

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

JUNE, 1874.

MR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE IN DEFENCE
OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE *Fortnightly Review* for May contains "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism," by Alfred Russell Wallace; an article of 28 pages, and to be completed in another number. The article is timely, and its clear temperate argument cannot fail to favourably influence public opinion. In passing under review the principal articles on the subject which have recently appeared in some of the leading public journals, and by men of scientific reputation, Mr. Wallace points out how differently Spiritualism is treated from other questions. He says:—

Few men, in this busy age, have leisure to read massive volumes devoted to special subjects. They gain much of their general knowledge, outside the limits of their profession or of any peculiar study, by means of periodical literature; and, as a rule, they are supplied with copious and accurate though general information. Some of our best thinkers and workers make known the results of their researches to the readers of magazines and reviews; and it is seldom that a writer whose information is meagre, or obtained at second-hand, is permitted to come before the public in their pages as an authoritative teacher. But as regards the subject we are now about to consider, this rule has not hitherto been followed. Those who have devoted many years to an examination of its phenomena have been, in most cases, refused a hearing; while men who have bestowed on it no adequate attention, and are almost wholly ignorant of the researches of others, have alone supplied the information to which a large proportion of the public have had access.

Nor is this difference of treatment confined to men of letters.

The discussion in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1868, and a considerable private correspondence, indicates that scientific men almost invariably assume, that in this inquiry they should be permitted, at the very outset, to impose conditions; and if, under such conditions, nothing happens, they consider it a proof of imposture or delusion. But they well know that, in all other branches of research, nature, not they, determines the essential conditions without a compliance with which no experiment will succeed. These conditions have to be learnt by a patient questioning of nature, and they are different for each branch of science. How much more may they be expected to differ in an inquiry which deals with

subtle forces of the nature of which the physicist is wholly and absolutely ignorant! To ask to be allowed to deal with these unknown phenomena as he has hitherto dealt with known phenomena, is practically to prejudge the question, since it assumes that both are governed by the same laws.

The mental attitude of public journalists and scientific writers on the subject is one which cannot be influenced by any mere personal testimony to isolated facts.

They have, to use the admirable expression of Dr. Carpenter, "no place in the existing fabric of their thought into which such facts can be fitted. It is necessary, therefore, to modify the "fabric of thought" itself; and it appears to the present writer that this can best be done by a general historical sketch of the subject; and by showing, by separate lines of inquiry, how wide and varied is the evidence, and how remarkably these lines converge towards one uniform conclusion. The endeavour will be made to indicate, by typical examples of each class of evidence and without unnecessary detail, the cumulative force of the argument.

After presenting a brief sketch of the progress of Modern Spiritualism, from its starting point in 1848 to the present time, he draws some careful deductions from it from which we present the following passage:—

Before proceeding to a statement of the evidence which has convinced the more educated and more sceptical converts, let us consider briefly the bearing of the undoubted fact, that (to keep within bounds) many thousands of well-informed men, belonging to all classes of society and all professions, have, in each of the great civilised nations of the world, acknowledged the objective reality of these phenomena; although, almost without exception, they at first viewed them with dislike or contempt, as impostures or delusions. There is nothing parallel to it in the history of human thought; because there never before existed so strong and apparently so well-founded a conviction that phenomena of this kind never have happened and never can happen. It is often said, that the number of adherents to a belief is no proof of its truth. This remark justly applies to most religions whose arguments appeal to the emotions and the intellect but not to the evidence of the senses. It is equally just as applied to a great part of modern science. The almost universal belief in gravitation, and in the undulatory theory of light, does not render them in any degree more probable; because very few indeed of the believers have tested the facts which most convincingly demonstrate those theories, or are able to follow out the reasoning by which they are demonstrated. It is for the most part a blind belief accepted upon authority. But with these spiritual phenomena the case is very different. They are to most men so new, so strange, so incredible, so opposed to their whole habit of thought, so apparently opposed to the pervading scientific spirit of the age, that they cannot and do not accept them on second-hand evidence, as they do almost every other kind of knowledge. The thousands or millions of Spiritualists, therefore, represent to a very large extent men who have witnessed, examined, and tested the evidence for themselves, over and over and over again, till that which they had at first been unable to admit *could* be true, they have at last been compelled to acknowledge *is* true. This accounts for the utter failure of all the attempted "exposures" and "explanations" to convince one solitary believer of his error. The exposers and explainers have never got beyond those first difficulties which constitute the *pons asinorum* of Spiritualism, which every believer has to get over, but at which early stage of investigation no converts are ever made.

The evidences of the objective phenonema of Spiritualism are so large that the writer finds it only possible to give a few typical examples calculated to show how wide is their range, and how conclusively they meet every objection that the most sciep-

tical have brought against them. This he does by giving, in the first place, an outline of the career of a few well-known mediums, and in the second, a sketch of the experience, and investigations of a few of the more remarkable converts to Spiritualism. He selects for the first Miss Kate Fox, Mr. D. D. Home, and Mrs. Guppy. Of the remarkable mediumship of Mrs. Guppy he speaks with all the weight of personal knowledge. He says:—"The last medium to whose career I shall call attention is Mrs. Guppy (formerly Miss Nichol), and in this case I can give some personal testimony. I knew Miss Nichol before she had ever heard of Spiritualism, table-rapping, or anything of the kind, and we first discovered her powers on asking her to sit for experiments in my house. This was in November, 1866, and for some months we had constant sittings, and I was able to watch and test the progress of her development." For the details of these sittings, and the tests employed, we must refer the reader to the article itself.

Mr. Wallace then proceeds to an account of "The Investigations of some notable Sceptics." Those quoted are Judge Edmonds, Dr. Sexton, M.A., LL.D., and Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., with which most of our readers are already acquainted. But we may quote the following passage as a further illustration of the different course pursued by men of science in their treatment of this subject to that generally adopted by them in scientific investigations. After referring to the investigations of Mr. Crookes, he remarks:—

These experiments have a weight as evidence vastly greater than would be due to them as resting on the testimony of any man of science, however distinguished, because they are, in almost every case, confirmations of what previous witnesses in immense numbers have testified to, in various places, and under various conditions, during the last twenty years. In every other experimental inquiry, without exception, confirmation of the facts of an earlier observer is held to add so greatly to their value, that no one treats them with the same incredulity with which he might have received them the first time they were announced. And when the confirmation has been repeated by three or four independent observers under favourable conditions, and there is nothing but theory or negative evidence against them, the facts are admitted—at least provisionally, and until disproved by a greater weight of evidence, or by discovering the exact source of the fallacy of preceding observers.

But here, a totally different—a most unreasonable and a most unphilosophical—course is pursued. Each fresh observation, confirming previous evidence, is treated as though it were now put forth for the *first* time; and fresh confirmation is asked of it. And when this fresh and independent confirmation comes, yet more confirmation is asked for, and soon without end. This is a very clever way to ignore and stifle a new truth; but the facts of Spiritualism are ubiquitous in their occurrence, and of so indisputable a nature, as to compel conviction in every earnest inquirer. It thus happens that although every fresh convert requires a large proportion of the series of demonstrative facts to be reproduced before he will give his assent to them, the number of such converts has gone on steadily increasing for a quarter of a century. Clergymen of all sects, literary men and lawyers, physicians in large numbers, men of science, not a few secularists, philosophical sceptics, pure materialists, all have become con-

verts through the overwhelming logic of the phenomena which Spiritualism has brought before them. And what have we *per contra*? Neither science nor philosophy, neither scepticism nor religion, has ever yet in this quarter of a century made one single convert from the ranks of Spiritualism! This being the case, and fully appreciating the amount of candour and fairness, and knowledge of the subject, that has been exhibited by their opponents, is it to be wondered at that a large proportion of Spiritualists are now profoundly indifferent to the opinion of men of science, and would not go one step out of their way to convince them? They say, that the movement is going on quite fast enough. That it is spreading by its own inherent force of truth, and slowly permeating all classes of society. It has thriven in spite of abuse and persecution, ridicule and argument, and will continue to thrive whether endorsed by great names or not. Men of science, like all others, are welcome to enter its ranks; but they must satisfy themselves by their own persevering researches, not expect to have its proofs laid before them. Their rejection of its truths is their own loss, but cannot in the slightest degree affect the progress of Spiritualism. The attacks and criticisms of the press are borne good-humouredly, and seldom excite other feelings than pity for the wilful ignorance and contempt, for the overwhelming presumption of their writers. Such are the sentiments that are continually expressed by Spiritualists. and it is as well, perhaps, that the outer world, to whom the literature of the movement is as much unknown as the Vedas, should be made acquainted with them.

We cannot, however, but regret that in this otherwise admirable article Mr. Wallace should have given the weight of his name to the wild report that the Spiritualists of the United States number from eight to eleven millions, especially as its fallacy has been so clearly and completely exposed by Mr. William Tebb that no reply to him has ever been attempted. Indeed, an estimate which requires us to believe that about half the adult population of the United States are Spiritualists is so gross an exaggeration, and one so obvious to all who are moderately well informed on the state of public opinion in America, that it is surprising it can ever have been seriously entertained; and its revival by a writer generally so careful as Mr. Wallace will present a vantage ground to his opponents to discredit or cast doubt on the accuracy of other statements deserving of all credence.

In the second portion of his article it is Mr. Wallace's intention to treat of Spirit Photographs, a subject which has largely occupied our space, and which calls for more extensive and careful investigation, especially from scientific men, than it has yet received.

That this paper should have appeared in a Review of such high standing as the *Fortnightly* is highly significant of the growth of a spirit of inquiry, and of the progress of public opinion in regard to Spiritualism.

A WESTERN SEERESS.

IN the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine* there is an article with this title, by a Mr. William Wallace Harney. We don't intend to concern ourselves with the theories of the writer on the faculty of seership; we can only say that they are crude, not having any basis in a true psychology. We mean to condense the facts, or rather pick them out of the large dose of dialogue and description with which magazine writers deluge their articles, probably with two motives, one well known to the penny-a-liner, and the other to display imagined brilliancy of wit and style.

The seeress of this article was a Mrs. Elizabeth Basey, of a respectable family in Bourbon County, Kentucky, between forty and fifty years ago. The facts are fully testified by a large number of direct and collateral descendants. "Aunt Betty" was of the strong pioneer blood, of a perfectly healthy habit, and a certain brisk certitude in her family affairs, as free from any morbid tendencies as could well be conceived. Aunt Betty used to receive sudden intimations of distant facts, and was never deceived in her intimations. The writer thinks this contradicts the theory of modern mesmerism; but it does not contradict extensive proofs of modern seership. The first fact given us is this:—It was a raw winter night; avalanches that swept down the gorges, and the wind scuffled about the hill tops like Jacob wrestling with an angel. Aunt Betty sat in the jowl of the chimney, the big log-fire sparkling in fits of snow, and the busy needles twinkling in cold fires over the big yarn stocking. Now she pushed the jar of souring cream nearer the heat, and now stirred the logs till a river of sparks rushed up the broad vent. Her eldest son, the farmer, sat opposite, reading. Suddenly the knitting dropped in her lap. "George," she said, "you must ride to W——, your brother and his friends have got into trouble, and they have shot a man—an officer of some sort amongst them." As promptly as in answer to a modern telegraphic despatch, the young man mounted and faced the night, heavy clay roads, and rocky fells, in a sweeping gallop. The sheriff had been killed, and young Basey, in danger of being arrested as accessory or as witness against his friend, had gone into hiding. A few weeks later Aunt Betty roused the family with tears and lamentations. The fugitive was dying of disease contracted by exposure. He did die before any of the family could reach him, although the attempt was made. Aunt Betty's sons were a brood of pioneers. Two had settled in Illinois; but one was come home to fetch a bride.

In the midst of the jollities of the wedding the prophetic fit fell on Aunt Betty, Suddenly she said, "That man has shot your brother," the one left in Illinois. Probably "that man" referred to some character well known to them. "No, no," she immediately added, "your brother has cut him all to pieces—all to pieces! You must start for Illinois to-night, your wife and I will follow. Go at once!"

It was certainly an occasion for hesitation. Had any doubt been felt, the son would have demurred, but there was none. The family knew the infallible character of the mother's premonitions. In half an hour the bridegroom was mounted and on a rapid ride of several hundred miles to his brother's neighbourhood.

He found the facts to be these:—A popular man, sturdy, hard-headed, but not unkindly, had taken deep offence at some word or act of the young Kentuckian, and snapped a pistol at him. Instantly he was in the claws of the young tiger-cat, and fell from his grasp, hacked and butchered. This was mere justifiable homicide; but the times were very critical, crime frequent, the law inoperative, and society had resolutely proclaimed, "The next man who kills another—hangs."

