

THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

The event of the month, at least as far as Spiritualism and Spiritualists are concerned, has been the Church Congress held at Newcastle-on-Tyne during the week commencing October 3rd. With the result very few Spiritualists will be disposed to find fault. Although there was plenty of plain speaking, yet it is evident that both the reader of the paper and the speakers in the discussion which followed made a strenuous effort not only to do justice to the subject, but also to recognise any salient points of agreement upon which a bond of union of any sort whatever could be based. No doubt there still remains in some quarters the old reproach of narrowness of thought once so common amongst Christian ministers and members of Christian churches, but such a charge cannot fairly be laid at the door of the late Congress. This in itself is a hopeful sign. When any organisation or movement shows itself open to conviction and willing to investigate facts and methods of thought outside its own pale, it surely augurs well not only for the soundness of heart of the organisation itself, but for its usefulness and power of satisfying the needs of those to whom it appeals. Let us hope that the triumph of the spirit of tolerance there exhibited will grow and bear fruit a hundred fold, and that the day may never return when less disposition is shown to recognise a soul of good in things which at one time would have met with a simple Anathema Maranatha, or a shriek of holy horror, as being, *per se*, diabolically bad.

I must confess I was not myself altogether surprised at the temperate tone taken by one of the speakers, Canon Basil Wilberforce. Now that he has publicly spoken, I am violating no confidence in saying that, from correspondence which I had had with him,

I was prepared for a fair and temperate treatment of the subject when he came to deal with it, and the result justified my anticipation. There is no doubt that Canon Wilberforce spoke fully up to his light, and if there are points of disagreement between us, that was only to be expected, and is a matter for time and extended research to remedy. To a large extent the Canon has been pursuing his investigations under great difficulty, and he is to be much commended for the conscientious and patient manner in which he discharged the onerous duty he had undertaken in bringing an unpopular subject before an audience whose reception of it it was impossible to gauge beforehand.

The first point deserving notice is the recognition of Spiritualism as a fact, and one to which the Christian Church has an admitted duty and responsibility. Nothing could be more distinct than the protest "against all hasty sweeping condemnations," or the caution not to "attribute all new phenomena which we cannot explain to the author of evil." This is very different to the reception accorded to Spiritualism twenty years ago, nay even less than a decade since, and it is not a little significant as a sign of the direction of modern thought. There can be no doubt that within the last thirty years, and running parallel with the new civilisation which may be said to have sprung up in our midst during that period, a new method of thought has dawned upon the world, of which the chief characteristic is a broader and finer charity towards honest differences of opinion. It no longer avails to insist that blind faith is superior to reason, or that facts must give way to theory. All that is changed, and the Christian Church appears to be recognising more and more the necessity of bringing her creeds to the same test of common sense that is brought to the consideration of questions of everyday life. Combined with this may I think be perceived a disposition not entirely to ignore new light. This is wise: the past is too full of the records of defeats and the abandonment of position after position to justify an alternative course. So Spiritualism was recognised as having a foundation on fact, and I believe an earnest endeavour was made to analyse its claims. This is a great advance, and if no other good result follows, the discussion will not have failed altogether.

But it is interesting to note that this very change has been brought about mainly by the unconscious and hitherto little dreamt of influence of Spiritualism. The religious and higher aspects of Spirit-teaching correspond almost entirely to every point in which a change of front is observable between the teaching of to-day and that of thirty years ago. To satisfy myself on this point, I have most carefully read the principal and most noted pulpit utterances previous to that period, and have found little or no sign or forecast of the more liberal, and, let me add, *human* theology of to-day. But mark! Almost immediately after the advent of Modern Spiritualism a new chord of teaching was struck, and ran like a golden thread through

the whole area of religious thought, until to-day it has so permeated the popular teaching, that it is forgotten that a contrary view was ever received.

Another factor in the changed attitude of the clergy towards Spiritualism has been pointed out by "M. A. (Oxon)" in his able comments on the subject in *Light*, for October 15th, and also by Mr. Farmer in "A New Basis of Belief in Immortality," which latter, by the way, Canon Wilberforce "commended for perusal." It is as M. A. (Oxon.) points out, "the Church has found itself face to face with a most determined and dangerous enemy which assumes various forms, and which in this discussion appear as Secularism, Agnosticism, Infidelity, Scepticism, Materialism, and like designations. This ubiquitous foe to spiritual truth has assumed proportions which are calculated to inspire profound alarm. Speaker after speaker rose to confess its prevalence and deplore its development." The real issue is theories and assertions against facts and proof. The Church's *raison d'être* lies in the reality of the duality and continuity of life. Destroy that hope beyond the shadow of a doubt, and the whole fabric of Christian teaching falls to pieces. This covers the whole ground; and the fact was recognised by the Bishop of Durham and other speakers. Dr. Thomson, in taking Secularism for his subject, classed it as Atheistic, Republican, and Malthusian. Some, the *Spectator* to wit, think he might have omitted "Republican" as having nothing to do with the matter, religion being at least as safe with a Garfield as with a king. But I apprehend it was not Republican in this sense that Dr. Thomson meant. It was rather the materialistic Socialism and Nihilism—call it what you will—which has of late worked such dire evil, that he had in view, and I for one think he was quite right. Its extreme tendencies are seen in Russia, Germany, and indeed almost everywhere throughout the civilised world, applying, however, with far greater force in those countries named, because there social inequalities are stronger, cruder, and more unbending. They are suffering from the spread of that materialistic gospel whose acceptance must necessarily lead all but the most steadfast and disinterested minds into revolutionary paths. "You have taken from us," says a German Socialistic writer, "the other world. We are determined to compensate ourselves by taking possession at least of this one." The allusion, of course, is to the spreading disbelief in a future state. If men and women have once convinced themselves that one life, and one only, is all they will ever enjoy, the common run of them will make it as pleasant as possible in a material sense, and will view with envy and a certain sense of injustice the persons whose material well-being contrasts vividly with their own. Looking then at the question squarely and plainly it resolves itself into this. When attacked by this insidious foe as to the surety of its foundation, and required to furnish proof palpable thereof, the Church is silent. She has no proof, and the very point in her defence which should be the strong-

est, is, strange to say, the weakest and the least able to withstand assault. As remarked by another speaker, Mr. John Fowler, "the weakest point in a scientific and philosophical sense, which the Church has, is its affirmation of the immortality of man. The record alone is appealed to to prove this great fact; but men die, and disappear, and are lost sight of to us, and the unbeliever challenges the believer to demonstrate by natural fact—that the soul lives when the body dies. The authority of the New Testament is assailed, and the influence of the Church by a growing number unrecognised." Turning to physical science we find not only that it knows nothing of any life beyond the present, but also that it furnishes Materialism with its strongest weapons and arguments. In this juncture Spiritualism steps in and offers the very evidence for lack of which the Church fails to stand her ground. Canon Wilberforce seemed to half recognise this when he said that "they should realise that the sole strength of Spiritualism lies in the knowledge, partial and imperfect though it be, of the future life. The weakness of the Churches as opposed to the strength of Modern Spiritualism is in the ignorance of that life, and in mis-apprehension of Scripture teaching concerning it." To my mind that was the keynote of the whole discussion, and it is to be hoped it will not again be lost sight of.

Canon Wilberforce also quoted a statement of Professor W. F. Barrett's as to the disastrous effects which Spiritualism, it is alleged, has upon those who regard the subject as an end, and not as a means to an end. While admitting in a measure the ill effects of the *abuse* of Spiritualism there pointed out, it seems to me too unqualified a condemnation, and one which is likely to mislead. Prof. Barrett has, however, more fully explained his meaning in *Light* for October 29th, and in this month's Summary (see page 199) the gist of his letter is given. I need not, therefore, touch further upon the question in this place.

Another feature which is worthy of special notice is found in Dr. Thornton's paper, and detailed in what he calls the "*points of agreement*" between Christian teaching and Spiritualism. It is that Spiritualism in its fundamental truths is in perfect accord with the fundamental truths of Christianity, or indeed with the radical elements of every religion that has appeared amongst mankind. It is only in non-essentials that they differ. As Max Müller has pointed out, religion like the history of language shows us throughout a succession of new combinations of a few fundamental principles. An intuition of God, a distinction between good and evil, and a belief in the immortality of the soul. These are some of the radical elements of all religions. Turning to Dr. Thornton's paper we find him saying of Spiritualism—

"1. It is a system of belief, not of mere negation, of all that is not logically demonstrated. Its adherents are not ashamed to avow that they hold as true propositions which are incapable of mathematical

proof. They are at least Theists, if no more; certainly not Atheists. 2. It is in its very nature antagonistic to all Sadduceeism and Materialism. It flatly contradicts the assertions of the miserable philosophy that makes the soul but a function of the brain, and death an eternal sleep. It proclaims that man is responsible for his actions, against those who would persuade us that each deed is but the resultant of a set of forces, an effect first, and then a cause, in an eternal and immutable series of causes and effects, and that sin and holiness are therefore words without meaning. It tells of angels, of an immortal spirit, of a future state of personal and conscious existence. 3. It inculcates the duties of purity, charity, and justice, setting forth as well the loving Fatherhood of God, as the brotherhood of men, to be continued with personal recognition, in the future life. 4. It declares that there can be, and is, communion between spirit and spirit; and so, by implication, acknowledges the possibility, at least, of intercourse between man and the Supreme Spirit—in other words, of revelation, inspiration, and grace."

I do not look upon Spiritualism as a new religion, but rather a revivification of Christ's teaching, and an amplifying, widening-out of its truths, combined with a renewal of its evidences to satisfy the needs of the world to-day—just what the Great Exemplar taught us we might expect. Spiritualism, in fact, simply reduces the teaching of the Christ to practice. It is therefore a matter for congratulation that the clergy, at least a portion of them, are beginning to recognise that our aim is a common one, and that in fundamentals we substantially agree. It is true both Dr. Thornton and Canon Wilberforce afterwards qualified their admissions, but such qualification did not touch the true and higher aspects of Spiritualism—only that which is as foreign to it as to true Christianity. At the close of their papers they dwelt somewhat at length on the dangers and general anti-Christian tendency of many of its professed followers. True there are dangers, and so there are in anything that men choose to abuse—even down to the necessities of life. As to the alleged anti-Christian tendency, I believe it is only to a certain extent true, and, in so far as it is true, to be attributed mainly to the position which the Church itself took at the onset towards the new movement. Spiritualists were driven away from the Churches and Chapels as accursed agents of Satan, and the whole thing was relegated to the limits of sorcery or delusion, and, to my mind, it is a matter for thankfulness and congratulation that a sufficient number remained steadfast and true to its higher aspects to impress even a slight individuality of soberness and truth upon the movement. It is thus, and thus only, that Canon Wilberforce's allusion to Dr. Nichols' statement as to Spiritualism "breaking up hundreds of Churches and changing the religious opinions of hundreds of thousands," bears a semblance of truth. *It was not Spiritualism that broke up the Churches; on the contrary, it was the action which the Churches took with regard to the new and strange thing that had appeared in their midst—a very*

different thing. However, it may not have been an altogether un-mixed evil, if evil it was. Spiritualism appeals more to those who recognise neither God, angel, or devil,—and it may be that by coming as it did, its influence for good will be the more marked amongst the very classes to whom it specially appeals. Certain it is that sceptics in their present attitude will be more disposed to listen to new teaching from outside the pale of the Church, than if it had been hall-marked, or “signed, sealed, and delivered,” by the latter.

There are many other points of interest which might be touched upon, but I have already dwelt too long upon the subject. The small amount of space at disposal each month in this magazine will not allow of the papers and discussion being reported verbatim. Those who have not already perused them should do so. Admirable reports appeared in *Light* for October 8th, *The Spiritualist* of October 7th, *The Herald of Progress* for October 7th and 14th, and the *Clerical World* for October 12th, in addition to which I understand the report which appeared in *Light*, together with “M.A. (Oxon’s)” Comments and other matter suitable for inquirers is to be published at once in the form of a pamphlet. It will be in the hands of our readers, probably, as soon as these words, and should be of permanent value.

