabusing our minds of the idea that the Creator only acts by fiat and cataclysm. It has shown us the supposed work of six days long-drawn-out into millions of centuries, and made us look up to the Creator with such a stretch of thought as cannot fail to increase our mental stature and give us loftier views of the Eternal. "Eh, mon, Jock," said the poor Glasgow weaver, standing for the first time on the top of Goatfell and witnessing the glory of dawn upon the mountains, quite unable to express his admiration and astonishment, "Eh, mon, Jock, but the warks o' God are perfectly deevelish!" An extreme way of putting it, no doubt, but we

know what he meant. Science has often made us feel as helpless in trying to express the inexpressible. But, in dispensing with an inadequate idea of a God working on the outside of things, who created by fiat and moulded man as children make mud-pies, Science has to find him on the innermost side of things, the source of all evolution, working through all forces and forms. It is in vain we resolve the universe into a motion—with matter for excremental resultant—if after all we can't make our motion creative, able to confer qualities and quicken into life.

As we have seen, Swedenborg tells us that the correspondence of the Divine with the human soul is by means of spiritual heat and light. These it receives by influx, which corresponds to the motion of matter. With these it glows and is illuminated as by the creative Presence, the heat being of love, the light of wisdom; and our spiritual life depends as utterly on this influx as the vegetable life depends upon the influx of heat and light from the sun, and will depend on it after death, and would depend on it and live by it if the sun went out to-morrow.

In his view of the universe and his reading of phenomena, Professor Tyndall does precisely what he did in quoting Goethe. He attributes to the author of "Faust" the notion that matter is the living garment of God. If the Professor refers to the book again, he will find the Spirit of Earth, who speaks of

weaving a "web ever growing," as a living vesture for the Eternal, means the web of life, woven in the loom of Time, and that is what it says. The web has nothing to do with Professor Tyndall's matter; it is spiritual, and a Spiritualist may fairly interpret it as the heavens of glorified spirits with which the Deity is being invested as the outcome of life in all his physical worlds. Goethe was quite Swedenborgian in his idea of the visible sphere of things being a garment of the living God, and this he expresses in his "Gott und Welt." But the Professor translates it into the "living garment of God"—quite a different thing. He has transferred the life to the raiment, and it is an apt illustration of the scientific use to which he can put his imagination. The potentiality of human consciousness located in the fires of the sun is another result of his attempt to transfer the creative Life to the garb of created matter, out of which he can then cut Shakespeare or any other immortal.*

* After all, how does a genius like that of Shakespeare come into being? It is easy to show that a talent for making fortunes in the Legal profession runs in families, but that is not what we mean by a great creative genius. This will start up without efficient parental cause, and is not the culmination of accumulating faculty, nor is it produced by the surrounding circumstances. It is the immortal flower that will spring in most desert places and in times of greatest mental dearth. It is, as commonly regarded, a God-send, a special creation, a thing of Divine descent on the spiritual side, in proof of which it comes and goes—an apparition of the Divine, a revelation from the Infinite, without human progenitor or descendant.

Again, the scientific and religious worlds appear to have hitherto divided the matter thus :—the one shuts God up altogether out of its domain, and places it under the government of law; this becomes the so-called region of the Natural, which they can grasp and deal with satisfactorily so long as God is not there. Then the other demands an act of faith to enable us to believe in God in his own proper domain, which they look on as the Supernatural. Thus you can only reach the supernatural by an act of faith—cannot know it—and the supernatural can only touch you by an act of miracle—only touch you, indeed, by your faith in the miracle of 1800 years ago! With the Spiritualist these two blend—interchange—are united in one. He does not look on the supernatural as a world apart from the natural. He has evidence to show that they work together for a common end. He looks upon the so-called supernatural as the unseen or occult part of nature in which that which is seen has its rootage and draws its sustenance. The unseen is for ever working through the seen into visible being, and the visible is for ever tending toward and growing into new forms of existence that are to most of us unseen. You cannot close this world against the other, nor shut the Creator out of any bridal-chamber of productiveness or reproductiveness, nor prevent your old friends on the other side coming back to you, with any boundary-lines you may draw betwixt supernatural and natural.

We do not look on the Creator as the Divine Designer who drew a vast and shadowy outline of his creation, and left it to be filled in by mechanical law. We see how he is the Eternal Worker who is "at it" in every part of this design that is to slowly but surely transfigure the visible universe into the living likeness of his fatherly love, by means of his influence more and more imparted, his presence more and more revealed in the growing consciousness of his spiritual creatures, who are also made co-workers with him in completing the sublime design.

We are enabled to apprehend clearly and definitely that spiritual rootage of life in God which has been buried and shrouded for others in the dust of death, and trace its ramifying fibres as plainly as you can see the roots of the hyacinth in the water-glass held up against the light.

We see how the life of the soul is a continual incarnation of the Divine as well as a development from the human. We see how desire, yearning, prayer, can lift the soul to God and draw down increase of strength from him, because the equipoise of what is called natural law can be influenced by will, just as the law of gravitation is often overpowered in the spiritualistic manifestations, and, as we may put it, the extraordinary pull with volition in it becomes too much for the ordinary pull with no volition in it. We see how our affections, which are so impalpable to sense, and yet our own essential,

final selves, do lay up a spiritual substance which becomes the future form and glorious body of the soul.

Thus you perceive the Spiritualist has been feeling for, and thinks he has grasped, that link in the chain of continuity which the physicists of our time are so earnestly in search of on the material side. I have no doubt there is such a oneness and continuity as they dream of and are trying to demonstrate. The mirror of matter everywhere gleams with some dim image of it, but to think of grasping it solely there by the hand of physical science alone is as though you should expect to reach the moon by plunging into the water after the reflex image of it! They are following a reflexion. But even that reflex image is the shadow of God, and they are so far right, and cannot do better than follow it into the light. That light shines on the spiritual side of things. The continuity of the physicist lays down the cable as it were through the world of visible things, and finds that it can be done. But the Spiritualist gives you the mind at each end of it, and his continuity has thrown the cable across the grave, built a bridge of communication over the dark gulf of death, made the two worlds one, and the supernatural has become a law of natural sequence. Thus life completes its perfect circle in human evolution, from the Divine origination to its Divine fulfilment; even as electricity runs and completes its earthly round whilst delivering its mental message by the way.

Science tells us that the time will come when our sun must decay, and be no longer the light and life of its own brood of worlds. As a consequence, our world will no longer bring forth life in the present physical forms. On our side, we see that in the meantime the earthy is putting on immortality—the material world is gradually assuming its spiritual form and its crown of life that fadeth not away; the world of matter will have brought forth its world of mind; for the Spiritualist sees these material orbs rippling and rounding off their spirit-spheres luminous in the light of God's nearer presence, as we see the planets lighted up with the smile of the unseen sun. Thus the vision of science is continued and completed in that of Spiritualism, and we can understand how the prophecy shall be fulfilled, and the heavens rolled together as a scroll—even as the author's MS. may be when his thought has passed into print to take living embodiment in other minds—and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.

Many of the discoveries and revelations of modern science will be caught up and completed in Spiritualism; for the Spiritualist is afraid of no fact. He knows Truth is that which is for ever being corroborated; that God witnesses for the truth by never-ceasing revelation to man. He knows that the truth of his belief is for ever being corroborated in the present, and it corroborates all that was true

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in the past. He knows also that all partial truth, all mere shadows of truth, must fade and pass away as we approach the light of absolute truth. Therefore, with perfect trust in truth and the God of it, he dares to think things out all round, and does not need to wage a futile warfare against any scientific fact. He is a freethinker, and this time free-thought is about to conquer, because it is no longer negative or enlisted on the side of Materialism. Freethinking has often been a doubt. Ours is a faith, with all spirit-world about us as witnesses; a positive, vitalising faith in a living, communicating God. The man who takes his stand on Spiritualism, to right the wrongs and fight the abuses of the world, is in a very different position to him who rests his lever on the fulcrum of Materialism. Why should we fear any fact newly made known? Why should we bow any longer to that which is a proven lie? The truth is, it is as necessary for humanity as for blighted and barren fruit-trees to have certain rotten roots in the past cut away—roots that only produce in the light of heaven the creatures of that decay which is eating away the life down in the dark earth, before the new sap can freely rise and the tree bear the fresh and perfect fruit.

The Spiritualist is able to discard many of the degrading ideas that have so woefully tyrannised over man, and done such foul wrong to the character of God. He does not start at the beginning with

a belief in the old interpretation of the Fall—does not accept the notion that God cursed the whole creation on account of the trespass of one man and woman. He knows that the reputed curse of labour is one of the greatest blessings God could bestow on man, and that idleness is the curse. He knows that thorns and thistles, and all they are symbols of, constitute one of the greatest incentives to man's energy, health, and prosperity.

It is useless to talk of man's disobedience bringing death into the world and its introducing carnage into the animal kingdom, when geology shows us the stereotyped fact that reptiles and beasts lived by preying on one another ages before man existed. Moreover, we see more and more every day that what we call Evil is good in the making, and that at first sight we are apt to look upon our greatest blessings as evil, until we have stripped off the disguise in which they come and recognise their truer features. We know that God is responsible for what we call Evil up to a certain point, and that he will not shirk his responsibility; that is, God is responsible for certain primary conditions out of which what we call Evil inevitably springs, to be recognised, attacked, and vanquished, but the moment man perceives it to be evil, the responsibility becomes his. Here is a problem set for him to solve by way of education. Here is a foe to fight to the death, whether as a

bad passion in the individual, or a disease in the life of a nation. Here is something to be turned into good. The moment man sees so far, he must accept the responsibility for the continued existence of evil, and war against it as he would if clearing any other jungle against poisonous reptiles.