The prisoner was remanded—rather for his protection than punishment, and meanwhile the purpose gathered head. Men looked askance at the little stock-house of a gaol. "Perhaps this killing was provoked. Likely—it always is. We approve of law in general; but if the law breaks down, then men must do justice themselves." That is the run of the argument at such times. All that day on which the bridegroom reached it the town was quiet, silent, Sunday-like—very few persons in the streets, or at the tavern bar or court house.

As the bridegroom entered the gaol, a vigilant gave him to understand that the next morning would certainly see the execution of the prisoner. The gaoler at first refused him admittance; but was over-persuaded, let him in, and locked the door. Soon getting impatient, he called on him to come out, or he must come in and inspect. "Never mind," was answered, "I am coming;" and then the gaoler heard the words, "Good-bye—and I will tell mother all you have said." The gaoler felt the soft nap of the broad-cloth as the brother passed in the dark, and bade him hasten away.

The gaoler listened to the horse's feet as he rode away, and said, "He's going to the judge, but that cock won't fight." In the meantime, the mob, bent on executing Lynch law, said, "We must not allow this youth to get his friends together, or there will be a fight over it—we must forestall that."

They proceeded to the prison—sprung the door, and then

entered the cell; but, when the prisoner looked up at them, they saw the real bird was flown, and here was the bridegroom brother. For a moment an air of vexation revolved on the features of the would-be-executioners; but it soon gave way to admiration of the brotherly ruse, and they liberated the adventurous bridegroom.

The third case of Aunt Betty's seership was this:—Her sons seem to have been of a peculiarly rambling, adventure-hunting character. One of them had been hunting on the Arkansas, Canadian and South Red rivers; packing and shipping the buffalo beef at Nacogdoches principally. Rumours of gold-washings, came through the fur companies, and the trains of pack-mules, hardy trappers, and strange stories of huge stone cities, fired the ardent imaginative pioneer blood, and led the youth to incur the perils of wild tribes that infested the curious natural platform lying beyond the Mississippi. The youth was soon traversing that plateau, bounded only by the ocean, and crossed the Peaks of Wind River Chain, and the southern isthmus, the cradle of the Aztecs. He saw Fremont's Peak, the boss of a huge buckler, rising over an expanse as varied as the symbols of Achilles' Shield.

In this, one of the most extraordinary regions, geographically or geologically considered, of the whole great American continent, Aunt Betty's youngest son—the Benjamin of her hopes—was pushing his fortune, and indulging his love of adventure with fair hopes amongst the Pueblos and half-bred Spaniards. Bits of calicoes brought a dollar; beads, glass trinkets, leaden images, at a penny a gross, brought their weight in gold dust; furs, bullion; mules were cheap, for barter; and the last carried the stock back to the settlements, and paid all expenses. If those at home could judge from the mirror of the mother's spirits, the journey was exhilarating. But there came a change. She saw her son and his companions surrounded in their camp by hostile Indians, in the midst of woods and deep snow, and in the greatest peril. Her depression continued for days, and, by the log-fire, her family could see the tears rolling down the kind, aged cheeks. She spoke only at intervals of what she felt or saw. The facts as she saw them, and as they occurred, were these:—The hunting company had lingered too long in the wilderness. Aunt Betty's boy was very uneasy. He reminded them of the fatal attacks made by the Indians on parties of whites in the winter, when the red-skins were hard-up for food. His companions, who were made careless and lazy by their success, laughed at his fears. He prevailed on them, however, to have a space cleared of the snow, that they might not be surprised by the Indians. The attack came, but the

whites were prepared and better armed, and fought from the corral as a fortification. The savages were bloodily repulsed, and disappeared altogether. Aunt Betty's boy and a Canadian *voyageur* contended that there would be a second attack. They reminded the company of a desperate attack of the Crow a few years before on a stronger party. "These," said the leader, "are Kioways or Comanches, and not so plucky." Aunt Betty's boy was earnest for a march, the majority were for remaining and indulging themselves; but heavy snow continued to fall, and Aunt Betty's boy prevailed on them to clear it away again with a snow-plough; but still the snow fell and fell. Aunt Betty's boy said, "This cursed snow is fighting against us!" "Who cares?" said the leader: "The Indians are gone; we have plenty of rations; let it fight!"

But Aunt Betty's boy did not believe the Indians were gone. He went out and circled the camp, and saw with terror the increase of the snow; but all his warnings to the leader or his men were lost. They were all, but the sentries, wrapped in their blankets, and the leader himself nodding over the fire. He boldly warned the leader of their danger, but was rudely retorted on. He endeavoured to get a number of companions to join him in again clearing away the snow, and keeping a strict watch. They settled themselves down at a game, by the fire, of "Old Sledge." His last resource was the Canadian *voyageur*, who had shared his apprehensions; but the old man said, "Go away; I am sleepy."

Aunt Betty's boy saw that it was now time to take measures for his own safety. He had fixed on a scheme, which, though it cut him to the heart, he resolved to execute. He led out his horse, wounded in the night fight. It was with a sore heart, for it was a home-bred filly, and had carried him through many scene of peril. But he took her to a distance, and cut her throat. She fell dead. The card players were deep in their game. The snow continued to fall, and that was the last seen of the young Kentuckian by his party. In fact, he had disembowelled the horse, and crept into its inside. The attack, as he expected, came on in the night. Every man of the party but one was killed. In the fight an Indian stumbled over the carcass of the horse, nearly buried in snow, and cursed it. After the massacre, there was a grand carousal of the triumphant Indians, and Aunt Betty's boy knew they were consuming the stores, and maddening themselves on the traders' whiskey. He lay in a fever consumed with thirst, which he could only quench with handfuls of snow.

It was afternoon before the Indians gathered the spoils and left, burning what they could not carry; when finally he ventured

out, it was night. Cooking portions of the horse, and taking as much flesh as he could carry, he set out on the Santa Fè trail, because the Indians had taken the contrary route.

The one fugitive regained the settlement, and brought the news of the utter extirpation of the party. Soon after the Kentuckian began to skin his horse, this man asked him, amongst others, to accompany him out of camp. Kentuck made no answer. The man had hardly got beyond the glacis when the attack began; he could see the slaughter from his hiding-place, and mark the men as they fell. There was no resistance—it was butchery. The story was published, copied into the Kentuckian papers, and Aunt Betty's family sought out the man, and questioned him. He assured them that their brother must have been one of the first who fell; being visible within the circle of the camp, his doom was inevitable. But Aunt Betty asserted that he was not dead. She continued to assert this as long as she lived, and though no tidings of him ever reached her, on her deathbed she desired if he returned, as she believed he would, that her undying love and blessing should be given him.

Seventeen years after a brown, hale, fine middle-aged man rode up towards the house of the late Aunt Betty, and alighted. It was the long lost son and brother. His story was that reaching Santa Fè, he took service with a Spaniard who had been governor of the province under the Spanish rule. His courage and activity, in contrast with the lethargy and unthriftiness of the Pueblo slave and half-breed, won him the favour of both master and daughter. He married her, and succeeded to the estate. In vain did he endeavour to get letters home. The state of the times and country rendered all his efforts fruitless. But now the Mexican War and General Kearney's Expedition had opened up that strange country; the gold was found in California; adventure was quickened; the avenues of secure travel opened; and he had come himself.

It is needless to discuss the theory of Aunt Betty's mediumship. She was just as clear and correct a seeress as Deborah, or any other of the old Hebrew matrons, on whom fell from God "the vision and the faculty divine."

Such seers and seeresses will continue to spring up in the paths of humanity, as infallibly as the lily and the rose, so long as there shall remain hearts and minds favoured to escape the ponderous over-layings of modern society; its consuming hurryscurries; its wild rush of dissipations; its fevered chase of wealth and distinctions. As long as in favoured spots, where Nature still asserts some of her rights against high-toned cultivations, and there are noble men and women who keep open the

spiritual ear to "the still, small voice"—that delicate organ, so invisible and inexplicable to the world's erudites—and who walk still, as the grand old patriarchs walked, firmly hand-in-hand with Nature and with God. God's noblest growths are not of the art-perfected garden, but of the mountain and the solitary forest. God's oracle is not in the pulpit of the book-primed theologian; not in the cabinet of much learnedness; nor in the heart of materialistic conceit; but in the souls of the babes and sucklings of Truth—who, whatever their secular simplicity, know their own mother, as the ox knows his master's crib.

W. H.

MEMORY: WHAT IT TEACHES ABOUT THE FUTURE LIFE.

A Lecture by WILLIAM MITCHELL.

MAN'S privilege and responsibility it is, to have a three-fold experience. He lives in the Past by Memory, in the Present by Consciousness, in the Future by Forethought. He is a being of large discourse, looking before and behind him. His is a glorious responsibility, enclosed in no narrow life of the Present, like the animal,—whose Past, if not a simple blank, is but a faint and flickering recurrence of sensation, and whose Future is little but an anticipation of gratified appetite. From it, "we differ in our capacities of overpassing the limits of time and space, in the conviction of law, and of consequent responsibility."* Truly, a mysterious and awful world of activities is the human mind, which, like the countless fibres of the roots of a tree, throws out its lower faculties in every direction, seeking sustenance for the nurture and growth of the higher. Its self-active powers also throw themselves into the Future, and paint on its vacant spaces pictures of hope or fear—bright and glowing, or dark and terrible. Memory is a wonderful power, by which man renews the past and turns it into knowledge. Such is the essential nature of man, such is his creative power, such is his likeness to God our Father, that it does not so much matter what kind of external experience he passes through, as the use he makes of it in his after-reflection. Be that as it may, without Memory discipline would still retain all its severity, while it would have no educative power; and our wants remaining what they are, we should need to toil and struggle; and

* *British Quarterly Review*, October, 1872.

knowledge, which is the raw material of wisdom, would not be ours. In fact, man could hardly be a moral and responsible being at all without Memory. Impressions would be the same to him as to the looking-glass; they might be there in his mind while the objects were actually before it, but vanishing totally when they were not present. Things seen for the thousandth time would have the freshness of a first acquaintance.

Memory, then, is the backward-looking eye of the soul. It is the faculty by which we renew the past. It enables the individual to gain, not only by his own experience, but also to learn by the experience of the race. The physiological conditions, the character and conduct of our fathers, are in the fibre and nerves of our bodies to-day, while their courses of action, and the results of them, reveal to us the principles and tendencies of God's providence. Memory enables us to be of our own time and people, and also those of every other. The glorious hosts of great ones, who are the exemplars and inspirers of mankind, thus become our daily companions; our spirits are kindled by theirs, our hearts moved and quickened, and our minds enlarged and enlightened.

Is Memory, then, what is called a physical organ? Is it, in other words, a sixth or seventh sense? Organs—such, for instance, as the eye and ear—only act when they are acted on by some external object. But we can sit down and deliberately call up the Past before us, and as its events and transactions spread themselves before the mental vision, we can re-people the silent land of long-ago with persons and places that have passed away from time for evermore! In the darkest night, at the distance of thousands of miles, we can recall past facts in our own history, and make them mentally as real as if the course of time had been turned back! But how is this? If, as physiologists say, we change every particle of our system every seven years, then, on physical grounds, the body that passed through certain experiences twenty years ago no longer exists: it has long since, as an edifice, been pulled down, and a new one built—on the same general scheme and according to the same pattern, it is true; but it is no longer the same identical body, though made up of the same kind of material. But each man at twenty is conscious—that is, he knows—that he is the same person as he was when he was a boy; and at forty, and again at sixty and seventy, that he is no other than the young man at twenty, however changed he otherwise may be. The follies of his youth, the sins of his manhood are still his, in old age; the generous fires that flamed in his heart, the noble aspirations, and the divine hunger after truth and righteousness, are his also. Change he has most assuredly gone through, but he has

not changed his personal identity. It is hardly likely, then, that Memory is a physical organ, though, while we remain in the body, it may to some extent depend on physiological conditions. Human Memory, while using physical conditions, is essentially a spiritual faculty, and belongs to the immortal nature of man.

