

Ende Bay, Lake Vol. 3. Spir. Vamp.

SPIRIT-DIALOGUES 216.

OR

VOICES FROM ABOVE, AROUND AND BENEATH;

Including

A REVEALED THEORY OF UNIVERSAL
COSMOGONY;

AND THE

PECULIAR FORMATION OF THE PLANET EARTH

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, AND ARRANGED BY

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and Adamic Blessings, &c.*

"There are, it may be, so many Voices in the world, and
none of them without signification."

Vol. 3.

SOLD BY H. BAILLIERE, 219, REGENT STREET.

LONDON.

PRINTED BY G. AIGRE, 3, RUE DES VIEILLARDS.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

1860.

INTRODUCTION.

This little bunch of exotics culled from a "*copiarium*" — meaning the diary of a medium — which contains some two hundred specimens fresh-gathered from the Spirit-gardens, is presented to our dear brethren — frilled round with the best silver-paper-funnel that we can make — as a fair sample of pneumatography, and as affording a rich scent of the flowery scenes over our heads; a bouquet "whispering whence it stole those balmy spoils."

Though on the score of style, method or finish, no great merit may be awarded to these off-hand-pencilings, we cannot but believe — for we judge by ourselves — that they will bring out of their many-coloured scrap-book-leaves much new matter for reflection, much interesting and suggestive information. To the spiritual ethnologist they will offer studies of Spirit-life, and to the general reader, be he what he may, learned or ignorant, high or low, Christian or Pagan, they will point such a moral as rarely comes from the theoretical school-room or pulpit.

And yet for all this, as to the doctrine here preached,

the rigid spiritual Christian will see at a glance that it does not ascend above a highly toned, godly morality. But—allowing that these familiar talkings ought to be considered as a field for polemics — this objection will be soon lost sight of. The loving, earnest, single-eyed spirit of the medium will appeal so sympathetically to all those who have hearts, that they will not have a thought left about orthodoxy. And that's not all, but they'll be taken up at one time by his smart logic, at another by his nice handlings of an intractable, jibbing steed, first waiting upon him ; then coaxing, wheedling and patting him ; then jobbing him on this side and on that ; and finally when all else fails, jamming him through the gateway, and making him fairly scream with terror. Thirdly, if the reader has any sense of the ludicrous, he'll go off laughing at half-cock to see this lynx-eye watching for every little mouse of novelty which is about to bolt from its hole ; and then his chariness to gratify idle curiosity in others, and his greediness to get his own plate filled,—

“ He puts in his thumb,
And pulls out a plum,
And says, what a good boy am I.”

At the bottom too of all this — we don't mean the Christmas-pie—there lies such a substratum of the most parental solicitude for his Spirit-friends, that none but the most hardened, if even they, ever leave him with an empty wallet ; so much is this the case that it is no exaggeration to say that he is the idol, the pet, the brick whom they would go through fire and water to serve ; though, by the way, this is nothing for Spirits to do, seeing that they'd as soon live in the one as the other.

This our excellent Cornelius, like many other humanitarians, was originally a disciple of Fourier, thinking that the lank and shaky social body of mankind had only to swallow a glass of this philosopher's elixir to jump up like a Jack-in-the-box, smug and rosy. The Spirits however were too sharp for the Phalansterian angler, and pulled our friend off his hook. We sometimes think they too will lose *their* fish some day; if they don't, it will be no fault of ours; we've long been plying him with fly, worm, gentle and minnow. We tell him that he's wasting his time breaking stones by the roadside of mere morality, and had better come on, for there's a better trade than that in Christian parts.

We have carefully given this biography of the medium; for every one who holds up the Spirit-wine to the light, should attend to the colour and shape of the glass.

We don't think that there will be much in these dialogues which any spiritist of a fair growth will not know already; however a few out-of-the-way matters may present themselves which perhaps we may do well to here notice beforehand.

In the first place, inasmuch as most of the Spirits who here speak, are *French*, the reader must be prepared for their crowing out the favorite dogma of the *reincarnation* upon every occasion: our *gallic* brethren, as true to their chanticleer-instincts when out of the flesh as when in it, are too vain of taking the van in preaching what they consider a truth which no Spirits elsewhere *dare* publish, not to give us plenty of this cockadoodle-do. Seeing then that this subject will be new to the general reader, we will say a word upon it when it occurs.

Secondly, many Spirits of low degree will be found complaining of being *burnt*, scorched or oppressed almost to fainting, when brought into contact with the sphere or fluid of the medium. We shall then also feel ourselves called upon to account for this psychological phenomenon.

Thirdly we shall have to introduce many readers to the *World-soul*, or to the *Anima mundi*; a Being so mystical that we ourselves hardly know whether to allude to *Her* or *It* as a Person or a Principle.

This too will bring in our promised creational hypothesis, as laid down in a French revealed work; a system of universal cosmogony which will, we think, attract the serious attention of the highest astronomical wisdom of the day.

Upon this too will follow a legend or mythe from the same source, and which will not be passed by without taxing many a good brain as to its credibility.

Lastly, having for nearly a quarter of a century been in constant communication with the Spirit-world, we shall offer, as the fruits of our experience, a few, plain practical comments upon spiritism.

Our scope and purpose in so doing will be to civilize, and domesticate what is after all a normal, natural, common-place institution of society. Herein then we shall be prescribing a tonic, or dropping a plummet between those hyperbolisms which deify, and those exaggerations which satanize this homely speech with our deceased fellow-creatures; extremes which, like the letter S, bilge out from the perpendicular of truth as much on one side as on the other.

In so far then as we may succeed in setting this tub

on its bottom—for we at all events will use plain words for plain things — we shall be neutralizing these effervescing alkalis and acids, for when the bone of contention, or rather the stake is removed, the game will not be worth the candle; and these preux Knights-*errant* tilting for such a home-spun Dulcinea with throw up their lances, saying, like some other squabblers in the play, “Give me thy hand, brother, for we are both, it seems, in the wrong.”

Now, libretto mio, about to go without me into the great City; alas me! yet I envy thee not; — speed thee on thy mission. — From foreign shores the fond, straining eye of thy parent will follow thee. — Fear not, little book, though so small, so lone, so weak, a minnow among tritons, thou hast that in thee which will make the stoutest heart tremble; thy message, though spoken from feeble lungs, has a trumpet-ring which will blanch the face of thousands.


Yes, hold up to men’s eyes these startling, stunning ensamples of lives wasted, mispent, squandered, and bid those halt who now are frittering away theirs. Tell tell them when they read these grim stories of Spirits entombed, immured for years in solitary darkness, seeing the worms, in all ideal distinctness, crawl in and crawl out, warn them, I say, to beware lest like things befall themselves.

Shew them that though the notion of *fire*-burnings is here seen to be a mere figure, still so fearful are the *mind*-burnings, that those who bear the coals in their own bosoms, would wish it were a literal reality, and that thus they might be consumed at once, and so have done with this undying worm.

Then, good little book, if thou holdest to them this bitter cup of water fresh from the springs of *living* truth, thou wilt do them right good service ; neither will there be reason to regret the loss of time, and of something else, it may be, which thou wilt have cost

THE TRANSLATOR.

Boulogne, May 1860.



SPIRIT DIALOGUES.



"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

N° 1.—19 September 1859.

Q. May I be permitted to speak with the Spirit of Ferdinand II, King of Naples, deceased during the month of June 1859?

A. I see that men are very wicked, for they will not leave me at peace in my grave; and yet I have trouble enough as it is, (*je suis bien tourmenté*) for if my sons do not fall out, it will be fortunate (*heureux*). *

Q. Well, don't be alarmed; your elder son has ascended your throne without difficulty, and he has been recognised throughout the kingdom.

A. Yet I have my doubts, for his mother does not love him, and will endeavour do overthrow him, for her own son is her favorite.

Q. Perhaps so; but for the time being, your son is king, and his people seem to have hopes in him.—Talking of that, your subjects do not appear to be over-happy.

A. I think they are better off than they deserve, and I was very good to them.

* The reader of course knows that these answers are given without any concurrence of the person who writes them. All that this latter does is to lay his pencil passively upon the paper, whereupon it is moved by an unseen hand; or to speak more correctly, the Spirit who is present, works the muscles of the arm by his magnetic fluid.

Q. May be that is not exactly their opinion, nor that of impartial history. However it's not my business to judge you.

A. I am not the king that they want to make me, for if I have been severe, it was because they attacked my rights. —But what's all this to you? what need have you to know anything about it? And what do you want? For I don't know why I answer you.

Q. You were saying just now that your rest in the grave was disturbed. You are then still in it? *

A. I am still with my poor body, and waiting till God calls me.

Q. What's your notion of this waiting?

A. I think I am a man too highly placed to be confounded with others. Seeing that there must be a great many to judge, I wait my turn. I suppose you've your reasons for putting these questions.

Q. Yes; I am much interested in knowing the effect that your material death has produced upon you. During your lifetime, one of your energetic character must have seldom looked back upon the past, but now you may have had leisure to make this retrospect, and to come to some conclusion whether during your long reign your acts were good or bad?

A. I don't think that I did amiss. All my subjects were happy; so at least I was told, and if a few were sent to the galleys, they were evil men (*mauvais sujets*). As for the rest, I was a good king to them, and they ought to regret me.

Q. That's what you'll be better able to determine when your soul leaves your body. You will then have a clear eye for what you have done.

A. It strikes me that you are coming the school-master

* We would call attention throughout these dialogues to the pertinacity of the clever counsel, and to his skill in drawing out a witness, always parrying awkward questions. He is a master of fence, and a model worth copying for this.

over me. (*faites la leçon*) and you would have me believe that I shall be punished. Let me tell you that you are playing at high odds, and that I have only to say a word, and you would not be long alive.—But somehow you don't seem much put out, you don't appear to mind what I say.

Q. Can it really be that Ferdinand King of Naples talks in this fashion? How is it that you can't see that all these punishings are over with you?

A. Then I'm no longer to be feared. Well, what do you talk to the dead for? for I begin to see whom I have to deal with. I have heard of this sacrilege, and would not credit it; but I now see it's a fact, and I'm the victim of one of those miscreants who believe in nothing, and who would fain upset every thing belonging to our holy religion,

Q. There is no need for that, if all is right in what you call your holy religion. But if on the other hand there are abuses, divine order demands that they should be rooted out, and that they will be.

A. You're a smart hand, I see. And you think I'm going to let you do all this? Not a bit of it; I will complain to God when he calls me, and I will point out the dangers his worship runs at the hands of such devils. Then you will be all spifflicated (*foudroyés*), and sent to hell to join your master Satan.

(The pencil is here dashed from right to left some eight or ten times, thus emphasizing this burst of holy indignation.)

Q. I really am much concerned for your sake; here are three months that you have been dead, and you cannot realize your present situation; you persist in playing the King. And yet this ought to be plain enough to you, since a man of my humble estate is permitted to summon you to his house, and that too at no little distance from where you died: you ought to account for this phenomenon to yourself, and find out why God allows it.

A. You are mightily fond of arguing. I see, and I don't

wonder at it, you people are all the same. To hear you, one would suppose that you took yourselves to be holier than the saints themselves. But wretch that thou art, I know thee very well to be one of Satan's tools; and if thou takest me from my grave, it is to torment me before God opens Paradise to me. But you are reckoning without your host, I am not to be caught with this chaff, and am not going to deny my faith.

Q. I said just now that it was not for me to judge you: but still, listen to reason, how do you account for this power of communing with those whom you call the dead?

A. I won't account for any such abominations. All that I'll do is to curse you; so let me go; you make me suffer (tu me fais mal) I begin to think you are Satan himself.

Q. Well then go back to your grave, and wait till God judges you, since that's your notion. It strikes me that you'll have to lower your tone a little before long.

A. I don't know what to say, you stagger me with your coolness—And you make me think.—Sure enough why have I had to wait so long? and why have I not been judged?

Q. Wait, and you'll know, and that soon enough for your happiness. And when you go and visit your subjects, you'll find that a large discount will have to be taken from your estimate of their happiness, and of the love they bear you.

A. I am not quite so fallen, as to allow you to address me so disrespectfully. But I see that you don't know me: you are French, and I detest that nation.

Leave me, I'll answer no more.

Q. Go; and may God take pity on you.

Nº 2.—August 20, 1859.—A QUEEN.

Q. If God is pleased to permit it, I would speak with the

Spirit of Stephanie, Queen of Portugal, deceased the 16th of July 1859.

A. I know not who calls me, nor why I am obliged to come.

Q. Are you really she who was the young and beautiful Stephanie, snatched suddenly from the love of her husband, and of her subjects, but a few weeks back?

A. I am that person, but who are you?

Q. One unknown to you, and who upon this earth would never have dared to address you, but who now ventures to do so, you being a Spirit as he himself will be hereafter.

A. I'm at a loss what to think? Queen to be forced to come at the beck of a man of the lowest order *, and to be made answer him? What do you want?

Q. Pray don't be angry with me, I desire your welfare; and if I permitted myself to ask for you, it was in order to study the purposes of God with His children: will you assist me in doing so?

A. The idea! What impertinence! Make me speak to study with you! Surely you can't think of such a thing; you forget whom you are speaking to.

Q. Not so; I can not forget these things; I just now said, before a Queen I could not, with a Spirit I may. God, so good to me, permits it. You ought yourself to be aware that I can only do so with His sanction.

A. I desire to depart, I am not behoven to reply to such folly. But you are detaining me, you will not let me go. Then I will not speak.

Q. Your husband must be in despair at having lost you. You were both so young and beautiful. What think you of this misadventure **?

* The medium is a tradesman, and master book-binder.

** This time, the learned counsel seems well nigh at his wits' end. He was evidently not prepared for so much hauteur, and perhaps the castigation he receives is merited. We still think however that he backs out of a very trying situation with tact and good taste, maintaining his self-respect to the end.

A. I beg to retire. I do not choose that you should make me speak in my despite. It is not for you to know what Kings and Queens think.

Q. Pray why not?

A. It is very hard to be kept in this way, and you must be a bad man to offer me this violence.

Q. Forgive me for annoying you. It was far from my thoughts. I had hoped for more indulgence at your hands. I will give over questioning you; and if God will accept my prayers in your behalf, I will offer them from my heart.

A. I am more amazed than ever. *You* pray for me, and you dare say so! Is there then no one at hand to chastise you? Cease this strange language. Don't take advantage of my being alone in my grave; insult me not when all my friends think that I am dead. But I'll come back, and then woe be unto you; you shall expiate in tortures what you now make me suffer.

Q. Poor woman! How I pity you, and how little must you have known God that you still harbour thoughts of vengeance.

A. I am bursting with anger; what! he dares allude to me as a *woman*, and he is speaking to me all covered with dirt, as if I was his wife. You are a lout (*mal élevé*), for when addressing a Queen, your working clothes should be put aside; and she should be approached respectfully, and not as if she was your equal.

Q. I will not annoy you any longer, but I must say that I pity you.

A. And as for me I scorn you. To be pitied by this man, and not to be able to avenge myself; it exceeds belief. Am I then really dead? Have you said the truth? Who then are you? and how is it that I am so far from my palace, for I have no knowledge of the place where I am? And surely you are a Frenchman whom I abhor. You shall now leave me to myself, I insist upon it; and you shall also beg my pardon for having dared to speak in this way.

Q. I never had the slightest intention of displeasing you, nor of wanting in reverence. Consequently I cannot excuse myself for what I have not done: I cannot see how I have been disrespectful.

A. How stubborn the man is, and how I should like to make him smart; but what is this? he is making me suffer himself: what are you doing to me? Fire is around me, I feel an intolerable heat. And you persist in keeping me.

Q. Go and may God not punish you for having wished to harm one of your fellow-creatures.

A. I am ready to faint. He is without pity.

Q. Go; I would not have you suffer more.

The concluding remarks of this smart little colloquy offer one of those difficulties peculiar to spiritism which, as was said in the preface, it will behove us to clear up. This explanation too is the more called for as these latter complaints of the fair invisible suggest an idea that our good friend the medium was paying off his little waspish shrew by taking some strange mystical liberties with her, whereas the sensation of oppression which she experienced, — and many similar cases of this will occur as we proceed—arose simply from a jarring between the respective spheres of the parties, an effect of course quite involuntary on the part of the medium.—However let us try and make this universal law of heaven plain to the reader.

In a theatre, let us say, it is a physical impossibility that any two persons amid the audience should occupy the same place. Taking the chandelier—we beg pardon—the gas-lustre as the centre of measurement, some will be nearer, some farther from this, some to the right, others to the left: those in the pit will view it from below and from the farthest point, those in the galleries—we beg pardon again, we prefer the French name *Paradis*—almost from a level; for in order to carry out our illustration, this lustre

which illumines every one in the house must be assumed to be *above* them all

Of course as to truthfulness, this representation of heaven's many mansions will be most meagre, and defective; no mere shell of a Roman amphitheatre, however many be the myriads of its benches; no La Scala at Milan with its successive tiers of boxes will ever suggest the idea of spheroidal heavens englobed, like the coatings of an onion, one within another, with of course a central heaven, or what we have called a lustre, within the whole. If the reader however wishes for a better type of these successional and gradational mental states, he must be referred to the Temple at Jerusalem with its inner and outer courts, veils, &c.

In an earthly theatre it is *gold* and *silver* which gives admission to these many seats; in a heavenly it is *Love* and *Truth*, or rather *Love* alone. * This is the one grand, supreme, omnipotent Principle which arranges or dots out every one throughout the whole of these heavens. This Love, need we say it? originates and proceeds from the one single bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Radiating from this moral Luminary this heat penetrates all the bosoms in the Universe, so that if this little spark or lustre *could* be extinguished, the whole house would be in total darkness physical as well as moral.