As a pendant to the foregoing, the attitude of the press may be cited. The metropolitan journals almost unanimously avoided reference to the subject of Spiritualism at the Church Congress, and confined themselves to very meagre accounts. As might have been expected, the Newcastle journals gave verbatim reports of all that took place. The *Newcastle Daily Journal* of October 15th, in the course of a leader, said that “Spiritualism is indeed the best answer for Secularism; and we are rather surprised that the Archbishop of York did not more decidedly strengthen his argument by pointing out that it is so.” Further on the writer explains himself: It is so because “one folly is often the best answer and antidote of another,” and goes on to say—“When we contrast the harsh-voiced Secularist proclaiming his doctrine of a Godless Universe and of the universality of matter, subject only to an all dominating and eternal law of evolution, with the rhapsodies of a trance medium, delivering voluminous messages from another world to a room full of awe-struck believers, we have the natural paradox in all its curious completeness. Faith, banished from the lecture-hall and the classroom, accumulates, ferments, and runs to seed as credulity, in the dark séance.”

The absurdity of the picture would be amusing were it not for the utter disregard of truth and the ignorance of the writer which it displays. The rest of the article displays a similar peculiarity for ignoring facts, and picking out statements with which to tickle the ears of those who, blindfolded as it were, accept the statements of some newspapers as matters of fact in relation to Spiritualism. The

Newcastle *Daily Chronicle* of the same date took a middle course, and did not commit itself one way or the other. It said—

“Spiritualism received special attention. The Rev. Dr. R. Thornton’s paper on the subject shows that he has given it considerable study. Perhaps the most interesting book hitherto written on this question is that of Robert Dale Owen, entitled ‘Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.’ A master of style, Owen treats the question in a manner which, if it does not necessarily command assent, rarely awakens hostility. Another treatise, entitled ‘Miracles and Modern Spiritualism,’ from the pen of that distinguished naturalist, Alfred Russel Wallace, may also be consulted on this subject. The notion that the denizens of another sphere are agents to modify the character or influence the destiny of mankind is not peculiar to Spiritualism. Modern Spiritualism dates from March, 1848, and began with Miss Kate Fox, then a girl of five years of age. America has its ‘Year Book of Spiritualism,’ and there are between two and three hundred lecturers on the subject in the United States, with about the same number of public mediums. Though the question has not made the progress in the old world that it has in the new, it has attracted sufficient attention here to warrant its discussion in Congress, and spiritualists cannot object to the tone in which they were treated there.”

The *Christian World* gave a condensed report, fair, readable, and courteous, as also did *The Guardian*. The *Church Standard*, lately *Hand and Heart*, edited by the Rev. Chas. Bullock, held up Stuart Cumberland né Garner as its beau ideal of a “defender of the faith”! while I would specially notice *The Christian Herald* or *Signs of the Times*, edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, of Second Advent fame, as an example of what dirty work some papers will lend themselves to. It professed to give a *resumé* of the papers which were read. So it did. But it forgot to include any points in favour of Spiritualism, and only printed such as seemed to tell against it. This is lying, if there is such a thing; but it is to be hoped this is not a “sign of the times.”

WEIGHING AND FORM MANIFESTATIONS.

In last month’s Summary attention was directed to some accounts of the weighing and measuring of materialised forms in Australia, and reference had been previously made in these pages to similar experiments made by the Newcastle Spiritual Evidence Society. I am glad to notice that these are being continued. On Sunday, October 2nd, Mr. and Miss Blackburn of Blackburn Park, Didsbury, near Manchester, paid a visit to the Society’s rooms, and had an excellent séance, with Miss Wood as medium. Four or five forms came forth, and were each weighed, the weights varying from four to fifty-four pounds, that of Miss Wood being about seven stone. An improved plan for weighing the medium and the forms separately and at same instant is nearly completed. Eighteen persons were present, and

Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S., gives the following statement of what took place:—

“On the afternoon of Sunday, October 2, I visited the séance room, Weir’s Court, Newgate Street, for the purpose of witnessing phenomena through the mediumship of Miss Wood. There were five ladies and thirteen gentlemen present. We sat near the walls of the room, and the sitters occupied two of the walls and a small portion of the third wall. The closed cabinet was on the vacant corner of the room, and into it the medium entered, and the door of the cabinet closed. The door was screwed outside by two sceptical strangers present, and the sitters occupied their seats, the nearest sitters being eight feet from the cabinet. A good gas light was burning in a large street lamp during the whole séance, the lamp being glazed with ruby coloured glass. The light was good. I could distinguish every sitter, and time by a watch could be read.

“After waiting, conversing, and singing for a short period the curtains which screened the cabinet were opened, and a female form, draped profusely in white, slowly emerged. She walked across the room to near where I sat; her height was about four feet six inches. Near where I was sat was a weighing machine with steelyard attached. She was asked to step upon the scale, which she did, and her weight registered twenty-seven pounds. She retired, and another similar form speedily appeared; she stepped on the scale, and her weight was eighteen pounds. She retired, and another much taller form appeared; she weighed fifty-six pounds. I asked permission to stand near her, and ascertained that her height was five feet four inches. She retired, and a small form appeared, which weighed four pounds. Another taller form weighed eleven pounds. A child appeared about three feet two inches in stature, spoke, walked, and caressed some of the sitters. And she was succeeded by a tall female form, who weighed forty-five pounds. This form shook hands with several of the sitters, and fondly and gradually vanished from our sight in the middle of the room. All conjuring explanations are unmitigated folly, and it is pitiable to see the number of credulous people who are gulled by those simulations of genuine phenomena, when a few hours’ real investigation would assure them of their genuineness.”

The value of such experiments cannot be overstated. Past experience has shown that phenomena of this nature taking place in the dark, or even a dim light, are worthless as far as practical results go, and it is satisfactory to note that the light was good and sufficient to enable Mr. Barkas to read the time by his watch. This is, I believe, always a noteworthy feature of Miss Wood’s séances. On one occasion I was present, and the light was sufficient to enable me to distinguish very clearly the features of strangers present, and also to read a pencilled note which was handed me by one of the sitters during the séance. The results of the different weighings are striking and curious. At present, however, the data are too scanty to allow of accurate and definite deductions.

Save under exceptional circumstances for a specific object, I have very little sympathy with the general methods of investigation hitherto in vogue. Reference is here particularly made to the use of cabinets in which to exclude mediums from the view of investigators, and the absence of light sufficient to enable those present clearly to distinguish what is going on around them. Even at best, the results thus obtained have been far from satisfactory, and have more or less placed both medium and sitters in a false position. Now, are such methods at all necessary? It will scarcely be denied that there are few mediums who have not *occasionally* obtained as convincing phenomena in the light, and while in the presence of the sitters, as when separated from sight in a cabinet, and in a partial light which is, if anything, worse than absolute darkness. No doubt, the phenomena in question have been for the most part stronger and more easily elicited in the one case than in the other; but is there any reason why, *with cultivation*, the manifestation should not be as readily obtained under the more satisfactory conditions? So far, from some cause or other, the latter have not been cultivated, and in the long-run mediums have suffered by exposure to suspicion of foul play and fraud. That they are not altogether to blame for this state of things may be readily admitted. Like most things, mediumship to some extent (how far it is not easy to say) seems governed by the laws of demand and supply, and mediums have simply given what has been asked of them. I do not now speak in an absolute sense. I know well enough that mediumship is a gift, but, like all other gifts, it can be cultivated or neglected; hence my argument is not affected, viz., that the phenomena *have occasionally* been produced under circumstances far more favourable than those ordinarily obtaining. Had these been persistently adhered to, many an unfortunate *contretemps* which has thrown discredit upon the movement at large might have been avoided. There are, however, indications that Spiritualists are now waking up to this fact, and are becoming more keenly alive to the advantages of the sensible methods of investigation. Such signs are the most encouraging amongst the present aspects of Spiritualism.

As an illustration of what I have been saying, take the account of a séance with Mr. Eglinton, which took place at Signor Rondi's studio, 22 Montague Place, W., as recorded by Signor Damiani in *Light* for September 24th. It there appeared that three blank cards were placed simultaneously, one in a double slate, and the other two in two separate books. The three enclosures were placed under the hands of the sitters, Mr. Eglinton occasionally laying his own upon them. In a few minutes the three cards were found written upon in three different languages; one in English, another in Italian, and the third in an Oriental idiom. All took place in the full light.

But it may be argued, this is all very well as far as direct writing is concerned, but there are some phenomena for which darkness and privacy are necessary conditions, even as some phenomena of nature

require it. Granted that "spirit lights" would require darkness to enable us to observe them, I remember no other phase of the phenomena in which that condition would be an absolute *sine qua non*, and as to privacy, that can easily be secured in other ways. I fail to see, however, that "form manifestations" (and this is the chief phase where darkness or semi-darkness has produced such disastrous results) come under this category. Mr. Eglinton has frequently obtained them in the light, and while he himself has been in full view. Dr. Monck, Mr. Williams, Mr. Rita, Miss Barnes, and others, may also be cited. It will augur well for Spiritualism when mediums refuse to sit for manifestations, except under conditions which eliminate every possible source of error. Such a course will not only be better for Spiritualism as a movement, but for themselves personally also.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

A book* which calls for notice this month is the second edition of what is probably one of the widest known and ablest works ever published in connection with Spiritualism. I know of no book more suitable to place in the hands of an inquirer than this. Everything Mr. Russel Wallace has written is well worthy of perusal, and I venture to say, that this will be one of the best remembered of his writings, and certainly that which, to most minds, will do the largest amount of good. The author may reap some satisfaction from the thought that his book, albeit the contumely and abuse with which it was received in some quarters when first published, has perhaps more than any other induced serious thoughts of, and investigations into, the important facts, and the deductions arising therefrom contained in it. It need only be added that the name of Messrs. Trübner as the publishers is a sufficient guarantee that the typographical and other departments are well done.

THE GODS OF THE CLASSIC WRITERS THE SPIRITS OF THE MODERNS.

"Notwithstanding that the use and meaning of the word *deus* is sufficiently known, yet we do not think it superfluous to remind our readers that when they are thinking of the Latin *Deus*, they must quite throw aside the notion of the German word *Gott* (or the English *God*). For it would lead us to very false ideas of the religious views of the ancients if, for instance, we should regard the deification of Roman emperors according to our notions of a Divine Being. A *Deus* is far from being so much as a *Saint*, since every person's soul, after quitting the body, and after the performance of ceremonies like those employed in the apotheosis of an emperor, became a *deus*. The

* On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism. Three Essays, by Alfred Russel Wallace. Second Edition. London. Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill. 1881.

invisible guide assigned to every man by heaven was called *deus*, a word which denoted not only a good, but also a wicked being. According to this view, the word *deus*, denoted in general only an invisible, or spiritual personality. These spiritual beings were as the corporeal appearances which presented themselves to the senses, since not only every man, but also every plant, every place—nay, every property of these creatures and objects had, in the belief of antiquity, their spiritual counterpart.”—(HURTUNG. *Religion der Römer*, b. 1, s. 31.)

DEATH NOT A PARTING BUT A REUNION.

In the *Christian Life*, (Sept. 3) I came across the following beautiful little poem by the late Dean of Westminster. It is so good, that I should like to see it set to music.

TILL DEATH US PART.

“TILL Death us part.”
 So speaks the heart,
 When each to each repeats the words of doom ;
 Thro' blessing and thro' curse,
 For better and for worse,
 We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp,
 Our yearning souls shall clasp,
 By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder ;
 In bonds that shall endure,
 Indissolubly sure,
 Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till Death us join.
 O voice yet more Divine !
 That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime ;
 Through lonely hours,
 And shattered powers,
 We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with its healing hand,
 Shall once more knit the band,
 Which needs but that one link which none may sever ;
 Till through the Only Good
 Heard, felt, and understood,
 Our life in God shall make us one for ever.

THE “DAILY TELEGRAPH” AND GHOSTS.

For nearly a fortnight a discussion has been going on in this metropolitan newspaper under the caption—“The truth about ghosts.” Some remarkable narratives have been published, and, in so far as they draw attention to the subject, and rouse a spirit of inquiry, are doing a good work. For all practical purposes, however, they are

valueless, for although names and addresses are given to the editor as a guarantee of good faith, yet, in but few instances are the stories substantiated by their publication, and consequently the outside public is unable to judge for itself as to their value. Two contemporaries—*Light* and the *Spiritualist*, have embalmed the most noteworthy, and under the circumstances there is no need for this magazine to follow suit.

THE "PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW" FOR DECEMBER.