What is once in the memory is there for ever—a most solemn and momentous fact to us human beings, who are, alas! too much given to be thoughtless and frivolous. This is indicated by such facts as those related by American writers of German and Swiss settlers in their country, who have ceased, for twenty, thirty, and forty years, to speak their native tongue, and who seem to have forgotten all about it, having lost the ability to understand it even when spoken by others, and yet who in the case of sickness or old age begin to use it again, as if they had returned to their younger days. We are told of a case occurring in our own country, of an ignorant servant girl, who, while ill, and in a state of delirium, repeated passages from the Old Testament in Hebrew. It was afterwards discovered that she had, some years before this time, lived with a clergyman, who had been in the habit of reading his Hebrew Bible in a passage next the kitchen. Dr. Carpenter relates a case that furnishes a further illustration of this principle.* He says "An old Welsh man-servant, who had lived with one branch or another of the family of a friend of mine for fifty years, having left Wales at an early age, had entirely forgotten his native language, so that when any of his relations came to see him, and spoke in the tongue most familiar to them, he was quite unable to understand it. But having an attack of fever when he was past seventy, he talked Welsh fluently in his delirium."

In addition to instances like these, there is the fact of our remembering our dreams and our own thoughts, purely mental and spiritual experiences. These are not mere pale shadowy images on the mind, but clean cut, sharp, and strong. In dreams we go to places we have never seen in our waking hours; we meet persons whom we have never known—hear them speak to us in words we have never before heard; take up books and read prose and poetry we never saw before, but which we can remember and repeat on awaking. Where have these places, words, persons, and things an existence? We do not know; but we know that the mind is acting, whether creatively or receptively, without apparently real objects being presented to the senses. Another fact in connection with these matters is, that in dreams people seem to live whole years, to pass through

* *Contemporary Review*, October, 1872, p. 750.

a long and varied experience, and yet they may not have been asleep many minutes. Thus time is only mental experience, and is long or short according to the succession of ideas or cognitions. These facts indicate to me that "there are more things in heaven and earth" than most of us "dream of in our philosophy;" and we ought to ponder them very seriously, proofs as they are of a spiritual reality, which our natural sciences cannot weigh, but which, on the other hand, weighs them. I am not ignorant of the phreno-physical explanations of these phenomena, but all such explanations seem to me inadequate; and, moreover, they confound conditions with causes. An American writer, in his autobiography, speaking of an incident in his life, says: "In falling once about thirty feet, I did more thinking than I did in any day of my life. The process of death involves this fact:—the Memory is wonderfully sharpened, and brings forward things long forgotten. In fact, the human mind goes to its beginning, as it were, and lives over its mental processes in a miraculously short period of time."

This seems to me to be the truth. Our good and our evil deeds are incorporated into our innermost nature, and there is no putting them away. We shall carry the conditions of being they have produced into eternity with us. Memory will contain the whole of life, whatever it has been—

Thought or feeling, word or deed,
Buried howsoever deep,
What we sow, *that* shall we reap.

Thus do we learn that conscience would be deprived of its power, and that human progress would be all but impossible, if the mind was but as a mirror—and not a living conscious force—in which objects were reflected only while they were actually present. We learn that what we have done is not put away with the years, as if it had never been, but that it is held in the Memory ready to start up in the graver or more gracious hours of our experience. So is it with us, while we remain in Time,—Time, which is the measure of duration, the continuous throbbing of the pulse, the consciousness of sequence in events. In Time, then,—that is, while on earth and in the body—Memory is terribly active, and it wears the aspect of friend or foe, as we make it. In the Eternal World, what will Memory be likely to be? Personal identity will have to be preserved for man, or it will be no immortality for him, whatever else it may be; and he might as well

Be blown about in desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills,

if each individual person is not to retain his consciousness, that I AM I, MYSELF. Personal identity will be preserved, or the

immortal life may as well have no existence, so far as *Moral Ends* are concerned; and the inner and genuine character of each of us will have to go with us, on the same principle. But unless there is Memory in the future life, clear, distinct, and comprehensive, there cannot possibly be any consciousness of individual personality; for without Memory a man can have no knowledge that he is himself; his connection cut with the past, he would be mentally and morally lost to himself. If his consciousness was confined to each present moment of his life, and did not range back into the past, nor project itself forward into the future, however keen his intelligence, and wide his survey, he would not be a human being, whatever else he might be. The sense of Personal Identity is in proportion to the distinctness of Memory, the clearness of recollection. If it is not so, the suffering which sin entails will be borne by the wicked without the sense of its being a righteous retribution; so that no moral good could possibly result, for there would be a mere blind sequence of events, and nothing more. The joyous feelings, touched with pathos, of gratitude, would not gladden and glorify the human spirit, for apart from recollections of benefits, gratitude is impossible. Thus we find that Memory is necessary alike to retribution and reward in the future life, so far as moral ends are concerned, as well as to personal identity.

If all this be so, heaven and hell need not be places located in particular spots in space, but states and conditions of being. The abode in any place called heaven, however glorious in itself, with evil memories, would really be hell; the abode in any place called hell, however dreadful externally, with sweet, bright, and beautiful memories, would really be heaven. For "the kingdom of heaven is within," and so is the kingdom of hell. Not that we shall not undergo changes in the future life; we do in the present one, and I cannot conceive that the fundamental law and principle of human existence will be different on the other side of life to what it is on this. God is the same on both sides of life, and His law, which has love for its beating heart, operates everywhere, and in all worlds the same. As we are in manhood what we are in childhood and more, because of development, so shall we in eternity be subject to the law of change and progress. Tendencies here will become action, and ripen into character there. And just as long-eaten beef, bread, and cheese are in our blood, bones, and muscles to-day, integral parts of our bodies; so, motives long cherished, and deeds long done, are part of our character now, waiting the quickening processes of the spiritual world to operate upon them to reveal their continued existence. For as the colours of the newly-painted picture are almost lost on the canvas, because they sink into its fibre, yet flash out

again clear, and vividly distinct, when touched with the varnish, so will it be with the Memory in the Future Life. Just as in dreams we sometimes re-enact the scenes of the preceding day with added interest, and with increased anguish or delight, so will it be with us, when we leave our earthly bodies behind us. And as it does not lie much in our power on this side of life, whether we shall remember or forget—it does to some extent, but not much—it seems to me that so it will be on the other side of life.

Well, now we have come to some conclusions with regard to the nature and office of Memory, in the spiritual world, whether here or over there, what will it be likely to do for us when we leave this world, and what will our mental experience be? Foul deeds will not be done with because we may have apparently forgotten them. Even now “there is something of anticipation in our remorse, as well as of retrospect; and we feel that it is not the mere survey of the gloomy past with the slow lamp of the understanding, but the momentary piercing of the future with the lightning of the skies.”* Remorse then will be the bitter corroding memories of evil done while on earth. Every bit of cowardice we have been guilty of in the face of difficult duty; every false pretence we have put on for shrinking from some small sacrifice for our principles; every lie we have told; every base motive we have yielded to; every vile passion we have not resisted to the utmost of our power; every selfish aim that has ruled our conduct; every kindly affection suppressed because it would interfere with our worldly interests—the truths we have secretly acknowledged and openly opposed, or even ignored; everyone of our fellow-men whom we have wronged—all, all will be there, torturing us with vengeful fury, and will not be put down till we have paid the uttermost farthing of repentance, and just and loving restitution. And every gentle deed we have done, every kindness, and every sympathy that we have expended; every manly word we have spoken, and every truth we have vindicated at some cost to ourselves; every sweet, pure, loving principle we have put into our lives—everyone we have served, and done good to, will be there to brighten, and make glorious our souls. The fuller of good deeds our lives are here, the higher shall we rise, and the more brightly shall we shine in the spiritual world. As an eloquent writer has said:† “Memory will be there, which is but the resurrection of our bygone experience, whether for good or for evil. It will call up the spirits of buried deeds; and as the life has been, it will be the

* James Martineau, *Christian View of Moral Evil*, p. 4.

† *Christian View of Retribution*, p. 20.

angel of heaven, or the minister of hell; imagination, which may have been the nurse of piety, or the slave of passion; intellect, which may have had the glow of the seraph, or the malice of the demon. According, then, as these have been properly directed or abused, every instinct tells us, must be the joy of a righteous soul, or the agony of an evil heart." Why even now, while we yet remain in this life, buried Memories revive under peculiar circumstances, for they are in the mind, like the vitality in the corn held in the hand of the Egyptian mummy for thousands of years, ready to spring to renewed life under favourable circumstances, and present themselves to the consciousness. Dr. Perfitt tells a story* which illustrates this: "A gentleman who had been rescued from drowning informed me that not only had the great events of his life recurred to him, but that also on one occasion at a fair he had passed a bad sixpence to an old man for some nuts, and said he, "there are no words which will adequately describe the sense of mental agony and shame that accompanied the recollection.'" I can corroborate that statement from an incident which occurred to myself in boyhood, an incident which is deeply graven on my mind, with the lesson it taught me. In going to and returning from school morning and evening, I had to go by a cottage from which would come out a boy much older and bigger than myself, and slap me in the face, pinch me, and occasionally kick me. At last I determined I would put up with it no longer, and I turned on him in a way that proved mere bulk to be no match for rage and resolution. He howled for help, and his mother ran out and began to beat me, and in my fury I turned on her and struck her. My blow hurt me far more than it did her, for I felt it was a base thing to strike a woman. I turned and fled, pursued by my shame as a coward. Some years after this I was bathing in the river Aire, near Newley, in Yorkshire, when getting out of my depth, and though a swimmer, from some cause unable to recover myself, I was drowning. My life passed before me like a swift-gliding panorama, and many things came to me in painful shape, but the torture which the recollection of striking that woman inflicted no tongue could describe, though it had far stronger words at its command than our language possesses. Yes!—

For guilt and penalty move hand in hand,
Dumb Retribution dogs the steps of sin,
While evermore the Parcæ weave their webs,
Not over but within.

Again, we have wonderful and weird superstitious traditions in some of our country villages—mythical stories of old houses on whose floors murder has stamped itself in blood, the marks of

* In his *Practical Religion*, p. 367.

which cannot be washed out, planed away, or removed by any means which men have at their command. This is but the physical form, as it seems to me, of that fact, which the human mind intuitively discerns, and ever tells forth in some shape or other, that deeds once done become, as it were a part of the being of him who does them; and that thus it is that sin is its own punishment, and virtue its own reward, in their nature and results, in all worlds, and in all stages of existence. God has shown His opposition to evil, and His approval of the good, in the very existence and workings of cause and effect, which unerringly lead to their own consequences, and no other. They cannot be got rid of. How grandly does our great poet teach this lesson.* You have seen the tragedy of Macbeth on the stage, or you have read it in some silent studious hour, and can never forget its presentations of the growth of evil passions into crime, and of the workings of crime into retribution. At the very height of power, when all has been attained for which the dreadful sin of murder has been committed, conscience calls up the dead from their graves and peoples the imagination with visions of horror, even at the festive board, compelling Macbeth to become his own accuser. And Lady Macbeth herself, unsexed as she professed to be, escapes her doom no more than her husband. Her walking in her sleep, and her speech, proved how sorely her heart was charged,—“What, will these hands ne'er be clean? . . . Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!”

It was a solemn thought that our doings will go with us into eternity. And when God says to each of *us*, “Now take thy life with thee, and read it in a brighter and clearer light, than thou hast yet done, and learn what thou hast made of it”—what will be the Memories of each of us on the other side of life? Will God be our exceeding great reward, giving joy unspeakable in His light and love, and personal communion with us? Or will our lives cling to us as the dead bodies of murdered men used to do in the later days of the Roman Empire, when the murderer was bound to his victim, and left face to face with him to die a slow and horrible death? Our own individual conscience and Memory alone can furnish a surmise. But the great, deep, all-pervading law of the moral world is, that whatsoever we sow *that* shall we have to reap.

