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IMMORTALITY IN HARMONY WITH MAN'S
NATURE AND EXPERIENCE.—CONFESSIONS
OF SCEPTICS.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

THE universal belief in a Future Life among all races of men through all the historic ages, and even, as is now known, in pre-historic times, is a broad fact of human experience of which materialistic and sceptical philosophies can give no adequate explanation. They have two favourite methods of dealing with it. They first seek to disallow its alleged universality on the ground of certain exceptions. We are told that there are whole tribes of men who have no such belief, and that in almost every community there are individuals and sometimes entire sects who disbelieve or doubt of any life after death; and secondly, that the belief has its origin solely in human ignorance and fear, in baseless hopes and poetic fancies.

We at once admit that there are exceptions to the belief in question, though these are of so limited a range that they no more affect the conclusion deduced from a general survey of mankind, than the elevations and depressions of the earth's surface affect its spherical form. They are far less numerous than has been supposed. Many tribes, who were once thought destitute of this belief, have been found on more careful enquiry and with a more intimate knowledge of their language and customs, to share in some form in this common belief of mankind. The few real exceptions are of a kind which fairly considered rather confirm than invalidate the rule.

If the belief was simply due to human ignorance, we should naturally expect to find it most inveterate where that ignorance was most nearly absolute, and that it would pale its ineffectual

fire under the advancing sunlight of knowledge. Is this so? So far as its absence from any entire tribe of men is concerned, quite the contrary. The tribes so triumphantly appealed to by the Materialist are the very lowest in the scale of humanity. If there is any truth in the theory of the development of man from some lower form of animal life, it would be just among those tribes, if anywhere, that we should expect to find "the missing link."

In tribes whose intelligence and moral nature is so undeveloped that they cannot count their fingers, and have no word expressive of thanks or gratitude, we can scarcely expect that a spiritual belief of any kind is possible. It would seem that the very faculties to which such belief makes appeal were not yet sufficiently developed to receive it, and we might as reasonably contend from these instances that the powers of numeration or the sense of gratitude were not common to mankind, as from these examples to impugn the belief in question as a universal faith.

The doubt and denial of a Future Life in civilized communities, and especially the prevalence of modern unbelief, is a grave and far more complex problem.

In the official *Report on Religious Worship*, 1853, we read:—

There is a sect, originated lately, called "Secularists," their chief tenet being that, as the fact of a Future Life is (in their view) susceptible of some degree of doubt, while the fact and necessities of a present life are matters of direct sensation, it is prudent to attend exclusively to the concerns of that existence which is certain and immediate, not wasting energies in preparation for remote and merely possible contingencies. This is the creed which, probably with most exactness, indicates the faith which, virtually though not professedly, is held by the masses of our working population.

And the report, speaking specially of artisans and other workmen, adds:—

It is sadly certain that this vast, intelligent, and growingly important section of our countrymen is thoroughly estranged from our religious institutions in their present aspect.

The members of the Evangelical Alliance, during their recent session, admitted and deeply deplored the increase and wide range of Materialism, and sought means to arrest it. Mr. Farrar, in his *Witness of History to Christ*, 1871, tells us that in the previous century the attacks on Christianity were rare: "It is not so now; we are, as it were, in the very focus of the storm. It is not that every now and then there is a burst of thunder and a glare of lightning, but the whole air is electric with quivering flame."

Dean Goulbourn, of Norwich, writes:—"The frightful prevalence of sceptical views among all classes of the community, and the alarming fact that even among the clergy themselves

insidious objections to the things which are most surely believed among us are gradually winning their way, seems to make it imperative upon all persons and societies entrusted with the guardianship of the faith to make some definite effort to stem the evil." The Hon. Robert Dale Owen, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, writes:—"A bishop, who is held in deservedly high estimation by the orthodox body to which he belongs, stated to me his conviction that evidences of infidelity are daily multiplying among intelligent men; adding that he had lately heard a Professor of Harvard College express the opinion that three-fourths of our chief scientific men were unbelievers."

No doubt similar testimonies might be quoted in regard to every nation of Christendom, where a spirit of free enquiry prevails, and free speech and writing are allowed. Many who entertain these views are men of much information and ability, some even of eminence, and generally, I doubt not, their doubts are as honest as the faith of those who subscribe to the orthodox creed.

To deal adequately with the problem thus presented would require far more space than is at my command; but there are some obvious considerations which I think may greatly help us in its solution.

Very much of our Modern Scepticism is but the natural, and on the whole wholesome, reaction against the excessive and unenlightened credulity and superstition of former ages; the protest of the human reason and conscience against certain representations of the nature and conditions of that life revolting alike to both. These crude and cruel conceptions of a barbarous and ferocious time, from which the human mind has not yet fully emancipated itself, require to be separated and distinguished from the essential belief with which they are associated, and which they so cruelly disfigure and discredit. The wonder is, not that so many reject the doctrine of a Future Life when so presented, but that any can accept it. It is a striking proof of the vitality of this belief as a permanent element in human nature that it is able to survive at all under the weight of so oppressive and terrible a burden. Let the Future Life be but presented as Spiritualism reveals it, and it will neither shock the intellect nor the heart, but will be found entirely consonant with both; and I am fully persuaded that when its teachings are better understood it will be hailed by thousands who, repelled by the crude, false and gloomy representations of theologians, now reject it as incredible.

There are crises in individual life, especially of the sensitive and thoughtful, when we must pass through the wilderness of doubt to the Canaan of our rest; when the

heavens above us are as brass, and a thick palpable darkness broods all around, when we reel and stagger under an unwonted burden ; when thought and feeling are painful from their intensity, and old forms of faith shrivel in their glowing fires, by which however the dross is finally purged from the pure gold of a diviner faith.

Again, it is to be noted that the human mind advances not equally and simultaneously on all sides, but as it were by irregular leaps and movements, now in one direction, now in another ; one period is pre-eminently an age of faith, another of philosophical speculation, in a third, art is in the ascendant. The philosophers of Greece and Rome despised the mechanical arts as base and unworthy of philosophers. When learning and culture were almost exclusively confined to ecclesiastics, theology and scholastic philosophy were deemed all-important, and any curious prying into the secrets of nature was regarded with suspicion, and denounced as magic. During the last century physical science has made greater progress than perhaps in any cycle of human history. Its progress has been so rapid and startling, and it has conferred such vast benefits on mankind, that it need excite small surprise that, dazzled and fascinated, its votaries should occupy themselves almost exclusively with its objects and methods, and that they should be sceptical as to the existence of a spiritual world not to be discovered by the telescope, or of a soul in man which eludes all chemical analysis and physiological research. We are naturally tempted to set a disproportionate value on our own favourite study, and to attach comparatively slight regard to studies of an opposite kind. In like manner in our own day, men preoccupied and engrossed with the study of the contents and phenomena of the material universe, neglect and slight the study of psychology (properly so called), and of that larger spiritual universe, which though infinitely transcending it in importance, yet does not admit of verification by their instruments and tests, and which they therefore hold to be either non-existent, or at best, incapable of proof. I fail to see how this materialistic tendency of science is to be arrested save by those sensuous and palpable demonstrations of spiritual existence which may now be found on every hand, meeting the sceptical scientist on his own ground, by presenting those experimental proofs of a life beyond death which alone he is prepared to accept as satisfactory and conclusive.

A still more potent cause of Modern Scepticism is, I think, to be found in the position which has generally for now upwards of a century been taken with increasing boldness and tenacity by Protestant churches and theologians.

To make this more clear, let us briefly enquire what has been the origin of this universal belief in a Future Life? and by what means has it been chiefly sustained? It did not, we may be sure, originate in *à priori* reasonings on the subject. It was not born into the world after long gestation in the brains of subtle metaphysicians; nor was it the idle creation of poetic fancy. The long elaborate chain of metaphysical argument now employed against unbelievers was the product of a later, a more critical and sceptical age; and whatever influence it may at any time have had over a few speculative and thoughtful minds, it has never had any considerable weight in determining the general belief of mankind on this great question.

“Man goeth down into the grave, and where is he?” would indeed have been a doleful enquiry had the response come from no other oracle than this. When all that had been visible of friend or kinsman was buried or burned to ashes, what but the most positive evidence, the most absolute proof, could establish the belief of his continued existence? “This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth. Those that never heard of another world would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could render credible.” The united testimony of travellers, and the history and literature (sacred and secular) of all peoples, show that this belief has its root in actual knowledge; in direct experience of spirit-appearance, manifestation, intercourse, and revelation; and that it is mainly by these direct proofs, responding to our intuitions or natural tendencies, that the faith in immortality is kept alive and nourished, conquering the incredulity which otherwise would probably have remained invincible.

I do not mean by these remarks to disparage the value of those moral facts and considerations usually appealed to in this controversy. But however these may be appraised, they confessedly raise the argument no higher than probability; and even among believers there are many, like Dr. Johnson, who want more evidence, and more direct and conclusive evidence than this. In default of obtaining it, they may indeed content themselves with the assurances of Revelation; but to unbelievers in a Future Life, who do not recognise its authority, any appeal to it would be manifestly futile.

The Christian Church was not founded on a set of Articles, or a bundle of propositions voted by the majority of a council; but on the recognition that as a fact one among them had risen from the dead, and had as a spirit frequently been seen by, and held converse with, his disciples and friends. This was the cardinal doctrine of the early Christians, the central fact the

acknowledgment of which was their common bond of union. This was their common faith and hope; they had an undoubting assurance that as He lived they should live also. This inspired the joyful pæan, "O death, where is thy sting!" This inspired them with enthusiasm, and a courage to brave torture and death. It was the apparition of Christ—the risen, the glorified spirit, that converted Saul the persecutor into Paul the apostle, and transformed the heresy of an obscure provincial sect into a universal faith. And this faith was confirmed by manifold signs and wonders: by manifestations of supernatural power, and the outpouring of spiritual gifts—the discerning of spirits, speaking in unknown tongues, casting out evil spirits, healing by the laying on of hands, visions, trances, and revelations. The Greek and Latin churches maintain the continuance of these gifts and their perpetuity, and especially as the accompaniment of pre-eminent sanctity and Divine favour. The fathers of the Reformation—Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Knox; the founders of churches—Fox, Swedenborg, Zinzendorf, Wesley, Irving; the most learned and able divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—Glanville, Cudworth, More, Baxter, maintained the continued exercise of spiritual powers, both good and evil, visibly intervening in the affairs of men; and like the Spiritualists of to-day they appealed to these facts in confutation of Atheists and Sadducees. "Many," says Baxter, "are convinced by these arguments from sense, who cannot yet reach, and will not be persuaded by, other demonstration."

But as the sceptical philosophy of Hume and Middleton, Douglas and Farmer, has penetrated the churches, and pervaded their theology, they have become powerless against the advancing hosts of unbelief. Their admissions have been fatal, and the truth has suffered in consequence more from its defenders than its assailants. The province of the supernatural in human affairs was first circumscribed within a small geographical area; then its duration was limited; the age of miracles ceased, we were told, after five centuries of Christianity, the limit was soon reduced to three centuries, and then to the Apostolic age; and now, as might have been expected, divines and learned professors are finding out that even this last small reserve must be abandoned with the rest. No wonder that unbelievers regard their victory as complete, and that writers like Frances Power Cobbe now contemptuously dismiss the New Testament narratives of Christ's resurrection and visible appearance as "Jewish Ghost-Stories"—the last lingering rag of prejudice folded around an effete superstition.

How dim, shadowy, and uncertain are the ideas of the

Future Life of its professed believers. How much unconscious and practical infidelity concerning it prevails among them! How little they realise the strength, the joy, the consolation it should impart! Enter a Christian cemetery, see the mourners draped in melancholy black; the sombre cypress and the weeping willow overshadowing the tombs; the broken pitcher, the shattered column, the inverted torch, all around you! Were it the avowed conviction that death is an eternal sleep, what more fitting symbols could be devised? Words indeed are read over the grave expressing a solemn hope of the resurrection and the life, and this is often all that reminds us we are not in a burial place of Pagans. Frances Power Cobbe in *Dawning Lights* thus depicts the general tone of thought and feeling on this subject.