It follows then that those beings in the hierarchies of heaven who as to their idiosyncrasies are the nearest, or

* Those who are acquainted with the celestial government will understand why we exclude this Truth which is Love's helpmate.

No one who is possessed or inspired with Love can be without a relative measure of Truth: If even he left this world with a scanty stock of knowledges, these, in the same way as the instinctive wisdom belonging to animals, would very soon be added to him in the next life. Love therefore is the all in all, and Truth a mere secondary adjunct.

As for abstract Truth unconnected with Love, such is a mere idle, useless encumbrance. Does not the Apostle say that knowledges will eventually cease and vanish away?

who approximate the most to the nature of Him who is Love, are the *highest* in the heavens, and those who are the farthest are the *lowest*. All bow to this law of precedence, and that not from any capricious enactment, but from such being an inevitable state of things. This Love or *moral heat* then naturally finds its own tier or level of affection, and if any one of a lower degree of Love ventured to approach one of a higher, the Love-sphere emanating from this latter would instantly scorch, and warn him off; it would be *too hot* for him to bear.

Well at length we suppose, those who are travelling with us, will begin to suspect where we are driving them to, and also understand why the youthful Maria whom we have just passed on the road to Boulogne, was in such distress, crying out that she was going to faint, and half-burnt to ashes.

The fact is then that this little icicle found it rather too *hot* near our friend's oven, and could stand it no longer; she had no notion of being thawed and melted by his warm heartedness, it did not suit her ideas of dignity, consequently, as Spirit-nature is very sensitive, his heat *burnt* instead of warming her, and she cried out, What are you doing? Fire is around me.

As for our kind friend's wilfully painning his tiffy little friend with her sharp claws, the idea is absurd, in the first place Spirits cannot draw blood, let them scratch ever so spiritedly, and in the second, he was too gallant to harm a woman. On the contrary, the whole thing amused him exceedingly, as he afterwards told us. There was something so fresh and *piquant* about it. "I have sometimes thought my wife," said he, "was a bit of a Zantippe, but, bless you, she is nothing after such a virago."

Now a word upon this dialogue, for it is an interesting study, as we wish all these small talkings to be.

Some of our readers who don't like Phrygian night-caps,

will stand up for this duodecimo Queen Bess with her gaunt bodice, and crimped frill, calling her a trump, and every inch a queen. Others, without being Trojans or Tyrians, but plain John Bulls, will say that there was something too German about all this morgue, and that it went too far in its poutings and floutings at the poor tradesman who was so hat-in-hand and deferential.

It may be true, as *we* also think, that aristocratic pride may have been for much in her disdain, but in addition to this perhaps we may consider her as a petulant, spoilt child who had had her doll taken from her, and was in the dumps, angry with every thing and every body. This excess of stiffness seems otherwise unnatural in one so young : she must have been still under the intoxication of sitting upon crimson thrones and wearing glittering crowns. The dazzle had got into her brain and set it in a whirl so that she could see nothing else ; These bawbles too had all their first gloss upon them when snatched from her. Thus our medium had chosen a bad time for his coaxings, compliments, sympathizings and prayer-offerings. The bird had no tail to put the salt upon.

Meantime this state of mind, whether chronical or the feeling of the moment was intensely anti-loving ; there was not a thought for anything else but self in it, and no wonder that the foolish moth singed its wings in the good, hearty, expansive warmth of our friend's nature.

Come we now to another type of our motley humanity.

Nº 3. — *September 17, 1859.* — A CARDINAL.

Q. I desire much to converse with the Spirit of him who was the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, Cardinal, and Bishop of Arras who has been dead some seven or eight years. May I be allowed to ask for his presence ?

A. It has been well said that mankind would become

wiser than their Master ; for they are endeavouring to pry into all the secrets of the other world.

Q. Is he who speaks the person sought for ?

A. Let me tell you that you are very guilty, and on the point of perdition, for you are committing a sacrilege in giving yourself to these practices.

Q. Let me beg of you to answer me in good faith ; are you he erst known as Cardinal, and Bishop of Arras ?*

A. I will read you a lecture which shall answer for me. You are a very little one to study things of this kind ; but on the other hand I perceive that you are very persevering, for you wish to know more than perhaps you can bear. I am aware also that you have power enough to compel my attendance here. And though I am greater than you can ever be, I yet feel that you have the upper hand. (tu me domines) Still, believe me, give up these things, for God who has been so good to you, may perchance become very terrible.

Q. I am in doubt when I hear this language, whether it can really be that of the Spirit named. I am inclined to think that some lower Spirit is striving to frighten me. If so, it will be to no purpose, for my faith is sincere, and truth is the constant object of my research.

A. I will observe that you are over-sure of yourself, and of your faith, for it may lead you into error ; but who are you that you should pretend to receive the divine Word ?

Q. Who am I? Why a firm and steadfast believer in the goodness and justice of our Creator ; and though I be but a

* This insistence of the medium to make sure of the identity of his interlocutor may seem pushed too far, to those unacquainted with the deceptions practised by low Spirits, for there latter are ever on the watch to take the place of any Spirit who does not (and this is of frequent occurrence) come when called. It is therefore much better to verify one's customer at the beginning, rather than at the end of a conversation.

nobody, I suffice in my weakness to know that He desires only our happiness.*

A. I somehow think that you fear me, for you hesitate. Still you don't flinch (*tu tiens bon*).

Q. Fear! No. But I try to give a good shape to my convictions, in order to leave no doubt upon your mind as to their truthfulness.

A. I know not how it is, but you compel me to again warn you that you are in a very narrow path, and that you will have many obstacles to remove ere you reach the end.

Q. I know it, and you too; it is no easy matter to attain to happiness; and we must often wrestle in order to overcome our passions; but with time, and a will, we can succeed; and nothing can prevent it if as a compass we take God, and His love for us His weak, but dear creatures.

A. I must own that I marvel where you have picked up all this; you speak well for a workman—for you don't seem to be anything more—Yes you are right; this compass is infallible, for whoso loves God loves mankind also, and desires their happiness. It is Love too which saves us. Jesus said so, but we are always forgetting it.

Alas, alas, why do we covet honors and riches? and why while seeking them do we forget this Love?

You may well rejoice at being of humble condition, you'll not regret it; but beware; go not too far in your present path, there is danger in it, and we are often deceived.

I am a Prelate, and yet I am but little happy. It is because I clove more to the things of earth than of heaven.

We are fond of hearing our own praises, and believe that God is with us. Alas, how we err, and how we have to humble our pride when He calls us.

* This logical answer disconcerts the man of authority who has all along been wrestling in order to intimidate his opponent. The truth of this reply is too evident to be questioned, and the schoolman once more shirks the question at issue. However our friend has harpooned him. "*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*"

I who have been a man of wealth and power, now find myself so little by the side of many others, that I feel a happiness in conversing even with you. And how is this? I know not, for I am well aware that you are not partial to churchmen. You think that they stand in the way (sont contraires) of the happiness of men : and I am compelled to say that you are not far wrong.

Still we must not assume that they are not necessary ; but they might better understand their mission. Some day they will do so, that day is still far off. It will come.

Priests are in general no worse than other men ; but they are compelled to be only the tools (instruments) of a clique and a caste, and their mission must be recognised as contrary to truth, ere those reforms can be effected which will bring about their emancipation and regeneration. When their own feelings guide them they will be good, but so long as it is only a profession, (métier) they will remain what they are.

This is what you may believe. Be not too hard upon them for they are much to be pitied by reason of the lot (par le sort) which awaits them.

I have also been a man of the sword, and you know perhaps that I was a soldier who, having attained to a certain rank, wished to enjoy what I possessed. I became a Bishop instead of a General, and for forty years I lived upon your earth, happy and in high consideration, Better alas, had it been for me to have been killed in my first battle, I should then have been better off to day, and should not have to regret having wronged mankind.

I am an unhappy man, for I know what I have forfeited, but I know too that eventually I may be able to regain all this, tho' I may perhaps have to wait for many a long day, and meantime I shall be doomed to witness the continuance of this deplorable system.

Yes, such is my poor portion, and though a Prelate, God has consigned me to the lowest ranks as the last of Priests. He judged that I deserved no better.

Q. 'Tis sad to say, and more sad to think. Still to have hope is to have much, for you say that some day you expect to retrieve your evil fortune. This is very different from eternal damnation, a dogma which is considered by many thinking men to be impious as being in opposition to the goodness of God.

A. Too well alas I know it. I too have believed it, and have helped to propagate this abomination.

I feel that you are kind, you do not thrust me back. It is well. But my friend, believe me; suffer not yourself to be misled by philosophy, and be sure that God wills the happiness of us all, but grants it to those only who know how to earn it.

Q. You ought to understand that while pursuing these studies, I before all things believe in God; while therefore I have this faith, what evil can befall one like me so lowly in knowledge and condition?

A. None assuredly, this cannot be wrong, and beyond a doubt your faith will have its reward. Now suffer me to depart, for I perceive that you are tired. Be assured that I have answered you with anything but reluctance.

Q. Thanks; and may God grant you the hope of such a future as will meet the aspirations of a man of heart.

A. Thanks also, and He will do so, for your prayer is sincere.

(The tone of deeply chastened feeling, and of noble resignation which pervades the latter part of this confession, must speak to the reader without words of ours.)

N^o 4. — *August 1, 1859.* — A COUNTRY-PRIEST.

Q. I pray God to allow me, with a view to my enlightenment, to evoke the Spirit of — Curé of —, deceased, if I err not, about a month ago?

A. I see that you think well of me, so I come. What a curious way you have of asking for me.

Q. I thank you for coming, and you are quite right, my motive for inviting you is a good one. What's your idea of this privilege of evoking the dead which God has granted to men?

A. I think it is for their good, but if I was still alive I should condemn such a thing; you must be aware that the Church does so.

Q. I know it. But then what are we to think, which is right, the Church which forbids it, or I who hold, as you do now yourself, that it is a precious gift of God?

A. I must own that you are not doing wrong, but aren't you afraid of being led on too far?

Q. Not in the least, for I so fully believe in the goodness of God, and I have such faith in the sense which he has given me of what is good, true and right, that it don't seem possible for me to go astray.

A. Well perhaps so, but you appear very sure of yourself. True you seem to be good enough to be able to know the rights of things, but still take care, don't let yourself be too much influenced, and believe me, hold your own against the Spirits, for if there are good ones there are also bad.*

Q. I know it; but as I have just said, my faith is immense, and I am always in search of light under the guidance of this faith. Don't you think then that I am religious?

A. Why I don't exactly take you to be a heathen, but then you are not a Catholic, and it strikes me that you are

* The student of character will not fail to mark the coincidence between the opening of this ecclesiastical dialogue and the preceding. Each speaker starts upon the same professional tack. Meantime the tone of the two sermons is very different. the lofty Cardinal vouchsafes a patronising, domineering lecture, the humble Curé tenders mild, paternal counsel. So also the learned counsellor who (as he himself has confessed) was hard-pushed by the first witness, has easy work with the second; indeed, as will be seen, he not only reverses the parts of master and pupil, but turns the tables somewhat too roughly upon the simple-minded man of Ross.

not too but I don't know whether as a Priest I ought to say that.

Q. Speak your mind freely ; you see me open my heart without reserve, and in your present position, together with what you must have learnt since your departure from this world, you have no reason for not speaking out what you think.

A. I had no notion that you know all this, so as to say that I had learnt something since my death.

I am, as you have conjectured, a good spirit, but why alas was I not a man of such large ideas as you seem to be, I should be then much higher up.

We priests have no idea what spiritual life is, and yet we ought to teach it to others, Men are still in their infancy, so I now see ; and if I could only have known what you have learnt, I think that perfect happiness would be my lot.

Q. You judge me much too partially. I know on the contrary that I both am, and know nothing, and that if you knew nothing more than what I may have happened to pick up concerning spirit-life, you would yet have an incalculable length of road before you ere you could attain to perfect happiness, that is to say, enter into the bosom of God. I am certain that upon reflection you'll think the same.

A. I am still all amazement at what you say. Alas what must I think of myself ; and what is more, you seem to be of very humble standing in society, to judge from what I see. How then have you managed to learn all this ?

Q. I have told you already that God has put into my heart an ardent faith, an unlimited love for His goodness. Then He inspired me with the wish to know Him ; I have meditated, studied, and from time to time received the counsels of good Spirits who were willing to help me, and as you see, I have reaped some fruits from my efforts.

A. There is no getting over it ; * you must be very self-confident to engage in such dangerous studies, for at all times the Spirits have been very treacherous, and yet I feel that you are right.

I also will meditate upon what you have said, I must try and find out if I am a Spirit capable of being regenerated, for I am not so backward as not to see that I have been but little rewarded.

Q. After what was your belief while in the flesh, you must have been much surprised at not finding what you expected on dying ; and that ought to have furnished much food for reflection upon the mission which you had to fill.

A. I don't know ; for I was so bewildered, that I did not come to myself for a long time afterwards.

Men have always imagined that we should be judged after death, and so did I. But I see now that things don't come about quite like this.

Q. Would you have the kindness to let me know what happened to you on leaving the earth ?

* No scene in a play can beat this picture of the good old Curé will his mouth open wider and wider at each new trumpet-puff of the miraculous Falstaff ; we can fancy him walking round this eighth wonder of the world with his hands lifted up, to see what he can be made of ; just as a Johnny Raw would examine the speaking fish to see if there was not a boy hidden inside. This naïve admiration reminds us of the French proverb, " Dans le royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont rois, " which means, " a man with one eye makes a blind man stare. "

After all we begin to suspect that the learned counsel is a very wicked wag ; how could he have the heart to trot out Mrs. Partington in this cruel way ?

HAMLET. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel ?

POLONIUS. By the mass, and it is like a camel indeed.

HAMLET. Methinks it's like a weasel.

POLONIUS. It is :—backed like a weasel.

HAMLET. Or like a whale ?

POLONIUS. Very like a whale.

A. I died at the age of seventy, if I remember right * : and fifty years of these were passed in teaching people their catechism. But somehow I don't think you have done me the pleasantest service in telling me what you have, for I now see that I took pleasure in error, and that your reward will be different from mine.

Q. And yet you say that you are a good Spirit.

A. I say that I am a backward though good Spirit; and it puts me out to see one of your small mark (si peu marquant) greater than I shall ever be.

Q. Do you believe in the reincarnation? (See appendix to this dialogue).

A. I don't know. It is beyond me; and yet it ought to be so, in order that those who have failed should start afresh, and have a new life, and so have a chance of repairing their past errors.

Q. Well I for my part believe in it, and I think it is the only way to purify ourselves completely.

A. I will not say it, and yet I hope so.

Q. All your life you prayed to Jesus Christ. What are your present ideas concerning Him?

A. You are speaking about very solemn things. You know He is God.

Q. Yes, I believe it, God of our planet, our divine Messiah.

A. I do not seize your meaning, you must have your reasons for putting this question.

Q. It strikes me that you ought to be able to give me a clearer definition of Jesus Christ than you could while amongst us.

A. Not so; for I have no sense of Him, and yet I have prayed much to Him. I hardly know what to think, you

* It frequently seems singular to us men that the Spirits are so forgetful and confused as to times and dates; but we ought to bear in mind that upon leaving the earth they have done with these things. They have no almanachs, and wear no watches. They would be of no use to them if they did.

must be very great to speak of Him with such composure. You ought too to feel sure of what you say, for if not, you would not be enlightened, and I should not be your inferior.

Q. Do what I said just now; meditate with all the freedom of your mind seeking the truth in an enlightened faith; and then you will learn to know Jesus better, and above all to love Him more.

A. I don't know what to answer: you quite put me out with your observations. What's going on in you, and who are you?

Q. No great things, as you see, and as I told you just now.

Well, I perceive from your answers that you have been a good priest and a man a good faith, doing all the good you could.

A. I have hoped so in spite of some short-comings.

Q. Let me now thank you. And I will pray to God that He may grant you what you wish in order to go to Him. Is it your pleasure that I should do so?

A. I don't say nay. I have prayed much for others; and you do the same thing, but after another fashion, and that perhaps a better. I am told by those present that I shall soon find this out. I perceive that you have many friends in our world.

They are complimenting you upon what you have been saying to me.

Q. Good night, and may God hear me. I desire your happiness.

The French Spirits with one accord, high and low, all tell us that such among them—and they are legion—as have,—to use a nautical phrase—missed stays, going ashore and losing their craft, *get a new ship*. In other words, those who during their earthly career have fallen short of a certain standard of perfection, are sent back, like boys who can't say their Horace, either into their old

planet or into some other, in order to try again. Upon an average, as the dunces tell us, a century elapses between these periodical births, and as for the number of these see-saws, they think nothing of thirty or forty. In support of this assertion, many give us long circumstantial histories of their previous school-days; for when in the Spirit-world their recollection, they say, of these scenes recurs to them. In this way too a short time since when Julius Cæsar was evoked at the leading Parisian circle, he said that in addition to some other personalities, he had since his death been Louis the eleventh! After all, this idea is not novel, it has a smack of Brahma or even of Pythagoras in it; not to mention good old Virgil with his "*in corpora velle reverti*." However it differs on some points from these.

We are forced somewhat reluctantly into the explanation of this Spirit-theory or crotchet, having already enough to bear in the burden of our own fallibility, without having that of our Gallic friends: if then our readers are impatiently crying pooh-pooh, and chiding us for dwelling upon what they will call an oriental figment, we will pray them to remember that we are merely redeeming our promise of furnishing crackers when they came to a hard nut. As for dogmatizing or proselytizing, this is out of the question, inasmuch as we need being convinced ourselves; not being as yet able to see our way through this Dædalus of lives which mankind, we are told, is required to thread.