Evil is one of God's executioners. It performs a most useful part in the human drama. Life without it—that is, according to present conditions—would be like the play of "Othello" with Iago left out, or "Faust" wanting Mephistopheles. Without evil men and evil intentions, Jesus Christ would not have been crucified. We may trace many of the most healing springs of purity filtering through the dark strata of evil. Thus, as the shadows grow transparent to the day, we are able to check passing appearances by a surer knowledge of enduring realities—

We look on Evil as the shadow dark
Of the reflected bridge; the nether arc,
That makes some perfect circle of night and day,
Through which our river of life runs on its way
To that wide sea where, all Time-shadows past,
It shall but mirror one clear heaven at last.

We perceive the present was never meant to be a perfect world, and can trace it on its way upward. Everything around us and within us proclaims the Divine intention of evolving the final perfect out of all sorts of errors and imperfections in the moral

domain, just as it has been in the natural world. Only so could the higher be known to us; only so could we make the progress ours; only so could the moral consciousness, the God-consciousness, have been developed within us.

Many good people will cry out in an agony of earnestness, as Charles Lamb stammered in his fun, "But this is doing away with the Devil; *don't deprive me of my Devil.*" But, dear friends, sad as it may be to lose so useful a scapegoat, your Miltonic Devil, created by God to mar his own perfect work and tempt man to his fall, will have to go!

To my thinking there is a sense in which that eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil may be the symbol of a truth. If man has been evolved from the animal kingdom, as the known facts tend to prove (and surely humanity must have begun with childhood!), of course there would be an early state in which he did not know good from evil, and propagation of the race by means of incest, for example, would be a natural kind of thing. In this state he must have been directly led by what we call instinct, which I look on as the consciousness of the Creator acting in, and for, and through the creature—everywhere sufficient for the need—the instinct which guides the beast to shun the poison-plant. Now, in order that man should "know" the right from the wrong, he must have been permitted to exercise the power

of choice, and make the experiment of eating *his* poison-plant, of *his* own free-will and for his future guidance. Thus the early instinct would be the most unerring, because strictly divine and uninterfered with, yet it would be blind obedience; the later intelligence would be open-eyed, full of errors and wilful wanderings, but always educating, always increasing that self-consciousness which *discretes* man from the animal and makes him the secondary soul of creation. But such a change as that supposed was an absolute necessity, in order that man should become a self-conscious, responsible, and immortal being. Such a "fall" was precisely like the fall of our feet in walking—that is, our sole means of advance. And whilst touching on this subject I might say, in passing, that I look to Spiritualism as a means of helping to free us from the curse which our excessive self-consciousness has now become. We cannot go back either to the animal, or the Greek, or the Chaucerian unconsciousness of self. We shall not lose our morbid subjectivity by a more outward look merely; the soul will never regain its old lost throne in the seat of the sense—it must go on living more and more the interior life, on the eternal side, till its gaze fixed on God shall burn through these veils of self and films of consciousness, and quicken the things of faith into things of sight, as horizon after horizon lifts up its new morning on the soul. Self-analysis and self-anatomy are not the final resting places of this

inward vision, though they arrest the mind in the intermediate stages. It will inevitably result in a larger spiritual life; the Unseen will be more powerful than the Seen in taking us out of the old self, and our spiritual instincts will grow as clear and sure in their operation as were the first instincts of the sense in their narrow range.

I for one accept the truth of Mr. Darwin's theory of man's origin, and believe that we have ascended physically from those lower forms of creation which we find lying around us like chips in the great workshop of Nature, flung off during the process of evolving God's greatest work on earth. Of necessity, if the theory of evolution be true, humanity must have begun with childhood and the life of the senses. But the theory contains only one-half the explanation of man's origin, and needs Spiritualism to carry it through and complete it. For while this ascent on the physical side has been progressing through myriads of ages, the Divine descent has also been going on—man being spiritually an incarnation from the Divine as well as a human development from the animal creation. The *cause* of the development is spiritual. Mr. Darwin's theory does not in the least militate against ours—we think it necessitates it; he simply does not deal with our side of the subject. He cannot go lower than the dust of the earth for the matter of life; and for us, the main interest of our origin must lie in the spiritual domain.

God said, "Let us make man in our own image," and the early interpretation assumed that this was done in a day; the later presupposes that it will take eternity to do, and still be only an approximate likeness. With us, it is the rise of man, and not the "fall," that begins his creation; and it is certain that the old notion of the origin of man has had its day, is doomed, and will pass away as surely as the old notion of the origin of our world.

Mr. Darwin points to an inherent tendency in the nature of things to vary in slight details, which, of course, means an enlargement of limits, and shows us creation still going on; therefore it must be in the creative nature of things he means. An inherent tendency amounts to an intention. Coincidences that follow each other by the million demand *one* cause; in fact, they are the merest cyphers, meaningless, without it—the unit that makes the million out of so many noughts.

A number of small variations would not of themselves diverge and then converge to produce one great result if undirected to that end. It is not to be conceived of without the ubiquitous presence of consciousness and control. If undirected, and if the intention were not persistently maintained, then that which is accidental would be adopted and propagated, and the children of the blind, for example, ought not to see. Without the magnet of purpose, and the presence of all-seeing and

co-ordinating power to gather up the infinitesimal details, we could not have the infinitely complex minutiae dealt with that have to be summed up in such a result as the Mantis, which is so visible an aforethought, or that of the uneatable caterpillar, coloured, as chemists colour poisons, by way of warning to the birds. Here is a subjective intention, which is not the creature's; so manifest, it is like a lightning-flash of revelation that almost features the face of the Creator for a moment. Sooner might we compose the Iliad by tossing out the letters of the alphabet at random on the air, than such a result would be attained without the presence of a mind determinedly fulfilling an intention. So is it all through. What objective appeal is there, identifiable as an influence in natural selection, but what equally implies a subjective intention, and is but the selected sign of its expression? What instinct, what attraction can we point to as self-implemented? What power of choice but was imparted? What fulfilment that does not include the thing thought out first? Nowhere is selection made merely by the appeal from without. Everywhere the end attained necessitates the nicest pre-adjustment of means. The selective instincts of sex have to be included in the primal idea of sex, and are but signs of the thing signified, no matter how much external education may be traced in their development. The creative intention is as apparent as the natural selection. Take, for

example, the universal tendency to diversity in likeness, so perfectly absolute that no two lines of likeness, however near to each other they may run, ever touch. There is no intelligence in the scientifically known nature of things to ensure such consummate guidance as that, yet it demands an intelligence so omnipresent and consentaneous that it can drive or direct the course of growth on millions of lines at once; crossing and recrossing, turning and returning, in all directions without colliding, or running of two lines into one—nay, of current within current without losing distinctness—which intelligence must exist in the unknown nature of things on the spiritual side. This ordered variety, so vast and so perfect, surely reflects one image of the Infinite! Organic evolution must be based on spiritual evolution before we can get to the root of the matter. The external universe is but a visible embodiment of the unseen Soul of creation, which is everywhere present in variant degrees of power, and always in evolution. 'Tis but the type by which to read the intent. If we look back as far as Protoplasm with Mr. Huxley, and claim to have found the matter of life, what then?

The devil of it is that when you have
Your Protoplasm perfect, Life is there
Already with its spontaneities,
And all its secret primal powers at work;
Currents of force unfollowably swift;

Unceasing gleams of glory ungraspable ;
Pulses of pleasure and sharp stings of pain ;
Flashes of lightning fastened up in knots,
And passion fires bound down in prison cells.
Nor can you have your Matter unmixed with Mind ;
The consciousness it comes from, and the intent
That is fulfilled in consciousness to be,
For there's no particle of Protoplasm
Panting with life, like a bird newly caught,
As with a heart-beat out of the Unseen,
But comes with all its secret orders sealed
Within it, safe as crumpled fronds of fern,
To be unfolded in due season ; all
Initial forces of diversity ;
Potentialities of tendency
And modes of motion, which are forms of thought ;
Likings, dislikings, all are there at work
When we can say life *is* in Protoplasm.
And that's creation seen ; caught in the act,
Although the Actor be invisible.

At present Darwinism works as limitedly on the surface of things in its observing of facts as the man would who should study the nature of the soul by the external bumps on the head alone. The bumps are true enough to tell you a good deal, but the greatest revelation they can make relates to the underlying world of spiritual causation. It is impossible to tell what is Mr. Darwin's own underlying thought of causation, he is so reticent ; perhaps wisely so, but he misses the very essence of his doctrine in treating it as if he implied self-evolution, or limited it to the evolution of one form into many. It will go so much deeper than that—

the evolution of force into form, of love into life, of life into mind, consciousness of the mortal into the immortal. But this can only be done by thinking the matter through. It is by the light of spiritual evolution that we can read the natural. There is no real continuity except in the ideal domain—no oneness save in the world of mind. We cannot continue the likeness of the mole's to the human hand on the material side of phenomena, for there is no such continuity to connect the links. There is but a correspondence of likeness to the conception going on in the creative mind. Like children with their puzzle-pictures, we put together our bits of fact supplied by natural evolution. We find they fit, often felicitously, but we can't fuse them into one; we can only make a piecemeal picture—a very rude and fractured representation of—what? The living picture conceived as a whole in the artist's mind, which could not be transferred in any physical unity, but only in a piecemeal and approximate similitude. The sole unity of evolution must be mental, and it is by reflex from the creative Mind in our own mental mirror that we are enabled to identify the marks of the mental mould—*i.e.*, ideas—on material forms, which point out their place in the plan. Natural evolution, then, serves to illustrate that unity of design which proves the necessity of spiritual evolution. Spiritualism will accept evolution, and carry it out, and make both ends meet in

the perfect circle; with it is the *nexus*; not on the physical side of phenomena; without it the doctrine of Mr. Darwin is but a broken link. Complete evolution is the ever-unfolding of the all-present, all-permeating creative Energy working through all forces and forms.