Looking at the facts of life and consciousness in this way, do we need a big miraculous devil, and a great miraculous hell, to punish the wicked in the Eternal World? Has not Memory a sufficiently fearful power to fulfil that office? Is not every evil

* *Macbeth*, Act v., Scene 2.

deed we do, every false word we utter, a hell planted within us, to torture and teach us, till we have been wrought to repentance, and so brought back to God and goodness? Is not every good deed we do, every brave, true word we speak, heaven planted within us, to greaten and brighten through never-ending ages? The Memories of the good, quickened and glorified, how grandly will they testify to them who out of abundant faith in God live nobly, lovingly, and purely, devoted to the welfare of others! I read a story some years ago, which beautifully illustrates this. An Irish schoolmaster, of the old style, dreamed that he died, and as he passed out of the body he felt himself borne swiftly downwards into a horrible darkness, weighted with many sins that he remembered only too well, and great dread was upon him. Suddenly he stopped in his descent and began to float upward. He rose above the darkness into a world of brightness and beauty, and as if each ray of light and each particle of the air he breathed with delight had been a living sound, he seemed to bathe in grand harmonies of sweetest music. He was borne upward by beings with white, wide-spread, and shining wings. "And who are ye?" he asked of them as he passed upward into that summerland of splendour and delight. And they answered: "We are your good deeds, your poor scholars, whom you took from their poverty and ignorance, and fed and clothed them out of your scanty means, and taught them knowledge and virtue. And we are your guardian angels, now, master dear." And so it will be with each of us, in proportion to the good or the evil we have done while in the body. If we fill our Memory with good deeds; if we strive to live sweet, pure, and holy lives, God will be our portion here, and in eternity alike. But there is hope for all, even for the most wicked and abandoned of men, for God is our loving Father, and though we may desert Him, He will never leave us; and He will chasten, purify, and quicken us into likeness to Himself; for it is not His will that even one member of His family be sinful and miserable for ever. It is a joy to believe that His care of us will not end with this life, that His discipline will be with us in the Eternal World as well as here. And surely if we believe Him to be just, and know Him to be good, we shall be able to trust that He will do for each of us in the Future life what will be most conducive to our ultimate welfare. For in the Father's house are many mansions—mansions bright with sunshine, and glad with purity and peace, and delights of love, and sweet song, and never-failing hope and faith. And God himself reveals His ever glorious and more special Presence there, giving deeper and diviner joys than music and song, and birds and flowers, and sweet breezes, and streams murmuring through meadows fair, and kind friends and

loving parents, and affectionate children, though they, too, will be there, and be the channels of God's love; for all that is highest and best of earth will be there with added lustre, and increased perfection, and quickened joy in them. And these mansions are for the good, the pure, the brave, and the greatly wise, who have striven and suffered for the good of mankind. All faithful souls will share these radiant mansions of the blest. And there, too, are mansions where the imperfect, weak, and sick souls of time will be nursed, and tended, and fostered through the æons of ages, till they are fit to share the company and delights of the blessed ones, because they, too, have become pure, loving, and strong. Those of you who are acquainted with Dr. Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*, will recollect a very striking illustration of this principle, in a beautiful passage that burns into the Memory, and abides there. Gerontius dreams that he dies, and is carried up to heaven. The Guardian Angel who bears the soul into the Presence Chamber of the Eternal King thus describes what follows:—

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And with intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Immanuel;
But ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which, with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies,
Passive and still, before the awful throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe—
Consumed, yet quickened by the glance of God.

On recovering its consciousness, the soul sings a plaintive prayer song, to be taken away from the ravishing vision of God to a place of purification, until its spiritual life is made perfect.

There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its sole peace.

This seems to me to be far truer to the moral intuitions than the coarse notions so common.

But in the Eternal World there are other mansions where torturing Conscience wields its sounding lash, as Memory renews the wicked past, and the soul is tormented by its own evil. But pain will be purifying there, for the Loving Father of all is also the Wise Physician of souls, and he will heal all ultimately of their disease of sin. And He will have his ministering spirits there to nurse, and tend, and teach those poor debased ones. The good Jesus, and the best and wisest men and women of all

time, who delighted while on earth in going about doing good, will be the attendants and nurses of these for the Great Lover of souls. That is the work of the noblest spirits here, and I am sure they will not be engaged in less holy and useful occupations in the Eternal World. And when the hearts of those sufferers are softened, and their wills subdued, and their spirits are kindled into yearnings after something sweet, and holy, and pure, then will merciful Justice raise and save them, and lead them to the mansions of purification and healing, where they will be fitted for the company of the glorified. For God is the Father of all spirits, and He will not finally lose one of His children. All souls are His, and at last round His hearth He will gather them all—even the worst—perfected, blest, and happy.

MR. SERJEANT COX AND HIS METHOD OF
“NATURAL SELECTION.”

IN his second volume of *What am I?* Mr. Serjeant Cox, in treating of Spiritualism, re-affirms his hypothesis of Psychic Force, reiterating his former statements, selecting those facts which can be made to appear most favourable to his hypothesis, and ignoring those which prove it insufficient and erroneous. This cannot be wholly the result of ignorance on his part, as not only has his attention been called to facts of the kind so excluded, but, as is well known, some of these facts have come under his own personal observation. This *suppressio veri* may possibly sharpen his practice as a serjeant-at-law; to the professional mind it may be only a process of “natural selection,” leading to the “survival of the fittest” facts to make out a case; but this is a course quite unworthy of Mr. Serjeant Cox’s pretensions as a man of science, and it will not commend his hypothesis to the favourable consideration of scientific men who are well informed on the subject. It is not the method of science; and any hypothesis which stands in need of such support, whatever partial truth it may contain, is self-condemned.

Mr. Serjeant Cox is, however, doing good work as a pioneer of Spiritualism, by bringing before his readers some of the deeper mysteries of human nature connected with sleep, trance, natural and artificial somnambulism, and other states, mostly of an exceptional and abnormal character which throw light on man’s spiritual being, and lead directly up to Spiritualism. He also relates many phenomena as witnessed by himself,

which to the majority of men of science will appear as incredible as any of the "manifestations alleged to be spiritual;" for instance, Serjeant Cox affirms from what he himself has seen that people in trance are impervious to heat; they carry coals of a white heat about in their hands till they get cold, and which, when put on their head, do not singe a hair, although instantly raising a blister upon himself and lighting paper. Again, Serjeant Cox thinks that his investigations *prove* that "*We are souls* vested with bodies, and not, as the vulgar notion is, bodies with souls put into them and hidden within some undiscovered cavity."

Mr. Serjeant Cox has also from the first taken care to leave open a line of retreat upon the fortress of Spiritualism. In his former work on Psychic Force, he wrote, "I, and all who adopt the theory of Psychic Force as being the agent through which the phenomena are produced, do not thereby intend to assert that this Psychic Force may not be sometimes seized and directed by some other intelligence than the mind of the Psychic." And in the present volume he says:—"Of course I would not be so arrogant as to assert that the holders of this spiritual theory are certainly wrong. I cannot dispute its *possibility*; but I contend that we have no right to set it up until we have thoroughly investigated the phenomena, collected a vast body of facts, carefully digested and compared them, mastered all the conditions, and so are *compelled* to the conclusion that all explanations consistent with natural science are impossible."

And with respect to the other intelligence than the mind of the Psychics which sometimes seizes and directs the Psychic Force, he asks, "Is it possible, or probable, that this earth is inhabited by a race of beings imperceptible to our senses under ordinary conditions, our *inferiors in intelligence*, who are living upon or within the atmosphere of this world, and who are unable to manifest their presence save under certain conditions of rare occurrence, which are supplied by the persons who possess the peculiar nervous constitution of the Psychic, assisted by the Psychic Force of persons who form the circle with them?"

Mr. Serjeant Cox, though a slow pupil, is evidently making progress with his lessons. He sees that Spiritualism after all is possibly, and even probably, true; and were he not hampered with a theory which confounds the mere unconscious agent or force with the intelligence which seizes and directs it, the steam with the engineer who employs it, his vision would be clearer, his advancement more rapid, and his usefulness augmented. Reduced to its true limits, his theory is merely a suggested and

dubious correction in the nomenclature of Spiritualism.* That the force employed in the physical manifestations of spirits is derived from the medium and the circle, has been known almost from the time that circles and mediums have been employed; and whether that force is called "magnetism," or "spiricity," or "od," or "nerve aura," or "psychic force," or any other name, is of little moment. If Serjeant Cox prefers to call a spade a mattock, I have no objection. The important question is as to the intelligence which directs the force. Spiritualists do not allege that "all explanations consistent with natural science are impossible;" but the intelligence itself universally, and from the first, claims to be that of departed human spirits, and all the evidence that has been accumulated and collated, and all the experience of independent and unprejudiced investigators goes to substantiate that claim; and it is for Mr. Serjeant Cox to show that spiritual agency is inconsistent with natural science. In his eagerness to sustain a theory he limits his attention to the lower phenomena of Spiritualism, and then urges that if these are the work of spirits, they must be inferior to ourselves. There is abundant evidence that intellectually and morally there are spirits in our midst no whit inferior to the wisest and best

* Dubious, because in part, at least, misapplied. This misuse of the term, and what would be its proper application, is aptly pointed out in the following passage in a recent lecture by Mrs. Tappan:—

"Mr. Serjeant Cox has given some popularity to the name 'Psychic Force.' If this force is intended to apply, as its derivation would show, to the power of the soul, it is an admirable term, and should be adopted by Spiritualists to express the particular kind of force that spirits employ when they act upon mortals. Finer than magnetism, finer than the nerve force—for which Psychic Force may be mistaken—finer than any fluid that has yet been discovered, even in the light of mental science—if you will apply the term Psychic Force to that particular mental atmosphere that spirits employ when they approach you, it will then be a most fitting term in the most suitable place. But, if applied to any more physical force, it is not a fitting term. It should not be applied to that force by which spirits move tables, or any physical and tangible object, but only to that force that spirits employ when they move minds. Every mind has its aura, just as every body has, and the quality of that aura determines the power of the spirit. If that aura be potent, if the mind that generates that aura be clear and distinct, you will perceive that it will work upon all other minds within the radius of its influence. A person might enter this room with very commanding, physical presence; but, if he had not also a certain amount of mental power, he could not claim your attention. Another person, with insignificant physical presence, might enter this room, and by speech and look command silent attention; this is the power of mind employing Psychic Force.

"No force is in itself intelligent unless employed by intelligence, and it does not do away with the difficulty that the scientific mind encounters in endeavouring to explain Spiritualism by removing it from one thing to another; for it is known that the forces of nature unguided have no intelligence. Psychic force is no exception to this rule; but it is a force that originates in mind itself, and mind guiding that force directs its influence only upon mind. Therefore, when a spirit controls a mind embodied in earthly form, it is not by magnetism, it is not by mesmerism, it is not by psychology in the usual acceptation of that term, but it is by a direct expression of soul force."

among us; but when Nelson did not wish to obey the signal which required him to change his tactics when in action with the enemy, he put the telescope to his blind eye and declared he could not see it. If Mr. Serjeant Cox looks at the higher phenomena of Spiritualism—those which prove most completely an independent intelligence external to ourselves—he does so, if at all, a long way off through a telescope applied to the mental eye blinded by prejudice and a foregone conclusion. As a man of science he might usefully compare notes with the late Professor Hare, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Mr. Cromwell F. Varley, F.R.S., and his late associate in Psychic Force investigations, Mr. William Crookes; and as a lawyer, with Judge Edmonds, of New York, whose investigations were so much more extensive and thorough than his own, and who, during more than twenty years, “investigated the phenomena, collected a vast body of facts, carefully digested and compared them, mastered all the conditions,” as far as practicable with our present knowledge; and whose conclusions were those of a man who knew well the nature and value of evidence, and who was a master of the subject.

The *Medium* of May 15th contains the *fac simile* of a message written with a pencil through the hand of an infant medium, with the following certificate:—

“The above sentence was written through the hand of the infant boy of Mrs. and Mr. Jencken, aged 5 months and 15 days, on the 6th day of March, 1874, at Lansdowne Terrace East, Western Road, Brighton, by an invisible agency, in our presence, the pencil used having been placed in the right hand of the infant by invisible means.

“Witness the hands of the parties present, March 6, 1874.

J. WASON.

K. F. JENCKEN.

The × mark of Mrs. Mc Carthy,
the nurse who held the child.”

If in “the phenomena alleged to be spiritual manifestations,” the intelligence in all cases “is none other than that of the Psychic,” as Serjeant Cox affirms, it must in this instance have been very precocious; and the “Psychic Force” or “unconscious cerebration” which attained a knowledge of language and the art of penmanship, and wrote in such a clear, firm, business-like hand, must have set in early. The message is signed, “Susan.” It is very shocking that unconscious cerebration—at so early an age too—should thus be given to lying, It is, as Dominic Samson would say, “Prodigious!”

We hope this achievement of young "Psychic Force" will be properly appreciated by our philosophers—that this small fact will not prove too large for their philosophy—but that they will give room and a cordial welcome to the little stranger.

T. S.

RECOVERY OF PROPERTY THROUGH A SPIRIT- MESSAGE.

WHEN Foster, the Spiritualist medium, first came to this City and hung out his shingle at the Grand Hotel, he was an object of much curiosity. Among those who went to witness the marvellous manifestations, which it was claimed were daily made, was a well-known gentleman whose name we are not authorised to give. The gentleman had heard of the slip-of-paper trick, and believing that he knew a thing or two more than Foster did, he resolved to play a sharp game with him. Before going to the medium's room, he wrote a name on a slip of paper, which he wrapped and folded tightly in a piece of tinfoil. When he got there, in company with several other friends, he handed the little roll of tinfoil to Foster and awaited events.

