"RIFTS IN THE VEIL."

A COLLECTION OF INSPIRATIONAL POEMS AND ESSAYS GIVEN THROUGH VARIOUS FORMS OF MEDIUMSHIP; ALSO OF POEMS AND ESSAYS BY SPIRITUALISTS.

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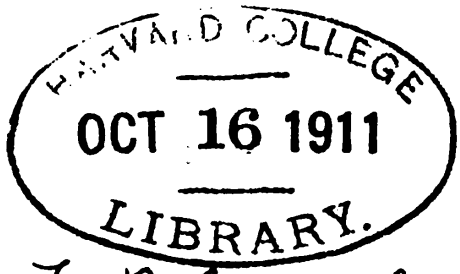

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"RIFTS IN THE VEIL."

INTRODUCTION.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF INSPIRATION.

THIS book consists of selected specimens of the writings of Spiritualists, also of communications given through trance, writing, and other kinds of mediumship; and in every case wherein the production has been obtained by the latter abnormal methods, it is so stated beneath the title of the particular poem or essay. A chief object of this work is to attempt to abolish the idea prevalent in the public mind, that all messages given through mediumship are worthless when judged upon their literary and intellectual merits. Spiritualists admit that many messages so given are worthless, and in some cases are untrue, but hold that the way to prevent false messages coming from the other world, is to cease sending untruthful people into it from this one.

The further explanation may be given, that Spiritualists do not consider every communication given through the organism of a medium, to be a spirit message, pure and simple. The communications are divisible into classes.

In some cases precise facts, and names, and dates, and particulars, demonstrably previously unknown to the medium, and to every person in the room, have been made known through mediumship, and afterwards, by laborious search in the British Museum Library, parish registers, or by inquiry of surviving friends of "the departed," been proved to be true. There are some mediums again, through whom no such evidence is obtainable; the phenomena appear to be purely subjective, their utterances in their abnormal state are but slightly higher than their expression of thought when in their normal condition, and the sentences in both states have the same grammatical construction, and the same range of language. Then again, between these two extremes there is an infinite gradation; the utterances through some mediums appear to be "unconscious cerebration" in some instances, and the result of the stimulus of an external intelligence in others. Thus it is claimed that the whole subject is one for careful scientific research, and that no single theory will fairly cover the whole ground.

A spirit is supposed to be an intelligence almost entirely divorced from material conditions. The machine, the body, by which it once produced effects on the plane of matter, is broken, consequently, as a general rule, it can only make its presence known, by the whole or partial use of a living human body, belonging, of course, to somebody else. Its method of acquiring influence over that body, not its own, is a mesmeric one, and founded upon the exercise of will-power. This is not mere speculation, for some few experiments have been brought to bear on the problem. A case was once brought before the Psychological Society, in which a sensitive, or medium, was made to see whatever the mesmerist silently willed him to see; and an American Spiritualist once made a trance medium speak what he

silently willed him to speak. Remove the mortal mesmerist, and substitute a mesmerist disembodied, and the philosophy of spiritual inspiration stands revealed in its broader features. The field is thus one upon which the truths of religion and the truths of science meet, and for the first time in the history of the world, the scientific testing and examination of spiritual things is both urged and invited, to the great irritation of those materialists who think they can reduce the universe to mathematics and mechanics, and that no religion is true which cannot be forged by a blacksmith.

The contents of this book are collected in a large measure from the back volumes of *The Spiritualist* newspaper; Mr. William White's article is taken by permission from his *Life of Swedenborg* (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.).

In the highest forms of inspiration, the communicating spirit is supposed to give to the medium in a supersensuous state, the highest ideas he can then assimilate; presumably these ideas then flow from the lips of the sensitive, but necessarily somewhat dwarfed and warped by the channel through which they pass, and by the limited powers of the mortal intellects to whose receptive capacity they have to be lowered and adapted. The trance poems given in this book, were, in the majority of cases, taken down in shorthand from the lips of the sensitives, as the words were uttered.

A trance utterance upon the very subject of this introduction, was once given through the lips of Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, now the head of a religious community in America. Many years ago his inspired utterances in Edward Irving's church in London, attracted large numbers to hear him. Here are the lines just mentioned, extracted from *The Lyric of the Golden Age* (John Thomson, Glasgow).

"We have wrought
This poem with a deep interior art;
Something it hath for every mental state;
In this 'tis like the Bible. Many minds
Have poured the effluence of their living joy,
And the exceeding splendour of their life
Beyond the planets, through the Medium's mind
To make it what it is; and he hath been
Illumined to behold in solemn trance
The soul of every truth whereof he sings.
He is its author in the outward sense,
For it was formed and fashioned in his brain,
As stars and suns are fashioned in the skies.
But Spirits, too, claim its paternity;
They made his mind their instrument, whose chords
Vibrated wondrously when deathless hands
Woke the far-sounding octaves. Shelley came,
And Keats and Byron; yea, a deathless choir
Who throng the ante-courts of Paradise
And worship in the Heaven beyond the sun.
'Twas in their sphere the Poem had its birth;
Its outer shape but partially unveils
The grand interior archetypal form.
The language is the Medium's, and he kept
His individuality, and wrought
In the deep chambers of his inmost brain
Language and imagery, that he might give
Fit drapery to the thought that Heaven sent down.
In deep-trance slumbers when the world asleep
Lay in the arms of Night, and wept or smiled,
His liberated soul rose from its dust.
We led him far beyond the vales and floods
And labyrinths of sleep; the clouds of death

And all the shadowed dwellers in the world
Were far beneath him; through his consciousness
Streamed the celestial sunrise; hills and vales
And groves and trees and flower-bespangled meads,
Cities and temples of celestial space
Were mirrored in his mind. Oppressed with wealth
Of spiritual imagery, he strove
In his interior being to become
A clear mind-crystal, bathed in every tint
And seven-fold lustre of the Light Divine,
And, as a dew-bead twinkling in the morn,
With diamond clearness, to reflect the day.

So grew the Poem through his consciousness
Into expression.

God alone is great
He is the primal splendour who illumes
The full-orbed intellect; He gave the power
To plan and execute; the work is His,
Its faults grow from our creature finiteness.
Would it were worthier of its origin.
'Tis but a wandering Voice, the harbinger
Of a great Poem that, Messiah-like,
Shall tread down Evil with its feet of fire,
And clasp all sufferers to its heart of love
The latchets of whose shoes it may not loose.
Five years will lead their swift revolving dance
In choral music round the brightening world
Before that Poem shall unfold its form,
And we will make the Medium worthy it,
And give it as his spiritual powers
Wake from their slumber. For the time, farewell."

"O BEAUTIFUL WHITE MOTHER DEATH."

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE-MEDIUMSHIP
OF MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN.*

O BEAUTIFUL white mother Death,
Thou silent and shadowy soul,
Thou mystical, magical soul,
How soothing and cooling thy breath!

Ere the morning stars sang in their spheres,
Thou didst dwell in the spirit of things,
Brooding there with thy wonderful wings,
Incubating the germs of the years.

Coeval with Time and with Space,
Thy sisters are Silence and Sleep;
Three sisters—Death, Silence, and Sleep.—
How strange and how still is thy face!

In the marriage of matter to soul,
Thou wert wedded to young fiery Time,
The now weary and hoary-haired Time,
With him thou hast shared earth's control.

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* This poem was given at a Sunday evening trance lecture in London, in October, 1873, and taken down in shorthand at the time, for *The Spiritualist* newspaper.

O beautiful Spirit of Death,
  Thy brothers are Winter and Night;
  Stern Winter and shadowy Night,
They bear thy still image and breath.

Summer buds fall asleep in thy arms,
  'Neath the fleecy and soft-footed snow,
  The silent, pure, beautiful snow;
And the earth their new life-being warms.

All the world is endowed with thy breath,
  Summer splendours and purple of wine
  Flow out of this magic of thine,
O beautiful Angel of Death!

What wonders in Silence we see!
  The lily grows pale in thy sight;
  The rose thro' the long summer night
Sighs its life out in fragrance to thee.

O beautiful Angel of Death,
  The belovèd are thine, all are thine!
  They have drunk the nepenthe divine,
They have felt the full flow of thy breath.

They are folded and safe in thy sight,
  Thro' thy portals they pass from earth's prison;
  From the cold clod of clay they have risen,
To dwell in thy temple of light.

O beautiful Angel of Life,
  Germs feel thee and burst into bloom,
  Souls see thee and rise from the tomb,
With beauty and loveliness rife.
  On earth thou art namèd cold Death,
  Dim, dark, dismal, dire, dreadful Death,
In heaven thou art "*Angel of Life.*"

We are one with thy spirit, O Death;
  We spring to thy arms unafraid,
  One with thee are our glad spirits made.
We are born when we drink thy cold breath,—
Oh, Angel of Life, lovely Death.

THE APPARITION OF SENGIREEF.*

BY SOPHIE AKSAKOF.

At the time of this event, 1855, I was nineteen years old, without any knowledge of Spiritualism, the name of which I had never heard. I was brought up very strictly in the Greek Catholic religion; superstitious fears, as well as any tendency to enthusiasm or mysticism, were foreign to my nature, and I was of a calm and happy disposition. In May, 1855, we were living at Romanoff-Borrisogliebsk, capital of the province of Jaroslav. My sister-in-law, then the wife of Dr. A. F. Sengireef, now a widow after a second marriage with Colonel Tichonof, and living in Moscow, was at that time residing at Ranneuburg, capital of the province of Rjäsan, where her husband held a post under Government; we were, therefore, about one hundred miles distant from one another. In consequence of the overflow of the rivers in the spring, all communication was attended with delay, so that though we had been for a long time without news from my sister-in-law, we felt no sort of anxiety, as we ascribed it to the above cause.

On the evening of May 12th I had said my prayers as usual, and had taken a last look at my baby-girl, then six months old, whose cradle stood in my room, so that I could

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* This remarkable incident in the life of Madame Aksakof, wife of the Hon. Alexandre Aksakof, of St. Petersburg, was originally published in *Psychische Studien*, Leipsic.

see her from my bed. After lying down, I began to read a book, but presently hearing the great clock in the dining-room strike twelve, I laid my book on the table beside the bed, and raised myself on my left elbow, to put out the light. At that moment I distinctly heard the door of the ante-chamber open, and a man's footstep come across the dining-room. I regretted that I had just extinguished the light, as I believed it could be none other than my husband's man-servant Nicholas, who had probably come to announce that my husband had been sent for by a patient, as very often happened. Only one thing surprised me, which was, that the man-servant, and not my own maid, as was usual, should be the bearer of the message. Raising myself upon my left arm, I listened to the approach of the footsteps, and when they appeared to be in the drawing-room, which adjoined my bed-room, and the door of which stood open at night, I called out, "Nicholas, what do you want?" There was no answer; the footsteps came nearer and nearer, and I could hear them at last close behind the screen at the head of my bed; then, with a sudden, indescribable feeling, I fell back on my pillow.

Before my eyes, in a corner of the room, stood a crucifix, before which a night-lamp always burned, whose light was sufficient for the nurse in the care of the child. (The nurse also slept in my room, behind the screen, which stood against my head.) By the light of this lamp I could now distinctly see the person who had entered, and who was now standing on the left side of my bed, was my brother-in-law Sengireef, in a costume quite strange to me—a long, black, monastic-looking garment, with long black hair hanging down on his shoulders, and a large round beard, such as I had never seen him wear. I tried to shut my eyes, but could not, and I felt my body become completely rigid, and incapable of

the slightest movement; even my voice failed me, that I could not call for help; at the same time my hearing, sight, and the power to understand all that was happening remained so fully under my control that I was able on the following day to recall precisely at what hour the nurse had got up to quiet the baby, and other details.

I remained in this state from twelve o'clock till three in the morning of the 13th of May, at which hour the following took place:—The apparition came close to my bedside, placed himself at my left hand, and turning his face on mine, laid his left, deathly-cold hand on my mouth and said aloud, "Kiss my hand." Being physically unable to liberate myself, I resisted this command in thought with my whole will power. As if guessing my meaning, he pressed his hand more firmly against my lips, and repeated in a louder and more peremptory tone, "Kiss this hand." I again resisted with still greater energy of thought. He then repeated for the third time with still greater emphasis the same movement and the same words, and I thought I must have been stifled under the weight and coldness of the hand pressing upon my mouth, but I neither could nor would give way. At this moment the nurse got up for the first time, and I hoped that she would, for some reason or other, come near to me and would see what was taking place. My expectation, however, was disappointed; she only rocked the child a little, without taking it out of the cradle, returned to her couch, and went to sleep again. Seeing that there was no help for me, and believing, without knowing why, that my death was inevitably at hand, I suddenly thought of repeating the Lord's Prayer. Scarcely had this idea entered my mind than the figure withdrew his hand from my lips, and said quite loudly, "So you will not kiss my hand? Well, then, this is what awaits you." Saying these words, he laid with

his right hand on the table at my side a roll of parchment of the length of an ordinary sheet of writing paper, and as he withdrew his hand, I heard distinctly the sound of the parchment rolling together, and could see sideways with my left eye a part of the sheet, which then remained in this half-rolled up state. Then the standing figure turned himself away from me, went forward a few steps, placed himself in front of the crucifix, hiding the light from me by his body, and began to repeat loudly and clearly the words of the prayer I had thought of, from beginning to end, slowly bowing from time to time; each time he bowed the light became visible to me, and was again obscured when he stood upright. After he had finished the said prayer with another bow, he stood motionless, as if waiting for something; my condition had not altered in the least, and when I again wished in thought to address a prayer to the Holy Mother of God, he began again to repeat this just as loudly and clearly, and so on with a third prayer desired by me. Between the two last prayers there was a pause, during which the nurse got up, attended to the child, and went to sleep again. During the repetition of the prayers I heard distinctly the striking of the clock, and, as already remarked, every movement of the nurse, and of the child, whom I ardently longed to have near me, that I might take leave of it and bless it before my expected death; no other wish was uppermost in my mind, but it was not to be fulfilled.

The clock struck three. Then I remembered suddenly that the six weeks after the holy festival of Easter were not yet over, and that "Christ is Risen" would still be sung in all the churches, and I felt a strong desire to hear it. As if in answer to this there resounded all at once from a distance the divine tones of the sacred hymn, sung by a numerous choir at an immeasurable height. The sound came

nearer and nearer, became fuller and clearer, and I heard such heavenly harmonies that I felt breathless with pure delight; the fear of death fled away, and I was consoled with the hope that these sounds would quite encompass and absorb me, and carry me with them into endless space. In the song of the choir I could distinguish the words of the hymn, which were also repeated by the standing figure. Suddenly the whole room was flooded with a strange light, which was so powerful and dazzling that I could no longer distinguish the flame of the night-lamp, nor the walls of the room, nor the apparition. This light remained a few seconds, during which the sounds swelled higher till they became overpowering. Then the brightness diminished, and I could again see the figure standing before me, not in its full extent, but only from the head to the waist; and, curiously enough, the form became less and less distinct, till it dissolved in the light, in proportion as this grew darker, and at last quite vanished; the parchment lying at my side disappeared in like manner. As the light diminished, the tones faded away, just as gradually as they had formerly increased. I felt that I was losing consciousness, and was soon in a deep swoon, accompanied by convulsions of the whole body. This attack roused those in the house, and lasted, in spite of all remedies, until nine o'clock in the morning, when they succeeded in subduing the symptoms, and restoring me to consciousness. The three following days I lay motionless with exhaustion, in consequence of an attack of blood-spitting.

The day after this terrible event we received the news of the illness of my brother-in-law Sengireef, and about a fortnight later, tidings of his death, which took place in that night of the 12th–13th of May, about five o'clock in the morning. The following is noteworthy:—When my sister-

in-law, a few weeks after the death of her husband, came to live with us at Romanoff-Borissogliebsk, she mentioned incidentally to a lady in my presence, that her husband had been buried with long hair hanging down to his shoulders, and with a large curious-looking beard, which had grown during his illness. She also mentioned, as something unusual, that the body had been laid out for burial in a long garment of black cloth, nothing fitter being at hand.*

* Dr. Maximilian Perty, Professor of Natural Science at Berne, in commenting upon Madame Aksakof's narrative, says:—"Sengireef's character was a very curious one; he was very reserved, seldom communicative, generally melancholy and irritable, and only rarely cheerful or at all genial. He would sometimes, in his melancholy fits, sit for two or three, even as many as eight or ten hours in one place without moving or speaking a single word; he would at such times refuse his ordinary meals and take no nourishment until some accidental circumstance roused him from his fit of absence. His mind was not particularly active, and his views were entirely material, caused, perhaps, by his profession as a doctor, but he had led a well-regulated life. He believed in nothing supernatural, neither in spirits nor apparitions of any kind. Madame Aksakof did not always keep on very good terms with him, because she took the part of one of his children to whom he had shown disfavour from its birth without any just reason. As Madame Aksakof had become very fond of the poor child, and defended it on every occasion, he was vexed and quarrelled with her. About half a year before his death, the last time that he paid a visit to Madame Aksakof with his family, they came to high words on the subject, and parted, with great coldness, from one another. It seems to me that these details are of considerable importance to the right understanding of this remarkable case."

THE TRANSLATION OF SHELLEY TO THE HIGHER LIFE.*

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE-MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

"FEED him with jonquils and anemones,
With jasmines, myrtles, roses, where he lies;
Let all your kisses melt upon his mouth,
Balm-winds fresh breathing from the tropic South;
Myrrh, cassia, nutmeg trees of Ceylon, lave
Him in your odours; fan him as ye wave,
O golden palms; and thou wild tamarind tree,
Droop thy long sprays, caress him balmily;
Ye crimson cactus-flowers, that nimble bees
Vainly explore, oppress not his mild eyes;
O sleep-diffusing poppies, rain not down
Your heavy juice; nor, sable cypress, frown
On him reposing; silver lime-flowers, pour
Faint, starlike incense drops from your full store;
Sweet pansies, pillow him; thy pipe, O Pan,
Blow with a mellow strain, thy syrinx blow;
Our darling is delivered from his woe,
Freed from the hate of love-regardless man.
Our darling is not dead, he lieth here,
Where the blind-groping earth-worm finds him not.

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* From *A Lyric of the Golden Age*, published by John Thomson, 39 John Street, Glasgow.

As water-lilies mourn the fading year,
Fond hearts deplore him on the earth. No spot
Defiles the crystal pureness of his fame.
The efflorescence of his being blooms
On earth, blooms splendidly. Like May he came,
Sowing rich beauty over dens and tombs,
And rocky peaks and solitudes. He sped
Like a clear streamlet o'er its jagged bed,
That by no torture can be hushed asleep,
But pours in music hastening to the deep.
Peace, peace, bewail him not with garlands sere,
Ye Autumn Months, his is no funeral bier.
No pale dissolving *Eidolon* is he
Of that which was, but never more shall be;—
Shelley the Spirit lives eternally."

So sang in Heaven a golden-tressèd maiden,
Above a sleeping Spirit newly born
From mother Earth, and the salt sea forlorn.
No dark-eyed houri of some Persian Aidenn,
But a sweet English girl, with mild blue eyes;
No gentler being walks in Paradise.

Impalpable, but visible the soul
Of every flower obeyed her song's control;
In million fairy forms through heart and brain
They flowed, and slowly banished every pain
From his deep-dreaming mind. He woke at last.
Let his own verse rehearse three days he passed
Translated by swift death to Heaven divine;—
The thought being his, the thought's word-clothing mine.

"I rose most like a purple dragon-fly
From the dull sheath, who leaves his floating corpse

Adrift upon the waters, then dilates
For the first time his breast with upper air,
And feels his gauze-like filaments of wings,
And sees the unknown islèd lilies bloom
O'er the dim depths that were his former world.

"We had gone forth, my friend and I, beguiled
By summer air and sunshine, and low tones
Of music from the crisped and crested sea.
A white flaw struck our barque, and she went down.
A gurgling, bubbling sound was in my ears.
White-armed I clipt with sinewy stroke the waves,
Sank, rose again and sank, and rose and saw
Returning smiles of sunshine on the sea,
Then left my languid form upon the deep,
Borne by its tides and rocking to their swell."

GONE HOME!

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE-MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

O! it was meet that flower-wreathed spring,
With forms of living beauty rife,
Should see the perfect blossoming
Of this bright spirit into life.
The flowers will bloom upon her grave,
The holy stars look down at night;
But where bright palms immortal wave,
She will rejoice in cloudless light.

O! sweeter than the breath of flowers,
Or dews that summer roses weep;
Deep in these loving hearts of ours
Her blessed memory we will keep.
Bright spirit, let thy light be given,
With tender and celestial ray,
Beaming like some pure star from heaven,
To guide us in our earthly way.

Clad in thine immortality,
E'en now we hear thee joyful sing—
"O grave, where is thy victory;
O death, where is thy sting!"
Pass on, sweet spirit, to increase
In every bright, celestial grace,
Till in the land of love and peace,
We meet thee, dear one, face to face.

THE BIRTH OF THE SPIRIT.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE-MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN-RICHMOND.

From the sowing of the seed,
To the bursting of the shoot,
And the beautiful rare flower
That receiveth from the root,
The warm and strength of life,
One pain must be endured—
One pang must pierce the seed,
And separate its life
From the life that is indeed,
For the seed must surely die.

From the bursting of the bud,
To the opening of the flower,
One pang must pierce the shield,
One subtle potent power
Must burst the bud in twain,
And divide it. Ere again,
The life of the fair flower
Shall its highest wealth attain,
The bud must surely die.

And from the full-blown flower,
To the ripening of the fruit,
When the golden balance holds
All its life from stem and root,

From branch and bud and flower—
  Behold another dower Death has given—
One pain must pierce the flower,
  Through and through its head be riven,
Ere the golden fruit can come
  For which all its hopes have striven,
  For the flower must surely die.

When man is born—he dies,
  The earth encases him,
And the soul that is of God,
  All that is ever Him
Must be burst and rent in twain
  By the subtle shaft of Death,
Ere home he comes again,
  Ere he breathes the spirits' breath.
When man is born he dies;
  When man is dead, he is born.

ANGEL-GUARDED.

MOTHER, will the angels keep me
Through the long, dark hours of night?
Will their sweet and loving presence
Guard me till the morning light?
If I waken shall I see them
By the light the moonbeams shed?
Shall I see them loving, patient,
Watching o'er my little bed?

Gently slumber, child of mine.
Innocent, and sweet, and fair;
Slumber softly through the night,
Angels hold thee in their care.

When my little prayer is ended,
And my evening hymn I sing,
Then I wish some bright-winged angels
Little golden harps would bring;
And, while I am lying quiet,
Thinking of my mother dear,
In the dark and lonely midnight
Sweetest music I should hear.

Gently slumber, child of mine,
Innocent, and sweet, and fair;
Slumber softly through the night,
Angels have thee in their care.

Mother, when the night is over,
And the day begins to dawn,
When the gloomy tints of sunrise
Hail another welcome morn—
Mother, will the angels linger,
Just to see how fair and bright
Is the early morning sunshine
After all the lonely night?

Heaven is brighter, child of mine,
Brighter than the sunrise light;
But the holy angels guard thee—
Even guard thee day and night.

From "Common Sense" (San Francisco).

AN ALLEGED POST-MORTEM WORK BY CHARLES DICKENS.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1873, Spiritualists were deeply interested in the news that a spirit, claiming to be Charles Dickens, was completing his unfinished novel of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* through a medium in the United States, and that the results bore all the marks of the genius and the style of the departed author. Thus the problem at issue was reduced to a very simple form, namely:—(1) Either a forger and impostor displayed the marvellous genius of Dickens, and presented it to the world in connection with a movement not yet sufficiently understood to be popular, or (2) the intelligence is actually that of the alleged author of the narrative. The medium is Mr. J. P. James, of Brattleborough, Vermont, United States. The *Boston* (U. S.) *Post,* of Sept. 11th, 1873, says of him:—

He certainly has exhibited none of the shrewd, sharp qualities of the adventurer, but has simply appeared a hard-working, commonplace person, who would never excite remark or attention, were it not for the peculiar circumstances which have brought him so prominently before the world. Ever since coming to Brattleboro' he has been engaged as foreman in the printing office of the *Vermont Record and Farmer*, and Mr. Cobleigh, the editor, speaks

in the highest terms of his fidelity, his attention to business, and his peculiar fitness for the place. During all the time in which he has been engaged in this other work, he has still attended to his duties in the office until a short time since. He was a regular attendant at the Episcopal Church, and entirely sceptical regarding Spiritualism and spiritualistic manifestations, and no one was more surprised than he when it was discovered that he possessed remarkable mediumistic powers. A little time after coming to this village, he moved into a house which was owned and partially occupied by a widow lady, well known in town as one of the prominent Spiritualists in this portion of the State. Circles were frequently held in her parlours, and about a year ago Mr. James was induced to attend one of them. The manifestations were more powerful than usual, and the new power was traced to him. He was comparatively a stranger to nearly all present, and yet he wrote the most astonishing communications to several in the circle, signing them with names of persons dead years before he ever came to Brattleboro'. After this he became a constant attendant at the *seances*, and it was at one of these that he received a message asking him to sit alone in his room on a certain evening, which was named, the message being signed Charles Dickens. . . . Those who know the medium all agree that he could not do this work unaided, even if he were ever so close a student of Dickens. In the first place, he has not the power, and even if he had, he has not the education sufficient for the purpose. *Whatever it is, it surely must come from a power outside himself.* Even those who are the most sceptical are acknowledging that.

Mr. James is fully recognised as a Spiritualist, as a medium, and as a respectable man, by *The Banner of*

Light (Boston, U.S.), the chief spiritualistic periodical in the United States.

HOW THE WRITINGS WERE PRODUCED.

The *Springfield Daily Union* sent a special correspondent to Brattleborough before the name of the medium was known, to inquire into the matter, and the commissioner, in the course of his narrative, said:—

Dickens being dead, the work has been done by an amanuensis—a medium, if you will, but an unprofessional one, and a person who knew nothing whatever about Spiritualism until this strange experience befell him; who has no theories to advance or proselytes to make, and who cares not a fig apparently whether Spiritualism stand or fall. He is a good-looking man of average height, and not far from thirty years of age. He is a native of Boston, and in his fourteenth year was apprenticed to learn a mechanical trade, which he has since steadily followed, so that his schooling was finished when he was only thirteen years of age. While he is by no means unintelligent or illiterate, he has had no training whatever for literary work, and has manifested no bent that way, having never written before, even so much as a newspaper paragraph, for publication. This is the man who has taken up the pen of Charles Dickens where he laid it down, and has already nearly completed the *Mystery of Edwin Drood.*

Who he is, probably not half-a-dozen people in Brattleborough know to-day. Rumours that such a work was in progress have crept into the papers, and its authorship has been charged on several young men of supposed literary leanings, but never once upon the right one, and while others have been "suspected" and bored accordingly, he

has kept at his task unmolested. Reporters from New York, Boston, Springfield, and other "great cities," have been here on purpose to interview "Mr. A.," but have been unable even to find out who he is; so that what has been published heretofore is the merest rumour, and anything but reliable. I have the good fortune to be the first person to whom he has related this strange story, and the only one who has yet examined the manuscript and been permitted to make extracts therefrom.