I have much pleasure in announcing that the *Psychological Review* for December will contain, besides the usual Notes and Comments, and the Summary of Contemporary Spiritual Literature, an article from Mr. A. Lillie, the author of *Buddha and Early Buddhism* (reviewed by "M. A. (Oxon.);" in the September and October issues), entitled, "Indian Supernaturalism." Mr. Lillie has also promised to contribute a narrative of personal experiences to the *Review* next year. The next number in addition will contain a paper from the pen of "M. A. (Oxon.);" and a complete tale illustrating some of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE perceptions of the human mind are accessible to the intimations of external truth through many avenues of approach. In its very structure it is made to be responsive to some of these intimations by immediate apprehension. Man has that within him by which the Invisible can be seen, and the Inaudible can be heard, and the Intangible can be felt.—*Duke of Argyle*.

SPIRITUAL RESEARCH.—Notwithstanding the vastness of the field of inquiry, there are certain facts in Spiritualism which almost any one can with care and patience establish. 1st. That those who have died, so far as the flesh and blood body is concerned, do still exist, and can under certain conditions make known to those still in the earthly body that they live and retain their identity and individuality. 2nd. That the next stage of our existence is one of progress—rapid with those who have been kindly natured and active here, and who act up to the law promulgated by Confucius 2,300 years ago, and adopted by every great subsequent lawgiver, namely, "Do you unto another what you would that that other should do unto you." Progress is slow with those who have been brutal, slanderous, and guilty of high crimes causing great suffering, such, for instance, as that imperfectly expressed by the phrase "sharp practice." 3rd. It further seems to be beyond doubt that in man's next stage of existence he is unable to conceal his true nature, his body in that state being formed of what was his memory in this life. The whole of his acts and thoughts while on earth are constantly before himself and his neighbours so long as the consequences of those acts and thoughts remain in action.—CROMWELL VARLEY.

MONTHLY SUMMARY
OF
CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

“THE SPIRITUALIST.”

(Sept. 23—Oct. 21.)

The Spiritualist calls for no special comment. It is singularly deficient in matter worth attention, a good deal of the personal and unpleasantly acrimonious element finding place in it. Signor Rondi records (Sept. 23rd) a remarkable séance with Mr. Eglinton, whose powers are developing rapidly. We regret that he should be about to leave England, and wish him success in the East. Many phenomena that occur through his mediumship parallel the alleged phenomena of adeptship.—The “Nomenclature of Spiritualism” is best left alone.—Mr. Swinburne has a curious article on “The Performance of Algerian Ecstasies.”—The estimate of the “Discussion of the Church Congress” shows lack of appreciation of a remarkable event.—Some further facts are added to the *Pall-Mall Gazette’s* “Ghost at Noonday.”—Mrs. Gordon sends some personal testimony as to the existence and powers of the Himalayan Brothers which advances the controversy a step; but nothing that has yet been said compensates for the lack of plain and direct evidence, such as that which Spiritualists rightly demand as to the phenomena in which they believe. When this is forthcoming, it will be time enough to discuss theories.

“THE MEDIUM.”

(Sept. 23—Oct. 21.)

The editor’s “Friendly Chat on Spiritualism” is characteristic and hopeful of the future of Spiritualism.—Mr. Hargrave Jennings gives an extremely laudatory review of Sinnett’s “Occult World.”—“Medium Ignorina” criticises adversely “J. K.’s” notion of the adeptship of Christ. “A Mechanic” protests, too, that “J. K.” goes “fair over his head,” as does “Ouranoi.” It is extremely likely. “J. K.” is fully equal to the occasion in his reply.—Mr. Burns gives a very interesting account of J. C. Husk’s mediumship. The phenomena are clearly defined, and occur under good conditions.—Miss Chandos L. Hunt’s address on “Magnetism as a Science and Art” contains some suggestive matter.—The most important utterance is Mr. Burns’s discourse on “Spiritualism and Ecclesiasticism.” It is

replete with his peculiar methods of thought, and is pessimistic and, in our opinion, most unfair in its conclusions. Let us thank God, and take courage that—better late than never—a powerful corporation has recognised the claims of Spiritualism on its attention. Why grumble at that?

“LIGHT.”

(September 24—October 22.)

Light is full of valuable matter, to which our space precludes more than a very brief allusion.—Mr. Eglinton's remarkable manifestations of Psychography are attested by Signor Damiani, who witnessed direct spirit-writing in three languages, in the light, under what seem to be unexceptionable conditions.—Mr. C. C. Massey contributes an excellent notice of a curious paper in the *North American Review*, on “Ghost Seeing,” by Professor F. H. Hodge. The writer, he says, “is evidently qualified by extensive reading and study of occult literature,” which is more than can be fairly said of most writers on the subject in such magazines. From what Mr. Massey quotes—we have not had the advantage of reading the article—it would seem, however, that the writer is strongly prejudiced against what he calls sorcery and necromancy. Mr. Massey points out the value of even the most commonplace manifestations of the circle, and commends to Spiritualists the criticisms which come, he thinks, “from a point of view they cannot fail to respect.” We are disposed to join in the commendation; but we should like to see a little more breadth of view in Professor Hodge. Spiritualism is neither necromancy nor sorcery, and no good end can be served by importing such nicknames into the discussion.—The number dated October 8 is distinguished by an excellent report of the proceedings of the Church Congress, which we have noticed elsewhere. The enterprise which furnished so soon so complete a report of what must be of interest to all Spiritualists, is highly to be commended.—Mr. Fitzgerald confirms the accounts given of Mr. Eglinton's mediumship. The consentient testimony now published is of high scientific value.—Volvox records a case of the apparition of a living person, which is very curious. One of the actors, he says, “Ann Anderson, is still living, and is willing any time to testify to the facts of the case.” The account is well worth perusal.—The “Notes by the Way” and “Spirit Teachings,” for both of which we are indebted to M. A. (Oxon.), are features in the paper. The comments on the Church Congress are to be published in connection with the report, and

should be useful. The Notes on Dr. Davey's case of "transferred sensation" or clairvoyance are full of interest. The writer seems to suggest that Dr. Davey, although he avows himself roundly as a Materialist *pur et simple*, has personal acquaintance with Spiritualism. If so, his position is peculiar. But is there any ground for the assertion?—The most important contribution to the spiritual literature of the month is a letter from Professor W. F. Barrett respecting some statements made at the Church Congress by Canon B. Wilberforce. The Canon had quoted Professor Barrett as condemning Spiritualism on various grounds, especially as distracting the mind from the business of life, causing mental, moral, and physical deterioration, "much so-called Spiritualism being merely a kind of inebriated Materialism." These are sweeping words, and Professor Barrett writes to explain that Canon Wilberforce asked him to put on paper the substance of a conversation, in which he had pointed out the danger that beset those who "*make Spiritualism an end, instead of a means to an end.*" The Canon's speech requires modification which, says Professor Barrett, "had I been present I should have asked to be allowed to make clear. . . . I know and rejoice in the blessing Spiritualism has been to my own faith, and to that of several dear friends of mine. Moreover, I cordially recognise the fact that in bereavement and deep distress numbers have been cheered and consoled by the hope that Spiritualism has set before them." We are glad to have this correction of what, as stated, did undoubtedly convey an unjust and sweeping condemnation of what the Professor, as now read, highly values. He points out dangers which are real, but we are glad to have his distinct acknowledgment of the debt due to Spiritualism as an aid to faith. The vigorous words in which Professor Barrett expresses his conviction that "every Materialist, and especially every Positivist, is *bound* to inquire into the truth or falsehood of Spiritualism" are very refreshing; and equally true and good is his statement that "what a man *affirms* is always worth listening to—what a man *denies* is seldom of importance, for it leads no further." We can do no justice to the cogent force of the whole letter.

"THE HERALD OF PROGRESS."

(September 24—October 21.)

The *Herald of Progress* has a lamentably inadequate account of the proceedings at the Church Congress, supplemented by a report of a speech by Mr. T. P. Barkas, which has not appeared

elsewhere. It is, we presume, a report of what Mr. Barkas would have said if he had had the chance. It is to be regretted that he was debarred from the opportunity of delivering an excellent apology for his faith. He would have testified to personal observation, under test conditions, of most of the phenomena of Spiritualism, movements of ponderable objects, playing of musical instruments, levitation of tables, psychography, form-manifestations, and the subtler mental phenomena. He puts aside crude objections, and gives as his personal opinion, "after years of observation and much careful reflection," that "the phenomena are produced, *for the most part*, by disembodied intelligences of various grades—the majority, if not all of whom have passed through their preliminary stages in this life." That is the consentient testimony of all experts.—Mr. Fowler also prints a paper "proposed to be read" at the Congress on "The Attitude of the Church to Secularism," and another on "Church and State."—Mrs. E. Hardinge-Britten, whose return to the platform we cordially welcome, is highly commended for her efforts at Newcastle. "The address on 'The Origin and Destiny of the Soul,' was one fervid picture of beauteous imagery, and its effects will never be obliterated from the minds of the enchanted audience."—Mr. Blackburn, whose generous aid to scientific research in Spiritualism dates far back, has presented to the Newcastle Society some apparatus for weighing the form and medium at the same time. We have referred elsewhere to the facts already elicited.

"THE TWO WORLDS."

(Sept. 17—Oct. 8.)

Dr. Crowell's new venture is a well printed and quite unexceptionable paper. The prevalent tone is that of his *Spiritualism and Primitive Christianity*. He announces it to existing editors as "a reinforcement coming to their aid in the struggle for the spiritual rights and the advancement of the 'best interests of mankind ;' " and as such it has been welcomed. We wish that the same good feeling prevailed here. Selfish interests and jealous antagonisms should have no place in Spiritualism.—A very appreciative notice of M.A. (Oxon.'s) articles on Buddhism, and of our September issue "sparkling with good things" demands our grateful recognition.—Quaint J. Wetherbee, always welcome, gives us his running comments ; and there is no lack either of literary ability or of spiritual food.—We renew our good wishes.

"CHICAGO TIMES" (U.S.A.)

(Aug. 21—Sept. 18, 25.)

We have received the above numbers containing accounts contributed by Mr. Kiddle of some experiences of his with Mr. Jesse Shepard, "musical and physical medium." The *Chicago Times* is a paper of wide circulation, and it is astonishing that it should be willing to give space to such descriptions as these, couched in the language of hyperbole, and recounting phenomena which fairly take away one's breath. We hear of "Sappho playing the harp in different portions of the room" (in the dark); of Meyerbeer accompanying Madame Sontag and Signor Lablache on the piano; of Sontag sustaining high D with a clear ringing bell-like purity never attained by Patti; of orations by Lord Bacon, Galen, Paul, and *hoc genus omne* of all lands and ages, in all languages under heaven;—and so on, and so on! We unfeignedly regret that the facts of Spiritualism should be thus travestied, and presented to the outer world in such guise. If only a paltry thousandth part were true it would be startling enough. This wholesale raid upon the heroes and sages and philosophers and composers and artists of the past, who all come rushing up to perform at Mr. Shepard's will would be a mere burlesque, if it had not its sad and serious aspect too. There is material in the published essays that is of merit; and the phenomena recorded are powerful. Why cannot they be allowed to rest on their own merits? The same spread-eagle style is used in describing Mr. Shepard. In Europe "he was received with honours little less than royal"! This is news to us, and we believe London is a capital of Europe!

"RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

(September 10—October 1.)

The Journal discusses the relative potency of embodied and disembodied spirit, and justly concludes that the Theosophists "make the psychic power too prominent, the spirit-power too feeble;" while "it is equally true that some Spiritualists incline to almost ignore psychic power, and make the spirit-power all." This is precisely the position we occupy in the controversy.—Col. Bundy, with his brother-editor of *The Great West* (a Denver Journal of an extremely vigorous type, to judge by the specimen sent us), is on a visit to Colorado, and gives a graphic account of the journey over the highest waggon-road in the world, 14,000 feet high. We hope his health is re-established.—A. J. Davis defines his position in

respect to phenomenal Spiritualism which is reasonable and fair. He is severe on the frauds which defile some phases of public physical mediumship.—There is in an editorial a scathing denunciation of one of the Bishop of Liverpool's tracts. Printed in the midst of the liberal and broad ideas that characterise the theology of Spiritualism, it does indeed seem strangely grim and repulsive. The emendation of it given by the Journal is a gospel which is better for man, and more honourable to God.—W. Emmette Coleman again writes on Mediumship and Psychism. His words are measured and forcible. He is one of the most cogent writers in the movement.—Hudson Tuttle contributes a capital sketch of the life of Wm. Denton. The two plague-spots of Spiritualism in America—men and women who merely pretend to psychic gifts for purposes of gain, and mediums obsessed by evil or undeveloped spirits, whose lives discredit the movement,—are boldly pointed out. Spiritualism would be a different thing if these spots could be wiped out. The Journal has done much in that direction.