The little paper inside the tinfoil contained merely the full name of the gentleman's mother—her maiden and married name. Foster took it, pressed it to his forehead in that dreamy, listless way he has, and then laid it on the table. Presently he said, "Yes, sir, I have a message for you. There is the spirit of a lady here who wishes me to write you this message." Here Foster took up a pencil, and with many jerks and quirks wrote:—

"Do not remove the remains of your father and myself. Let us rest where we are. Your heart is right, but your judgment is wrong. ———."

The message was signed by both the maiden name and the married name of the gentleman's mother. The gentleman turned as white as a sheet for he at once recognised the message as having been written in the name of his deceased mother. He had long been intending to remove her remains and those of his father from an eastern cemetery to his vault at Lone Mountain. He had not thought of the matter at all that day. Foster had never seen him before. Neither Foster, nor any one else—not even the gentleman's wife—knew what the mother's maiden name had been. Hence the clearness, the strange outline of the message, and above all, the aptness with which it referred to his project with regard to the remains of

his parents, gave the astonished gentleman something to think about for days to come.

He did not wait for an answer to his tinfoil puzzle, but started away, very much in the condition of the young man who went to church to scoff, but concluded to remain and pray.

Next day the gentleman met his friend, the Hon. Charles E. De Long, who had just then returned from Japan. To him he told his remarkable experience of the day before. De Long laughed at him for his apparent credulity, and scouted the idea that spirits had anything to do with the message. Nettled at this, the gentleman invited Mr. De Long to go with him and see Foster and judge for himself. That night they both, in company with Howard Coit, called at the Grand Hotel, and were shown into Foster's rooms. Mr. De Long was wholly unknown to Foster. They all sat down to the table, and after Foster had smoked a while at his cigar, he said: "I can only get one message to-night, and that is for a person named Ida. Do either of you know who Ida is?"

Mr. De Long looked at Foster with a startled look, and said, "Well, yes, I rather think I do. My wife's name is Ida."

"Well," said Foster, "then this message is for her, and it is important. But she will have to come here and receive it."

This was just enough to excite De Long's curiosity, and after endeavouring in vain to get Foster to reveal the message to him, he consented to bring his wife the next night to receive the important communication in person. Accordingly the next evening the same two, accompanied by Mrs. De Long, were ushered into Foster's parlour. They were soon seated around the table, waiting eagerly for the spirits to arrive. After Foster had smoked for several minutes in silence, he suddenly said, "The same message comes to me. It is for Ida. This is the lady, is it?" he asked, as of the spirit. "Oh, you will write the message, will you? Well, all right," and with this he took up a pen and dashed off the following:—

"To my daughter Ida.—Ten years ago I entrusted a large sum of money to Thomas Madden to invest for me in certain lands. After my death he failed to account for the investment to my executors. The money was invested, and twelve hundred and fifty acres of land were bought, and one-half of this land now belongs to you. I paid Madden on account of my share of the purchase, \$650. He must be made to make a settlement.

"Your father,

"VINEYARD."

Both Mr. and Mrs. De Long sat and heard this communication read with astonished faces. Mrs. De Long knew that in life her father had had business dealings with Mr. Madden, but

to what extent, or even the nature of them, she did not know. She was terribly frightened at the *denouement*, for she knew that Foster did now know who she was, nor who her father might have been, and when the communication came in so remarkable a way, the effect upon the whole party may be better imagined than described.

Mr. De Long had just enough faith in the correctness of Mrs. De Long's communication to want to see what there was in it, anyway. So the next day he called on Mr. Madden, at the Occidental Hotel. Without saying what especial reason he had for asking the question, he asked Mr. Madden if there was not yet some unsettled business between himself and the estate of the late Mr. Vineyard. Mr. Madden thought for a moment, and then he said there was. He said several years ago he and Mr. Vineyard had purchased a tract of land together, and their interest was yet undivided. The land had increased and was still increasing enormously in value, and he supposed Mr. Vineyard's daughter desired to let her interest lie untouched, which was the reason why the matter had never been settled up. Besides, she had been absent for a long time from the country, and was not here to have the matter settled. When informed that Mrs. De Long had only just learned of this investment of her father's, Mr. Madden expressed much surprise. He said he supposed she and her husband and the executors knew all about it, but were simply letting the matter rest for the property to increase in value. Mr. Madden then said that he was ready to make a settlement at any time. This was readily assented to by Mr. De Long, and accordingly, on Saturday last, Mr. Madden transferred a deed for 625 acres of the land to Mrs. De Long, her heirs and assigns for ever. Having done this, Mr. Madden offered the lady eighteen thousand dollars for the property, but having been informed that it is worth at least twenty-five thousand dollars, she declined to sell.

Meanwhile, Foster is over-run with people anxious to interview their deceased parents, for the purpose of finding out if the old folks are quite sure that their estates have been fully and properly settled.—“*San Francisco Chronicle*,” January 22nd.

We strongly deprecate any habitual resort to spirits for information concerning missing deeds, lost wills, and the recovery of property. Those who trust to information so obtained are likely to be sent on many a fool's errand, until they learn wisdom by bitter experience, and discover that such temporalities are not the proper province of spiritual communion. But there are many instances like the foregoing to show that correct information of this kind is sometimes given; as in the evidence

of Lord Lindsay, and of Mr. Manuel Eyre before the Committee of the Dialectical Society, which will be found in its published report.

Our contributor "A. M. H. W.," furnishes us with another example, reported in a letter to her from a lady relative. We subjoin the passage:—

"A month or two since, a lady of our acquaintance, Mrs. B., asked us if we knew any *clairvoyante* who would be likely to obtain information for a friend of hers, Mr. X., about some lost leases. They were connected with the property of his late father, and very important it was to him to discover the missing documents. Mr. X. was no Spiritualist, but was anxious as a last resource for the finding of the lost leases, to try what could be done by occult means. He sent to Mrs. B. (as a clue to be given to the medium or *clairvoyante*) a seal which had belonged to his late father. We ourselves were not very sanguine as to the result of the enquiry, and felt all the less hopeful about it, as the offer of £100 from Mr. X. to the medium who should be the means of recovering the leases, we thought might tend rather to frustrate, than to lead to a successful issue. Mrs. B. mentioned to us that a friend of hers, Mrs. R., knew a Mr. Rowse, who though not a professional medium, seemed to have much power, and whom she knew to be a respectable intelligent man.

"Last evening (June 28th, 1872), we received from Mrs. B. the following particulars. She says:—

"I took Mr. X.'s seal to her (Mrs. R.), and the first communication received was, "*We will try to find them; a line will suffice.*" Signed, WM. CATRY." After this, at another *séance*, where Mr. Rowse was very much shaken and convulsed, was written, "*Try in Exeter.*" I sent this also to Mr. X., and at first he thought it sheer nonsense, but he afterwards remembered that there was a Mr. Z., an old friend of his father's, living in Exeter, and he wrote to him, and in reply was told that he had a bundle of parchments left in his care by Mr. X.'s father. Finally, the parcel being opened, *the lost leases were recovered*, and Mr. X. has sent the promised reward of £100 to Mrs. R. for Mr. Rowse. Who the spirit "Wm. Catry," was, has not been revealed. Is not this marvellous? Mr. X., who is not a Spiritualist, attributes it to some occult science or clairvoyance. The same day that Mr. X. got my letter, with "*Try in Exeter,*" he got one from his lawyers, saying they must give up all chance of recovering the leases and commence a suit in Chancery.'

"The names cannot be given, unfortunately, and the initials have been altered."

A correspondent of the *New York World* describes some incidents of a remarkable trial that has recently been occupying the attention of the Circuit Court in Caroline County, Maryland.

Two years ago Sylvester Sudler, a wealthy farmer residing in that vicinity, died. Just before his death Sudler sent for his brother, Emory Sudler, and requested him to write his will, which was duly executed in the presence of three witnesses. After Sylvester's death the will was opened, when it was found that neither the wife nor child of the deceased Sudler were mentioned, and that Emory Sudler was recognized as his universal and only heir. The widow and witnesses present declared that the document read was not Sylvester Sudler's will, and measures were at once taken to prove it a forgery. Before the case came up for trial, and one year after Sylvester Sudler's death, it was announced that the widow had discovered the will which she all along claimed her husband had executed. The two wills were brought into Court, and a large number of witnesses were called by each side to testify as to their genuineness. The evidence was very conflicting and unsatisfactory, until a lank and bony youth named Kite Stinson was called to testify in the widow's behalf. Kite told the Court a startling ghost story, the substance of which was that he had met and conversed with the spirit of the departed testator, and had learned from him that Emory Sudler had forged the will which he was now seeking to have probated. The spirit, Kite said, pointed out the place where the genuine will was hidden, and when Kite told the story to the widow, she followed his directions and found the will, which she now claimed to be the genuine document. Upon learning this evidence, Emory Sudler fainted in Court. The case was given to the jury, who agreed upon a verdict for the widow from the moment of Kite Stinson's dramatic testimony.

"THAT WOMAN'S CERTAINLY A WITCH."

THE following is from an article by the Special Commissioner of the *Glasgow Daily News*, published in that journal of March 16th:—

"Fortunate, perhaps, beyond most, I have no near relatives who have passed on into the other world, and Annie seemed instinctively to divine this, for she appeared for a time at a loss to bring anyone forward to speak to me except herself. This

of itself was a very strange thing, for I had told my friend before entering the hotel that one reason I had for contemning Spiritualism, so called, was that I had not a single relative in the other world with whose spirit I cared to hold communion. Strangely enough, then, and in total ignorance of this, the medium—who ‘conjures up spirits’ fast enough for most of her devotees, and deals largely and decidedly in fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and children—was mute before me. And here again accrues a marvellous incident in the interview. Though there was no relative about whose spirit I cared to hear, I had previously informed my friend that there was one, not that of a relative, with whom above all things I should like to hold communion; and when Annie could not get beyond myself and my own wordly affairs, I mentally resolved to *assume* for the moment that Spiritualism was a reality, and to desire intently the presence of the spirit in question. This I did in silence, and without a word to Miss Fowler on that or any other subject. Judge then of my confusion, and almost of my horror, when the spirit came! Annie described the appearance, the age, the time of death, and the general characteristics of the being of whom alone I was anxious to hear. But this chapter of the marvellous has still more of the marvellous. The friend *par excellence* of my youth—a young man who died when a little over 30 years of age, and who from early life was distinguished by a manly and unaffected piety, and who afterwards entered Holy Orders in the Catholic Apostolic Church—was, as his Church teaches, fully convinced that Spiritualism was the work of the Devil, and used frequently and energetically to warn me against trifling with it even in the way of sceptical inquiry. There are many of our circle who remember the fervour of his appeals to myself never to have anything to do with it; and for this reason, that he was already convinced of its being a reality and a work of the Devil, while I, thinking it imposture, or a development perhaps of animal magnetism, would be certain sooner or later to be convinced of its genuineness, and so become a believer in it. Well, intent on conversing with the spirit already conjured up, and wonderingly watching every word to detect imposture, or account for what I thought the medium’s lucky guessing, I must confess to being strangely affected when ‘Annie’ suddenly became for a short time dumb, and then in a hard rasping, irritated tone, as if she were forced to make the confession against her will:—‘Annie—Annie—cannot—tell—you—more. There—is—another—spirit—standing—beside—your—chair—and—keeps—Annie from—speaking. He—is—a—clergyman—with—a—long—robe—and—he—is—watching—over—you. Annie—can—reveal—no—more—till—he—is—gone!’ And

so, with a gasp, the 'spirits'—I use the word simply for the sake of description—again subsided into silence. Startled from my critical mood in spite of myself, I put a number of inquiries as to the appearance of the clergyman, and was answered in a manner which photographed my deceased friend upon my mind so as to leave no doubt they were his characteristics she was describing. She further gave his age as a very little over thirty, but said he looked much older than he was, and that he was not originally trained for the Church, but was nearly all his life in business, the whole of which was perfectly correct."

"Startled beyond measure, and far more than I cared to acknowledge to the medium, I knew that in the Apostolic Church there is sometimes vouchsafed the 'gift of tongues,' which is held to be a 'sign to them that believe not.' I then framed the thought in my own mind that it would be an almost overwhelming sign of spiritual presence were the medium to speak in the unknown tongue. Now I know that what I am about to relate will be set down as the hallucination of insanity, or, at the very least, be scouted as the acme of silliness and absurdity. Yet I relate the simple truth as it occurred. Hardly had I formulated the wish to hear such a sign than the medium fell back in her chair and burst into a torrent of what to my friend appeared gibberish, but which I at once recognised as the 'unknown tongue,' similar to that I had occasionally heard in the Apostolic Church! I may just state that on the following Sunday I induced my friend to go with me to the Apostolic Church in this city; and, after I had introduced him to one of the clergy, he quietly said, 'That minister is wearing a robe similar to the one described to us by Miss Fowler.'