It came about in this wise:—One night, about ten months ago, a young man (who, for convenience of designation, we will call Mr. A.) was solicited by a small party of friends to sit around a table and see what would come of it. Up to this time he had laughed at all "spiritual" performances as so much humbug, and, probably, no man was more thoroughly sceptical with regard to the whole business than he; while he was, of course, quite unaware that he was the possessor of any mediumistic powers. The circle was no sooner formed than raps began to be heard with alarming frequency, and the table waltzed exuberantly about the room, and finally tipped over into Mr. A.'s lap, as if to indicate that he was the cause of it. This was enough for him. He had seen all he wanted to see of Spiritualism, and although the others entreated him to continue his "investigations," he would do nothing more that night. The next evening, however, he was induced to take part in another sitting. The demonstrations were repeated even more emphatically; and while they were going on, Mr. A. appeared to become suddenly entranced, and, seizing a pencil, wrote what purported to be a message to a gentleman in the room from a child of his long dead—a child of whose existence Mr. A. knew nothing. Subsequently, messages of the usual tenor were written, assuming to come

from the other world, and it is said that some tests of an astonishing character were given to prove the identity of the writers. With all that, however, I have nothing to do.

During the latter part of October, Mr. A. wrote, at a *séance*, a message addressed to himself, requesting a sitting on the 15th of November, and signed, in a plain, bold hand, "Charles Dickens." Several subsequent communications reminded him of the date, entreated him not to deny the request, and as the day approached, demanded in the most unequivocal terms that it should be granted. After rising from the table where he had been writing, in one instance, a few evenings before that date, he exclaimed that a face was looking down upon him from one corner of the room, with hands outstretched toward him. Others in the room could see nothing, but he rushed to the spot, and appeared to shake hands with the imaginary being, whoever or whatever it was. On relating the circumstance, the next day, to a gentleman who has been his confidant through the whole affair, his friend stepped to a book-case, and took down a Life of Dickens, containing an excellent portrait of that author, and showed it to him. His face instantly became blanched, as he cried, "Good God! that's the man I saw last night!" The ownership of the face seemed not to have occurred to him before; but since then, as he earnestly avers, and as the few friends in his secret implicitly believe, he has seen him many times.

The result of the sitting on the 15th of November—which took place according to directions, in a dark room, with no one but the medium present—was a long communication, ostensibly from Mr. Dickens, expressing a desire to complete through him the novel left unfinished at his (Dickens') death. He had long sought for means by which this could be accomplished, but had not before been able to find any

which he believed could be employed successfully. He desired that the first sitting should be on Christmas eve,—the night of all the year which he loved best when on earth,—and asked that the medium would allow as much time to the task as he could, without injury to his business and health. After adding the assurance that the undertaking would prove of pecuniary benefit to him, the message closed with Dickens' customary "Faithfully yours."

Here was laid out a greater task than our hero had bargained for; and it must be confessed that he looked forward with anything but pleasure to the occupancy of all his few leisure hours by work of this kind. Neither then, nor for months afterwards, had he any faith that this extraordinary sort of authorship would amount to anything. He regarded the time so spent as simply thrown away; and but for the entreaties of the few friends referred to, backed up by alternate entreaties and commands purporting to come from Dickens himself, the irksome job would more than once have been abandoned. As the work progressed, however, it became evident that a master-hand was in it, and Mr. A. has, for a few months, submitted himself more willingly to the strange fate which has befallen him, having at last a genuine interest in watching for its consummation.

The results of his labours from Christmas eve to the present time—labours entirely outside of the ten hours a day which he has steadily devoted to his business—appear in the *twelve hundred pages* of manuscript, the pages being those of ordinary Congress letter paper. In other words, he has written enough to make an octavo volume of more than four hundred pages.

The correspondent also says:—

Three or four times a-week the dictations for the book

are accompanied by brief notes from the author to the amanuensis, occasionally bearing words of encouragement and good cheer, and at other times treating purely of matters of business. These communications—a thick pile of themselves—have all been preserved, but are regarded as of a confidential and personal nature, and so not for the public eye. We are permitted, however, to extract from one or two of them. When the work had progressed as far as the fifteenth chapter, this word came:—

"We are doing finely. I am more than satisfied with the result of this undertaking. You have no idea how much interest this matter is exciting here among the hosts by whom I am surrounded. This is only the beginning of what is to come years hence. When this work is finished, you will continue to be my amanuensis. I shall write more after this. There are others here who have signified their intention of finding some one through whom they can convey their ideas to persons inhabiting the earth we have left behind. I only hope they will find so faithful a worker and one so much after their own hearts. God bless you! D."

Full directions have been given as to the manner of procedure to procure a copyright and how the work should be published.

Only a few days ago came this direction:—

"In regard to English publishers:—As soon as the first proof sheet is done, address a letter to Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, Milton House, Ludgate Hill, London, England. It is very probable that they will be glad to negotiate for advance sheets.—Faithfully,

"DICKENS."

It is a fact of significance, or not, as the reader may choose to take it, that the present style of the house is Sampson Low, Marston, Low and Searle; but at the time of Mr. Dickens' death the name of the firm and their address were as stated in the note given above.

In criticising the new portions of the novel, the correspondent says:—

Here, to begin with, is a full company of actors to be carried on in some way, each with his separate characteristics, to the end of the play—a hard task for a man who never before wrote half a dozen pages on any subject. But we are startled to find in the very first chapter a wonderful identity with the first volume. The stitch is taken up just where it was dropped by Death; and the story proceeds so completely united, the new with the old, that the sharpest-eyed critic, not knowing before where the old left off and the new began, would not be able to say, for the life of him, where Charles Dickens died! Each one of the *dramatis personæ* is as distinctly, as characteristically himself, and nobody else, in the second volume as in the first; and in both we know them, feel for them, laugh at them, admire or hate them as so many creatures of flesh and blood—which, indeed, as they mingle with us in the progress of the story, they seem to be. Not only this, but we are introduced to other people of the imagination (Dickens was always—shall I say *is* always?—introducing new characters up even to the last chapter of his stories), and become, in like manner, thoroughly acquainted with them. These people are not duplicates of any in the first volume; neither are they commonplaces; they are *creations*. Whose creations?

There are twenty-three chapters in the first volume (already published), and there are to be twenty in the second. Only two remain to be written, the work having now progressed to the end of the eighteenth. The captions of the new chapters, several of which are in Dickens' happiest manner, run as follows:—

"Chapter I.—What the Organ Said.

"Chapter II.—A Light breaks on Staple Inn.

"Chapter III.—Mr. Jasper Keeps His Appointment.

"Chapter IV.—Beginning to Forge the Chain.

"Chapter V.—The Reader is Conveyed to Billickin Harbour and Meets an Old Acquaintance.

"Chapter VI.—A Recognition and a Meeting.

"Chapter VII.—Another Night with Durdles.

"Chapter VIII.—Fopperty's Mission and a Sudden Disappearance.

"Chapter IX.—Opens the Door for Mr. Brobity.

"Chapter X.—Introduces Joe Sloggers, and Relates how Jasper Visits the Puffer's House, and What Occurs There.

"Chapter XI.—Treats of Various subjects, and, the better to carry the preceding chapter to a successful termination, Introduces the Reader to Mr. Peter Peckcraft.

"Chapter XII.—In which Mr. Grewgious Transacts some Business in his Ward's Interest, and Fopperty Relates to Jasper his Success as an Emissary in the Latter's Interest.

"Chapter XIII.—A Happy Meeting.

"Chapter XIV.—John Jasper's Nerves Receive a Shock, and Mr. Sapsea's Dignity Receives Another.

"Chapter XV.—Roses and Thorns.

"Chapter XVI.—A Fellow Traveller Joins the Invisible Hosts, and Mr. Grewgious once more Beholds a Picture and a Ring.

"Chapter XVII.—Mr. Datchery Affixes the Last Stroke to his Score and Strikes a Balance, and Bessie sets her Face towards the Golden Shore.

"Chapter XVIII.—Bessie Bids Goodbye to the Thorns and Goes to Join the Lilies."

The captions have in every case been dictated before the chapters themselves, showing the contents of each to have been clearly laid out in the mind of the author beforehand; but after the completion of the eighteenth chapter, the last line of which was written to-day, its title was changed to read as follows:—

"Chapter XVIII.—While the Dawn Appears to Others, Jasper's Night Comes On."

I find through all these chapters an extremely interesting development of the plot, which was but partially laid in the first volume. Characters and incidents, whose pertinency does not appear there, and who, as one reads the first volume and then stops, seem to have no part in forwarding the story toward its *denouement*, are proved in this manuscript to have been introduced with a deliberate purpose. At the same time the new personages fill perfectly the places assigned them, and likewise "prove their usefulness." Several passages in the second volume are more powerfully dramatic than any to be found in the first, as, for instance, Jasper's second midnight excursion with Durdles (Chapter VII.) in the crypt of the old cathedral.

THE MAGNIFICENT EGOTIST, SAPSEA.

Some quotations from the book are appended, and will enable readers to judge for themselves whether the mind of Charles Dickens is manifested therein. Chapter IX. introduces Mr. Brobity, with an amusing description of Mr. Sapsea, Auctioneer and Valuer:—

Blunderheaded Sapsea, notwithstanding the greatness of his mind, was possessed, like thousands of ordinary mortals, through relationship, of a brother-in-law. That is, people called Solomon—or Sol Brobity, as he was most often addressed—brother-in-law of Mr. Sapsea, in consequence of Miss Brobity, Sol's sister, marrying that wonderful being—that quintessence of wisdom and greatness. But Mr. Sapsea would not allow common customs to apply to him, even in relationship, and so he declared, whenever the subject was mentioned, that Solomon was not brother-in-law to him, but that a relationship of that nature might be allowed in that Mr. Sapsea himself was the brother-in-law—by no means Solomon.

Sapsea's opinion of the whole Brobity family was not a favourable one. They were not, to use his own expression, a people of Mind.

If, as it sometimes happened, the Brobitys were mentioned in Sapsea's hearing, he would lean back in his chair, and speak of them somewhat after this fashion:—

"There is no depth of reasoning power existing in them which enables them to discern Mind. The Perceptive faculties are dull. Matter, with them, is of more weight than Mind. Ethelinda was the only person who bore the name of Brobity that had the power to discern Mind. It was that discerning faculty that led her to consent to change her name to Sapsea. The inevitable consequence of this lack of intelligence on the one hand, and the possession of it on the other, was what might have been expected—objection to me from them, admiration from her. I do not say, however, that even she had Mind to correspond with mine—no Brobity could have that; but her redeeming quality lay in this,—that she *appreciates* a Great Mind, and hence Ethelinda Sapsea where what before was Ethelinda Brobity."

Then he would usually wait for a moment for his hearers to thoroughly digest the great thoughts to which his words had given expression, and then continue:—

"Of Ethelinda's mother, I say nothing—she is a woman," a term which evidently implied inferiority in Sapsea's estimation. "I say woman. Of Ethelinda's brother Solomon, I will say this: there is no excuse for him. Perhaps it is wrong for me to speak thus. You may say that the strong should not trample on the weak. There are times when it cannot be helped. There are times when the mind is stronger than the body, and this is one of those times. And I repeat that there is no excuse for him, and for this reason —he could have learned of me, but would not."

Now, it was pretty generally known that, previous to the deceased Mrs. Sapsea's marriage with that great Mind, Sol Brobity was very frank in his expressions concerning it, and declared that the name of Sapsea was enough to object to, if nothing more; but when to the name was coupled such a man, he felt it to be his duty, as a loving brother, to utter a protest. Sapsea was suggestive of sap-head; but as no human head could hold the sap—there being an ocean of it, figuratively—why, sea was substituted for head, in this in stance, and hence Sap-sea.

Mr. Sapsea never forgot the indignity thus cast upon him by Sol, and therefore took occasion at all times to belittle his traducer.

MR. STOLLOP REVEALS A SECRET.

Charles Dickens was noted for writing humorous descriptions of drunken scenes, and for painting that vice in somewhat too lenient colours. The following extract from the new part of the story, partakes remarkably of the style of the departed author:—

Taking from a side pocket three or four letters, all but one being very dirty and crumpled from being carried a long time, Durdles selects the one that is quite fresh-looking, and reads:—

"Mr. Peter Peckcraft, Chancery Lane, formerly Drood and Peckcraft."

Mr. Stollop, glancing at the superscription, is surprised to find that the document is intended for his employer, and proceeds to surprise the other by telling him the fact, and that he (Stollop) is going directly there.

Durdles regards this as such a remarkable circumstance, that he invites Stollop to an adjacent public-house to partake

of a mug of ale, and declares that he never knew anything quite so odd as that he should tumble into the knowledge of Mr. Peckcraft's whereabouts so suddenly; and this was true, for he had literally tumbled into it.

The two gentlemen in a few moments, are seated at table, waiting for a pint apiece, which Mr. Durdles has ordered.

"Ain't it a little singular," asks Stollop, as the waiter appears with the glasses, "how things come round?"

Mr. Durdles looks at the ale and then at Stollop, not quite understanding whether the speech has reference to the beverage or something else. He appears lost for a moment, and then, taking a long draught from his own glass, says:

"What d'ye mean?"

"Why, the way you met me, you know, and I being the one that could take you right to the man you wanted to see."

"I've seen things come round more sin'ular nor that," is the answer; "and having seen 'em, Durdles don't feel took back by this little circumstance. I could tell you som'at, young man, as would make you think you never heerd its like. But Durdles knows his bus'ness, Durdles does, and he ain't got nothin' to say till the time comes. Have another one?" meaning ale.

"Strange deeds will rise, though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes," says Stollop, quoting from his favourite author, and looks very hard at the glass in his hand, as though he expected to see something strange rise from that. In fact, Mr. Stollop's nerves, at no time very strong, are weaker than usual to-day, from the shock they had experienced a half-hour since at Miss Keep's, and the ale had begun to affect him almost directly he swallowed it.

Mr. Durdles makes no reply to this last remark, but turns his attention to the contents of his glass, and, disposing of half of it, he becomes communicative again, and says:

"I spose you wonder, now, what kind of a message there is in this 'ere letter to your guv'ner, eh?" and winks at Stollop to indicate that he (Durdles) knows the secret, but means to keep it.

"You mistake me, Mr. Turtles," is the rejoinder.

"Durdles, *if* you please," interrupts that gentleman, "*Dur*-dells is my name, and I ain't ashamed of it!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Durdles; I was about to say that you mistook my nature if you thought I would be guilty of prying into the business of my employer. What he tells me I hear and keep to myself, and he knows that nothing could draw it from me. No, sir; the secrets of *any* man (here he looks very hard at his companion) confided to me are here," placing his hand upon his heart, "and there they will stay."

Durdles' glass being empty, and noticing his companion's to be in a like condition, he says, "That's right, Mr. ——, oh, that reminds me; we ain't on a even footin', we ain't; you've got the name of my father, but I hain't got a letter o' yourn yet."

"My name is Stollop, replies that gentleman modestly, as though he would like to add that if his companion was not perfectly satisfied with it, he might call him by any other that he chose.

"Stol-lop!" Durdles repeats very slowly, emphasizing each syllable as though he were storing it away, a sentence at a time, in the furthest corner of his mind the better to remember it. "All straight now, Stollop, my boy; we're on a even footin' now; nothing like an even footin' among gentlemen. As you was a sayin' on a second ago, you keeps all them air secrets of your friends here," striking his own breast in an emphatic manner; "now," he adds, "suppose, Mr. Stollop, as you puts somethin' here," moving his hand quickly to the pit of his stomach, "to keep the other com-

pany, and takes a little gin and water sweetened, and then we'll get along to where I can see this 'ere person as is to have this 'ere letter, and get through with the bus'ness."

Mr. Stollop has an idea that he has drank as much already as he ought to, but is pressed so hard that, before he has an opportunity to decline, utterly, Durdles has ordered the gin, and the two gentlemen are sipping it in a very happy frame of mind.

Now, under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Stollop would have refused emphatically to drink anything stronger than the ale; but, in the state of mind which he was labouring under, in consequence of Rosa's recent cool treatment of him, he had reached that point where it was immaterial, he thought, what became of him. Hence, while Mr. Durdles was having a glorious time, and not suffering in consequence, Mr. Stollop was becoming decidedly drunk.

By the time that the last potation is half exhausted, he has reached that state of maudlin drunkenness, which leads him to believe that Durdles is the best friend he ever had, and so tells him.

He holds out his hand, which the other takes, and with tears streaming down his face, proceeds to enlighten his companion as to the wretchedness that preys upon his mind.

"Oh, my excellent friend!" he says—the tears streaming down his cheeks, which resemble the colour of a sunset sky —"you do not know the misery by which I am surrounded. I love a lady, dearly, sir!"—here he refreshes himself by taking a sip of the gin and water, after which Durdles, much interested, repeats:

"Dearly," as a cue for the other to proceed.

"Dearly, sir!" Stollop reiterates emphatically, and wipes his eyes with his coat sleeve.

Mr. Durdles smiles grimly, and nods for his friend to proceed.

"With a passion, sir, that was born in a minute, my fancy soared—up—up," describing the flight by raising the glass in his hand at arm's length, "and I felt, for the first time in my life, that love was a precious thing, sir!"

Mr. Durdles nods approval at this last assertion, and remarks in a careless tone:

"If it ain't a precious thing my name ain't Durdles. That's where I stand."

Mr. Stollop is so pleased with this proof of his friend's coinciding with him, that he finds it desirable to shake hands again, which is done.

Mr. Stollop now proceeds to enlighten Durdles concerning the events which had brought Rosa and himself together; and, while a good portion of the narrative was interspersed with expressions intended to convey to the hearer that the narrator's peace of mind was for ever blasted by the fate which had led him to make the acquaintance of an angel, Durdles learned enough to satisfy himself that the angel in question was no other than the Miss Budd who had formerly dwelt at the Nuns' House, and whom he remembered in connection with the missing young man to whom she was betrothed.

This knowledge seemed to impress upon him the importance of taking a hasty departure, with a view of delivering a message, which he had for Mr. Peckcraft, at the earliest moment; so the glasses being emptied, he says they must be going.

Mr. Stollop, however, is just sufficiently conscious to know that he is not in a proper state to appear before his employer, and exclaims, striking the table with his glass:

"Never, sir! I may have lost all my own self-respect,

sir, but I will never bring disgrace upon the house—or, I should say, shop—of Peckraft. Place me, sir, in the silent tomb of my ancestors, if their last resting-place can be found, but never ask me to bring the grey hairs of Peckcraft to the grave; leave me, sir!" and rising, swaying to and fro, raising his arm in a theatrical manner for the other to depart; then reseats himself, and with his eyes half closed, stares at Durdles as though surveying him through a fog.

Stollop's allusion to tombs and graves causes Mr. Durdles to wonder if the speaker has discovered, by any sense of sight or smell, that his (Durdles') business is one that brings him in contact with the dead and gone Cloisterhamites; and is so disgusted at his companion's allusions, that he thinks he should be happy to have an opportunity to stow him (Stollop) snugly away in one of the receptacles that he is so anxious to be placed in. He keeps his thoughts to himself, however, and says:

"Durdles ain't one as stands any nonsense, he ain't. When he says he's got to do any thin' he means it. Now he's got to give up this 'ere letter, and he's got to take you along with him, the better to know who to give it up to. D'ye understand."

Stollop continues to stare at the speaker, and finally mutters that "love is a precious thing, sir," and is so overcome with this thought that he falls to weeping, and is shook by the shoulder pretty roughly by Durdles, who tells him to get up.

"Get up, fool! lean on me, and when you get out in the air you'll feel better;" and, supporting Stollop to his feet, they proceed towards the door, and reach the pavement, but not before Stollop has stopped one of the customers standing near him, and endeavoured to persuade him that "love is a precious thing."

A MAJESTIC MIND SEVERELY TRIED.

We quote another page or two relating to Mr. Sapsea:—

Like all other nights, whether pleasant or stormy, this particular one has given place to its sister day; and, the storm having subsided, the sun is struggling to show its face through drifting masses of cloud, which represent the rear-guard of the tempest of the preceding night.

The very Honourable Thomas Sapsea's mind being of that stupendous nature which required a vast amount of rest, when it had any, it naturally followed that Mr. Sapsea was a very sound sleeper. Such things as winds, violent storms, or even hurricanes, which ordinary mortals regard with some apprehension of personal danger, did not disturb him in the least, for the simple reason that, in his opinion, even the elements would hardly dare to take liberties with mortals possessing the intellect with which he had been gifted.

Hence the great man had slept during this fearful night, just past, totally unconscious of the warring elements, and slept as peacefully as if a breath of air had not disturbed the leaves upon the trees which shaded the windows of his sleeping apartment.

His toilet being perfected, he raises a window and looks out upon the precincts to get a breath of pure air, and at the same time to discover if there are any evidences to be seen of the violence of the storm in the way of demolished chimneys or fences. Thoroughly convinced of the inability of any storm to do him an injury, he does not think of such a thing as looking about his own premises for damage done, but contents himself by examining those of his neighbours, and then closes the window to prepare for breakfast. He has hardly done so, when he hears a knock at his door, and

upon opening it he finds a servant-maid standing before him with an air of great concern upon her face, who tells him he had better come down as soon as ever he can, for the horrible storm has made dreadful work with old Mr. Sapsea.

On hearing these words, which were delivered in a frightened tone and with great rapidity, Mr. Sapsea's first thought was that the violence of the wind must have torn the tenants of the churchyard from their receptacles, and that they were lying around in various parts of the precincts, waiting patiently for their friends to come and put them back into their former resting-places. But how could it be possible that the elements would dare to take liberties with a Sapsea? He was positive a live Sapsea was secure from such liberties, and he had always believed that a dead Sapsea would be just as sacred and secure. He could not believe it; there must be some mistake! He did not doubt that other departed ones had been thus dealt with, but a Sapsea—never!

"How do you know, girl, that my father is in the condition you speak of?" he inquires of the servant, who is still standing on the threshold.

"Because, sir," is the earnest reply, "I have *see'd* him, sir! His head is clean gone; likewise one arm, sir."

"Great God!" exclaims Sapsea, "you don't mean to tell me his head is not with the rest of his body?" and the great man lifts his hands in very horror.

"But I just do, sir," replies the servant; "leastwise it's not gone, for some one has picked it up, and put that and the arm on the top step for safety; but you had best come and see for yourself, sir."

Ordinary minds would never have possessed a doubt that the news he had heard bore reference to the remains of that

elder Sapsea, who had lain peacefully in the churchyard so many years; but the Great Mind, after the first shock was over, happened to think it barely possible that the damage in question might have occurred to the effigy of the old gentleman at the street door, and Mr. Sapsea asks for information on that point.

"Bless you, sir! you didn't never think I meant the *real* old Mr. Sapsea, did you?" asked the girl, laughing at the absurdity of his mistake.

"No levity, miss!" ejaculates Sapsea in a stern manner, "you should have been more explicit in your statement. I understand now that you have reference to the *statue* of my father, and not to his flesh and bones. It seems hardly probable that even such a thing as this could have occurred, when I have always said that nothing could ever possibly happen to it. This is a grave matter. I will be down in a few moments, and learn from observation the extent of this calamity."

It struck the maid that Mr. Sapsea's misunderstanding in the first instance was truly a grave matter, but she did not dare to tell him so, and hastened below, leaving him to follow as soon as he pleased.

The great man had said "calamity" very much the same as he would have said "insult," and regarded it as an insult on the part of the elements thus to take liberty with anything bearing the semblance of a Sapsea.

He descends to his street door with slow and measured steps, and his face wears such an air of stern pomposity that one would be disposed to think the identical gust of wind that had done the mischief was still remaining at the door in a defiant attitude, and that Mr. Sapsea was going down to order it from the premises; or, failing that, to annihilate it on the spot. He opens the door, and there, sure enough,

he sees the body and legs of the dead and gone autioneer's counter-part, the toga well preserved; but the head, on which rested the curly wig, lies at the feet of his son, face down, as though ashamed to be caught in such a predicament.

Mr. Thomas Sapsea is not prepared, even now, to believe such a thing possible. He re-enters the house, closes the door so as to shut the scene from his sight, and proceeds to pinch his arms and slap his hands together, to be sure that he is not the victim of some hallucination; then opens the door, and finds himself again contemplating the humiliating scene.

Mr. Sapsea has become so engrossed with the havoc made with his street door ornament, that he does not observe a second person who comes upon him at this juncture, and who cries in a loud tone,—

"What's been a goin' on here?"

On hearing the voice, Sapsea turns and beholds Durdles looking very much astonished, and waiting for an answer. The stone-mason, never proverbial for cleanliness, is uncommonly dirty this morning, and with his hammer in his hand, looks as if he had recently been engaged with some labour pertaining to his profession.

The great man folds his arms across his stomach, as though to prevent himself from bursting, and in a dignified manner asks the stone-mason what *he* thinks of that, pointing to the dismembered effigy.

"Think?" is Durdles' answer, "that it's d—d lucky for the old man, as this 'ere thing ain't really him."

"It's something I can hardly realise," continues Sapsea, in a mournful tone. "I do not remember anything like it before."

"Thank your old shoes it ain't you!" is the consoling rejoinder of Durdles. "That 'ere 'ead *can* be put on again

with a little trouble, and it's all right. Yourn *couldn't* be put on so easy; or if it was, it wouldn't do you no good. Durdles has come to tell you as the storm did more damage nor that last night. Perhaps you've heerd all about it, though?"

"I don't think I have," says Sapsea; "what is it, man? Speak out."

"That there moniment o' yourn had a smash-up or a smash-down last night, and lays on the sod, there in the churchyard, with two or three more, looking like so many stiff 'uns as has taken a houtside passage." He tosses his hammer into the air and catches it so neatly as it descends, and tells what he has just said so very coolly, and with so little concern, that Sapsea believes the man must be joking him. He stares at Durdles for several moments, and, finding him apparently in earnest, inquires if this is a fact, or intended as a joke.