“ We have contrived to banish our own immortality to a twilight limbo, which we place nowhere in the universe of space, and conceive of as nowise affected by the limitations of time. We believe, indeed, that we shall exist hereafter; and that in some unknown existence our moral sense will be satisfied by the reward of suffering virtue and the punishment of vice unchastised upon this planet. But beyond this ‘who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?’ Who ventures so much as to cast an image from the magic-lantern of fancy upon that dread ‘cloud’ which receives all the dead out of our sight, and whercon our fathers fearlessly threw the phantasmagoria of the *Divina Commedia*, and the triumphal vision with which closes the *Pilgrim’s Progress*? The worlds, enveloped in mist, are fading away into comparative insignificance. We do not think of them as we once did. We cannot measure the latitude of our voyage over life’s ocean by orbs hidden behind the clouds. Without denying, or even gravely doubting, we allow the future to pass into dim distance, and the present to fill the whole foreground of our thoughts.”

With, on the one hand, men of science affirming that there is nothing more supernatural than matter, in which we are to seek all the potencies and possibilities of life and mind; and on the other, theologians resting the belief in immortality on uncertain reasonings, and on waning authority and ancient traditions which on their own showing are out of harmony with all later and present experience, what wonder that there is an “eclipse of faith,” and that men generally, even when not avowed Materialists or Sceptics, should seek to content themselves with the certainties of the present world, and “jump the life to come?”

But this condition and temper of mind, whether due to general causes or special experience, or their conjoint operation, is in its nature exceptional and transitory.

“Thanks to the human heart, by which we live,” it is not possible as a finality in which the soul can rest; nor can it find its full satisfaction in merely secular good. Those who have tried its capacity to the utmost, who have sounded the depths and shallows of life, and its possibilities of enjoyment, have in proportion to their own largeness of nature felt its insufficiency, and confirmed the old sorrowful conclusion of the preacher, “All is vanity!” Professor Tyndall acknowledges that science does not satisfy his emotional nature; and in speaking of the charge of Materialistic Atheism brought against him, he says:—“I have noticed during years of self-observation that it is not in hours of clearness and vigour that this doctrine commends itself to my mind; that in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell, and of which we form a part.”

At the recent Church Congress at Brighton, in its discussion on Modern Scepticism, Professor Pritchard read a paper in which he says:—

“Savages have brains and capacities far beyond any use to which, in their present condition, they can apply them. And we too possess powers and capacities immeasurably beyond the necessities of any merely transitory life. There stir within us yearnings irrepressible, longings unutterable, a curiosity unsatisfied and insatiable by aught we see. These appetites, passions, and affections come to us, not as Socrates and Plato supposed, nor as our great poet sang, from the dim recollection of some former state of our being, still less from the delusive inheritance of our progenitors; they were the indications of something within us, akin to something immeasurably beyond us; tokens of something attainable, yet not hitherto attained; signs of a potential fellowship with spirits nobler and more glorious than our own; they were the title deeds of our presumptive heirship to some brighter world than any that had yet been formed.”

One of the foremost intellects of the modern world, who knew it well from large and long experience, gives us the following as his *Curriculum Vitæ*, or—

SONG OF LIFE.

I've set my heart upon nothing you
see;
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me.
And who has the mind to be fellow of
mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me
drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart first upon wealth,
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and
health,
But, ah!
The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched me a handful
here
Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next,
 Hurrah!
 For her sweet sake was oft perplexed,
 But, ah!
 The False one looked for a daintier lot,
 The Constant one wearied me out and
 out,
 The Best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand,
 Hurrah!
 And spurned our plain, old Father-
 land;
 But, ah!
 Naught seemed to be just the thing it
 should,
 Most comfortless bed and indifferent
 food,
 My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame;
 Hurrah!
 And, lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's
 name;
 But, ah!

When in public life I loomed quite high
 The folks that passed me would look
 awry;
 Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war,
 Hurrah!
 We gained some battles with éclat,
 Hurrah!
 We troubled the foe with sword and
 flame,
 (And some of our friends fared quite
 the same,)
 I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart on nothing you
 see;
 Hurrah!
 And the whole wide world belongs to
 me,
 Hurrah!
 The feast begins to run low no doubt,
 But at the old cask we'll have one
 good bout,
 Come, drink the lees all out.

Such, according to the many-sided Goethe, is human life; a round of sensual pleasures and defeated aims; and the idea of a deeper purpose, or of a life to which this is but the prelude and preparation, is tossed off with a cup of wine and a hurrah! The pale face of Death, with mournful eyes, lurks at the bottom of every wine cup, and looks out from behind every garland; therefore brim the purple beaker higher, and hide the unwelcome intruder under more flowers.

Heine is perhaps the chief apostle of this gospel of the senses, "his pages reek with a fragrance of pleasure through which sighs, like a fading wail from the solitary string of a deserted harp struck by a lonesome breeze, the perpetual refrain of Death! death! death! His motto seems to be, 'Quick! let me enjoy what there is, for I must die. O, the gusty relish of life! O, the speedy mystery of death!'" But, though yielding to the enchantments of the syren, he could not but feel deeply the degradation, and in one of his better moods, contrasting his later experience with the noble faith and aspirations of his youth, he sadly confesses, "It is as if a star had fallen from heaven upon a hillock of muck, and swine were gnawing at it." Great talents and even noble virtues sometimes co-exist with Materialism, but they are not its product; all its tendencies are of the earth, earthy.

Turning from the gross idolators of sense and pleasure, shall we consult the leading oracle of transcendentalism? His sentences are often instinct with the life of thought; and if he cannot create a soul under the ribs of Death, he casts over its

bare bones a decent garment of fine fancies and poetic similes. Shall we enquire of him the mystery of being—the purpose of life, the riddle of man? If we may accept his own account, no one is better qualified to satisfy our doubts either as to the present or the future. Nature in familiar tones thus addresses him as her votary :—

I taught thy heart beyond the reach
Of ritual, Bible, or of speech ;
Wrote on thy mind's transparent table
As far as the incommunicable.
Taught thee each private sign to raise,
Lit by the super-solar blaze :
Past utterance and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief,
The mysteries of Nature's heart ;
And though no muse can these impart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.

Let us then listen reverently to one whom Nature has so highly favoured, to whom all is clear from east to west. Here is his response :—

Alas ! the spirit that haunts us
Deceives our rash desire :
It whispers of the glorious gods,
And leaves us in the mire.

We cannot learn the cypher
That's writ upon the wall ;
Stars help us by a mystery
Which we could never spell.

If but the hero knew it,
The world would blush in flame,
The sage, tell he but the secret,
Would hang his head in shame.

But our brothers have not read it,
Not one has found the key ;
And henceforth we are comforted—
We are but such as they !

Cold comfort, indeed, from one who sees so clearly, and knows so much, to be told that we are all deceived by the spirit that haunts us, and that we are all alike hopelessly in the dark. Let us hope it is no "super-solar blaze" which has thus revealed to the seer only darkness visible—that after all it may be only a poor will-o'-the-wisp he has been following, and which thus leaves him in the mire.

Sir Thomas Browne remarks "It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him that he is at the end of his being;" and the general experience of mankind confirms the truth of his observation. There may be some men (though such instances are rare), who, like Professor Newman, profess that they have no wish for the perpetuation of life

beyond the grave. Whether such exceptional indifference springs from natural defect (as some men are indifferent to the charms of music and of poetry), or whether, as I incline to think, it is due to accidental causes and morbid conditions, physical and mental—such for instance as those which tempt men to the unnatural act of suicide, a transient mood rather than a faithful reflection of the soul—abundant evidence might be cited from the most confirmed and eminent Materialists and Sceptics to show how repugnant even to them is the idea of annihilation, how eagerly they would welcome any conclusive evidence of immortality; how gladly their spiritual nature, starved and shrunken as it is, would welcome the revelation of a future life, if it were proved to them to be in harmony with the divine laws of man's being, and stript of those barbaric conceptions which have perverted the gracious assurance of immortal life into what Professor Kingsley, with grim irony, has called "the gospel of damnation." Byron, when his scepticism was at full tide and at its best, checks his scornful mood with the thought—

Yet, if as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right.

And in another poem, written in a very different, though not less sceptical mood, after telling us, with Johnson—

That in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead,
A visitant at intervals appears.

He significantly adds—

And what is strangest upon this strange head
Is, that whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

Shelley, in his early poem of "Queen Mab," startled the still air with his wild shriek of Atheism; yet even at this time, as is evident from his poem on Death, he felt how grim and ghastly, in his philosophy, was the pale spectre of which he wrote:—

This world is the nurse of all we know,
This world is the mother of all we feel,
And the coming of death is a fearful blow,
To a brain unencompassed with nerves of steel;
When all that we know, or feel, or see,
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

The secret things of the grave are there,
 Where all but this frame must surely be,
 Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear
 No longer will live to hear or to see
 All that is great and all that is strange
 In the boundless realm of unending change.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?
 Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?
 Who painteth the shadows that are beneath
 The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb?
 Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be
 With the fears and the love for that which we see?

As however his mind matured, we see increasing indications of a more ideal—a more spiritual philosophy—which, did the limits of this essay permit, it would be interesting to trace. In his conclusion to "The Sensitive Plant," he says:—

It is a modest creed, and yet
 Pleasant if one considers it,
 To own that death itself may be
Like all the rest, a mockery.

He seems indeed to have had an intuitive belief in immortality; and his spirit intensely yearned for proofs of kinship with another world, and his mind was ever filled with spiritual imaginings. He even cherished the hope of holding communion with the departed. At the time he was defying the learning of Oxford to refute his "Plea for Atheism," he was the subject of the wondering belief of which he speaks in the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty":—

While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.

And he thus concludes his "Adonais," an elegy on the death of his friend the poet Keats:—

I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Robert Burns, writing of the Future Life to his esteemed friend Mrs. Dunlop, exclaims "Would to God I as firmly believed it as I ardently wish it!" Thomas Cooper, when his scepticism was at its climax, was so appalled at the thought of annihilation that in his great epic, *The Purgatory of Suicides*, apostrophizing the sun, he exclaims with passionate fervour:—

Farewell, grand Sun! How my weak heart revolts
 At that appalling thought—that my last look
 At thy great light must come! Oh, I could brook
 The dungeon, though eterne! the priests' own hell,

Ay, or a thousand hells, in thought unshook,
 Rather than Nothingness! And yet the knell
 I fear is near, that sounds—to consciousness, farewell!

But, it may be said these are only the idle fancies of poets, influenced by emotion rather than by reason. Well, I believe there are times when—

The heart may give a useful lesson to the head.

When, as many have experienced—

A warmth within the breast would melt
 The freezing reason's colder part;
 And like a man in wrath, the heart
 Stood up and answered,—'I have felt!'

When the natural language of emotion goes to a truth, while reason—blinded by the sophistries of a false philosophy—misses its way, and for a weary time

Finds no end in wandering mazes lost.

Like Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, every man may find a key in his bosom called Promise, which will unlock the dungeon doors of Doubting Castle if he will but use it. Or, to quote a simile from Jean Paul—"The glowing of the heat relights the extinguished torch in the night of the intellect, as a beast stunned by an electric shock in the head is restored by an electric shock in the breast."

But let us turn to other witnesses. Here, for instance, is one who claims to be governed solely by the severest rules of reason and of logic,—to Comte, the founder of "The Positive Philosophy," and to whom indeed we might justly apply the remark addressed by Friend Allen to Robert Owen, "Friend Robert, thee ought to be very right, thee art so *very* positive!" Yet when the springs of his emotional nature were touched, it was to him a revelation which led him to see how defective was the system of materialistic philosophy he had so laboriously constructed; and his later views on religion were in such marked contrast with it, that some of his followers deemed it evidence of aberration of mind, and as such it was actually urged in a court of law to set aside the will that he had made. Professor Maurice, after quoting a sketch of his life, remarks:—"From this profoundly interesting narrative we learn that human love awakened Comte to a conviction of the inadequacy of his philosophical scheme. He must have a religion to graft upon it. There is no help for it; he must deny facts—facts which he has realized—if he pretends that his notion of science is sufficient to explain them. His followers perceived clearly—and complained bitterly—that by taking this course he is giving up the principles for which they had hailed him as the last

great discoverer, as the man 'who had grasped the true power for the co-ordination of the sciences.'"

Voltaire in his article, "Soul," in the *Philosophical Dictionary*, tells us that of "its origin, nature, and destiny we know and can know nothing; that it is a subject on which we must ever continue in a labyrinth of doubts and feeble conjectures;" and our questionings on the matter he says are "questions of blind men asking one another, 'What is light?'" Yet this prince of sceptics and scoffers in the article "Magic" of the same work, writes, "This soul, this shade, which existed, separated from its body, might very well show itself upon occasions, revisit the place which it had inhabited, its parents and friends, speak to them and instruct them. In all this there is no incompatibility."