Mr. Darwin, as much as any theologian, when he does allude to the Creator, appears to look upon him as operating *ab extra*, and working from without; a mind dwelling apart from matter and ordaining results which are executed unconsciously in his absence; whereas the Spiritualist apprehends him as the innermost Soul of all existence, the living Will, the spiritual Involution that makes the physical evolution—the immediate and personal Causation of dynamic force, no matter by what swift transmutations—the creative Energy in presence penetrating every point of space at each moment of time, effectuating his intentions, and fulfilling his creative being.

The theory of spiritual evolution, not merely acting on a line of continuity, but operating spherically at varying altitudes, will cut the ground from under the feet of the natural evolutionists, who are only on a secondary plane—or rather it will enable us to swim when the others get to the edge of their earth and can go no further. Spiritualism will accept Darwinism, and complete it and clinch it on the other side.

Spiritualism will also destroy that belief in

the eternity of punishment which has, for many mourning souls, filled the whole universe with the horror of blackness, and made God a darkness visible. "Ah!" said the dear, cheery old Calvinist, "these people"—the Spiritualists—"believe in a final restitution and the saving of all, *but we hope for better things.*" It must also destroy the dogma that God has but one method of communicating his love to men, and but one doorway through which he draws them into his presence. I tell you, the God of heaven bends and broods down into my heart of hearts as livingly, as lovingly, as divinely, and with a balm as blessed, in the dear, appealing, winsome face of my little child, as he can do in the face of Christ.

There are people still extant who profess to believe in human nature's total depravity, and it must be admitted that they do their best in an aggravating way to prove it. Yet they also accept the words of Christ, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And these little ones were born *totally depraved*, nothing being said of regeneration, or conversion, or grace! So that heaven must be a place or state of total depravity! The logic is bad enough, but the doctrine is damnable.

It has become absolutely necessary, for God's sake as well as for the sake of human progress, that the world should be rescued from beliefs such as

these, and from that ossification of the letter which kills the spirit of Christ. I often think the worst cross of his suffering after all must be the torture in eternity inflicted on him by his professed followers with their theological misrepresentations. Human nature would have been crushed by the dreadful ideas respecting God which have been imposed upon it by ignorant men, if God himself had not taken his own part, and kept whispering in our souls, from childhood upwards, "Don't believe it, don't believe it—that is not true," and by such means saved many from madness through the blessedness of doubt, disbelief, and indifference. Indeed, so much has Christianity been debased as a revelation obscured by false interpretators, that, as Thoreau says, "it has almost become necessary not to be a Christian, to appreciate the beauty and significance of the life of Christ."

For example, after being a father myself, I could no more accept the vulgar idea of the Atonement than I could offer up the life of my child, or beget a child with the view of sacrificing it. Not that I have any intention or desire to oppose the rightful claims of Jesus Christ because I oppose the false claims set up by others on his behalf; that is not my meaning.

He was the loftiest embodiment and illustration of the law laid upon the highest to serve and be sacrificed in order that the lowest might be lifted up—not because an avenging father could be gratified

by the sight of suffering, but because this human suffering on behalf of others turns into a divine delight. There are immortal pleasures in such pains, and those who have suffered most in this sense have been the happiest in this life, and because the murderous selfishness and miserable blindness of the world necessitate such sacrifices—

The same world still, whether it smiles or scorns,
That crown'd Voltaire with roses, Christ with thorns.

But that law is still in operation, and it is a natural law. And we accept Christ as the great type—the eternal type—in every sense, including this—that God is always begetting the Divine life in humanity, and revealing himself through a sonship intended to become universal.

So profound was Jesus Christ's consciousness of GOD WITH US, so continual his intercourse with the hidden life, that in his presence, which overpassed the boundary and bridged the abyss, fusing the seen and unseen worlds into one, men naturally exclaimed, "Behold, this is the very God himself!" They did not dare to dream that this was not meant to be an apotheosis of the exceptional, but to make the miraculous common, every-day things divine, and so they have deified the special traits apart from us, and tried to carry out their Christianity by suppressing the essential human verity of what they call the supernatural.

The special characteristic of Christ, above that of all other delegates of God, was the infinite

largeness of soul with which he represented that which is universal: the common fatherhood of God—the common brotherhood of man. It was on this he founded his spiritual kingdom.

I do not find that Christ claimed for himself more than he held out as possible for others. When he identified himself with the Father, it was in the oneness of mediumship—he was the great Medium or Mediator. His character and life afford the best portraiture of a God of Love ever made visible in humanity; but this was not as a mocking mirage, a trick of the unattainable, but a prophecy of what humanity may become.

If that which is finite in us was infinite in Christ, then it must be a mockery to talk of His being like unto us, or of our being sons of “our Father,” like unto Him, as He claimed for us. The temptations and difficulties of the finite cannot be predicated of the infinite. It would be easy for us to be like unto Him if as directly divine; as we were not, we are not. How should we love one another as He loved us? But then, our flaws, and failures, and defeats are human, and His virtues and victories would be all divine. To my thinking, this takes away the primal value of our great Exemplar; it is like offering us a ladder with no rungs to it, down which one may easily slide and vainly ask others to mount. It is the loftier humanity of Christ that I cling to and climb by, nothing doubting that it is divine. I do not deny the incarnation of God in Christ. What I object

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to is the physical mode of stating it. I see that all interpretation of spiritual fact begins with the physical, and possibly it would only impinge at first in that way. So the physical interpretation of the resurrection may have obtained when and where the spiritual would have failed altogether. But I hold that the physical fatherhood of God is no more a necessity of spiritual generation than the physical resurrection of the body is necessary to continued spiritual existence. Why should it be, any more than in regeneration? No; the "sons of God are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." The divine in humanity is not physically begotten, but by spirit-influence—the record says, power of the Holy Spirit; and such method of generating the divine as is commonly entertained shows an utter ignorance of any spiritual conception. The supernatural acts by and through the natural, and not by setting it aside altogether. The idea of God as the physical father results from the complete absence of all true apprehension of a spiritual creator.

In a sense, our Father in heaven has infinitely more to do with the begetting of his children on earth than their earthly fathers have, and the quality of these may greatly depend on the virgin purity of the maternity which mirrors them forth. And here I would remark that the very idea of virgin purity has been limited to a certain physical fact, and such a thing as spiritual virginity absolutely ignored.

It seems to me that the doctrine of Christ's incarnation needs to be re-stated if it is to keep hold of the human mind. Christ was begotten by the power of the Holy Spirit. So was the joy of Elizabeth, Zacharias, and Simeon, who were filled by the Holy Spirit. The disciples were baptised and baptised others with the Holy Spirit; the Holy Spirit spoke through them in various tongues. The Holy Spirit was received by the laying-on of hands; it fell on all those who heard the Word. St. Paul says Jesus is Lord but by the Holy Spirit, and, addressing the Corinthians, he exclaims, "What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit?" Again, he asserts, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God are the sons of God." In each instance the divine operation is by spirit-intercourse; but the popular idea is that you do not prove your miracle or secure the supernatural without violating all known natural laws of the case.

It would be denying the known realities and doubting the possibilities of Spiritualism to accept or assert the impossibility of Christ becoming absolutely one with God in certain exalted moments of the mediumistic mood. I myself have had intelligences talk with me through a medium, which were as far above the medium in range of mental power as the human life is higher than the animal creation. And herein Christ was the beloved Son, the chosen receptacle, the perfect medium, whose

human purity made him so diaphanous to the Divine as to be a living lamp for the eternal Love to shine through without obstruction. In him our humanity most nearly touched the Divine. I see no difficulty, from the spiritualistic standpoint, of believing that God could possess and control this medium so fully at times as to be audible as well as visible through him who would thus personify the Deity in presence, and speak with the voice of very God. It is purely a question of degree. Many persons will account this a questionable way of getting at the unfathomable mystery of the God-man on earth, by making Jesus Christ the medium and mouthpiece of the Word itself. And yet that is the way of God, so often illustrated, and from our data the view is soundly philosophic, and will work. It will put a handle into the hands of thousands who could not have clutched the Divinity in any other way: it goes far to account for the twofold nature which could give utterance to the voice of the Most High, and yet cry out for help from the lowest depths of human weakness when suffering physical pain. For myself, I doubt not that in him the normal and abnormal mediumship attained the point of climax—was incomparably blended, and peerlessly perfect in power.

The manner of Christ's temptation indicates that it occurred in an abnormal state. It is expressly said that He was led up of the spirit into the wilderness, and returned in the power of the spirit ;

that is, the temptation, the desert, the Devil were encountered spiritually, and not objectively. So was it in the case of Moses, who dwelt alone with the Lord for forty days and forty nights, and did neither eat nor drink. And how did Moses enter the Divine presence, and see God face to face? By being covered with the hand of the Lord while his glory passed by. That is, he was to see with abnormal vision, and when awake, when the eyes were uncovered, he was only to see God behind, not look upon His face. "So the spirit lifted me up and took me away," says Ezekiel, when exalted to his mount of vision in the abnormal or trance condition. There is nothing to differentiate the manner of Christ's temptation from any of the other Scripture transactions that took place in the spirit, and not in time and space. St. John describes it when he says, "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day;" St. Paul, when he speaks of seeing when he was out of the body; and St. Peter, who tells of the vision he saw when he was "in a trance." St. John was carried away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shown the New Jerusalem; and the eminence of that exceeding high mountain from whence the Devil could show Jesus all the kingdoms of the world must of necessity have been in the spirit. The Devil came to him in the abnormal condition, as in St. Paul's spiritual state the messenger of Satan was sent to buffet him. This view is fully borne out by the account of the

transfiguration. His change into the trance came on Him, and his face was visibly transfigured—his form and raiment illuminated; that was, to the three disciples, whose spiritual eyes were also opened, and they stood together with Him in spirit-world, in spirit-company. All who have seen much of mesmeric phenomena will have witnessed something of this visible transfiguration that occurs at times. I have seen a plain face shine forth with spirit-radiance and a beauty almost unbearable. Curiously enough, St. Luke, and he alone, intimates that the disciples went to sleep to *see* the vision, and when they were awake it was gone—which was what we now identify as sleep-waking. Acquaintance with spiritualistic phenomena will enable men to perceive and correlate these things in a clearer light. Hitherto they have only led to a hybrid belief, begotten of inexplicable miracle wedded to physical interpretation—a hybrid that must die out because it fails to breed.