"Did you ever catch Durdles a-jokin'?" returns the stonemason indignantly. "No, sir! his business hain't one as admits of jokes. When Durdles tells you a thing is so, it's *so!* Come and satisfy yourself if you can't believe me"—and they proceed to the churchyard, Durdles taking the lead and Sapsea following after.

DWELLERS IN CLOISTERHAM.

The following is a specimen of character-sketching:—

Ascending the stairs and gaining the landing, from some three or four doors we will select the one in the darkest corner, and enter. The room is occupied by three persons.

One of these persons is a man, apparently about thirty or thirty-five years of age, with black hair and eyes, and eye-brows so thick and bushy that it was no wonder the

eyes beneath them were sunk far into the head, as though they were being crowded by degrees entirely out of sight. He possessed an athletic frame and high cheek-bones, and had a slow, awkward motion in all his movements. It would be difficult to determine his nationality were it not that his speech indicated him to be an Englishman. His dress was decidedly slouchy—nothing that he wore seemed to fit him. Although there was a slight sinister expression on his features, there was at the same time a pleasant devil-may-care look so mixed with it that even a skilled physiognomist would have been puzzled to decide the character of the man from reading his features. He had been christened with the name of Forbes; but as he grew in years, his friends and more intimate associates had seen fit, for some reason best known to themselves, to address him as Fopperty, and he continued to hold that cognomen to the present time. Speaking of his first name naturally leads us to his last one, and that was Padler. So, then, we will introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Fopperty Padler, and proceed to the next one of the trio.

This was Mrs. Padler, mother of the aforesaid; and if appearances did not deceive, she could not have been far from sixty or seventy—in fact, an old woman, and a very wicked old woman, if all that the neighbours hinted were true. She was short, thick-set, with stooping shoulders; and Nature or disease had caused one of her limbs to be shorter than the other, so that, when she walked, she reminded one very forcibly of the walking-beam of a steamer. Her face was of a dirty white colour, and such hair as she had was of nearly the same shade; and as she brushed it back, and made a very small pug, which she fastened to the crown of her head, it resembled more than anything else a very, very small ball of yarn, after the cat has had it to play

with for a few hours. At the time we introduce this good soul, she seems to be a little out of temper, or a little *into* temper, which is, perhaps, the most correct way to express being decidedly cross.

The cause of these unpleasant feelings would seem to have sprung from something that the last of the trio had been doing—a little child—a girl—who might have been ten years old, and who looks so entirely unlike those by whom she is surrounded, that it seems astonishing how she comes to be in their company. Her habiliments, it is true, would show her to be one of the world's poor—one of those little waifs whom nobody cares for, and who soon enough—God help them!—learn to care for nobody. But there is a distinguishing characteristic in the face of this child that stamps her of a nobler nature than the average of this class of children. It is an intelligent face, with large, full blue eyes, that wear a thoughtful expression, though now the tears are standing in them, for she is weeping.

Her beautiful brown hair falls in dishevelled masses over her shoulders, as though it were kindly trying to shield from vulgar gaze what her poor ragged dress could not cover. This was Bessie Padler, who called the woman at her side grandmother, but who, the neighbours slyly hinted among themselves, was really no relative. That some hidden mystery surrounded her they did not doubt. One thing they were sure of—the old woman did not hesitate to beat her, and she had a miserable existence. But it could not be helped, that any one could see, and there the matter ended.

MR. PETER PECKCRAFT AND MISS KEEP.

In the twelfth chapter the reader is first introduced to Mr. Peter Peckcraft, and then to Miss Keep, who is emphatically an original:—

Mr. Peckcraft, like a great many other gentlemen who live bachelors, was very particular to rise at five o'clock the year round, and prided himself very much on his ability to follow this rule. His lodgings were in Silver Square, and he had occupied them for many years, partly on account of his strong dislike to a change of whatever he had been accustomed to, and partly because the lady with whom he lived was a person who, like him, did not believe in the "Rolling Stone" business. This lady was known as Miss Keep, and a very precise and prim maiden lady she was indeed.

If Miss Keep should be aroused at any time of the night, and should be asked where the dust-brush was to be found, she would tell you to step into the basement, and behind the door you would see a row of hooks, and on the third hook from the door you would find the brush. No matter what article, there was a place for it, and it could always be found there, night and day, when not in use.

As we were saying, Mr. Peckcraft arose the year round at five o'clock, and, in the recollection of Miss Keep, he had never deviated from that habit except on one occasion. He had been suffering the night before with a violent toothache, and had recourse to laudanum to quiet the pain. The pain was quieted, and so was Mr. Peckcraft, for he did not waken the next morning till nearly an hour after his usual time, and when, on referring to his watch he found that such was the case, he very deliberately put himself back into bed again, and remained there until five o'clock next morning, thereby nearly frightening Miss Keep out of her seven senses until he had explained the cause to her through the keyhole, just as the two servants were on the point of bursting in his door by command of their mistress.

Miss Keep is rather tall and very slim. She has what

was probably intended for a blue eye, but the bluing material must have got very low, and the consequence is that we cannot better describe its colour than by saying it was milky-blue. She wears her hair pressed tight to her temples in the form of a half-circle, and an artist with his brush could not carry the curve with a more perfect line. Her chin protrudes to about the same angle with her nose. Add to all this a maiden lady with a great love for poetry, and you behold Miss Keep as she is to-day.

CRITICAL COMMENTS.

We return once more to the narrative of the correspondent of the *Springfield Daily Union*, which concludes as follows:—

A few minutiæ may be interesting. On examining the manuscript I found "traveler" spelled uniformly with two l's, as is the universal practice in England, and only the rare one here. Observe, too, the use of the word "coals" for coal, the former being the customary English form. Notice the peculiar employment of capital letters, in precisely the form to be found in Dickens' works, as when he calls Mr. Grewgious an Angular Man. Remarkable, also, is the familiarity with the geography of London, which is noticeable in some of the extracts I have made, and in many passages not quoted. Notice the expression that the servant "had left directly she heard Rosa's answer"—a form of speech common in England, but almost unheard of in America. Then observe the sudden change from the past to the present tense, especially in lively narration—a transition of which Dickens was very fond, and notably so in his later works. These and many other little matters which might be mentioned are of slight consequence, perhaps, but it would

be on just these sands that a bungling fraud would have stranded. Nevertheless, the fact remains that in the general resemblance of the book to the previous literary work of its alleged author, in the aggregation of the thousand and one things which go to form literary style, and in the shining through all of the indefinable something called genius, must this remarkable book rest its most remarkable claims upon public consideration.

I came to Brattleborough expecting to find this decidedly posthumous work a bubble which could be easily blown away. After two days careful and somewhat critical examination, I go away, I confess, a good deal puzzled. I reject in the first place as an impossibility—as every one would do after thoroughly investigating the matter—the theory that this manuscript book was written by the young man, Mr. A——. He says he has never read the first volume, and I care not whether he has or no, being fully convinced that he is not capable of writing so much as one page of the second volume. This, of course, is no disparagement; for how many men are capable of doing what Dickens left undone?

I am driven, then, to accept one of the two conclusions: either some man of genius is using this individual as a go-between, in order to place an extraordinary work before the public in an extraordinary way, or the book is, as it professes to be, dictated by Dickens himself from the other world. The one supposition is scarcely more astounding than the other. If there is in Vermont a man, heretofore unheard of, who is able to write as Dickens wrote, he surely has no cause to resort to such device as this. If, on the other hand, Charles Dickens himself, "though dead, yet speaketh," what shall we next expect? It is but fair to say that, with the fullest opportunity for investigation, I found not the least evidence of any kind of fraud, while the name

of the "amanuensis," were I allowed to give it, would dispel any suggestion of that kind from the minds of every citizen of this place who knows him.

At first the medium wrote only three times a-week and only three or four pages at a time, but he since came to write twice a-day, and twelve, fifteen, and sometimes twenty pages at a sitting. The hand-writing is not his own, and shows some of the peculiarities of Dickens' hand, so far as there has been opportunity for comparison. At the beginning of each sitting it is almost as fine as a woman's, but after a page or two it grows very gradually coarser and coarser, until the scrawl on the last page is five or ten times as large as the hand at the start; and the beginning and end of each sitting may be distinctly seen through the whole twelve hundred pages by this peculiarity. On the top of some of the pages are pencil marks in various odd designs, memoranda, perhaps of some point to be revised; and in one or two cases phonographic signs, of which Mr. A. knows nothing. Sometimes the writing appears to be so hurried that it is by no means easy to make it out.

The *modus operandi* of the sitting is very simple. Provided with two sharpened lead pencils and an abundance of paper torn into half sheets, Mr. A. goes into a room alone. The usual hours of writing are six o'clock in the morning and half-past seven in the evening, hours when, at this time of the year, it is light; but the evening sitting is frequently prolonged till half-past eight, and the writing goes on equally well in darkness or light; indeed, the sittings during the winter months were wholly in the dark. Putting paper and pencils where they can be conveniently reached, this amanuensis of Dickens places his hands, palms downward, on the table, and unconcernedly awaits results. Not quite unconcernedly, however, for although it has become a matter

of daily routine with him, and long ago lost the flavour of novelty, he confesses that he never sits down there alone, as if invoking the presence of the dead, without a certain feeling of awe creeping over him. He sits—frequently smoking at the time—sometimes one minute, three, five, ten, or half an hour, but usually, if "conditions" are right, but a moment or two. These conditions have reference principally to the weather. On any clear, pleasant day, the machine works without interruption; with him as with the electric wire, a storm makes trouble, and the worse the storm the more the trouble, so that in any severe weather, no writing is attempted. After sitting at the table the requisite time, whatever it may be, Mr. A., not gradually, but instantly, becomes unconscious, and the writing goes on for half an hour, or an hour, and one sitting was even prolonged to an hour and a half. The only remembrance which he has of these trance periods, is that of seeing Dickens sitting beside him, usually with one hand held in meditative manner at the side of his face—a sad, grave face. He utters no word, but sometimes looks appealingly toward Mr. A., "and oh, such eyes!" All this, however, the medium remembers as one remembers a dream when just waking—real, yet intangible. The sign by which Mr. Dickens indicates that the sitting is at an end, is the placing of his hand in the medium's, and the first time that Mr. A. felt this pressure, seemingly as cold and heavy as that of the hand of Death itself, he screamed with fright, and can hardly think of that awful chilling sensation at any time, even now, without a shudder. This touch brings him to his senses, and he usually requires then the assistance of some person to release his hands from the table, to which they seem to be mesmerically attached. On coming to himself, he discovers on the floor the work of the sitting, much or little, as the case may be. The pages are strewn about

the room, where they appear to have been promiscuously thrown, and are without numbers, which are supplied by Mr. A. afterwards, the sense determining the connection. For a short time after arising from a sitting, Mr. A. suffers from a sharp pain in the chest, but this soon goes off, and is in fact the only unpleasant effect which he experiences. An extreme nervousness which he felt before his medial powers were developed is entirely removed, and he never was in more robust, physical health than to-day.

THE SPIDER OF THE PERIOD.

BY GEORGINA WELDON (MISS TREHERNE), AND MRS. ——.

A SPIDER sat weaving his web one day,
Watching a glad little fly at play,
She flutter'd and buzz'd here and there in the sun,
And peep'd at the spider who neatly spun.
She thought his long legs were just models of grace,
And feasted her eyes on the charms of his face.
Now the spider, while making believe not to look,
Was reading her heart like the leaves of a book.
And he said to himself, "Not a doubt but that I
Have quite won the heart of this gay little fly;
I'll just break the ice; should I prove in the right,
I'll coax her, and pet her, and—*eat her to-night!*"
So he put on his sweetest and softest of smiles
(For spiders, like men, have their arts and their wiles),
And begg'd her when tir'd of her sport in the sun,
To sit by his side till his spinning was done.
She came all too gladly, for poor little flies
Are trustful and loving, and *therefore* unwise.
Ah! how can I picture the glance of his eyes,
The charm of his voice, and the depths of his sighs!
He touchingly spoke of his desolate life;
No children to cheer him, to love him, no wife.
Ah! could he dare hope that in *her* he might find
A friend, a companion, a kindred in mind.

Quite melted, she tearfully said, "It were sweet
To sit all the day on the web at your feet.
I know that I'm only a poor silly fly,
But for you I would live and for you I would die."
"Ha! ha!" thought the spider, "it would be absurd
Did I not take her now, and at once, at her word.
My appetite tells me 'tis time I should sup,"
So he caught her, and crushed her, and swallow'd her up.
And he said, "What a joke it will be when I tell
How I supped on the fly who believed me too well."
For *here* you must know lay the pith of the jest:
He murder'd the creature who *lov'd him the best.*
And he still spins his web for the flies in the sun,
And he finds that deceiving is very good fun.
And the whole spider world laud him up to the sky,
For he talks like a saint, though he sins on the sly.

. . . . . .

But I think that some day when his spinning is done,
And he's wearied of sitting alone in the sun,
He will say, with a sigh of regret, "Would that I
Had not eaten that poor little credulous fly!"

MARGERY MILLER.*

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE-MEDIUMSHIP OF LIZZIE DOTEN.

Old Margery Miller sat alone,
One Christmas eve, by her poor hearthstone,
Where dimly the fading firelight shone;
Her brow was furrowed with signs of care,
Her lips moved gently, as if in prayer—
For, oh, life's burden was hard to bear.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unsought, unknown:
Her friends, like the birds of summer, had flown.

Full eighty summers had swiftly sped,
Full eighty winters their snows had shed,
With silver sheen, on her aged head:
One by one had her loved ones died;
One by one had they left her side—
Fading like flowers in their summer pride.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unsought, unknown:
Had God forgotten she was his own?

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* From *Poems of Progress:* Colby & Rich, Boston, U.S.

No castle was hers with spacious lawn;
Her poor old hut was the proud man's scorn:
Yet Margery Miller was noble born.
A brother she had, who once wore a crown,
Whose deeds of greatness and high renown
From age to age had been handed down.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unsought, unknown:
Where was her kingdom, her crown, or throne?

Margery Miller—a child of God—
Meekly and bravely, life's path had trod,
Nor dreamed affliction a "chastening rod."
Her brother, Jesus, who went before,
A crown of thorns in his meekness wore,
And what, poor soul! could she hope for more?

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unsought, unknown:
Strange that her heart had not turned to stone!

Ay, there she sat on that Christmas eve,
Seeking some dream of the past to weave:
Patiently striving not to grieve.
Oh, for those long, long eighty years,
How had she struggled with doubts and fears?—
Shedding in secret unnumbered tears!

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unsought, unknown:
How could she stifle her sad heart's moan?

Soft on her ear fell the Christmas chimes,
Bringing the thought of the dear old times,
Like birds that sing of far-distant climes.
Then swelled the flood of her pent up grief:
Swayed like a reed in the tempest brief,
Her bowed form shook like an aspen leaf.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unsought, unknown:
How heavy the burden of life had grown!

"Oh, God!" she cried, "I am lonely here,
Bereft of all that my heart holds dear:
Yet thou dost never refuse to hear.
Oh, if the dead were allowed to speak!
Could I only look on their faces meek,
How it would strengthen my heart so weak!"

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unsought, unknown:
What was that light which around her shone?

Dim on the hearth burned the ember red,
Yet soft and clear on her silvered head
A light, like the sunset glow, was shed;
Bright blossoms fell on the cottage floor;
"Mother" was whispered as oft as before,
And long-lost faces gleamed forth once more.

Poor old Margery Miller!
No longer alone,
Unsought, unknown:
How light the burden of life had grown!

She lifted her withered hands on high,
And uttered the eager, earnest cry,—
"God of all mercy! now let me die.
Beautiful angels, fair and bright,
Holding the hem of your garments white,
Let me go forth to the world of light."

Poor old Margery Miller!
So earnest grown!
Was she left alone?
His humble child did the Lord disown?

Oh, sweet was the sound of the Christmas bell,
As its musical changes rose and fell,
With a low refrain or a solemn swell:
But sweeter by far was the blessed strain
That soothed old Margery Miller's pain,
And gave her comfort and peace again.

Poor old Margery Miller,
In silence, alone;
Her faith had grown:
And now the blossom had brightly blown.

Out of the glory, that burned like flame,
Calmly a great white angel came:
Softly he whispered her humble name.
"Child of the Highest," he gently said,
"Thy toils are ended, thy tears are shed;
And life immortal now crowns thy head."

Poor old Margery Miller!
No longer alone,
Unsought, unknown:
God had not forgotten she was his own.

A change o'er her pallid features passed;
She felt that her feet were nearing fast
The land of safety and peace at last;
She faintly murmured, "God's name be blest!"
And folding her hands on her dying breast,
She calmly sank to her dreamless rest.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Without one moan,
Her patient spirit to heaven had flown.

Next morning a stranger found her there,
Her pale hands folded as if in prayer,
Sitting so still in her old arm-chair.
He spoke—but she answered not again,
For, far away from all earthly pain,
Her voice was singing a joyful strain.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Her spirit had flown
To the world unknown,
Where the hearts of the true can ne'er be alone.

ODE BY "ADAMANTA."

PEACE! thou art come at last, and thou art fair;
Fairer than beauty's smile,
Calmer than moonlight sea,
Sweeter than breath of spring,
Balmier than summer winds,
Happier than childhood's glee,
Purer than lover's bliss,
Higher than ecstasy of saint,
Deeper than joy of penitent,
Holier than rapture of religious seer;
Peace! be thou mine for aye, thou art than love more dear.

Yet even while I sang thou fleddest me;
The morn awoke to life so drear and grey,
That I was fain to meditate awhile
On that sweet, peaceful sunset, all aglow
With mingled, richest, yet deep-chastened joys;
But then I told my heart it would have paled
And palled upon me even as I gazed,
And that 'twas healthier for my spirit's life
To start anew upon some barren track,
Leading to yet more toilsome, lonely heights,
Whence I could gain fresh glimpses of my heaven,
And open up a path for travelling souls,
Whose goal was one with mine. So I sped on—
First girding up my mind, lest it should reach
Out after sweets of luscious memories:
And bidding it look upwards for support,
And all around to shed its sympathies,
And then below to beckon others on,
I walked with caution and due heedfulness—
And lo! I found that peace was with me still.

SWEDENBORG ON MEN AND WOMEN.

BY WILLIAM WHITE, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF SWEDENBORG."

MEN and women differ physically; and as the body is derived from the mind, we are bound from the diverse effect to infer a diverse cause: as their bodies differ their minds must differ: and as the root of the mind is the will, and the will is the habitation of the love, man's love and woman's love must be distinct as their sex.

Now, what is the distinction between man's love and woman's love? Swedenborg says:—

"Man's love is discoverable in his affection for knowing, for understanding, and for growing wise. Knowledge is the pursuit of his childhood, understanding of his youth and manhood, wisdom of his manhood and old age.

"Woman's love is discoverable in her affection for knowledge, intelligence, and wisdom, *not in herself*, but in man."

These, their mental characteristics, are visibly reproduced in their forms and habits.

"How far from the very cradle the genius of man differs from that of woman, was made clearly evident to me from the study of a number of boys and girls. I saw them at times through a window in the street of a great city, where more than twenty assembled every day. The boys in their pastimes were tumultuous, vociferous, apt to fight, to strike, and to throw stones at each other; whereas the girls sat peaceably at the doors of the houses, some playing with

little children, some dressing dolls or working on bits of linen, and some kissing each other; and, to my surprise, they yet looked with satisfaction at the boys, whose pastimes were so different from their own. Hence I could see plainly that a man by birth is understanding, and a woman love; also the quality of each, and what each would be without conjunction with the other."

Let me repeat these distinctions.

Man is the love of knowledge, understanding, wisdom. He searches for information, strives to understand nature, and delights in the application of the truths he has won.

In woman we discover no such aptitudes. She cares nothing for science in itself, and has neither desire nor ability to extend its frontiers; but science and wisdom, when realised in man, she does love. In fine, man loves science for itself; woman loves science in man. Such is the difference between man's and woman's love.

In this view we see man as a centre of which woman is the circumference—an oak about which she twines as vine or ivy. Man's love displays itself in intellect; woman's is a ring of love around that intellect. Her life is the worship of his. Her intellect is formed for the reception and appreciation of his.

More: woman is derived from man. The love of man's intellect (which woman essentially is) exists in man himself. We behold it in the pride of his own understanding, when, Narcissus-like, he gloats over his own graces. Such love in men we abhor; yet this love, which in him moves us to loathing, is nothing but woman in him. That a wife should hold her husband's intellect in reverence, and that she should find in its dictates the order and strength of her life, is for her the fulness of bliss. It is the articulate or inarticulate longing of every true woman to be brought to him

whom she can honour and obey and girdle with her love. Charlotte Brontë (with that accurate knowledge of woman's heart which her novels display) describes Miss Shirley Keeldar desiring "a husband whose approbation can reward —whose displeasure punish me. A man I shall feel it impossible not to love, and very possible to fear." The fact is, no wife is happy who does not find in her husband her master. Wives, indeed, try to rule, but they try as engineers test bridges, by passing enormous weights over them. If the bridge endures the strain, the engineer is satisfied; if the husband yields, the wife's triumph is her despair.

That a man should delight in his intellect we rightly regard with disgust. Therefore, says our author, it was provided that man's love of his own wisdom should be taken out of him and made woman. The process is described in the mysterious allegory in Genesis, where Eve is extracted from Adam.

This doctrine of the derivation and dependence of woman on man will meet with little favour from those who are committed to the "woman's rights" view of the sexes; yet a contrary doctrine will have to suffer all the disasters to which fancy is subject from fact.

It is broadly asserted that woman initiates nothing; that in all respects, mental as well as physical, man is father and she is mother; that whatever is in her was first in him.

Woman's name has no place among inventors and discoverers; nothing in art or science owes birth to her brain. She has kept house for the world since the world began, but it is questionable whether she ever devised or improved fireplace or cradle, dish or kettle, needle or thread. If by compulsion she trades, she never ventures out of the rut of custom; if she grows rich, it is by accumulation or the industry of routine, never by adventure or speculation.

She dislikes change, is naturally conservative. She has had ample practice in literature, but the critic vainly explores her volumes for original thought: her best efforts never exceed a skilful disposition of man's wares—after his methods. She brings no truth to light, nor does she restore forgotten truths to new life; nor does she forge new theories or arguments. Her moral superiority is sometimes alleged, but ignorantly. She never inaugurates reformation. She rises as man rises, and sinks as he sinks: history and ordinary experience prove she is ever ready to be as good or as wicked as he is willing to be. Her sympathy with man is perfect; but her relation to him is wholly subordinate and maternal. She can no more beget ideas than she can beget children.

It may be objected that many women are wiser than many men; but the objection is without point. The question is, Whence is the wisdom of wise women? Their light may be very great, but is it not reflected from men, to whom they are as moons? Nor will the question be fairly treated by reference to contemporaries, whom it is impossible to estimate impartially. Their light is level with our eyes, and we can neither discern its origin nor quality with certainty. Many women have astonished their generation by their feats in art and literature, but how seldom has a feminine reputation outlived a century!

RESURGAM.

BY CAROLINE A. BURKE,

THE winter is drawing nearer,
The autumn is well-nigh done,
The ruddy fruits in the orchard
Hang ripe in the golden sun.
The trees are arrayed in glory,
And softly the faint winds creep;
For Nature is patiently biding
Her season of tranquil sleep.

The swallows—glad heralds of summer—
Fly forth on their passage again,
The flowers lie dead in the valley,
No blossoms are found in the glen;
And the stream in its drowsy murmur,
O'er meadow, and upland, and lea,
Seems to whisper that winter is bringing
The loss of its liberty.

And I, too, am patiently waiting;
Life's summer is over, I know;
I feel the cold breath of its winter,
And Death cometh softly and slow.
Yet surely, too surely, he cometh,
And I from the world must part;
Even now I feel that his fingers
Are busy around my heart.

When the spring-time of earth is returning
The land will awaken again;
The trees will put forth fresh branches,
And the river will burst through its chain;
The swallows will come o'er the water,
The violet will hide in the shade;
The cowslip and delicate primrose
Will bud in the sheltering glade.

And I—I too shall awaken,
And the gates of the tomb be riven;
My spirit will then mount upward
To the beautiful Courts of Heaven.
I shall pass through the "many mansions,"
And kneel at the Sacred Throne,
And surrounded by countless angels
Shall worship the Great Unknown.

I shall walk in a land of glory;
And out in the golden gleam,
I shall see the face of the Master,
Of which I so often dream.
And I know, though the flowers be waving
All over my earthly bed,
I shall live in the hearts that love me—
To them I shall ne'er be dead.

ABNORMAL SPECTRES OF WOLVES, DOGS, AND OTHER ANIMALS.

BY EMILE, PRINCE OF WITTGENSTEIN.

It is curious that the nature of abnormal apparitions corresponds more or less with the nationality of persons or families haunted by them, and with the country in which they are seen. Thus, among the Celts, Romans, Slavs, and races related to them, ghosts more usually appear in the open country, in meadows, in forests, near lonely crosses or cross-roads, or in churchyards; while in countries peopled by Saxon elements they seem to prefer old castles, churches, ruins, and isolated houses. The German, and I suppose also the English apparitions, such as nuns, monks, white or black ladies, and gnomish dwarfs—as in the Leiningen family—are more usually tutelary spirits, who protect the house, or warn the inmates before an impending death or misfortune; while among the aforesaid nationalities the manifesting ghosts are mostly sham animals, mischievous and wicked, and seem to have a mission only to frighten or harm. The only exception to this rule known to me is the *Domovoi* (literally, "The One of the House"), a kind, harmless gnome, who haunts the Russian peasant's cot, preserves it from fire, protects the children, causes the cows to give abundant milk, prevents diseases among men and cattle; it also, however, plays all kinds of tricks; it upsets pails, causes the girls to stumble, entangles the horses'

manes, hides the drunkard's boots to hinder him from going to the brandy-shop, smashes the looking-glass of the village flirt, splashes hot soup into the greedy one's face, and causes the furniture, dishes, and household vessels to fly and dance about the room in an awful way.

Of all the countries I know, France, and especially those parts of France where the Celtic blood predominates, offers, I believe, the greatest variety of abnormal spiritual manifestations. Thus, in Morbihan and in Finisterre, the "*Grande Bête*," a gigantic and luminous bull, pursues those who are late on their homeward road on stormy nights. When the moon is in its last quarter the wanderer meets, in certain lonely parts of the forest or heath, the "*Meneur de Loups*," a man or phantom—no one knows exactly what—having the appearance of a shepherd, and leading a flock of wolves. Then again there is the "*Loup Garou*," a frightful wolf, which jumps by night upon the back of the lonely traveller, urging him to run until he falls down exhausted. In Corsica an enormous fly, bigger than a calf, sometimes appears, foreboding dreadful epidemics.