Renan—the brilliant countryman of Comte and Voltaire—goes even further, he dedicates his *Life of Jesus*, "To the pure soul of my sister, Henrietta, who died September 24, 1861." In the course of this dedication he thus invokes her:—"Reveal to me, O good Genius—to me, whom thou lovedst—those truths which conquer death, deprive it of terror, and make it almost beloved." Mr. G. J. Holyoake, founder of "Secularism," which, like "Positivism," denies or ignores God and a Future Life, in a passage of great tenderness and pathos, describing the death of his child, in his *Last Trial by Jury for Atheism*, avows that even to him a pure and rational faith in immortality would be more congenial than the cold negations and dreary platitudes to which his life has mainly been devoted.

"My dada's coming to see me," Madeline exclaimed on the night of her death, with that full, pure, and thrilling tone which marked her when in health. "I am sure he is coming to night, mama," and then remembering that that could not be, she said "Write to him, mama, he will come to see me;" and these were the last words she uttered—and all that remains now is the memory of that cheerless, fireless room, and the midnight reverberation of that voice which I would give a new world to hear again. * * * * Yes, though I neither hope—for that would be presumptuous—nor expect it, seeing no foundation, I shall be pleased to find a life after this. Not a life where those are punished who were unable to believe without evidence, and unwilling to act in spite of reason—for the prospect of annihilation is pleasanter and more profitable to contemplate: not a life where an easy faith is regarded as "easy virtue" is regarded among some men—but a life where those we have loved and lost here are restored to us again—for there, in that Hall where those may meet who have been sacrificed in the cause of duty—where no gross, or blind, or selfish, or cruel nature mingles, where none sit but those whom human service and endurance have purified and entitled to that high company, Madeline will be a Hebe. Yes, a future life, bringing with it the admission to such companionship, would be a noble joy to contemplate.

Well would it have been for him, and for the influence he has exercised, had he in this matter fully realised the truth expressed by himself in his essay on *The Logic of Death*:—"Plainly, as though written with the finger of Orion in the

vault of night, does man read the future in his heart. The impulse of fiction that leaps unbidden to his breast, which, though suppressed in comparative strife, or withered by cankering cares, yet returns in the woodland walk and the midnight musing, ever whispering of something better to be realised." Yes! and the whisper is no "fiction;" the language of the heart does not deceive us.

A late eminent English philosopher, whose autobiography enables us to understand how it came to pass that, as he professed he never had any religious belief, yet when his emotional nature was stirred to its depths by the bereavement of a beloved wife, felt so little the consolations of his own philosophy, that he daily visited her tomb, sometimes, it is said, remaining there for hours together, in bitterness of spirit, at what he regarded as an irreparable loss. O, that as he sat there, disconsolate, he could have opened his sorrowing heart to the comforting assurance of the angel, "She is not here, she is risen!"

Hobbes confessed that to him death was "a leap in the dark;" And of Hume, the acutest of sceptics, and the influence of whose philosophy has perhaps been the most penetrating and persuasive, it has been truly remarked by Mr. Sears, that "Perhaps there is not a more significant passage in religious literature than the suppressed passage of Mr. Hume, where he describes the influence of his speculations. He surveys the habitation which, with infinite logical skill, he has builded about him, and he starts with horror at sight of the gloomy and vacant chambers." The following is the passage referred to:—

I am astonished and affrighted at the forlorn solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look about I see on every side dispute, contradiction, and distraction. When I turn my eyes inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I, and what? From what causes do I derive existence, and to what condition do I return? I am confounded with these questions, and I begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed in the deepest darkness.

In Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* is a passage, remarkable for its graphic force, which may be taken as an epitome of the sceptical philosophy concerning a Future Life, and as such is quoted with approval by Mr. Holyoake in his *Logic of Death*. It reads thus:—

What went before and what will follow me, I regard as two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two extremities of human life, and which no living man has yet drawn aside. Many hundreds of generations have already stood before them with their torches, guessing anxiously what lies behind. On the curtain of Futurity many see their own shadows, the forms of their passions enlarged and put in motion; they shrink in terror at this image of themselves. Poets, philosophers, and founders of states, have painted this curtain with their dreams, more smiling or more dark, as the sky above them was cheerful or gloomy; and their pictures deceive the eye when viewed from a distance. Many jugglers, too, make profit of this our universal

curiosity : by their strange mummeries they have set the outstretched fancy in amazement. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain ; no one once within will answer those he has left without ; all you can hear is a hollow echo of your question, as if you shouted into a chasm.

No doubt priests and jugglers have made profit of our universal curiosity on a question in which we are so profoundly interested, but that no one once within the veil will answer those he has left without, is a statement in flat denial to known experience in all ages, and most emphatically so to that of our own age, in which we have the most ample and conclusive evidence that death is no impenetrable curtain separating us wholly from those who have gone before ; and it is moreover a view as gloomy as it is false.

Great God ! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn !

How far more cheering and ennobling is the faith enunciated by Fichte :—

The world of nature, on which but now I gazed with wonder and admiration, sinks before me. With all its abounding life and order and bounteous increase, it is but the curtain which hides one infinitely more perfect—the germ from which that other shall develop itself. My faith pierces through this veil, and broods over and animates this germ. It sees, indeed, nothing distinctly ; but it expects more than it can conceive, more than it will ever be able to conceive, until time shall be no more.

A prominent Sceptic, conversing on Spiritualism with a mutual friend—a believer—remarked, “I would give everything, could I but hold your unfaltering convictions on this subject.”

What, indeed, has Materialism to offer us in exchange for the faith in immortality it calls upon us to surrender ? When the heart is lacerated by the loss of wife, or child, or friend, to be told that all must one day suffer a like experience ; that perhaps time may blunt the edge of sensibility, and awaken new interests ; that the material atoms of the beloved form are imperishable, and may re-appear in trees and grass and flowers, is but to mock our grief. I do not argue that we are to accept this, or any belief, simply because it is agreeable to us. Of course, the primary question is, not what would be pleasant, but what is true. If it can be proved that life, thought, feeling, consciousness perish with the body, let us bear our fate with what fortitude we may. My present purpose is only to show that the faith in immortality is congenial to the human heart ; that when it finds free utterance the most confirmed Sceptics, the most obdurate Materialists, confess as much, despite the confirmed and inveterate prejudice to the contrary. It is not death, but life for which we pant—that more and fuller life, eternal

in the heavens. At least one entire side of our nature, and that not the least trustworthy, responds to this belief, and is never fully reconciled to its contrary. And although in this matter instances abound in which the other side of our nature falters and is recalcitrant, yet it would surely be irrational to conclude that even here this discordance is necessary and final. Harmony is our normal condition, the true law of our being, and we need never despair of its attainment, though the evidence to co-ordinate with faith may have to be sought elsewhere than in the common theology of the pulpit or the philosophy of schools.

Some of my readers will doubtless smile when I affirm my conviction that this evidence is supplied in the facts of modern Spiritualism. Yet this is no hasty conclusion, but my deliberate and matured judgment after twenty years' investigation and experience. And now after more than a quarter of a century's contemptuous denial of these facts, and unmeasured scorn and vituperation of those who asserted them, as within the range of their own personal knowledge, the most distinguished scientists, after full investigation and every application of crucial tests, are fast admitting their validity. It is true that other scientists of the highest reputation have expressed a contrary opinion; but there is this difference, that while the latter speak without any proper knowledge of the subject, and have been at no pains to inform themselves concerning it, the former have made it a matter of deep research, and have given it years of careful experimental investigation. Wherever the investigation has been most thorough, conviction has been most complete. And it would be difficult to name any better test of truth than this. As remarked by a Roman Catholic writer in the *Dublin Review*—

The invariable law of a plausible lie is this—let it be received at first with open arms; intelligent men, who have no interest in supporting it and no prejudice in favour of it, pause and inquire; as time flows on, it gradually, and, as it were, day by day loses its hold on the credence of men, and at length vanishes utterly and for ever. The very opposite of this has been the fortune of the phenomena we are speaking of. Among men of keen and cultivated minds they were at first received, not only with disbelief, but with laughter and derision: they were rejected as untrue, not because not proven, but because incapable of proof, because they were impossible—and, indeed, impossible they are, as we shall see, to mere human power and skill. Among the characteristics of the world in modern times a tendency to believe in the preternatural most certainly can *not* be reckoned. The phenomena of Magnetism and Spiritism at least *appear* preternatural: the predisposition was dead against accepting them: it was predicted that, before the generation that witnessed their rise had died out, they would have disappeared and been forgotten. Well, years have rolled on, and men who formerly would not without impatience read or listen to the accounts of these phenomena (the present writer was one of these), had at length been led to examine what was making such a noise in the world, and from mature, and for a time prejudiced, examination, have been led to conviction.

In this way have been brought round several of the ablest and most learned men in Europe, Catholic theologians, physicians, and philosophers and others, Catholic, Protestant, and free-thinking. Authority does not necessarily, nor even generally, prove an opinion: in a matter of mere opinion the most enquiring and cautious men may be greatly deceived, and have been so deceived. But here there is question of facts and of the testimony of the senses—of facts sensible to the sight, the hearing, the touch—of facts and testimonies repeated over and over again, beyond the possibility of calculation, in the greater part of Europe and America, and recorded year after year down to the present day. It is quite impossible that about such facts such a cloud of such witnesses should be all deceived.

The spiritual nature and future life of man are then not only within the range of the knowable, but have become actually known to thousands of independent and qualified investigators, including "several of the ablest and most learned men in Europe;" and we may add, of its most distinguished men of science.* Materialism has demanded plain palpable facts, and by these it has been confuted. It has challenged sensuous and scientific demonstration, and its terms have been accepted, and the demonstration is complete and overwhelming. As with the hammer of Thor the strong walls and towers of Materialism have been broken by it into fragments.

We have seen by the confessions of its chief expounders what a dismal outlook it presents; but this can only be fully realised by those who have dwelt in and emerged from those

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades,
Where peace and rest can never dwell,
Hope never comes.

Dr. George Sexton, for twenty years one of the leading advocates of Secularism, and by far its most learned and scientific representative, after long and careful investigation into Spiritualism, fully satisfied himself of its truth, and is now one of its most earnest advocates. Speaking of the state of mind to which Scepticism leads, he says:—

No man knows better what this state of mind is than I do, having had many years' bitter experience of the doubts and uncertainties which it involves. To be, as the poet says,

" Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind,"

and yet not to feel able to recognize the Divine in Nature and the spiritual in man, is a condition which is easier felt than described. Gleams of light occasionally shooting through the dense darkness, serving only to make the darkness afterwards more intense; a few drops of rain on the parched and dried up ground, the sight of food to the hungry, or water placed before the eyes as though to mock the vision of him who is dying of thirst, are similes which but faintly shadow forth the state of mind of the Sceptic.

* As the most recent examples in England see "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism," by ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, in the *Fortnightly Review* for May and June, 1874; and "Notes of an Enquiry into the Phenomena called Spiritual, during the Years 1870-3," in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, for January, 1874, by its editor, WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S. *The Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society*, 1871, also gives a mass of evidence on this subject.

In like manner Gerald Massey, in his admirable essay concerning Spiritualism, testifies:—

Spiritualism will make religion infinitely more real, and translate it from the domain of belief to that of life. It has been to me, in common with many others, such a lifting of the mental horizon and a letting in of the heavens—such a transformation of faiths into facts—that I can only compare life without it to sailing on board ship with hatches battened down, and being kept a prisoner, cribbed, cabined, and confined, living by the light of a candle—dark to the glory overhead, and blind to a thousand possibilities of being, and then suddenly on some splendid starry night allowed to go on deck for the first time, to see the stupendous mechanism of the starry heavens all aglow with the glory of God, to feel that vast vision glittering in the eyes, bewilderingly beautiful, and drink in new life with every breath of this wondrous liberty, which makes you dilate almost large enough in soul to fill the immensity that you see around.