“THE BANNER OF LIGHT.”

(September 10—October 8.)

The leading American journal of Spiritualism has justified its title to that position by enlarging its borders. It now gives 12 pp. of matter, and is, indeed, a “feast of fat things.” We are aghast at the enterprising vigour which can cover week by week so large a space with such matter as, for instance, fills the issue of October 8th. Three long addresses by Mrs. Richmond, and Messrs. Colville and Wallis—when contrasted with the sermons that feed the orthodox, all of high merit and value:—a long and interesting account by Mr. Hazard of some of his many experiences:—a review by S. B. Brittan of Dr. Peebles' “last book:”—to say nothing of the message department and editorials:—all this in a single number. If this can be maintained, and we do not see any reason to fear it, *The Banner* will occupy a position that no spiritual paper in the world has reached. We heartily wish our contemporary all success.—It is manifestly impossible even to name all that is worth notice in five numbers of *The Banner*: we can but indicate a few of the most striking articles.—Mr. E. W. Wallis we see is cordially received, and for that is indebted in no slight degree to the efforts of Mr. Colby.—Mr. A. E. Newton has a thoughtful paper of high tone on “The Spiritual Theory of Ethics,” the conclusion of

which may be summed up in the motto, "Live for the good of all," which is, in effect, the Christ-precept, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"; and again the Buddha-teaching, "Offer loving thoughts and acts to all."—Dr. Brittan is doing valuable work which is not sufficiently appreciated in the Secular Press Bureau. It is no small benefit to have at hand a man of his calibre, versatile power, and varied information, whose pen is devoted to exposing mistakes, and answering objections in the secular press. A letter of his on Dr. Beard as a "Psychological Expert," addressed to the *New York Times* is excellent; and it is but a sample out of many that find their way into the public press.—Dr. Rodes Buchanan on "The Physiological Basis and Philosophy of Spiritualism" is excellent reading.—Spiritualists should know something of what Theodore Parker used to call *the religion of the body*.—"The Age of Reason," and the "Age of Intuition," is an address given through Mrs. Richmond by a spirit purporting to be Thomas Paine. The ideas are such as he might utter: the language is not. But the style of such addresses is usually one, and must be, to a large extent, that of the medium.—Mr. Colville's address on the death of President Garfield is of slightly unequal merit. It was not easy to do justice to such a theme. Mrs. Richmond rises nearer to expectation in her touching words on "The Nation's Sorrow." These various addresses must be of great service in distant parts of country districts where the dwellers are debarred from listening to any form of spiritual instruction. They form a feature of *The Banner* that is undoubtedly highly prized.

"Mediums usually are plastic-minded, kind-hearted, and passively good natured; with laudable aspirations to be developed, to become spiritualised and to render acceptable service to their fellow-men."—*Mental Disorders; or, Diseases of the Brain and Nerves*, by ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.—The philosophy of Spiritualism teaches us these things:—1st. That man, the inhabitant of the universe, is endowed with an immortal spirit; and that all material creation exists only for the development of that spirit.—2nd. That when this spirit breaks through the clay, it finds itself in a new phase of existence.—3rd. In this new phase the spirit works out its further advancement by deeds of love—by acquiring knowledge, and by imparting such knowledge to men or spirits less favoured.—4th. This progression is infinite as knowledge. From one stage, or phase of progress, the spirit, never losing its identity, passes to another and higher.—DAMIANI.

THE CHRISTIAN SAINTS; THEIR METHOD AND THEIR POWER.*

BY GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

IN my various writings I have repeatedly attempted to draw a comparison and a contrast between the method of the Oriental Adepts and the method followed by the Christian Adepts or Saints.

In the address I delivered to the British Theosophical Society in January, 1880, and which is reprinted in my *Theosophy and Spiritual Dynamics*, I attempted to show that the powers claimed by the Oriental Adepts and the powers manifested by the Christian Saints were almost identical, but that the method by which these powers were obtained, although *initially* the same—namely, the force of will or desire—yet *immediately* diverged or polarised in opposite directions.

The Oriental Adept, by soul or will force and a *systematic* training of his soul and body, attempts to seize on the Spirit, and thus to scale the heavens and there to rule as a demi-god.

The Christian Saint, on the other hand, undergoes no *systematic* training, but he ardently wills or desires to shun the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to "crucify those affections and lusts which war against the soul."

He takes Jesus Christ as his model, and attempts literally to realise the life and teachings of his Master. He believes that if he lives the life he will have a revelation of the doctrine, and he believes that if he knows the doctrine he will have a gift of the Spirit, and thus he desires to possess that knowledge which is Christ's power.

The Oriental Adept trusts to the powers of his own divine birth-right, the Christian Saint trusts entirely to the gift of God. The Adept asserts the power of his own will, the Saint desires with abject humility to submit to the will of God operating with his own spirit.

The pneumatological results are to a great extent identical; that is, both the Adept and the Saint become more or less spiritual beings with the powers of the Spirit. But the Adept, as he chiefly worships abstract power, lives in secret as a thinker and practical psychologist.

The Saint, taking Jesus Christ in all respects as his model, expends his life in openly transmuting his spiritual powers into good works, and by his miraculous powers converting and regenerating the souls and bodies of the wicked and diseased men and women around him.

* Read before the British Theosophical Society, 31st July, 1881.

The Oriental Adept, by a long, severe, and systematic discipline, by pure diet, cleansings, and magnetic aid, attempts to regenerate his body.

The Saint commits the great error of despising his body. He abuses it unnaturally and cruelly. He forgets that as his body should be the temple of the Holy Ghost, he should make it clean, strong, and beautiful. He disgraces his body instead of "presenting it a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God, which is his *reasonable* service."

The Saint, in his attempt to imitate the sufferings of Jesus, seems to forget that these sufferings were of the soul, and thus it is that he often mistakes the letter for the Spirit, and distorts the original into a caricature.

With reverence I conceive that Jesus of Nazareth, as Jesus, had a body of perfect health, and as the Christ had a body in all respects perfect, being a body regenerated as by water and the Spirit.

The powers obtained by the Adept and the Saint are those of the Spirit.

They are what is called miraculous powers, by which I mean the central power of the One Spirit as distinguished from the circumferential powers of the complex soul.

By the central dynamics of the Spirit the possessor becomes a clairvoyant, a seer, a prophet. He can directly, or as an instrument, change the magnetic conditions, and thus rearrange the molecular constitution of matter, and thus heal disease, or ascend from the earth or transmit his power and his form to a distance.

He can triumph over fire and water, subdue wild beasts, control madness, and convert the wicked into good men. As St. Catherine says, "Those in perfect obedience to God, receive the obedience of all creatures." But the Adept, so far as we know, is satisfied with the possession and *secret* exercise of these powers; while the Christian Saint, as an imitator of his Lord, openly expends his strength and his life in his desire to regenerate the souls and bodies of wicked and diseased human beings.

In my attempt to bring before the reader a true portrait of the Saints, I will give a brief outline of the lives of four Saints—two women and two men,—namely, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Teresa of Spain, St. Francis of Assissi, and, lastly, the Curé D'Ars of France.

Of these four Saints, St. Elizabeth was a married woman; the other three were celibates. The three first lived in the middle ages, but the Curé D'Ars died only twenty-two years ago.

I shall attempt to show that these Saints, by the power of faith, love, purity, fasting, and prayer, obtained all and, so far as we know, more than Oriental Adepts obtain by physical and soul training and will force.

The Romish Church as a corporation, dealing as it does with millions of ignorant and superstitious men and women chiefly of the Latin and Celtic races, has not unfrequently degraded the Saints in the eyes of thoughtful people by, showman-like, overlaying them with a childish garniture of tinsel.

Protestants, on the other hand, in their blind intolerance of all that has arisen within the Romish Church, have not only remained deeply ignorant of the lives of the Saints, but have ignorantly laughed to scorn their asserted sanctity and their miraculous powers.

But the Theosophist—knowing scientifically as he does the reality and power of the hidden spirit in man, and its godlike nature and attributes when evoked, and knowing the capability of man actually and potentially to become, as a matter of fact, a Christ-like being—can not only believe, but can truly and philosophically explain the nature and power of the Saint, his physiology and his psychology, the method and nature of his power—the *practical science* of the true Christian religion.

St. Elizabeth was a daughter of Andrias II, King of Hungary, and was born at Presburg in 1207.

At the age of fourteen she was married to the Langraf of Thuringia. She had three children—a son and two daughters. Her husband died when on his way to Palestine when she was twenty years of age, and she died at the early age of twenty-four years.

As a Saint, her life has this peculiar interest, that she was a married woman and had children; it being a general idea of Theosophists and others, that celibates only were capable of reaching the exaltation and marvellous powers of the supernatural spiritual life.

But although married, she was married to one who entirely appreciated her saintly virtues, and who was himself a perfectly pure and saintly man, living in simple love, and dying while on his way as a crusader to the Holy Land.

This St. Elizabeth, although a king's daughter, lived a life of what is called "the joy of holy poverty," that is, she gave up all worldly riches for the good of others, and received in exchange the graces, gifts, and powers of the Saint.

The power to heal disease, and to convert the wicked, and to work physical miracles, accompanied her during her husband's life, but especially after his death.

She worked incessantly among the poor, carrying to them alms and bread, while she herself fasted; and there is a well known picture which represents her as meeting her husband on the mountains, when on one of these missions, when the loaves in her apron were transformed into roses, symbolical of her beautiful and fragrant deeds, while above her head shone the luminous cross of divine love and life.

She not only gave all her property to the poor, but nursed them in their illnesses, washing their sores, and associating with the terrible lepers.

Notwithstanding all which, being, after her husband's death, set aside by her brother-in-law, she fell into great troubles—was driven from place to place—resting in pig stys, and was beaten, insulted, and slandered.

But king's daughter though she was, she endured all this with the most beautiful patience, resignation, and love; esteeming herself only too happy to suffer thus the agonies of her Lord.

She had many beautiful visions of Christ, and experienced not only "the joy of self-sacrifice," but "the joy of *actual* union with Christ," or the *One* Spirit.

These early Saints, living in an age of darkness and cruelty, went to such extremes of self-abasement and mortification, as seem to me to dishonour God, as if their loving Father or their Lord could possibly be gratified by excesses which were beneficial to no one, and which precipitated their own death. Mortifications which not only killed the body, but which were in themselves sometimes revolting and disgusting.

When in doubt as to the truthfulness of any action or mode of life, we cannot err in asking ourselves,—“Did Jesus Christ act thus, or did he teach thus?” and if he did not, then that action and mode of life is not in accordance with his will, but is an error, if not a sin.

But inasmuch as St. Elizabeth did all in faith and love, and erred because of the badness of the age in which she lived, her works may be said to have been counted to her as righteousness, and thus by the crucifixion of the flesh in love, she attained to the resurrection of the Spirit.

She believed all things were given to those who prayed in faith, and, while thus engaged, her face is described as becoming luminous, and her body as ascending in the air, as she saw and conversed with angelic beings.

After her death, it is said, her body emitted a perfume, her face became radiant, and the birds of the air sang her requiem.

Her utter unselfishness during life melted all hearts, and thus she received those spiritual and miraculous gifts which the *utter* surrender of the Self-hood to the Divine, seems, by the law of our higher nature, to secure.

St. Francis of Assissi, founder of the Franciscan order, was born *twenty-five* years before St. Elizabeth, in 1182, and died 1226, aged forty-four years.

It was from his influence that St. Elizabeth, in the first place, drew her inspiration.

He began life as a gay, generous, handsome, and extravagant young man, the admiration of his native city.

He was also a chivalrous soldier, but, being taken prisoner, and falling into bad health, he came under spiritual influences, and from henceforth determined to live in severe literal exactness, according to the rule of the Sermon on the Mount and the Gospels.

He adopted "holy purity and poverty," with their entire freedom from worldly cares, and having renounced all claim to his patrimony, he assumed the garb of the monk, and the avocation of the preaching mendicant.

He supported himself by begging from door to door, and lived on crusts of bread and water.

His enthusiasm *necessarily* attracted many, and he and his associates became itinerant preachers of the gospel, and boldly attacked all the vices and luxury of the age.

"He exalted poverty to an active and positive principle," for "blessed are the poor in spirit, and to the poor is the gospel preached." Some of his followers became missionaries to foreign lands, and there denouncing what they considered idolatries, suffered martyrdom, and "their blood thus became the seed of the church."

Although his rule was severity itself, yet he himself ever remained the simple, humble, and loving man.