Black dogs, shaggy horses, bucks, gigantic hares, and wolves are the most frequent apparitions in the steppes of Russia, and Slav traditions about them seem to have been imported into those parts of Germany where in former times Slavs (as Wends and Sorbes) have settled. Some years ago, I myself tried a curious experiment in connection with this subject, at the Richthof, an ancient, isolated hunting pavilion, high up in the Hessian mountains, surrounded with forests, and belonging to my brother-in-law, the Count of G., who is in the habit of spending some months there with his family during the hot season. The greatest part of the surrounding population is of Wendish origin. Mme. Courtin, a friend of mine, a powerful French non-professional

medium, with whom I formerly had had many sittings, came to see us there, and on the same evening we had a *séance*. I had previously mesmerised her to sleep, for the somnambulic state increased her medial power to a high degree. After some efforts to obtain a written communication, she left off in great perturbation, stating that she was disturbed by a big, horrible, phosphorescent white buck, who kept running round the house, or climbing up the walls to the roof, staring at her with wicked, glaring eyes. When I next morning related the fact to my very sceptical brother-in-law, he was greatly amazed, and told me that there was indeed a superstition in the neighbourhood about a white buck being seen at times, by night, running about the roof, or standing on a chimney of the Richthof. We tried in vain, during the following evenings, to obtain communications; the buck constantly worried the medium, and became at last so powerful that she, even when not mesmerised, and in our company, saw him rushing over the bowling-green, standing on the roof, or glaring at her through the leaves of the bushes. She heard him bleat (and so did I and my brothers) and walk about her room. My servant, who slept under the roof, was often disturbed by his tramping overhead. At last the nuisance became so strong that, in the presence of several of us, doors and cupboards were thrown open and reclosed, pieces of furniture were tossed about, and bells made to ring, without anybody touching them. The house was only quieted when Madame Courtin and I had, at the injunction of our spirit guides, left it. They strongly urged us to do so, stating that the spirit who assumed the aforesaid shape was one of the most wicked and powerful nature, and that he might finally get possession of one of us if we did not leave off exciting him. The place where the house stands now is said to have been, many

centuries ago, a place of execution, where the *Vehme* (the Secret Tribunal) punished great criminals; therefore it is easy to presume that the spot may still be haunted by evil spirits.

Another case within my recollection is the following:—Some eleven or twelve years ago, while residing at Warsaw, I presented my wife with a small Scotch terrier, to which she had become much attached. One evening, on calling to pay her a visit, I found her quite disturbed by the fact of her dog having suddenly rushed under the sofa when she had tried to pat its head; she had previously seen it for a long time lying near her on an arm-chair, but had taken little heed of it, as she was occupied in writing a letter. The dog having thus disappeared, she first tried to coax it out of its hiding-place; then she seized a stick, in order to drive it out; and, finally, took to looking for it in every corner, without success—the dog was nowhere to be found. She accordingly left the room to look for it elsewhere, and ended by finding it in another part of the house, quietly asleep on her brother's lap. Her brother affirmed that it had been with him more than an hour. I was then rather a good medium, and immediately asked one of my spirits for the explanation of the phenomenon. I was told that an evil spirit, which bore a great hatred to the lady, had momentarily succeeded in assuming the form of her dog, hoping to be able, if she touched it, to get possession of her, and that her guardian spirit had averted the design, by forcing the sham dog to elude her touch.

During my residence many years ago in Bohemia, at the house of a friend now passed away, I was told of a castle in the neighbourhood, of which I forget the name, where, a short time before the death of any member of the family, a black dog was said to be seen, in broad daylight, emerging

from a postern door in the ancient battlements, and trotting down the road to a ruined chapel, in the shade of which it disappeared. This legend has existed for centuries. Those who have seen the apparition have frequently tried, in vain, to overtake it; some have followed it into the chapel, and searched every corner, without result. There are now (or at least were at the time when I visited the country) several peasants and old servants alive, who swore to having seen "the dog" shortly before the deaths of some of the members of the family; and those who told me the story seemed firmly to believe in it, although none of them knew a word about Spiritualism.

Explain all this who may, I am no match for the problem. At all events, I suppose that if spirits can—as we know they can—momentarily assume the palpable and visible shapes of human beings, they may also, by congregating some of the floating atoms from the animal organisms which perhaps surround us in even greater profusion than those from men, give the appearance of life also to animal shapes.

TO YOU WHO LOVED ME.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Not in the busy day!
The busy day is far too full of care:
Each hour hath its duty, and its share
Of labour, and I may
Not loose my thoughts from Reason's firm control,
Lest they should spread their wings,
And soar beyond my reach, and all my toils
Be wasted for an idle dream that foils
My hope of better things,
As thou hast done, thou darling of my soul!

Not in the silent night!
The silent night was made to soothe our pain,
And sleep is sent from God, that we may gain
Fresh strength to do the right!
Let not its calm be pierced by Mem'ry's dart,
My solace to affray,
Else shall my life look hideous by my dream,
And Faith and Duty harder than they seem
By honest light of day.
Vex not the night, Belovèd of my heart.

Nor at the hour of prayer!
The hour of prayer should be a time of peace,
When passions lull and jealous discords cease,
And only God is there!

Come not betwixt the Gates of Pearl and me,
Lest in my wild regret
I should entreat of gracious Heaven, instead
Of pouring blessings on thy faithless head,
To teach me to forget
The day that brought me thee and misery.

Yet, come before I die,
Before I die, when earthly joys grow dim
And pale before the Eucharistic Hymn
Of heavenly choirs nigh.
Then may I, that I worshipped, gaze upon,
And with my rest so near,
Remembering only that thou wert beloved,
I may forget the bitter past that proved
Thee faithless, dear,
And bless thee, still, my life and death in one.

DESOLATION.

BY CAROLINE A. BURKE.

Wake, wake, O Harp,
Pour forth thy mournful strain—
Wake, golden strings,
To a by-gone note of pain;
Murmur in heedless ears
The sorrows of these years,
With an undertone of tears,
For sad refrain.

Break, break, O Heart—
What dost for thee remain?
Only a bitter past
Suffered and spent in vain:
A present with sad skies,
And hidden mysteries,
A future, to thine eyes
The sad past o'er again.

TRUTH.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF "M.A. OXON."

[THE following is one of a great number of communications which, for some five or six years, have been given through mediumship by means of what is called Automatic Writing.

The method of procedure is analagous to that used in writing with the Planchette, only simpler. I take in my hand a pen, divert the mind to some other subject, or remain in a state of passivity, and the message is written out with rapidity and precision when the state of the medium and his surroundings are favourable; more slowly when good conditions are not procurable, or when the medium's state of health is bad, or his mind disturbed.

I have a very large number of such communications written in books which I keep for the purpose; and it is noteworthy that each communicating Intelligence uses a handwriting peculiar to itself, and unlike my own: that in the course of these years no slip or erasure has been made throughout: and that when statements of fact have been made they are correctly stated, so far as I have been able to verify them.

Moreover, I have, after repeated endeavour, succeeded in occupying my brain with reading books that require

severe mental effort while the Automatic Writing is in progress. I note in communications so written a very marked individuality, and a flow of ideas more decidedly opposed to my own. It is, however, to be remarked that this peculiarity, more or less, pervades all the communications.

The subjoined communication is selected out of the mass because it involves less allusion to what has preceded or followed it, not because of any intrinsic difference in its tone or style. M.A., Oxon.]

TRUTH.

The blessing of the Blessed One rest on you. We have opportunity now which may not recur of answering some of your inquiries, and conveying to you of some necessary truth. From letters which you have received of late you will be led to see that the times of trouble and distress which we have warned you of are expected by others as well as by us. Be prepared for trouble: it will assuredly come. It is necessary that afflictions come. Jesus knew and taught that. It is necessary for the training of the soul. It is as necessary as physical discipline for the body. No deep knowledge is to be had without it. None is permitted to scale the glorious heights but after discipline of sorrow. The key of knowledge is in spirit-hands, and none may wrest it to himself but the earnest soul which is disciplined by trial. Bear that in mind.

Ease and luxury are the pleasant paths in which the soul lingers and dreams away the summer day. Self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-discipline are the upward tracks, thorn-vext and rocky, which lead to the heights of knowledge and power. Study the life of Jesus and be wise.

Moreover, the present is a time of hard and bitter conflict between us and our foes. We have told you that you feel the reflex of that struggle. It accompanies every great development of Divine Truth. It is, as it were, the darkness that precedes the dawn: the gloom which is the prerequisite for growth: the period of trial wherein the earnest soul is purified. "Your hour and the power of darkness," said Jesus as he agonised in Gethsemane. It is so now: and it will not pass lightly. The cup must be drained.

As each revelation of the Supreme grows old, it is overlaid by man's errors, and loaded with his inventions. It dies gradually, and loses its hold on men. Bit by bit human error is pared away, unable to stand the shock of criticism, and men's faith is shaken, and they ask with old Pilate—What *is* truth? Then comes the answer in the new birth of a higher revelation. The throes of its birth shake the world, and around its cradle the powers of the Spiritual world contend. Great is the dust and din of the contention.

As the light dawns upon the world, and the clouds lift, the watchers, whose eyes are spiritually opened to discern the signs of the times, they who stand on the watch-towers to catch the first gleams, these are ready, and welcome with joy the break of day. "Joy comes with the morning." "Sorrow and sighing flee away." The terrors of the night, "the powers of darkness," are past. But not for all. Full many there will always be for whom no ray of light is visible till the sun has gained his meridian splendour. They slumber on, heedless of the light that is breaking on the world.

Hence the days will never come to your world when all equally will know of the truth. There will always be many for whom it has no charms, for whom it would be fraught

with danger to tread the upward paths of progress, and who prefer the beaten track worn by the feet of those who have trod it through the ages past. There will be such always, even as there will be souls who catch the foregleams that herald the dawn. So do not hope that the open vision will ever be the same to all. No such dream of equality is possible. Nor is it more desirable than possible. To some are given powers that can safely pry into mysteries which others must perforce avoid. These must be the leaders and guides among men. And those who are so called, are they on whom lies the most solemn duty of personal preparation, and earnest, life-long struggle with self, until it is dominated and subdued, and the free soul soars untrammelled. We have long since told you of this. See you heed it.

Do not be discouraged that so much of what most believe as truth seems to you hollow and uncertain. It is so. There are divers degrees of truth. From the many-sided crystal gleams are shot off in many directions. And it is not every soul that can receive even one ray unclouded. To few, very few, comes more than a stray glimpse, and even that is filtered through many a medium, until its clearness is all dimmed. It must needs be so. Hence the varied views of truth. Hence the divergent notions, the errors, the mistakes, the fallacies that pass current among you. Men think they see a momentary gleam. They grasp some view, enlarge on it, add to it, develop it, until the tiny light is quenched, and what was a ray of truth is distorted and destroyed. And so the truth is maligned, whereas it should be the imperfection of the intervening medium that is blamed.

Or, to take another view. That which came as the answer to the yearnings of some aspiring soul is deemed to be of universal application. The truth was so beautiful, so ennobling, so pure and holy in its essence, that it must surely

be so to all. And the jewel is dragged from its casket, and prepared for open exhibition. The lily is plucked from its stem, and paraded before men. And it loses its purity; its vitality diminishes; it withers and dies; and he to whom it was so fair, so lovely, wonders to find that it loses its freshness in the heat and dust of the world's busy strife. He marvels that what was so pure and true to him in the heart's secluded temple should seem tame and out of place when advertised to the world. He learns, if he is wise, that the dew of Hermon is distilled in the silence and solitude of the heart; that the flower springs up in the gloom of night, and withers beneath the noon-day beams; that truth, the holiest and purest, comes direct from spirit to spirit, and may not be proclaimed on the world's house-top.

Doubtless, there are coarse views of truth, rude blocks which man has hewn, and which all may use alike. These are the foundation stones which every builder must use. But the richest and purest gems must be preserved in the spirit-shrine, and be gazed upon in silence and alone. So when John the Seer told of the jewelled walls and pearly gates of the Heavenly City, he spoke of the outer truths which all must see; but in the inner temple he placed nor jewel nor purest ray of light, but only the Presence and the Glory of the Lord.

Marvellous it is that you do not see this. That which to you is Divine Truth is only that atom, that speck of the whole unbroken circle which has been cast off in answer to your cry. You needed it, and it came. To you it is perfection; it is God. To another it would be incomprehensible, without a voice to answer to his cry, without any beauty that he should desire it. You cannot parade it if you would. It would die, and its hidden charm would make no convert. It is yours and yours alone, a special creation

for a special want, an answer from the Great Spirit to the yearning aspiration of your soul.

This Truth will always be esoteric. It must be so; for only to the soul that is prepared can it be given. Its fragrance is too evanescent for daily common use. Its subtle perfume is shed only in the inner chamber of the spirit. Remember this; and remember too that violence is done to Truth by forcing it on unprepared minds, while harm, great and far-reaching, is done to those who cannot receive what is a revelation to *you* but not to *them*.

Moreover, remember that the pursuit of truth for its own sake as the altogether lovely and desirable end of life is the highest aim of spirit on your plane of being, higher than earth's ambitions, nobler than any work that man can do. We do not now take note of any of the vulgar aims that fill up human life. The struggles and ambitions that exercise mankind, born of vanity, nurtured in jealousy, and ending in disappointment—these are plain to view as Sodom apples. But there is subtler temptation to more refined souls—that of doing good to their fellows and adding another stone to the cairn that the pioneers of the past have raised. To them comes the desire to proclaim in accents of enthusiasm some truth which has taken hold upon their lives. They are possessed with it; the fire burns within them, and they speak. It may be a noble word they utter, and, if it meets the needs of men, it is re-echoed and taken up by other souls like-minded, and developed till men are stirred and benefited by it. But it may be the reverse. The Truth, so true to one, is true to him alone, and his voice is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, a proclaimer of idle tales. He speaks in vain, and it had been well that he had saved his energies for the quest of truth, and have learned more before he spake to men.

It is well to teach, but better still to learn: nor is it impossible to do both. Only remember that learning must precede teaching: and be sure that the truth is one that man needs. The student who dives deep into the mysteries that enshrine Truth will not recklessly violate the seclusion in which alone she dwells at ease. He will tell of her beauties, and proclaim to those who have ears to hear the words of healing which his inner sense has caught from her lips: but there will always be to him a sacred reserve, a holy silence, an esoteric revelation too pure, too dear for utterance.

[*In answer to some unimportant question it was written:*—]

Nay; you will be informed in time. We may not save you the exercise which is part of your discipline. Be content to walk in the path. It leads direct to truth: but you must tread it in care and pain. We have directed you to it because it is well for you to garner up the wisdom of the past, and to learn of those who are gone before you. We foresaw long ago that those who should faithfully pursue the study of the intercourse between our world and yours, would receive rude shocks from the follies and falsities that cluster round the subject in its most exoteric aspect. We looked with confidence for the time when these should force themselves into prominence, and we prepared for it. We would teach you that there are, and ever must be, two sides to this science, as there were in the mysteries of the ages past. Having passed the one, it is necessary that you penetrate the other.

To this end you must learn who and what are those who do communicate with men. Not otherwise can you read aright the riddle that now perplexes you. You must know how and under what conditions truth can be had: and how

error and deceit, and frivolity and folly may be warded off. All this man must know if he is safely to meddle with our world. And when he has learned this, or while he is learning it, he must see, too, that on himself depends most or all of the success. *Let him crush self, purify his inmost spirit, driving out impurity as a plague, and elevating his aims to their highest possible: let him love Truth as his Deity, to which all else shall bow; let him follow it as his sole aim, careless whether the quest may lead him, and round him shall circle the Messengers of the Most High, and in his inmost soul he shall see light.* + IMPERATOR.

"THY LOVE."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

O THY love is to me as the salt, salt breath
That blows over the foam-fleck'd sea,
And it blows and it breathes for me,
Till, if I stood under the Shadow of Death,
The sound of thy voice, and the sense of thy breath,
Would recall me to life and thee.

O thy love is to me as the red, red wine,
New-pressed from the grape's richest store,
And I quaff of it more and more,
My heart and my soul are commingled with thine,
Till I tremble to drain the last drop of the wine
That is hid in thy heart's deep core.

O thy love is to me as a sweet, sweet song
That makes music by night and day,
And my love is its answ'ring lay;
The notes are melodious, even and strong,
And they ring in my ears like a heavenly song,
That shall sound in my heart for aye.

O thy love is to me as a free, free bird
That I long to ensnare and to hold,
Till both captor and captive grow old,
To fly with it far from the eye of the herd
Who strive to tear from my bosom my bird,
And leave my heart empty and cold.

O thy love is to me as a new, new life
  Poured into my languishing veins,
  And it chases my cares and pains
Till I rise up again, with fresh energy rife,
To thank Heav'n that 'midst all the turmoil of life,
  The joy of thy love still remains.

HAUNTING SPIRITS.

BY THE BARONESS ADELMA VON VAY (COUNTESS WURMBRAND).

THE following incidents once occurred at Ankenstein, the castle of my cousin Count Gundacker Wurmbrand. Ankenstein is some hundred years old, and stands on a high rock overhanging the river Drau. "Jane" is the name of a spirit who cannot leave the place where she lived, loved, suffered, and died a violent death. Whilst staying there a sad, dreary feeling oppressed me; I grew quite melancholy, and something of the spirit's state of mind seemed to possess me. About a week ago, I was staying at Ankenstein. One night I went into a trance by looking at a crystal which I held in my hand. I saw a little, stout, yellow-looking man, dressed in armour, with a big sword hanging at his side; he said he had been living in that castle for about 400 years hovering about some treasure and armour which are buried in the earth. This curious gentleman could not speak German; they say I spoke a sort of Sclavish and translated it into German, while in the trance. I do not remember it myself, but am giving the account as I received it from others.

Our ancient ancestral castle at Steierberg, now belonging to my brother the Earl Wurmbrand, used to be much haunted. Doors were opened, and curious knockings were heard; the manifestations were of a most powerful description. Before I became a Spiritualist, I spent some time there with my husband; we could not sleep at night, the

noises were so dreadful; trampling of horses' hoofs, persons walking about, and rattling of window panes. I was nearly frightened out of my senses. Being at that time a strict Roman Catholic, I believed these poor souls to be in torment. I ordered Holy Mass to be read in the chapel, and I myself took the sacrament for the poor restless soul's benefit. After this we had some nights in peace until the noises began again. Once more I ordered Mass to be said, and again took the sacrament, and begged the good simple *Curé* to pray for the poor souls. This praying seemed to help them, and we spent the last week in quietness. A year after this I began to develop as a medium, and immediately made inquiries about the disturbances at Steierberg. They proved to be caused by the spirit of an unhappy ancestor, who died three hundred years ago; his name and other particulars were given quite correctly. He became free through our prayers, and is now a happy spirit.

At Golop, in Hungary, the home of my husband's parents, a big Tartar spirit haunted the house. My cousin, Ethel Vay, who was a strong physical medium, found out all about him, and I, without knowing his former history, received the same account. My maid and my sister's maid both saw and heard this spirit, and saw spirit lights in the room where he seems to have dwelt. My nephew, Elemir Vay, heard loud laughter and wonderful noises in the same place. The spirit once gave the name of "Schufzengi," and said he came over from Asia with a Vay, who seems to have been a chief amongst the Huns. He declares he shall haunt the house at Golop until the last Vay has lived therein. We have a portrait of this singular person in a spirit drawing. Once a spirit told me that this Tartar brought with him a peculiar smell, and it is true that there is always a strange smell in that house.

I must also relate a curious incident which happened on the 26th of February to our coachman, Miska, who is a young Hungarian, whom we educated from a boy, and whom we have never found out in any deceit. He was lying in bed on the night of the 26th, when he saw a big black man approaching him. The apparition took him by the feet and shook him violently, till the poor boy, much frightened, shouted out, "I know who you are; get off!" But the apparition walked quietly about, and at last disappeared. Poor Miska has been very anxious about his mother ever since, for fear she should have died in Hungary.

Though our villa here is not more than a hundred years old, it is haunted by spirits. Once I saw a little man who told me to dig in the earth under a room down stairs; we did so, and found a man's collar-bone. The other night our old footman, while clearing the dinner table, heard a deep sigh twice; he was so frightened that he ran out of the room. Some spirit afterwards described to me our Haus Geister, which seem to be like the Penates of the Greeks, who remain for some time after death in their former dwellings. At Pesth, I always felt the presence of some person in my room, and noticed a cadaverous odour. On making inquiries, I found that Count N—— had died a fortnight before in that very room.

Gonobitz, Hungary.

FASHIONABLE GRIEF FOR THE DEPARTED.

DEAR SARAH, darling John is dead!
My heart is very sore:
I have the sweetest mourning suit
Just come from Shoolbred's store.

Ah, well! our loss is but his gain,
Insurance covers all,
No more I hear his cheerful voice,
His footsteps in the hall.

My dress is trimmed with real lace,
We had four doctors here;
They call it "softening of the brain,"—
My bonnet is a dear!

I know your sympathy is mine;
My heartstrings almost broke;
"Dear wife, my fortune will be yours!"
Were the last words he spoke.

I wear my hair done "pompadour,"
And so do all the *ton:*
Upon his stone these words shall be,
"*Hic jacet,* dearest one?"

I've kept a lock of precious hair,
His bank-books and his will,
By which he left me all his wealth
In railroad, bank, and mill.

There's balm in Gilead I know,
And I may find relief:
Please send the latest fashions to—
Your friend in deepest grief.

THE BROWN LADY OF RAINHAM.

BY LUCIA C. STONE.

THE haunting at Rainham, Norfolk, the seat of the Townsend family, has been mentioned in one or two Spiritual publications, but in a passing manner, without any details. I think that many may be interested by an account of it which I received from an eye-witness. All the names are given. The time was about 1835-40. I am unable to fix the date more exactly.

A large party had assembled at Rainham for Christmas. Lord and Lady Charles Townsend were the host and hostess. Among the guests were Colonel and Mrs. Loftus and Miss Page, a cousin of hers. Colonel Loftus was a brother of Lady Charles, and cousin to Lord Charles, consequently a Townsend on his mother's side. There was a family tradition that at special times the apparition of a lady dressed in brown brocade had been seen, but nothing had occurred for a long time, and the stories were well-nigh forgotten.

One night Colonel Loftus and a gentleman named Hawkins sat up rather late over a game of chess; they went upstairs, and were bidding each other "good night," when Mr. Hawkins exclaimed, "Loftus, who is that standing at your sister's door? How strangely she is dressed." Colonel Loftus, who was near-sighted, put up his glass and followed the figure, which went on for some little distance, when he lost sight of it. A second night she appeared to him, and this time, to prevent her escape, he went up a staircase

which would bring him face to face with her. There, in a full light, she stood, a stately lady in her rich brocade, a sort of coif on her head, the features clearly defined, but where there should have been eyes, dark hollows.

These were the two appearances he described to me, and he sketched her afterwards. I saw the sketch just after his return from Rainham. The lady was seen by several others, and I have heard the stories, but not from their own lips, so I forbear to give them, but perhaps I should mention that the cousin of Mrs. Loftus, Miss Page, whom I knew very intimately, asked Lord Charles if he too believed in the apparition. He replied: "I cannot but believe, for she ushered me into my room last night."

The servants were frightened and gave warning, and Lord Charles, thinking after all that it might be a trick, made alterations in the house in the way of bolts and locks, and had down from London some of the police, whom he put in his own livery, but they discovered nothing during their stay.

After some time the hauntings ceased.

Shute Haye, Walditch, Bridport.

A VISION OF DEATH.

BY CAROLINE A. BURKE.

WITHIN my loving arms she lies,
She will not heed one word I say.
Last night Death came in Angel guise,
And closed for ever her blue eyes,
And kissed her life away.

I heard him knocking at the door,
I would not heed, but only drew
My darling closer than before,
And trembling kissed her o'er and o'er,
Too well the end I knew.

She lay so quiet on my breast,
I held her close, I held her warm;
Her tiny hands in mine I pressed,
My soul was filled with wild unrest,
I feared that shadowy form.

She lay my sheltering arms between,
Her laugh rang merry as of old,
She was as gay as summer's queen,
She did not know what I had seen
Far out upon the wold.

And then the casement shutters shook,
A sudden chillness filled the air,
I shuddered, and I could not brook
Into my dear love's face to look,
Death cast his shadow there.

Beside the slowly dying fire
We watched the dying of the year
Until from yonder village spire,
In merry clamour rising higher,
The bells rang sharp and clear.

I felt the strange dim presence grow,
And wrap my darling in the mist;
I felt her breathing come and go
In ebbing currents weak and slow,
Between the lips I kissed.

I heard her softly speak my name,
In tender accents, sweet and faint;
And round about her head there came
A rosy-tinted ring of flame,
The aureole of a saint.

She lay so still, she lay so white—
The last sad pang too surely o'er;
And just between the shifting light,
When morning follows fast on night,
Death passed across the moor.

Ah, me! the poor Old Year is dead,
And my dear love with him has died;
And, with a monarch's haughty tread,
A cruel New Year comes instead,
In regal state and pride.

Ah! soon again the flowers shall blow,
And soft winds sweep these dreary plains,
And earth be filled with summer's glow;
But in my heart henceforth I know,
Eternal winter reigns.

A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY F. J. THEOBALD.

I CAN vouch for the entire truth of the whole of the following statement. The young lady to whom the events happened related them to me herself, and, as far as possible, I have used her own words as she described the details to me. For obvious reasons it would not be wise to publish the address of this house, but I may say that it was at one time inhabited by a man who held a high position in society, but is unfortunately noted in history for his atrocities, and especially during his residence on the premises now under notice.

It is beautifully situated, within a few hours' railway journey from London.

I should say that my friend is not a Spiritualist, although, without her own knowledge, she must be a medium.

The following is the narrative :—

"One cold winter's night I awoke, and to my great surprise I found there was bright fire-light in the room. I sat up in bed and noticed that the ordinary grate was not to be seen, but in its place appeared an old-fashioned open hearth upon which was blazing a splendid fire, the light of which filled the room and had woke me up. I saw a small strip of carpet laid down in the front of the fire, but there was no fender. When we went to bed there had been a large fender, but *no carpet*, and no fire.