One who has followed the Apostolic injunction—"Add to your faith knowledge;" and whose public ministrations as a teacher of religion have, in consequence, been marked by an intelligence, as well as a strength and fervour, which carry to other hearts the conviction of his own, remarks:—

This doctrine of a God who is indeed our Father; this glorious assurance of everlasting life in Him; this long line of witnesses who have caught some ray of His divine beauty and shed it upon us—these things, which religion grafts upon philosophy, make life rich indeed. We can fly for shelter from Infinite Law, and take refuge and find peace in Infinite Love. . . . And when the fear of death comes on us, we can look through the darkness to the light beyond, and lie down in hope, knowing in Whom we have believed, and confident that He will keep that which, in life's last act of renunciation, we commit to Him. It is this tone of triumphant confidence, this enthusiasm of faith in the truth of the Universe, this fanaticism of trust in the veracity of God, which gives zest to life. It is this hope which brightens the eye and nerves the hand, makes us strong and happy in the conflict of duty, and enables us to overcome the world. It is this certainty of faith which turns belief into knowledge, and is the everlasting Rock on which we stand secure amid the changes and calamities of time."*

LESSONS OF HISTORY FOR THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

I HAVE promised the National Association a few more proofs of the dangers of the path upon which they have entered, and here they are. If the Association would learn wisdom from history there is plenty of it in its pages both ancient and modern. If they would learn to what lengths of absurdity and even blasphemy wild spirits will lead men, they need not go back to Simon Stylites on his pillar, nor to dirty St. Anthony in his hole in the ground, who for years never washed his filthy hide, and thought such a life righteousness and the highway to

* *Scientific Men and Religious Teaching*, by P. W. CLAYDON.

heaven, the abode of the pure. They need not even go back to the Middle Ages to the insane dancers and flagellants, nor even to the rabid Anabaptists of Munster. There are plenty of examples of spirit-deluded creatures of only the last generation, nay, of the present. Before they abjure sober Christianity, and open their arms to all the infatuated idiots who plead spirit-guidance for their follies and demoralizing creeds, and clasp them in the embrace of brotherhood simply as a matter of liberality, let them read *The Coming Man* by the late Rev. James Smith, author of *The Divine Drama of History and Civilization*—a good Spiritualist. There they will find the strange history of Joanna Southcote and her followers, and of Richard Brothers, a still earlier prophet. The prophecies of these people, one after another, were of the most positive nature. They were given with the exact dates of day, month and year. Every one of them was immediately and absolutely falsified by the event, yet the deluded disciples of these leaders, who were not impostors, but most thoroughly honest and convinced tools of deceitful spirits, went on in spite of all their senses, and all their sufferings, believing.

There is nothing that people, whether ignorant or educated won't believe when they are fully inoculated with a false spiritual virus. There is no hellebore that can purge such brains. The most direct, startling, and confounding outbursts of the violated truth, are no more to such fever-brained maniacs than the passing of a zephyr. You may bray them in a mortar, flay them alive, pitch them into the water, hurl them into the fire, but the fixed belief in their spirit-guides will remain unshaken. The most terrible denials and counter-proofs of facts are lost upon them.

Is this the way that the National Association wishes to go? Is this the frenzy that is already seizing them? Already they renounce Christianity. Already they hail as friends and confederates the holders of any doctrine however vile, venomous, or scandalous, who assume to be taught by spirits. Thus, as far as in them lies, they countenance and encourage Free-loveism, Woodhullism, Claffinism—that is Free-loveism in its most satyr shape—Mormonism, Yezideism—that is devil-worship,—or any *ism* which starts up under the accommodating name of Spiritualism. Had they lived in Richard Brothers' time, they would, according to their late avowal, have found a real brother in him. They must have welcomed him to their embraces, and placed him high on the list of their vice-presidents, nay, he might fairly claim to be their president elect.

Brothers professed to be inspired by God himself. He called himself "the man revealed to the Hebrews as their prince, and

to all nations as their governor, according to the covenant of King David, immediately under God." He declared in print that the Lord commanded him to tell George III., King of England, that immediately on his being revealed in London, as the prince and governor of all nations, he must give up his crown to him.

Brothers was very properly shut up in Bedlam, but the National Association, which is desirous to form a bond of union with Spiritualists of every shade of opinion, would have received him with acclamation. After him came Joanna Southcote, who declared that she was the destined mother of Shiloh, a re-incarnation of the Messiah. She prophesied continually both by word of mouth and in print. Her works yet remain and amount to seven octavo volumes, of the most wild, rabid and illiterate absurdity that ever issued from a mortal brain. Yet thousands of people, some of them clergy, some Members of Parliament, and multitudes of others who ought to have known better, believed in her. They continued to believe in her though all her prophecies, one after another, were the most astounding failures. She went on to declare herself pregnant with Shiloh, and her besotted disciples prepared a cradle of silver for the re-incarnated Saviour, and the most costly baby-linen. There was a most excited waiting for the event. The exact day was announced, and clergy and laity were standing about the house in breathless expectation. Certain believing doctors were around her bed to assist in, or to attest the arrival of Shiloh, whose appearance would have been a grand card for M. Rivail, more conveniently called Allan Kardec by his numerous flesh-enamoured dupes. The whole ended in a horrible *fiasco* in which poor Joanna lost her life; yet the bulk of her disciples believed on, and they continue believing to this hour.

Well, Joanna was persuaded by lying spirits that she was the bride, the Lamb's wife, and in this faith she lived and died. Shiloh, whom she was to bring forth, was to be a re-incarnation of Christ, His son as He was the Son of God, and in some mysterious way, Himself. It was to be His second coming. Joanna was to be the woman in the Apocalypse, who was to produce the man-child who should rule the nations with a rod of iron. She had voices in her head and in her chest that promised her wonders, all of which she believed as Gospel, though they all turned out lies. She believed her spirits that she should be mistress of the universe, with the moon under her feet, and be crowned with twelve stars; and as confidently she believed that she should be Queen of England, and that her son should be not only Messiah but Lord Mayor of London! No absurdest jumble of impossibilities was too ridiculous for her, nor for her proselytes, gentle and simple, learned and ignorant.

But not only Joanna, numbers of other women equally believed that they were the bride of prophecy. Like Catherine Theos, who declared that monster Robespierre the Messiah, they all were too confident in their inspiration to boggle at the most outrageous anomalies or mad extravagancies. No intelligence, position, education, or previous good sense can insure us against insidious spirits, if we allow ourselves to quit for one moment the plain ground of Gospel guidance. Of this Miss Neville, a celebrated miniature painter, was a striking example. She was of a good English family, a sober, clear-headed, sedate young lady, till she allowed lying spirits to persuade her that they were better and diviner guides than the simple rules of Christ's law. This unhappy woman put out great handbills, declaring herself the bride, and consequently the heiress of kingdoms, and the restorer of nations. She said she had received a commission from God to renovate the Desert of Idumea. She had a disease of the spine, which utterly incapacitated her for any locomotion, but an angel appeared to her and instantly cured her. If this were a fact, and it would appear to have been so, for from some cause she was at once raised from an inability to walk a step to a condition of full activity, the angel, though a lying one, was possessed of great power like the magicians of Egypt who performed to a great extent the miracles of Moses. Immediately she made preparations for this enterprise. The angel made her a grant of Idumea, and she put out her summons for a standing army of a 100,000 men, and appointed Lieutenant O'Malley to provide the requisite artillery. She printed paper money to pay her soldiers and their passage to the land of the curse, which she was to redeem and restore to fertility. She sold her plate and jewels, and spent £2,000 of real cash in her arrangements, but before she could go further her friends secured her in a lunatic asylum.

Lucky it is that the National Association did not exist then, or these madcap women would have figured prominently on their platform, and who knows how many of the members of the Association would be waiting to rock the cradle of the infant Shiloh, or to march for Idumea under the banners of Miss Neville—Queen of that promised country, and Generalissimo of Heaven! Many other Spiritualists of rather odd shades of opinion declared themselves God; the Almighty; the Eternal, and nothing could drive the idea out of their heads. They had the same fixed infatuation as Dilke of Ohio, who declared himself the Almighty, and that his Millennium would begin in 1832. Yet the most rampantly crazed of these people were all real Spiritualists, and eligible to the National Association of 1874, or rather, the Association is eligible to their church which

yet remains. I do not hear yet that the Joannas have invited the National Association to coalesce with them, but the National Association has most distinctly invited the Joannas into its ranks, with every other shade of Spiritualistic opinion. Joanna was a Re-incarnationist, and would most assuredly have sat high aloft in their council with other Re-incarnationists who do sit there, one of whom publicly asserts that at different eras she has been Semiramis, Jezebel, and other ladies of similarly amiable idiosyncrasies. Miss Neville, who had been cured miraculously by an angel, would sit there as a brilliant sign of the sanity and *infallibility* of the Association.

Joanna, "Queen of Heaven and of England," died, but her mantle fell on one George Turner, a merchant of Leeds, and he and a Miss Townley—the old companion of Joanna—went on prophesying, and *their* National Association went on believing. Unluckily, Turner declared that on the 28th of January, 1817, a great earthquake would take place: the earth would yawn, and swallow up all but the saints, who would be preserved to inherit the land, with all its palaces and towers, its estates and good things. So convinced were the followers of Turner that this catastrophe would come off, that, though they did not have their travelling robes made, and sit ready on their trunks to go up at the first notice, like the dupes of Miller, of New York, in our time, yet one gentleman flung all his bank notes out of the window as of no further use, and others, more alive to self, took their posts at the doors of the best houses ready to seize them, and the rich equipages of the carnal-minded owners who were to be swallowed up!

Mr. Smith gives verbatim the proclamation of Turner, in which he appoints ten of the saints to the chief offices of the kingdom and of the City of London, with salaries of £20,000 each. When the angel had passed and sunk all by the earthquake, the salaries of these holy men were to commence at once, and they were to take possession of all estates, houses, and farms, and the worldly who escaped from the earthquake, which was to destroy *all* of them, were to become the servants of the saints. And Turner put a tariff on all articles. They were to have 20,000 men to search all houses, vaults, cellars, &c., for the gold, silver, and precious stones, and carry them to the bank. They were to serve out wine to the saints at a few pence per gallon, porter at a halfpenny a gallon, and ale at the same price. Mutton at two pounds for a halfpenny, a sheep for eightpence, a bullock for five shillings, and a calf at the same price as a sheep. There was to be no postage, no taxes, no turnpikes, so that the saints were to live in clover.

Of course nothing of the sort happened, but that did not

signify; the dupes by thousands went on believing. Turner, like Brothers, got into a lunatic asylum, but that only made him a martyr; and if the National Association had been in existence, instead of the lunatic asylum he would have got in there, and been put on the Council as a most distinguished brother. True, he had prophesied a most bouncing lie, but what of that? He was a Spiritualist of the first water, and, therefore, entitled to the highest recognition in that happy place where every shade of opinion is welcomed. What did it matter that the spirits had deceived him, and made fools of all his saints? Still they were spirits, or he said they were, and being delusive spirits is no objection to the National Association, which takes in all of every shade of opinion, even the very wildest of the many wild varieties of America, or it cannot be true to its proclamation. It must take in Dr. Cumming himself, if he has not been yet taken in enough by his predictions of the end of the world, which were of the like stamp as Turner's, of the earthquake, and of other things.

Turner managed to escape from the lunatic asylum, and was more lunatic than before. He announced that Shiloh, notwithstanding his non-appearance to Joanna, would certainly appear on the 14th of October, 1820, in London; but the believers need not travel up from the country, for he would visit them all in person, and for that purpose would set out on the very next day, the 15th. On the 14th the chapel of the Southcoteians in the Metropolis was crowded, and Turner was in the midst of them. All were in the highest state of expectation, but of course Shiloh did not come. Dreadful was the disappointment, for many presents had been prepared for Him by the faithful, amongst others a silver snuff box and a fashionable blue coat! That Shiloh should take snuff and wear a blue coat did not strike these credulous creatures as at all strange.

After Turner came John Wroe, a woolcomber, of Tong in Yorkshire, and declared himself a forerunner of Shiloh. He made himself a Jew, as much as a man who is not one can. He introduced circumcision as an absolute rule and observance of his Society; divided the Society into twelve tribes, and forbade swine's flesh, shell-fish, and eels. He had visions and voices, and sate in the assemblies of the faithful with a poker in his hand, as the representative of Shiloh, who was to rule the nations with a rod of iron. What a fine President he would have made, poker in hand, for the National Association! The fooleries that he and his followers committed were of the most outrageous kind. Women were set to flog men who had offended Wroe, who was a most ferocious tyrant, with rods on their naked backs. Wroe travelled over a great deal of Europe,

went to America and Australia; and was ordered by the spirits to go to China, because Shiloh was to set his foot on the globe, and John represented him.