Meantime while we say this, we are fully alive to the folly of rejecting at once any idea because it is strange to us; we feel that it is not for us to weigh the mysteries of human creation in the hollow of our hand, nor to say to Him who makes us, What doest thou? In this way then, we will not only dispassionately discuss the subject before us, but withal give it the best colouring, and light in our power, knowing but too well how when once it comes within the chalk-cliffs of English prejudice, it stands every chance of being scouted and strangled at once.

To begin then where we always do in such cases, what has the Bible to say on the subject? Well nothing; not a syllable either for or against. Nor could it.

Men's stomachs were weak when the New Testament was written, and still worse under the Old. The doctrine of the resurrection alone well nigh choked them. Now-a-days we are off from gruel, and can sit behind two or three courses of revealed luxuries. Amongst these the reincarnation makes a smart side-dish, though Paterfamilias stares at it — "Some French kickshaw I'll be bound."

The only text that we have ever heard quoted against this hypothesis, is the Apostle's "It is appointed unto every man to die *once*, and after this, judgment" (no article). And this verse too, let us here observe, is one of those passages which so mystified our friends Ferdinand, and the Curé; both had their heads full of courts of justice with juries of twelve apostles, and One wearing (if we may be allowed the figure) a black cap. Poor blind buzzards, they could not see that this judgment was *in themselves*; the verdict was written in large type upon the conscience. Why should God move out of His place to read it to them?

Well then, nothing can well be more point-blank against a plurality of existences than this text of the Apostle's; and the only way of getting over it is to say, Yes, but this having to die again may be a part of this judgment. Others take up broader grounds, and say that this Teacher after all was, no authority; or could only use vague generalities upon postmundane events, just in the way that he prophesied that "*we* which remain," (meaning himself and some of his hearers), would be "caught up to meet the Lord in air"; an event which in its literal sense no more happened with them than it will with anyone else now or hereafter.

Many and many is the time that we have pondered upon the real sense of that *everlasting life* which is associated with a belief in the Lord. A promise of living for ever would be intelligible enough if the doom of annihilation

was hanging over man's head; but so far from this being the case, mankind are in their very nature immortal; and therefore the award of a contingent perpetuity of life seems *prima facie* to be a superfluity, merely giving them what they had already.

Evidently then this promise of eternal life has some signification deeper than meets the eye, and perhaps this Spirit-theory—if indeed we may call it theory, for the Spirits practically announce it—may find the key.

Assuming then as true the reincarnation-dogma, the meaning of this would be plain enough. The believer enters upon a broad continuity of life, and the unbeliever remains subject to "first and second deaths" or to a succession of perishings, i. e. under mortal conditions, though immortal.

We have too another question to ask. How came the Pharisees, who were resurrectionists, to think that John could be Elias? That John was *not* that Prophet we know, but how could such sticklers for crossing their 'ts as they were, imagine such a fusion of persons without accrediting and admitting a reincarnation?

So much then for the best negative testimony which in the forced absence of all affirmation, is to be found in the Book of God. Let us now read the subject out of another volume; a secondary witness often called the Book of nature.

Here certainly these checkered, jolting alternations of flesh and spirit (How would Nicodemus have stomached these remotherings?) appear at the first blush little in keeping with the smooth and simple operations of the Allwise. If then they exist, there must be some strong abnormal exigency which calls for them. Let us use some stronger glasses than usual to see if we can detect this hidden lever.

All evil is self corrective; such is an axiom which we can lay down with as much assurance as if it were a pro-

blem of pure mathematics, or even the famous grammatical rule without exception of "*omne quod exit in um*:"—all sin then, all moral disease, however deeply ingrained into the human system, must sooner or later work itself out to the skin, and finally be sloughed off. If so then the human linen need but to be sent to the bleaching grounds, and exposed to the common vicissitudes of the atmosphere, to come forth at length as white as snow.

Now while we are writing off this glib, pert little illustration, we can fancy some spinner and toiler from the famed looms of Belfast or Coleraine—lands of the glossy damasks crystallized, like a frosted window, with a milky way of white plumes and star-works of a million patterns;—we can imagine then, a loud lough from this quarter, accompanied with the following remark.—

"Well now really! and do you actually think that that stuff, one hardly of hemp, but of cocoa-fibre, which makes up the skin of a mulatto, will ever by any one process of bleaching come out, into one of my fine cambrics? Why, my good man, it would sooner rot on the ground:—No; this pitched tarpaulin must pass through a good thirty or forty wash-tubs, ere you can spin it into a shirt; and then after all I had rather you wore it than I."

It strikes us that the best thing we can do is to let the learned counsel call another witness.

Nº 5. — August 27, 1859. — AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

Q. May I be allowed to ask for the Spirit of Lord Henry Seymour, an English nobleman deceased at Paris on the 16th ins.?

A. I know not who calls me, nor why I am disturbed.

Q. You are dead. Are you aware of it?

A. Yes. And I think you are very presuming in seeking speech with me. Pray who are you?

Q. A man whom probably you have never seen, but who knows you by reputation.

A. I will tell you nothing: Perhaps you want to pry into secrets, and I don't choose to reveal any.

Q. Not so: I wish for no secrets, but only what you are pleased to tell me.

Since you know that you are dead, do you mind telling me what you think of this state?

A. It is very awful; and I see that I have been much in the dark not to have anticipated it, and that men act most unwisely in giving it so little thought. But all this is said too late. My life has, I know, been a very bad one, however I did some good; * and this I am told is not lost to me. If I were to begin again I should live far differently.

Q. What you tell me betrays much good sense, and I own with pleasure that I am surprised to hear it from your mouth.

A. I am aware that you could not but think that I cared for nothing but my own pleasure, you are wrong: I did not reject the means of instructing myself, so that though led away by the passions which had great power over me, I was not unacquainted with what you are now doing. This is why I now answer you.

Q. I admit this readily, for if not so, a man of your rank would not condescend to notice one of my condition.

* Any body who has resided in the French capital must be acquainted with the noble Lord's manner of life, the more so as he was at no pains to hide this from the public eye. We spare ourselves the painful task of describing it, and hasten to say that his munificent largesses were equally notorious, and may be judged of by his last act of this kind which was a bequest of nearly a million to the hospitals of Paris and London. As another redeeming quality we gladly cite his attentions to his aged mother the Marchioness of Hertford who died some three years since. Many's the time we have seen him supporting her weak steps when she would descend from her carriage, and walk a few yards.

A. Just so. But now enough compliments, set aside all this restraint, and speak freely.

Q. You are now in Spirit-life. Are you able as yet to form any opinion upon it?

A. No, not yet. I am still under the sense of my separation from matter, but not so much so but that I can feel that I have parted with your life.

I have been, as you know, a sybarite, but for all that I never injured any one : and glad am I that it is so, for had I been wicked, I should be an object of great pity. Still I have no hopes of happiness. I have been very high-placed, I will now strive to be very low.

The other Spirits whom I see here are making signs that you have some influence : I have not been here long enough to know how this is, but you can tell me if it is the fact : and if so, I will crave of you to have the kindness to pray for me, yes for me the man of quality. With gladness will I avail myself of your humble prayers.

Q. Yes, you are right. Humble yourself if you feel dissatisfied with the use you have made of God's favors : and I commend you for what you have said. How many others in your place would not have done so.

A. I am glad that you think so. But you do not reply to my request.

Q. I have never refused to pray for any one who was in tribulation : and when a sincere desire is shewn, I will do so for you the same as for the rest, and that with faith, and with the assurance that God will be pleased.

A. I see that you are kind. Now let me collect myself and I will unite with you. God is with you, I feel it : and maybe He will permit me to ask for another existence.

Q. I will now leave you, and this evening, if my guide sees fit to join me, I will pray for you.

A. I am well pleased. Good night. Believe me, riches do not make people great here.

Q. Farewell : and may God hear you.

July 1, 1859.—A FRENCH OFFICER. *

Evocation.

A. I am here.

Q. Since your death, have you been present at any of the late engagements in Italy?

A. Yes, at the last.

Q. When as a Spirit you are witnessing a battle, and see these scenes of bloodshed, do you feel the same feelings of horror as we ourselves should?

A. Certainly; I experienced them when I was a man, though it would not have become me as a soldier to exhibit them.

Q. Are there any Spirits who take pleasure in such sights?

A. Few.

Q. What do the higher Spirits feel when witnessing them?

A. Great pity; almost disgust. What you yourselves would feel upon seeing wild beasts devouring one another.

Q. When seeing men killed, can you distinguish the separation of the soul, or spiritual body, from the natural?

A. Yes.

Q. At such times, do you see two persons?

A. No.—What is the body?

Q. But the body is there, and ought to be distinct from the Spirit.

A. Yes, a corpse; but such is not a person (*être*). The whole life being concentrated in the Spirit, this last alone attracts notice.

(The clever Editor of the Review illustrates this by a party of bathers to whom alone the eye of the spectator would be directed without attending to their clothes left on the beach.—

We here terminate this fragment, seeing that the conversation here passes on to others matters.)

* This brief extract is taken from the *Revue Spirite* for September 1859. It is introduced in connexion with that of another Officer which comes after it, and also as furnishing some interesting details upon the transition from natural to Spirit-life. This evocation took place at the Parisian circle presided over by M. Allan Kardec, the editor of the Review.

N° 6. — August 29, 1859. — A FRENCH OFFICER.

Q. When the Camp was at Boulogne in 1854 I was on friendly terms with an officer named — Captain in the — regiment of the line, and wearing the cross. I have since heard that he was killed at Solferino. May I be permitted to speak with him ?

A. I see that I am dead, and yet you speak to me. What's it all mean ? Surely I've not been tossed *alive* along with the rest into the big pit.

Q. No, my dear —, you've been killed sure enough, (*bien tué*) and your body is as certainly dead, but your soul, you know, can't die, and that's what I am now talking to. Can't you understand this ?

A. No more than the man in the moon. Are you a witch ?

Q. No, I tell you, (*mais non*) the thing's as clear as daylight ; God permits us to summon by the thought those whom we wish. That's why I have called for you.

A. I'm none the wiser. Well, but if that's the case, you can bring me back to life again. My good fellow, do it ; I should like to be Captain again, I was such a man with my new rank, and my cross too, only think.

Q. Didn't I tell you that I cannot make your body live again ? and what's more, if you could only see it, I don't think you would wish it.

A. I can't : there's such a sight of them. —What a mess ! But where's the Colonel ? Surely he was killed, but he's not there. —Oh no, I see now, he was only wounded.

I should like you to have seen that famous turn-up. Wouldn't you have been bothered. What blood ! What dead bodies ! And how we got knocked about. Yes they made a good fight of it. But you see it was our dash that did the business ; they hadn't got that.

I was knocked over at the end of the fight, so that I saw

it all. I shouldn't like to begin again. Too much pudding...

Q. Yes, I can fancy that. But since your death, don't you recollect any thing that has happened to you in the new world where you are ?

A. No. How should I ? I feel all torpid-like. Neither one thing nor the other. I don't know whether its going to last, but it's precious dull work. Well that's funny, blow me if I'm not waking ; why I see better than ever. Why sure enough if I ain't in the little parlour : I see it all, and here you are surely in your big chair where you used to be ; well isn't that droll ? Yet I'm buried in Italy Yes, and at the same time I see all my poor comrades pêle-mêle in the big pit. Now if I ain't done brown, (joué à double,) you are twice a witch to make me see two places at once.

Q. You don't understand why it is so ; look well around, and you'll get at it.

A. I see only some strange beings whom I don't know, and who are looking mysteries at me * ; they seem to say that I have no longer a body, and that I can be in more than one place at the same time. I don't know what to think, friend V. You've a queer sort of a trick, and must often have droll visitors.

Q. Why yes, some of the drollest characters turn up every now and then, and I am highly diverted by them. **

A. Well I for my part should not much fancy this sort of chit-chat : I'd rather talk to the living.

* This is the usual mode of intercourse in the Spirit-world : speech would be found too slow an utterance for immaterial thought. Or if vocal language were used, such would be of a phonetic character, something like what short-hand is to common writing. The "longues" in primitive times must have been of this semaphorical nature.

** Our arch wag of a counsel must have meant more by this reply than his friend suspected. At all events this last shews by his answer that he *does not take*.

Q. If you think so, I don't; for you, as an instance, are much smarter now you're a dead man than you were as a live-one.

A. There's no talking with you; you take one up so. I've not the least idea whether I'm dead or alive. I'm all in a pucker. And yet I'll take my oath that I was killed; a bullet dropped me stone-dead, I never budged an inch, that's poz. And now I'm talking to you, that's poz too. And then at first I could not see you, and now I can; poz, poz, poz. A moment ago I saw all my comrades in the pit; all poz. I'm flabbergasted (tout cela me bourdonne)... Tell me; can you doctor them too?

Q. Of course. I should only have to call them as I did you, for them to come in like manner.

A. Well if I ain't an idiot. Stop; perhaps I'm dreaming; such things have been; why shouldn't I be dreaming that I was dead, and was running over my past life. Yes; go for a dream; shan't I have a queer tale to tell when I get up to morrow-morning?

Q. Make yourself easy. You'll never wake up in that way. You've done with your body.

A. Well I'm not scholar enough to know that. But if I'm to stop here, I don't want to have anything more to do with that pit. Now that I have got my eyes open, it's no joke to look at those corpses all full of worms, and mine among them.

Q. Think of God then, and pray to Him to help you to get out of that pit. Of course you believe in Him?

A. I am a Christian; though I will not say that I have been too often to confession. However I don't think that ought to prevent God's pardoning us soldiers. He must know that we have little leisure to think about such things.

I'll think about what you say: it strikes me you're right. And if I could but get out of that hole, I should be snug enough, for when I come to handle myself (je me tâte) I seem all right.

Q. But you ought to have some other wishes than that ? Your new state ought to suggest something more.

A. No. I only wish to have done with those bodies. I'm not sorry you've stirred me up ; it ought to be very pleasant to be able to go anywhere. I feel so light that I'll go over the whole earth, and that without tiring myself. I see that I can look off and on from Italy to this house. I don't know how this is, directly I wish it, I am there. This is somewhat faster than railroads, yet I used to think *them* pretty-quick. It seems that when one's dead (I don't know whether I ought to call it so—never mind—I have no other name for it) one can go like lightning.

I like chatting with you, I don't know how it is, but it seems to set me up ; it's the first time that I have felt happy since that famous battle.

Could not you manage to keep me here a bit ? I should not take much room, as far as I can see, for I am resting (je pose) upon your hand ; so that I cannot put you much out of the way—what are you laughing at ? I suppose I've been talking some nonsense (bêtise).

Q. No, my friend, but you say such quaint things that I can't help smiling.

Well, I'm glad that you feel so well here. After all, you were always a good fellow (bon enfant) ; a trifle selfish perhaps, like all soldiers, but kind-hearted.

A. You make me proud. I see you know all about us. Yes ; I was like the rest of them, and I like doing a good turn when I can ; still there's no harm in thinking a little about one's self.

Q. No ; so long as it's not at the expense of others, its natural to love one's self.

A. Then I'm in the right box, for I *am* fond of myself, though of course not to that degree that I would injure my neighbour.

Well here I am, and I can stop, can't I ? You can keep me, and I'll make myself very small. I'll do anything not to go there again.

Q. I fear however that you must do so for to day, but I hope it will not be for long. Do you but pray to God with fervency; and I on my part will plead for you.

A. What you say is very hard, but I have nothing for it but to obey the word of command. Well then go I must, and if you call me again, don't send me away any more. Good night, and till anon (au revoir.)

Q. That's right.—Au revoir.—Be of good courage.

Nº 7. — *September 24, 1859.* — THE SAME EVOCATION
A MONTH LATER.

Q. On the 29th of last month I had an interview with Captain—and I promised to invite him again. May I be allowed to do so now?

A. Present.—You may believe me or not, but I was in the clouds; and I was trying to find out how it is that you can make me speak at your pleasure.

Q. Well, and did you succeed?

A. No; and I am still as puzzled as ever.

Q. So you are not in your big pit, as you said the other day.

A. Oh no; I have been out a long while, but not my body; that's in a terrible mess now. Since then, I've been roaming through space, and I find it very pleasant to travel with such ease. I don't care so much about my epaulettes, and cross now.

Q. You are right. Well then, if you have travelled so much, you ought to have learnt a thing or two.

A. Yes I've found out that I was a very small personage, (un être bien petit) and that you hadn't yet been punished for being a bad Spirit, so that I've no objection to talk with you.

Q. Well, it's something to find out what one's like. But you don't tell me anything about the wonders you've seen.

A. Well, you see, I'm hardly clever enough, but I'll get one of my friends to tell you all about it : he too was killed at that famous battle. He knows, how to write and speak with ease : as for me I was, you know, only a rough soldier, who knew little more than his duty.

Q. At all events then, let me know something of your ideas about things, and of your present position. You can surely tell me what you feel.

A. Well I'm not so badly off, and I think that if I had not been quite so fond of my body, I should have done much better : however that's not for every body ; and if I return to your earth, I'll set about studying all the beautiful things of our world, just as you do. And this world is very large, if I'm not mistaken, for you see one can't know every thing. It's only the high Spirits that can travel through these immense spaces ; as for ourselves we can't go beyond our region.

Q. Yet even this region is very vast, and you can travel, as you said.

A. Yes I can go about this, but not above it, and as for going below it. I don't fancy that. for the suffering Spirits are there, and I don't like seeing other peoples' sorrows. One must be very advanced to go everywhere, and I'm not enough so : however I've my consolation, for I'm pretty well off, and hope to be better some day. I've seen some curious things in our world, for instance, some Generals whom I've served under, and they are next to nothing here. I don't envy them now.

We live together in a state of perfect concord, never any quarrels ; and all the Spirits delight in helping one another. Oh if this was only the case amongst you, but it's just the reverse ; and as a proof of it, I'm dead, all owing to your quarrelings about a yes or a no.