Hitherto, so it seems to me, we have only had the merest glimpse of that which is possible, even the Christian revelation remaining to be revealed in its most spiritual aspect. The very corner-stone has been rejected by the builder; so little has the world realised the main truth of Christ's mission, which was to hook-and-eye the two worlds together. He rent the veil asunder which divided the visible and invisible worlds. But it has been carefully drawn together again and *darned* over by our English

Protestant mind, until it is denser than ever—thickened like a cataract over the eyesight—and there is spiritual darkness often worse than that of the heathen world. How seldom has the spiritual life, where it has flowered at all, been more than a graft from *without*, instead of a root and branch, life of the life, blossoming straight out of the Eternal! How often has the Divine presence been made to brood over humanity with a solemn shadow of religious awe that darkened and depressed, instead of a loving illumination on the face of man, which is the glory of God.

What is the upshot of all the spiritual teaching hitherto? Is it such a sense of the other world that the selfish concerns of this are dwarfed and rebuked in its majestic presence? Why, I find the mass of so-called religious people don't want to believe in the spirit-world, *save in the abstract*, or otherwise than as an article of their creed. Their first feeling is to draw down the blinds against any light on the subject. They accept a sort of belief in it, on authority—a grim necessity—it's best to believe, in case it does exist after all; but they give the lie to that belief in their lives and in presence of such facts as we place before them—

Half trusting there may be no other world,
How many travel toward it backward hurled!
And oh! the coward outcry—the wild wail
If it but turn on them and lift the veil!

The other world is something to be believed in

so long as it is afar off, but to be doubted and rejected if it chance to draw near. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to their view. Many good people appear to think that we must wait until death before we can get at the spirit-world; as though we could only touch bottom in eternity by grave-digging! We hold that the entrance to the spirit-world is in life. We are in spirit-world from birth, not merely after death; we are immortal now if ever, and must be dwellers in eternity, which is Here, and Now, however we close our eyes to it, and so be self-shut out of it. Where do you think the spirits of Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton were, when they were absorbed beyond all outer consciousness by some intense vision, unless in spirit-world, seeing by spiritual illumination and working by spiritual aid? They did not perceive their glorious creations rise before the eye of Sense! The apparent distance of the other world from this lies in our living so much in the outer world of Sense, existing so intensely on the surface, and in being so wide awake to the things of this world.

Our orthodox spiritual teachers have arrested and made permanent the passing figure, and permitted the eternal essence of the meaning to escape. So often have they taken the beautiful metaphors of Christ and crushed them cruelly—robbed them of their spiritual-wingedness and freedom of the infinite—ground them down into the dust of earth to make standing ground of; and they have left

the most precious part of the revelation, the eternal principles of it, as though these were the sheerest metaphors, only meant for figures of speech. They have deified the symbol on earth in place of the God in heaven; they have taken hold of Christ by the dead hand, and lost sight of the living Lord. They have kept the world at the foot of the Cross, gazing on the image of past suffering, instead of turning its eyes on that crucifixion daily going on in the legalised murder of the poor man, who wears the image of the living Christ and is the lifelong bearer of the Cross. They have so often come between us and the pure white light of God's love—shut out God from his own house with pictures painted on the window-panes; they have broken and discoloured that light from Heaven in the distorting prism of their own personality. They have turned the temple of God into a tomb, and buried him there alive in the way they have crushed and killed his spirit by their sealings of the letter.

St. Paul defines the business of the religious ministry as serving the Spirit of the living God. But theirs is not the living God. They have shut Him up in a Book and decreed that He shall speak no more in this his world, nor make any further "revelations of the Spirit," his "revealing of himself to his people being now ceased." They tolerate Him so long as He keeps silence and remains concealed. They build their church over his grave;

and if he ever tries to speak in protest, as in Edward Irving's Church,* say it can't be our God, who is dead; it must be the voice of the Devil—silence him. They remind us of Luther, who affirms that he had a *séance* with a spirit, who argued him out of the Popish practice of saying private masses daily. Being a spirit, it must be the Devil! Their antiquarian Christianity would think more to-day of identifying the stable at Bethlehem, or of finding the seven-branched candlestick that was taken by Titus out of the Jewish Temple, than of any opening into spirit-world or manifestation of the living God. They have dwelt with theological abstractions, outside of flesh and

* It is a common error to date modern spiritualistic manifestations from the time of the "Rochester Rappings," which began in 1848. To say nothing of the manifestations which attended the preachings of Wesley and others, when vast multitudes were heaved and uplifted, as if the Spirit of God had been present visibly stirring the face of the great human deep, there was that bewildering outbreak of the Unknown in Edward Irving's church as early as the year 1831. The story of Irving's life has been told, only the writer had no personal experience for bottoming the manifestations; she had no clue to their actual nature, and they remain unexplicated, together with so many other mysteries of human nature on which Spiritualism has come to throw a light, and to do justice, for the first time, to its early martyrs, who fell unrecognised as such. It is impossible that things like Irving's "craze" and Blake's life can ever be understood and interpreted until what is called the supernatural be accepted as reality. Then it will be seen that Irving's quenchless faith was rightly founded after all, and the thing he staked his life

blood, until they have almost parted company with the consciousness of ordinary humanity, and have lost all power of making the Word flesh to dwell with men. The force that was once spiritual is no longer even vital, but merely a mechanical force that fails to move souls, and only causes a few galvanic twitchings and genuflexions in those who carry their religion about with them externally. Only the other day I heard a Bishop declare that the dead had neither part nor lot in the affairs of this life till the Judgment day. Not long since I heard a Ritualist announce that the shortest and surest way of getting at God was to eat him when you had secured his presence, for this occasion only, in a consecrated wafer. Here

on, and lost, was true, although it came in so questionable a shape he could not make out the features clearly in that thick darkness which preceded the dawn; out of which darkness he looms in lonely grandeur, a figure more terribly tragic to me than that of "Lear;" more profoundly moving than the bound and suffering Prometheus. They broke his great heart; they crucified him; they got rid of him. In vain. For the mighty spirit that strove to pull down heaven for others in a fiery martyrdom on his own head—who, to help us, heaped on himself so big a burden that he staggered and went down under it—is up again at work with tenfold power, and he who was stricken so cruelly in the dark has become one of the great strong Angels of the New Dawn.

"Men wondered and forgot, but he unbent,
With eye still strained to the forbidden day,
Towered in the likeness of his great intent,
As if his act should be his monument;
Till Azrael pitied such sublime dismay.
And led him onward by another way."

was a physical fact which you could lay hold of, whatsoever the spiritual uncertainty might be. They have sought to make out a religion good for the next world, but of very little service in saving this world; they have continually hindered our doing the best in this life, and arrested the work of this world until they could agree as to the only true way of getting to the next world, and the only agreement they could come to was, to fight it out. They have assumed that God never had but one Son, and all the rest of us, whom Christ taught to pray to "Our Father," are only poor bastards of the Devil. They assert that God has never spoken but once in this world of his, and made them his chosen and sole mouthpiece for evermore. Can you tell me what they have done or are doing to realise and vitalise that belief in the unseen world—that possible communication between the two lives of which the Bible furnishes so many illustrations? They have ignored it altogether; they have been afraid of it; they have tried to block up the doorway; they have been the very rulers of this world's darkness in shutting out spiritual influences. They have laboured as sedulously in trying to stop the OTHER WORLD as ever the Roman Cardinals did to stop the on-going of this when it was proclaimed by Galileo. They have mainly built their embodied belief on the arrested and incrustated stream of spiritual life, as the Russians build their Winter Palace on the ice of their river Neva. But the

breaking up of the long frost is coming. There is a riving and a rending of the theological structure; the pent-up air is struggling to get free; the other world is working through; the foundations of things are about to be shaken—not the eternal foundations, they are safe enough—but the temporary foundations of ice and sand on which men had built for eternity. When the wave breaks, it is only the form that goes to wreck; the spirit of motion lives and passes on transformed. And so is it with these tidal waves of the eternal, one of which is now breaking on the shore of time.

I verily believe that there is about to be such a spiritual revelation and real revival of religious life as the world has not seen for eighteen centuries! We are going to have a great gathering in of the outsiders. Not that these outsiders will be gathered in to any of the churches, which have become stone graves of a living God, and yet they will be safely gathered in by the Good Shepherd who said, "Other sheep I have who are not of this fold."

These will not sit and starve among the dead,
When they can share with us the living bread.
The skull of a dead past they will not drain,
Who can be nourished by the living brain.
How should they stoop beneath your low dark porch,
With heavens of angels round them for a church?

Spiritualism will make religion infinitely more real, and translate it from the domain of belief to that of life. It has been to me, in common with

the life here will be lived in the presence of the Unseen as it never yet has been, and the dim religious light which has been lovely as moonlight, and with no more life in it, will be changed into vital sunlight and vivid day, whilst all that is worth having in religion will be wrought out in a real, practical, positive philosophy. The word "spiritual" has lost its meaning, so remote from our world has the thing become; but this will recover it once more in reality. Instead of the other world remaining dim and helplessly afar off—a possibility to some, a doubt to others, a perplexity to many, and an abstraction to most—it will be made a living verity, visible to many, audible to more, present with and operant through all.

"Thou canst not show the dead are dead," says the modern poet, in reply to the doubt of these days, and that assurance has been clutched at as a staff of comfort to support the decrepitude of belief. But we can show that the dead are not dead. We have had them coming to us in our own homes and private experience, and proving their presence with us by infallible signs of recognition.