But like those of Joanna and Turner, every one of his prophecies proved false, and so much so that twelve children, whom he had prophesied would live to carry the Gospel over the whole world, died every one of them. It seemed that God would testify most signally against these fanatic followers of false spirits, yet nothing cured them, no judgments, no practical demonstrations of the falsehood of their spiritual guides could open their eyes. In fact, what can open the eyes of those who for their abandonment of truth and sound reason are given up to believe a lie? They still believed, and to this day their successors remain in thousands, and are now by public proclamation invited to take their places in the National Association of Spiritualists.

There was another John Roe, who seems to have been very little different from John Wroe, except that he left out the W in his surname. Certainly he was as great a fool. He was the patriarch of a sect at Calverton in Nottinghamshire, and he and his apostles were confined for some years in the county goal at Nottingham for presuming to marry amongst themselves without any legislative sanction. They remained there till the county grew tired of maintaining them, and were then turned out and returned to their head quarters at Calverton. There I once had the curiosity to go to their chapel, and saw John Roe, then a very old man, with a white flowing beard, and heard him read a chapter, and then comment on it in a most imbecile style. This John Roe managed to borrow considerable sums of money of different people, and refused to pay it back, saying that the Israelites were commanded to fleece the Egyptians. These Roeites, too, had spirits and visions and prophecies, and would have been legitimate members of the National Association.

What a charming assembly the National Association will be when the living representatives of all these odds and ends of humanity, these fungi of faith in fermentation, shall accept the kind invitation sent out to them. When Free-lovers, Woodhullists, Claffinists, Mormons, Rappists, Shakers, Jumpers, Yezidees, Joannas, Turnerites, Wroeites with the W, and Roeites without; the Whirling Dervishes from Turkey, and Jossakids from Western America; shall come together with the women flagellants attending John the Jew, ready to punish disorderly male apostles, and the Re-incarnationists shall recognize them as the re-incarnated flagellants and *dansants* of ages past.

Do not the Spiritualists feel themselves much flattered by being brought by the National Association into the same

category with these crack-brained fanatics and arrant zanies? But seriously, these many examples of the dangers of giving ear to delusive spirits and to doctrines of devils, show us most impressively the urgent necessity for all Spiritualists to keep carefully the way of truth and soberness and sound mind. To try the spirits according to the Apostolic injunction, and to say to any spirit in or out of the flesh, who would teach us something different from the Divine precepts of the Gospel, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" We don't want any spirit to teach us a new or better religion, we have one so pure and perfect, and so highly pitched in moral principle that never whilst we are on earth shall we be able to reach its Divine altitude of sentiment and wisdom. We can willingly listen to spirits who strengthen us to follow the sublime dictates of Christ, or teach us anything in accordance with them, or warn us of the dangers of wandering from the directly onward path; but to anything divergent from or adulterative of those heavenly canons we cannot listen but at serious cost. We have already one Lord, one faith, and one baptism, and we refuse to accept any other, fully satisfied that when we possess the very highest of its kind any other thing of the same pretensions must be inferior, and therefore, superfluous. The intelligent Christian will remember the solemn warning of his Divine Master not to run after "Lo heres," and "Lo theres." And the lamentable records here given of the pitiable follies and infatuations of the victims of the misguidance of lying spirits, as well as others that we could add from France and America, give convincing force to the words of supreme wisdom uttered nearly two thousand years ago.

Let every Spiritualist reflect seriously that he has not only his own character for sober sense and reliable judgment at stake, but that of every brother and sister of the faith. The times demand from us the most vigilant caution and the most acute sagacity of action. The language of Professor Tyndall in his opening address at the meeting of the British Association at Belfast, ought to show to every Spiritualist the immense importance of Spiritualism at the present time. The Professor boastingly vaunted the triumph of the material philosophers over the Bible, and gave the believers in it, and in its doctrine of the immortality of the soul, fair warning that the physiologists would go on till they had completely driven spirit out of the field. That is to say, that had not Spiritualism been brought into renewed action against them, the Materialists would have trampled on the soul of humanity; would have stamped out every trace of faith in the nobler part of our being, and blotted out our divinest hopes. For all this he was loudly applauded. He did not mention Spiritualism by name, but it

was against it that all his arguments were obviously directed. He boasted that they would prove man a mere physical machine. Well, it is clear that the pulpits could not cope with him. They could not bring practical facts to rebut his physical ones, except from the annals of nearly 2,000 years ago. It is Spiritualism alone to which God has assigned the glorious mission of to-day,—the reproduction of those or similar facts. It is Spiritualism alone which stands up, armed at all points, to confront and confound these *terræ filii* on their own ground of actual experiment, by producing on the scene SPIRIT visible, palpable, living, reasoning, and invincible over dust and all the champions of the science of dust. This is the grand fact which troubles the hearts of the philosophers of mere matter, which takes off their chariot wheels, and which they deny in vain. The more they deny the spirit, the stronger and more indomitably it rises before them, and obstructs their way, and crushes into nothing their boastings. Spirits disembodied, clear, brilliant, immortal, issue not merely in silent motions and written words from the realms of the invisible, but in full form walk substantially amongst us, converse with us in tones as sonorous and articulate as our own, and confirm all the revelations of past ages, all the assurances of man's immortality, as true and inexpugnable facts. Scores and hundreds of intelligent people have again and again seen, felt and conversed with these visitants from the infinite, whose simple appearance annihilates with the most exquisite sarcasm all the laboured pretences of mind, being but the action of organized matter. They are the so-confidently-denied spirits themselves who have foiled the deadly attempts of the earthly philosophers: who have turned the edge of battle against them. It is then for the Spiritualists to take up this banner of the Immortals and bear it triumphantly in the face of the world, and to hurl down once more the dragon of base negation into his native regions of darkness.

To the Spiritualists is, therefore, given the illustrious duty of defending and maintaining the integrity of human life beyond the reign of matter, and of manifesting it beyond the reach of all argument, beyond all physical facts and theories, marching hand in hand with the spirit hosts themselves. With them rests the cause of man as something infinitely more than a mere machine of locomotive earth; and without the direct and God-sent presence of Spiritualism, these proofs of this cause must have been wanting, and the Tyndalls, Huxleys, and Darwins would have trodden man's sublimest hopes into the clay of this globe, and left us in crushed reptility under the hoof of triumphant Sadduceeism.

Surely the knowledge of this all-important charge, this

practical demonstration of our heavenly origin and destiny—committed to us, not by oral or written law, but by present, direct, and perpetual testimony—should render everyone of us most anxiously careful to maintain our divine office in bravery, honour, and purity; careful to follow no false device, nor to sanction by our alliance those who do. Of one thing, however, we may be certain, God will not permit the defeat of his great designs. He will keep alive in the earth His inestimable revelations of immortality, and He will find the instruments to do it. Those who betray their high trust through a false ideal, or through a diseased and spurious liberality, will fall like withered leaves from the tree of life, and men of sounder brains and more healthy hearts will take their place as his champions. Men may fail or turn aside—God will go right on for ever.

I think now that I have said sufficient to warn my fellow Spiritualists against the dangers that have of late beset them. It only remains for everyone to do his best to defeat these dangers. May God grant us all wisdom to discern the truth as He has revealed it by the most clear and well-attested means, and the strength to stand by it in single-heartedness and love! And it is in love to our great cause and to every honest, however misguided advocate of it, that I have penned my protests against the declarations and the very existence of the National Association, though the imminence of the peril has given sharpness to my words.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

LIFE'S INNER MYSTERIES.

CANST thou hear the grass grow?
Or see the winds that blow?
Canst thou the moment mark
When daylight dies into the dark?

Or when the child we've known
Has to a woman grown?
Or fix the bounds of Space?
Or Matter's final place?

Or tell when Time began?
Or when shall end? Or scan
By Reason's feeble light,
The Eternal, Infinite?

Of atom or of soul
Hast thou yet read the whole?
Or pierced the veil behind
Of Nature, Life, and Mind?

Why draw lines hard and fast?
The minute and the vast;
The worlds within, around,
Alike we fail to sound.

As pure translucent light
Is broken to our sight,
Our minds refract, in sooth,
The pure white light of Truth.

In vain we trace the plan
From monad up to man;
And ask—"How came we hither?"
We know not whence, nor whither!

In vain we seek from sense
Nature's significance;
Or question her of these—
Life's inner mysteries.

Yet we may apprehend
All things to better tend;
E'en as through mortal strife
We rise to higher life.

Philosophies and creeds
May fail us at our needs;
They pass like summer dust:
Not these, but God, we trust. T. S.

THE GHOST IN THE TOWER.

WE reprint from *Notes and Queries* the following correspondence, which appeared in that journal from September 8th, 1860, to January 1st, 1861, which tells its own tale, and needs no comment:—

“ I have often purposed to leave behind me a faithful record of all that I personally know of this strange story, and K. B.’s enquiry now puts me upon consigning it to the general repertory of *Notes and Queries*. Forty-three years have passed, and its impression is as vividly before me as on the moment of its occurrence. ‘Anecdotage,’ said Wilkes, ‘is an old man’s dotage,’ and at 83 I may be suspected of lapsing into omissions or exaggerations; but there are yet survivors who can testify that I have not at any time either amplified or abridged my ghostly experiences.

“ In 1814 I was appointed Keeper of the Crown Jewels in the Tower, where I resided with my family till my retirement in 1852. One Saturday night in October, 1817, about ‘the witching hour,’ I was at supper with my then wife, our little boy, and her sister, in the sitting room of the Jewel House, which—then comparatively modernised—is said to have been the ‘doleful prison’ of Anna Boleyn, and of the ten bishops whom Oliver Cromwell piously accommodated therein. For an accurate picture of the *locus in quo* my scene is laid, I refer to George Cruikshank’s woodcut in p. 384 of Ainsworth’s *Tower of London*, and I am persuaded that my gallant successor in office, Colonel Wyndham, will not refute its collation with my statement.

“ The room was, as it still is, irregularly shaped, having three doors and two windows, which last are cut nearly 9 feet deep into the outer wall; between these is a chimney-piece projecting far into the room, and (then) surmounted with a large oil picture. On the night in question the doors were all closed, heavy and dark cloth curtains were let down over the windows, and the only light in the room was that of two candles on the table. I sat at the foot of the table, my son on my right hand, his mother fronting the chimney-piece, and her sister on the opposite side. I had offered a glass of wine and water to my wife, when, on putting it to her lips, she paused, and exclaimed, ‘Good God! what is that?’ I looked up, and saw a cylindrical figure, like a glass tube, seemingly about the thickness of my arm, and hovering between the ceiling and the table; its contents appeared to be a dense fluid, white and pale azure, like to the gathering of a summer cloud, and incessantly

rolling and mingling within the cylinder. This lasted about two minutes, when it began slowly to move *before* my sister-in-law, then, following the oblong shape of the table, *before* my son and myself; passing *behind* my wife, it paused for a moment over her right shoulder (observe, there was no mirror opposite to her in which she could then behold it). Instantly she crouched down, and with both hands covering her shoulder, she shrieked out, 'Oh, Christ! it has seized me!' Even now, while writing, I feel the fresh horror of that moment. I caught up my chair, struck at the wainscot behind her, rushed up stairs to the other children's room, and told the terrified nurse what I had seen. Meanwhile, the other domestics had hurried into the parlour, where their mistress recounted to them the scene, even as I was detailing it above stairs.

"The marvel—some will say the absurdity—of all this is enhanced by the fact that *neither my sister-in-law nor my son beheld this 'appearance,'* as K. B. rightly terms it, though to their mortal vision it was as 'apparent' as to my wife's and mine. When I the next morning related the night's horrors to our chaplain, after the service in the Tower Church, he asked me, 'Might not *one* person have his natural senses deceived? And if *one*, why might not *two*?' My answer was, 'If *two*, why not two thousand?' an argument which would reduce history, secular or sacred, to a fable. But why should I here discuss things not dreamed of in our philosophy?

"I am bound to add, that shortly before this strange event, some young lady-residents in the Tower had been, I know not wherefore, suspected of making phantasmagorical experiments at their windows, which, be it observed, had no command whatever on any windows in my dwelling. An additional sentry was accordingly posted, so as to overlook any such attempt.