"She then busied herself with what I thought trifles; and, among other things, said to my friend, 'Annie sees a long table, beautifully laid out, with glittering plate and glasses, and also flowers. It is a feast. You will be there to-morrow, and you will make a speech!' Again I thought the medium was simply fooling us for the sake of saying something, or had gone wrong in the head, when, to my astonishment, my friend left off his hold of my hand, dived it into his coat pocket, and drew out an ornamental dinner-card for a private entertainment next day! Of this I was totally ignorant, and it was utterly impossible that Miss Fowler, scarcely a day in Glasgow, could have been informed of such a circumstance. My friend, of course, went to the 'feast,' and, as it turned out, did actually make a speech!

"After enjoying a hearty laugh at the dinner episode—Annie herself joining in it—the medium turned her attention to me; and, commencing with family matters, did certainly

proceed on their track with such general correctness as a neighbour or a friend of the family might have exhibited. One circumstance she mentioned was peculiarly striking. Flatly addressing me, without the slightest hesitation, she said, 'Your —— (naming a near relative) had a brother who was drowned in the sea'—which was perfectly true. Telling me I was not born in Glasgow, but in the North, she described the place and its surroundings, so that, had I seen the description in print, I could have had no hesitation in identifying it as the place of my nativity. She then touched upon several leading events in my life, notably an important lawsuit, the course of which, some of the characters who figured in it, and its results, she accurately depicted. She gave a very good guess at the period I had been in Glasgow, and delivered herself of sage advice as to future conduct.

"I lay down no theory upon this subject; I ask no one to believe in 'Spiritualism,' for, notwithstanding all that has passed, I cannot say I do so myself; I only present in print the facts as they happened on the occasion of my visit, and leave the reader to form his own opinion. The concluding incidents I shall now mention, although, like those of the 'feast' and 'speech' in my friend's case, they were certainly, in my mind, unworthy the dignity of the spirits to notice. Just as I quietly took out my watch to see the time, 'Annie' suddenly said, 'It is either twenty minutes past nine or twenty minutes to ten.' It was *twenty minutes past nine!* Then, as I prepared to go, the 'spirit' said, 'Have you got a blue letter?—a letter in a blue envelope?—it is important, and if you have not got it, you will get it speedily.' The medium now ceased to hold my hands, and sat impassive for a space; then the same series of convulsive spasms with which she had entered the trance were repeated, and in about three or four minutes she awoke as from a sweet sleep, passed her hands across her eyes, and smilingly asked us what the spirits had been saying, as she was ignorant of all that had happened. Having, after some conversation, bidden her 'Adieu' my friend and myself walked back to the office I had left, when at the door I found—what never happened to me before—a special messenger from my residence, who, to my utter astonishment, and the wonder of my friend, held out to me as I entered *a document in blue post!* It was a letter informing me that I had, by not filling up my house-tax paper (I may explain I have not been long resident in Glasgow) rendered myself liable to a fine of £20 and double duty! Turning to my friend, I tossed the note to him, and, utterly nonplussed, exclaimed, 'Well, that woman's certainly a witch! There's the *important blue letter* after all!'"

[We had a *séance* with Miss Fowler, May 11 (the only one we have had with her), and for upwards of an hour received from her, while entranced, a series of most satisfactory and striking tests; but as these were of a strictly personal and family nature a detailed description of them would have little interest for the reader. No questions were asked; no cue was given, yet the leading incidents and circumstances of our life—some of long bygone years—were recalled to mind; relatives long passed from earth were minutely and accurately described—with the place and circumstances of death—their age at the time, and the nature and duration of their disease, and in one instance the very words in which our relative spoke of her sufferings before her departure were repeated. The spirit, who spoke through Miss Fowler, professed to be a little German girl, by whom she is usually controlled. She spoke with much child-like vivacity, she said the spirits she described, with others who did not communicate, were present; she repeated what they told her, and related what she saw. On returning to her normal state Miss Fowler said she had no recollection of what had passed, and that she could have obtained a knowledge of all these facts by natural means is simply impossible.—ED. S. M.]

MRS. TAPPAN'S INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSES.

ONE of the most interesting and instructive phases of mediumship is inspirational speaking, as exemplified in the discourses given by Mrs. Tappan. The subjects of these discourses are often chosen for her by a committee from the audience. Her addresses are chaste and simple in style, and contain many passages of singular eloquence and beauty. Take the following examples out of many that might be given:—

THERE IS NO DEATH.

One of Mrs. Tappan's recent discourses at the Royal Music Hall was founded on the text in the Apocalypse—"And there shall be no more death." We give the peroration:—

"There is no death. That law that provides for the changes in material substances also provides for the garnering up of every thought. Thought never perishes, it abides for ever, builds the temples of the future, erects your homes, clothes your spirits, and paves the way to higher stages of existence of which you have no knowledge. The science of spiritual life is brought home to your consciousness. Instead of the dim grovelling of

the outward senses, you have the illumined scroll of the spirit held down to your view, in which you behold, with the eye of vision mentioned in the Apocalypse, the wonderful Jerusalem that is to come. It is not a temporal city; it is not an external power; it is not simply a building up to the outward senses; but it is a new condition of mind and life on earth. It shall not revel alone in the external, but shall build in the eternal, and clothe your souls for the habitation of the future world. This is the day when there is no death. Your friend hidden from sight is only caught up into the atmosphere. You do not see him, but you may perceive him with the spiritual vision. The mother mourns her child as dead, and looks into the grave for the object of her care, and builds up a snowy monument over the body there. But she must not think the child is there. The spirit, like a white dove, hovers around her; and the spirit of the child is waiting at the door that you all may enter. There is no death! Mother earth consumes the body, and that which you bury this year will bloom into flowers in Spring; but the buds of your spirits are transplanted, and blossom in the midst of eternal life, and the little feet trip among the asphodels in the green meadows of the spirit-land. This is the lost chain of life; this is the golden stone that philosophers have sought for in vain in times past; this is the nectar, the nepenthe, that ancient sorcerers sought that life might be for ever prolonged. You cast away your bodies as you would a worn-out or imperfect garment. There are new raiments waiting for you; there is a new habitation ready for you. Your feet will not rest upon strange soil, but friends will gather around you. It is as clear to the eye of the spirit as are the names of the constellations to the astronomer; and though you dwell in the garments of the flesh, you still see beyond, and perceive how in all the great world of matter and spirit there is no room for death to abide; for he has gone out utterly with ignorance and darkness, and the prejudices of the past, and life, only life, remains as your inheritance."

SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

"Among the truths that Modern Spiritualism has revealed to man, none is more beautiful, none more comprehensive in its eternal signification, than the word 'Growth,' as applied to the spiritual nature.

"Everything in the material universe unfolds from the germ; from within, the golden grain remains silent in the sod for a season, then bursts its outside covering, and, responsive to the breath of air, sunlight, moisture, adorns itself in verdure, and at last ripens into fruition.

“The germ of the flower, folded and hidden as are its petals from night, waits for the darkness to strengthen its tender shoots until they can bear the light, then it buds and blooms, shedding abroad its fragrance and beauty.

“All things must have time for growth and fruition.

“The spirit of man, impatient of time and sense, would fain burst the barriers that sever it from absolute knowledge, and plunge at once into the most secret mysteries of the universe.

“This may not be. Immortal in essence, eternal in destiny, possessing the germs of transcendent knowledge, the mind must be content to grow, allowing each tiny shoot of thought, each tender bulb of knowledge, full and perfect time for fitting development.

“While the world groped in darkness and ignorance of the laws concerning man’s spiritual existence, even doubting the fact of future life, it was not strange that, alternating between doubt and fear, belief and scepticism, then mere spasmodic glimpses of true knowledge, shrouded by intense darkness, and that anything promising absolute knowledge and security was eagerly sought after. And the world, prone to rest on the mere empiricism of authority, has not understood the vast element of spiritual life within its grasp.

“Spiritualism reveals the law of eternal progression, of endless growth, and teaches the mind to prize every atom of knowledge, every small grain of truth, and to patiently, earnestly take each successive step in its onward and endless journey.

“How perfect is the harmony existing in the universe—how simple and gradual are the paths of ascent by which the soul is led up the mountain of knowledge! Step by step—thought by thought we enter into the supreme communion with wisdom—all heights are attainable, all eternity for their attainment; and the humblest leaf of the forest, the smallest pebble upon the shores of time, contains a lesson, if one will but pause and read, while the soul is at once a volume, and a universe in which we may find the ever-unfolding germs of truth.”

Lastly, we cite the following beautiful exposition of—

THE NATURE OF A PERFECT THOUGHT.

“The saviours of mankind—they who have done the greatest work for the world—are those that have left upon the pages of history a complete and perfect thought, a thought that, like mathematics, will stand all tests; a thought that, like the colours of the harmonious prism, will bear all analysis; a

thought that, like the combinations of melody, the more they are perfected and studied, the more beautiful do they become. It is said of Michael Angelo that in his master-work, St. Peter's, he had a thought so grand and perfect, that had it been completed it must needs have left its records upon the pages of all history, even when the cathedral should have crumbled to the dust. The dome was not completed after his plan. He intended that it should be builded until it seemed suspended from the heavens, so that, like the very presence of the Infinite, it might brood for ever there, shedding light upon the structure below, as upon the ways of man, the embodiment of his soul's life. But that thought went with him to the world of spirits; and if you could but see the St. Peter's of his creation, fashioned to his thought, made the image he intended should be there, you would know that though the present edifice shall crumble, that image shall not pass from the earth; and to the eye of the seers over other temples this beautiful and perfect ideal dome will be suspended, that all spiritual eyes may see it. It is said of Raphael, that divine and inspired artist, that of all the pictures he painted there was a poem that was outwrought from the life of his own soul—one poem, no more. You would give more to read that poem than to see all his pictures; since it was guarded from the eye of man, made sacred, and held a sweet place in the heart of one whom he loved. That was his ideal work. He cares no more for his paintings that the world adores than he does for the cast-off toys and playthings of his youth; but for the one perfect creation of his life all eternity praises him, since all exalted souls are aware of its existence and the perfection of his life.

“ So with every soul that has had a perfect thought, it remains though the external form crumbles and fades into dust, Through time, and the decay of matter, and the revolutions of earth, all nations, and the loftiest works of human genius pass away. Thought, the perfect thought that has once had its abode in a living soul, remains the possession of the world; and they that are endowed with the gift of the spirit can see and behold it. Few indeed have been these shining marks; few indeed have been the absolute perfections of history. Mathematics itself forms one of those perfections. Poetry, art—all forms of art have some time seen perfect expressions in the human mind—but chiefest those sublime and perfect truths that form the spiritual cyclopædia of nations, wherein prophet and seer and sage have set down as with shining vibrations the absolute truths of the infinite world, and have made the pages of material history sparkle and glisten as though they were precious stones set in the golden sheen of life. Oh, you may pray for riches, you may ask for material power; you may

seek to build St. Peter's, and to paint the dear Madonna, but rather seek for a perfect thought. A single pure aspiration is more enduring and more valuable than all the shining obelisks ever graven, or than the snowy statues that grace the secret halls and corridors of past ages. Every heart has its secret aspirations and prayers, and it is said in the language of a coarse theology that Gehenna is paved with the resolutions unfulfilled of men; but rather is your pathway thus paved in life with those aspirations that have faded and fallen because they have not been perfect. God does not take account of failures. In nature the overblown tree sheds young blossoms, early fruit on the ground, but enriches the soil; and you that lament the overblown flowers of life, remember that though nature try a hundred or a thousand times and fails, she takes no note of these, but only of those which succeed. The highest type, the most perfect form of being, is that which greets the eye of day, not the failures. The man of science does not consider his time wholly misspent, that nine hundred and ninety-nine times he has striven to find the ultimatum of a problem, for the success of the thousandth time has crowned his life with glory, and henceforth he becomes perfected in that sublime and perfect gift. Every aspiration that has its birth and origin in a pure and perfect thought, though you fail in its achievement a thousand times, still that time that you do succeed creates a vibration through all the world of souls that are in harmony, even as a note upon a harp at random thrills through all the chords and makes them vibrate symphonious to its tone. The spiritual world is composed of successful aspirations. The stages of spiritual growth are counted by every deed and every thought that ennobles and elevates your lives; and when you pass from that clouded and shadowy intermediate state that constitutes your first admission to the spiritual world, you will gain the joys of spiritual life only by success. Even as sometimes upon the earth you seem to date your existence from a particular glory, from some halo of love, some new-born desire or successful ambition; so in spiritual life are the years and cycles counted by each step and advancement in truth, each new knowledge that is added, each new vibration that aids in strength and fervour, each new perfection, and when these perfections become the possession of the spirit, how rounded and glorious seem the cycles and years; and the small space of time that was spent in the shadow and doubt of earthly life and materialism fades and sinks, even as the valleys fade before the advancing traveller as he mounts up the height and sees new glories all about him. . . .