Dead men and women we saw laid in earth
Full length, and fastened there, come freely forth,
Once more arisen full-length to their feet,
In spite of coffin, grave, or winding-sheet.

We have had them coming back to us and beginning the old conversation just where it was broken off in death! We know that they are

yearning was for them to have faith. Have faith? Why, that was just what they had not! They fancied they had, until the first real appeal was made, and then they had only doubt, hope, and fear; for you must know that a great deal of religious faith has been of the kind illustrated by the old Scotchwoman, who, when asked how she felt whilst her horse was running away with her, said she "put her trust in Providence till the britchin' broke, and then she gave up." She relied on the visible link.

"What I would give," said to me a poor fellow who had lost a dear little one, "if I could only believe that she is living still, and near me, and that I shall see her and have her again!" But he could not; that state of mind which we call faith had not been wrought out in him. Now this later revelation of Spiritualism makes its first appeal to belief, by demonstrating the fact of continued existence in another life; that gives us a fine, fresh start for jumping the life to come—repeats for us the proofs, indefinitely multiplied, said to have been given in miracles 1800 years ago, and believed in generally up to the point at which the "britchin' breaks." It gives not only faith but positive assurance. This time the existence of the spiritual world is going to be placed on a firmer foothold than ever—not as a mere creed or dogma, but as a verified, enduring, ever-present, familiar fact. In truth, I believe

I speak of facts known to multitudes—facts not limited to professional mediums, but springing up all over the land in the most unexpected ways and places. And let these facts once take possession of the national mind, the result will be incalculable. As a people we are sceptical of theory, but we wed our fact for life or death. We make up in sureness of grip for our slowness of movement, and do not easily let go what we have once laid hold of. God himself must find it difficult to get some truths into us, but once in, the Devil cannot get them out again. We are not easily illuminated—not soon set on fire, but we burn well when kindled; whether judged by the spiritual fervour shown in life, or by the white faces of the martyrs outflashing the flames as they have smiled up to the cloud of witnesses around them at the scene of their transfiguration in death. And this fact of Spiritualism will yet be grasped as with a death-bed clutch of the delivering hand that reaches down to lift us into new life.

I cannot help laughing to myself at times as I think of what this much-maligned and despised Spiritualism is about to accomplish. Here are our clergy asserting Sunday after Sunday, in the name of God, any number of things which any number of listeners do not believe, only they have heard them repeated till past all power of impinging—things which they themselves do not believe if they ever

come to question their own souls. And here is this new thing in our midst that is destined to put a new soul into belief, and usher in a resurrection day. It is like watching the grim black thunder-clouds mounting the dead calm sky with a deliberate haste that makes you hold your breath till they touch the sharp edge of each other.

How little they dream of the new dawn that is coming up the sky! Nay, it is already flaming in at the windows, and trying to look into the shut eyes of the sleepers, which are fast closed to the glory shining on their faces. For the Lord hath poured out upon them the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed their eyes. They are dreaming how to roll the world back the other way once more into the night of the past, even while they are passing face upwards beneath the radiant arch over their heads which is the dawn of a day that is not theirs; blind to the splendour of its coming; deaf to the birds of light that are up and singing; and senseless to this amazing apparition of God himself, who is now on earth with a visible presence, perturbed and dissatisfied with the current representations of him which have been so unfaithful and untrue. What will they do when they wake? Vainly clutch at their temporal possessions with a terrible tenacity, knowing they have no spiritual kingdom.

“Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men.” And

it has burst open the doors ye closed, and the keys are dashed for ever from your keeping.

If the so-called religious world did but believe, and only really know what they profess to believe! Have they not read, in the prophecy of Joel, that it should come to pass afterward that God would pour out his Spirit upon all flesh, and our sons and our daughters should prophesy, our old men dream dreams, our young men see visions, and "also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit"?

If they would but comprehend that the book of Revelation is not closed! And it is not for us to determine beforehand the shape in which that prophecy shall be fulfilled—not for us to prescribe the laws and the limits to the going forth of the Spirit of God; and after all, these manifestations may be from him! If they could but admit the possibility of his passing over the consecrated churches and revealing his presence to a few simple outsiders, as of old he passed over the pride of Greece and Rome, and chose the son of a carpenter and a few poor unlettered fishermen to be the living lamps of the later revelation of his love, whilst Greek and Roman were used to blindly pass on the new light into other languages and lands without any illumination for themselves!

Consider now, you who accept Christ as sole mediator between God and man, in time and eternity—consider the countless questions that will

arise in the human mind to which no answer is given in the Christian record, the mysteries left unexplained, the problems unsolved, and then remember the words, "I have many things to tell you, but ye cannot bear them now." Do you not suppose he would try to communicate these later revelations—these truths for which the world was not prepared in his mortal lifetime?

If they could but understand what Spiritualism is going to effect for real faith and eternal truth, instead of shouting for the fire-engines to come and put out the conflagration now reddening the sky, as they will do when they wake, they would embrace us and aid us all they could. For see—just when scientific research is getting too much for the old creeds—when we have discovered the secret of life in Protoplasm, and are on the point of finding the mechanical equivalent of consciousness; just when we are assuming that force comes from the visible side of phenomena, and thought is only molecular motion, and mind a property possessed by matter; just when the scientific report is that the deeper we dive the farther off recedes the supposed heart-beat of the eternal life; and to make up to humanity for the loss of our Father in heaven, we have at length, possibly at full-length, found our long-lost grandfather of earth in the fields, or forests, or floods of the fore-world—in breaks this revelation from the unknown, and, as they assumed, unknow-

able. Just when we had proved that miracles could not be, and therefore never had been, in breaks the miraculous once more; we have one "Hume" answered by the other (Home), and the impossibility of a thing does not prevent its happening. The whole realm of mystery is once more wide open, the partition walls will be thrown down flat, together with all who leaned their whole weight against them, and there is one more chance for God in our corner of his universe!

Meanwhile, all hail and all honour to those who bear the banner in the front of the battle! All hail and all honour to her who is our guest of the night, and who has so chivalrously devoted herself to the service of others, in fulfilment of the Father's bidding! It was Saul, as we know, who went forth on a very lowly errand—to look after his father's asses. And no doubt there will be plenty of newspaper cynics to suggest that our friend's mission has been similar, and that we have a goodly gathering of such here to-night. But let them sneer! Saul was doing his father's bidding, and he found a kingdom. And if our friend has not found her kingdom, she will have helped to found one—the kingdom of freer thought, and larger life, and clearer light, and sweeter charities, and nobler love.

Her labour will have helped to bring to birth
The kingdom, as it is in heaven, on earth.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

The public will have been led to imagine that Professor Allen Thomson, as mouthpiece of the British Association, has passed judgment on the claims of Spiritualism. I beg leave to say that he has done nothing of the kind. Not a single sign did he give in token that he knew anything whatever about the phenomena now commonly attributed to disembodied intelligences. What he did speak of was the phenomena known as Mesmerism and Electro-Biology, mixed up with a little hysteria, and, as he seemed to think, a great deal of imposture. But what was the object of slumping diverse things together in such an unscientific manner? It was not Mesmerism his hearers thought his denunciations applied to. And so a side-wind of applause was raised on a false plea, to blow contempt into the face of Messrs. Crookes, Huggins, and Cox, as if *that* were such an answer to their experiments as should abolish their scientific pretensions and annihilate Spiritualism at a breath.

Mr. Thomson must have known—if his hearers did not—that he was not discussing the claims of modern Spiritualism when he referred to the reports made by the French Academicians in the last

century. Faraday's table-turning appeared to be the latest fact that he was acquainted with. What does he know of one living medium? Who—what—where has he tested?—what disproved? Messrs. Crookes and Varley are both eminent men of science—both Fellows of the Royal Society—both old workers in the domain of physics. They testify that certain inexplicable physical phenomena occurred in their presence. Mr. Crookes avouches that an accordion was floated round a cage without human touch or material contact. Mr. Varley says:—

I have in broad daylight seen a small table with no one near it but myself, and not even touched by me or any visible person, raised off the floor and carried horizontally ten feet through the air; and I have repeatedly seen a large dining table lifted bodily off the floor, and when so supported in the air the table has moved in the direction that I mentally requested it to take. In this experiment not only was the "new force" well developed, but in addition it obeyed my *unspoken mental request*, to convince me that there was present an "intelligence" that could, and did, read my thoughts.

Lord Lindsay asserts that in his presence Mr. Home was floated out of a window seventy feet from the ground, and carried in at the next window, the two being seven feet six inches apart, with not the slightest foothold between them.

The moon was shining full into the room; my back was to the light, and I saw the shadow on the wall of the window-

sill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds, then raised the window and glided into the room, feet foremost, and sat down.

I select these three statements and three witnesses out of a multitude, just for the pleasure of asking, what answer to these can anybody find in Professor Thomson's maunderings on the subject of Mesmerism and Electro-Biology? What on earth, or in heaven, or under the table, has foolish dreaming or fervour of imagination to do with things so purely matter-of-fact or simple lying? They might be lies, only so many other persons know they have witnessed the same, or similar things—myself included. Mr. Thomson has not seen them, has not examined them, has not exposed them—has only tried to pooh-pooh them. His evidence has not the slightest value. There are a number of credible persons, backed by a cloud of witnesses, who affirm the existence of certain facts; and they are as intelligent observers as Professor Thomson—their testimony is unimpeachable on the score of personal character; they are many, he is one; they have seen, and he has not; yet he as good—or as bad—as tells them they are self-deluded dupes and ignorant fools. And who is this infallible authority? What has he done? Has he any special knowledge of the spiritual world? Why, he dwells so far from it mentally, that the light of it would not reach his system of thought in a lifetime. It is said he has discovered something with regard to

the midriff. Surely it must be to tickle it. His manner of rebutting evidence irresistibly reminds me of that delicious Irishman who, when told that six witnesses would swear that they saw him commit the crime, offered to bring forward twelve friends of his own who would swear they did not see him do it. In like manner Mr. Thomson brought forward the weighty testimony of his friend Dr. Sharpey's presence to prove that Mr. Home cannot float in the air. What! shall there be no "levitation" for one man because another is of such weight? Funny Professor! And now, having had enough of the Professor, let us quote a few wise words thoughtfully written on this subject by Isaac Taylor. He observes:—

An absolute scepticism on this subject, moreover, can be maintained only by the aid of Hume's often-repeated sophism—that *no* testimony can be held sufficient to establish an alleged fact which is at variance with common experience.