"Happen, however, as it might, following hard at heel the visitation of my household, one of the night sentries at the Jewel Office was, as he said, alarmed by a figure like a huge bear issuing from underneath the door; he thrust at it with his bayonet, which stuck in the door, even as my chair dented the wainscot; he dropped in a fit, and was carried senseless to the guard room. His fellow-sentry declared that the man was neither asleep nor drunk, he himself having seen him the moment before awake and sober. Of all this, I avouch nothing more than that I saw the poor man in the guard-house prostrated with terror, and that in two or three days the 'fatal result,' be it of fact or of fancy, was—*that he died.*

"My story may claim more space than *Notes and Queries* can afford; desiring to be circumstantial, I have been diffuse.

This I leave to the Editor's discretion; let it only be understood, that to *all* which I have herein set forth *as seen by myself*, I absolutely pledge my faith and my honour.

“ EDMUND LENTHAL SWIFTE.”

“ This unfortunate affair took place in January, 1816, and shows the extreme folly of attempting to frighten with the shade of a supernatural appearance the bravest of men. . Before the burning of the armouries there was a paved yard in front of the Jewel House, from which a gloomy and ghost-like doorway led down a flight of steps to the Mint. Some strange noises were heard in this gloomy corner, and on a dark night at twelve the sentry saw a figure like a bear cross the pavement and disappear down the steps; this so terrified him that he fell, and in a few hours, after having recovered sufficiently to tell the tale, he died. It was fully believed to have arisen from phantasmagoria, and the governor, with the colonel of the regiment, doubled the sentry, and used such energetic precautions that no more ghosts haunted the Tower from that time. The soldier bore a high character for bravery and good conduct. I was then in my 30th year, and was present when his body was buried with military honours in the Flemish burial ground, St. Catherine's.

“ GEORGE OFFOR.”

“ Could I, by referring to circumstances of that period, have satisfied myself on Mr. Offor's dates, I would readily acknowledge their correctness, but on other points he is certainly mistaken. The Jewel House guard had been doubled *before* that fearful night—and, therefore, *nec post nec propter, hęc*—for the surer supervising the phantasmagorial pranks which some fair neighbours of ours were suspected of playing. When on the morrow I saw the unfortunate soldier in the main-guard-room his fellow-sentinel was also there, and testified to having seen him on his post just before the alarm, awake and alert, and even spoken to him. Moreover, as I then heard the poor man tell his own story, the ‘figure’ did *not* ‘cross the pavement and disappear down the steps’ of the sally-port, but issued from underneath the Jewel Room door—as ghostly a door, indeed, as ever was opened to or closed on a doomed man; placed, too, beneath a stone archway as utterly out of the reach of my young friends' apparatus (if any such they had) as were my windows.

“ I saw him once again on the following day, but changed beyond my recognition; in another day or two, *not* ‘in a few hours,’ the brave and steady soldier, who would have mounted

a breach or led a forlorn hope with unshaken nerves, died at the presence of a shadow, as the weakest woman might have died.

“A moment’s recurrence to my own personal adventure. Our chaplain suggested the possibility of some such foolery having been *intromitted* at my windows, and proposed the visit of a scientific friend, who minutely inspected the parlour, and made the closest investigation, but could not in any way solve the mystery. Subsequently, a professor of the Black Art favoured me with a call, and undertook to produce my ‘cylindrical figure,’ or serpents on the ceiling, or any other appearance which I should bespeak, *provided* that he might have his own apparatus on the table, or (with the curtains drawn back) on the seven-gun battery immediately fronting the window, and where, by-the-bye, a sentry is posted night and day. His provisoes were of course declined, and the wizard acknowledged that of himself he was *no conjuror*.”

“Sir John Reresby, who was Governor of York Castle, *temp.* Jac. II., records in his *Memoirs*, that one of the night-sentries was grievously alarmed by the appearance of a huge black animal issuing upon him from underneath a door in the castle. I have not my copy at hand to transcribe the passage; but the volume itself is not very difficult of reference.

“EDMUND LENTHAL SWIFTE.”

“Is Colonel Swifte aware of the publication made by Dr. Wm. Gregory in his *Letters . . . on Animal Magnetism*, London, 1851, p. 494. &c.? There are circumstances mentioned in this account, certainly not obtained *directly* from Col. S. (as he is called) on which I think it very desirable, after his full account, that his comment should be made. Such are—the court-martial held on the soldier—his acquittal by means of Colonel Swifte’s evidence that he was not asleep, but had been singing a minute or two before the occurrence—the declaration of the sergeant that such appearances were not uncommon, &c. I should suppose that all this is the additional snow which the ball has got by rolling.

“A. DE MORGAN.”

“Up to a certain point there is a striking resemblance in the apparition recorded by Mr. Edmund Lenthal Swifte as having been witnessed by himself in the Tower in the year 1817, and one recorded in that curious volume, *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, a collection of authenticated ghost stories by Mr. Robert Dale Owen. It is to be found at p. 282 of the

English edition of the above named work, and is entitled 'Apparition of a Stranger.' I will transcribe as much of the story as will serve to show the likeness to Mr. Swifte's preternatural visitant:—

“In March of the year 1854, the Baron de Guldenstubbé was residing alone in apartments, at No. 23, Rue St. Lazare, Paris.

“On the 16th of that month, returning thither from an evening party, after midnight, he retired to rest; but finding himself unable to sleep, he lit a candle and began to read. Very soon his attention was drawn from the book, by experiencing first one electric shock then another, until the sensation was eight or ten times repeated. This greatly surprised him; and effectually precluded all disposition to sleep; he rose, donned a warm dressing gown, and lit a fire in the adjoining saloon. Returning a few minutes afterwards without a candle, he observed, by light coming through the door of the saloon, just before the chimney (which was situated in a corner of the room, at the opposite diagonal from the entrance door), what seemed like a dim column of greyish vapour, slightly luminous. It attracted his attention for a moment, but deeming it merely some effect of reflected light from the lamps in the courtyard, he thought no more of it, and re-entered the parlour. After a time, as the fire burned badly, he returned to the bedchamber to procure a faggot. This time the appearance in the front of the fireplace arrested his attention. It reached nearly to the ceiling of the apartment, which was fully 12 feet high. Its colour had changed from grey to blue—that shade of blue which shows itself when spirits of wine are burned. It was also more distinctly marked, and somewhat more luminous than at first. As the Baron gazed at it, there gradually grew into sight, within it, the figure of a man. The outlines at first were vague, and the colour blue like the column, only of a darker shade. The Baron looked upon it as an hallucination, but continued to examine it steadily from a distance of some thirteen or fourteen feet. Gradually the outlines of the figure became marked, the features began to assume exact form, and the whole to take the colours of the human flesh and dress. Finally, there stood within the column, and reaching about half way to the top, the figure of a tall, portly old man, with a fresh colour; blue eyes, snow-white hair, thin white whiskers, but without beard or moustache . . . He appeared to lean on a heavy white cane. After a few minutes the figure detached itself from the column and advanced, seeming to float slowly through the room . . . It returned to the fireplace. After facing the Baron it remained stationary there. By slow degrees the outlines lost their distinctness, and as the figure faded the blue column

gradually reformed itself, inclosing it as before. This time, however, it was much more luminous; the light being sufficient to enable the Baron to distinguish small print, as he ascertained by picking up a Bible that lay on his dressing table, and reading a verse or two. He showed me the copy, it was in minion type. Very gradually the light faded, seeming to flicker up at intervals, like a lamp dying out.'

"For the remainder of this remarkable story, which was related to the author by the Baron de Guldenstubbé himself, I must refer the reader to Mr. Owen's book. Its marked resemblance, in some respects, to Mr. Swift's narrative induced me to 'make a note of it.'

"JOHN PAVIN PHILLIPS.

"Haverfordwest."

"Until now I have been very sceptical in matters of this kind, but I must confess this strange account by Mr. Swift has impressed me with considerable interest. It was too circumstantial to attribute the appearance to optical delusion, and the depth of the window recesses, and the closed dark cloth curtains, forbid the possibility of the action of a magic lantern or phantasmagoria. Will Mr. Swift oblige me, and through me several interested friends, with farther information?

"1st.—Was Mr. Swift's son old enough to understand the vision, or to be impressed by the circumstance?

"2nd.—What was the impression of the sister-in-law respecting the affair, as evidenced by the horror and expressions of Mr. and Mrs. Swift?

"3rd.—How did the phantom disappear, and did it assume any other form?

"It must truly have made a profound impression upon the family, and haunted the imagination continually. Very few would have had the courage to continue the residence. The warders tell of a spectre said to flit about Sir Walter Raleigh's apartments.

"GEORGE LLOYD."

"When the catholic page of *Notes and Queries* was opened to my story, I became bound to satisfy its correspondents upon every personal and local circumstance. I, therefore, readily answer Mr. Lloyd's reasonable and seasonable questions:—

"1.—My son had nearly closed his seventh year; and was endowed with more than the ordinary intelligence of childhood. Assuredly, he was not terrified with what he did not see; but he was exceedingly scared at his mother's outcry and my agitation.

"2.—His aunt, to whom likewise the phantom had been

invisible, and who knew nothing of its presence till she heard it described by her sister, treated it as our joint hallucination; contenting herself with the chaplain's logic—that the illusion which possessed one person's mind could as readily possess another's.

“3.—It did not assume any other form; but, in the moment of my wife's exclamation and my striking at it with my chair, it crossed the upper end of the table and disappeared in the recess of the opposite window.

“4.—That unforgettable night was continually discussed among us (my boy alone excepted, to protect his young mind from its impression), until he and they had quitted this world of realities wherein it is still my surviving mystery.

“The preternatural transcends my philosophy; and the doctrine of chances does not, I suppose, deal with impossibilities. *Nequeo monstrare, sentio tantum.* I forbear, therefore, comment or inference, hardly expecting that my most absolute pledge of veracity shall ensure what I might claim in sublunary matters.

“Sir Walter Raleigh, and the other Eidola of the Tower, may be left to its officials' traditional snowball.

“Professor De Morgan (x. 277) has made me, for the first time, aware of Dr. Gregory's publication. His account of this strange incident was not obtained “directly” from me, seeing that I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and his indirect details, as alluded to by Professor De Morgan, present a curious assemblage of errors. I have already stated that I heard the ill-fated soldier described in the Tower guard-room by his fellow-sentinel, not as ‘singing a minute or two before the occurrence,’ but as *immediately* before it, awake and alert on his post, exchanging with him some casual remark. Of the serjeant's comment, that ‘such appearances were not uncommon,’ I am as unaware as of the summary ‘&c.’ wherein Professor De Morgan includes Dr. Gregory's other reminiscences; or of the ‘court-martial,’ whereat I did not attend, and of course bore no testimony to his wakefulness. Let Professor De Morgan be assured that the 43 winters which have since that date blanched my head have not added one single flake to his traditional snowball—the gatherings of which, whatever may be their increment under Dr. Gregory's manipulation, are to me an unknown quantity.

“Of the military title attributed to me, I have hitherto been equally unconscious, my only martial experience having been during 1796-1803, when I bore arms in Ireland as a member of the Lawyers' Corps—a service which I would right gladly resume in 1861, with whatever spirit and strength might then be abiding in me.

“EDMUND LENTHAL SWIFTE.”

“ Enclosed is the story of an apparition in York Castle, alluded to by Mr. Swift. The appearance, it will be seen, was not similar to that which caused the death of the soldier in the Tower. The preceding story about a witch is not worth quoting:—

“ ‘ One of my soldiers being on guard about 11 in the night at the gate of Clifford Tower, the very night after the witch was arraigned, he heard a great noise at the castle, and going to the porch, he there saw a scroll of paper creep from under the door, which, as he imagined by moonshine, turned first into the shape of a monkey, and thence assumed the form of a turkey-cock, which passed to and fro by him. Surprised at this, he went to the prison and called the underkeeper, who came and saw the scroll dance up and down, and creep under the door, where there was scarce an opening of the thickness of half-a-crown. This extraordinary story I had from the mouth of both, one and the other.’—*Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*, p. 238.

“ H.”

“ All those who were interested by Dr. Gregory’s account (received from Sir David Brewster) of supernatural appearances in the Tower of London, are much obliged by Mr. Edmund Lenthal Swift’s authentic statement of his personal knowledge of the occurrence, and by his correction of some errors in Dr. Gregory’s account of it. But there are two particulars in that account which are neither confirmed by Mr. Swift in his own narrative (x. 192), nor denied by him in his rectification (x. 374) of Dr. Gregory’s statement, with which statement he appears to be acquainted only through Professor De Morgan’s allusion to it (x. 277), where those particulars are not mentioned.