"As I looked with astonishment, I particularly remarked

a bright pair of brass fire-dogs, with very curious and pretty twisted fire-irons resting upon them. By the side of the fire was a beautifully-carved oak arm-chair, made with a square seat, the point of which was in front, and a rounded back. It was such a chair as was used two hundred years ago. In this chair was sitting an old man; he was resting his elbow on the arm of the chair, and with his hand supporting his head; he was looking directly towards me, with an intent, sad gaze.

"He was dressed in the style of the olden times—two hundred years ago—with knee breeches and stockings. I noticed curiously the flicker of the fire, as it was reflected in his bright knee and shoe buckles.

"I woke my sister, who was sleeping with me, saying, 'Do you not see that old man sitting by the fire?' She sat up by my side, but saw nothing, and advised me to 'Go to sleep,' advice she acted upon herself, but I lay down and shut my eyes for a time, then sat up, and again saw the scene I have described, and watched it for some little time, for I was not in the least frightened, not even at the sight of the old man, and I often wish I had spoken to him. At last I lay down and went to sleep. On awaking in the morning, my sister asked me what I had been talking about in the night, fully admitting that when I awoke her I was myself most fully awake, and not in a dreaming condition. We had been living in the house about two months when this occurred, and we found that it was known throughout the town to be haunted. We lived there nearly two years, and during the whole time were annoyed by mysterious knockings and noises, but the 'White Lady' did not show herself until just as we were leaving. My father and mother had already returned home, sending me, with my younger sister, and a young housemaid to finish the packing up.

"On the Saturday evening my sister and I went out, leaving the servant to cord some boxes, and put the rooms in order; we did not return until past ten o'clock, when, to our surprise, we found the servant sitting in the hall with the front door open. She began to cry on seeing us, saying she had been much frightened. She told us that after we had gone out, and she had changed her dress, as she was coming out of her room, which opened on to the front staircase, she thought she saw me coming up-stairs, only I had changed my dress, and had on a long white one; she exclaimed, 'Oh! Miss A——, you are never going out, just now, in your best white dress?'

"By the time she had said this, the figure was close up to her, then she saw it was a woman, dressed in a long trailing gown of some white material, but she could not distinguish any face. The figure stopped when quite close to her, and suddenly she thought what it really was—the ghost!—upon which, with a scream, she sprang over the flowing train, ran down into the hall, and had been sitting by the open door ever since. She had seen the figure walk into the drawing-room.

"The girl was so much alarmed that I told her she could make up a bed for herself in the room that I, with my sister, was occupying. It was the bedroom where I saw the old man by the fire. That night passed quietly, but the next night a strange thing happened. We were very late; it was past twelve before we all three retired to our room. You will understand that there was no one else in the house but our three selves. As the door would not latch securely, I placed before it, to keep it shut, a chair, with a heap of things upon it. The servant and my sister were in bed. I was standing by the dressing-table, when suddenly the door was pushed open so violently that the chair was thrown out into the middle of the room. I turned round sharply, and there

saw, standing in the doorway, the tall figure of a woman in a long white dress, such as had been described by the servant. The sudden opening of the door had so terrified both the servant and my sister, that I was compelled to give my attention to calming both of them down. I did not tell them what I had seen, as I would not frighten them more. I should add that when the figure went away, the door was drawn to again.

"Some few minutes passed before I had quieted my sister. I then lighted a night light, and put out the candle, preparatory to getting into bed myself. To my surprise I saw, when the room was thus darkened, that there was a bright seam of light all round the door, which would not close tightly. I went and opened the door, and found the whole passage illuminated by this white light, as light as day, but I saw no more of the figure. This frightened me dreadfully, but I could only jump into bed, and feel glad it was our last night in that house.

"I should say that for many years that room had been nailed up, as unfit for occupation, on account of the haunting; it had not been very long unfastened when we went to stay there."

13 St. John's Road, Lewisham.

"LOVE THE TRUTH AND PEACE."

ZECH. VIII. 19.

BY THE REV. C. MAURICE DAVIES, D.D.

LOVE thou the Truth. All else above, beside,
Love thou with all thy heart God's holy Truth;
As, in the passionate embrace of youth,
One clasps into his bosom a chaste bride.

Be true and just, despising earthly pelf,
As, in the brave unworldly days of old,
Men loved the Truth far more than life or gold,
So dare to be, and show thou art, thyself.

God's own original. Care thou no whit
Though fashion or society may frown,
Or smaller souls upon thyself look down:
Be anything except a hypocrite.

And yet be gentle. Deem not all must bow
To forms which for thyself exhaust the truth.
Be tolerant; expecting not, forsooth,
That all shall see God's verities as thou.

Beliefs are sacred. Even as our sun
Lights up the glittering wanderers of the sky,
And some mid orb gilds all the galaxy,
So Truth is manifold, but God is One.

Love the old ways. Yet marvel not though some
  Far out to foreign countries thence may stray.
  Wait. Yet perhaps, on some o'ershadowed day,
Back to Truth's fold the wanderer may come.

Let all harsh words, all strife and clamour cease.
  Think of thy Saviour; how no angry word
  Before the heathen Governor was heard.
Twine round Truth's sword the olive branch of Peace.

Love Him: and in thy heart there will increase
  The love of all that's gentle, pure, and good,
  Crowning thy manhood or thy womanhood
With Heaven's own motto—"Love the Truth and Peace."

THE ENDS, AIMS, AND USES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.*

BY LOUISA LOWE.

THERE are few subjects connected with the modern revival of external manifestations of spirit force on which a greater diversity of opinion prevails than on its aims, ends, and uses, and it is because these appear to me in a light somewhat different from that to which they have appeared to many with whom I have conversed on the subject, that I venture now to address you. Not that I would claim the slightest superiority, or even any balance of probability, in favour of my own view, but simply because I believe it to be good and right that every conviction or opinion honestly held should be openly expressed, fearlessly cast into the crucible of public discussion, that its dross may be consumed, and the little residuum of truth, if such there be, garnered into the storehouse of human thought.

The aims, ends, and uses of Spiritualism appear, then, to me to be mainly twofold. First, the refutation of the materialistic theory that thought, in which, for the present argument, I include all moral and intellectual operations, is merely an outcome from humanly material brain; and, secondly, to overthrow all external authority in matters of

* A paper read at the Annual Conference of the British National Association of Spiritualists, February, 1877.

thought: to free mankind from religious dogma and the trammels of priestcraft—in a word, to teach the individual to make his own reason an ultimate court of appeal in all matters of personal concernment. To many I know this view will appear miserably narrow and inadequate. To such it has been given to see in the marvellous manifestations of occult intelligence, which to me have only confirmed the existence of such intelligence, proof of the continued separate existence of those that they have loved and lost here below, and the firm assurance of their own individual immortality. To me these manifestations have brought no such conviction. I can, as I before said, only find in them proof that some intelligence or intelligences do exist and act apart from ordinary matter, and the inference that, since we everywhere behold analogy in nature, all intelligences confined in mortal bodies will survive separation from them; but whether as separate entities, or as part of one greater intelligent aggregate, I know not—almost could I add, I care not. Whether our future is to be one of individuality akin to that on earth, or whether the spirit that is in us shall, when severed from the body, merge itself into some great life ocean, whence future races shall be quickened, no less must it be our duty, our glory, and our joy, so to live and labour that the tiny drop may depart from us purer and nobler than we received it.

Contrary opinions to these, however, are so widely held, and were at no remote period so ably advocated, in my hearing, by one of our most honoured members in this very room—scepticism as to a possibility of identifying the communicating intelligence as that of some departed child of earth, will seem to many so irrational, that a few words must be said in its justification. I am not ignorant of the test system whereby the communicating intelligence is asked

for a sign, or for information presumed to be known only to the questioner and the individual spiritually personated, and I fully admit that an amount of evidence of identity is thereby obtained which, in the case of living persons, would be perfectly overwhelming and absolutely conclusive. We must, however, bear in mind this great difference: in all cases of disputed identity here below, the claimant and his examiner are alike embodied, they cannot read in one another's brain, or, except by collusion, become possessed of one another's hidden knowledge; but in intercommunication between the embodied and unembodied, this position, as regards the latter at least, is totally reversed. The fact that answers are given continually to mental interrogations conclusively shows in the interrogated a power of thought-reading which, for aught we know, is absolutely without limit, and which, therefore, in my opinion, renders all tests utterly valueless as proofs of identity; for it is clear that, speaking generally at least, the questioner must either know the answer to his own question, or, at any rate, how to get at it, and that, therefore, the questioned, with his powers of thought-reading, and, as it also appears, of inconceivably rapid locomotion, or of vision unrestricted by space, need never be at a loss for the knowledge required.

If it is objected that this theory presupposes man to be surrounded by false and lying spirits, and refers Spiritualism to the origin ascribed to it by churchmen, namely, Satan, or the Principle of Evil, I entirely deny the inference. Even on earth we do not hold the law of truth to be literally and verbally binding in all cases. By common consent the essence of falsehood is held to consist in an intention to deceive, and thereby attain some desired object; and its unspeakable evil consists in the injury done to society by destroying the mutual confidence of its members. The

most rigid moralist does not condemn fictitious narratives that can have no such effect, and the greatest of moral teachers has taught us by His example the use of religious fable and allegory. Granted that there exists an intelligence higher than our own, to whom the education of this race is entrusted, it seems to me that his use of personations and fictions in inculcating needful lessons is not *necessarily* less pure than a mother's use of allegory in instructing her child. But although, for the reason above given, I hold tests to be utterly valueless as proofs of identity, and I will presently show why I think we should rejoice if such is the case, scientific tests are perfectly invaluable in showing the *reality* of some extraneous force or intelligence; and the deepest gratitude is due not only from the National Association of Spiritualists, but from society in general, to its Research Committee, for their unwearied patience and skill in bringing forward fresh and irrefragable proofs of this great fact.

The second main end and use of Spiritualism appears to be the abrogation of miracle *as a sanction* of doctrine, and thus the utter overthrow of all authoritative revelation. I here use the word miracle in its ordinary acceptation, as something out of the usual course of nature, an *apparent* contradiction or arbitrary overriding of its laws. In the earlier ages of the world, when the Creator was held to speak directly to man, every such incident was ascribed to His direct interposition, and the human channel in any way concerned in its occurrence, or the medium as we should now call him, became at once invested in popular esteem with a right authoritatively and infallibly to declare the will of the Deity, in special union with whom the floating of an iron axe-head or other abnormal incident had proved him to be. The repugnance of many of these teachings, not only to modern science, but to modern morality, coupled

with apprehension of a renewal of similar claims, have, probably, mainly inspired the extreme virulence with which the whole doctrine of miracles is assailed. It is for modern Spiritualism to abate that virulence by showing conclusively that so-called miracle is not, and never has been, any true sanction of doctrine, for that it pertains exclusively to no time or race, but is equally the heritage of Jew and Gentile, whatever his colour, his language, or his creed. In one word, to us Spiritualists is entrusted the noble mission of freeing mankind from the tyranny of superstition and of theological dogma. That the spiritualistic manifestations of to-day effectually do this cannot be denied, since it is clearly impossible to assert that because the Evangelist Philip or his compeers was abnormally carried from Gaza to Azotus his doctrines are infallibly true, and of perpetual obligation on mankind, without affirming the same proposition concerning all to whom similar incidents have occurred —a proposition so palpably absurd in the face of present experience as not to require refutation. Paradoxical as the assertion may seem, it is in the impurities, and above all, the inconsistencies and the incongruities of modern revelation that I find its chief value. Were the communications made to us through direct or through passive writing, or any other extramundane channel uniformly consonant to our reason and moral sense, it might be possible to forge thereout fresh theological chains to impede progress in the future, as similar chains have done in the past; while if uniformly bad their rejection would be absolute, and the hold on the human mind of ancient Scriptures would not be hereby weakened. How essential that weakening is to human progress can scarcely be over-estimated. Whence have come the cruellest wars and fiercest persecutions that have so often desolated mankind save from this chimera of reliably infallible external

revelation? Why are we, as a nation, still worshipping a book, in parts, it is true, grand and sublime, but in others equally obscene and depraving? Why are our young children's minds to be polluted with graphic and loathsome tales of vice which, when it occurs to-day, is tried in the judge's private room, except that man has gone on from age to age trusting to miracle rather than reason as the test and sanction of doctrine? It would not be easy to gauge either the mischief this trust has wrought, or the benefits likely to accrue from its overthrow. Till that overthrow is complete, till the bulk of the nation is emancipated from slavish subjection to the Bible, I, for one, dare not hope for great or rapid social progress. Whatever its uses may once have been, it is incontestable *now* that the Bible is a mighty obstruction to the removal of some of our worst social abuses. Who has not heard the words of a Peter or Paul quoted in support of woman's degradation and the iniquities of our marriage laws? Who, when his heart and voice cried out at sight of the misery of the masses, has not been told that it is God's will that "the poor be ever with us," and, therefore, that the hope and struggle for universal well-being is rebellion against Him? Truly, were modern Spiritualism to do nothing else than show to man that revelation, by which I mean communications from other than human sources, is not necessarily divine, it would have conferred an inestimable boon upon the world.

But I am far from saying that the aims and uses of Spiritualism are *purely* destructive; on the contrary, even to myself in former days, when I largely practised passive writing, there was given a theology, in my judgment, far more in harmony with the thought and aspirations of pious minds to-day than is that of orthodoxy, and I know one instance in which an elderly person fast bound in the

narrow fetters of sectarianism, and cut off from all mundane aids to mental growth, was in a few months, through passive writing alone, landed on the broadest platform of religious and social reformers. Some private mediums, whose high spirituality claims a respectful hearing, predict a rapidly approaching period when, to each child of man, shall be granted a spirit-guide to counsel and aid him in his upward course, and certainly the revelations made to myself countenance this opinion.

Personally, I lean much to the opinion that the time is come at least for the more advanced races, when, emancipated from the child's servitude, man is to walk in the adult son's liberty, and with head erect exchange the revelation of command for that of companionship and counsel. Be this as it may, however, our present task is manifestly to assure unto mediumship free and fearless exercise, safe alike from prosecutions in the law courts and persecutions in the madhouses. To this end let us turn a bold and, above all, a united front to the foe. Let us make them feel that, in attacking the very meanest of our brethren, so he be honest, disinterested, and true, they are attacking us all; that there is not one among us who would not go to prison, and, if need were, to death, in vindication of our grand new charter of free thought, unconventionality, and boundless toleration. Let us press onward to its legitimate outcome of universal brotherhood—in one word, let us stand fast by that glorious Gospel of Emancipation—Modern Spiritualism!

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

THE Dead! the countless Dead! and are they lying
Within the heavy shadow of the tomb?
And do we sadly say of them, with sighing,
And falling tears, and hearts oppressed with gloom,

"They sleep in grassy churchyards without motion;
"In silent vaults, that Time, stern sexton, fills;
"In solemn forests; 'neath the waves of ocean;
"In deserts, snows, and hollows of the hills;

"The shifting phantasms of our joy and sorrow,
"Passing unheeded of their veilèd eye;
"From the dim yesterday, the dawning morrow,
"The palpitating Now, shut out for aye?"

O Heaven! shall birds come back with summer-hours,
Yet life for them no circling seasons bring?
Shall vernal airs awake the sleeping flowers,
And for God's Acre shall there bloom no Spring?

Hark! how in clear assent or vague surmises,
From every human soul that e'er drew breath,
From every heart that ever loved, uprises
A living protestation against death!

The very savage, through wild woodlands roaming,
The swart barbarian of every name,
And peasant-legends whispered in the gloaming,
And old wives' wisdom, put our doubts to shame.

Affirming still, on simple faith of seeing,
The signet-impress, by the Master's hand
(The pledge and promise of continued being),
Stamped in the instincts that Himself hath planned!

These twilight glimpses ever brighter growing,
And wider, as the mounting day ascends,
To our glad vision broader vistas showing,
And richer gardens of related ends,

At length the Old shall shine in newest glory;
And Science, ending where the Heart began,
Shall justify each grand prophetic story
Whose runes are graven in the soul of man!

Then, quickened by the rays of that high dawning,
His scattered members gathered into one,
A nobler Man shall rise in that new morning,
And as a giant his proud race shall run;

And we shall scale, through that sublime conspiring,
The widening gyres of Being's glorious scope;
And life o'ertop our loftiest aspiring
With fulness ever nobler than our hope!

Then shall the mystic Brazen Veil be lifted,
And Isis in her beauty stand revealed;
Then angels plant, through clouds for ever rifted,
The shining ladder to the starry field;

And we shall see that through the boundless regions
Of this great universe, so wisely made,
Is nothing lost, but all its various legions
Cohere in service and in mutual aid;—

That there's a vital, sentient tide which courses
Through every atom; what we call Decay,
The ceaseless action of the living forces,
Impelling it upon its upward way.

Then shall we know that every seeming Ending
Is but a new and happier phase Begun,
Extremes of orbèd movement ever blending
In golden cycles round the Eternal Sun;

All doubts beneath that Central Fire dissolving,
With raptured seraph-vision shall we range
Through singing worlds, round Love Divine revolving,
And say, "*There is no Death, but only Change!*"

ANCIENT THOUGHT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

BY C. CARTER BLAKE, DOC. SCI., LECTURER ON COMPARATIVE ANATOMY AT WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.

My object is to call attention to the numerous facts which indicate that the ancients not only saw more, but understood and knew more, of what is called Spiritualism, than ourselves at the present day. This might have been expected, on the analogy that, Spiritualism being an undeveloped science, moving on towards exactness, must follow the track of evolution common to other sciences. The geologist knows that however great and original were the generalisations of Lyell, by which the causal order which has operated in the production of life on the globe has been ascertained, they were anticipated in detail by Empedocles, and this discovery, which is due to Schvarcz Gyula, has saved, even in the minds of the unthinking, the reproach being uttered against the ancients, that they neglected the study of evidence under their eyes, and left to the "dregs of earth-history" the task of, for the first time, unravelling the conditions of nature. We see that much which has been thought to be new and true, has been ascertained to be both old and erroneous; and the material progress of the world during the last few hundred years has not been found incompatible with the fact that we are often more obtuse and less virtuous than our ancestors. It is these facts which lead us to see what, for example, the ancient Greeks would have thought,

had they been present at any of our modern *séances;* whether their knowledge of the ordinary laws of nature would have been so far inferior to our own as to lead them to show any surprise at the occurrence of abnormal or peculiar events. I shall try to show that nearly all the higher facts of Spiritualism are mere repetitions of the conceptions of intellectual men in past generations, and that little worthy the name has been discovered during the last few years which was not known and used as a subject of meditation by philosophers of every shade of opinion; and we must remember that the old religion was one whose character has been well accredited in the words—"*Omnes Dii gentium dæmonia.*"

The objects which are searched for now through the interventions of "mediums," were identical with those whose effigies hung over the hearths, or decorated the altars.

The Epicurean philosophy was the first to throw some light on the phenomena of Spiritualism. The theory of the Epicurean philosophy was essentially that of Democritus. The atoms of which the universe is formed are constantly throwing off some of their parts, *απορροαι* and those in contact with the senses produce sensation, *αισθησις*. But Epicurus, as Mr. G. H. Lewes has well pointed out, did not maintain that these *απορροαι* were images of the atoms; he believed them to have a certain resemblance to their atoms, but was unable to point out where and in how far this resemblance exists. Every sensation (*e.g.*, that which an observer outside the cabinet feels of the grasp of a "spirit hand") must be true as a sensation; and, as such, it can neither be proved nor contradicted; it is *ἄλογος*. The faculty of recollecting the various sensations, or of conception, *προλεψις*, leads to the formation of general ideas, and it is in these general ideas that error may reside; *e.g.*, a sensation may be perfectly true, and represent the occurrence

of an objective entity, but the general idea that such sensation is referable to any particular cause, may be false.

I take as the next familiar example (B.C. 400), Socrates and his Dæmon. I shall not waste time on the detail of how this "control" manifested itself to Socrates. We have it chiefly in his own apology before his judges. He was accused by Meletus and Anytus of corrupting the youth of Athens by philosophical paradoxes, and of introducing new gods, or of denying all gods. In answer he spoke as follows, and his words bear some relation to those which we may imagine used by the counsel for the defendant in an appeal case under the Vagrancy Act before the Archons of Athens (B.C. 400):—"If you should say to me, O Socrates, we will not believe Anytus. We will let you off; but with this condition, that you no longer go on with this questioning and philosophising, and if you should be caught again doing this, you shall die. If," says Socrates, "you should acquit me on these conditions, I should say to you, O men of Athens, I reverence you, and I love you, but I shall obey God rather than you. As long as I breathe and am able, I shall not cease to philosophise. Moreover, I say, O Athenians, whether you believe Anytus or not, and whether you let me go or not, I shall never do anything else, even though I were to die many times." And Socrates goes on to say, "A voice is present with me, a certain agent of God, somewhat divine (*δαιμὸνιον*) which indeed Meletus has caricatured, and put into the indictment. Now this began with me from my childhood; a certain voice which always when it comes turns me aside from that which I am about to do, but never impels me to do anything." Socrates was, as we all know, condemned. The charge against him that he had introduced new gods, *ἑτερα καινα δαιμόνια*, evidently referred to his Dæmon. Plutarch, who, if a daily newspaper had

existed in his day, would undoubtedly have been sent like Ovid to Tomi, to look for Bulgarian atrocities, absolutely supposed this Dæmon to be a personal being. He wrote a book, "*De Genio Socratis*," on the familiar spirit of Socrates. Apuleius, who had less credulity and more comic humour, wrote "*De Deo Socratis*," the God of Socrates. The Neoplatonists, and some Christian Fathers, understood this Dæmonion to be a personal being or genius; whether good or bad they did not determine. Xenophon says, "It was in the mouths of men that Socrates declared that the Deity or Dæmonion (το δαιμονιον) made things known to him, or gave him signs by which to know him," but Xenophon carefully distinguishes between the Dæmon of Socrates, which he calls το δαιμονιον, and the gods whom he calls τους θεους, and nothing in Xenophon, as Cardinal Manning has well pointed out, can be found which invests the Dæmonion with personality, or with any other character than that of a Divine influence or agency, or a counsel or direction of the gods acting upon the reason of man. Plato, both in the Euthydemus, the Phœdrus, the Theætetus, and the Republic, has passages which speak of the Dæmonion as something divine, an agency, or voice, not as an agent, or a person. Conscience, then the voice of God, acted to Socrates as man's supreme rule of right. And to some persons, as those from whom Plutarch gathered his story, there may have been impressed in their minds the idea of concrete existence of the good spirit. As it has been well said, "a man is lucky if mental pain has never come upon him with a substance and a volume as forcible as if it were bodily."*

Modern Spiritualists may be ranged between the two standpoints of the Epicurean and the Socratic philosophy.

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* Newman *Apologia pro vita Sua.* Appendix p. 39.

If we take the "control" which is found to produce certain physical effects apart from the body of the "medium" which moves objects, strikes matches, lifts chairs, or writes on slates, the Epicurean would say that such results were produced by forces emanating from inside the body of the medium; and if the Epicurean philosophy were pushed to its legitimate extent, he would further infer that a diminution of the substance of the body of the medium took place while these events were being transacted. But those who accept the theory of a "control" or "dæmon" would, like Socrates, be led to the conclusion that all these circumstances were produced by a separate agency, which most call "spirit." Such are the two philosophical poles. Between them I am incompetent to judge; "*Varius Sucronensis ait, Æmilius Scaurus negat; utri creditis, quirites?*" The whole question of what is the intelligence, on which Mr. C. C. Massey's philosophical queries have already thrown so much light, will be solved just as the answerer's bias may incline him towards one or the other philosophical system. It is a fact that as all men are either Nominalists or Realists, Aristotelians or Pyrrhonians, so all Spiritualists are (or, at least, ought to be) either Epicureans or Socrateans. The mixture of the two philosophies has only led to the hopeless confusion with which our adversaries upbraid us. Let us, therefore, carefully investigate the metaphysical grounds of our belief, which does not, and by necessity cannot, rest on mere observations of fact alone, before we promulgate any system. There is much in our studies akin to those of the good old Greek philosophers, to render us not to be ashamed to be, individually, like—

"A pagan suckled in a creed outworn."

The nineteenth century is not that which has observed the

genesis of new, nor the completion of old methods of thought. If our speculations have any value, they must be pursued in relation to the thoughts of great men who have preceded us in the world's life-history; and if not, they should be left to the universal solvency of time, undisgraced by the approbation of modern materialists.

DIE SEHNSUSHT.

TRANSLATED BY EMILY KISLINGBURY FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Oh! from earth's dark, dreary valley,
Could I but a pathway find,
All this misty, cloudy region,
Oh, what joy to leave behind!

Yonder glisten beauteous mountains,
Ever green, and fresh, and fair,
Could I soar on spirit pinions,
In a moment I were there!

Heavenly harmonies resounding,
Tones of holy peace and love,
On the scented breezes wafted,
Float down to me from above.

Bowers with golden fruits are laden,
Gleaming 'mid their leafy shade;
Sweetest flowers ever blooming,
No stern winter comes to fade.

Oh, what bliss it were to wander
O'er those sunny hills all day,
Breathed upon by gentlest zephyrs,
Fanning earth-born cares away!

But I fear the river rushing,
  Wildly raging on the shore,
All its waves rise up to meet me,
  'Till my soul shrinks back in awe.

Now I see a boat come towards me,
  But no pilot guides the helm—
Launch away and fear no danger,
  Let no doubts thy soul o'erwhelm.

Go in faith and holy boldness,
  Soon thou'lt see the spirit-hand,
Surely Love shall bear thee over
  To that happy Wonderland.

THE RELATION OF SPIRITUALISM TO ORTHODOX CHRISTIANITY.

[THE subjoined message was written in answer to some objections of mine as to points of religious, or rather theological, teaching. Much had been said by the communicating Intelligence which seemed to me noble and beautiful. But certain accepted dogmas of Orthodox Christianity were, if not denied, at least explained away, or so dealt with as to give them a new complexion. I inquired how this consorted with the systematic use of the cross, the emblem (as I understood it then) of the mediatorial work of Jesus Christ.

The method of production of the message is the same as that under which the one headed TRUTH* was written. M.A., OXON.]