There is, indeed, a species of disbelief, flattering to intellectual arrogance, but out of harmony with the spirit and the admitted rules of modern philosophy. Whether such and such alleged facts happen to come to us mingled with gross popular errors, or not, is a circumstance of little importance in determining the degree of attention they may deserve; one question only is to be considered, namely—Is the evidence that sustains them in any degree substantial?

Nor in considering questions of this sort ought we to listen for a moment to *those frequent but impertinent questions that are brought forward with the view of superseding the inquiry*; such, for example, as these—What good end is answered by the alleged extranatural occurrences; or, is it

worthy of the Supreme Wisdom to permit them? and so forth.

Shall we allow an objector to put a check to our scientific curiosity on the subject—for instance, of Somnambulism—by saying, “Scores of these accounts have turned out to be exaggerated, or totally untrue;” or, “This walking in sleep ought not to be thought possible, or as likely to be permitted by the Benevolent Guardian of human welfare.”

Notwithstanding prejudices of whatever sort—vulgar and philosophic—facts, of whatever class and of whatever tendency, will at length receive the regard due to them as the materials of science; and the era may be predicted in which a complete reaction shall take its course, and the true principles of reasoning be made to embrace a vastly wider field than that which may be measured by the human hand and eye.

TO THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON SPIRITUAL-ISM IN THE *QUARTERLY REVIEW*.

If you are right, the time must come when Rape
And Murder—Crime in every hideous shape—
Cannot be punishable: it will be
But muscular action, done unconsciously.
You'll prove the intent whereby the deed is wrought
To be *unconscious, cerebrated Thought!*

I had a revelation, as it seemed,
But most preposterously I must have dreamed;
For out of my own self, you say, I stole,
To come back to myself by another soul:
A self that was not myself, but where-thro'
Myself flasht secret things myself ne'er knew;
If this be so, I am certain when I see
The very God himself, He will be Me!

A HINT FOR MESSRS. DARWIN & WALLACE.

Mr. Darwin, in his perplexity on the subject of Man's comparative hairlessness, and his own inability to account for it, has neglected one obvious clue, which I have much pleasure in supplying.

When Man became a Sinner, all
 His hair, of course, began to fall :
 'Tis thus *we* shed the animal !
 Our sins still make the hair to fall.
 And, dark or fair, with short or tall,
 Our sins *will* make the hair to fall.

MARLOWE A SPIRITUALIST.

Tradition asserts that the poet Marlowe was an Atheist. It also affirms that he studied the black arts and practised Necromancy. Tradition, if cross-examined on any such subject as this, gets very confused and contradictory. I do not doubt, however, that Marlowe was a Spiritualist, and, in some form or other, practised spirit-communication. It was partly by aid of this clue that I was enabled to identify Marlowe as the rival poet of Shakespeare's sonnets, in my book called "Shakespeare's Sonnets and his Private Friends." This is Shakespeare's reference to his great rival, in sonnet 86 :—

" Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
 Was it his *spirit* by *Spirits* taught to write
 Above a mortal *pitch* that struck me dead ?

No, neither he, nor *his compeers by night*
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished!
He, nor *that affable familiar Ghost*
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence:
 But when your countenance *filled up his line*,
 Then lacked I matter: *that enfeebled mine!*"

By this we learn that the rival poet is accredited with being taught by spirits to write above a mortal pitch; that he has spiritual visitants in the night hours, who give him aid in his work; that he is especially reputed to have an attendant spirit—a plausible *familiar* spirit—who “gulls him nightly with intelligence.” All this supernatural aid Shakespeare acknowledges that his rival receives, but it was not this which made him keep silence in fear of being eclipsed. He grants the facts of this abnormal inspiration, but does not think very highly of it. He takes the common view that the spirit must be a lying one, and the intelligence false. Still, here is Shakespeare’s testimony that his rival competitor for a patron’s approval practised spirit-intercourse, and it is for that evidence I allude to the subject and cite the sonnet. The rival poet I have shown to be Christopher Marlowe, to whom Thomas Thorpe also—in his dedication to Edward Blunt of Marlowe’s translation of Lucan’s first book—alludes as a “familiar spirit.”

FROM
"A TALE OF ETERNITY

AND
Other Poems"

BY
GERALD MASSEY.

The Doom of a Child-Murderer.

"It was an awful hour of storm and rain
 And starless gloom in which the Child was slain.
 Wild, windily the Night went roaring by,
 As if loud seas broke in the woodlands nigh,
 Or all the blasts of Heaven at once were hurled
 To stop the onward rolling of the world.
 The firmament was all one flash, and fled.
 The lightning laught, as Hell were overhead.

"He had dug his grave amid this war of storm.
 He bore the murdered Babe upon his arm
 For burial, where no eye should ever mark.
 Just then Heaven opened at him with the bark
 Of all the Hell-hounds loosed. And in the dark
 Out went the light, and down he dropt the key,
 That was to lead to safety secretly.
 He was alone with Death, and paces three
 Beyond the door an open grave gaped, free
 For all the daylight world to come and see;
 And he was fastened.

Like the luckless wight
 Who wagered he would enter a Vault at night
 In some old Graveyard, and, in proof he did,
 Would leave his dagger stuck in a Coffin-lid.—
 He ventured : bravely dasht the weapon down
 And turned to triumph, when, by the student gown

He was held fast, as if the living tomb
 Had closed upon him ; clutched him in the gloom.
 He had pinned his long robe to the coffin ! Fright
 Came on him like a snow-fall ! Weirdly-white
 His hair turned, and the youth was a forlorn,
 Old, grey-faced, gibbering Idiot next morn.

“ The Murderer did not madden thus, but he
 Was stamped that moment for Eternity.
 He stooped with his dead child, he groped and found
 The key, and got the corse safe underground,
 And out of sight had hid his murder-hole,
 Ere Dawn lookt ghostly on his guilty soul,
 And on his hands no man could see the stain.
 His madness went beyond the burning brain ;
 His was the frenzy of a soul insane.

“ The hour came when he lost the key again.
 As the death-rattles thundered in his throat,
 And earth was rushing past his soul afloat,
 And pain had fiercely throbbd itself to rest,
 And Time stopped ticking in the brain and breast,
 It gleamed and vanisht from his fading sight,
 And snapped his eye-strings straining thro’ the night.
 Thenceforth it was his hottest hell to be
 Living the moment when he lost the key :
 Hell that is permanent insanity !

“ There was a man who died ages ago,
 And ’tis his madness still to wile his woe
 At work for ever, perfecting the plan
 That should have, must have shown his fellow-man
 How innocent he was of that old crime
 He died for justly—had he thought in time.

“ Even so this lost soul whirls and eddies round
 The grave-place where the lost key must be found,

If the mad motion would a moment cease
And he could only get a moment's peace ;
He often sees it, but he cannot touch
It ; like a live thing it eludes his clutch—
Gone like that glitter from the eyes of Death
In the black river at night that slides beneath
The Bridges, tempting souls of Suicides
To find the promised rest it surely hides.

“For seven years it was his curse to come
At midnight and fulfil his dreadful doom,
Looking for that lost key, lest it revealed
The secret he so cunningly concealed ;
Feeling at times he could endure his hell
If in one world of torment he might dwell.
And still from world to world he had to go
(A rootless weed the wave swings to and fro !)
Wandering with incommunicable woe ;
Well knowing that, for every moment lost,
His soul would be in treble anguish tost,
While every storm of wind and rain would beat
Down on him, kindle hell to tenfold heat,
And make him hurry to your upper air,
Lest it should blow and wash the bones all bare.
For often will a wind of God arise
At midnight, and the voice of Murder cries
From it, and bones of murdered babes are found ;
Earth will no longer be their burial ground.
And so on stormy nights his pangs are worst :
More dread the gnashings of that soul accurst.

“For seven years he came, unseen, unheard.
’Twas but the other day the bones were stirred,
As men were delving heedless underground.
They broke in on them, scattered them around :
Not guessing they were human.

Lower in hell

His spirit sank, like waters in a well
 Before there springs the Earthquake. Tremblings sore
 Shook him with vengeance never felt before.
 He came; he found the murder had leaped out;
 The grave was burst; the bones were strewn about
 For all the world to find!

It mattered not
 To him that no one knew them; they might rot
 To undistinguishable dust in peace;
 That Death had signed his order of release
 From this world's law, Death had no shadows dim
 Enough to hide the blacker truth from him.
 He was the Murderer still, who had to hide
 The proofs of murder on the human side!
 The Child was his; these were its tender bones,
 Blown with the dust and dashed against the stones.
 And all his care, his self-enfolded pain,
 And midnight watchings lone, were all in vain.

"The worms that in the dead flesh riot and roll
 Are poor faint types of those that gnawed his soul!
 For ever beaten now; tho' he should find
 And grasp the key he lost when he went blind
 In death: in vain he mounts upon a wind
 Of hell, and tries to fan the dry dust over them
 With endless toil; no sooner may he cover them
 Than there's an ominous muttering in the air,
 And in an instant all the bones lie bare;
 While lurking devils grin thro' masks at him,
 In likeness of his Child's head, gorily grim!