“ Perhaps, then, Mr. Swift, in addition to the interesting information he has already given upon the subject, will have the goodness to reply to the following queries:—

“ 1.—Is it true, as stated by Dr. Gregory, that ‘*Mrs. Swift perceived a form*,’ apparently *not* perceived in the cylindrical tube by Mr. Swift?

“ 2.—If so, what was her description of the ‘form’ perceived only by herself?

“ 3.—Is there any truth in Dr. Gregory’s statement of an immediate failure in Mrs. Swift’s health, consequent upon the supernatural appearance, and terminating, though not so rapidly as in the case of the soldier, in a no less ‘fatal result?’

“ ‘The serjeant’s comment,’ of which Mr. Swift declares himself to be unaware, was probably made to the colonel of the

regiment, who, in Dr. Gregory's account, appears to be confounded with the Keeper of the Regalia, the eye-witness of the *indoors* apparition.

"Some readers of Mr. Swifte's narrative (x. 192) have not gathered from his expression, 'following hard at heel,' that the apparition to the soldier occurred, as stated by Dr. Gregory, on the *same* night as that within the Jewel House. But a collation of the narrative with Mr. Swifte's reply to Mr. Ofor (x. 236), seems to leave no reasonable doubt that the *same* night is indicated by that expression.

" M. P."

"While reading the case of Baron de Guldenstubbé, the 'Spectre of the Brocken' rushed into my mind, and farther reflection convinced me that two apparitions so closely resembling each other as those of Mr. Swifte and the Baron must be due to natural causes. The latter case also resembles one which recently occurred at Bonchurch, and was described in the *Times*. I would ask, Is it known whether the figure seen by the Baron in the column of vapour resembled himself? Whether the external air was very damp? and whether there had recently or ever been a fire in the stove in front of which the ghost appeared? It seems to have kept the line between the Baron and the fireplace, and the doorway was in a line also. As a faggot is mentioned, I suppose the fireplace in the saloon was an open one. Although unskilled in such matters, I venture to offer this hint, feeling very strongly that it is not reverent to refer to supernatural agency anything that can be solved by natural causes; and my reason tells me that the similarity of these two visitations is strong evidence against their being supernatural; while we have the testimony of the tourists, &c., on the Brocken, the gentleman at Bonchurch, Ulloa on Pichincha, and the host of Scotch 'second-sight' seers as to such effects in the open air. Then why may not the same have occurred in a column of fog descending a damp chimney.

"Mr. Swifte's case is more difficult to account for, particularly as regards the sentinel; still, I think, if one case can be solved the other may, the clue once given.

"One word as to the Baron's 'electric shocks.' Can these be accounted for by atmospheric causes? His frame seems not to have been in a healthy state, as he could not sleep. Were they not simply those twitchings of the muscles, or prickings in the veins, which are not uncommon in ailing persons? We know how a state of semi-sleep magnifies every sound and feeling, and hence I think the truth of the Baron's 'electric shocks' may be doubted.

" F. C. B."

“ In reply to the queries of F. C. B., I may mention that the apparition seen by the Baron de Guldenstubbé in his apartments in the Rue St. Lazare, at Paris, in no wise resembled himself, but presented the semblance of a “ tall, portly old man, with a fresh colour, blue eyes, snow-white hair, thin white whiskers, but without beard or moustache, and dressed with some care. He seemed to wear a white cravat and long white waistcoat, high stiff shirt collar, and a long black frock coat, thrown back from his chest, as is the wont of corpulent people like him in hot weather. . . . After a few minutes the figure detached itself from the column, and advanced, seeming to float slowly through the room, till within about 3 feet of its wondering occupant. There it stopped, put up its hand as in form of salutation, and slightly bowed.’ The figure then returned to the column, as previously related, and gradually melted into the cylindrical vapour, until it was no longer perceptible. Upon the following morning the baron met the wife of the *concierge*, Madame Mathieu, and inquired of her who had been the former occupant of his room, adding:—

“ ‘ His reason for making the enquiry was, that the night before he had seen in his bed room an apparition. At first the woman seemed much frightened, and little disposed to be communicative, but when pressed on the subject, she admitted that the last person who had resided in the apartments now occupied by the baron was the father of the lady who was the proprietor of the house, a certain Monsieur Caron, who had formerly filled the office of mayor in the province of Champagne. He had died about two years before, and the rooms had remained vacant from that time until taken by the baron. Her description of him, not only as to personal appearance, but in each particular of dress, corresponded in the minutest manner to what the baron had seen: a white waistcoat coming down very low, a white cravat, a long black frock coat—these he habitually wore. His stature was above the middle height, and he was corpulent, his eyes blue, his hair and whiskers white, and he wore neither beard nor moustache. His age was between 60 and 70. Even the smaller peculiarities were exact, down to the high-standing shirt-collar, the habit of throwing back his coat from his chest, and the thick white cane, his constant companion when he went out.

“ ‘ Madame Mathieu further confessed to the baron that he was not the only one to whom the apparition of M. Caron had shown itself. On one occasion a maid-servant had seen it on the stairs. To herself it had appeared several times, once just in front of the entrance to the saloon; again in a dimly lighted passage that led past the bed room to the kitchen beyond, and

more than once in the bed-room itself. M. Caron had dropped down in the passage referred to in an apoplectic fit, had been carried thence into the bed room, and had died in the bed now occupied by the baron. She said to him, farther, that, as he might have remarked, she almost always took the opportunity when he was in the saloon to arrange his bedchamber, and that she had several times intended to apologise to him for this, but had refrained, not knowing what excuse to make. The true reason was that she feared again to meet the apparition of the old gentleman. The matter finally came to the ears of the daughter, the owner of the house. She caused masses to be said for the soul of her father, and it is alleged—how truly I know not—that the apparition has not been seen in any of the apartments since. Up to the time when he saw the apparition the Baron de Guldenstubbé had never heard of M. Caron, and of course had not the least idea of his personal appearance or dress; nor, as may be supposed, had it ever been intimated to him that any one had died, two years before, in the room in which he slept.—*Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*. English edition, pp. 284-5.

“ In my former communication on this subject, I only copied as much of the Baron de Guldenstubbé’s narrative as served to mark its likeness to the apparition seen by Mr. Swifte. The whole story is very well told, and will amply repay perusal.

“ JOHN PAVIN PHILLIPS.

“ Haverfordwest.”

“ I readily respond to M. P.’s queries :—

“ 1 and 2.—My wife did *not* ‘perceive any form’ in the ‘cylindrical tube,’ except the cloud or vapour which *both* of us described at the time, and which *neither* had ever described otherwise.

“ 3.—Her health was *not* affected, and her life was *not* terminated by the ‘appearance’—be its cause what it might—which then presented itself to us.

“ I cannot supply the precise date of the sentinel’s alarm. If ‘following hard at heel’ be a synchronism, then must Hamlet’s mother have married his uncle on the day of his father’s funeral; the ‘morrow,’ whereon I saw the poor fellow in the Tower guard-room, had reference to *his* visitation, not to ours, which I submit to F. C. B., is of the twain the more difficult of solution (x. 477).

“ The Bonchurch and Pichincha cases have not come within my knowledge; the ‘appearance’ in the Jewel House did not suggest to me the Brocken spectre; and the Guldenstubbé

phantom 'fails in its parallel' (x. 291, 477). We were not favoured by any 'portly old man,' detaching himself from any vaporous column and resolving himself into it again; no 'electric shocks' or 'muscular twitchings' had predisposed us; and the densest fog that ever descended a damp chimney could hardly have seized one of us by the shoulder.

"The only 'natural cause' (x. 478) which has occurred to me is *phantasmagoric agency*, yet—to say nothing of its local impediments in the Jewel House—the most skilful operator, with every appliance accorded him, could not produce an appearance visible to one-half the assembly, while invisible to the other half, and bodily laying hold of one individual among them. The causation of non-natural, preternatural, or supernatural effects passes my scholarship; and the anomalies of a formless, purposeless, phantom, foretelling nothing and fulfilling nothing, is better left to the adepts in psychology.—*Davus sum, non Œdipus.*

"EDMUND LENTHAL SWIFTE."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

THIS Association is now virtually reconstituted. The clause in its late Constitution, expressing its "cordial sympathy with the teachings of Jesus Christ," which excited so much controversy, has been expunged from it and other alterations in it have been made. All the members of the Association having been consulted as to alteration of the Constitution and Rules, 86 were in favour of the changes recommended by the Council, and 10 against them, the rest of the members not voting. The "Principles and Purposes" were consequently abolished, and in place thereof the objects of the National Association are stated as follows:—

II.—The Association is formed to unite Spiritualists of every variety of opinion, for their mutual aid and benefit: to aid students and enquirers in their researches, by placing at their disposal the means of systematic investigation into the facts and phenomena called Spiritual or Psychic; to make known the positive results arrived at by careful research; and to direct attention to the beneficial influence which those results are calculated to exercise upon social relationships and individual conduct. It is intended to include Spiritualists of every class, whether members of Local and Provincial Societies or not, and all enquirers into Psychological and kindred phenomena.

The objects of the Association will be carried out by establishing a Central Institution, comprising a Hall, and Lecture, *Séance*, and Reading Rooms; by correspondence; by printing and distributing publications; by the formation of a Library of Works on Spiritualism and kindred topics; to keep a register of

mediums with the view of affording facilities for investigation by Public Meetings and Lectures; by offering a medium of communication between Local and Provincial Societies; by promoting the establishment and alliance of such Societies (which shall, notwithstanding, maintain their own separate independent government and action); and by taking such other steps as may be incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects.

It was resolved to substitute the word "alliance" for "affiliation" wherever the latter occurs in all paragraphs in the prospectus relating to local societies of Spiritualists. The Council of the Association has also issued a circular to its members and friends proposing a Guarantee Fund, to establish the proposed Central Institution.

THE "NEW QUARTERLY" ON SPIRITUALISM.

The article on Spiritualism in the current number of the *New Quarterly* is an abuse of public confidence and a melancholy waste of 40 pages with tiresome twaddle, prejudice, ignorance, misrepresentation, and effrontery. The writer of it may, if it pleases him, play off in his own house an elaborate hoax upon his unsuspecting friends with trap doors and concealed machinery. If the story be true, which it is very doubtful, it is his affair and theirs. But he has no right to impose upon public credulity by pretending that his article is in any proper sense of the term a reply to the one in the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. Wallace. This is simply a fraud and an impertinence. Mr. Harness should reserve his practical jokes for the domestic and social circle, where they would doubtless be applauded; and his literary talents might find legitimate exercise by writing paragraphs for provincial journals in the dead season of the year, explaining how to cook pancakes in your hat, and other mysteries of prestidigitation.

"FIGARO" ON SPIRITUALISM.—GOOD ADVICE TO NEWSPAPER WITS.

"With all due deference to the wits, we submit that it is time to stop insulting the Spiritualists. For a score of years their faith has endured the ordeal of ridicule, with pretty constant augmentation of numbers and respectability in its following. If human testimony counts for much these people have got hold of certain truths which, based upon phenomena so far supernatural as that they transcend all natural laws with which as yet we are acquainted, they are not likely to yield. Indeed, if anything can be proven by weight of testimony, we must concede them to have made out their case; and in making this concession we need not count too much upon the qualifying fact that the existence of ghosts has in its support an equally heavy balance of evidence, for it has yet to be shown that there

are no ghosts, whatever these may be. But the truth is that human testimony, of whatever cumulative weight, can prove nothing. We count it proof in default of better evidence, but it convinces no one but him who offers it, and him in accordance with whose mental bias it is offered. But if only one part in a thousand is true of what is asserted by men who could put a rope about the neck of a fellow-man in any court of England, the Spiritualists have ascertained a fact beside which all other facts are idle lumber—have demonstrated what all the religions and philosophical systems of the world have only surmised—namely, that the dead live. For our part, we do not believe that they have made any such momentous discovery: but *they* do, and one in every ten of them has better qualified himself to give an opinion in the matter than one in every ten thousand of those who believe as we do. Anyhow, he who discusses without examination should have the grace to deliver judgment without malice.”—*Figaro*, Sept. 12.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LIVERPOOL WESLEYAN CIRCUIT
ON THE TRANSFIGURATION AND COMMUNION WITH SPIRITS.