Friend, the sign which is emblematic of the life and work of Jesus the Christ is one that cannot fairly be prefixed to much that now passes current for His teaching. The tendency of all classes of religionists has ever been to make much of the letter and to neglect the spirit: to dwell at large on expressions drawn from individual writers, and to neglect the general drift of teaching. Men have gone with preconceived notions to search for the truth, and have found that which they expected. Single words and expressions

* See page 83.

have been drawn out of their context by those who have professed to comment on the texts of your sacred books, until they have been made to bear a meaning which their writers never intended. Others have gone to the authors solely to find words to prop up a theory without even the poor pretence of seeking after the truth; and they, too, have been able to dig out something which has served their purpose. And so, by slow degrees, the edifice has grown, built up laboriously by men who delight to dwell on peculiarities of language and expression, and by men who, having evolved for themselves an idea, strive only that it may be confirmed. Neither class has any idea beyond the text of the sacred records which lies before it.

We said before, that much of what we should have to say to you would turn on what you understand by Divine inspiration.

Those who are known to you as the orthodox defenders of the Christian creed tell you that a mysterious Person—one of the three individual Persons who compose the Undivided Trinity—took possession of the minds of certain men, and through their organisms gave to your world a body of truth, which was whole, complete, and of eternal force: a system of Divine philosophy from which nothing might be removed under the direst ban; to which nothing would ever be added; and which was the immediate word, the very utterance, the mind and will of God, embracing within it the whole body of truth, actual and potential, contained in divinely worded phrases and expressions. Not only are the sentiments of David and Paul, Moses and John, consonant with the will of the Supreme, but they are the very thoughts of Deity. Not only are the words divinely approved, but they are the very diction of the Supreme. In short, the Bible is the very Word of God, both in matter and form: every word of

it Divine, and fit to be studied and expounded as such, even in that version of it which is translated into your language, by men who, to complete the marvel, are again supposed to be in their turn the recipients of Divine truth and guidance in their work of translation.

Hence, you will see, that doctrines the most tremendous, and conclusions the most far-reaching may be founded upon mere words and expressions, for is not every word and turn of phrase the revelation of God divinely preserved from admixture of human error? These are they who have grounded a number of dogmas on phrases picked out at their pleasure, neglecting and passing over all that pleases them not. To such the Bible is the direct utterance of the Supreme.

Those who have abandoned this view have entered upon a process of destructive handling of the Bible, the only termination of which is the view which we shall put for your acceptance. They revere the sacred records which compose your Bible, as being the records of God's truth revealed to man from age to age, even as it is still being revealed. They study the records as showing man's progressive grasp of knowledge of God, and of the destiny of the spirit. They watch the gradual unfolding of this revelation from times of ignorance and brutal barbarism, when He was known as the friend of Abraham who ate and conversed at the tent-door, or the Judge who governed His people, or the King who fought at the head of the armies of Israel, or the Tyrant revealed through the medium of some seers, down to the time when He became known in His truer character of tenderness and love, and fatherly kindness and compassion. In all this they see growth, and they will believe, if they pursue their investigations to the end, that such growth has never ceased; that such progressive revelation has never

been closed; and that man's knowledge of his God is far from complete, though his capacity for receiving that knowledge is ever enlarging his means of satisfying the craving that is within him. And so the seeker after truth will be prepared to receive our teaching on this head at least. To such we address ourselves. To those who fondly fancy that they possess a perfect knowledge we say nothing. Before we can deal with them they must learn to know their ignorance of all that concerns God and Revelation. Anything that we could say would glide off the impenetrable defence of ignorance, self-conceit, and dogmatism. They must be left to unlearn hereafter in pain and sorrow that which has so retarded their spiritual growth, and will be so dire a barrier to future progress.

We will deal with this question at large hereafter: showing you of God's Revelation, and of our part in it.

If you have rightly understood what we have previously put before you, we may now proceed to add some further words on the nature of Revelation, and the character of Inspiration.

We say then, to you, that the sacred books which make up your Bible, together with many others which are not included in it, are the records of that gradual growth in knowledge of Himself which the great and good God has given to man. The principle which pervades all these utterances is one and the same: identical with that which governs our intercourse with you. So much of truth is given as man can grasp; no more under any circumstances, but just so much as he can grasp, so much as suffices for his present craving. That truth is revealed through the instrumentality of a man, and is always more or less mixed with the thoughts and opinions of the medium. Nay, the communicating spirits are perforce obliged to use the material which is found in

the medium's mind, moulding and fashioning it for their purpose: erasing fallacies, inspiring new views of truth, but working on the material which is already gathered. The purity of the spirit message depends much on the passivity of the medium, and on the conditions under which the message is communicated. Hence, in your records, there are traces here and there of the individuality of the medium; of errors caused by imperfect control; of the colour of his opinions; as well as of special peculiarities addressed to the special needs of the people to whom the message was first given, and for whose case it was primarily adapted.

You may see for yourself numerous cases of this. If Isaiah spoke to the people the words of the message with which he was charged, he impressed upon that message the individuality of his own mind, and adapted it to the peculiar needs of the people to whom he spoke. He told, indeed, of the one Supreme God, but he told of Him in strains of poesy and ecstatic imagery far different from the metaphorical and characteristic imagery of Ezekiel. Daniel had his visions of glory. Jeremiah, his burdens of the Lord who spoke through him. Hosea, his mystic symbolism: each in his individual fashion told of the same Jehovah, as he knew Him, but each told his message in his own style as it had been revealed to him. Singularly, in later days, the characteristic nature of individual communications was preserved. If Paul and Peter found occasion to speak of the same truth, they almost necessarily viewed it from different sides. The truth was not less true because two men of varying minds viewed it from different points, and dealt with it in his own way. The individuality of the medium is palpable in the manner if not in the matter of the communication. The inspiration is Divine, but the medium is human.

Hence it is that man may find in the Bible the reflex of

his own mind, whatever the tone of that mind may be. The knowledge of God is so small: that which man has grasped of His nature is so little, that each person who lives on past revelations, and cannot or will not extend them, must find in the Bible the reflex of his mind. He goes to find his own ideal, and lo! it is mirrored for him in the utterances of those who spoke for persons on his mental plane. If no one seer can satisfy his ideal, he selects from many the points which please him, rejects the remainder, and manufactures his own revelation piecemeal. So it is with all sects. Each frames its own ideal, and proves it by revelations taken from the Bible. None can accept the whole, because the whole is not homogeneous. But each picks out its suitable pieces, and from them frames its revelation. When they are brought face to face with others who have picked out other passages, then comes the twisting and distorting of words, the explanation (so they call it) and the commenting on texts: the darkening of plain meaning: the interpreting of sayings in a sense never meant either by the communicating spirit, or by the prophet or teacher. By this means inspiration becomes a vehicle for sectarian opinion; the Bible, an armoury from which each disputant may draw his favourite weapon; and theology, a matter of private notion, backed up by false and misleading interpretation.

With a Theology so framed, we are accused of being at variance. It is true. We have no commerce with it. It is of the earth, earthy; base and low in its conception of God; degrading in its influence on the soul; insulting to the Deity Whom it professes to reveal. We have no part in it. We do indeed contradict and disown it. It is our mission to reverse its teaching, to substitute for it truer and nobler views of God and of the Spirit.

Another reason why much that is false with respect to

God is current among you, as derived from the Bible, is that the assumption of infallible inspiration leads men not only to lay much stress on words and phrases, but also to fall into the error of interpreting too literally that which was intended to be of spiritual and typical interpretation. In communicating to your mental plane ideas which are to you inconceivable, we are obliged to use expressions which are borrowed from your ways of thought. We ourselves are very frequently at fault in misusing such expressions; or they are themselves inadequate to convey our meaning. Almost all spirit utterances are typical. Especially when spirits have endeavoured to convey to men ideas of the great God of whom they themselves know so little, the language used is necessarily very imperfect, inadequate, and frequently ill chosen. But it is always typical, and must be so understood. To press to the end of *literal* accuracy any spirit-teaching about God is mere folly.

Moreover, the revelations of God have been made in language suited to the capacities of those to whom they were originally given, and are to be so interpreted. But they who have framed for themselves the idea of an infallible revelation applicable through all time, interpret every word literally, and so deduce erroneous conclusions. The hyperbole which was intelligible in the mouth of the impulsive seer who uttered it to an imaginative and enthusiastic Eastern hearer, becomes overstrained, untrue, and misguiding when coldly interpreted in the light of comment and verbal exactness by those whose habits of thought and language are widely different or even totally dissimilar.

It is to this cause that we must attribute many views of the Supreme which are alike false and dishonouring to Him. The original language was inadequate enough; it has become coloured more or less by the medium through whom it has

passed, and is then less adequate than before. But interpreted as we have pointed out, it becomes positively false; and is in no sense the Revelation of God. Rather it is man's notion about a Deity whom he has framed for himself—framed as really as the image which the savage forms for his fetish.

With such views, again, we have no accord. Them, too, we denounce, and our mission is to substitute for them a truer and nobler knowledge. Moreover, in dealing with you, spirits always proceed in one uniform manner. They are sent to communicate through a human medium some portion of Divine truth. In the medium's mind they find a growth of opinions, some false, some partly true, some distorted and befogged by early prejudice and training. Are these to be eradicated before the truer ideas are suggested? Is the mind to be completely cleared of all preconceived ideas? By no means. It is not so we act. Were we to do so the work of eradication would be so tedious that we should risk leaving the mind bare of teaching altogether, and should have destroyed without being able to create. No; we take the opinions already existent, and mould them into closer semblance of truth. All have in some sort the germ of truth, or we destroy them. With such as contain truth, we strive to grapple, and to mould and form them to progress and advancement in knowledge. We know of how little worth are the theological notions to which men attach so much importance; and we are content to leave them to die in the brighter light to which we lead the soul, while we supply the needed information on important topics. Only we must eradicate dogmatism. That is all-important. Opinion, when harmless, we do not meddle with.

Hence it is that theological notions may remain very much what they were, only toned down and softened in

their asperities. So that men falsely say that spirits always teach that which a man has previously believed. It is far from being so. What we now teach you is sufficient proof of that. The spirit-guides do indeed work on that which they find already in the mind: but they mould and temper it, and imperceptibly change and adapt it to their ends. It is only when the views held are such as they cannot work upon, or of a positive and dogmatic type, that the change wrought becomes plain to your eyes. You find a man who has denied the existence of God and of spirit, who has believed only what he can see and feel and handle; such a Materialist you see converted to a belief in God and a future existence, and ye wonder at the change. But the spirit that has been tempered, and chastened, and softened, that has been purified, and refined, and elevated: whose rude and rough beliefs have been toned and softened, of this change ye make no note, because it is too gradual and subtle to be perceptible to your senses. Yet such are the glorious results of our daily work. The crude is softened; the hard, and cold, and cheerless are warmed into loving life; the pure is refined; the noble ennobled; the good made better; the yearning soul satisfied with richer views of its God and of its future happiness.

The opinions have not been suppressed, but they have been modified and changed. This is the real existent Spirit influence all around of which ye know nothing as yet: the most real and blessed part of Spirit ministry.

When, therefore, men say that spirits speak only the medium's preconceived opinions, they are partly right. The opinions, in so far as they are harmless, are the previous ones, only moulded in a way not perceptible to your gaze as yet. When the opinions are hurtful, they are eradicated and destroyed.

When we deal with special forms of theological creed, we strive, in so far as we can, to spiritualise previous opinion rather than to eradicate it. We know—as ye cannot know—of how trifling moment are forms of faith, provided the faith be alive and spiritual: and we strive, therefore, to build on the foundation already laid. To this end, however, whilst the broad outlines, which are in themselves partially truthful, or which embody as much of truth as the intelligence can grasp, are preserved, much that is false and delusive must be cleared away. So the work of destruction precedes the work of construction. The soul is purged of gross error, and the truth is refined and purified as far as may be. Hence it is that we do usually teach a modification of the views of truth held by those to whom we speak.

And now, friend, you will see the bearing of this on your difficulty. We have endeavoured, not to uproot from your mind the views which you have entertained of theology, but to modify them. If you will recal the past, you will see how your creed has been gradually widened from a very narrow basis to a comprehensive and rational one. You have, under our guidance, been made acquainted with the theological tenets of many churches and sects. You have been led to see how, in each, the germ of truth, more or less developed, is clouded with human error. You have studied, for yourself, the writings of the teachers of religion among the Christian world, and your own creed has been toned down and softened in its asperities by the divergent views of truth so let in upon it. The process has been long and gradual from the days when you were influenced to the study of ancient philosophies, to later days, when systems of theology filtered through it, and left behind them that which you were able to assimilate. The fixed and changeless creed of the Eastern branch of the Christian Church, with its

crystallised dogmas no longer living and breathing truths; the destructive criticism of German scholars who have dealt a much-needed blow to blind belief in the verbal exactitude of human utterances; the speculations of advanced thought in your own country and Church; the ideas of those external to it, and even to the creed of Christendom—of all these have you learned, and have retained from the several systems that which was serviceable to you. It has been a long and very gradual work, and now we wish to carry you further, and to show you the ideal truth, spiritual, impalpable, but most real, which underlies all with which you are familiar. We would strip off the earthly body, and show you the real, vital truth in its spiritual significancc.

We would have you know that the spiritual idea of Jesus the Christ is no more like the human notion, with its accessories of Atonement and Redemption as men have grasped them, than was the calf ignorantly carved by the ancient Hebrews like the God who strove to reveal Himself to them. We wish to show you, as you can grasp it, the spiritual truths which underlie the life of Him who is known to you as the Saviour, the Redeemer, the Son of God. We would tell you of the true significance of the life of Christ, and show you, as we can, how low and mean are the views of Him which we are striving to do away with.

You ask how the sign of the Cross can be prefixed to such teaching. Friend, the spirit truth of which that sign is typical is the very cardinal truth which it is our special mission to declare. The self-denying love which would benefit humanity even at the sacrifice of life, and home, and earthly happiness—the pure spirit of the Christ, this is what we would declare to you as the godlike spirit. This is true salvation from self-aggrandisement, and self-pleasing and luxurious sloth, which can redeem humanity, and make of

men the children of God. This self-abnegation and incarnate love is that which can atone for sin, and make man like to God. This is the true Atonement! Not, indeed, a reconciliation of sin-stained humanity to an angry and holy God, purchased by the sacrifice of His sinless Son, but a higher and truer Atonement in the ennobling of the nature, the purifying of the spirit; the making of the human and the divine one in aim and purpose; the drawing of man's spirit, even whilst incarned, up nearer and nearer to the Divine.

This was the mission of the Christ. In this He was a manifestation of God: the son of God: the Saviour of man; the Reconciler: the Atoner: and herein we perpetuate His work, we carry on His mission, we work under His symbol, we fight against the enemies of His faith, against all who ignorantly or wilfully dishonour Him, even though it be under the banner of orthodoxy and under the protection of His Name.

Much that we teach must be new and strange even to those who have progressed in knowledge; but the days shall come when men shall recognise the oneness of Christ's teaching on earth with ours; and the human garb, gross and material, in which it has been shrouded, shall be rent asunder, and men shall see the true grandeur of the life and teaching of Him whom they ignorantly worship. In those days they shall worship with no less reality, but with a more perfect knowledge; and they shall know that the sign under which we speak is the symbol of purity and self-sacrificing love to them and to their brethren for all time. This end it is our earnest endeavour to attain. Judge of our mission by this standard, and it is of God, godlike: noble as He is noble: pure as He is pure: truthgiving as He is true: elevating, and saving, and purifying the spirit

from the grossness of earthly conceptions to the very atmosphere and neighbourhood of the spiritual and the divine.

Ponder our words: and seek for guidance, if not through us, then through Him who sent us, even as, in earlier days, He sent that exalted spirit of purity, charity, and self-sacrifice, whom men called Jesus, and who was the Christ.

Him we adore even now. His Name we reverence.
His words we echo. His teaching lives again in ours.
He and we are of God: and in His Name we come.

+ IMPERATOR.

A SEANCE IN THE SUNSHINE.

BY THE REV. C. MAURICE DAVIES, D.D.

We sat 'mid the golden sunshine
Of a day in summer bright;
And I said, "My pretty Sibyl,
Do ask the spirits to write."

She asked. The spirits obeyed her;
And you can understand
How very much better the writing,
When on Sibyl's I laid my hand.

So I laid it. And above us
Some angel seemed to float,
While she wrote—but I'll not tell you
The words that Sibyl wrote.

They were words all unforgotten
Through many and many a year;
And *will* be unforgotten
While I dwell in this "earth-sphere."

Nay more, they were words potential
Throughout the longer life—
Words which told me that Sibyl
Would be my "spirit-wife."

Words—though I will not write them,
I remember every one.
Far before any Dark Circle
Was that *séance* in the sun.

So all investigators
Into the spirit-land,
Try a *séance* in the sunshine,
Guiding your Sibyl's hand.

"MY SAINT."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

My soul lay torpid as in frozen sleep,
Deaf to the fractious clamour of the world,
Dead to all outward things—except, perchance,
The trumpet-note of Fame, or tender wail
Of infant's voice, aroused her from her dream;
And, with a sigh too weary for content,
She softly murmured, "God is very good,
And some are happy, and the earth is fair,"
Then, listless, closed her eyes in sleep again.
In sleep, but not repose, for o'er her trance
Hover'd a vision of what "might have been"—
Of a high, noble life, and lofty aims,
And mated love, and heartfelt sympathy—
Which stung so deeply, that whene'er it rose
She writhed in pain, held fast her opening lids,
And only prayed a prayer she might not wake.
Until one hour—oh! fatal! unforgot!
The voice, the loud, unanswerable voice,
Of Nature sounded on her callous ear;
And, with one hand upon her shoulder placed,
Grasping her hardly, Nature cried, "Awake,
Arouse you from this life of apathy,
Stand up! look forth, the world is bright, and full
Of interest. Why slumberest thou yet?"
She rose—who would not rise at such a call?—
And slowly staggering to her feet, as though

Prophetically loath to break the calm
Which, though unreal, had seemed at least her own,
Cleared her dull eyes, and, with a trembling touch,
Displaced the curtain which obscured her sight,
And gazed upon the scene before her spread.
Ah, God! it was a lovely world she saw,
A world for which to risk one's hope of life,
And make flesh shrink, appalled, before the thought
Of death, and pain, and separation. There
Bright blossoms, born of the enamoured sun
And sparkling showers, bloomed on ev'ry side;
Whilst rippling waters, laughing as they ran,
Bubbled their mirth to Heaven; and, far beyond,
Fair pasture lands stretched out to speak of peace
And plenty; and the blue sky compassed all.
Then, in the midst of that enchanted scene,
The centre of its beauty—the bright focus whence
Its glory radiated, holding out
Glad hands of welcome to her, my soul saw
Thy form!—and wakened to a sense of life.

My Love! no saint had holier eyes,
  Or loftier brow, encrowned by thought,
About whose very fantasies
  A deeper sense, Heaven-born, was wrought;
And seeing all your worth, I grew
To twice my own in loving you.

My Saint! Within those eyes was set
  The memory of a sacred grief,
Which, struggling bravely with regret
  Sought in my love awhile relief;
And noting how you fought and bled,
I ranked you with the martyrs dead!

My Angel! At your feet I laid
Devotion, constant, tender, true;
And all you did, or thought, or said,
Was right because it came from you.
Such faith your heart from my heart won,
Love, Saint, and Angel, all in one!

You spoke, and my soul answered—at your words,
Like marble quickened by the breath of gods,
She lived—she moved—and, with dilated eyes
And trembling pulse, stretched out her eager hand
To grasp the good thus placed within her reach.
Oh! the past pleasure of those happy days,
When heart spoke out to heart, and simple truth
Shone in our eyes, and prompted us to vows
Of faith illimitable. Then no shame
Mingled with what we said or did—no fear
Restrained the actions born of purity;
But thoughts mixed freely, and the voice of praise
Or blame (if raised) was still the voice of love,
And flattered not, nor wounded overmuch.
Oh! Paradise of friendship—Heaven on earth—
My soul's companion! whither art thou fled?
Adown life's verdant slopes we careless strayed,
Hand-locked together, never heeding time,
Nor the fast-gathering twilight, till we seemed
To stand alone amidst the deep'ning gloom;
The past was far behind us—in the future,
Dark uncertainty—and o'er our spirits
Creeping, like a dull sense of fear or pain,
The knowledge that our feet had strayed too far.
Smitten with sudden terror, we looked round
On every side for aid, but there was none.

The storm had risen—even Heaven seemed
To frown at us—and as night fell, my soul,
Weak, cold, dispirited, crept to your soul
For counsel, and amidst the angry roar
Of Nature's elements, fit witnesses
To death by Nature wrought, received her doom.

"Love! did I love you less?" you said—
"Love less the light upon your hair,
The warm flush o'er your features spread
When look of mine proclaims you fair,

I would despise the world's decree,
And laugh to scorn the blame of friends,
And drag you down to tread with me
The path that in destruction ends.

But though, of your dear love bereft,
My sun of life will dimly shine,
My stricken heart has courage left
To separate your lot from mine.

Nay! do not tearful eyes uplift,
Nor vain despairing gesture make;
Dearest! I cannot take the gift—
I love you far too much to take.

Oh! love me less," you warmly cried,
My Saint! with eyes so full of pain,
"Else it were better we had died
Before we met and loved in vain.

Be strong, and say that we must part;
Give back the pledge too rashly given;
Pluck out my image from your heart,
And help your soul and mine to Heaven."

Oh ! it was death to listen to your words,
Although I knew their worth ; and as they fell
Upon my ear, my very being changed,
And in the stead of warm, impassioned blood,
An icy current coursed through veins of stone.
For in that moment of intensest pain,
When Reason and Religion said "You must,"
And Nature cried "You cannot," o'er my soul
Rushed back the memory of what once had been,
To overwhelm it ; and as men in death
Review by one brief glance the deeds of years,
So my lost pleasures, slipping from my grasp,
Returned with harrowing detail on my mind,
To seem the fairer as they passed away.

Rapidly as flows the river
O'er its rocky bed of earth,
So despair, with many a shiver,
To a brood of thoughts gave birth ;
And the vanished happy days
Rose before my blinded gaze.

Cheeks with pleasure flushed and glowing,
Eyes that told their own fond tale,
Tender utterance, quickly flowing
Till the conscious voice would fail,
And the love but half revealed,
Over lip and brow be sealed.

Moments of sweet sympathising
With each other's loss or pain,
Till the smile from tears uprising
Glanced like sunshine after rain ;
And before love's accents, fear
Smitten—outcast—disappear.

Oh! the pastime of those hours,
When we bartered thought for thought,
And with intellectual flowers
Wreathed each other's brow in sport,
Making it our proudest aim
Zealous envy to disclaim!

O! the pleasure of thus giving
Gifts, all earthly gifts above,
Is the cold life worth the living
That has not been blest by love?
Yet love asks me to resign
All that makes the bliss of mine!

Never more thy head reclining
On my heart to steal its rest,
Never more those clear eyes shining
To illuminate my breast,
Or in my distress to find
Solace from thy greater mind.

Never more to feel the pressure
Of that tender hand on mine!
Never more in toil or leisure
To be cheered by tone of thine!
What were worth to me the life
With such desolation rife?

Press out, if thou wilt, the beating
Heart that beats for thee alone!
Quench the breath that breathes but greeting—
Heart and breath are both thine own:
Slay me—if thy life t'will prove,
But in dying—give me love!"

So, in my inmost soul I thought, but so
I spoke not—for your lips, my Saint, were dumb,
And in your eyes an earnest agony
That hushed the wild complaining of my heart,
And left it silent. On one side I saw
Slow-creeping Duty take her station, whilst
Upon the other Nature stood, and in
My soul commenced a mortal fight between
The two conflicting powers of my life;
Then you, my champion, casting to the winds
Your own despair, with thought alone for me,
Buckled on armour to withstand the foe,
And combat with my passion and your own.
Ah! never seemed you fairer in these eyes,
Never until kind Death shall close their lids
With finger cold, can I forget the proud,
The lofty resolution which then shone
Above your looks of love—which glinted through
Your holy tears—and glorified your brow
As though God's smile had been reflected there.
My Angel! Never spirit from on high
Pleading with fallen man t' accept the gift
Eternal life, looked more like child
Of Heav'n than you did, when upraising eyes
So sweetly wet—so bravely calm, to mine
In silence far more eloquent than words
You wrestled for my soul against myself
And proved victorious—for, as I discerned
Your purpose, being part of you, possessed
Of no desires, but of such as you
Desired—of no pleasures but those joys
Which you took pleasure in—How could I fail
To answer the deep yearning in your eyes

With acquiescence? As one smitten down
By mortal wound—his life-tide slow but sure
Ebbing away—has only strength to bow
His head submissively to God's decree,
And with fast-failing breath commend his soul
To Mercy—so, as the avenging sword,
Conviction, pierced my vitals, my scared will
Saw the Inevitable, and with a groan
Which loosed the earthly joys I held so dear,
For ever from my grasp, and rent my flesh
And spirit 'sunder, I resigned all claim
To love and you—Nature retired abashed,
And Duty, hard and hideous, gleamed from eyes
Of stone, her lawful triumph, whilst your looks
(Which scarcely seemed as though you triumphed yet),
Thanked me through lashes moist with dew of Heav'n.
Then as I crouched there, of my own free will,
Widowed and desolate—in the dark hour
Of Earth's despair, I felt upon my head
The pressure of your lips in blessing laid,
And knowing I received your legacy
Of love, looked up—and lo! I was alone,
And am alone, henceforth, for evermore!

THE DEATH-BEDS OF SPIRITUALISTS.*

BY EPES SARGENT.

LISTEN to the words that come from the lips of so devout a Christian as the late Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, well known to the religious public at home and abroad. Hear his cry of doubt and despair:—"It is all dark, dark, dark to my soul, and I cannot disguise it. In the distress and anguish of my own spirit I confess that I see no light whatever."

Hardly less desponding than this in tone was the recent utterance of President M'Cosh, of Princeton College, while officiating at a funeral.

Turn from wailings of anguish like these to the last words, almost playful in their serenity, of the Spiritualist Socrates. Crito asks him, "How and where shall we bury you?" Socrates rebukes the phrase. "Bury me," he replies, "in any way you please, *if you can catch me, and I do not escape from you!*" And, at the same time smiling and looking around on his hearers, he said, "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am this Socrates who is now conversing with you, and arranging each part of this discourse; but he obstinately thinks I am that which he shall shortly behold dead, and he wants to know how he shall bury me. But that which I have been arguing with you so long, that when I have drunk this poison I shall be with you no longer, but shall depart straightway to some happy state of the blessed, I seem to have argued in vain, and I

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* From *The Banner of Light*, Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

cannot convince him. . . . Say not, at the interment, that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. Say that you bury my *body*. Bury it, then, in such a manner as is pleasing to you, and as you think is most agreeable to our laws."