"It comes upon him, almost with a gleam
 Of comfort, when he's rapt into the Dream
 You saw him change in, and he passes thro'
 His night of murder; lives it all anew,
 So vividly each sound is heard by you;

Each particle of Matter set afloat
Upon a Mind-wave, tossing like a boat,
The Spirit rides.

For, as, upon his brain,
The sounds one midnight smote in a ruddy rain,
Till sense had dyed the spirit with their stain,
And Memory was branded deep as Cain,
So now his spirit echoes back again
The fixed ideas of a soul insane,
Till Matter, taking impress of his pain,
Reverberates the sounds within your brain."

A True Story.

"This happened beneath the broad shining day,
Right in the rush of life that makes its way
Thro' London streets.

Slowly, mid that swift throng,
A thoughtful man went mooningly along;
More lonely in that wilderness of men.
And at a corner where the Devil's den
Is palace-fronted now—all gilt and glass—
Illuminating nightly all who pass
By the broad way to hell with gin and gas,
And souls are sloughed, like city sewage, down
Dead-seaward, thro' the sink-holes of the town,
He heard a pitiful voice that took strange hold
Of him; ran thro' his blood in lightnings cold;
Mournful, remote, and hollow, as if the tomb
Had buried a live spirit in its gloom,
Monotonously sounding on below
A vast unutterable weight of woe;
A voice that its own speaker would not know!
As if without breath life were doomed to bear
Shut down on it the load of all the air.
He stopped.

A woman clothed in rags he saw
With fixed beseeching eyes begin to draw
Him to her; left no power to say them nay.
With one stretcht arm she begged; on the other lay,
Soft in a snow of gold, a Cherub Child!
So have you seen a Glowworm on the wild
Bleak moorland; all the dusk a moment smiled.

"For the babe's sake he thrust a coin of gold
Into her hand! but, it fell thro', and rolled
Ringing along the stones: he followed, found
It, brought it back and lookt around.
There was no woman waiting with her hand
Outstretcht, no Child, where he had seen them stand.
In vain he searched each by-way round about;
Thro' life even, never made the mystery out.

"The truth is, he was one of those who see
At times side-glimpses of eternity.
The Beggar was a Spirit, doomed to plead
With hurrying wayfarers, who took no heed,
But passed her by, indifferent as the dead,
Till one should hear her voice and turn the head;
Doomed to stand there and beg for bread, in tears,
To feed her child that had been dead for years!
This was the very spot where she had spent
Its life for drink, and this the punishment;
Feeling she had let it slip into the grave,
And now would give eternal life to save:
Heartless, and deaf, and blind the world went by,
Until this Dreamer came, with seeing eye;
The good Samaritan of souls had given
And wrought the change that was to her as Heaven."

Let not the Sun go down upon your Wrath.

"A wedded couple, bedded, snug as birds
In nested peace, one night must needs have words
Of strife before they slept. A foolish thing
Had on a-sudden set them bickering;
Some wild-fire wisp had dropt a subtle spark
That kindled at a breath blown thro' the dark,
And all their passion burst in tongues of flame:
Their anger blinding each to personal blame.
She had been pillowed on his beating heart,
And in an instant they had sprung apart!
The arm that wound about her he withdrew,
And Night, with dark divorce, came 'twixt the two.

"A little thing had plucked them palm from palm;
A little thing had broke their happy calm;
A little thing fall'n in the pleasant path
Of their life-stream, that turned to bubbling wrath!
And little might have made them yield and cling
Repentant; yea, a very little thing.
A touch would have sufficed to make the stream
Flow free once more; dream out its happy dream;
A kiss have fused them into one again,
And saved them many a year of piteous pain.
'Twas such a little thing they had to do;
Both yearned to make it up, and this both knew.

If one could but have said 'Good night,' scared Love
Would have come down to brood like Holy Dove.
And, being done, all would have been so well.
Not being done, it left the rift for Hell
To break thro,' and another triumph win.
Ever the worst of Traitors are within.
But neither spoke, tho' long upon the wing
Love waited lingeringly listening!

"Waking, he heard her in her slumbers weep,
And then he slept, and in the guise of Sleep
Death came for him, nor gave him time to say
'Good night,' 'Good-bye,' and at his side she lay
A Widow! And upon that dark no day
Hath broke for her. For him, nor hell nor heaven
Will open; praying still to be forgiven,
Night after night at her bedside he stands,
Wringing his soul as one may wring the hands;
By natural law of grievèd love; not sent
In vengeance for unnatural punishment."

Non-Eternity of Punishment.

From end to end of things we may not see,
 Nor square the circle of Eternity;
 But I can not believe in endless hell
 And heaven side by side. How could I dwell
 Among the Saved, for thinking of the Lost?
 With such a lot the Blest would suffer most.
 Sitting at feast all in a Golden Home,
 That towered over dungeon-grates of Doom,
 My heart would ache for all the lost that go
 To wail and weep in everlasting woe:
 Thro' all the music I must hear the moan,
 Too sharp for all the harps of Heaven to drown.

I cannot think of Life apart from Him
 Who is the life, from cell to Seraphim;
 And, if Hell flame unquenchably, must be
 The life of hell to all eternity!
 A God of love must expiate the stain
 Of Sin Himself, by suffering endless pain;
 Sit with eternal desolation round
 His feet; his head with happy heavens crowned.

From Him the strength immortal must be sent,
 By which the soul could bear the punishment.
 I cannot think He gave us power to wring
 From one brief life eternal suffering:

If this were so, the Heavens must surely weep,
Till Hell were drown'd in one salt vast, sea-deep.
Forgive me, Lord, if wrongly I divine ;
I dare not think Thy pity less than mine.

God save me from that Heaven of the Elect,
Who half rejoice to count the numbers wreckt,
Because, such full weight to the balance given,
Sends up the scale that lands them sure in heaven ;
Who some fall'n Angel would devoutly greet,
And praise the Lord for another vacant seat ;
And the proud Saved, exulting, soar the higher,
The lower that the Lost sank in hell-fire.

I think Heaven will not shut for evermore,
Without a knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated Wanderer should come
Heart-broken, asking just to die at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking on His face that soul shall live.
I think there will be Watchmen thro' the night,
Lest any, afar off, turn them to the light ;
That He who loved us into life must be
A Father infinitely Fatherly,
And, groping for Him, these shall find their way
From outer dark, thro' twilight, into day.

I could not sing the song of Harvest Home,
Thinking of those poor souls that never come ;
I could not joy for Harvest gathered in,
If any souls, like tares and twitch of sin,
Were flung out by the Farmer to the fire,
Whose smoke of torment, rising high and higher,
Should fill the universe for evermore.
I could not dance along the crystal floor

Thro' which the damned lookt up at Paradise,
For ever fixed, like fishes frozen in ice.
Such mournful eyes from out their night would gleam
And haunt for ever all my happy dream !
I could not take my fill for thinking of
Those empty places in the heart of love.
The New World's poorest emigrant will lend
A kindly hand to help a poorer friend.
And I must pray to God from out my bliss
For those who were beyond all help but His—
Pray and re-pray, the same old prayer anew :
Forgive them, Lord, they know not what they do.
Because they were so utterly accurst,
Self-doomed, that bitterness would be the worst.
Oh, look down on them, from Thy place above,
The look of pity, Lord, half-way to love !

Mere human love, in this its narrow sphere,
Can never think of those it once held dear,
Who down the darkened way will pull apart,
But with a pitying eye—an aching heart.
And still, as less the beckoning hand they heed,
The strength of Love grows with their greater need ;
The less they heed, the more it yearns to save.
And shall this love be dwarfed beyond the grave,
To lose, on wings, its feet-attained height ?
Better its blindness, than the eye of light
That coldly down on endless hell could glance,
With all its mortal sympathies in trance.

Or will some Lethean wave the soul caress,
And numb it into dull forgetfulness ;
Washing away all memory of distress
That others feel, while we but lift the hand
To pluck and eat the lotus of the land ;

Will the fierce penal fires that throb and burn
Across the night to gentle radiance turn,
And those far wailings of the world of tears
Come mellowed into music for our ears,
With just the zestful dash of discord given,
That makes the pleasure pungent—perfects Heaven?

'Tis hard to read the Handwriting Divine;
The vanishing *up-stroke* so invisibly fine!
There must be issues that we do not see.
The whole horizon of Futurity
Is nowise visible from where we stand;
We are but dwellers in a lowly land.
We think the sun doth set, the sun doth rise,
And yet our world's but turning in the skies.
Seen from our lower level there must pass
Mysteries, so high and starry, we but glass
Them darkly, as we strain our mortal sight,
While 'twixt our souls and them there stands the night.
The more we press and sigh, the more our breath
Will mist the windows of the world of death;
And then we scratch upon our lattice-pane,
Dimming its clearness, and we are so fain
To read our own imaginations fond,
For the true figures of the world beyond.
We model from the human life, and so
Feature the future from the face we know.
'Tis always sunless one side of our globe,
And thus we fashion the Eternal's robe!
God made Man in His image, but our plan's
To mould and make God's image in the Man's,
And if my thought be human as the rest,
At least the likeness shall be Man's at best.
Too long hath Calvin's spectrum sacrificed,
Smoke-hued with hell, the pure white light of Christ!