The Rev. T. McCullagh, superintendent of Wesley Circuit, Liverpool, in a recent sermon on the Transfiguration, after arguing against the doctrine held by some, that man at death passes into a state of unconsciousness, went on to say: “And may we not draw an inference from this as to the employment of the departed? Moses and Elias are here seen as messengers from heaven. May not the glorified spirits of our departed friends be in like manner sent as messengers to us, to minister to our spiritual wants and necessities? Depend upon it, brethren, between us and our dead there is no impassable gulf fixed. We are, indeed, come to the spirits of just men made perfect.”

FULFILMENT OF DREAMS.

The *Hartford Times* prints the following extraordinary story, for the truth of which it vouches:—

“Mr. John Eiswirth, a resident of this city, is a German by birth. He came to this country in 1848, bringing his wife with him. They had been here about a year, when they received a letter stating that a brother of Mrs. Eiswirth was *en route* to America; but from that time to this they have never seen their relative. Up to the time of the war they expected he would turn up some time, but when the unhappy civil strife swept over the land, and peace came again, and yet no tidings of the missing man, he was mourned as lost, and as the years rolled by, if not

actually forgotten, his fate was a mystery which it was thought would never be explained. And now comes a singular occurrence in connection with the case. About three weeks ago Mr. Eiswirth had a dream. He thought he was seated in a car at the depôt on Asylum Street. He didn't want to go anywhere, but in spite of this feeling he was rolled out of the depôt, and whirled away at lightning speed. Past villages, towns, and cities; through valleys, over rivers and plains—on! with a rush and a roar, stopping for nothing, and heeding nothing. It seemed to the dreamer that he was being carried, much against his will, thousands of miles from home. Why it was so he had not the faintest conception. He was under a mysterious influence that chained him to his seat, and made him a slave of its power. At last the train slackened its speed, and came to a halt, and John found himself moving along with the passengers who were making their exit from the cars. When once outside, he discovered that he was in a strange city, and among strangers. He asked a man where he was. He was told 'St. Louis.' 'But,' says John, 'I live in Hartford. I want nothing in St. Louis.' The stranger smiled and passed on, leaving our Hartford friend as perplexed as ever. While standing in his tracks wondering what to do, he saw at a distance a figure which sent a thrill of joy through his frame. It was his long lost brother-in-law. It had been more than a quarter of a century since John had set eyes on him, and time had worked a great change in his appearance, but for all that our friend recognized him, and ran towards him hallooing at the top of his voice, as if afraid he might disappear. The meeting was a cordial one, and the pair celebrated the event at a stylish saloon, where foaming mugs of 'lager' played a prominent part. The next thing John knew, was, he found himself awake at his home in Park Street. But his dream had made a strong impression, and do what he would, he could not forget it. It haunted him all that day, and when he got up the next morning, the remembrance of that long ride and the happy meeting clung to him still. That very day some clerk in the Hartford Post Office might have seen a letter addressed to Mr. ———, of St. Louis, with the instruction on the end of the envelope—'If not called for within ten days, return to John Eiswirth, Hartford, Conn.' Mr. Eiswirth says that he sent the letter addressed to his brother-in-law without the remotest expectation of hearing from him. He sent it to relieve his mind, and he confesses that the singular dream harassed him not a little. But after the missive was sent he dismissed the matter from his mind, and might never have thought of it again if something startling had not occurred a day or two since. John was at home with his family, when the postman came to the

door and delivered a letter. It was post-marked 'St. Louis.' It was torn open with tremulous fingers, and to their great joy it was found to be from their long-lost relative, in answer to the letter which John had forwarded in obedience to his dream. In a large city like St. Louis it would seem that a letter lacking specific direction might not reach its destination, but of course the chances are that it would go straight to the mark, as it did in this case. It appeared by the letter that the St. Louis German had been as much in the fog as to his sister's and Eiswirth's whereabouts as they have been in regard to him. The St. Louis man writes that he shall soon come to this city on a visit, and his Hartford friends are delighted at the prospect of a happy *réunion*. When he does come, John proposes that what he dreamed about the 'lager' shall also become a reality."

"On Friday night a young lady in Penzance dreamt that the servant maid rushed into the breakfast room exclaiming, "O Miss W., there is a man just brought home here nearly killed," and that she (the young lady) rushed out into the street just in time to see the injured man's feet as he was being carried into his own house. Miss W. related the dream at the breakfast table the next morning. Half an hour after, the servant, who had heard nothing of the dream, actually rushed into the room, exclaiming identically as above. Miss W. hastened into the street, and, strange to say, was just in time to see the injured man's feet as he was being carried into his own house. The accident was occasioned by a fall into a pit."—*West. Briton*, July 30th, 1874.

LETTER OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, WRITTEN TO A LADY, ON
THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER.

Benjamin Franklin is sometimes cited as an advocate of what is now called Secularism. That this is not so is shown by his characteristic Epitaph on himself, quoted in our pages in a former number; and is further evident by the following letter, written to Miss Hubbard on the death of his brother, Mr. John Franklin.

"I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God.

When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body parts at once with all pains and possibilities of pains and diseases it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer. Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which will last for ever. His chair was ready first, and he is gone before us. We cannot all conveniently start together, and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him. Adieu.—B. FRANKLIN.”

JOHN STUART MILL ON PRIMITIVE TRADITION.

Even John Stuart Mill, in his posthumous essay *On Theism*, just published, urges that—

“The argument from tradition, or the general belief of the human race, if we accept it as a guide to our own belief, must be accepted entire; if so we are bound to believe that the souls of human beings not only survive after death, but show themselves as ghosts to the living; for we find no people who have had the one belief without the other. Indeed, it is probable that the former belief originated in the latter, and that primitive men would never have supposed that the soul did not die with the body, if they had not fancied that it visited them after death.”

Notices of New Books.

MEMORIAL EDITION OF LETTERS AND TRACTS BY JUDGE EDMONDS.*

THIS edition is not a mere reprint; it was carefully corrected by the author, and has several pages of new matter by him. It also contains two orations by Cora L. V. Tappen; one purporting to be given by Theodore Parker, and the other by the Judge himself from the spirit-world. The author's portrait is prefixed. The edition is thus more complete than any other, and as it is issued at a low price we hope it will meet the wide circulation it so well deserves.

* London: J. BURNS, Southampton Row.

Correspondence.

MR. HOWITT AND THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mr. Howitt has, in your last number, returned to the charge against the National Association of Spiritualists, and brought to bear upon it his heaviest artillery. He has doubled-shotted his guns and fired them with the most determined aim. Our frail bark would be soon sunk under such a broadside, if we were not, fortunately, far out of range of his cannonade. According to Mr. Howitt, our Association is "unprincipled;" "a foe to truth;" "divorced from Christianity;" "a corrupt and corrupting influence." I wish to show that we do not deserve this anathema. It is quite certain that Christianity is the only true guide through the mazes and pitfalls of Spiritualism; but it must be remembered that I and Mr. Howitt have attained a knowledge of this guidance through a long and trying experience of the evil, as well as the good side, of Spiritualism. Under the Providence of God the ministry of evil is as precious as the ministry of good in the development and government of mankind.

We know that however innocent our motives may be in organising any society for regulating the affairs of this world, the corrupt tendency of human nature will be sure to exercise a potent influence; but if we allowed our knowledge of this melancholy fact to deter us from forming all organisations whatever, man would relapse into barbarism. If any of our members should teach the mischievous doctrines of "Free Love" and "Re-incarnation," our society will not, and cannot, be held responsible for such offensive vagaries. Our principle of action and bond of union are simply and entirely "to teach facts." The inferences and theories drawn from these "facts," will be entirely out of the scope and dominion of the corporate body.

Look, for instance, at the Royal Society. Some of its Fellows are silly enough to believe and teach that Man is a development of the ape, and that "the potentiality of all things is to be found in matter;" yet these men are still at large, and no one thinks any the worse of the Royal Society.

Again, we know that the Bible itself may be perverted to wicked purposes by wicked men, and it can be only truly interpreted by the Holy Spirit; but I am sure Mr. Howitt would be one of the last men in the world to argue that, therefore, the general circulation of the Scriptures ought to be interdicted until their right interpretation could be assured.

It must be borne in mind that Spiritualism is older than Christianity—coeval with the history of Man; and whether we like it or not, it will exist as long as the Universe. Christianity of course teaches the right use of Spiritualism; and the more the subject is left to free investigation, the more palpable this truth will become. In the meantime any kind of conscientious investigation and any kind of machinery for carrying this purpose into practical effect, are better than isolated apathetic and dreamy contemplation of the phenomena offered for our study.

I am quite sure that Mr. Howitt is not the man who would be deterred, in his search after truth, by the apprehension that his motives might be misinterpreted and traduced by any number of "religious admirals."

Let us not make too many horribly wry faces at what we have been conventionally taught to consider "evil." Almighty God—the all-wise, the all-beneficent Ruler of the Universe,—created *evil* as well as *good*; and it is a matter of thankfulness that He did create evil—being its Creator, He is also its controller; and we therefore know that it will never be too much for us—that it will never overwhelm us eternally. "Is there any evil in the city, and I have not done it, saith the Lord?" Let us then bow down in humble gratitude to the Almighty for having made us like unto Himself—knowing good and evil. With His right hand He gives us good, with the left evil! What a transcendent conception we

may form of God's confidence in humanity when we consider that He endowed us with this power of choosing good and evil, and that He never despaired of our ultimate choice. What a creation! What a promotion! What shall we say then, as the conclusion of this argument? That we ought to treat all men with the same trust and forbearance with which God treats us: the result cannot be other than providential and divine.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Blackheath, 1st October, 1874.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I earnestly request you to allow me a small space to correct certain errors Mr. Howitt is under as to matters of fact. It was not any member of the Association who gave as a reason for expunging all mention of sympathy with the teachings of Christ from the principles and purposes of the Association, "that it is impossible to please everybody." "No dissent was expressed," simply because the question was out of order, and the meeting, which consisted chiefly of persons who were not members of the Association, had no power to deal with it, or to dictate to us. *Our* reason for expunging the clause in question was that, whereas it had been inserted solely in deference to the feelings of Christian Spiritualists, we found that it gave offence to most of them.* We have, therefore, not thereby "branded" ourselves "as hostile to Christianity," nor in any way "denounced" it, even by implication. There is no question of "not daring to avow our faith." We are merely trying to obey Christ's precept not to offend one of these little ones. Many members of the Council are as thorough-going Christians as Mr. Howitt himself.

As regards the admission of immoral persons, Mr. Howitt forgets that our Rules provide that no one can be a member who does not obtain a majority of votes of three-fourths of the Council personally present at his election, and that there is also provision for the expulsion of improper characters.

The Council is not "self-appointed," but was elected by 90 representatives from all parts of the Kingdom at the General Conference of Spiritualists at Liverpool last year, and will in future be elected by ballot by all the members of the Association.

ALGERNON JOY,

Hon. Sec.

25, James Street, Buckingham Gate,
London, S. W., 7th Oct., 1874.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

FOR all Thy saints of évery clime,
In ancient days, or modern time;
To Thee, O God! our souls would raise
A song of grateful thanks and praise.

For saintly women, holy men,—
Thy living Word,—for Thou in them
Reveal'st Thyself with sunlight rays;
To Thee we sing the song of praise.

* The non-Christian members of the Association have not interfered in the matter either in one way or the other.

For those who dared Thy truth to speak
 When foes were strong, and friends were weak;
 Faithful and true in faithless days,
 We lift the voice of grateful praise.

For those dear saints of daily life—
 For mother, sister, daughter, wife,—
 Our household saints, our hearts would raise
 A song of constant joy and praise.

For all who aid their fellow-men
 With generous hand, or tongue or pen;
 Who serve their God in duty's ways,
 We join in fervent thanks and praise.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

WE pray not for ourselves alone,
 And those most near by ties of blood,
 Or kindly sympathies, or faith,
 Or party, sect, or neighbourhood!

We pray for these, we pray for all,
 For sinner and for saint we pray;
 For all in Hades and on Earth
 Our prayers ascend this All Souls' Day.

Have we not all one Father-God!
 Are we not all one brotherhood!
 Did Christ—our elder brother—come
 Only that he might save the good!

Save us, O God! from pride and scorn!
 May we remember He forbore
 The erring woman to condemn,
 But said—"Go thou, and sin no more!"

Thou hast made all men for Thyself!
 Thou wilt not leave one desolate!
 The good shall triumph over ill;
 And Love Divine shall conquer hate.

T. S.