The sequel of the familiar narrative, the introduction of the hemlock, the drinking of it amid the tears and lamentations of friends, the solemn silence enjoined by himself, the pacing to and fro, the perfect equanimity, and the unquenchable faith manifested in all his last words and acts, show that Socrates fulfilled in his death all the professions of his life.

As no unworthy pendant to this picture of the death of Socrates, learn how another Spiritualist, Mrs. Rosanna C. Ward, of Cincinnati, met her end. For several years she had said to her husband that she would pass away in the autumn of 1873, in the twilight of a beautiful day. The fact verified her prediction. She, too, like Socrates, was a sensitive or medium, in her relations to spiritual influences.

A few days before her departure she sent for a Unitarian clergyman, the Rev. Mr Vickers, and requested him to conduct the services at her funeral, and to say, "This woman did not die in the *faith* of Spiritualism, but *in an absolute knowledge* of the reality of the after-life and the fact of spirit intercourse."

She arranged all her affairs, and gave minute directions. "After the spirit leaves the body," she said, "lay the body out for cooling in this room; lower the windows about six inches and allow nobody to come in."

"There must be no sitting up. Go, all, and take your needed rest, *as I shall be doing*."

The day preceding her death she lapsed into a deep trance, and was absent three hours. During this time her arm was

pulseless and her breathing was imperceptible. When she retook possession of her body, she said, "There is so much life in the back brain that I could not pass away. The back brain must die a little more before I can leave." She then said to Mr. Ward, who had just handed her a flower, "The flowers are a thousand times more beautiful in the spirit-world than these! But all God's works are beautiful, if we are only in sympathy with them. My dear, it is all right."

She then spoke of the interviews she had been having with departed relatives and friends, and said, "I will go to-morrow." On the morrow, a few moments before she passed away, she gave some instructions for her husband's comfort, and then, with a smile, looking him in the face, said, "My work is now done; the curtain falls." And so the well-prepared spirit passed on to the better clime, "the purer ether, the diviner air."

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND.

BY THE REV. C. MAURICE DAVIES, D.D.

"So I write."—2 Thess. iii. 17.

I TAKE the dear old letters from the desk,
Sweet treasured relics from my scanty store;
I read the loving words, long, long ago
Traced by a vanished hand that writes no more.

Old joys and sorrows rise from out the grave,
The old home echoes with each dear dead friend;
This dearest one of all. The old life lives,
Here on the living page. Then came the end.

The end man's language surely misnames death,
As though this little span of life were all,
Even as when scattered by the summer breeze,
The withered leaflets from the branches fall.

Here on this treasured page is more than this,
More than old memory, though e'en that were much;
Though dead my dear one speaks. This fading sheet
Tells one of that which death can never touch.

The ink is pale, the paper torn, the hand
That swayed the pen has left no wrack behind;
Yet, somewhere nearer God than here, I know
There lives for ever the immortal mind.

The spirit cannot die; and Paul, who wrote
Our Golden Legend, told how, like the flowers
Uprising from the seed, our bodies send
Bright shoots above, to twine in Heaven's bowers.

Changed—but not dead, not sleeping; hushed to rest
Here in the grave, but drinking now their fill
Of God's own life, our recreated ones
Are living, loving—may be writing still.

God knows! Thus musing o'er the treasured page,
It seems as though my faith were lost in sight;
E'en as the Apostle to his far-off friends
Conveyed the sweet assurance—"So I write."

DEATH.

BY CAROLINE A. BURKE.

WHY should we call death cruel? rather say
Good death and kind, who comes to take away
The load we cannot bear,
Who leads the wounded from the battle fray
With tender, loving care.

Magical Death, who calms the wildest heart,
Who calls the mourner from his bitter part,
And gives the toiler rest;
We must await his hand in patience, and not start
When it invades our breast.

Wonderful Death; strong arm to bear us on,
Far beyond planet and glad shining sun,
Where soft white clouds are riven,
Whither our loved ones are already gone
To the fair Courts of Heaven.

Pitiful Death; more pitiful than Life,
Who leads us into paths where thorns are rife
To tear all tender feet;
Thou guidest us from tumult and from strife
To peace and rest complete.

And if we rise not—to a solemn sleep,
Unutterably motionless and deep,
Which nought can ever break,
From which if wild storms rave, or soft winds weep,
We shall no more awake.

Full many pass in all their early prime,
In youth's glad spring to that fair clime,
Released from earthly woes,
Whilst others must grow grey and sere with time,
Ere they may find repose.

Strange mystery; yet still the round world rolls,
Guarded and guided; it is God controls,
Who gives us life and breath;
May we so live that we may yield pure souls
To the strong arms of Death.

Parted asunder, we shall meet again
Suffering, yet shall we live untouched by pain
On yonder love-lit shore,
Where Death comes not, but perfect Life will reign
For aye and evermore.

THE SPIRIT CREED.

[THE following message, written as the others were, is part of a long and continuous series of Teachings, in the course of which a creed, or system of religious belief and dogma, was elaborated. This portion is selected only because it best bears severance from the context. To fully understand the arguments it is necessary to read the whole series of communications.

M. A., Oxon.]

Friend, you have opened points on which we shall be glad to speak with you. As to our authority, we have touched on that point before. We claim it to be divine, and we await with confidence the acceptance of our mission when the times are ripe for our teaching. That time must come after much steady preparation, and we are quite prepared to find that none can yet accept in full the teaching which we promulgate, save the little band to whom it is given to precede in progressive knowledge the rest of their fellows. We say that this does not strike us with surprise. For, think! has it ever been that a fuller revelation has found acceptance among men at once? The ignorant cry has always been raised against progress in knowledge that the old is sufficient: that *it* has been proven and tried, whilst of the new, men say that they know nothing save that it *is* new, and contradictory of the old. It was the self-same cry that assailed Jesus. Men who had laboriously elaborated the Mosaic theology, which had served its time and was to give

place to a higher and more Spiritual religion: men who had drawn out the minutiæ of this system until they had reduced it to an aimless mass of ritual, a body without a spirit, aye, a corpse without life: these cried out that this blasphemer (so they impiously called the Saviour of man's religion) would destroy the law and dishonour God. The Scribes and Pharisees, the guardians of orthodox religion, were unanimous in their disbelief of him and of his pretensions. It was they who raised the howl which finally led the Great Teacher to the Cross. You know now that he did not dishonour God; and that he did but demolish man's glosses on God's revealed law in order that he might refine and spiritualise its commands, and raise it from the dead by infusing into it spiritual life and power, by breathing into it vitality from the spirit world.

In place of the cold and cheerless letter of the law, which prescribed outward duty to a parent,—a duty discharged without heart of love, with scanty dole, grudgingly offered, he taught the spirit of filial affection springing from a loving heart and offering the unbought and ungrudged tribute of affection to earthly parents and to the Great Father. The formalism of mere external conventionality he replaced by the free-will offering of the heart. Which was the truer, the nobler creed? Did the latter override the former, or did it not stand to it rather as the living man to the breathless corpse? Yet they who were content to buy off from filial duty at the poor cost of a few paltry coins scornfully given, were they who finally crucified the Christ, as a man who taught a new religion blasphemously subversive of the old. The scene on Calvary was the fitting culmination to such a religion.

Again, when the followers of the Crucified stood forth to declare their Gospel to a world that cared not for it, and

which was not prepared to receive it, the charge against them perpetually was that they taught new doctrine which was subversive of the old faith. Men taxed their ingenuity to discover horrible accusations which they might charge upon them. They found nothing too monstrous to be believed by those who were eager to credit any accusation of the new faith which "everywhere was spoken against." They were lawless; yet so rigidly respectful to the established faith, and to the "powers that be," that no cause of blame could be discovered. They were devourers of infants: they who were followers of the loving and gentle Jesus. Nothing was too monstrous to be believed about them; even as men now *wish* to believe everything that can discredit us and our mission.

Has it not been so ever since? It is the story of all time that the new is spoken against and discredited in religion, in science, in all with which man's finite mind deals. It is an essential quality of his intelligence that such should be the case. The familiar commends itself: the new and strange are viewed with suspicion and mistrust.

Hence it is not any legitimate cause for surprise that when we teach a spiritualised Christianity we should at first be met with incredulity. The time will come when all men will admit, as you do, the beauty of the creed and recognise its Divine origin.

It is not wonderful that our message should seem to contradict some human utterances. Nay, that it should really controvert some details of the teaching given through human minds more or less undeveloped in days long past, is to be expected. We have no desire to hide the plain fact that there is much in some parts of the Bible which does not amalgamate with our teaching, being, indeed, the admixture of human error which came through the mind of the chosen

medium. We need not repeat on this head our previous argument, which is familiar to you.

Revelation, as contained in your Bible, includes many progressive developments of the knowledge of God which are in themselves irreconcileable in minute detail. And, moreover, it contains much admixture of human error which has filtered in through the medium. You can only arrive at the truth by judging of the general drift. Private opinions selected without reference to the body of teaching are but the sentiments of the individual, valuable as showing his mind, but not in any way binding as of faith. To imagine that an opinion uttered many centuries ago is of binding force eternally is mere folly. Indeed, all such opinions are contradictory in themselves, and are contradicted by other and opposite opinions contained within the same volume. No doubt it was a current belief, at the time when many of the writers of books in the Bible composed the treatises which ye call inspired, that Jesus was *God*, and harsh denunciations are made against any who should deny the dogma. No doubt, also, that the same men believed also that he would, in mysterious manner, return in the clouds to judge the world, and that *before their generation should die.* They were mistaken in both beliefs, and over one, at least, more than 1800 years have rolled, and still the return is unaccomplished. So we might push the argument were it necessary.

What we wish to impress on you is this. You must judge the Revelations of God by the light which is given you: in the mass, not by the dicta of its preachers; by the spirit and general tendency, not by the strict literal phraseology. You must judge of us and our teaching, not by conformity to any statement made by any men at any special time, but by the general fitness and adaptability of

our creed to your wants, to your relations with God, and to the progress of your spirit.

What, then, is the outcome of our teaching? How far does it square with right reason? How does it teach you of God? How does it help your spirit?

You have been taught in the creeds of the orthodox churches to believe in a God who was propitiated by the sacrifice of His Son, so far as to allow a favoured few of His children to be admitted to an imagined heaven, where for ever and for evermore with monotonous persistence their occupation should be the singing His praise. The rest of the race, unable to gain admission to this heaven, were consigned to a hell of indescribable torment, perpetual, endless, and intolerable.

These miserable ones failed of bliss; some of them because they had not faith, and others because they had evil surroundings by which they were degraded. And others fell, being assailed with fierce temptations by which they were led away and seduced to sin. And others were incarned in debasing and sensual bodies, and were overcome of untutored passions. And others could not understand what was wanted of them, though they tried, and would fain have done what they could. And others had intellectual inability to accept certain dogmatic propositions which they had been taught to believe essential to their salvation. And others had not, as bodily existence ceased, assented to certain statements which were able to secure them the entry into the heaven we have described. And so they perished everlastingly; and on their endless torments, from a height serene and secure, the blessed—who have gained their bliss through a faith in certain dogmatic assertions, though many of them had been men of grievous and degraded lives—look with the satisfaction of undisturbed and changeless repose.

A life of gross sensuality, or of sloth, or of offence against all law, you are taught is remediable by an act of faith. The grossest and most sensual ruffian may, by a cry on his death-bed, find himself instantaneously fitted for admission into the immediate presence of the God whom he has all his life blasphemed. He, the impure, base, degraded, earthly spirit, admitted to association with the refined, the noble, the pure, the holy, in the immediate presence of the stainless perfection of the all-pure God.

And yet the half is not told, but enough, by way of contrast. We tell you nothing of such a God—a God of whom reason cannot think without a shudder, and from whom the fatherly instinct must shrink in disgust. Of this God of love—who shows His love in such a fashion—we know nothing. He is of man's fashioning—unknown to us. We pause not to expose the miserable pretence that such a human idol can ever have been aught but the figment of a barbarous mind. We do but ask you to wonder with us at the presumptuous ignorance and folly which has dared to paint such a caricature of the pure and holy God. Surely, friend, man must have been in a degraded spiritual condition ere he could have pictured such a Deity. Surely, too, they who in this age have not shrunk from such a creation must have sore need of a Gospel such as that we preach.

The God whom we know, and whom we declare to you, is in very truth a God of love—a God whose acts do not belie His name, but whose love is boundless, and His pity unceasing to all. He knows no partiality for any, but deals out unwavering justice to all. Between Him and you are ranks of ministering spirits, the bearers of His loving message, the revealers from time to time of His will to man. By His spirit-messengers the train of ministering mercy is never suffered to fail. This is our God, manifested by His

works, and operating through the agency of His ministering angels.

And you yourselves—what of you? Are ye immortal souls who by a cry, by a word, by an act of faith in an unintelligible and monstrous creed, can purchase a heaven of inactivity and avoid a hell of material torment? Verily, nay. Ye are spirits placed for a while in garb of flesh to get training for an advanced spirit life, where the seeds sown in the past bear their fruit, and the spirit reaps the crop which it has prepared. No fabled dreamy heaven of eternal inactivity awaits you, but a sphere of progressive usefulness and growth to higher perfection.

Immutable laws govern the results of deeds. Deeds of good advance the spirit, whilst deeds of evil degrade and retard it. Happiness is found in progress, and in gradual assimilation to the Godlike and the perfect. The spirit of divine love animates the acts, and in mutual blessing the spirits find their happiness. For them there is no craving for sluggish idleness—no cessation of desire for progressive advancement in knowledge. Human passions and human needs and wishes are gone with the body, and the spirit lives a spirit-life of purity, progress, and love. Such is its heaven.

We know of no hell save that within the soul—a hell which is fed by the flame of unpurified and untamed lust and passion, which is kept alive by remorse of agony and sorrow, which is fraught with the pangs that spring unbidden from the results of past misdeeds, and from which the only escape lies in retracing the steps, and in cultivating the qualities which shall bear familiar love and knowledge of God.

Of punishment we know indeed, but it is not the vindictive lash of an angry God, but the natural outcome of

conscious sin, remediable by repentance and atonement and reparation personally wrought out in pain and shame—not by coward hands for mercy, and by feigned assent to statements which ought to create a shudder.

Happiness we know is in store for all who will strive for it by a consistent course of life and conduct commendable to reason and spiritual in practice. Happiness is the outcome of right reason, as surely as misery is the result of conscious violation of reasonable laws, whether corporeal or spiritual.

Of the distant ages of the hereafter we say nothing, for we know nothing. But of the present we say that life is governed, with you and with us equally, by laws which ye may discover, and which, if ye obey them, will lead to happiness and content, as surely as they will reduce you to misery and remorse if ye wilfully violate them.

We need not specify at length now the creed we teach as it affects man in his relation to God, to his fellows, and to himself. You know its main features. One day you shall know it more fully. Sufficient has now been said to point the contrast, and to reply to our question: Whether such a view as this be not pure, divine, ennobling, the natural complement of that which Jesus himself preached?

Is it less definite—more vague than the orthodox? It may be less minute in details which are repulsive, but it breathes a nobler and purer atmosphere; it teaches a higher, holier religion; it preaches a diviner God. It is not vaguer—not less definite. But even were it so, it deals with subjects into which the reverent mind will not curiously pry. It throws a veil over the unknown, and refuses to substitute speculation for knowledge, or to apply the cruder human notions to the very nature and attributes of the Supreme.

If it be vagueness to vail the curious eye before the foot-stool of the Divine and Incomprehensible, then are we vague in our knowledge and indistinct in our teaching. But if it be the part of the wise to dwell only on the known and the comprehensible; to act rather than to speculate; to do rather than to believe, then is our belief dictated by wisdom, conformable to right reason, and inspired by God Himself.

It will bear the test of rational sifting and experiment. It will endure, and inspire the myriad souls in distant ages, when those who cavil at its teachings and insult its author, shall be working out in sorrow and remorse the consequences of their folly and sin. It will have conducted myriads of pure spirits, who have progressed in its faith, to happiness and advancement, when that which it is destined to spiritualise shall have shared the fate of the mouldering body from which the spirit is withdrawn. It will live and bless its votaries in spite of the foolish ignorance which would charge its divine precepts on a devil, and anathematise its votaries as the children of darkness.

+ IMPERATOR.

THE ANGEL OF SILENCE.

BY WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

WITH marble-like feet on the darksome clouds,
Ascending from worlds of woe,
The Angel of Silence in majesty stood,
All patiently calm as the murmuring flood
Of the passions of men and their deeds of blood,
Re-echoed from depths below.

And sadly the murmurs of sorrow and pain
Of the tide of human tears,
Rose heavenwards with prayers for a time of peace,
For the day when the tumult of life should cease,
When the souls of men should obtain release,
In the march of the silent years.

Impassively calm was her snow-white brow,
As she read the Decrees of Fate,
Whilst down from the blade of her gleaming sword,
The radiance of truth in its purity poured,
To those who could grasp the Word of the Lord,
In the regions of strife and hate.

That Messenger knew that no sign from heaven
Would to stem the tide avail,
That the web must be woven in human life,
Of the outcome of sin, of the wages of strife,
Till the fruits of repentance, with holiness rife,
Shine forth as the Holy Grail.

The conscience of man must be scarred and stung,
By the arrows of pain and sin,
By the furnace fires of affliction be tried,
Ere the soul casts away its dark mantle of pride,
Not from the power of the voice outside,
But the might of the thought within.

Hearts by that Angel are softened and swayed,
In the noiseless hours of night,
And in deeds by day is the work outwrought,
For the matchless power of the silent thought,
From realms on high by an Angel brought,
Floods the wide world with light.

THE PREDICTION.

BY ALICE WORTHINGTON (ENNESFALLEN).

THAT brain of rare capacity was still;
A trembling sigh like to a little child's
He breathed, and then the heart had ceased to beat.
We looked upon our father's face in death;
We gazed upon that calm, still countenance,
The bitterness of death within our souls.
His first-born, whom that father loved the best,
Stood by his side, and ere he passed away,
He looked upon his face, and feebly said—
"'Twill soon be well with him, 'twill soon be well."

In six short weeks that young man, in full strength,
By sudden painful sickness was cast down;
And lying there he oft would raise his hand
And bid them place a chair beside the bed.
"Do you not see him standing there?" he cried.
"Give him a chair, and let my father rest."
Then would he speak, and wonder those around
Could not behold what seemed to him so clear.
"He raves," they said; "it is this cruel pain;
So strong, it seems to seize on him the more;
He knows not what he says; God pity him!"

Our brother died. Death seemed to cling to us.
With deepest meaning those last words returned—
"'Twill soon be well with him; 'twill soon be well."
We thought our father's soul had grown more strong
At death's approach, and gained a new-born power,
Like the first gilded streaks at morning's birth,
With night's depressing veil but half removed,
Before the distant hills in sunlight stand.
His soul caught gleams of everlasting day,
Ere yet its prison bars were rent in twain.
He saw the brightness of the spirit's home,
And knew the one he loved would soon be there.
And then he said, "'Twill soon be well with him."
Perchance that son beheld his father's form—
Invisible to all except himself.

LONGFELLOW'S POSITION IN RELATION TO SPIRITUALISM.

AT a meeting of the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists, held in London in February, 1875, the following letter from Mr. Longfellow, the poet, was read, in reply to a communication, offering him honorary membership of the Association :—

Cambridge [Mass.], Jan. 15th, 1875.

DEAR MISS KISLINGBURY,—Not being a Spiritualist in the usual and popular sense of the word—that is to say, never having seen any manifestations that convinced me of the presence of spirits—I should deem it almost an act of dishonesty on my part to accept the compliment you offer.

I must, therefore, with many thanks for this mark of your consideration, beg leave to decline it. With great regard, yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Mr. J. M. Peebles, late United States Consul at Trebizonde, in a book entitled "Around the World," published by Messrs. Colby & Rich, of 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, U.S., says that Mr. Longfellow attended a *séance* at Baron Kirkup's residence in Florence, and there "avowed himself a believer in the present ministry of angels." On the direct authority of the late Mr. Guppy, *The Spiritualist* once published Mr. Guppy's statement that at a *séance* in Italy, while Mr. Longfellow held both hands of the medium, orange blossoms were showered on him by spirit power, and he was satisfied with the manifestation.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Longfellow may be induced,

now that his attention has been drawn to Spiritualism, to inquire into a subject with which his nature is much in sympathy, which will scientifically explain much connected with his own unconscious inspiration, and which throws so much light upon the nature of man, and the true sources of real human happiness. There is, nevertheless, a discrepancy between the above letter and the statement of Mr. Peebles, which once drew from Mr. W. H. Harrison the following lines :—

Is it all a jest of Peebles' ?
Wicked Peebles, gay deceiver,
Naughty Peebles, the tall talker.
Or has Longfellow, the poet,
Talked with spirits at fair Florence ?
Talked with grave-eyed, earnest spirits,
Phantoms from the land of shadows,
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter ?
Has his memory slipped its cable,
Broken from his normal knowledge ?
As the tail of the big tadpole—
Wigilwagil, chief of tadpoles—
Breaks off from the lozenge body,
When the reptile's legs are sprouting
In the sparkling Laughing Water,
Flashing on the snowy lilies
Near the Falls of Minnehaha.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AMONG THE FAKIRS IN INDIA.

BY DR. MAXIMILIAN PERTY, PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, BERNE. TRANSLATED FROM "PSYCHIC STUDIES" (LEIPZIG), BY EMILY KISLINGBURY.

THE early history of those ancient peoples who exercised the greatest interest on classical and on modern culture was not much inquired into until the present century. In particular, the Hindoos, and the still more ancient Egyptians, nations possessing a hierarchical government, a powerful priesthood, highly-developed mysteries, and minutely-prescribed rites and ceremonies, exerted a powerful influence over the arts, customs, opinions, and philosophies of the Persians, Arabs, and Greeks; and their religious ideas interpenetrated deeply all other religions, Christianity not excepted. The Aryans, in their primitive abodes, appear to have believed in the spirits of their ancestors, and amongst the Hindoos this belief was developed into a complete system in the *Book of the Pitris*. These and other Indian subjects have been further investigated by a Frenchman named Louis Jacolliot, who resided in Pondicherry, and from that point travelled throughout India, and instituted researches into its history, antiquities, and religion. One of his works in relation thereto bears the title, *Le Spiritisme dans le monde. L'initiation et les sciences occultes dans l' Inde.* (Paris, 1875.) It contains, in addition to much matter drawn from the *Book of the Pitris* (spirits), also some original observations

on the performances of the Fakirs, which bear a great similarity to Western spiritual manifestations.

The extraordinary skilfulness of the Indian fakirs is well known; they are generally designated as magicians or jugglers, and all Asiatic peoples ascribe to them a supernatural power. Many believe that our cleverest conjurors can produce the same effects, but there exist between the two some essential differences; the fakir, for instance, never performs before large assemblies, but only in private residences; he has no assistant, is always quite devoid of clothing, with the exception of a small lappet depending from the waist; is innocent of all apparatus or preparation, of the cups, false-bottomed boxes, magic pockets, or prepared tables peculiar to the pre-arranged performances of our conjurors. The fakir has nothing at all but a small bamboo stick, of the thickness of a penholder, with seven joints, in his right hand; and a pipe about three inches long fastened to a plait in his hair, because, being unclothed, he has no pocket in which to keep it. He operates, according to wish, either sitting or upright, on the matting of the saloon, on the marble, granite, or mortar floor of the verandah, or on the bare earth of the garden. Should he require any person on whom to operate for mesmeric or somnambulic effects, he takes the first domestic indicated, be he Indian or European. Should he require a musical instrument, a tube, paper, or pencil, he simply asks for it. At the same time, he will repeat his performance as often as it is required—he never demands payment, but accepts an alms for his temple. The fakirs in all the various Indian provinces observe these regulations. "Can any one believe," asks Jacolliot, "that our conjurors would be capable of performing under these conditions?"

It often happens that wealthy Indians spend their last

years at Benares, retired from the world. Among the pilgrims who resort there are some who have been commissioned to bring the ashes of rajahs or other rich persons, which have been collected in sacks after the burning of their bodies, for the purpose of throwing them into the sacred stream; for it is the last hope of the Hindoo to die on the banks of the Ganges, or to cause his remains to be brought there. To this circumstance Jacolliot was indebted for the acquaintance of one of the most extraordinary fakirs, Covindasamy by name, whom he had met in India. He came from Trivanderam, not far from Cape Comorin, the southern point of Hindostan, with the order to convey the remains of a rich native of Malabar, of the commercial caste *(commutys)* to Benares. The prince, in whose palace Jacolliot was residing, was accustomed to entertain pilgrims from Travancore, Maïsur, Tanjore, and the old Mahratta country, in the precincts of his palace, and had assigned to Covindasamy, who had already been there a fortnight, a little straw hut on the banks, where for twenty-one days he had to perform, morning and evening, daily ablutions in honour of the dead. As soon as Jacolliot had gained his goodwill he asked him to come one day at noon, while every one in the palace was taking his *siesta*, to his room, in front of which was a terrace overlooking the Ganges, and where a fountain diffused the most agreeable coolness.

The Hindoo begged for a little stick, and Jacolliot gave him an uncut lead pencil, which Covindasamy laid in the water, and which presently followed the fakir's hands, as iron will follow a magnetic needle in any direction. Then he laid his fore-finger very lightly on the middle of the pencil, and it sank in a few moments under water to the bottom of the vase. Jacolliot had seen, with some of the fakirs, objects raised from the ground, and asked Covinda-

samy to show this manifestation. The fakir took an iron-wood stick, which Jacolliot had brought from Ceylon, rested his right hand upon the knob, cast down his eyes, and began his evocations, when gradually, with one hand leaning upon the stick, and with his legs crossed in Oriental fashion, he rose about two feet from the ground, and remained immovable, in a position similar to that of the bronze Buddhas which every tourist now brings from the far East, but of which the greater part are actually manufactured in the foundries of London. Jacolliot could by no means comprehend how the fakir could remain over twenty minutes in a position entirely contravening the law of gravitation. When he took leave of Jacolliot that day, he informed him that at the moment when the sacred elephants in Siva's pagoda should strike the midnight hour on the copper saucers, he would call on the familiar spirits of the Franguys (Frenchmen), who would then manifest their presence in Jacolliot's bedchamber. In order to secure himself against deception, Jacolliot sent both his servants to spend the night in the *dingui*, with the *cercar* (boatman) and other attendants. The palace of the Peishwa has windows on the Ganges side only, and consists of seven stories, whose rooms open on to covered terraces and galleries. The stories communicate with each other in a peculiar way; from the ground floor a staircase leads to the first story, and at the farther end of this is another flight of steps to the next above, and so on to the sixth, from which a movable flight, attached with chains like a drawbridge, leads to the seventh story, which is furnished half in Oriental, half in European style, and is generally reserved for the foreign guests of the Peishwa.