This is the reason why we are so happy, and when we wish to go no matter where, we have only to will it, and we are there. Or if we want anything to do, we apply to the

Spirits who direct us, and they give us missions in the different worlds within our capacities.

It is very pleasant, and you who don't seem to be in the best humour with your present condition, will be delighted to be somebody here. — Go and take a walk to-morrow at day-break, and watch the rising of your sun, well that's nothing compared with our world. But mind, I only mean this as a comparison ; you'll understand me.

Then don't be put out by having to wait so long ere you can come and rejoin us, your place will be only so much the greater *.

Now don't ask me anything more. I have told you all that I ought, and believe me I am very grateful for your kind remembrance of me, and I shall never forget that it was you who helped me to get out of the pit.

Q. I am very glad to have been of use to you, and more so to hear that you are happy. It is a pleasure to meet with good Spirits.

A. Now be off, (va-t'en) and no more chaffing.

Nº 8.— *March 28 1859.*— A HEAD-PILOT.

Q. On the 23rd of this month I asked for the Spirit of M. — Syndic of the pilots, who had expired the day before ; I was then told that he was not sufficiently disengaged from his body to be able to leave it. May I then now pray to commune with this Spirit?

* Here's a change in one short month. Shuddering at having to return to his pit, the poor soldier was then imploring his patron for room in the little back-parlour. It is now the turn of this latter to feel small, while his former protégé pats him on the head. However to do the first justice, his glowing narrative is tempered with exquisite tenderness for his friend's feelings. It reminds one of brother Henry who is in breeches, and has just come home from seeing the pantomime, telling all about it to brother John, who is still in petticoats, and has stayed at home.—“ Don't cry, Johnny, you shall go next Christmas.”

A. I did not know that you had this power, and it surprises me.

Q. Is it the Spirit of M.— who speaks?

A. You are in doubt, and yet I have just told you that I am surprised; and it is very surprising: for I am well aware that I am dead. Aye, and I am sorry for it, for I had just received the cross, and it's very hard not to take the first shine out of one's decoration.

Q. Ought you who are a Spirit to mind such bawbles? They're very well for us.

A. Well, of course; but I'm such a nobody here, and if you only knew what a place I'm in, you would not be surprised.

Q. Tell me all about this, I should be glad to know it*.

A. I have more lives to pass through than you have already accomplished, and I think it will take a thousand years to reach your high-water-mark.

Q. Surely you must be deceiving yourself, your are too much cast down. It strikes me on the contrary that you ought not to be unhappy.

A. Well I don't say I'm unhappy, but I'm not well enough off to make up for my death; amongst you I was somebody, but here I'm nobody.

Q. Nobody! come, that's going too far. How can that be? I think you're crying stinking fish.

A. How obstinate you are. I tell you that I can't hold a candle to you. A hundred lives won't bring me up to your fathom-line.

Q. Here's hardly a week that you've been on shore in your new world, and you know all about the reincarnation as well as my supposed superiority. All this must be explained if you would have me credit you.

* This pouncing upon every new thing is quite laughable. No cat ever watched at a mouse-hole so closely as the learned counsel. And then how he lets his witnesses run on when he has once coaxed them out. Surely he must have been a lemon-squeezer some twenty lives before.

A. You are right. You don't know what's going on here, and that too is not from your want of asking. However I'll tell you.

When I was dead ; I was some days before I knew what it all meant ; and when they put me into the coffin, I thought I was only asleep ; so I swore lustily at them, but it was of no use, they didn't hear, and I had to look on at what they were at * ; and that's not all, but I had to hear all that was said ; and that was the least amusing part of the whole. Patience ; that's all, those who treated me so, will have their turn next, and then I'll cry quits.

After that, I took part in my burial, which wasn't a bad one in its way, for I received all the honours ; and this too was some little consolation, though not enough to make up for what I had lost.

When the coffin was covered in, I began to turn the

* What an appalling story, and what a protest against these barbarous hurried interments. If the poor man had only had two or three days' quiet, the truth of his position would have dawned insensibly upon him. What he took to be a dream would have worked out into sharper outlines as a reality, and this terrific shock would have been spared him.

The length of time required for these sloughings, varies of course according to the elevation of the mind. A Christian for instance, tethered to the Lord, would free himself with very little effort, and rise up triumphantly amid a very pæan of welcome from his delighted brethren.

On the other hand, we have already seen how a dark mind like that of the royal personage who headed this gallery of portraits, a gloomy lowering Spirit, one too battered down by the leaden beetle of false creedism — was chained to his festering corpse. The man of dungeons was become a dungeon unto himself, and that during some months, with — it is to be feared — a yet long, long duress before him.

Let not the reader think that we are here straining the truth in order to heighten our tale, and draw out a stronger antithesis between two opposite states of mind. We shall before we get much further, find the learned counsel examining two witnesses taken from the cloister who have been in these chains under darkness for many years.

matter over, and I ended by feeling sure that I was dead and no mistake. What helped me a little to think so was a few worms about my body. However all this did not take long, for some one, I don't know who, hurried me away, and I saw no more of my mortal remains.

I dare say you don't know what they did to me, so let me tell you. Are you aware that Spirits are put into classes according to their worth?

Q. Yes I know that.

A. If you know it, I need not tell you. Well, it seems I was no great shakes, so I was put among those who, having done nothing very good nor very bad, are in a waiting state: and I was told what to do in order to shorten this time as much as possible. And I began to think what a pity it was that I had thrown away a life.

How little you seem taken up with all this; I suppose you are accustomed to these talks.

Q. Pretty well so, I almost daily speak with somebody, and when I can be of service, I am so with pleasure.

A. Service! How? Why it's you want us, not we you.

Q. That depends. You, for instance, what can you do for me?

A. True, as you say: not much, for I perceive by your fluid that you are stronger than I. And this you know, tells us who are our betters. This it was that told me how far behind you I was.

Q. From what you say, your death must have been very painful, and the time up to your burial none of the pleasantest.

A. You may well say that. The dead hear pretty things of themselves. But I'm told to hold my tongue on this, lest I should set you people more by the ears than you are already, by telling family-secrets.

I've passed some rough hours during my life-time, but for all that I thought very little of dying: and that made it come so against the grain.

Now I'm mum, else you'll pump me out. You had better go to bed; it's late, that's to say for you. Here it's always day-time.

Q. Well I'm obliged to you for your information. Now it strikes me you'd do well to think of God a little; it can do no harm.

A. That's true; I hadn't given it a thought; and if you like, I'll tell you my ideas upon Him if you'll ask again for me.

Q. Well, we'll talk over this by and by. Au revoir.

Nº 9. — *March 30 1859.* — THE SAME EVOCATION TWO
DAYS LATER.

Q. The night before last I was conversing with M.—The head-pilot, and he offered to tell me what he thought of God, may I claim the fulfilment of his promise?

A. A man like you must not be kept waiting, and I'll begin at once with the matter in hand.

You have seen that I have thought little of God; which is any thing but right, and in consequence I am very backward. I have felt how wrong this was, since I have been a Spirit, and I have repented of it; a thing of no great difficulty to me, for after all I am not a heathen, and we sailors have a certain religion of our own. *

You would not be dissatisfied if you knew what I am able to think of Him, you who love Him so much, and are ever speaking and thinking of His mercies to us poor creatures.

Yes, you love him and I too, but not so much as you who

* Upon their leaving the Port of Boulogne, we have again and again noticed the whole crew, usually amounting to a dozen, on board the fishing boats, take off their caps to a Cross on the heights, say a prayer, and cross themselves. This devout practice is not so general as of yore, but it is still more the rule than the exception.

know him better than I do. But some day perhaps I may be like you; and when I return either to your earth, or to some other, I shall be a religious man, but one belonging to the true religion, not to that which is taught in the Churches.

So you see, though I have yet much to learn in order to come up to you, I have time before me: and as I can trust in God, I shall wait patiently.

Q. All this is much to the purpose, and will tell in your favour.

So then you are really the Spirit of him whom I have known as——, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. You give me your word of it.

A. What a way of doubting you have; why should it not be I?

Q. Of course it may be you, but it may also be somebody else; there are not a few Spirits who make it their business to cheat us, taking names which do not belong to them. And here let me say that I reprobate these vile practices, which can only come from the low and bad.

A. It's well for you to make such a fluster about such trifles. Those who are in trouble must fain have a little fun in playing off a trick or two upon you (*en vous faisant des niches*).

Q. I don't like this remark. What, seek for amusement in doing evil? for after all, deception is evil. Wouldn't they be acting much more to the purpose in warning us against those sins which have provoked their punishment? In so doing they'd be of some use, and earn our good will.

A. Yes, all that's very fine; but if they did all this, they would not be what they are, and in trouble; you seem to think that every one has got your sense of duty. It's in their nature to play these pranks. A cat will play with a mouse.

But why make such a fuss about it? They can't hurt you. You are too old a bird. However make your mind easy, I am the right man. And I'm very glad to speak with you, it seems to do me good.

Now then I've done, and I wish you good night.

Q. I thank you for your explanations ; and I pray God to keep you fast in your desire to progress.

Nº 10. *February* 20 1859.— TWO SUICIDISTS.

Q. Spirit of —— who destroyed yourself in 1857 in company with your wife, I would speak with you, if God will permit you to leave your abode for a moment.

A. I have not yet freed myself from my body, and I feel the worms gnawing me.—So you can make me speak?

Q. Certainly : God permits it to those who do it with a view to their enlightenment, and improvement.

A. I don't quite understand the matter ; however there can be no mistake about it, seeing that here am I speaking with you, I who am dead together with my poor wife, and who are both of us in a pitiable plight.

Q. What induced you to commit such a criminal act?

A. You know very well : distress, and the dread of dying from hunger. I had become helpless, and my wife was aged. So we agreed to die together, and to forsake life, seeing that everything seemed to forsake us.

Q. I can understand your case. It was very grievous. Still you were too hasty in coming to such an extremity ; but I pity you deeply, for you were both good, honest folks.

A. I never took you to be a wicked man, but I did not know you talked with the dead. How did this miracle come about?

Q. It would take too long to tell. Do you tell me all about yourself, and how your voluntary death has acted upon your Spirit.

A. You are very inquisitive ; however I don't mind gratifying you, seeing that I used to have a liking for you.

First of all when we had talked the matter over, we got some charcoal ; then having fully made our minds up, we embraced each other in tears. Then we prayed to God to

forgive us our crime, lighted our brasier, and waited its effects. This was not long, for in about a quarter of an hour we were seized with convulsions, and for a long time we were writhing in great agony. I would have given anything to get up, and let in some air; but all my strength was absorbed by the fumes of the gas, and there was nothing for it. You and others may think this death to be easy: no such thing, it is horrible; and I'd take pretty good care not to begin again, the more so as I now know that we must be with our bodies all the time that we should have lived upon the earth*, and what is the most painful part of

* Many will here exclaim, Surely this must be a delusion, a monomania.—Well, call it madness or any thing else, the name does not alter the matter. When the Pharisees were haggling with the man that was born blind about Him who cured his sight, he clenched the matter with this logic, "Whether He be a sinner or not, I know not, one thing I do know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." So also in the case before us, these poor sufferers would say, I know nothing about fancies, but this I do know, the worms gnaw pretty-sharp.

Meantime we are not so sure that there is any madness about the matter, there is too much method in it for that. These suicidists having filched a portion of the lives which God gave them, justice says that they must repay the theft; it tells them that so many years of their lease are unexpired, and that they must farm the property till the time is up. God, it is true, may remit the remainder (and in this instance we shall see that He eventually does so) but till then, inexorable justice cries, "I will have the bond."

Don't our readers know that everything in the spiritual world is *ideal*? Spirituality and ideality are almost synonyms. In the ideal or spiritual world there is no hard, fixed localization as there is in the material or natural world; consequently the mind under the non-localized system is forced to create, and work out its own ideal; giving form and substance to its inward thoughts, just in the same way as a sculptor throws out his ideal in marble or in any other substance. In this way every one in the heavens makes his own place; a bright mind lives surrounded with bright objects, and a dark mind is in the midst of darkness.

These laws are self-evident, and belong to the self-adjusting, self-balancing equilibrium of God's creation.

Thus this unfortunate couple are under no delusion, but are



the business, we not only see but feel the worms at work upon our bodies.

You may judge then what a plight we're in I and my poor wife, for we are close together, when too all this will be over, I know not. Perhaps you who talk with the dead, may know something about it. If so, pray tell us.

Q. No, I know no more than you do. God only knows. But about your soul, what of it? What are its thoughts? Or if you like it better, what are your spiritual or moral pains?

A. I don't know what you mean *. I am in as much suffering as I can bear, what more would you have?

Q. Oh! nothing of course. Pardon my having asked; I perceive that you are not yet dematerialized. Your soul and body are still at one, the same as when you were alive.

What you tell me gives me much concern, for you were good people whom I loved.

A. You are very kind, and we feel it. Alas, why did we trust so little in God as to destroy ourselves. What an evil thought, and how those who do it are to be pitied.

in their logical position; neither are they *locally* present with their bodies, but *ideally*. But in point of reality this is just the same thing to their perceptions as though they were actually under-ground in the church-yard.

Once for all, there is no such thing as time or place in the Spirit-world. Everything that is there seen, touched or experienced by the inhabitants, is the outward reflex of their inward minds; and therefore, as a rule, all these objects, even the very persons of these Spirits themselves, are of course invisible to us who dwell in localized material places. If we ever see such, it can only be under exceptional or abnormal circumstances, extraneously. An ideal thing can never be visible to a natural eye. Where it is so, there must be a mutual accommodation.

The learned counsel might have anticipated this answer; the fact of the witness's being still mixed up with his corporeal system, shews that as yet he could not detach his identity from it. He did not know that the real man was the Spirit. His reply therefore merely refers to his *bodily* sufferings. The examiner was too metaphysical for him; perhaps too we are getting the same for the general reader.

But what do you mean by my soul's being joined to my body? You are talking riddles.

Q. I mean that the two are not sundered as is the case in natural deaths.

A. I am none the wiser. Do you happen to know what will become of me when nothing remains of my body?

Q. Yes, somewhere about. If as I have reason to believe, your life has been good, the justice of God will be satisfied with seeing you associated with the destruction of your flesh, and then you will be removed to that region which is conformed with your degree of purity.

A. Well, this *is* news, sure enough. What! do you mean to say that we shall ever get away from those horrid worms? Why we've always been told that hell was everlasting punishment, and as we think that we must be there, seeing that we suffer so much, we thought we should never get out.

Q. Amid your tribulation has it never occurred to you to pray to God? If you did so, you would soon understand that your punishment could not be eternal, for that would be contrary to His goodness as well as justice.

A. Your mission then is to comfort us! Oh how good you are, and how greedily we devour your words. Pray.—Yes we ought of course to do so, and yet somehow or other we have not done so. Yes, we will pray always, the very idea seems to do us good already. Thanks, dear V. God bless you. — My wife is looking at you and can't take her eyes off you, so sensible is she that you pity her*.

* The moral frame, habit or temperament of Spirits may be set down as a hundred times more sensitive, naked or acute than that of us men who are cased and hardened in flesh. When writing under Spirit-constraint—for we ourselves have this faculty though poorly developed—it has at times happened to us to address some common word of kindness to our Spirit-friends, whereupon we have felt such a thrill of emotion vibrate through our whole system as has fairly obliged us to lay down the pencil, ere we could proceed. We have felt equally amazed too at the *mercuriality* of Spirit-nature passing from one feeling

We can hardly make out how we happen to be here in your little parlour, and near you, I over your hand, which seems so strange, and my wife over your shoulder, watching your pencil, and not knowing how it writes; for I seem rather to speak than to write. It is very curious, only think of a man talking with the dead, and that with as little ado as with the living.

I don't feel so badly now, nor she either. You ought to make us come every day, if only to relieve us, for while here, we are out of the way of those nasty worms.

Alackaday; you intimate that we must go, and I have no heart to obey. If you were only to put one or two more questions, it would enable us to stop a little longer.

Q. Well so I would, and with pleasure; but you have nothing more to learn, and I have bestowed all the good will I could upon you. *So do not stay; if I could do more for you I would.*

A. You are right: every one must have his turn. Good night; and thank you for the good you have done us.

Nº 11.—*January 14, 1860.*—THE SAME, ABOUT A YEAR LATER.

Q. I fear that I have done something wrong. Twice I've asked for.... the suicidist, and each time an impostor has taken his place.... My friend, can you hear me, and may you now come?

to another under the slightest provocation, with a rapidity inconceivable to us phlegmatic, skin-coated mortals.

If on one hand, this nakedness of heart is calculated to produce the most exquisite sense of happiness to the good, so on the other, must it intensify the moral sufferings of the bad. Here too we can understand why Scripture, when alluding to the latter, adopts such material figures as "everlasting fire," the "undying worm," and the like, for to speak of *mental* retribution to those who were incapable of feeling it, would be tantamount to lecturing upon colours to the blind, or upon sounds to the deaf.

A. This time it is I. You have reason to complain.

Q. Well, if it be you, tell me how you are getting on.

A. I cannot boast; but at all events, I have lost sight of my body. Your prayers, and the good things you said, found favour with God in our behalf, and He permitted us to leave our bodies. But what poor creatures we are.

Q. Well I am delighted to hear this; but don't be cast down because of your nullity. The future is before you, and if you are fully bent upon progressing, do not forget that God is your only guide; and never do any thing that you would deny before Him.

A. I understand; and will attend to what you say. And allow us to look upon you as our saviour.

Q. No, no, my good friend, God alone is the Saviour of us poor sinners. I have no advantage over you beyond having known Him a little sooner than you.

A. I know it too well to our....

(At this moment the medium was called away upon business; and upon his return, the above Spirit had departed, and some intruder took his place. This second conversation is added in order to introduce a few words upon these intrusions.)