“It is said in matter that not one vibration is lost; that if you

drop a pebble in the wave it undulates until it reaches the shore ; it then moves a tiny grain of sand ; the sand moves other substances, until the motion reaches the uttermost verge of matter. So in the spiritual life : one full grain of love—one full aspiration dropped into the great sea of life, vibrates until all souls are agitated by its undulations, and moved as with the waves of perfect and celestial harmony.”

SPIRITS, SPIRITUALISTS, AND THE GOVERN- MENTS OF FRANCE.

PART III.

EUGENE VINTRAS.

IN 1839, the saviours of Louis XVII., who had filled the almanacks for the year 1840 with prophecies, calculated that if every one expected a revolution, this revolution could not fail to arrive. These saviours of Louis XVII. having no longer their prophet Martin, resolved to have another. Several of their most zealous agents were in Normandy, the country of which the false Louis XVII. pretended to be Duke. They cast their eyes upon a pious workman, of an exalted imagination and of weak head, and this is the scheme which they adopted. They composed a letter addressed to this pretended Louis XVII., filled this letter with emphatic promises of his future reign, joined with mystical expressions adapted to make an impression upon his susceptible nature, and caused this letter to fall into the hands of a workman named Eugene Vintras.

He himself has given the following account of his reception of this letter :—

“*August 6th, 1839.*—About nine o’clock I was occupied in writing, when there came a knock at the door of the chamber. Believing that this was a workman who had business with me I called out somewhat roughly, ‘Come in!’ In place of the workman I was surprised to see a ragged old man. I asked him what he wanted. He replied, very quietly, ‘Do not trouble yourself, Pierre-Michel’ (names which no one ever makes use of in addressing me, and indeed, which I, in signing my name, never use ; being always called Eugène). This reply of the old man’s caused me to feel a certain peculiar sensation, which increased when he said, ‘I am much fatigued ; wherever I present myself people look upon me with suspicion, as if I were a thief.’ These last words terrified me much, although spoken with an unhappy and melancholy air. I rose, and did not take

copper, but a piece of ten sous, which I placed in his hand, saying, 'I do not regard you with suspicion, my good fellow,' and saying this, I made him see that I wished him to retire. He asked nothing more, but turned his back with a chagrined air. Scarcely had he set his foot upon the last step, when I drew back the door, and shut it with the key. Not hearing him descend, I called to a workman, and told him to come up to my room. There, under pretext of business, I got him to hunt with me through every place where I thought it possible my old man could have concealed himself, since I had not seen him depart. This workman ascended to my room; I went out with him, locking the door with my key, and I searched every hole and corner, but saw nothing.

"I was just going into the factory, when suddenly I heard the bell ringing for Mass. I thought with pleasure, that spite of this little disturbance with my old man, that I, nevertheless, could hear a Mass. Then I ran to my room to fetch a prayer-book. I found at the place where I had been writing, a letter addressed to Madame Generès at London. This letter was written and signed by M. Paul de Montfleury of Caen, and contained a refutation of heresy, and a profession of orthodox faith. This letter, although addressed to Madame de Generès, was intended to come under the notice of the Duc de Normandie, and contained the greatest truths of our holy religion, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. Upon the letter was placed the piece of ten sous which I had given to my old man."

From this time Vintras became devoted to Louis XVII., and became a visionary for the rest of his life, for the image of the old beggar never again left him. To him this beggar had become St. Michael, since he had called him Pierre-Michel, and this, through an association of ideas, such as is frequent in dreams. The sect of Louis XVII. had divined the precise moment when it was needful to convert Vintras into their illuminated medium and prophet.

This sect was composed specially of ancient servants of the legitimist Royalty, and thus Vintras became their *medium*, the faithful reflex of their imaginations full of chivalrous memories, and ancient mysticism. There are everywhere in the visions of this new prophet, lilies bathed in blood, angels in the costumes of knights, and saints disguised as troubadours. There were visions of the Host appearing upon blue silk; Vintras sweated blood, and his blood appeared upon the Host; or he made designs of hearts, accompanied by legends in the writing and authography of Vintras; cups appeared suddenly filled with wine, and then, wherever the wine dropped, appeared stains of blood. The initiated believed that they heard delicious music,

and breathed unknown perfumes. The priests called upon to bear witness to these prodigies, were borne along in the current of enthusiasm.

A Curé of the diocese of Tours, an old and venerable ecclesiastic quitted his cure and followed the prophet. "We have seen this priest," continues Levi, "and he has related to us the marvels of Vintras with an accent of most perfect conviction. He has shown to us the holy wafer injected with blood in an inexplicable manner, he has communicated to us the depositions of above fifty witnesses, all honourable persons, and of position in the world, artists, physicians, lawyers, a Chevalier de Razac, a Duchess d'Armaille. The physicians have analysed the scarlet fluid which flowed in the wafer, and have recognised that it was veritably human blood; even the enemies of Vintras—and he had cruel ones—never contested the miracles, simply attributing them to the influence of the Devil." "But only imagine the possibility," said the Abbé Charvoz, then curé of Touraine, of whom we speak, "only imagine the devil falsifying the blood of Jesus Christ upon the truly consecrated Host?" "For the Abbé Charvoz was a true priest, and these signs also produced themselves upon the wafers consecrated by himself."

Vintras amongst his disciples had more than one Judas, who brought terrible infamy upon their prophet and his sect by the violence and immorality of their conduct. The Pope, Gregory XVI., formally condemned in 1843 the sect of Vintras. Condemned by the Pope, the sect in their turn condemned him, and made Vintras their sovereign pontiff. The fashion of his sacerdotal vestments, it seems, were revealed to him by inspiration, and they appear—from the account given by Levi—to have contained symbols of an Oriental and Pagan character. The end of this unhappy enthusiast, and as we should be inclined to term him, "medium, possessed by enthusiastic spirits," was very sad—hallucination, which was little less than positive insanity.

It will be interesting to our readers, possibly, to see a specimen of the spiritual communications given through the writing mediumship of Vintras. He thus himself speaks of his writings, and declares himself irresponsible for them:—"Oh, if my own mind were in any portion of these writings which are condemned, I should bow my head and fear would enter into my soul. But they are not my work—I have not co-operated in their productions either by seeking for them, nor yet by my desire. I am calm; my couch is not visited by sleeplessness; no long watchings have fatigued my eyelids; my sleep is as pure as when God created it; I can say to my God

with a free heart, *Custodi animam meam et erue me; non erubescam, gnorem speravi in te.*"

Here is a specimen of the writing:—

"Sleep, sleep, indolent mortals; rest, rest upon your soft couches; smile in your dreams of festivals and of grandeur; the Angel of Alliance has descended upon your mountains; he has written his name even in the cups of your flowers; he has touched the rings which ornament his feet; the rivers which make your pride, and your hope; the oaks of your forests have taken the glory of his brow for a new aurora; the sea with a voluptuous bound has saluted him. Elias has preceded him. Bow yourselves towards earth, but do not alarm yourselves by the active sound amidst the tombs. Sleep, sleep still; I have looked towards the East: he has engraved his name upon inaccessible mountains; he cried to time to hasten his bark, and I have seen him smile, the most aged of aged men. Sleep, sleep still: Elias at the West places a cross at the gates of the Temple: he has sealed it with fire, and with the steel of a dagger."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF NAPLES.

A SOCIETY under the above title has recently been formed at Naples. It consists of about seventy members, chiefly professional men, or otherwise occupying good social position, including half-a-dozen Professors in different branches of knowledge, one of whom is the mathematician, Nicolai Trudio; it has also as many military officers, among them General Giordano Orsini, twice Minister of War under Garibaldi. One of its members is a priest, who is spoken of as a well-known Liberal and learned theologian. Signor Damiani, well known to many of our readers, has been elected President. The Society has an excellent test and clairvoyant medium. A place in the central part of the town has been taken for its meetings, and a library of Spiritual literature in different languages is being collected.

A PAINFUL CONTROVERSY.

A painful correspondence has appeared in some of our contemporaries in relation to the incidents of a *séance* recently held at the house of Mr. Serjeant Cox. The essential point in it is this. Mr. Serjeant Cox states that at this *séance*, at which Miss Showers was the medium, his daughter, Mrs. Edwards (who was ignorant of the conditions), opened the curtain, behind which the form of "Florence" was exhibiting her

face, when there was seen by all not a form in front, and a lady in the chair; but the chair empty, and the lady herself at the curtain, wearing the ghost head-dress, and dressed in her own black gown! Nor was she lying on the ground, as some had surmised. In reply, Mrs. Showers states that though the chair was seen empty, it was affirmed by the spirit that the medium was in the cabinet, entranced on the floor; and that no attempt was made to disprove this statement, or to go into the cabinet, the aperture was never opened, and she expresses astonishment on reading of a displaced head-dress, &c., Mrs. Showers protests with much warmth that as her social position is the same as that of Mr. Cox, at whose house she and her daughter were invited guests, they could have no other object than the truth; and that she has come forward at much trouble, expense, and annoyance to herself to bear testimony to an unpopular truth. It should be said that Sergeant Cox distinctly repudiates making any charge of imposture: his explanation being simply "unconscious somnambulism."

Without expressing any opinion on this case, we may remark that it, and the many conflicting testimonies—published and unpublished—of those who have been present at *séances* for this form of spirit-manifestation illustrates the importance of those simple, obvious, and conclusive tests, on which we insisted in our April number, and which sooner or later will certainly be applied, no matter what conditions to the contrary may be imposed; such conditions place medium and investigators in a false position, prejudicial alike to both, and to the placing the facts themselves on the basis of clear, absolute demonstration. The tests we referred to have in some cases been successfully adopted; and if there are genuine mediums for spirit materialisation with whom these tests cannot be applied with success or safety, it would be better for their friends to refrain from giving publicity to their *séances* till there are further developments which admit of full and conclusive verification.

MANIFESTATIONS IN ST. PETERSBURGH, ATTESTED BY
PROFESSOR BUTLEROW.

M. Butlerow, Professor of Chemistry at the University of St. Petersburg, and a Member of the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences, in *Psychic Studies*, published at Leipsic, gives an account of manifestations witnessed by him at St. Petersburg, in his own house, through the mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home. Among other incidents of the *séance*, he tells us, that, in his own well-lighted study, "A large arm-chair, on four castors, which stood at a distance of from one and a half

to two mètres from the table at which we were seated, suddenly moved; the two fore legs of the chair raised themselves without contact with any living being, and in this inclined position rolled up to our table; and then made several irregular movements.

“A little later on Mr. Home took a hand-bell, which had been placed on the table we were seated at, and held the bell close to the edge and on a level with the table—both the bell and Mr. Home’s hands were clearly visible by the light of the candles. After a few seconds the bell left Mr. Home’s hand, and remained suspended in space without coming into contact with the table, the woollen cloth, or the arm-chair. The gentleman sitting next the arm-chair was able to observe the bell closely as it remained suspended in space. I may state that this gentleman is a man advanced in years, and well known as a Russian author. He only made Mr. Home’s acquaintance a short time previously, being anxious to avail himself of the opportunity of witnessing these singular phenomena.

“I was seated at the time on the opposite side of the table. Whilst the bell was thus suspended, I stood up and saw the upper portion of the bell as it rested suspended without contact, in space. After a short pause the bell lowered itself down upon Mr. Home’s knee, remaining for a short time motionless; it then rose in the air a second time, finally settling down upon the arm of the arm-chair. During the whole of the time the bell remained within the area of the well-lighted space near the table. While all this was taking place, Mr. Home’s hands were at some distance from the bell, and the bell was not touched by anybody.”

EXPERIENCES OF A RED-COATED GENTLEMAN.

From an article in *Belgravia*, for September 1869, by Sidney L. Blanchard, we quote the following reflections of an intelligent lobster:—

“It is very exasperating, when you are well settled in your flesh and shell, and begin to congratulate yourself upon a particularly handy set of claws, to find yourself caught and cooked for the benefit of a set of greedy wretches who do not even thank you for the gratification you afford them. And this, not only once, but continually; for the arrangement is this: Nature does not supply a separate spirit for every member of the tribe, so, as soon as you are eaten out of one shell, you have to do duty in another, and as your consciousness endures up to the last moment, you naturally see a great deal of society during your career.”