After Jacolliot had carefully searched his rooms, and pulled up the drawbridge, all communication with the outer

world was cut off. At the given hour he thought he heard two distinct raps on the wall of his room, and as he went towards the spot, a faint rapping noise seemed to come from the glass bell that protected the hanging lamp from mosquitoes and night-moths, then a noise in the cedar beams of the roof, and all was still. He then walked to the end of his terrace; it was one of those silvery nights unknown in our climates. The Ganges lay like a broad carpet at the foot of the sleeping city, and on one of its steps a dark figure was visible; it was the fakir of Trivanderam, praying for the repose of the dead.

The twenty-first day of Covindasamy's stay in Benares had arrived, and it was his duty to spend twenty-four hours from one sunrise to another in prayer before returning to Trivanderam. "But I will first," said he to Jacolliot, "devote to you one day and one night, for you were good to me, whose lips had so long been closed; you spoke to me in the language that my mother used, when she rocked me to sleep in a banana leaf." No Hindoo speaks without emotion of his mother. On the evening preceding the long day of prayer, when Covindasamy was about to leave the terrace, he saw in a vase a number of variegated feathers of wonderful Indian birds; he took up a handful and threw them as high as possible over his head, and when they were about to descend he made a few passes with his hands underneath them. As soon as one of the feathers came near, it turned over and over, and rose in spirals to the roof of the verandah above. All the other feathers followed the same course, but a moment afterwards, in consequence of their natural gravity, they began falling to the ground. Arrived half-way, however, they rose again, and stuck fast against the ceiling. Again they began trembling, and showed a slight inclination to fall, but they presently remained hanging motionless, and

their variegated colours had quite a pretty appearance on the golden background formed by the straw-thatched roof. The fakir had scarcely departed, however, when they fell slowly to the ground, where Jacolliot let them lie for some time, to convince himself that he had not been, while gazing on these incredible phenomena, the victim of hallucination.

His mission ended, the fakir devoted another day to Jacolliot for two sittings, one during the day, and the other at night, though by full lamp-light; he had promised to invoke all the spirits who ever assisted him, so that Jacolliot might see things that he would never forget. Covindasamy brought to the day *séance* a little bag of very fine sand, which he emptied on the ground, and spread out with his hand over an even space of about fifty square centimetres. He then told Jacolliot to sit opposite to him at a table with paper and pencil, and asked for a small piece of wood, whereupon Jacolliot handed him a penholder, which he laid carefully upon the sand. "I will now," said Covindasamy, "call upon the spirits; so soon as you see the object you gave me raise itself vertically, with its end still touching the sand, you may trace any signs you like upon the paper, and you will see them repeated on the sand." He then stretched out his hands horizontally and murmured his mysterious invocations, whereupon the penholder shortly rose up gradually, and while Jacolliot drew the strangest figures upon the paper, it copied them exactly upon the sand. When Jacolliot stopped, the penholder stood still also, and began again when Jacolliot continued, the fakir remaining perfectly calm at a distance from either. To make sure that the fakir could not see the movements of his pencil, Jacolliot placed himself in a position where this was impossible; but still comparing the figures on the paper and the sand, he found them identical. The fakir next smoothed the sand

over with his hand, and invited Jacolliot to think of some word in the divine language, the Sanscrit; when he asked why in this language in particular, the reply was that the spirits can most easily use the immortal tongue, which is forbidden to the impure. Jacolliot, who never disputed with Covindasamy about his religious views, thought of a Sanscrit word; the Hindoo stretched forth his hands as before, the magic stick began to move, then rose up and wrote "*Purucha*" (the divine progenitor), the word that Jacolliot had thought of. A whole sentence, which Jacolliot had in his mind, was also written, "*Adicête Veikuntam Haris*" (Vishnu sleeps on Mount Veikunta). "Could the spirit who inspires thee," asked Jacolliot, "give line 243 in the fourth book of *Manu?*" He had scarcely spoken when the penholder was set in motion and wrote letter for letter the line—*Darmaprâ vânam purucham tapasâ Natakilvisam Parolôkam nayati âcou bâsuantam Kacarîrinam* (the man who in his actions aims at virtue, whose sins are atoned for by pious acts and sacrifices, attains to the heavenly abode, clothed in a spiritual body beaming with light). Jacolliot laid his hand on a small closed book, that contained some extracts of hymns from the Rig-Veda, and asked what was the first word of the fifth line of the twenty-first page. The penholder wrote—*Dêvadatta* (the gift of God), which was right. "Wilt thou put a question in thought?" asked Covindasamy, and Jacolliot nodded assentingly. The pencil wrote upon the sand: *Vasundarâ* (the earth). Jacolliot had asked silently the question: "Who is our common mother?"

It was ten o'clock in the morning, light and heat were excessive, and the mirror of the Ganges threw back a dazzling glare. Jacolliot walked to the end of the terrace with the enchanter; in the garden they saw a cook, who was taking water from a well, and pouring it into a bamboo

duct, which conveyed it to a bath-house. Covindasamy stretched forth his hand towards the well, and the cord of the bucket refused to turn the wheel, notwithstanding the ire of the cook. As all Hindoos attribute every contrariety to the action of evil spirits, and try to drive them away by the power of song, this cook did likewise. But he had no sooner begun, in the sharp nasal tone which strikes us so disagreeably in all Eastern singing, than the words stuck in his throat, and he was unable, in spite of continued grimaces, to produce another sound. In a few minutes the fakir dropped his hands, the voice returned to the cook's throat, and the cord to its work on the wheel. Jacolliot complained of the heat; the fakir appeared not to heed him, so deeply was he sunk in meditation. Then there rose up a fan of palm leaves from the table on which it lay, and fanned him in the face, and he thought he heard harmonious tones, as of a human voice. When the fakir was taking his leave with his hands crossed on his breast, and standing in the doorway which led from the terrace on to the steps, he rose up without any support to the height of twenty-five to thirty centimetres in the air. This Jacolliot was able to measure pretty exactly, as there was a curtain with gold and white stripes drawn across the doorway; the feet of the fakir were even with the sixth stripe. Rather more than eight minutes had elapsed from the commencement of the ascent to the close of the descent; the hanging in air occupied about five minutes at most. In reply to the question whether he could produce this phenomenon at will, he answered with oriental astuteness, "The fakir could rise up to the clouds." Although he had so often declared himself to be the instrument of spirits, Jacolliot could not refrain once more from asking him how he obtained this power of levitation. Covindasamy replied in these words: "A man has but to place

himself in perpetual communication with the *Pitris*, and a higher spirit will descend upon him from above."

At ten o'clock in the evening Covindasamy came silently, as usual, into Jacolliot's room, having left behind him on the flight of steps his *languty* or small garment which was his only clothing, and having fastened his seven-jointed bamboo stick to one of his long plaits of hair, "Nothing impure," said he, "must touch the body of the invoker when he wishes to come effectually and powerfully into communion with the spirits." The thought struck Jacolliot at this moment whether the school of the Gymnosophists formed by the Greeks on the Indus did not hold beliefs similar to that of Covindasamy.

The experiments were conducted on the terrace and in Jacolliot's bedroom, both of which, communicating together, were effectually closed from without; in each was a hanging lamp of cocoa-nut oil, enclosed in a glass globe. All Indian houses are provided with little copper vessels, always filled with glowing coal, in which at intervals it is customary to throw a fragrant powder of sandal-wood, orris root, myrrh, and incense. The fakir placed a similar vessel in the centre of the terrace, and beside it a copper plate covered with the powder; he then cowered down in his usual manner with crossed arms, and began a long incantation in an unknown language, repeating his *mentrams*, and remaining immovable, with his left hand upon his heart and the right leaning upon his staff, while from time to time he raised his hand to his forehead, as if to clear his brain. Suddenly Jacolliot trembled, for a faintly luminous cloud began to form in his chamber; hands came rapidly from it in all directions, and returned to it again; presently some of the hands lost their shadowy look, and appeared more human and material; others became more luminous; the first were opaque, and

cast shadows; the others were so transparent that objects could be seen through them; altogether Jacolliot counted sixteen hands. He asked whether it would be possible to touch one of the hands; scarcely had he spoken when one left the group, floated towards him, and pressed his offered hand; it was small, moist, and supple, and like the hand of a young woman. "The spirit is there, although only one of its hands is visible," said Covindasamy; "thou canst converse with it, if thou wilt." Jacolliot asked, playfully, if the spirit to whom this charming hand belonged would leave him a *souvenir:* thereupon he felt the hand melt away from his, saw it float to a bouquet of flowers and break off a rosebud, which it threw at his feet; it then vanished. For two whole hours there occurred things strange enough to bewilder the strongest mind; hands stroked Jacolliot's face, or fanned him with a fan, showered flowers all over the room, or wrote fiery letters in the air, which disappeared as soon as made; and flashes as of lightning passed along the terrace and through the chamber. Two of the Sanscrit phrases, which Jacolliot had written first with a pencil, had this meaning—*I have taken on a fluidic body;* and thereupon the hand wrote—*thou wilt attain happiness when thou art freed from this perishable body.* By degrees the hands vanished, the mass of cloud in which they seemed to have been materialised was partially dispersed; and in the place where the last hand had faded away they found a wreath of those strongly scented yellow *immortelles* which the Hindoos use in all their ceremonies.

A moment afterwards, while the fakir was still earnestly engaged in invocation, a darker and thicker cloud formed near the brazier which Jacolliot, at the fakir's wish, had kept replenished with coal; gradually this cloud took a human form, and appeared as the phantom of an old

Brahmin, kneeling and offering sacrifice. He had the sacred sign of Vishnu on his forehead, and the threefold cord of the priestly caste round his body; his hands were joined above his head, and his lips moved as if in prayer. At a particular moment he took a pinch of the sweet-smelling powder and threw it into the glowing coal, at which a thick smoke filled the air; when it had dispersed, Jacolliot saw the phantom, at two steps from him, holding out its withered hand; Jacolliot took it in his own, and found it warm and living, though hard and bony. "Art thou also," he said aloud, "a former inhabitant of this earth?" The question was scarcely put when he saw in phosphoric light on the phantom's breast the word *Am* (Yes) come and go. And when Jacolliot asked him, "Wilt thou give me a token of thy passing visit?" the spirit tore off his girdle, made of a triple woollen twist, and vanished where he stood. Jacolliot thought the sitting was ended, but the fakir appeared to have no thought of leaving his place. Suddenly a strange melody was heard, which seemed to proceed from an harmonica previously used, but which the Peishwa had had taken away the evening before, and which was no longer in Jacolliot's apartments. The tones at first sounded as if at a distance, afterwards nearer, and lastly, as if in the bedroom; but presently Jacolliot perceived the shadow of a pagoda player glide along the wall, holding an harmonica, from which were proceeding the monotonous plaintive tones peculiar to the religious music of the Hindoos.

The phantom glided through the room and along the terrace, and vanished, leaving behind him the instrument, which was, in fact, the harmonica belonging to the rajah, and yet the doors were effectually closed. Covindasamy now stood up, bathed in perspiration, exhausted to the last degree. In a few hours he was to begin his journey. "I

thank thee, Malabarer," said Jacolliot, addressing him by the name of his beloved country, "and may He who unites the three mysterious powers in His own person (the Brahminical Trinity) protect thee in thy journey to the lovely southern land, and mayest thou find that peace and happiness have dwelt in thy home during thine absence!" The fakir replied with still more emphatic words, took the offered present without looking at it or returning thanks, paid his last melancholy greeting, and disappeared as silently as was his wont. When Jacolliot looked out on the river in the early morning he saw a black spot, and by means of the telescope discovered it to be the fakir who was crossing the Ganges on his way to Trivanderam, to the blue sea, the cocoa palms and his own hut, of which he had so often spoken. After a few hours' sleep in his hammock, the past night appeared to him as a dream and an hallucination, but the harmonica was still there, the flowers still strewed the terrace, the wreath of *immortelles* lay upon the divan, and the words he had seen in the writing of flame were written, as at first, upon the slate. Jacolliot could discover as little deception as the Abbé Huc had been able to do in Thibet.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

O SAY not Science lacketh charms
To woo the poet's pen,
To swell the pages of romance,
Or thrill the souls of men;
Her's is a realm of fairy land,
A scene of endless change,
Where eye and ear are all confused
With wonders passing strange.

She binds the eternal elements,
She yokes them to the plough,
And iron steeds with hearts of fire
Speed at her bidding now;
Deep in the Ocean's solitude
She her bright name engraves,
Unscathed she treads its golden sands
And cleaves its surging waves.*

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* "Bridges, unsupported by arches, can be made to span the foaming current; man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean safely, breathing, and treading with firm steps on the golden sands, never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman sitting at the helm guiding the vessel, which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars. And the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered with panting steeds, darts on its course with relentless force and activity. Let the simple elements do their duty; bind the eternal elements, and yoke them to the same plough."—*Friar Bacon's Prophecy.*

She joins the nations of the earth
With mystic net-work bands,
Binding in common brotherhood
The dwellers in all lands;
Whilst through these wondrous arteries
The lightning pulses thrill,
Bearing glad news of "Peace on Earth,"
To all mankind, "Goodwill."

She bends their orbits, and the stars
Speed on their track of light,
Sparkling afar in heaven's dark hall,
Like glories in the night;
The planets feel her lion grasp
As their bright paths they run,
And with relentless laws she guides
The Chariot of the Sun.

The trees relate their fairy tales,
The plants unfold their store
Of wisdom and design, and tell
Truths never dreamt before.
The lightning plays around her feet
And does her bidding well,
The very stones break forth in song,
List to the tales they tell:—

They tell how chaos ruled—how earth
Lay wrapped in death-like sleep,
How silence reigned in majesty,
And darkness veiled the deep.
They tell how life uprose on earth,
How forests clothed the land,
And step by step reveal the work
Of HIS Almighty hand.

Calmly in silence and in gloom,
In caverns of the earth,
They teach vain man the nothingness
Of his ephemeral birth;
Show him dread scenes of former life
Long to destruction hurled,
And on earth's pillars bid him read
The history of a world.

Behold another votary still—
The light her aid has given—
Light, whose bright beams of purity
Rushed angel-winged from heaven.
Then fair Aurora lit the north,
And shook her streaming bars,
Then earth awoke, awoke to life—
Then sang the morning stars.

Yet learn, Enchantress, thy domain
A limit still must know;
Thus far, O Science, is thine own—
Farther thou canst not go.
In Councils of Eternity
HIS wondrous ways were planned—
Ways that elude thy piercing eye,
Defy thine iron hand.

Remotest ages yet untold,
Shall own thy powerful sway,
Till man with all his noble works
Shall pass from earth for aye.
For ever teach him Nature's laws,
Unfold his Maker's will,
Guide him in paths of light and truth,
And lead him upwards still.

MEDITATION, AND THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

BY ALEXANDER CALDER.

MEDITATION is a powerful aid to spiritual growth. Like water to a plant, or as the dew of night is to the grass on a sultry day, so is meditation to a soul in the whirl of this busy world. If we stand apart each day from the noise and tumult around, we commune, as it were, with ourselves; we come more in contact with the unseen, and we appeal to their aid. We experience, by this very abstraction and silence, a deepening effect on the soul: we obtain a better opportunity for fixing our hearts on important truths. The seed of life requires to sink deep into the soil of our minds before it can take root, so as to bring forth something more than leaves. Knowledge of the right sort must be grounded into a firm base. I refer not to such meditation as leads to senseless reverie and asceticism, but to that established on intelligence, and which arouses the spirit to activity, quickening it into life, ever improving and progressive. Pythagoras well knew the value of such study, when in his golden rules he says, "Never yield thyself to sleep till thou hast gone over all the doings of the day, and asked thyself, 'In what have I transgressed, what have I done, what good have I left undone?'" He would test every action by bringing it daily before the light of conscience, the constant monitor within, the solemn, ever-living power and representative of truth with which each one is furnished, and which, if we only took pains to obey, we should soon discover the immensity of its value and importance. Its usefulness increases with its employment; for in the conscience lies

the light to guide and shape our conduct, truth being the oil with which it should be fed. If we would but follow that light with sincerity, it would prove a divinity to educate, protect, and lead into the way of safety. It imparts a joy richer than the possession of wealth; a satisfaction sweeter than all things, and with which nothing can compare —more enduring than all, for it carries us beyond this life. And this light burns brighter and more powerfully as it is used; it increases in beauty, strength, and excellence, endowing us with the requisite power to carry us through the world by brightening and illuminating our whole existence. Having, then, this invaluable instrument for our guide, let us steer clear of the things which make for evil, and which may be recognised as soon as they are placed in the light of conscience. Avoiding all such impediments to progress, let us set our minds and hearts diligently to the cultivation of qualities which brighten our spiritual health, the chief elements for this condition being kindness, humility, moderation, industry, sobriety, charity, purity, peace, and love. The culture of these great principles, decisive in their nature and bearing, is the most interesting side of Spiritualism: an active daily introspection, a careful questioning of the soul, an unflinching scrutiny into its thoughts, words, purposes, and acts; a weeding-out of the evil, and a steady strengthening of the good. By this process of cleansing and maintenance, honestly and sincerely pursued, the spirit obtains that self-control so necessary for safety; it attains a vigour which combats successfully with evil, and finally receives its reward in heavenly wisdom, the true dignity of spiritual life. This, I humbly think, is the phenomenon we should prize and study to promote, for it concerns the construction of character; it aims at the wealth we should acquire for our souls—it constitutes true riches for our spirits. The patient searching for, and on all occasions

practising these virtues—assimilating them into our souls, nourishing our spirits with them—keeps us in spiritual well-being. We who know something of the reality of the unseen may reasonably be expected to strive earnestly in the pursuit of spiritual-mindedness, ever doing that which is good and true, undisturbed by corrosive cares, which are prolific of evil. In a word, loyalty to the Father of Spirits, and love to man—his spiritual children—comprise our whole duty: real, pure, modest, humble, and quiet working of the will of God being our rule; and the sooner religion is freed from all the mystery of creeds, fashion, and forms, and the simple constituents of moral and spiritual culture are directly applied to life's daily occupations, the better will be the condition of mankind, for they will then become the possessors of a plain and uniform process for self-government, and not be subject to feeble opinions and equally frail fancies, whereon, finding no foothold, they are pretty sure to drift from duty, and perhaps are precipitated into dire mischief, if not irretrievable ruin.

DIRGE.

BY MRS. ERIC BAKER.

FARE thee well, Old Year, for ever,
Kindly let our parting be,
Joy or sorrow thou canst never
Bring again, old friend, to me.

Mindest thou our early greeting?
Tears thy first gift were to me;
And in this our last sad meeting,
Tears are all I leave to thee.

Tell me, tell me art thou winging
To some mystic zone thy flight,
Where the stars are ever singing,
O'er the waves of endless light?

Where sweet harmonies are swelling,
Strains unknown to mortal ears?
Where reclad in youth are dwelling,
All the dead and buried years?

Tell them of my spirit's yearning,
How through pain and passion's strife,
Faint and wounded, I am learning
The deep mystery of life.

For the sweetness that they brought me,
Tell them that I love them yet;
And the evil that they wrought me,
For that sweetness' sake forget.

Each with ruthless hand hath broken,
Some link of the golden chain;
Of its passage left a token,
In an aching, wordless pain.

In pale silence thou art lying,
White thy shroud, and still thy face;
While through space the New Year flying,
Comes to fill thy vacant place.

Hark! the winds thy dirge are sighing,
Fold thy hands above thy breast;
Would that I with thee were lying,
Shrouded in eternal rest.

EPIGRAMS.*

BY GERALD MASSEY.

I.

ONE ray, at last, of penetrating light,
Hath pierced the darkness of our mental night.
So simple all supreme discoveries are!
But this is the supremest, simplest, far—
The only one in all the world who knew,
The young man made his juvenile *début*;
He came, saw, conquered, Cæsar-like, elate!
Let him be crowned, then, Seizer of the Slate!

II.

A young man to the Barber's went,
And did the Shaver seize, and
Charged him with barbarous intent
To cut the young man's weasand.
"*'Tis useless to deny the fact;*
In vain you threat or pray, Sir!
I swear I caught you in the act:
Your hand was on the razor!"

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* These epigrams were written while Professor E. Ray Lankester, F.R.S., and Dr. Donkin were prosecuting Dr. Slade, medium, under the Vagrancy Act, for alleged imposture. They did not see him do any "spirit" writing, but inferred that he did it. As large numbers of literary and scientific investigators of considerable competence, because of their knowledge of the subject, had repeatedly witnessed phenomena in Dr. Slade's presence, altogether at variance with the allegations of Messrs. Lankester and Donkin, Dr. Slade was publicly defended by Spiritualists, and acquitted on a technical point.—ED.

III.

'Tis trickery. So you needn't "try
The spirits,"—fatal reason why.
The case is in a nutshell curled,
Crack it. *There is no spirit world.*

IV.

So clever, confident, and young,
'Twere just as well he had been hung!
"*Good heavens! What has the young man done?*"
Married . . . to . . . Mrs. Partington!
She met the Ocean with a Mop:
He tried the other world to stop!

V.

The Apostle bade us "*try the spirits,*"
And judge them fairly, on their merits;
But did not clear instructions give
For catching things so fugitive
As spirits, in the Lawyer's sieve;
And, possibly, he might retort,
"*I didn't mean at Bow Street Court!*"

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE CLERGY IN RELATION TO SPIRITUALISM.

BY LISETTE MAKDOUGALL GREGORY.

THE clergy not unfrequently presuppose that the proofs of Divine Revelation terminated at a definite period, and have been fully embodied for all time in the Sacred Canon, whereas most Spiritualists believe that God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, being as willing and able to communicate with His beloved children by the mouths of His prophets now, as in the most favoured ages of antiquity. There is, therefore, to my mind no *à priori* impossibility in Spiritualism, and all we have to inquire is, whether of a verity these things be so. I, in common with most of those who have really investigated the subject, think Spiritualism a very important and sublime fact in human experience—one that we cannot consent to ignore or despise at the bidding of those who, while accepting the spiritualistic phenomena of the past, most inconsistently deny those of the present.

The clergy cannot fully understand or appreciate Spiritualism by merely reading about it. They must witness its facts, and become thoroughly familiar with its manifold forms, ere they can judge, by personal experience, of its resistless effect in producing conviction in the mind of an honest and earnest inquirer.

The Spiritualist does not give up the teachings of the past; on the contrary, he feels that they are confirmed to him.

He simply emerges from slavery to the letter, into the true gospel liberty of the spirit, in the attempt to interpret those teachings.

I cannot accept the conclusion that we should refuse to think for ourselves on matters of religion, whether in doctrine or practice, because such thinking may prove dangerous. Such a principle, if carried fully out, would be utterly subversive of the Reformation; it would end by reinstating the Romish clergy in their spiritual despotism, and relegating the laity to their mediæval condition of spiritual serfdom to a tyrannically predominant hierarchy. In conclusion, let me advise the clergy to cease theorising about Spiritualism, and commence with the practical investigation of its truth or fallacy, leaving the worth of its communications for after consideration.

IMMORTALITY.*

BY ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

DURING twelve years of tropical wanderings, occupied in the study of natural history, I heard occasionally of the strange phenomena said to be occurring in America and Europe under the general names of "table-turning" and "spirit-rapping;" and being aware, from my own knowledge of mesmerism, that there were mysteries connected with the human mind which modern science ignored because it could

* Extracted from "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism," in *The Fortnightly Review.*

not explain, I determined to seize the first opportunity on my return home to examine into these matters. It is true, perhaps, that I ought to state that for twenty-five years I had been an utter sceptic as to the existence of any preter-human or superhuman intelligences, and that I never for a moment contemplated the possibility that the marvels related by Spiritualists could be literally true. If I have now changed my opinion, it is simply by the force of evidence. It is from no dread of annihilation that I have gone into this subject; it is from no inordinate longing for eternal existence that I have come to believe in facts which render this highly probable, if they do not actually prove it. At least three times within the last twenty-five years I have had to face death as imminent or probable within a few hours, and what I felt on these occasions was at most a gentle melancholy at the thought of quitting this wonderful and beautiful earth to enter on a sleep which might know no waking. In a state of ordinary health I did not feel even this. I knew that the great problem of conscious existence was one beyond man's grasp, and this fact alone gave some hope that existence might be independent of the organised body. I came to the inquiry, therefore, utterly unbiased by hopes or fears, because I knew that my belief could not affect the reality, and with an ingrained prejudice against even such a word as "spirit," which I have hardly yet overcome.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.*

BY GERALD MASSEY.

THEN, silent Leonard lifted up his look,
Bright as a daisy when the dews have dried;
A sudden thought struck all the sun in his face.
"Martha and Dora, I know what I'll do!
I'll write a letter to our Saviour; He
Will help us if we put our trust in Him."
The sisters smiled upon him through their tears.

This was the letter little Leonard wrote:—

"Dear, beautiful Lord Jesus,
Christmas is drawing near;
Its many sights we see,
Its merry sounds we hear.
With presents for good children,
I know thou art going now
From house to house with Christmas trees,
And lights on every bough.

"I pray thee, holy Jesus,
To bring one tree to us,
All aglow with fruits of gold,
And leaves all luminous.
We have no mother, and where we live,
No Christmas gifts are given;
We have no friends on earth, but thou
Art our good friend in heaven.

* Extracted, by permission, from "A Tale of Eternity, and other Poems." London: Strahan & Co.

"My sisters, gentle Jesus,
They hide the worst from me;
But I have ears that sometimes hear,
And eyes that often see.
Poor Martha's cloak is worn threadbare,
Poor Dora's boots are old;
And neither of them strong like me,
To stand the wintry cold.

"But most of all, Lord Jesus,
Grandfather is so ill;
'Tis very sad to hear him moan,
And startling when he's still.
Ah! well I know, Lord Jesus,
If thou wouldst only come,
He'd look, and rise, and leave his bed,
As Lazarus left his tomb.

"Forget us not, Lord Jesus,
I and my sisters dear;
We love thee! When thou wert a child,
Had we been only near,
And seen thee lying, bonny babe,
In manger or in stall,
Thou shouldst have had a home with us—
We would have given thee all."

THE END.