Q. I have just been summoned to attend to a customer, and I perceive that some strange Spirit has taken the place of my friend. How is this?

A. I don't know. He was gone, and I thought I might as well carry on the conversation; but there is no such thing as taking you in.

Q. Here's more of it. Why must you Spirits be ever interloping when you're not wanted?

A. Well; I'll tell you all about it, if you will only listen.

Q. Then out with it, and make yourself useful, if possible.

A. We who are in your neighbourhood have no great wisdom to boast of, and we have very little to amuse us, so that it's a great thing for us to have a chat with you, no matter about what, and the only way often to manage this is to pass ourselves off for somebody else.

Q. I know all that; but can't we help it?

A. not that I know of. You live in a murky atmosphere, and must put up with the smuts.

Q. Then how's the truth to be got at, and what faith is to be put in Spiritism?

A. I told you that you were in the midst of bad company. Meantime if now and then you get taken in, you serve us out in your turn, especially when, as in your case, the fluid is pure. When you are riled, we had better be off as fast as we can, for you make us suffer martyrdom (nos souffrances sont atroces.)

Now I'll go myself with your leave; not that you are putting me to pain, for you are listening kindly, and I am grateful not to have been packed off.

Q. Well so far so well; and thank you, though you don't much mend the matter. Now listen to me; don't deceive men; they've hard work enough as it is, to keep on their legs, without being tripped up by you.

This system of trickery, dupery, and mystification so unblushingly confessed to in this last dialogue, has always been one of the ugliest spots in the face of Spiritism; and the low tone of morality which it exhibits has done more to check its progress, and alienate its friends than any thing else.

Let it not then be thought that we are here going to countenance or palliate anything of the kind; the most that we will do is to give a fair explanation of these anomalies.

Such a course is, we think, better than hushing them up; for while, as we have said already, it will guard them from an exaggerated obloquy on one side, it will prevent their being too blindly ignored on the other. An exposition too, not to say an exposure of this sort, will in particular benefit the young, inexperienced novice in Spirit-craft, who when he first starts over these fields of mysticism, seldom discovers how the ground beneath his feet is burrowed, till he has met with some heavy falls.

*Too much
attention
cannot be
given
to this*

These verdant Primroses (we mean the Moses's of green spectacle-renown) remind us of those unhappy wights who figure in every next day's police-reports, as having, when coming either from the country or from the sea, invariably met in the streets of London with happy legatees with hands well stuffed with notes of the Bank of Elegance; and who of course are well able to "stand something to drink" out of their poor, dear aunt's leavings. Neither Johnny, nor Jack have the wit, courage or heart to refuse their new friend, and then by a process quite as methodical, but much more expeditious than the boring of an Armstrong-gun, they are cleaned out of their last farthing, not to mention their silver watch, having to walk back to the country, or to the ship, more vexed with themselves than with the lucky nephew who rolled over the whole nine at one bowl.

Let then the young Spiritist be here warned never to have anything to do with the loose fish of the Spirit-world. Let him imitate our friend the learned counsel, asking for his man, and making sure that it is he. He'll easily find out; the ass may put on the lion's skin, but he can't roar.

Now then for a brief sketch of these flash gentry. It comes from these Spirits themselves, who ought to know the most about the matter.

The atmospheres, as the Spirit above has just told us, or the mind-states which immediately encompass our Planet are tenanted by the refuse, or lowest class of Spirits, or by such—and the thing speaks for itself—as by reason of their gross, immoral, ungodly natures have been unable to push upwards, and have therefore, like unpurged vapours which the sun cannot draw up, settled broodingly upon the face of the earth which bred them. True they do not abide here for ever, and when the earthy taint evaporates, they are draughted off elsewhere, where labours, principally of a manual kind, are appointed them*; but out of the thousands

*One of the most startling confessions contained in the collection from which we have have selected the present series, is

who die daily out of our world, there are never wanting others to supply their places, so that this floating Lazzaroni-population remains always much the same.

Here then the high and the low from among us, the learned and unlearned, the dissolute rich, and the profane vulgar, are herded together in all the discomfort of an ejected tenantry without a home. Here too, as the pariahs ejected from both worlds, the scenes of their previous lives—for how can they imagine any others?—are ever before their eyes; sights which only aggravate their suspense, for they can have nothing more than an *ideal* participation in them: they are like the Governor of Baratania who was allowed to *sniff*, but not to taste the good fare before him. In this way then they look wistfully and hungrily at these the only dainties their souls ever knew, and in bitter mockery of glee exclaim, “Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire.”

“Tantalus à labris sitiens fugientia captat Flumina.”

No wonder then that these poor beings, wasting away from inanition, worn to the bone like men on a strike, are ever on the look out for any straw of diversion which may flit by them; nor that those communings with their world which are now so rife, should have come to their help as a pastime, and a solace.

that of an ecclesiastic who died at a very advanced age, and who on earth had been looked up to as an eminently pious minister. Force being put upon him to declare the truth—and such is one of his most severe expiations—he now confesses that the last thirty years of his life were a sort of *bargain* which he had thought to make with God in order to *buy off* the gross immoralities of the thirty years before these. “My passions of youth,” said he, “had left me; and a life of sanctity, easily assumed, brought me much praise of man, though not, as I had hoped, of God.”

This Spirit then describes himself as working all by himself in an unfinished planet; a labour, he adds, which might be endurable if not carried on in almost total darkness.

We should argue that the condition of Louis the fourteenth—in so far at least as he too was an impenitent convert—must have been of a similar character after death.

It follows then that no spiritist, and particularly no young practitioner ever lays his hand upon a table, or takes hold of a pencil, without having a swarm of these gnats, and blue bottles about him; where the carcase is, there the birds of prey will be gathered together. If then—and we cannot too strongly deprecate such a practice—the pencil is left open to the first comer, there is a struggle to seize it. Let not the imprudent or sanguine medium, reckoning, it may be, upon some fancied superiority of his own, imagine that he will have any higher Spirits than these at his call; for it is not in such low haunts that respectable characters are to be found; they are far off, and otherwise occupied—except of course when on some special errand of personal feeling, or of duty—than in dancing attendance upon him. More than this, unless, when he asks for some advanced Spirit, he has some settled, useful object, this one will not put himself out of the way to come upon a fool's errand, and consequently, inasmuch as the spiritual world abhors a vacuum as much as does the natural, one of the above crew, finding the coast clear, exclaims, "Why should not *I* do as well as the other? Let me tackle the greenhorn."

What follows upon such an occasion is easily conceived; the unhappy medium is *bonneted*, and fooled to the top of his bent, and that mid a general roar from a roomfull of *larkers* assembled to see the fun. Reverentially, solemnly the simple Simon bows before his victimizer, he thinks that he has to do with King Henri III, and he is the sport of Chicot the jester.

We really can excuse their glee, for the whole thing is very funny.

Meantime *writing* is not only an accomplishment which few of these gentry can pretend to—and therefore it is by so much the *safest* mode of Spirit-intercourse * — but it is

* The faculty of writing is of much easier attainment than is generally supposed. Let any one make a *written* request

dull work to these practical jokesmen compared with pantomime-doings. It is here that they — for no respectable Spirit would condescend to such antics—here then these Yoricks are found in their glory. Finding an audience who are ready to stare, gape and laugh at tricks which would be hooted in any penny-booth at a fair, they delight in making tables turn, crack, tilt, or float in the air, in setting bells jingling, in breaking crockery, throwing stones, pinching peoples' legs, hoisting them to the ceiling, and all such feats of legerdemain, and nursery-gambolings. *

This then may be accepted as a fair general statement accounting for those peccadilloes, if not misdemeanours of Spiritism which not only at the present day, but more or less at all times of the world's history have made it an

that his ministering Spirit or Guide will direct his hand, then let him lay his pencil firmly, but as passively as possible upon the paper, and in most instances it will be found to move independently of his own will.

* It is certainly not our intention to run down physical manifestations; on the contrary as signs to the unbelieving we bid them Godspeed. Meantime if dwelt upon overmuch they tend to discredit rather than promote Spiritism, and we are naturally anxious, and perhaps over-impatient to see this tide of supernal wisdom rise to its legitimate high-water-mark as the most *intellectual* pursuit of the age.

At all events our remarks, shewing the origin and nature of these lower phenomena, cannot be objected to by the lover of truth and progress. Men are always prone to fall down and worship the supernatural under any shape, and the sooner such things are reduced to their true proportions the better. Let it be seen that all Spirits are in all points like unto themselves, minus a few pounds and ounces of flesh and bone, and this false homage will cease.

How much confusion, strife and profanation would have been avoided if these hidden springs of Spirit-action had been at all understood in the days of Southcott and Irving, who, howbeit acting as salutary stimulants in a stagnant age, and shedding much light around them, stumbled into as many pit-holes as any of the Moses's and Simons above described.

object of suspicion, distrust and deception. A state of things which can hardly be laid at the door of the Spirit-world more than at that of our own, for if we harbour corruption it is because we are ourselves corrupt, if the mite or maggot breeds in the cheese it is because this latter is rotten. In short, the corn which reaches us from these Spirit-granaries has, like everything else in a world in equipoise between good and evil, its ample admixture of chaff, so much so that while it is not to be rejected—for if so the whole world must be cast overboard—it must be thoroughly beaten out, sifted and winnowed ere it can be admitted as human food.

In this way then it has happened that many Spiritists, ignorant of what was going on behind the curtain, but aware that there was something wrong, have hidden their suspicions, thinking that while they pushed the heads of these tricksters behind the bush, no one would see them. The only result however of such feints has been to embolden the antispiritist, who of course has branded all such suspicious doings with the whole vocabulary of those infernal attributes which upon such occasions come so glibly and cheaply from the tongue.

Well then, if we may be allowed to stand as umpires between these two parties, we will suggest that both these concealments and these philippics are equally at fault; each side is charging windmills, or breaking his fly upon a wheel.

To talk of the dangers, and deep wiles of Spiritism upon these grounds is sheer grandmama's logic. Such things are no doubt very vexatious, and good Spirits regret their needs-be as much as we do, but it is as absurd to turn these skittle-Spirits into Miltonic Satans as it is to make King Henris of them; for the very fact of their being at the bottom of the social ladder shews that if they are rough, it is not because they are diamonds; they may have low cunning about them—though this we have not detected

ourselves — this however is very different from the guile of a Mephistopheles or of a Machiavel.

No known quantity of gold-chains, kid-gloves, and lacker-boots will ever turn the gent into the gentleman, the frock won't make the monk; neither will Sir Richard's top-boots ever catch the wrinkle of his coachman's leg-pants, the two breeds won't cross. Thus the Spiritist soon gets his ear in for the slang of these thimblerriggers, and is no more taken in by it than dame Dorking is when we crow cockadoodledo to her. "Nae, nae," says she, "that's nane o'my Joe's piping."

Neither is this all, but what we may call the *police* of the Spirit-world is of the most stringent character; which too shews us that even here, things are "most regular when most irregular they seem," and that nothing can occur which is not permitted, if not commanded of God. We may here also remark that those who denounce Spiritism as a selfwilled satanic movement, virtually wrest the sceptre from the hands of the Almighty, setting up the lord of misrule in His place.

In this way then, not only is the strictest discipline maintained—one which if infringed, subjects the offender to the severest punishment — but in addition to this, the ministering Spirit of the medium watches against any harm that might befall his protégé. In short never when the slightest need arises for his good offices, is he absent from his post, seeing that all things are done decently and in order, permitting also the above rogueries, in order, as he says, to *sharpen his youngster's wits*; or even—for the freedom of this latter may not be encroached upon—suffering him to be roughly flung by his unseen opponent, should he presume too much upon his own prowess.

So closely does this Mentor guard against all serious mischief upon such occasions, that no word is ever written which he has not previously scrutinized and endorsed; nor

is this all, but, as we can ourselves testify, no small part of these answers is often *written by himself*. *

In conclusion then, the upshot of the above exposition is that to run away from Spiritism because of these equivocal doings, is like being afraid of walking the streets of London because of the pickpockets. Let a man tuck in his watch-chain, and he will be as safe there as in his own house. —

N° 12. — August 8, 1859. — A Monk.

Spirit of him whom I once knew under the name of... ; a member of the institution of the Christian Retreat **, are

* This overseership of the Guardian or Guide seems to be very little taken into account, if even suspected, and yet such is the *Major-domo*, the Master of ceremonies, or rather the man of customs who, invested with all authority, sits like a fiscal Minos ruling the traffic between the two worlds.

While every one must admit the necessity for this frontier-inquisition, not the less is it a sore drawback upon these communions, for all confidential intercourse is hereby impossible ; it is the same thing as two friends or relations conversing in prison in the presence of the Governor or Gaoler. For our own parts we have all but given up these communings from no other reason ; resorting to them only as a kind attention (and as such they are generally considered) or from some hope to be of service to our dear friends in the other world.

** This semimonastic order, commonly known as *Frères* or Friars, is specially devoted to the education of the children of the poor, combining what with us would be the grammar, ragged and Sunday schools. These functions they exercise in nearly all the large towns of France. As a body, they are quiet, unobtrusive and not unpopular ; indeed inasmuch as their ranks are mainly recruited from among their own pupils, we must argue that their cycle of thought and action does not extend beyond their immediate scholastic orbit.

Our learned friend received from them his first elementary knowledge, and we hope that our readers—as far as they may judge from the little here set before them—will allow that he is a pupil who speaks well for their efficiency as teachers.

you permitted to come and speak with one of your old pupils?

A. Here I am ; what do you want with me ?

Q. Does it not strike you as something remarkable that you have been called by me, when all the while you're dead ?

A. I am in ignorance of who has given you the power to take me from my grave ; and I'm equally at a loss to account for your boldness in doing such things.

Q. How's that ? How could any one but God give me this power ? Besides that, you ought to know that it is only your body that is in the grave.

A. I know nothing about it, and I feel so ill at ease here, that I think you must be the devil, for none but he would put me to pain. If you've any dealings with him, leave me ; I cannot forgive it.

Q. Yet you ought to feel that I have no intention of harming you ; on the contrary I wish to comfort you. And be well assured that the devil, as you say, can have nothing to do with one who has such faith in God as I have.

A. I'm not so sure of that, for you talk to the dead, and the Church, as you very well know, forbids it ; you must know too that you will be everlastingly damned if you don't give up these heretical practices. Yes, you are an impious person, and if I were to return to the earth, I would denounce you, and get you punished by the laws, for the law cannot sanction such impiety.

Q. Spare me all this anger. I am surprised that after having passed so many years in the Spirit-world, you should censure me in this manner, when on the contrary you ought to congratulate me upon my being able to converse with the Spirits, and about God and His goodness.

A. I know not what prevents my putting you to death (*faire périr*) for is it possible for any one to speak of God with such coolness ?

Q. Come now, good Brother, for as such I still acknow-

ledge you, how is it that you who have passed all your life in prayer and mortification in order to be saved, and to please God, how is it, I say, that you are found complaining of being so badly off? It strikes me that if any one more than another has deserved heaven by his observances of the Catholic form of worship, it ought to be yourself. Now answer me candidly, I ask you as a friend.

A. I can't say; and yet I have been a very religious man. What must I think? For you make me out to be in punishment. I'm at a loss to understand this rigour.

Q. Yet who ought to know better than you. If you've been in suffering for more than ten years you ought to know the reason.

A. I think you are right, and I will go and make enquiry. I don't know what is happening to me (*ce que j'éprouve*), but some one seems to speak to me, and to say that the reason is that I was a man who misunderstood his mission, living only for himself; and that my motive for being a monk (*religieux*) was my own personal salvation, and not any care for others.

Q. Ah! they tell you that? Can you tell me who? *

A. I don't know. Why one would take you to be somebody, to hear you ask such questions. What do you ask for?

Q. To get knowledge, and so teach others if I can, so that they may escape what you complain of. That's something worth asking about, I reckon.

A. Well then I can't tell who it was, for he spoke it too far off. He now tells me to answer you. One would think there was an understanding between you two, and yet that can't be for in that case, you ought to be a Spirit. — Well to be sure what's coming to pass? I feel as if I was waking up. Have I been asleep all this time? It can't be, for

* Pussy's awake. There's a mouse in the wainscoting. Johnny Horner, Johnny Horner, you're too good a boy by half,

I saw myself put into the coffin, and then buried. I remember too that there was a large concourse of people present: no one knows what I went through during the ceremony. Dear me, how dreadful! Am I then to suffer for ever, and never to be saved? What must I do *?

Q. Look well around you. There ought to be some good Spirits at hand who can tell you.

A. I can see nothing but darkness, and I dare say you know it all the while.

Q. Have I who am such a nobody, any business to teach such a pious Spirit as you are?

A. You're determined, I see, to make me speak: but what can I say, for I know nothing; and there's nothing but obscurity around me. If you had not come and fetched me out of my grave, I think I should be there still. Well but let me think:—shall I not have to go back there, for you cannot keep me always here?

Q. Gracious God! can it be possible that there are beings who have given themselves the mission to direct and instruct

* Said we not that recalcitrant spirits would be brought to scream with terror?

Let us here too point out — and that with much sorrow—the sad contrast between the state of this Spirit, one professedly of God, and the conditions, as described in these pages, of the soldier and sailor. All three of these appear to have been much on a par as to their ignorance of God, as well as their selfish, earthy-lives; but mark the difference from causes beyond these. Whereas the two lay or secular spirits were to a certain degree free, and doing their best to make up for lost time; the churchman entered the spirit world with a millstone round his neck, and bound hand and foot: every healthy, active energy of his mind was paralyzed and crushed under the weight of a dull cold routine of mechanical religion.