Like Daniel, by his purity, he subdued wild beasts, and he regarded all the lower animals as his brothers and sisters, addressing them in loving words, and the birds are said to have listened to him and to have obeyed his voice, ceasing to chatter when they disturbed his devotions, and ascending into the air singing at heaven's gate when he asked them to do so.

He wept as he saw lambs led to the slaughter, and the rivers and hills he also spoke to, as if they were his brothers and sisters.

Almost we might call him a Christian pantheist, for he believed that

“He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

He read the thoughts of men, and he cured their diseases, and frequently, in ecstatic prayer, visions of Christ stood before him, as he, rising in the air, became luminous, and the chapel was full of light, “For the eye being single, the whole body was full of light.”

He wept much for his own sins and for the sins of others, and gloried in being despised and rejected of men.

His rule was purity, chastity, obedience, humility, love, faith, fasting, and prayer.

Finally, desiring ardently in all things to be worthy of the glory of carrying the cross of Christ, he became pierced with the Stigmata—the five wounds of the crucifixion.

These wounds he bore for two years. They were seen by many, although he carefully hid them, as too sacred for profane or curious eyes, and he carried them to his grave.

He was a man utterly devoted to his ideal Christ; by following whose rule literally and with intensity, he—being in the Spirit—by the creative power of imagination and love, became regenerated into the likeness of his master, and with his master's powers.

About 300 years later than St. Francis, was born St. Teresa, at Avila, in Old Castile, in the year 1515. She died 1583, aged 68 years.

From a child she was a mystic, and longed for martyrdom; and when 18 years of age she became a Carmelite nun.

She was, however, 40 years of age before the serious business of her life began in asceticism, and that continual desire of the soul—which is prayer—followed by visions and supernatural powers.

Unlike St. Elizabeth, St. Teresa was a woman of a subtle, metaphysical, analytical, and literary turn of mind, and for these reasons, and also because she lived in a more historic period, her life has for us a far greater interest than those of the older Saints.

Like St. Francis and others, she also when in ecstatic prayer frequently became luminous, and ascended from the earth; and she describes her spiritual visions as transcending all merely human imaginations, and altogether beyond mere human vision.

She describes some of these visions as that of the crucifixion

of the flesh, which was as an *ecstatic pain*, and, in common with most of the Saints, being on the Spirit-plane, she encountered demons, and had conflicts with the Evil One.

A saying of hers was, "The highest power of the soul consisted not in thinking, but in loving;" and another saying was, "The highest perfection and power comes from the total abnegation of self, and, by submitting our will to the will of others, we obtain the perfect mastery over selfishness and its sins."

In describing her ecstatic unions with Christ and God she uses the remarkable theosophic expression, afterwards used by Boehme, "It seemed as if *the Spirit of my Soul* became one with God."

Thus also she obtained what in theosophic language she calls "*the perfect interior repose*."

She also, with theosophic wisdom says—"With God, to speak or think is to do or create."

Her revelations were more interior than external, and hence her physical miracles were fewer than with some other saints, but she still healed many sick folk.

She was beautiful in death, and from her body came the odour of sanctity.

With her was that clearness and exactness of reason which comes to the pure in heart; and she knew, as a biographer says, that "*The illumination of the understanding was the Science of the Saints*."

Her life is a deeply interesting mystical study; and Protestants without an understanding of such lives must continue to remain ignorant of those deep secrets of the soul and spirit which alone can reveal the *Hidden Christ*.

Lastly, I will bring before you the life of one—although not canonised, yet not the less a saint—Jean Marie Baptiste Viennay, commonly called the Curé D'Ars.

He was born at Dardilly, a village near Lyons, 1786, and died 1859, aged 73 years.

His parents were poor, simple farmers. He was always a simple and good child, and at an early age took seriously to religion.

He was a simple, pure, loving, and pious soul, and he set himself literally to live the life of Christ, like a little child.

Poverty, continual self denials, the absence of all self indulgence, total self abnegation, humility, untiring forgiveness and charity, with continual prayer, was his rule of life.

He established an orphanage, himself occupying a humble chamber almost devoid of furniture.

He lived on crusts of bread and water; and if at any time

kind souls, compassionating his poverty, left presents at his house, these he invariably and immediately gave away to the poor.

As one very *thinly* separated from the Spirit world, he encountered demons, and for twenty years was tormented by the Evil One, whom he called *Grappin*.

This demon came nightly to him for twenty years, calling out his name and denouncing him, knocking his furniture about, screaming and roaring like a condemned soul, and threatening his life.

These facts were substantiated by many sceptics who went for the purpose of testing their reality.

At first he was greatly alarmed, but he soon got accustomed to these things, enduring them with the utmost patience and good nature.

At last Grappin, finding himself despised, left him; but then began the persecutions of men—the neighbouring priests and others who envied his celebrity, or suffered from the reflections which his pure and holy life cast on themselves.

These persecutions included the vilest calumnies, but all this he not only bore with the sweetest patience, but rejoiced that he was found thus worthy to suffer for his Lord.

His simple goodness, charity, humility, and truth at last, after eight years, lived this persecution down; and some of those who had reviled him came and on their knees and in tears asked his forgiveness.

Many miracles of healing were wrought through his prayers, and the faith of the sick, especially cases of lameness and paralysis.

On one occasion it is asserted that with two or three pounds of flour, all that remained in the house, the housekeeper made about two hundred pounds of bread for the orphan age. She asserted that the batch rose and multiplied under her hands. Those who believe in spiritual powers and in the promises of Christ have no right to deny this statement.

On another occasion the granary was found empty, but in answer to prayer, next day it was found filled with corn.

The sceptic will at once say—"O, yes, by the hands of kind friends, who no doubt knew of the famine." But those who are acquainted with the phenomena of Spirit apports know that this asserted miracle might have happened.

He became and was, for twenty years, a centre, attracting pilgrims from all quarters; and it is asserted that from fifty to eighty thousand people were attracted to his remote village annually, that they might see him, or confess their sins, or be healed of their diseases of body and mind.

At these most laborious duties he, as a rule, worked eighteen hours a-day in the chapel for twenty years, without one holiday, an amount of labour on a minimum of rest and sleep and nourishment which seems supernatural.

He read the secrets of those who came for confession, and often told all before one word was confessed; and at other times if acts of sin were withheld by the penitent, he sometimes pointed out the day and hour such sins were committed.

At other times he could pick out of the waiting crowd those who stood most in need of his assistance, and many men of the world and sceptics were converted by a glance of the eye, a look or a word.

He prayed and wept much for his own sins and the sins of others; and on one occasion as he thus wept, the hardened sinner then under confession said, "Father, why do you weep so?" His reply was, "I weep, dear friend, because you do not weep."

He was an unlettered man, but he also, like St. Teresa, had that clearness of mental vision and logic which comes to those whose eye being single their whole bodies are full of light.

On one occasion a man who earned a portion of his living by playing the fiddle at Sunday dances called on the Curé and begged for his prayers in aid of his crippled child.

The Curé, in confessing him, begged him to give up this fiddling. The man could not find it in his heart to do so, but on returning home he suddenly repented, and breaking his fiddle into bits, threw them into the fire. As the wood burned the crippled child suddenly leaped from his bed, crying out, "I am cured, I am cured," as he ran through the house.

On another occasion the crippled child of a soldier was cured by a word; and another child, eight years old, believing in the promise of the good Curé, was "suddenly cured next day, and ran through the village like a hare."

He used to say many deep things, although himself so simple, as thus—

"A pure soul can get all it asks of God."

"When I can give away everything to God he gives me all I ask."

"Prayer disengages the soul from matter—it unites us with God and fills us with light."

"It is Sin which brings all war, pestilence, disease, and death."

"God casts no man into hell: he casts himself there."

"The best way to be rich is to give everything, for then we have treasures in heaven."

"In self-surrender is the power of the saints."

“Those who are true and pure see all things with clear and exact minds.”

He is described as one who seemed to be an embodied spirit before whose gaze and in whose presence all vanity and folly fled away.

His biographer says, “Faith was his only *Science* and explained all mysteries, while his intimate union with God showed all mysteries as *palpable realities*.”

A commentator says—“Sanctity is the fruit of Sacrifice: it is a death and a new birth; but there is no death without suffering, and no childbirth without its pangs.”

Thus, the Curé D’Ars says, “When I could follow this rule I got all I asked, and fastings and vigils attract gifts from God.”

Praise and flattery gave him positive pain, but under slanders and censures he felt peace and gratitude, saying, “how pleased he was that these good people had found him out.”

He died as he had lived, in perfect peace, expressing only one regret—that his illness should give any one trouble.

Thus passed away, in our own day, this sweet and beautiful soul—an illustration of the graces and powers given to those who fully live the entirely unselfish life, who, utterly emptying themselves of self, are filled with the Holy Spirit. Triumphant over “the world, the flesh, and the devil,” in patience, humility, and love, they are regenerated as the well-beloved sons of God and brothers of Jesus Christ.

I have dwelt at greater length on the life of the Curé D’Ars because he lived in our own day, and thus not only touches us more nearly, but because his life and his words and his acts and his miraculous powers have been witnessed by innumerable observers, many of whom are now living in our midst.

Those who believe in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism can have no difficulty in believing in nearly all which is recorded of the Curé D’Ars and the other Saints described in this paper.

Those who may think it profanity to draw a parallel between the saintly powers of holy men and women and the many times disorderly and often wicked manifestations occurring among Spiritualists, or rather Spirit-ists, must remember that evil spirits can work miracles or wonders as well as good spirits; and it is admitted that modern Spiritualism, so called, too frequently no more resembles that spiritual power which comes through “holy purity” than the mischievous and unclean gambols of apes resemble the dignified walk and conversation of good and high-souled men and women.*

* While admitting so much, I must still assert, that it is only through the *phenomena* of modern Spiritualism that materialism is refuted.

It will have been noticed that many of the Saints, when engaged in ecstatic prayer, have been raised from the ground.

This is a statement which the sceptic will not readily accept, and yet the present writer knew a lady who, while on one occasion engaged before the altar, in intense prayer, began to find herself rising from the ground, but on becoming alarmed, re-alighted. Yes there is a magic in intense prayer; and the elevation produced by Divine love is not only psychologically but physically true.*

The Saints were men and women who resolved *literally* and *exactly* to live the life and follow the teachings of Jesus Christ, and thus they became born in his likeness.

By purity of life, by fastings, by self-denials, and by continual desire or prayer they became *spiritualised* human beings, and as such, according to the mystic teachings of Jacob Boehme, they became Christ-like *actually*, and their will and imagination became creative.

Thus, "the Science of the Saints" is the Science of Theosophy and Christian Magic.

The mechanism of the saintly life is not taught by the Romish Church, but it would seem to teach that the Saints were so far mediums, inasmuch as their powers are often ascribed to the assistance of other departed saints.

Undoubtedly the Saints were mediums; but how far their powers were *centred* in their own spiritual nature, and how far they were assisted by angelic beings, is difficult to determine. If any one be truly in spirit, or in the spirit plane, he is "in Christ" and at one with the Divine, and hence the marvellous powers thus manifested cannot be strictly individualised.

Jesus Christ worked miracles by his personal power, and yet even he was ministered to by angels.

Celibacy and extreme fastings are rules with the Saints; but this being a physical world, the great majority of men and women must marry, and increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it.

The entire Saint must therefore be an exceptional being, the singular spiritual phenomenon of his age, produced as a mani-

* These elevations of the body, contrary to the law of gravity, occur only during ecstasy, and are mystically explained by the attractive power of Divine love, drawing the loving soul from earth to heaven.

Physically, I venture to give the explanation: that as two magnetic negatives repel each other, the earth being magnetically negative, repels that human being from its surface whose body is rendered magnetically negative by the total abnegation of selfishness.

festation of the Son born of the Holy Spirit in the midst of a carnal world. "A light shining in darkness," although, as in the days of Jesus, "the darkness (for the most part) comprehendeth it not."

But although the entire Saint with miraculous powers must be an exceptional being, it is yet open to all to live a life of purity in body and soul—a life of self-denial in all things, including a simple diet, with occasional reasonable fasts—a life of humility, truth, charity, faith, and prayer, or continual desire for all good.

Those who can thus live, and especially if, in *patience*, they persevere therein, will at least so far become regenerated as to obtain an increase of health, beauty, happiness, clear mental vision, and magnetic healing power, and they will be able somewhat to comprehend *how* the Saints came to *know* that "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

IF we would exterminate all slavery, and everything that is unchristian, from the world; if we would baffle the Despotism that writes catechisms, misinterprets the Bible, panders to brutality, and hinders the upward progress of mankind in righteousness and spiritual growth, we must teach the young to be kind and compassionate to the animals over whom the Creator has given us pre-eminence and entrusted us with Power.—DENNY'S.