But notwithstanding all this our scarlet friend has this advantage over us poor re-incarnated mortals, that he remembers his pre-existence: we do not.

A GOOD TEST OF INDEPENDENT SPIRIT-ACTION.

“Recently we have been present,” says the editor of the *Spiritualist*, “at some *séances* at the residence of Dr. Stanhope T. Speer, Douglas House, Alexandra Road, St. John’s Wood, at which some most interesting manifestations took place through the mediumship of a gentleman who does not wish his name to be published.”

One of the best tests of independent spirit-action we remember to have met with is given. After describing some remarkable physical manifestations through this medium, the editor continues:—

“The communications obtained through his writing mediumship are of the greatest value. His handwriting changes with every different spirit who controls him, and these spirits, who are chiefly literary and theological men of past ages, give their names, the particulars of their earth-life, extracts from their writings; and, on inquiry and search at the British Museum Library and elsewhere, their statements are found to be true. The medium criticises and questions all the results of his own mediumship as closely as any scientific man would do. He says that he is assured that the messages come from individuals outside himself, the facts, arguments, and lines of thought being foreign to his own, and often strongly and seriously at variance with his own opinions, especially on theological matters. The true particulars the spirits have given about their earth-lives would make a small biographical dictionary, and although the facts stated he felt sure to be quite new to him, yet, he argued, ‘how can I be *perfectly* certain that they were not once in my mind, and afterwards forgotten?’ On the 22nd May, 1873, the medium held the following conversation with the spirits, he writing the questions, and the answers coming afterwards by what Dr. Carpenter would call ‘unconscious cerebration, governing the motions of the hand:’—

THE READING OF BOOKS BY SPIRITS.

“Can you read?”

“No, friend, I cannot, but Zachary Gray can, and R———. I am not able to materialise myself, or to command the elements.”

“Are either of those spirits here?”

“I will bring one by-and-by. I will send —— R; —— is here.”

“I am told you can read. Is that so? Can you read a book?”

[Spirit handwriting changed.] “Yes, friend, with difficulty.”

“Will you write for me the last line of the first book of the *Æneid*?”

“Wait——— ‘*Omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus ætas.*’” [This was right.]

“Quite so. But I might have known it. Can you go to the bookcase, take the

last book but one on the second shelf and read me the last paragraph of the ninety-fourth page? I have not seen it, and do not even know its name."

"I will curtly prove by a short historical narrative, that Popery is a novelty, and has gradually arisen or grown up since the primitive and pure time of Christianity, not only since the Apostolic age, but even since the lamentable union of Kirk and the State by Constantine.

[The book on examination then proved to be a queer one called *Roger's Antipopopriestian: an Attempt to Liberate and Purify Christianity from Popery, Politikirkality, and Priestrule*. The extract given above was accurate, but the word "narrative" was substituted for "account."

"*How came I to pitch upon so appropriate a sentence?*

"I know not, my friend. It was by coincidence. The word was changed by error. I knew it when it was done, but would not change."

"*How do you read? You wrote more slowly, and by fits and starts.*"

"I wrote what I remembered, and then I went for more. It is a special effort to read, and useful only as a test. Your friend was right last night, we can read, but only when conditions are very good. We will read once again, and write, and then impress you of the book:—'Pope is the last great writer of that school of poetry, the poetry of the intellect, or rather of the intellect mingled with the fancy.' That is truly written. Go and take the eleventh book on the same shelf." [I took a book called *Poetry, Romance, and Rhetoric*.] "It will open at the page for you. Take it and read and recognise our power, and the permission which the great and good God gives us, to show you our power over matter. To Him be glory. Amen."

[The book opened at page 145, and there was the quotation perfectly true. I had not seen the book before; certainly had no idea of its contents].

[Without violating confidence we may inform our readers that the gentleman through whom this test was given is a Professor in one of our leading Universities, and that under the signature of "M. A. Oxon," he is now giving a narrative of his experiences as a medium in successive numbers of *Human Nature*; and which, we hope, when completed will be issued as a separate volume. It would make a valuable and welcome addition to the literature of Spiritualism.—ED. S.M.]

Obituary.

THE LATE WILLIAM CARPENTER.

ANOTHER veteran Spiritualist and worker has been called home. The late William Carpenter died April 21st, in his 78th year. He was a voluminous writer, and wrote on a great variety of subjects, and always with information, and conveyed his ideas with much clearness. As political and social reformer, and journalist and editor, for a long series of years, he was well known; but it was more especially as a Biblical critic that his works were most esteemed.

He was an early convert to Spiritualism, and was himself a medium; and some of his Spiritual experiences recorded in

our pages by his own pen were peculiar and remarkable. He wrote two essays on Spiritualism under the title of *Tracts on Tabooed Topics*. By way of preface to the first of these tracts, "Does Spiritualism Demand Investigation?" he gives a most interesting sketch of "his labours as a political reformer (which at one time were so prominent and influential as to draw down upon him prosecution and imprisonment), and of his literary career. We quoted this account in our notice of the tract at the time of its publication, and therefore need not repeat what he has so well told. An interesting biographical sketch of him appears in the *Monetary and Mining Gazette*, of which he was editor up to the time of his decease, and which article is reprinted in the *Medium* of May 15th. We quote its concluding sentences:—

"He had a smile and encouragement, both sympathetic and practical, for everything that was good and intended to contribute to human happiness. He was a man of blameless life, of true philanthropy, of rare attainments, and of an indomitable industry, and he has gone to his rest amid the universal esteem and love of all who knew him."

His interest in Spiritualism continued unabated to the end. Notwithstanding his advanced years, he was a constant and deeply interested attendant at the Sunday Meetings of the Spiritual Church, where, for the last time on earth, we had the pleasure of exchanging a few words with him only a few weeks before his departure to that higher Spiritual Church whose worshippers are gathered from every people, and nation, and tongue; and to that higher life where there is no more death.

Notices of New Books.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. T. T. LYNCH.*

THOSE who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Lynch, and his circle of friends extended far beyond his own congregation, will gladly welcome this Memoir of one of the most intellectual and most spiritually-minded men of the present generation. If he had possessed physical strength corresponding to his spiritual power, his genius would have been more widely known and appreciated through the medium of the platform and the press; for whatever the subject of sermon or lecture, Mr. Lynch's

* *Memoir of the Rev. T. T. Lynch. With Portrait.* Edited by WILLIAM WHITE, pp. 321. London: ISBISTER & Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.

exposition was so grandly simple, and yet so original, that it seemed a new revelation. We have seen children look up to their parents with a pleased glance as some beautiful thought which they could appreciate was uttered by the preacher. Although, through the experience of life-long suffering, Mr. Lynch became a thoughtful rather than a popular speaker, he would readily, had health permitted, have gone out and preached in the streets and lanes to the poor who would have heard him gladly. Before entering on the regular work of a minister he often preached and spoke with acceptance to assemblies of working men and women. His first printed words were on a bill announcing a lecture by him on behalf of the Temperance movement. It was addressed—

“To Men in their Sober Senses.—Did you ever hear of a man in his drunken senses? The drunkard has no senses: he is not out of his senses—his senses are out of him. The drunkard is neither man nor beast—he has the form of a man without his sense—the stupidity of a beast without its form. Becoming sober a man becomes sensible,” &c.

This, in his youthful days, is characteristic of the direct and forcible expression of Mr. Lynch's thoughts in preaching. As he says in a letter to a friend—“I try to be historical and spiritual, to be philosophic and theologic also, above all to be human and christian, or, say, christian-human.”

Mr. Lynch's views on Spiritualism are, no doubt, well known to many of the readers of this Magazine, for he had several representatives of Spiritualism as well as of other “heretical” phases of thought in his congregation. One of the charges brought against him, during the “Rivulet Controversy,” by the editor of the publican's paper, was that he spoke “of his own spirit as if that were a sentient and active being.” However it may have been with his accuser, Mr. Lynch's spirit was certainly more sentient and active than his body. His relation to modern Spiritualism is very plainly expressed in the following extracts from his letters:—“The spiritual world becomes more and ever yet more real to me. It is not far from many of us. We are known, watched and helped, as I believe, by many who have gone before. There is not a great gulf fixed between earth and heaven, so that there can be no visitation for us of ministering spirits. There is a bridge at least passable by those to whom God gives his sacred passport, and we, if we cannot go over to the other side and return, have some prospect across and upwards, and when we make the journey *from* earth, may hope to be met and conveyed by some who have unseen attended our journey *on* earth “The letter you send me is the most interesting you have had from Mr. ——, I think he

is quite right in distrusting unspiritual spirits, and unspiritual Spiritists; and you are quite right in affirming that the outward things of Spiritualism have a real use. They deserve neither the rejection of derisive savans, nor of frightened religionists, nor again of such men as Mr. ———. He who would walk in the middle must start from the middle—that is to say, it is from the soul's centre, living faith in God, we must proceed on any new path of investigation, turning neither to the right hand in presumption, nor to the left in distrustful fear. If Mr. ——— is in spirit such a Christian as Behmen and Law, he knows this. But he that, starting from the centre, investigates Spiritualism without presumption and without fear, will not find himself, I think, unrewarded."

The reprint of the "Songs Controversial" and Mr. Lynch's "Review of the Rivulet Controversy," will be gladly welcomed. We never before so fully realised the value of a well-written "Life," as in the Memoir before us. We venture to predict that it will become one of the most popular of religious biographies.

Correspondence.

DEALING IN ABSTRACTION.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mr. Bray, it seems, persists in confounding a thought with a thing, and cannot distinguish sensation from the being, be it physical or spiritual, having the sensation; just as he cannot see that force cannot be abstracted even in imagination from that which has the force; nor again is there such a thing as dead matter, as an abstraction from its force attributes or properties; just again as life or motion can have no existence apart from the living or moving substance, be that substance regarded under the term matter or spirit, for a basis of some sort there must be; and if again matter is force, then force is matter, and it is a mere play of terms, just as when writers affirm that matter fundamentally is spirit, then spirit is matter; and we do but breed confusion. What God has joined together let no man put asunder. But the question of immortality is another matter, because a man may have a spirit, but it may die with the body, and nothing can convince us that it does not but the actual return of the dead, as Christ is said to have returned, materialised in his old form, with the wounds and all as when upon the cross. But when Mr. Bray says with Berkely that we only know our own sensations, we must take him at his word, as Hume did Berkely, and we cannot let him eat his cake and have it still, or let him declare for mind only, and then talk of objects as if he did perceive them, and liken the brain to an electric battery, and the heart to a pump, and the food digester to the fuel in the furnace of the steam engine, and the limbs, &c., to the machinery. Such persistence in contradictory ideas is not philosophy, but mere discord and noise, and Huxley's words won't mend it. Force is an action or ability, not an entity, or if so, the term is but a misleading expression for the substance itself.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

P.S.—Please insert the following :—

May 12, 1874.

18, Quai de la Douane, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

To the Hon. Sec. of the "British National Association of Spiritualists."

SIR,—Had the primary object of your Society been investigation, with a more definite scientific aim and purpose, I should gladly have joined it; but, as the intention is clearly to propagate a religious belief, I must decline the honour of a seat in your council chamber. That Mr. Crosland should compare the Association to the Royal Society in the *Spiritual Magazine* of January, is strange, indeed, and the end of such an Association will not be union but disunion, as it has been with the Anthropological Institution. Nay, at the very commencement it is exhibiting great disunion amongst Spiritualists. However, it is well that such difference exist, or we should have the most intolerable dogmatism ever promulgated, the symptoms of which are to be observed in certain quarters already, and the purpose to stifle opposition, both as regards the philosophy of the facts and their moral bearings. The mere belief in a soul and its immortality never elevated man yet, and never will or can. Morality and true and real Spirituality have a very different source; so that you see how profoundly I differ from your whole declarations and principles.

I beg to remain, most respectfully yours,

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

LIFE AND DEATH.

ALTERNATE Day and Night succeed,
And chase each other round our Earth;
So in this human life we lead,
Death alternates with birth.

With every pulse a child is born,
A man at every moment dies;
We hail with joy the flush of dawn,
We crouch 'neath dark'ning skies.

But have we all the lesson read?
Does all life's glory end in gloom?
Why seek the living 'mid the dead?—
An angel asks beside the tomb.

No longer bound in mortal prison,
He only to the earth has died;
The Spirit is not here, but risen
To life immortal, glorified.

For what is death but spirit-birth
To higher life! The "gone before"
Have but exchanged the life on Earth
For life in Heaven—for evermore!

T. S.