Those who attach the slightest value to Church-forms, and ceremonies, no matter under what shape of belief, will here see that they are not nullities only, but deadly narcotics prostrating the mind for many a long year after death. Let them learn in short what comes of “deeming in outward rites, and specious forms religion satisfied.”

mankind, who know not what becomes of themselves after death, and who cannot give any account of their state.

A. I will go. You give me pain. I don't know how it is, but I am in great suffering.

Q. I would not pain you, but tell me, have you never thought of asking God for light, so as to know what you are? I should think that this ought to be the only thought of a man really religious, such as you say you were. Pray to God then with fervency.

A. You are very wicked. I feel that you are burning me (tu me brules) and I see that you must be the devil. Who would have thought it? you whom I knew when young, and who belonged to my class. I think I was very kind to you; I little thought that some day you would persecute me.

Q. You make me pity you, for God is far from you; and when you speak of such a hateful being as he whom you call the devil, I am at a loss what to think of you.

O God, thou who knowest the hearts of all men, cast an eye of pity upon this poor Spirit, teach him how to seek after thee, and when he has found thee, give him a sense of thy love, that he may love thee.

A. I don't know what to think, you at one time do me evil and at another good.

Be you devil, or be you God, torment me no more.

Q. Go; and may God vouchsafe what I have asked. I can do no more for you.

A. I see that you are little pleased with me; but I don't know what to do to content you, for you make me feel both fear and respect for you.

N° 13.— *August 12, 1859.*— A NUN.

Q Spirit of her who was Sister...of the Christian retreat*, are you permitted to speak with me?

* This conventual Order is—as indeed the name shews—the female counterpart to the preceding, and exercises the same

A. Then I must be dead, in that I am speaking with a man.

Q I don't understand your answer, and I have yet to learn that you never spoke to a man during your life-time.

A. I know not who is speaking to me, for I can hardly wake myself up : I feel benumbed all over (toute engourdie) Who is he who calls the dead? For I now recollect that I am dead, and that a long time ago.

(He don't seem in a hurry to answer ; I suppose he's afraid.)

Q, How is it that you don't remember that you died eight or nine years ago ?

A. I don't know. Who are you? Why do you make me speak? Have men this power?

Q. Certainly. God permits it for our instruction.

A. I don't believe it. The devil yes : God never.

Q. Do you know the devil ?

A. I don't see him, but yet he must be here, for I feel

functions. Indeed we need not have stated this, for the answers which follow, shew that these two Spirits are cast in the same mould. There is evidently no individuality within these cowls and hoods, one face speaketh of another.

To judge however from the appearance of these nuns — commonly called *Sœurs grises*, or gray Sisters — the discipline of the feminine half of the community must be much stricter than that of the masculine.

We can never pass these poor victims of a suicidal zeal, so forced as they are out of the orbit of nature, without feeling a chill at the heart. Swathed and hooded in coarse flannel, with faces of the same hue, so that the whole woman is *one yellow*; with leaden eyes expending their lack-lustre upon the ground ; pinched and bloodless, suggesting "instruments of torture" about their persons, which are clipping their span of life—who then, we ask, can look on all this without groaning?

And to make things worse, these revelations of Spiritism, dispelling any hope which we *might* have felt that these self-inflictions might be ultimately turned into joy, come telling us that the after-state is but the *sequel* of the first. " They have sowed in tears and have reaped in sorrow; they have gone forth weeping, and have brought *no* sheaves with them."

very bad (*bien mal*). But tell me at once ; are you God or devil?

Q. How is it that you who have led a life of prayer, cannot comprehend that I can be neither one nor the other?

A. I don't know, but as I'm forced to obey you, you must be powerful. I have been dead then a long time without ever waking?

Q. So you've had no consciousness since your death? You've been in a state of lethargy, although your soul and body have been separated?

A. I know nothing about what you are talking ; how should I know such things? You tell me I'm a Spirit, but I'm a woman : and I've never been in the world, but lived in my convent and with my little girls, that's all that I remember.

Q. It's useless to question you farther, your answers are so unmeaning (*peu concluantes*) and I see with concern that you are likely to remain a long time in this state.

A. I don't know what to think of you, at one time you do me good, and at another evil. Tell me then who you are.....

(This conversation was here interrupted in the same way as upon a former occasion, and during the absence of the medium the good Sister departed, leaving a vacuum which was as usual filled by one of the incorrigibles. The learned counsel gave him a *hot* reception, and sent him off upon his crying, *Peccavi*.)

Nº 14. — *December 31, 1859.* — AN ATHEIST-PHYSICIAN.

Q. I earnestly pray that God * will allow me to have a

* The learned counsel is careful to head his *sulpœna* with an appeal to the Deity, knowing the godless character of the present witness. We notice these small matters as thinking them not beneath the attention of those who practise at the bar of Spiritism. There is as much skill required in getting information from a Spirit, as there is in bringing the tone out of a violin, or in carving a hare for a dozen guests.

word with Doctor . . . M. D. deceased at Boulogne a few days since.

A. I don't believe in God, and what is more I *will* not believe in him. Allow me also to observe that you are very ignorant, for you pray God to let me speak with you.

Q. You don't believe in God, you say? Well then how do you account for your coming at my summons, for you're dead, as you very well know.

A. No such thing; I'm not dead, but only in a syncope. However I'm in my grave, that's certain, and a wretched state it is.

Q. That does not explain how you, being in your grave, are now listening and answering me.

A. I know nothing at all about it, and what's more I don't want to know.

Q. It's surely not to be credited that a man of Doctor . . . 's capacity should make such an answer as this. Some other Spirit must be speaking.

A. I'm not a Spirit, you are dreaming, my good man; I've heard of all this nonsense, but I'm not going to believe anything of the kind.

Q. Then let us go back to my first question. If you are not a Spirit, how can I talk with you?

A. I tell you I don't know; don't keep on bothering. I've no notion how I can be with you and in my coffin too. Who are you then, and what's your business with me?

Q. I'm a believer in Spiritism, and if you will be kind enough to tell me, I wish to know what are your present ways of thinking, for these ought to be much modified from what they were during your lifetime. Let me add that I sympathize with you, and wish to be looked upon as a friend.

A. I don't want to probe this mystery: it frightens me. What? I dead and you talking to me! That won't do for anybody. And yet I *am* dead and buried, that's certain, and I'm talking with you. Perhaps then as you can talk to the dead, you can tell what's going to become of me.

Q. Of course, easily, but before I do so, I want to ask one question. How is it that you who, I am told, was a hater of priests, consented during your last moments to accept of their ministrations, and to recognise their authority?

A. I don't know: but probably if I had known what I was about, and had had my wits about me, I should have kept them off*. But who told you all this?

Q. Common report; for people were not a little set agog at it. Ah, Doctor, if you had been a believer in Spiritism, you would not have had this slap on the face; and what's more, you now would have been happy, for before all things, Spiritists believe in a God good and just, and the Author of all things. As it is, either from pride or blindness, you have persisted in atheism, and the consequence is that you will have to pass many a long year groaning in darkness, and that from your own fault, unless....

A. I don't know what ails me, but you make me shiver with terror. What! I shall be so long in this hell? What right have you to say so?

Q. How can a man of your intellect not comprehend that if on one hand I am able to talk with you while you are, as

* This conversation as a diagnosis of character, is one of the most instructive of those here given. The skeleton that we are here dissecting was one of those wiry, brawny subjects, once so peculiar to the medical profession, who go through the world with their fists clenched, knocking down everyone with the bone and muscle of their strong sense. "I have dissected," said one eminent member of the faculty, "about a thousand bodies, but I never yet came across *one soul*."

Well; let the reader here observe how this arm not of flesh but of sand, though still doggedly clutching its preconceptions, crumbles away at each touch of our friend's inexorable logic: there is not a sinew which can resist the push of a straw. It begins the fray indeed, like friar Tuck, with a sweep of its quarter-staff; or like a Goliath, it defies the armies of the living God; but driven at once to the defensive, it has to back and back, till at last, under this last fearful thrust of having recanted at the eleventh hour, it crouches in a corner, and blubbers for mercy.

Ye Philistine atheists, ye Spartan roisterers, look mid your cups at this mummy.

you know, underground, so on the other I may feel authorised by Him who permits this, to say that you will abide in darkness?

A. True; there's no denying it. If you have one power, you must have the other. Alas how I am to be pitied. What would you have me do?

Q. Seek God. He is everywhere. Seek too to understand Him; you'll then love Him. That is everything.

A. I don't understand you. However I feel that you are the stronger.— But I see that you have had enough of my talk, for I feel that you are leaving me. Now tell me who you are: I'm very anxious to know.

Q. When you have succeeded in getting out of your darkness, you will find out, but not before this*. I will now leave you, and will pray for you.

A. I don't wish it; it's of no use.

Q. For all that you say, I have my doubts whether you are really Doctor.....

A. I am he: I swear it; if you doubt me, I will sign.

(Here follows his signature.)

Nº 15,—*January 2 1860.*—THE SAME, TWO DAYS LATER.

Q. On the 31st ult. I had a remarkable interview with the Spirit of Doctor... I take an interest in him, and would again speak with him if God permits.

A. I don't believe in God; I said so the other day. I do not however question your power to converse with me at your pleasure; but I don't know who you are.

Q. I am deeply concerned to hear a man like you, deny

* Excellent tact again. The introduction of personality would have weakened the effect which the learned counsellor wished to produce. It was not advisable that the pupil, when pondering over the lesson that was set him, should be able to say; Oh, after all, it only comes from a poor tradesman; what can he know about the matter?

God, particularly in the face of such a phenomenon as is now occurring. At all events, let me have your reasons for doing so, for after all you must have some.

A. I cannot tell them, for I feel that you impose your will upon me, and I will not bow to it. I will hold my peace.

Q. Poor excuse. You ought always to seek for light, as you did in your lifetime. Why not do so now, when you need it much more?

A. I will parley no more with you; you make me suffer too much. Who are you; and what do you want with me?

I can't make out why you so torment me.

Q. I have already said what I wanted you for; and I see with sorrow that you reject all succour amid your tribulation. You said that you were wretched at feeling yourself buried; and I might perhaps have been competent, with God's help, to extricate you.

A. What would you have me say? Why keep on worrying me in this manner? So please to hold your tongue upon the subject.

Q. No, no; a hundred times no. You are an impostor: Doctor... would not talk so. Now confess that you are tricking me.

A. I don't know you, so leave me alone; I'm tired of your suspicions. I told you who I was.

Q. If so then, all I can say is, may God have pity on you. Your pride will needs have to give way, and you will groan the more for having spurned the light. Pity for you? I repeat.

A. I don't know what you are doing to me, but you make me suffer fearfully. I feel as if I was in a furnace. Have done with this trifling; if not, slay me outright, for I can bear it no longer.

Q. Since you are in pain, I will not keep you longer; go. How I pity you.

To expect any one to abjure at five minutes' notice the settled convictions of a whole life, is manifestly out of the

question even in this life, and still more so in the Spirit-world where the tree lies where it falls, or where the roots and branches once gnarled, and set in distortion, can only be made straight again by processes much more protracted and laborious than those which directed their outgrowth.

Neither then did our experienced practitioner expect to wrench back the deformed limbs of this poor patient by any sudden jerk; the more so as this latter's pertinacity in unbelief proceeded more from pride and wilfulness than from ignorance. The most then that he could do was to put his case plainly before him, and so leave him to meditate at leisure during the long and weary hours of darkness into which he had brought himself.

We must be allowed a few words here upon these relative growths of mind in the two worlds. There are many among us who, when they feel that they are wasting their precious moments in this life, may be thinking that they can make up their lee-way in the next, a morrow when, as says the Apostle, no man can work. The sooner then that these procrastinators are disabused the better.

It is certain then that mental progress in the spheres is, as compared with what can be done on earth in the way of personal improvement in the same time, excessively slow. A year's rolling upon the shingles of our shores seems to do more in rubbing away our angularities than does a quarter of a century in these calmer waters. While resting from their labours, our Spirit-friends seem—according to our ideas—to wax very slack as to their own culture, and that too when they are beset with the same infirmities as during their flesh-days.—A fact by the way which utterly refutes the dogma of vicarious imputation, as it is generally understood.—Or else it may be that no elbowings and jostlings, no race-runnings are permitted in their well ordered assemblies; for when the kaleidoscope is shaken, all the atoms must move together, so that each little individual tile in these social mosaics must needs keep

its place, lest the general harmony of co-arrangement be disturbed. In this way then few cubits are added to the stature, and he who comes in as a dwarf is likely to remain so for many a long day.

Well do we remember our first interview with one who, being a member of the *spiritual* heaven, we may hardly designate as a *Spirit* but as an *Angel*.— We adopt the title then taught us.—

We had at that time been but lately initiated into the mysteries of pencildom, and having been somewhat wearied and depressed by the mediocrity of the evocations around us—such for instance as those which form the staple of the present collection—we lost no time in sharpening the point of our magic lead in order to soar somewhat higher; and to this effect we selected some of our former Christian friends and teachers whom we—being pigmies at the time—had been wont to look up to as giants, and that some five and twenty years before.

To say the truth, we felt not a little nervous ere we wrote their formidable names at the head of our diary. We took a long draught of breath into our lungs, expecting that such would be largely drawn upon, for visions of “white and shining raiment” were before us; or we thought of Manoah; and of the Sheban Queen syncopated in Solomon’s presence. At the least, thought we, there will be a long train of invisible camels laden with spices, gold, and precious stones encamping around us, like Elisha’s chariots and horses of fire: and as for the Angel himself, he will be fresh-perfumed from the Almug-groves of Araby the blest.

Well then, they came, even their very, yes, *too* very selves, and we *did* lose our breath; we did attain to the Virgilian obstupefaction; but all this was not from a *plus* amount of amazement, but from a *minus*, a vacuum not a plenum. In a word, there stood our dear old friends and schoolmasters as sterling as ever in their good qualities, and as rough-cast in their bad: there stood too the same finger pointing

statue-like to the same letter in the alphabet, and bidding us resume our spelling, our first bible-lispings. « *Iterare cursus cogor relictos.* » Alas for us, alas for them :—

“ Qualls adest, quantum immutatus.”

“ On est gros Jean tout comme devant.”—

Oh for this straight-haired, downright common-sense; how can it be so boorish as to come with its carpenter's rule in hand, and—to use a French saying—like a dog among the ninepins, flooring—and that while wagging its tail, the brute—eighteen centuries of fond chimeras; all those sparkling, poetical conceits of going to instant glory, of being swallowed up in bliss, of seraphic raptures, hallelujah-singings, and similar hyperbolisms wherewith sportive enthusiasm has gilded the plain, simple, and therefore more beautiful promises of Scripture.

Poor Alcénazar, look at all this broken crockery. Poor Pérette, look at this waste of frothing milk; all caused by one tip of a Spirit's foot :—

“ Pérette, là-dessus saute aussi, transportée,
Le lait tombe. Adieu veau, vache, cochon, couvée.”

Don't cry Alcénazar; don't cry Pérette; don't cry Johnny, learn your lesson like a good boy, and you shall go to the play for all that.

Nº 16. — December 9, 1859. — ANOTHER SUICIDIST.

Q. On the 30th of October, a commercial traveller named, whom I had known at — hanged himself at—; I pray God to permit me to converse with this Spirit.

A. I see that though dead, I can't have any peace.

Q. I don't know why you should answer in this way, if you are really . . . the traveller.

A. I am he, and I know not why you should doubt it: It was I who hanged myself from fear of going blind.

Q. But you told me that you were cured of your ophthal-

mia ; and I can only attribute your rash act to a fit of fever.

A. I don't know who you are ; so tell me. How too is it that the dead can speak to you ?

Q. Where are you then that you can't see, and why do you doubt about my speaking to you ?

A. I don't know where I am, I only know that I'm anything but well. True I was not much of a Christian, I did not believe in it. Yet I believe that there is a God. But who are you ?

Q. If you believed in God, how could you do such an awful thing as to destroy yourself ?

A. I have just told you ; and perhaps, as you say, I was beside myself.

But why don't you say who you are ; if you don't, I will answer no more questions. I don't know how it is, but my life seems going away a second time. *

Q. Well I'll tell you, if that will make you easy : I am whom you knew at—and I am a medium, that is to say that by study, I have acquired the faculty of communing with the dead.

A. I recollect you. Well, you ought to be very happy to enjoy this privilege. How pleasant it ought to be to talk with us about what is going on in our parts. However as

* It is not easy to explain this sensation. We should argue that it was caused by a feeling of annoyance on the part of the learned counsel at being so pressed to state who he was. The emotions of Spirits are so hair-strung that the slightest shade of pleasure or displeasure affects them.

The ejection of the Legion from the obsessed Gergesene was effected in this manner. The Lord needed but to let His love go out to this poor maniac, and the torment of this heat was too great for the carnal crew within him. The same thing too would occur at the present day, if the Lord were suddenly to shine forth in His untempered Love over the earth ; the Legion indeed must needs depart, but at least nine tenths of mankind would be stricken to the earth, like—to use the expression of a great master in Israel — “ *Sprawling infants.* ” “ Who shall stand when he appeareth ? ”

for me, I can tell you no more than that I was buried, and after that all was darkness. Even now I have no idea how I am talking with you.

Q. You said just now that you felt as if dying over again; then you must have suffered a good deal. I have heard it said that hanging was an easy death.

A. Well somehow I seem to have forgotten that I did hang myself. I can recollect being in great pain; and when they came to remove me, I suffered much, for I wanted to speak but could not. It was ten times worse when they put me into the coffin; I was then in a state of utter desperation, and struggled with all my might to get out; but it was of no use, I was dead. And now I feel the worms at work upon my body, for I am a wretched suicidist; God, I suppose, gives me this as my punishment.