THE CREDENTIALS OF SPIRITUALISM.—The credentials which Spiritualism has to offer are indisputable facts—facts as hard and stubborn as those which have been deduced for any physical science. The witnesses of these facts are innumerable, and the character of many unimpeachable. Upon this basis we may well be content to rest our *raison d'être*. Spiritualism does not fear inquiry: it has nothing to lose, but everything to gain thereby. All that it desires is a candid and honest method of investigation, and not a rough and ready mode of settlement, as too many scientists, unfortunately for themselves, have adopted.—J. S. FARMER.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.—In producing proof in favour of spirit-communication, we are necessitated to use the evidence of others. Those who have never seen objects move say it is an impossibility. That is a word of ready use, but is an expression of conceit and ignorance. The wise will rather acknowledge that he knows too little to say anything is impossible. Of the laws which operate in the vast unknown, we know not; and it is puerile to draw positive conclusions from the little that is known. Columbus and Harvey, Kepler, Galileo, and every one who has given expression to a new thought, has been met by the "impossible." After a time, their truths become possible enough; and the present always smiles at the positive expressions of past ignorance.—HUDSON TUTTLE.

"FORMS THAT HAVE PASSED AWAY."

BY JOHN S. FARMER.

"Oh for thy voice to soothe and bless!
 What hope of answer or redress,
 Behind the veil, behind the veil."

—*Tennyson.*

It was evening—a soft, balmly evening toward the close of a hot and sultry summer in one of our southern counties. The golden harvest moon was rising, pouring its bright beams with lavish effulgence on the world, softening some objects into rare beauty, while it touched others with an almost unearthly pallor.

A fair prospect of wood and water, hill and dale, was spread out in all its picturesque beauty. Rich meadows, skirting a narrow winding river, basked in the moon's bright beams, while on the opposite bank stood golden fields of waving grain all ripe for the reaper's sickle. In the distance could be discerned the village green, and groups of cottages with red-tiled roofs nestling amidst the trees—an unmistakably English landscape, the deepening tints of which told but too surely of the fading, dying year.

Yet none of this rural and sylvan beauty was seen by the beholder and possessor of all the fair prospect before him. John Hemsleigh had sought that deep bay-window recess as a shelter in which the hopeless grief of his despair could be relieved in a flood of blinding tears. His sorrow was no common one. He was not a man to lightly give way to excessive expression of grief. But now his short married life—it had lasted but two years—was being severed by the most inexorable of all causes—his wife, Muriel Hemsleigh, was dying.

The apartment was one of moderate size, panelled in oak to the ceiling, and decidedly what may be called snug. The rich Turkey carpet, the carved, antique furniture, the heavy velvet hangings, massive mirrors, and rare porcelain—all spoke of the wealth of the owner—a wealth which but mocked his present misery, for all his possessions availed him nothing in his sorrow.

Upon a couch facing the window lay a sleeping woman, upon whose face of rare loveliness, Death had plainly set its mark. The features, though somewhat emaciated with sickness, were faultless, and the large, violet eyes, when opened, might be seen to gleam with an unearthly brightness. Her hair, a rich chestnut brown, had been loosened from its bindings, and hung luxuriantly over her shoulders.

The slight stir which she made in waking recalled her husband to her side.

"Can I do anything for you, darling?" he said, bending over the couch, and taking her hands in his own.

Looking at him, her face lit up with a smile bearing the impress of intense and fervent love, she replied, "No, dearest, nothing;" and then noticing his grief, she continued in a somewhat sad and weary tone, "but I wish you would not grieve so much."

At this all his pent up sorrow burst forth in a wailing cry:

"Muriel, if you die, you take my life with you. Try to live. Oh! Muriel, my darling wife, try to live!"

There was a thrill of fear and agony in the speaker's voice, a passionate anguish in his face. It seemed as if the awful bitterness of his despair was fiercely racking him. He was just realising how near his sick wife was to the coming change—a change which is the inevitable fate of all kinds and conditions of men. Friends pass from our midst, and disappear in the gloom and darkness of the grave. The voice is hushed in death, and not one word or look of love comes in response to the passionate, yet vain and hopeless longings inherent to the human breast, which is ever seeking, yet ever failing, to lift the Veil of the Isis and penetrate the sacred mysteries of the Holy of Holies beyond, where alone can the universal problem of Life be solved in actual knowledge. At least, such were the thoughts which were passing through John Hemsleigh's mind as he had spoken.

His anguish was mirrored in Muriel's face. For a few moments she did not speak. She was possessed with a longing for a renewed term of life for her husband's sake.

"I would live if I could," she said; "for your sake I would live, but it is not to be. I feel I am dying. Oh! my husband, it is hard to part, for I love you, and my love is but intensified by the nearness of the Shadow of Death!"

In his agony he bowed his head, hiding his face in the folds of her dress, and smothering his sobs there.

Too exhausted to speak again immediately, she suffered cruelly in this his suffering. Presently some thought seemed to flash across her mind, and she said:

"I have something to say, John," and on his looking up she made a sign for him to take her in his arms. When he had done so, she closed her eyes, and remained for a brief space as if in thought. Then she murmured:

"Yes! I am sure it must be so!"

"What is so, my darling?"

"Why, I have been thinking, John, that God is too good to keep us apart from each other. I am sure he would in his infinite goodness permit me to be near you, to guard and watch over you. Do not grieve, my husband; I will come back to you."

"Would that it were possible," he groaned.

"It is possible," she cried eagerly, as if she would if she could close the flood-gates of his heart. Indeed, in her face could be read her full conviction of the power of her spirit. It seemed as if the very intensity of her desire rendered it possible.

"Listen, darling," she said; "we know that the spirits of the dead are sometimes allowed to come back to those they have loved. If others have done this, why should not I? Do not fear but that my love for you will conquer all difficulties, and by some means I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence."

I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence!

Such was her promise. All the shadows had disappeared from Muriel's face; her countenance glowed with a radiance of indescribable beauty—the dawning upon her of the sunlight of that other and brighter life. Upon her lips played a smile of perfect peace; her whole being seemed enveloped with a halo of suffused light.

She had sunk back exhausted into her husband's arms, her head resting on his breast. Every now and then a convulsive twitching shook her frame. Thinking she might be in pain, he inquired.

"No; it is all gone. The pain is past," and she again relapsed into silence. Muriel's face bore no trace of suffering now. Death had wiped it away.

After a while she said:

"I have come to feel that death is no real separation, John; it is but a thin veil that will divide us."

"My darling wife, do not talk of dying. You must not go—you shall not go!" he exclaimed, kissing her passionately the while.

No answer was made to his appeal. She was apparently unconscious for the nonce to things immediately around her. She was gazing vacantly into space.

"What is that light, John?"

He looked in the direction she pointed to, but could see nothing.

"I can see no light, darling."

"But it is there. It is getting brighter. Ah! I see some people now. Some one is beckoning me. They want me to go to them, and oh! they all seem so glad and happy. Upon the forehead of each shines a star. The stars are of different colours, and some are brighter than others. Oh! John, it is heaven that I see."

"I see nothing, Muriel. Oh, my love, look at me and tell me you are not going to die!"

"I must go, John." Then, looking round again, "John! there is mother and sister Mary. Yes! I'm coming, I'm coming," and she stretched out her hands toward her unseen visitors. The next moment she was senseless.

John Hemsleigh thought his wife was dead, and called for help. It was, however, but a swoon, from which she soon recovered. She lingered on for several days, and Mr. Hemsleigh was cherishing a hope that she would recover. His hopes were but vain and delusive. On the fourth day, just as the evening was setting in, Muriel Hemsleigh called her husband to her side.

"It would be cruel not to tell you, John; mother and Mary are coming for me to-night. I will remember my promise."

Ah! that promise. *I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence.* He could say nothing. He simply clasped her in his arms.

Muriel was playing weakly with her wedding ring, which hung very loosely on her worn finger.

"Take the ring, darling. You put it on my finger, and now I am going, you must wear it. I wish that——"

The sentence was unfinished, for her attention was again arrested.

"They've come, John. My mother and Mary."

He bent his face close to her own. He was weeping.

"Good-bye! my dearest husband. Good-bye! But not for long. I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence."

"Muriel! Muriel!" gasped he, holding her tightly to his breast. She did not answer save by a smile. Her spirit had flown.

Three months have passed away, and the snow lies thickly upon the ground. John Hemsleigh is sitting in the same room where we last saw him. He is thinking—thinking of his dead wife and her promise.

Good-bye! but not for long. I will return to you, and make you aware of my presence.

Such were her last words, and he was thinking of them. Was she near him then? It seemed at times as if he could pierce the shadows surrounding him, and could see Muriel's fair form by his side, and hear her gentle voice as in the days of old.

For some weeks after Muriel Hemsleigh had passed away, he had been thoroughly overcome. His hopes appeared just then all wrecked around him. Before his mental vision there ever appeared the impress of his wife's fair face as he had last seen it. All the old love and tenderness were still there, and the thought that all his hopes and joys had vanished drove him almost to the verge of despair. He felt that unseen powers were wrestling within him—the powers of Evil and the powers of Good—each struggling for the mastery. Oftentimes a black, overshadowing presence would haunt him for days, mocking his misery with derisive jeers, tempting him to end all the turmoil within. But in his darkest hour of gloom and desolation, there came a small still whisper—the voice strangely familiar—and bright gleams of hope pierced his weary and agonised soul. This soft and gentle influence invariably chased away the dark shadows of evil.

Strange things had happened to him during the three months which had elapsed since Muriel's death. At times he thought he felt a hand upon his head. It was a woman's hand, soft, and warm, and gentle. It trifled with his hair in a fashion which thrilled him with memories of the past.

These things perplexed him. He had asked once whether Muriel was with him. No answer had come.

One evening, however, toward the gloaming, and while sitting deep in thought as to the strange things that were happening, and hoping that he might soon be able to fathom the mystery, he was somewhat startled by the touch of a hand, warm and life-like, upon his brow. Turning his eyes he saw Muriel by his side as distinctly as he had ever seen her when alive.

He rubbed his eyes to reassure himself that he was awake. He spoke. "Muriel!" Directly the apparition vanished, and since then he had not again seen her. Had it not been that other and stranger things were daily occurring in his presence, he would have

persuaded himself that it was a trick his eyes had played him. No. The proofs he daily received of the presence of *some* invisible being could not but convince him his vision had been a reality.

Flowers had been brought to him by an invisible hand. These flowers he noticed were always those which had been favourites with Muriel. Then came soft caresses, a kiss, and a touch of a hand upon his cheek. He was no longer unhappy, for he felt that the hand which was thus ministering to him was Muriel's.

It was these things John Hemsleigh was thinking of as he sat gazing into the blazing fire, which threw fantastic dancing shadows on the wall. For a whole week he had had no intimation of the unseen presence. Had he been deceived? Where were the hands which were usually hovering about him? He began to fear that he had driven the ministering spirit from him. As the shadows deepened he grew more and more restless, fear and hope alternately taking possession of him.

Presently he became conscious of a woman's cheek against his own, and a hand was laid upon his. His longing for an audible sound became intense.

Would his wish be gratified? He waited. Suddenly a nervous trembling took possession of him. An irresistible influence drew him to the writing-table. It seemed as if some powerful but gentle hand was guiding him. He seized a piece of paper and a pencil. His hand wrote the following words:

"I am Muriel. I have returned to you as I promised. I still love you and am ever near you."

He felt that it was not himself who had written the message. Each stroke of the pencil was made by some unseen person who used his hand as an unconscious, passive instrument.

He looked at the paper. What was it? As the probable truth flashed on his mind, he started and trembled. Should he proceed or not? He could not bear to be trifled with. While he hesitated the message was again repeated:

"I am your wife, Muriel. My love has brought me back to you."

"Muriel! my love wife! is it indeed you? Let me again feel the touch of your hand!"

Immediately his wish was gratified. He felt a hand and arm thrown around his neck.

Again his hand was controlled to write:

"John! husband! I have come back to you to take away the sting of death! I still live and love you."

"Can you show yourself to me?" he asked.

"Yes; at times I may be able," was the answer written by his hand.

"Can you do so now, darling?"