Dear God, it seems to me that Love must be
The Missionary of Eternity !
Must still find work, in worlds beyond the grave,
So long as there's a single soul to save ;
Must, from the highest heaven, yearn to tell
Thy message ; be the Christ to some dark hell ;
Gather the jewels that flash Godward in
The dark, down-trodden, toadlike head of Sin ;
That all divergent lines at length will meet
To make the clasping round of Love complete ;
The rift 'twixt Sense and Spirit will be healed,
Ere the Redeemer's work be crowned and sealed ;
Evil shall die like dung about the root
Of Good, or climb converted into fruit !
The discords cease, and all their strife shall be
Resolved in one vast peaceful harmony :
That all these accidents of Time and breath
Shall bear no black seal of a Second Death :
And, freed from branding heats that burn in Time,
The lost *Black Race* shall whiten in that clime :
All blots of error bleacht in Heaven's sight ;
All life's perplexing colours lost in light :
That Thou hast power to work out every stain ;
That purifying is the end of Pain ;
And, waking, we shall know what we but dream
Dimly, our darkness toucht by morning's gleam,
That punishment is purposed to redeem ;
And Here, or There, the penitent thrill must leaven
The earthiest soul and wing it toward Heaven ;
Then when the Angel-Reapers shall up-sheave
The harvest, Angel-Gleaners will not leave
One least small grain of good—and there are none
So evil but some precious germ lives on,—
The grimeiest gutter crawling by the way
Still bath its reflex of the face of Day ;—
The chaff and draff into the fire be cast,
Only to ascend in Godward flame at last.

And all the seeds divine foredoomed by fate
To bear blind blossoms here shall germinate
And have another chance, in other place,
Where tears of gratitude and dews of grace
Shall warm and quicken to the feeblest root,
Till in Thy garden they are ripe for fruit :
For all who have made shipwreck on that shore,
Another outfit and one venture more.
So shall we find the Dark of our old Earth
Twin with the eternal Daylight from the birth,
And trodden in the grave-dust we shall see
This serpent-symbol of Eternity
That only maketh ends meet, head and tail,
A world all blessing with a world all bale.

In Memoriam.

So, when the word came that our friend was dead,
 We bowed beneath the burden of our loss,
 And could have grovelled straightway, prone in dust.
 But looking on the happy death he died,
 And thinking of the holy life he lived,
 And knowing he was one of those that soon
 Attain their starry stature, and are crown'd,
 We could not linger in the dust to weep,
 But were upborne from earth as if on wings;
 A sunbeam in the soul dried up the tears,
 In which the sorrow trembled to be gone;
 For his dear sake we could afford to smile.

Why should we weep, when 'tis so well with him?
 Our loss even cannot measure his great gain!
 Why should we weep when death is but a mask
 Thro' which we know the face of Life beyond?
 Grief did but bow us at his grave to show
 Far more of Heaven in the landscape round

For such a vestal soul as his,—so pure,
 So crystal-clear, so filled with light, we lookt
 As at some window of the other world,
 And thought we saw the Angel smiling through—
 'Twas but a step from out our muddy street
 Of Earth, on to the pavement all of pearl!

Why should we weep? We do not bury love;
We cannot seek that jewel in the grave!
The dust of earth but claims its kindred dust:
We do not bury life, and cannot feel
The grave-grass grow betwixt our warmth and him;
Death emptieth the House but not the Heart:
That keeps its darlings safe tho' out of sight.

Let us uplift the eyelids of the Mind
And see the living Love who dwelt awhile
In that frail body, now a spirit of Light
All jubilant upon the hills of God.
This gloom we feel, this mourning that we wear,
Is but the Shadow of his lordlier height.

The dearest souls, you know, must part in sleep,
And death is but a little longer night.
A little while, and we shall wake to find
Our lost ones with us face to face, and feel
All years of yearning summed up in a kiss.

Why do we shrink so from Eternity?
We are in Eternity from Birth not Death!
Eternity is not beyond the stars—
Some far Hereafter—it is *Here*, and *Now*!

Ah me, I know the heart must have its way.
I know the ache of utter loneliness;
The distance between those that were so near;
The silence never broken by a sound
We still keep listening for; the spirit's loss
Of its old clinging-place, that makes our life
A dead leaf drifting desolately free:
The many thousand things we had to say;
And on the dear still face that hushing look.

As though the sweet life-music still went on,
Though too far off for hearing—(as it doth)
Thrice have I wrestled and been thrown by Death,
Thrice have I given my dear ones to the grave;
And yet I know—see it in spite of tears:
Say it, even while the heart breaks in the voice:
These are His ways to draw us nearer Him.
And we must climb by pathways of the cloud.

Flow soft, ye tears, adown my Lady's face,
And bathe the broken spirit with your balm,
And melt the cloud about her into drops
That glisten with the light of Heaven's own smile.
And thou, God, whisper as the tears do fall,
No cloud would rise to rain but for Thy Sun!
She sorroweth not as those who have no hope,
Nor is her House left wholly desolate.
O Grief, lie lightly on my Lady's brow:
She gave her best of life in love for him!
A crown of glory wears the dear bowed head
That hath grown grey in noble sacrifice.

O Lady, let mine be the songbird's part,
That singeth after rain and shakes the drops
Down, with his thrillings, from the drooping spray,
And sets it softly springing nigher Heaven
That smiles out 'twixt the clouds with gladdest blue!
Your love-ties have but lengthened to let free
The shadowed soul that needed far more sun.
So the fair Lily,* growing down the dark

* The "*Vallisneria*," the male and female flowers of which appear on separate plants; the latter blooming on the surface of the water, while the former tears its roots from the soil to rise and blossom and die beside it.

Beside her lover, yearneth towards Heaven
And lives up faster, till she springs afloat,
To sun her on the surface of the stream :
And now she draws up, even by the root,
Her Love left pining on the earth below,
Lifting him to her side again, full-flower ;
And 'tis his Heaven to die and get to her !

What did we ask, with all our love for him,
But just a little breath of fuller life,
To float the labouring lungs? And God hath given
Him Life itself ; full, everlasting Life !
What did we pray for? Rest, even for a night,
That he might rise with Sleep's most golden dew
Refreshed, to feel the morning in his soul ?
And God hath given him His Eternal Rest.
We could not offer freedom for one hour
From that dread weight of weariness they bear
Who try for years to shake Death's Shadow off :
And God hath made him free for Evermore.

Before me hangs his Picture on the wall,
Alive still, with the loving, cordial eyes.—
How tenderly their winsome lustre laughed !—
The fine pale face, pathetically sweet,
So thin with suffering that it seemed a soul :
We feared the Angels might be kissing it
Too often, and too wooingly for us.
The hands so delicate and woman-white,
That day by day were gliding from our grasp ;
They used to make my heart ache many a time.

I see another picture now. The form
Ye sowed in weakness hath been raised in power ;
A palace of pleasure for a prison of pain.

The beauty of his nature that we felt
Is featured in the shape he weareth now !
The same kind face, but changed and glorified ;
From Life's unclouded summit it looks back,
And sweetly smiles at all the sorrows past,
With such a look as taketh away grief :
No longer pale, and there is no more pain.
His face is rosed with Heaven's immortal bloom,
For he hath found the land of Health at last ;
The One Physician who can cure all ills :
And he hath eaten of the Tree of Life,
And felt the Eternal Spring in brain and breast
Make lusty life that lightens forth in love.

Indeed, indeed, as the old Poet saith,
He was a very perfect, gentle Knight !
A natural Noble, by the grace of God :
Affection in the dearest human form.
Yet, gentle as he was, how gallantly
He bore his sufferings, kept the worst from sight,
Having the heroic flash of English blood.
How freely would he spend his little hoard
Of saved-up strength with spirit lordly and blithe,
To enrich a welcome and make gladder cheer !

And to the Poor he was all tender heart.
The very last time that he talked with me
His trouble was to know how poor folks lived
Upon so small a pittance, and he sighed
For life, for strength to do more than he could,
And in his kingly eyes great sorrow reigned.

To me, his life is like the innocent Flower
That springs up for the light and spreads for love ;
Breathes fragrantly in gratitude to God,
And in sweet odours passes from our sight.

But there's no jot of all his promise lost :
Each golden hint shall have fulfilment yet—
All that was heavenliest perfected in heaven.
All the shy modesties of secret soul
That breathed like violets hidden in the dusk ;
The folded sweetness, the unfingered bloom ;
The unsunned riches of his rarer self ;
Are shut up softly to be saved by Him
Who gave us of the Flower, but keeps the fruit.

The best his life could grow on earth is given ;
The rest can ripen till ye meet in heaven.

And dear my Lady, little can we guess
What God hath planned for those He loves so much,
And beckons home so early to Himself !
May some full foretaste of his perfect peace
Fall on you, solacing with solemn joy.
Of such as he was, there be few on Earth,
Of such as he is, there are many in Heaven ;
And Life is all the sweeter that he lived,
And all he loved more sacred for his sake :
And Death is all the brighter that he died,
And Heaven is all the happier that he's there.

So, one by one the dear old faces fade.
Hands wave their far farewell while beckoning us
Across the river, all must pass alone.
We stand and gaze upon their shining track,
Until the two worlds mingle in a mist,
And the two lives are molten into one :
Familiar things grow phantom-like remote ;
Things visionary draw familiar-near ;
The picture that we gaze on seems the Real
Looking at us, and we the Shadows that pass.

And yet 'tis sweet to feel—as underfoot,
Our path slopes for the quiet place apart ;
Day darkens in the Valley of Death's shade—
Our best half landed in the better life ;
The balance leaning to the other side ;
The peaceful evening comes that brings all home,
And we are weaning kindly to leave go
Our hold of earth. The home-sigh of the soul
Is daily deepening ; and as the gloom
Gathers, and things are growing all a-dusk,
We know our Stars are smiling overhead,
In their eternal setting high and safe
Where they can look down on our passing night,
Glad in the loftier radiance of a sun
We may not see, with steadfast gaze of love
Unfathomable as Eternity :
Dear memories of Vesper gentleness
That are the Phosphor hopes of coming day,
And death grows radiant with our Shining Ones.

Blessèd are they whose treasures are in Heaven !
Their grief's too rich for our poor comforting.
Let us put on the robe of readiness,
The golden trumpet will be sounding soon,
That bids us to the gathering in the Heavens !
Let us press forward to their summit of life
Who have ceased to pant for breath and won their Rest,
And there is no more parting, no more pain !