Q. If you will listen to me, I will tell you what to do to mitigate your sufferings.

A. I don't think you would harm me, and I will listen with pleasure.

Q. My good, you said just now that you believed in God; well, my friend, you must get into the habit of praying to Him, and that always. Believe me, you will not be long in finding out that He loves you as well as His other children, and that what you are suffering comes from yourself alone, and not from Him. Then hope will come to your help, and will give you sufficient resignation to await the termination of your ills.

A. I am no atheist, and I believe in God; but tell me who shews you all this? Who too gives you the power to make me understand it. And if you are really why don't you be a priest, for then you would be much more useful than those who do nothing but teach us trash (balivernes).

Yes, I believe you, and I feel it. You have done me good.

O my God, how I repent of having been so cowardly, and how richly I deserve my punishment; and I pray thee to give me the means to atone for my sin. —

Well I now feel less angry with myself; it seems to have relieved me. You must make me come again, and you must always talk to me of God, for I feel sure that you must know Him well, for Him to let you do me so much good.

Q. That's right, my good fellow, take heart; I too will pray for you to night.

A. Thank you; how kind of you. Who are you then? You seem to have taken the bandage off my eyes.

Q. So much the better; I now begin to hope that your faith will save you.

A. I hardly dare to believe you. However I believe that you have great power; and I never should have thought it. That's what it is to have idled away one's time. Oh if I had but known. But now it's too late. *

* Yes, that's just it. The old story; we're tired of hearing this cuckoo note, too late, too late. Always shutting the cage-door when the bird's flown. "Sermons and soda-water the day after." Said we not just now how fatal these procrastinations were?

How every one of these unavailing regrets gives force to those fine old maxims of Make hay while the sun shines; — Strike while the iron's hot; — Take the ball at the bound; — A stitch in time saves nine; — The early bird gets the worm; — Take time by the forelock; — Procrastination's the thief of time; — *Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero*; &c.

We know a man who, after taking nearly thirty years to sow his wild oats, has been sowing something better for now nearly as long a time afterwards. In other words, the Lord had mercy upon him, and converted him from his life of folly.

Now when this man grew warm in his harness, he shook off his blinkers, so as to see with his own eyes instead of those of others. Upon this he gave over going to Church and Chapel, and adopted what we will call the "two or three" form of worship, this being the simplest of all such systems, and one expressly laid down by the Lord Himself.

Having then met with one or two brethren who were like-minded, and equally bent upon business, he assembled with them in this way nightly for about three years; the greater part of these meetings being spent in turning over the leaves of the Bible, and with the help of the marginal references, collating its texts.

Here then is an example of the above "rising up early" which is within reach of every one, and which can never fail

Q. Now I will leave you to meditate upon yourself; and be sure that I rejoice to be able to pray for you.

A. Thank you. Every time you speak, you do me good, and I am sorry to part from you.

No 17. — October 15, 1859. — A JEW.

Q. Spirit of ... formerly a dealer in stores at this place, are you permitted to come and commune with me?

A. I don't know who calls me; but it must be a good man, for I feel all the better for being here. *

Q. Are you the Spirit named?

of its blessing as coming under the special designation of the Lord Himself. In proof of this, the person here alluded to never ceases rejoicing in what he calls his thousand and one nights' readings for he has felt thoroughly grounded in scripture-wisdom ever since.

The moral inculcated by this little homely experience may be thus paraphrased, *Put a pear into your pocket for when your mouth is parched; a penny for a wet day.*

* The character or idiosyncrasy of a Spirit may nearly always be ascertained from his opening words. Thus in the samples here recorded we have seen some entering the witness-box with reluctance, and grumbling at being subpoenaed, for they were out of sorts with themselves, and therefore with everyone else. Here on the contrary, we have a light heart who comes tripping in with a smile on his face, glad to find a listener, and to declare the good things which God had done for his soul.

Herein too we have the Ithuriel's spear which detects imposture, for no unhappy Spirits can exhibit this cheerfulness of a mind at peace; their laughter is like the strident hiccups of a clown at Astley's: add to this that they are bad actors; so much so that most of their efforts to impersonate others have suggested to us a coalheaver playing the part of Juliet. One Spirit, as a dodge to effect a footing in our home-circle, pompously announced herself to be a Jewess who had lived at Bethany some three or four centuries since! Pressed for her autobiography, she wrote out a very clever romance of some dozen pages, and all went smoothly enough till she said that

A. I am he who bore that name, though I have little reason to mourn after it, seeing how much tribulation I went through under it.

Q. How did that happen ?

A. Because I was wretched, and well nigh died of want. You are, I perceive, a good man, so I will tell you all about it. You may learn a thing or two from my experience.

I was a tradesman, and was, as you know in religion a Jew. And so too, I am very happy, for we Jews, you know, are in favour with God ; for although we have not acknowledged Jesus Christ, God forgives us this: He knows that it is our conviction.

Perhaps too, you are aware that in consequence of some family-losses, added to that of my daughter, I failed. Well, from that time, whether physically or morally, I was always going down hill, and I may almost say that I ended by dying on the floor.—So much for my life ; not forgetting that my son took to the stage and started off God knows where.

she was wont to go daily to the Temple at Jerusalem to pray. *Temple !* cried out one of us, why there is none.—There was a general roar, and the poor unmasked heroine, in much confusion confessed to her cheat, begging hard for forgiveness, and urging how attached she was to us all. After a few days of neglect, by way of punishment, and a severe lecture, she was pardoned; and she subsequently became one of our most devoted and useful friends, ever ready to perform any little service in her power, such as teaching some of us to write by guiding the hand, telling who were the Spirits present, and even suggesting some excellent advice when we were ailing. In return we entered upon a course of bible-readings with her, though here she shewed herself a much duller adept than she had been as a novelist; for when reading the sermon on the Mount, she would take as many minutes to do it as there were verses. She ultimately declared herself to have been born at Windsor about the beginning of the present century; and to have died at Boulogne some four or five years ago. Her *nom d'Esprit* was Edith; for she held back her real name.

Q. I knew most of this. Well but surely God must have indemnified you for all your sufferings.

A. Yes ; — I am happy, as I told you ; and I am so because I always trusted in Him. If you knew what the Jews do, you would know that we never pass a day without praying ; and as I never failed I have my reward.

Q. A moment ago you alluded to Jesus Christ, and from the way you expressed yourself, it seemed to me that you acknowledged that He really came upon earth.

A. I am a Jew, but I am no heathen, therefore I believe in God, and you believe in Christ.

Q. Yes ; but answer me ; has Christ existed ?

A. I don't know ; perhaps it is so. But still, believe me ; you are in error when you worship any man to whom you give the attributes of God.

Q. What makes you say this, and upon what do you found your opinion?

A. I say so because I am a Jew, and am happy ; and that too without having confessed Christ. You know that we never go to the Churches, and we hold in horror the ceremonies which are performed there.

Q. I know it. Well what you tell me proves that God is the Father of all men, whatever be their religion or nation, and that He prefers those who are the best and the most enlightened. Upon these grounds then it strikes me that without rejecting others he gives the preference to *real Christians*.

A. I don't know ; it may be so ; but real Christians, as you say, are much more scarce than real Jews, or real followers of any other religion. Why I know not.

Q. It is because Christianity being the sublimest of all moral verities, it is only given to a few to comprehend its exceeding beauty*. Perhaps I'm in error, but such is my belief.

* Our good friend, like nineteen out of every twenty of his countrymen has had the bible kept from him during his youth :

A. You are a good man, I know, and you are also very enlightened, therefore you must be right. But for my part, I am happy, and I don't worry myself any more about others: this may be somewhat selfish, but then I have gone through so much that I need a little relaxation in order to recruit my strength.

I for a moment took you for a bad man, but I perceived directly that I might converse with you *, and this surprised

neither were his subsequent readings of Fourier, who is one of the most antisciptural writers of the day, calculated to guide him truthward. It is therefore so much the more to his credit if in spite of these privations and misguidings, he arrives at any bible-truth. What he here says is a paraphrase of the Lord's words "There are many called, but few chosen."

Our hebrew friend in this dialogue takes exception to this; hereby shewing us that he too knew as little of his bible as the other, for his own nation, as *representing* a Church of God, is there said to be the "*fewest* of all people."

The Universe being a system centralized in one God, it follows that every part of it lies under the same law; consequently those whom the learned counsel calls real Christians will always be the fewest among mankind; the quantity, like the cone of a pyramid, will always taper to a point, or in other words, as the quality increases so will the quantity decrease. Hence too it was, we believe, that the Lord alluded to *two or three* as the highest ideal of a Christian assembly; one coming the closest to *simplicity*.

* We are here reminded of those precedences or grades to which allusion was made some pages back. A Spirit could no more derogate by mixing with those beneath him, except when performing some labour of love, than he could thrust himself upon his superiors.

An instance of this occurred lately in our own household, one too which gave us no little pain at the time. About two years ago we lost a female friend who for a long period had been on terms of the closest intimacy with those of our home-circle; a person of much moral worth but certainly not religious. Well, as might be expected, we eagerly resorted to those communions which have now so beautifully bridged over these aching separations, and our hand was as warmly grasped on her part.

In this way then from time to time we received reports of her

me beyond measure. I had no conception of this when I was upon your earth.

Q. It is a new discovery for us, though the ancients practised it, and if you refer to the hebrew bible, you will find many passages which prove it.

A. Don't talk to me about that book : I have quite forgotten it, and it cannot teach me anything. Why you must be a Jew then that you allude to it.

Q. No : I don't profess any religion as such is practised here, though I do not consider myself the less religious because of that.

A. So I think too; for no one can have your knowledge of God without being religious, I know too what I am talking about, for we good Spirits can always discern what a man is by his fluid, and so too can the bad, and that to their cost, for they suffer from it.

Q. I was not unacquainted with this, though I like to hear you say so.

Well it affords me great pleasure to hear that you are happy. You seem to be a good man, and I know that you have passed through much tribulation.

A. I am one who has been much tried, but now I'm indemnified, and those who have had a hand in injuring me will sorrow for it when they come into our world.

I have now talked enough with you, and I thank you for progressings, accompanied alas, with the usual regrets at having mispent her time on earth.

After a year or so, we all remarked a sensible change in her manner of addressing us : she became reserved, and formal even to no longer using our Christian names. This then at last so distressed us all, that we took her to task and asked the reason. "I have now," said she, "learnt to recognise you all as my superiors, and I may no longer address you as equals." Of course we expostulated, pleading that no such punctilios existed among us; nothing however availed to bring her back to her old footing, and the painful result was that we had no heart to meet our old friend on such terms, and so lost sight of her.

having thought of me; it does me good. Alas how my son will be punished, and how he will rue the sorrow he has caused me owing to his laziness and vanity,

Q. I am sorry for it too; as he seeks so he will find. Au revoir, and God bless you.

A. I am blessed, but never too much.

N° 18. — *October 7, 1859.* — SWEDENBORG.

Q. I know not whether I may be permitted to ask for the immortal Swedenborg; It would afford me the liveliest satisfaction if this Spirit would come and converse with me for a moment.

A. I am not so great as you think, for you take me to be a transcendent genius. What then do you think of *yourself*?

Q. Oh if you ask my opinion of myself, I must say that I look upon myself as such a cipher, that I doubt whether I shall be ever worth anything.

A. I don't quite agree with you, but of course you will have it so, and you would not be contradicted for the world,

(The "cipher" is here called away.)

Q. That's what it is to be in my situation; no sooner do I invite you, good Swedenborg, but I am interrupted. How can I now hope that you will come again; I hardly dare.

A. You err, I am not gone, for I love you, and you have every right to speak with me.

Q. I have read some little of your works, but barely enough to fully judge you; still I could make out that you were an eminently pious man; and that you had at heart the welfare of all men; am I not right?

A. Yes, you say true: but you do not tell me if I judged rightly.

Q. I can hardly take this upon myself. I feel convinced:

that a Spirit of your order must be well competent to judge, and that without any after-thought, whether he has come to sound conclusions.

A. Well you compel me to say that I was right in some things, but not so in others. However my motives were always good, so that I am happy.

If you knew more about me, I should feel happy in answering your questions; however there is no great need for it.

Q. You are right: neither is it for this purpose that I have called for you, but simply to form a connexion (rapport) with you.

I have a friend here with whom I usually meet on Sundays, and we frequently discourse about you; for he holds your works in great estimation. Do you happen to know him?

A. I know all those who love me, and I love them in my turn. How should it be otherwise? I must needs be with them if they are with me. *

* This axiom laid down with the authority of a great teacher, shews us with whom we have to do, for if ever man understood these heavenly laws it was Swedenborg. Here he states that it suffices to *think*, much more to *converse* concerning any one in the Spirit-world in order to ensure his presence. The magnetic attraction of sympathy brings the parties together. This explains how the Lord is in the midst of two or three assembled in *His name*; and how, when the two disciples at Emmaus were communing concerning Jesus of Nazareth, this the object of their thought "drew near."

We have always considered that the Lord's birth from the natural Mary, and his resurrection through the spiritual Mary (the converted Magdalene) were due to this same law of attraction.

By faith the first *from heaven* gave Him birth,

By faith the second raised him up *from earth*.

While collating the work of these two Marys,—and according to this view a *third* Mary as the celestial, is yet to come, of whom hereafter—at the same time then we ought to call attention to the respective offices of the two Josephs; the first provides the Lord with a *virgin womb*, the second—a "just man" like his predecessor—supplies a sepulchre "*wherein never man before was laid*."

Of course many may here see trivial coincidences, but others may detect more.

I had an idea that you wanted to consult me, and I was going to say that you would do well *not* to read my works, for to do this with profit there ought to be beforehand a certain turn of mind, and a stamp of ideas which do not belong to you. Not, mind you, that I mean to say that you could not understand me, far from it, but your character is little given to mysticism, you go straight to the mark (au but) so that parables would not suit you. Plain language is best for such as you, though not for others, such for instance as for those who have made the study of the Bible the pleasantest pursuit of their lives. These cannot but read me with profit, and I did them good service in explaining this as well as I could. As for others; then, they have no need to dwell upon these writings for they are not adapted to them.

That is my opinion as to you; and you, like all good men, will be happy, although having believed differently: for if you did but know how good God is, you would feel quite assured of your happiness.

I know a good deal of your friend; he is a believer, and God looks upon him with favor. Be always a fellow-student with him, and unite with him in inquiring into all the truths which may be submitted to your notice. You have, I think, been well advised in becoming his friend, and he cannot but help you to progress. I have been often present during your conversations, and I have perceived that though differing as to the way, you had both the same object which was the happiness of all through the love of God, and of the neighbour. Every road leads to this when pursued with your perseverance.

This then my friend, is what I have to say. I will now take my leave, and I will beg of you, when you next see your friend, to tell him that I love him, and follow him with interest.

Q. Thanks, a thousand thanks. I will not forget your advice; and I accept it with gratitude.

A. Good. Now au revoir to both.

This exhortation of the "immortal" Seer will provoke two opposite judgments.

The natural reader, viewing it from his own standpoint of godly morality, and ignorant of any higher rule of life, will cordially applaud it as a sound, practical and appropriate piece of common sense, a lesson which cannot fail of profiting the pupil.

On the other hand, the spiritual critic, standing upon his high vantage-ground of Christian ethics, will as surely condemn it as a dangerous, insidious, baneful counsel, one tending to drug and paralyze the aspirations of the natural mind by making it contented with its inferior standing. Bible in hand, the uncompromising evangelist will point to the ensample of the Centurion Cornelius, a man, he will say, who is a striking portrait of our good friend the learned counsel; and who, amid all his devotion, God-fearing, alms giving and praying, fell short of salvation, and accordingly, as being one who had found favour with God, was referred to Peter in order that he might hear "words whereby he might be saved." This Apostle, he will add, preached *Christ* to him, and from that moment, instead of being one of "those who are without," he entered within the precincts of spiritual Christianity, worshipping the Lord instead of God, or rather God *in Christ*.

This then, he will exclaim, was the gospel preached in those days, and which, he will ask, was right, this teaching, or that of the Spirit Swedenborg?

Now inasmuch as we cannot leave these conflicting judgments drawn up in battle-array in that state of antagonism which has existed, and we fear will exist so long as the distinctions of natural and spiritual come between mankind; if then we are permitted to stand as arbitrators between these ranks, or if we are required to give a categorical answer

or no on either side, we must vote for the *Christian* amendment.

Meantime, before the heretical Spirit is brought to the bar of the House, to be committed to the Tower, and afterwards burnt at Smithfield, we must be allowed to take an exception to narrowing the indictment to this single issue. Let us rather state the full grounds upon which we think he acted.

An eye so practised as that of this great preceptor must have read his pupil's idiosyncrasy at a glance; this insight is one of the Spirits' prerogatives over men's, every mind below them is an open book. Here then it must be assumed that he found no raw stuff which could be worked up into a spiritual fabric, he must have seen that the juices of the wild sapling were as yet too rank for a heavenly graft to feed upon, consequently rather than disfigure the comely, luxuriant stock by lopping it down into a headless trunk, in order to perform a useless experiment, he limited himself to a few trimmings and shapings with a view to its outward symmetry, leaving it — at all events for the present—to grace the goodly site which it occupies in the outer gardens of God. For ought we know, the transplantation of our good friend may not occur till after his removal into the Spirit-world. * A fact upon which we

* This posthumous regeneration in the Spirit-world is necessarily ignored in the gospel-message; these preachings cannot be yea and nay, and can only say, *Now* is the accepted time; more than this, they can only denounce the sternest condemnation against those who turn a deaf ear to their command to repent. It is no business of the judge if, after he has passed sentence of death upon the transgressor, a merciful sovereign is pleased to relieve him.

We have already shewn how the moral stagnation which obtains in the Spirit-world affects the *spiritual*, regenerated Christian; let us now, in connexion with the case before us, take a sample of this from the *natural* world, selecting for this purpose one of the greatest minds of the Christian era; we mean Lord Bacon.

ourselves may not speculate, but one which the more far-seeing eye of such a Spirit as Swedenborg may be competent to predict.