"Wait! I will try!" was written. The pencil dropped from his hand. John Hemsleigh returned, he knew not why, to the chair in front of the fire. The consciousness of the unseen presence had departed. Yet he seemed only half himself.

He could almost have wept for joy! He was to see Muriel again—the Muriel whom he had so loved! At last he had found the bridge over the yawning gulf of death! Henceforth the union of the spheres would be complete, and the pang of death would be lost in the joys of life.

Soon a strange faintness seized him. He struggled for a moment, and then his head dropped back. John Hemsleigh was now completely unconscious to anything in the room. He could see far away into space; no object obstructed his vision.

Presently he heard a sound as of music. A light began to fill the room. A halo of mist, soft and radiant, appeared over and around the couch, which he now saw plainly. A picture began to form, at first dim, but growing clearer and clearer. A figure was lying on the couch, and another form was standing by it. As the picture became perfect, he saw that the prostrate form was an exact representation of Muriel as he had seen her last, when the spirit had deserted its earthly tenement. The figure standing by him was—yes, it was Muriel herself!—Muriel as he had known her in all her loveliness!

She approached him, at the same time motioning him not to stir. She went and knelt down by his side, placing her head upon his breast. He could feel the beating of her heart against his own, and he murmured:

"Muriel! my own, my loved wife!"

Strange as it may seem to you, my friend, the things which I have written are true. I know them to be absolute and demonstrable facts. Yet I do not hope or expect that you will deem me otherwise than mad, until you have had like experience yourself. These appearances, at first subjective, gradually grew objective, and now I see them while I am conscious and in my natural state. Each evening, when alone, Muriel comes to me, takes part in my joys and shares my sorrows. Love's desire has been granted; death has lost its sting, and the grave its victory. I have a joy and happiness that cannot be taken from me. I am gradually becoming conscious of living in two worlds at the same time, knowing and feeling the nearness of both. Thus, hand in-hand with my angel-wife, we travel along life's path together—separated yet united, dead yet alive. Thus am I content to wait the coming of that time when I too shall cross the narrow boundary separating the two worlds, and when Muriel and I shall clasp hands in that brighter and better life to come.

"Gently as drops the feather
From the swan's breast, your dust, ye weary hearted,
Shall from you fall, and none shall ask you whether
Ye feared or hoped; each rankling wound that smarted
Shall pain no more, for peace dwells with the world's departed."

—T. L. Harris.

THOUGHTS REGARDING THE MYSTICAL DEATH.

BY A. M. HOWITT-WATTS.

IN the first series of the *Psychological Review* (August, 1879), the writer in "Some Thoughts concerning the Mystical Death," sought to draw attention, under the designation "Mystical Death," to that change of "interior condition" by means of which is effected an entrance for man into a more divine state of being. It is there suggested, that three distinct groups of persons, passing through the ordeal of the "Mystical Death," diverse in character, yet nevertheless kindred, may be studied with profit by the thoughtful student of Psychology—the group of Religious Enthusiasts, the group of "Spirit-Mediums" undergoing their development, and the Insane. The writer having glanced at the phenomena presented by the two last named groups, and connecting them with the phenomena attendant upon the death-beds of the *physically* moribund, closes the article with a remarkable account of the death-bed experiences of a Lutheran clergyman, who, whilst yet in the body, passed into the "middle kingdom," or purgatorial state, thereby manifesting remarkable mental and physical phenomena entirely analogous to those through which the so-called "medium" passes in the process of his development.

The writer will now describe certain changes in spiritual condition witnessed by herself, in accord with those of the Lutheran clergyman referred to. The account is extracted from a diary kept at the time by the writer.

THE "MYSTICAL DEATH" OF AN AGED PHILOSOPHER.

On the 3rd of April, 1879, I was summoned to the death-bed of a dear and aged friend. He was in his ninetieth year. Our revered friend had been a Social Reformer throughout the course of his long life—a reformer, not alone in theory, but in the daily routine of his existence, placing on all his actions the seal of realisation. For fifty years he had been a strict Teetotaler and Vegetarian; also for many years he had been, not only a firm believer in the phenomena of Modern Spiritual-manifestations, but was himself a seer. He had been favoured to receive, through spiritual vision, many beautiful and soul-comforting assurances of the constant companionship of guardian angels and departed friends. Various of his noteworthy experiences had, from time to time, appeared in the pages of that storehouse of facts, the *Spiritual Magazine*.

Thought of the next life; preparation for the great change which we call "Death;" the prayerful and ever earnest desire

to become worthy to enter into nearer union with the Father of all Life, may be said to have been the very essence of this good man's existence. In his early career he had passed through much religious "exercise" whilst seeking after truth amongst many sects and churches. He had come forth from so-called "orthodoxy" into a Theosophic system of his own, which revealed Divine Truth and Love under aspects and ideas of a very interior and refined nature. The symbology and phraseology of his system of Theosophy were, however, markedly of a geometric, rather than of an allegorical or pictorial character. With the symbology of the Holy Scriptures and of the Poets, he had personally but small sympathy. To his mathematical intellect, the imagery of the Bible and of the Poets was too loose and inexact to satisfy him. Nevertheless, in all his spirit-seeing, throughout his life, the poetical imagery of symbol and of allegory presented itself and dominated his intellect.

In appearance this remarkable man embodied one's preconceived idea of an ancient "Seer." He retained remarkable vigor both of mind and body up to the period of his last illness. Only in some picture painted by Fra Angelico, amongst the assembled companies of prophets and saints, could one find a countenance of so spiritual a type, or a head of so venerable an aspect. His features were finely chiselled; his complexion clear and delicate, giving the face an appearance as if carved in rose-tinted alabaster. The eyes, deeply set, were of a pale blue, translucent and sparkling as the eyes of youth. The head was made venerably beautiful by masses of snow-white hair, which fell upon the shoulders; his long beard was equally white. His brow was fully and roundly developed.*

"My husband is hovering between life and death," wrote his wife to me. She had been my friend from early childhood. Within a few hours from the receipt of her letter, we stood together beside the bed of the aged philosopher and seer.

All was peaceful and silent in the cottage. The sunshine of a morning in early spring filled the room. The Angel of Death now overshadowed the house with her dusky pinions, but she had come under her most gracious, though ever awe-inspiring aspect. Sunshine and shadow seemed to mingle.

Our friend, when I arrived, lay in his bed very weak; he was suffering from difficulty of breathing. Otherwise no sign

* For further account of this remarkable man, vide "*Master and Disciple*," the introduction to "*Triune Life, Divine and Human, being a selection from the common-place-books of James Pierrepoint Greaves*." London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, E.C. 1880.

of illness could be observed in his venerable and mild countenance. His wife watched his every movement—anticipated his every desire. He was still fully conscious of external things, and cordially expressed his pleasure at seeing me. I suggested cheerfully the possibility of his recovery. To this he gravely shook his head as if in utter denial of any such probability—adding “that he had received his summons.” He was attended by a homœopathic physician of the neighbourhood, who considered that his illness was—simply old age. He had taken to his bed on the Tuesday: this was the Friday.

During the early days of his illness he was heard repeating to himself—

“Oh, for such Love! Let rocks and hills their lasting silence break!”

until he appeared to lose consciousness of his own words.

I had not long been in the room before our friend spoke of a wonderful book, which he appeared to be reading. L—, his wife, in explanation told me, that two nights previously he had dreamed that he was perusing a remarkable volume. It was, he declared, “the most extraordinary book he had ever read.” It contained an account of the growth in the world of a certain family. Who this family was he did not tell us. In its commencement the family had been of no importance. It gradually, however, multiplied and increased in riches, in importance, in honours, and in good works. This volume contained a detailed account of all the mighty labours accomplished by its members, which in time had covered the earth,—of the schools, churches, hospitals, and other public institutions which had been founded by them. He informed us that there was also a second volume, which had reference to the collateral branches. This volume, however, he said, was less full of interest.

Scarcely had I taken my seat before he exclaimed—“There! there is the book! It is coming towards me from the wall.” As he thus spoke you saw his eyes sparkle with pleasure, and keenly fix themselves as if upon some object which was drawing near to him. He stretched forth his hands as if to receive it, then appeared to place the volume upon the bed before him and to commence to read in it. For this he required no spectacles. He became, for some time, absorbed in its perusal, and unobservant of all around him. Ever and anon his fingers were seen to turn over an invisible page. Questioned as to what thus occupied him, he always replied—“Oh, it is the book! the account of that great and good family, and of all their benevolent deeds.” Then once more he would appear to become *steeped* in its perusal. Occasionally he would exclaim

in a tone of disappointment that the book had disappeared! After a time it would evidently return, and he recommenced the study of its contents. What *was* this mystic volume? "And the books were opened."

Intermingled with this reading, we observed a delicate movement of the thin fingers of the aged seer: this was what is familiarly termed "picking the sheets"—a well-recognised death token. But in very truth, what *is* this so-called "picking"? Is it simply a nervous, convulsive action of the hands preceding dissolution, occasioned by a morbid action of the brain and nervous system? Or is it, perhaps, something psychological as well as physical? We, with keen interest, mingled with no small awe, watched the movement of the fingers. By the fixed gaze of the seer's still keen, clear eyes, which were directed towards the bed-clothes, and which moved in the same direction as the fingers, it appeared evident that he beheld some minute objects before him which he was, with ceaseless assiduity, seeking to collect. These objects, whatsoever was their nature, appeared also to fill the air around him. He raised his arms, and at recurrent intervals throughout the whole course of his moribund condition, continued to collect with delicate care, and to separate these minute objects. The action of the thin, alabaster-like fingers was eloquent as words. At times the movement was as if the fingers, with almost fairy-like daintiness, separated papers into fine laminae, and we seemed to catch the words from his lips—"Oh! these papers! these countless papers!—the room is filled with papers!" His words came forth in such a dreamlike voice, as though he spoke from such a far distance that it was always difficult for us to be certain that we had heard aright. More generally, however, the action of the fingers was similar to that of the spinning of delicate gossamer threads, or to the weaving of them in an invisible loom. As the dissolution of the body drew nearer, this mystical "*weaving*"—as we, the watchers, called it—became to him ever more absorbing. We observed, with ever increasing awe, the manipulation of the almost skeleton-like fingers as they drew the invisible thread, and divided and twisted it with ceaseless interest and solicitude. When questioned as to the purport of this weaving, he would, speaking to himself in his mysterious muffled voice, be heard to say—"This is a strong one! This is a good one!" But he gave no direct reply to our questions. Is there a "mystery" in "the craft" of the Dying which they are bound over to preserve unrevealed and sacred, the knowledge of which can alone be attained to by us when we shall have been elected of that vast brotherhood?

L—— reminded me of Dante G. Rossetti's lines in "The Blessed Damozel"—

"Weaving the golden thread
To fashion the birth-robcs for them
Who are just born—being dead."

Is it, indeed, possible that the indwelling spirit, caterpillar-wise, weaves out of its own electric aura a garment, a "birth-robe," for itself, ready to wear when it shall be new-born? Is it possible that this so-called "picking at the sheets" may be a portion of the process, the collecting together of the electric life-threads of the Spirit-body?

Once he appeared to gather together a handful of this diaphanous material, and carefully laid it within the palm of his wife's hand; after which he also placed in her hand his walking-stick, as though it had been a pilgrim's staff, and as though he were preparing her to set forth upon some pilgrimage.

I must explain how our dying friend came to have his walking-stick in his hand. He—ever more as he lost consciousness of the things of the outer world—appeared to regard himself as preparing to set out upon a journey, or as already started upon one. To this end he had desired us to bring forth his garments and clothe him in them. They must be his best, because, as he assured us, "a great company was invited to meet him."

Travelling along "the valley of the shadow," and of the sunshine "of Death"—for blessed be the divine Creator, there is also sunshine as well as shadow awaiting travellers along the path of fleshly dissolution—he was always seeking for his "Home." This home he evidently felt was not far off. It appeared to him somewhere aloft, whither he had to climb upwards by a stairway, the entrance to which, for some time however, was obscured and full of perplexity. Thus he had, at the commencement of his entrance into "the valley," bidden us to clothe him in his great coat—with him it was still "the winter" of the spirit—give him his hat; put shoes upon his feet, and his trusty stick, or in Scriptural language "his staff," in his hand.* After this, we could not induce him to remain

* Dennis, in his learned work upon the Ancient Tombs of the Etruscans, mentions with admiration a certain figure of a man, or spirit-man, upon a sarcophagus, represented as about to start upon a journey;—he kneels to fasten his sandals upon his feet. The old sculptor, with the observation of detail in life and death, so peculiar to the Etruscan genius, may possibly have here handed down the ages, a symbolic act of the dying man whose sarcophagus he had been called upon to adorn with sculpture.

for any considerable time together in his bed. The vigour and strength of body which still remained to him were marvellous.

From this time commenced an increasingly restless movement from his bed to his arm-chair; even from room to room, and a desire to ascend the stairs—stairs, where no staircase was. Also, there was an equally extraordinary and constantly repeated changing of garments. It would appear as though this moving from place to place, this putting off and on of garments "corresponded," to use the expression of Swedenborg, with his varying conditions of the spirit. Throughout three days and three nights did this Pilgrimage-state continue. Now he believed himself going to one place, now to another; but it was always to some far-distant place; and we, the watchers, the one on the one side and the other on the other side, must continually bear him company. We must pause, watch and pray, or offer up praise, with the aged Pilgrim at the various stations of tribulation or of consolation upon the way. His wife, younger than he was by many years, would, spite of her grief of heart and softly falling tears, sing ever and anon snatches of some beautiful old hymn appropriate to the mood of his mind, or repeat some passage from Psalm and Gospel. It was wonderful to observe how perfectly these venerable words—consolation to countless generations of suffering humanity—came forth with the eternal freshness and greenness of youthful hope, in these hours of grey decay and dissolution. As rapid in their change, and yet as consistently varied in their alternation, as the flickering shadows and lights upon the ground beneath an aspen-tree which stands in broad sunshine, and yet which is agitated by a breeze, did trouble and joy vary in the path of this good man hastening towards his spirit-home. Sorrow and joy were as the expiration and inspiration of his breath. As varied were the visions presented to his sight.

Sometimes he would exclaim that an Angel was seated in the atmosphere above him. You would perceive his eyes keenly directed toward a certain spot in the air. He would evidently appear to be reading proclamations of glad tidings held forth for him to decipher by the Angel; and which, he led us to understand, were inscribed upon a tablet or an open volume. Word by word would he read aloud these proclamations; sometimes for a moment pausing, as if he could not clearly make out a word or sentence, then continue his reading with eager-eyed attention. The reading was all for himself; not for us. Though he read aloud, we could only catch here and there a word; for his voice seemed muffled, and as if it came from a long way off. We could alone catch such broken

sentences as—"Wisdom in highest acceptance"; "Constitution of the angelic nature"; "This self-same message from Divine Wisdom," etc., etc.

"Now," he cried, "there is a young man come with a black pony. He is dressed in black, and wears black gloves." "Look towards that table!" he once more exclaimed, "there is an old gentleman seated above it. He is seated upon a huge bunch of grapes, and leans upon a loaf of bread! Near to him stands a silent youth! He is his son, he says. He is so silent! He has been here for hours. I wonder why he does not speak? I wish he would speak. And now—Look! down the staircase comes a gentleman all covered with feathers. The people standing by call him 'my Lord.'" (Feathers in all spirit-visions, it would appear, are signs of an approaching change of state.) And, again,—“There is an Angel, a Messenger from the Holy Ghost,” he cried, “who says he brings a message from the Heavenly Mother—your God, and my God!” This was spoken with deep reverence.

His wife offering him once some water to drink, he received it in a most devout manner, and, pausing before he drank it, said in a low and solemn voice as he bent over the glass—"I drink this as emblem of the Waters of Life."

I have noted, with special interest, his perception of the above-mentioned visionary symbolic personages, together with his perception of the symbolism of this water—the more remarkable since our friend, as I have already observed, was in no wise orthodox in his religious belief, although of a highly religious nature. He was no lover, either, of the symbolic in the rites of religion, in poetry, or in art. Nevertheless, during this, his entrance into the "border-land," as well as throughout his years of seership, and in his numerous remarkable dreams—alone, by means of symbolical form and representative personality, was the Interior Truth made manifest unto himself, and through his words, to others.

At other times he appeared to be led into very mournful places, and to behold—as was the case with the Lutheran clergyman—scenes of great misery. One especial experience of this kind greatly affected us, from the almost despairing grief into which the vision for a while cast him. "Oh! what misery," he exclaimed. "Oh! who *shall* pay for all this? Oh! my God!" he cried aloud, "who *shall* save? who comfort? who restore them? Not I? Oh, my God! who shall pay the ransom? It is beyond anything of misery that man can conceive."

Evidently he was beholding the "hell" or "purgatorial" condition of the drunkard and sensualist. His distress of

mind at thus, in vision, beholding the suffering laid up in store for sinful conditions of unregenerate man, was, indeed, pitiful to witness.

It occurred to us that probably these visions had been called forth before him through the reading of *The Alliance News*. This, his favourite paper, had arrived whilst he was still able to occupy himself with outer things. He desired it to be given to him, and occupied himself for some time, as he lay in his bed, with reading the reports in its columns. All *subjective thought* becoming, as we have reason to believe, *objective scenery* in the spiritual world, these dreadful details of intemperance had become *active realities before his eyes*; or had, in some mysterious manner, transported him into their midst. After a while this terrible vision of purgation passed away. Although there were seasons—or “stations,” so to speak—of repose in this pilgrimage; places where his spirit for a short time appeared to pause and rest itself—where angels fed him with ideas and symbols of consolation and beauty—yet, again, after a time, came entrance into gloom, and painful vision.

During the first night of the pilgrimage the predominate idea was that there should be a great conflagration; that the house in which he was staying should be utterly consumed. He did not believe he was dwelling in his *own* house,—not in his “dear little home,” as he fondly called it—but in lodgings. All preparations were, however, to be made to prevent this conflagration, if possible. After this fire a flood was to come. The river was to rise and utterly wash away every vestige remaining. Boats he ordered to be prepared and kept in readiness for this expected rising of the waters.

Might not these ideas of destruction by fire and by water symbolize the destruction of the earthly body—the fire and water baptisms also of the spirit? Was he not passing through his initiation into “the Mysteries,” and had not heart-saddening and mind-appalling visions to be endured before the glory “burst” upon his vision?

During the evening of this first night of distress, a great anxiety fell upon him as regarded money. He who for so many years had most faithfully and successfully led the life of utter trust in the fatherly goodness of God, and never found the oil in his cruse to fail, nor yet the meal to come to an end—*now* doubted! He was beset with carefulness about money. He felt about in an invisible purse; he counted with anxiety his visionary money; speaking in that strange inward, muffled voice about payment of bills, of banks, of bankers. He was troubled about many debts—about many payments. “Who can and *will* pay that bill?” we heard him say. He

had no debts: he had no bills. "The Great Banker will pay all," replied L—; proffering that holy suggestion in pitiful hope of comforting her husband—for this trial of the money was to L— the most distressing, the most inexplicable of all these death-mysteries. "Yes, yes! the Great Banker will pay all! will pay all!" we heard him hopefully reply. This hope, like a strong cord, had drawn him forth from his flood of despair.

After such a season of trial you would behold him reposing for a space, exhausted, but calm. I could not but think of a tempest-tossed sailor who has gained some rock amidst the boiling ocean, whilst the heavens become ever calmer and brighter above him. Or of some traveller in a terrible desert, who has escaped the simoom, and suddenly finds himself beneath the waving palm trees, beside a bubbling fountain, in a green oasis. At such times he would seem to behold heavenly fruits descending to him from above. "Oh," he would exclaim,—his countenance appearing almost transfigured as he gazed upwards and stretched forth his thin fingers—"What beautiful grapes! Oh, what lovely golden plums! What exquisite strawberries!"—and we saw his lips move as if he were eating the fruit. Again, he would behold the descent of lovely, fresh, and fragrant flowers. "See! see what beautiful red roses," he would exclaim. The trial past—the consolation arrived. Such lovely and restoring visions having comforted and calmed him, he would resume his mystic weaving; and, reclining upon his bed, continue his mysterious occupation until he again rose and demanded his hat, shoes, and staff, in order to re-commence his wanderings.

At one point in this mystical wandering—and towards its termination—as his wife and I stood on his either hand, he believed himself already arrived at the foot of a flight of steps, leading—as he assured us—upwards to his home. Here he took his solemn and affectionate farewell of us; then turned as if he beheld a guide—invisible to us—and said, with great solemnity, as he bowed before him, "*You lead—I follow!*" His wife regards this as the actual moment when his emancipated spirit ascended to its Heavenly Home, to return—as she fondly believed—however, at the supreme moment of dissolution, when the last breath was being drawn through the earthly lips to give her a last grasp of tender affection through his dying earthly hand.

But now came the closing act of this "Mystery-Play." During the last day of the Pilgrim's sojourn on earth a peculiar phenomenon presented itself. He was seated in his large cushioned arm-chair, in a joyous frame of mind. He

had previously announced that on *that* day he should go to "the Grange." "The Grange" was the country-house of a beloved friend residing in a beautiful county in the south of England, whither annually, in the full summer, our friend during the last two years had been accustomed to pay, with his wife, a long visit. This visit to "the Grange" was the delightful holiday of the year. He was in entire mental accord with his friends at "the Grange"—it was a holiday therefore to him of heart, mind, and body; "the Grange" and its inhabitants typified the "Earthly Paradise" of our friend. It would appear now to have become for him the symbol of the Heavenly Paradise-state. As the day progressed, the idea of this immediate journey was the dominant idea. He no longer wandered about; he sat joyful in his chair, giving orders for the journey. It was no common occasion. *It was a festival.* No going by railway *this* time! We were to accompany him and other friends also—all the beloved of his heart—we were to drive thither in two carriages—not *one* carriage must be ordered, but two! Were the "wraps" ready to put into the carriages?—were the baskets of fruit and biscuits? We should not stop to dine on the way; it was a long drive, but delightful, this lovely weather! All was joyous preparation with him and impatience to be off. His face was full of animation; his voice also. But now comes the *mystery!* It was no longer our old friend whom we seemed to see before us.

Here, in the solemn hours of approaching dissolution, his countenance, his whole being had become transfused with a powerful dramatic genius. The aged face appeared simply to have become a transparent mask, through which, one after another, varied intelligences gazed forth—each one enacting his brief part—then giving way to some new comer. Now the face was quite youthful—childlike—now middle-aged; countless were the varied mysterious changes which thus passed over the countenance. Not alone did the expression vary, but the voice also; the language employed marked each individuality; clearly, and distinctly marked its sudden advent and retirement. Together with these changes of character were corresponding changes of costume. Now one garment was assumed, now another was removed. Even as a clever actor can instantaneously vary his dress by the putting on or off a handkerchief—so was it with our friend; now his large white pocket handkerchief was tied over his head as a cap—now arranged deftly by the thin, nervous transparent fingers into a veil or hood—now it was removed, and a velvet cap took its place—or a coat was wrapt around the figure like a mantle.

Here was another *mystery* for us to solve, with reference to "The Mystical Death!" As in the initiations of the "Ancient Mysteries," dramatic-representation held its own, and was manifested as an outbirth from the World of Spirits. With regard to the dramatic nature of spirit-manifestation, in general, and its connection with symbolic-representation, much remains to be said. Here we cannot do more than refer to its existence as an innate and indivisible characteristic—indeed, attribute of Spirit.

These dramatic manifestations of spirit-power were observable in our friend alone during the last afternoon of his earthly sojourn. As the sun gradually sank towards the west, did this singular activity of spirit-life subside. Sleep stole over his dying frame—calm, profound, gentle slumber as of a babe reposing in its cradle. He was enwrapt by sleep as in a soft, heavenly mantle. As twilight and early night came on, thus, with his head sunk back upon his pillows, he sat erect in his large arm-chair. We sat on either side and watched in prayerful and tender silence. With three softly drawn sighs—or rather sob-like expirations of breath—with the one tender pressure of his wife's hand in his dying grasp, the aged Philosopher passed over into the next stage of existence. He fell asleep to awake no more on earth at the exact hour—9 o'clock—at which, for many years past, he had been accustomed to nightly retire to rest.

Who shall say what was his awakening? Had not now his great holiday of the years begun? Had he not really now finished his journey? Did he find himself arrived at the beautiful mansion in the southern country—in "the Paradise of God"? Was he welcomed by "the Great Friend," above all other friends? At least, we had seen him setting forth for that blissful goal, and fondly pictured to ourselves how, possibly no great break in the gentle sequence of events occurs in a harmonious and quiet passage of a Spirit such as his, over the "border-land!" May not *transfiguration*, of the earthly state—the *revelation of the spirit within it*—rather than *utter severance from its past*, be one of the mysteries of the change called "Death"?