The Spirit-teachings differ radically from those of men; their ways are not as our ways. Thus they seem so preoccupied and engrossed with the paramountcy of *Love*, as to have hardly a thought left for *doctrine*; a procedure which may be well set down as the inversion of that adopted among ourselves. More than this, their whole moral habit is altogether different from our own, so much so that they cannot strike the same note as our harmonism, and can only chime in by accords. Consequently inasmuch as the two instruments are sorely out of tune—in the almost total absence of practice together during many centuries,—the jarrings between these thirds and fifths is often like a duet between the bagpipes and the hurdy-gurdy. In this way while, as far as our own experience goes, we cannot but

It was this illustrious Philosopher, in conjunction with Swedenborg, who undertook the direction of what we may call a model circle which in the early days of American Spiritism was most effectively conducted by Judge Edmonds and a few kindred minds; to whom too be all honour given for their noble labour of love persevered in with undaunted resolution amid no ordinary difficulties.

It might then naturally have been supposed that a gigantic intellect like that of the Chancellor of James the first, would have so refreshed itself during nearly three centuries, as to have now attained to the most colossal proportions. So far then from this being the case—if we are to trust the records of this society—the gross and scope of his mental horizon fall far short of the average intellectual range of the present day. In short,—and the same remark applies to all these worldly geniuses—he is in very truth the *ghost* of his former self. It would appear indeed that the Spirit-country is inhospitable to these transcendent natures, new careers of thought seem to present themselves, a groove unfitted for their chariot-wheels, so that their occupation is gone, and they relapse into mediocrity. The plant withers in the transplanting. At all events, whatever be the cause, such is now.

“The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind.”

gratefully recognise the uniform desire to oblige which we have met with at the hands of our Spirit friends, their *manner of love* has been of that impersonal, general and conventional character which has rather checked than drawn out the genial currents of the soul. Of course it is not for us to know what *private* affection the Spirits may feel for each other, but to us they have always appeared.

“To love by method, and adore by rule.” *

* A Spirit has not the same natural mind that he had when in the body, or rather he only retains that portion of it which with us comes into action during our sleeping hours, and which is discredited off from the waking mind, as having no part in the world of sense.

Any one who pays attention to his thoughts when he is upon the confines of dreamland, and dropping asleep, will be able to discern between these two alternating states. For instance, when the first ideal visions or dreamings make their appearance, if he attempts to bring his natural or sense-mind to bear upon them, they instantly vanish, for this mind has no business within this inner precinct, and must stay outside. Much more therefore is this last shut off when this sleep is protracted into what is called death, and when the above ideal visions become realities to the disembodied Spirit.

This then will account for the absence, as noticed above, of natural affection in the Spirits. It will also explain why when our dear ones are taken from us, and we are breaking our hearts at their loss, these on their part can afford to be unmoved, placid and even cheerful, feeling indeed *for* us but not *with* us. This apparent stoicism used to be a distressing enigma to us till we came to consider that Spirits had not flesh and bones, and to this extent could no longer be of like passions with ourselves.

If too such be the mental metamorphosis of a *Spirit*, how much greater will be that of one who upon putting off his carnal frame enters at once into a glorified body: for not a vestige of the old organism will be retained in the new; not one stone of this old temple will remain upon another. This type of humanity with all its animal propensities was virtually condemned when in the person of the Lord it was hung upon a tree and accursed.

To shew that the sleeping mind is identical with the Spirit-mind, we may mention that ere this we have evoked the learned counsel *during his sleep*, and he has come to us in

Spiritism in short, when it is scanned by the grosse eye and perhaps heart of us humans, is a puzzle, a Sphinx, a foundling-child of mystery, a protean shifting circle which no Newton will ever square, for it will not be worked by a \div b. Directly the algebraist brings it out into a camel, it jumps into a weasel, and when he thinks that he has caught it by the tail, it leaps into a whale. The wild, coy, colt will not stand still to have its teeth gauged; nay he can't be got at; directly we take our lasso, and go into the desert after him—meaning to catch, break, and put good decent shoes upon his feet, such as befit our Macadam'd causeways—well, when our coil is on the swing, up go his heels flinging a bushel of dust in our eyes, and off he goes rump up, head down. Or if haltered at last, and taken to Mr. Rarey, it's to no purpose; he'd just as soon be strapped up, and go upon three legs as upon four. Nay for a matter oi that, he'd walk or hop upon two, and then neigh out, Ain't I like a man and a sparrow? *

In the early days of primitive purity while the virgin gold of affection and innocence still retained its lustre, these communions were of a heavenly and even a divine ** cha-

the same way as a disembodied Spirit. We need not add that on waking, his natural mind knew nothing at all about the matter. — By the way we fear we are here teaching a dodge how to cheat the post-office and the telegraph. However these incarnate Spirits are very wary, and not given to tell tales out of school.

* Those who are given to measure Spiritism with a human foot-rule put us in mind of a certain sense of the Commons; for we cannot call it common sense, which is always insisting upon chopping the Chinese block with the razor of European etiquette and conventionality. We can imagine the unextinguishable hilarity which these white kid-gloves, black silk-stockings and red tape must create among the blessed long-tailed Olympians at Peking. Is not this like the horse's head tacked to a human neck?

** A perfected or glorified man would enjoy the privilege of communing at all times directly with the Lord. This was the

racter. These halcyon days however were not destined to last; this blue of heaven gathered blackness, and the bright Angel fled the ungenial clime. Since then, however low mankind may have fallen from this high attainment of his celestial ancestors, this commerce with the invisible world must always have existed in some shape or other, the only difference being that at some periods it has been more rigorously watched over than at others. Thus to come at once to our own era, if during the midnight-hours of this spiritual day, Spirit-communion was all but suspended, it was because the Spirits who would have ruled at such a time would have preponderated on the side of evil. For the same reason too, if at the present hour of day-break we see these prohibitions removed, it is because the scales have turned in favor of good spiritism.

This resumption of free trade is, as every one will see, a cheering sign of the times; and though of course this newly inaugurated traffic has all the rough chaotic confusion of a half-organized trade, the friends of progress may satisfy themselves that in the nature of things, like the chick in the shell, it cannot but assume shape and extension as it proceeds, and that too until it becomes the intellectual emporium of the whole world.

While dotting out this little map of the Spirit-country, we may not lay down our bit of chalk without tracing a broad Jordan which separates the Syria from the Canaan, the more so as in most charts of this kind this line intersecting man's rational and spiritual parts is, marked by a hair-line, if by any at all.

In its present phase, as an engine of conversion, this case with the Adam-man who was of a celestial order.

The spiritual man of the present day, who is of an order inferior to this, has not such an immediate access to the Lord as this. His *thoughts* only are impressed by the Lord, or this latter by means of His Spirit "guides him." Spirit leads spirit. In a higher or less mediate state Mind leads mind.

Spirit-machine has done little more than turn over the subsoils of society. These missionaries have performed right good service for the atheist, the materialist and the naturist, bringing them out from their graves — as seen in these dialogues — into the broad light of day. All honour then to them for this their labour of love. Here however their tutelage ends. We are quoting the words of these emissaries themselves—and those from a source above all suspicion—when we write that “*Higher minds require it not.*” The spiritual and even the advanced natural Christian is thoroughly furnished *for his salvation* with the Word and Spirit of God, a Word which can never pass away, for it has no date in time, and a Spirit which will abide with them to eternity. To these then Spiritism can be nothing but a nullity, an expletive, more than this a treacherous reed which, leant upon for such a purpose, will snap and pierce the hand. To consult these oracles for this object is idolatry and Endorism.

Once however on the Syrian or intellectual side of Jordan, still more when descending into the Egypt-plains of science, or as a philosophy, a public lecturer, a school (aye and let our present schoolsmen look to themselves) a revealer of arcana in all the departments not only of nature but of spirit, in short as a mental exercitation no matter upon what, it is impossible to overrate pneumatology. If like a goodly steed, its head is kept straight, and never permitted to swerve from the posts, ropes and stakes laid down by holy Writ, it will carry its rider like the wind, distancing all those who are too strait-laced, superb, inane or indolent to give heed to it. If adopted in this sense, Spiritism, so far from offering any violence to the Bible, is a powerful lens or microscope which, held over its texts, will bring out a volume, a detail, and a finish, which no naked eye of man will ever detect.

In this way the difference between the spiritist Christian and the non-spiritist, may be well illustrated by that which

exists between the travelled, and the untravelled mind ; between one who has rounded the globe, and another who has never moved from beneath the shadow of his parish-steeple. Both of these may be the Lord's own people, both chosen vessels of spiritual * salvation, but beyond this what a difference there will be in the length of their mind-cords. The denizen of the hamlet will at best pass his life in possession of one fixed idea, like the rooster in the adjoining farm, who can never get beyond one gamut of three notes ; or rather, like the yew-tree in the church-yard, he will have been warped into the contour of the overshadowing belfry, so that his hard-set joints will never be able to emerge from that prim, trim and slim form of creedism into which his earthly parents ushered him ; such being of course the only true Church of Christ, the only party upon the earth which can be saved.

While then this sparrow is chirping in its orchard, ignorant of any world beyond, the pupil of the Spirit-Gamaliels will be " riding upon the high places of the earth " and daily spreading out his horizon far beyond the little planet at his feet, till at length he shakes out his pinions from the summit of his Chimborazo, " mounting up like an eagle ", and soaring majestically through the expanse of the Universe.

Not to be thought to indulge in idle unmeaning euphemism and hyperbole, we will look no farther, in order to

* Some readers will object to this prefix of *spiritual*, asserting that there can be but one salvation. True, as we have stated overleaf, the gospel can only recognise this one ; but if we analyze the human system, dividing it into its three degrees of natural, spiritual and celestial, each of these must claim its own peculiar salvation. If there was now such a one as a celestial man upon the earth, he would consider the spiritual man below him just as unsaved as this latter does the natural : and a perfected man who to these three degrees added a glorified body, would look down upon all three as unsaved *bodily*. The Bible should be read in its fullest sense, not in a partial one.

justify these high-sounding phrases, than the simple dialogues which are now under the eyes of the reader, Though then these voices date for the most part from a very humble elevation in the Spirit-world, we think we can confidently appeal to the candid reader whether page for page they have not suggested more matter for thought than any equal amount of instruction that he has ever received from any other source; the more so as any reflecting mind by casting up these several experiences, must needs have discovered more or less what is its own latitude and longitude in this said world.

Deeply then, intensely important as are these faithful, truthful, living records of Spirit-life, we are yet justified in doubting whether there is one single non-spiritist pulpit in the world which can, will, or may publish them.

It matters not to here enquire how and why these most precious of truths are thus gagged or turned aside into fables or theoretic conjectures; our present object is simply to shew that our readers, in so far as they have profited from these small grammatical lessons, are already opening the doors of their wicker-cages, and are pluming their wings for some of those aerial flights of which we spake. Let them then continue these studies of Spiritism, reading up to the wisdom of the hour, and they will soon be found soaring aloft far beyond the ken and sight of any system, sect or party of the day.

In conclusion then, inasmuch as the cry of *cui bono* daily goes forth against these Spirit-communications; this is our answer.

Let us now then return to Swedenborg whom we left in the custody of the Sergeant at arms upon a charge of heresy. Let us also hear his defence, for it may be that his wheat is not to be measured by our bushel.

The scholastic system adopted by these invisible pastors and masters would appear — and that, as we have said, under the behests of love — to be mainly based upon that

temporization or expediency which the Apostle Paul at times adopted. In his zeal, as he tells us, to win souls, he was crafty, catching his hearers with guile; and being found all things to all men. Thus at one time he is seen shaving his head in order to be a Jew to the Jews, at another he preaches God or deism to the God-unknowing Athenians, and lastly he knows nothing but Christ crucified among Christians.

This precedent too, we may here remark, has been since turned to fair or rather unfair account by certain fraternities — whom we need not name — who also profess to school humanity; but who, inasmuch as the stakes for which they play, are certainly not human souls, have used this axiom of the end justifying the means as a lever which has moved the world. In their hands this has been an inverted screw, a tortuous machiavelian policy which, under the broad cloak of apostolic precedent, has enabled them to worm and mine their way to any object whatever.

In this way then Spirit-doctrination is plastic, yielding, accommodating to a much greater extent than was ever practised by the wise Gamalielite; nor is this all, but in the wide scope of its latitudinarianism, it is ever ready to lend a hand to a little deism, pantheism, naturism, and such like crafts of the guild of philosophy. Great defects, as every one must admit, but which are inseparable from free commercial intercourse.

This obsequious pliancy is evidently in accordance with those mild deferential observances which obtain in the delicate organism of the spheres; no violence to opinion, no rude contradiction could be here tolerated. Evidently then it must happen that a Spirit-teacher, finding his pupil in error or ignorance upon some eighteen out of twenty subjects, is only able to correct him upon *one at a time*, so inculcating one truth while he is conniving at seventeen falsities.

More than this too, this slow process of line upon line, here

a little there a little, brings with it certain difficulties which it requires some ingenuity to overcome. Let us suppose for instance, that Paterfamilias, that most grumbling of all old gentlemen, has a house over his head—a fact which may be doubted seeing that his hundred and one letters addressed yearly to the papers, are never dated from the same street—let us assume too that having bargained for his gas, he expects every room in his house to be lighted up at once. This then, as our Spirit-luminaries well know, is impossible; what therefore is to be done, seeing that our impatient Governor will not be done himself? Well then, if we rightly overheard a whisper which Swedenborg gave to his under-ushers, it was to this effect, Take one or two farthing-dips into the drawing room; the old gentleman being at his wine, will see a light of some kind through the key-hole and so conclude that all's right. A little error must be winked at, and even deception practised. Toss the dog a bone, to prevent his teeth from falling out.

We can just remember—for it happened in our pinafore-days—when a good brother of ours came into this breathing world. This event, we were told—and great was the laugh against us—put our nose out of joint. How this was we knew not, for upon looking in the glass, it seemed to us much the same as always. Now it struck us—for such was the best logic that we could muster—that if one brat of a brother had ricked our bowsprit, a second might set it straight again. So up we ran to the nursery where old Betty was rocking the little pink Jacob. Nurse, where did the babby come from, and how did it get into the house? Why, my dear, James found it in the parsley-bed, and brought it home in the cabbage-basket. — Without saying a word, we ran down-stairs, took the basket, and for two good hours we were found rummaging every tuft of parsley in the garden, not to mention the box-edgings too. However we had not James's luck, for we found no Jacob the second.

It has sometimes struck us since, though we would not

malign the good old soul, who has been long since dead, that Betty told us a great fib. She might have thought that there was no use in little boys knowing how they were born.

One of the most remarkable instances of this—what shall we call it?—reticence, trimming or hoisting false colours, is to be found in Swedenborg himself, and his case too has the more weight inasmuch as, according to his own shewing in judge Edmonds' excellent work entitled "*Spiritualism* *", it was he, like the queen-bee of the hive, who originated and organized the Spirit-movement, or let us rather say that this illuminated Seer carried on as a Spirit that intercourse with the heavens which he had inaugurated as a man. This great Theologian then, who as the keystone of his doctrine, insisted to such a degree upon the Lord's divinity as to concentrate the united Trinity in His one Person; he then of all others, during the whole of the time that he presided over this circle in America, in order, as we have said, not to offer violence to its peculiar tenets, never once alludes to the *Lord* but invariably to *God*! He set aside the Christian shibboleth in order to adopt that of the deist. **

* How is it that this lanky yankeesm of "*spiritualism*" has been permitted to filter through the English customs? We should as soon have written *spirituousism*, for the adjective in *ous* is not more distinct from spiritism than that in *al*. Or we might have put up with *spiriticism* upon the model of wit, witticism. Meantime grammar and common sense limit us to a simple *ism* appended to the substantive, after the manner of favoritism, despotism, organism, scepticism, &c. We hope the reader will excuse this criticism upon an anomalicallism, as it is an ungrammaticallism, and contrary to common sensualism.

** When asked last September at the Parisian circle anent his great doctrine of correspondences, one to which he devoted the chief labour of his life, the *Arcana celestia*, a work of a dozen volumes which unfolds verse by verse the internal or analogical meaning of all Genesis and Exodus:—Well upon this occasion he sends the whole twelve books flying from their shelf by one word, "*Fiction*."

We can well understand how this accommodating system of the Spirits stumbles those who have not enquired into their mode of action, —

“ Measuring things in Heaven by things on Earth ; ”
and consequently how they have turned away from teachings seemingly so inconsistent, or at all events so opposite to the uncompromising dogmatism which is in fashion among men.

Here then we close our pleadings for the prisoner at the bar, reminding his judges that if they condemn him, old Betty and he must be burnt at the same stake.*—

What a scream of horror will come from our Swedenborgian friends when they read this ; we can hear their cries of impostor, sacrilege, blasphemy &c. Not a bit of it, good people, he only took a leaf from old Betty's book, and sent all the pinafores to the parsley-bed.

* Among the many anomalies ever cropping up in the Babel of the professing world, there is no one which has all along more excited our wonder than the rejection, more than this, the virulent opposition to Spiritism on the part of a certain community professing the doctrines of the archclairvoyant Swedenborg. It was this high priest who in these latter days brought down the fire of Spiritism to the earth ; upon whom then, if not upon his Levites could devolve the mission of trimming, feeding and refining this sacred flame ? To whom if not to a party not only professedly Christian, but assuming to stand in advance and discredited from an old Church, could it belong, if they saw these heavenly gifts resuscitated — but struggling to reach the high pedestal which they occupied not only in the Apostles' times, but in those of the Adam-man — to raise again, Nehemiah-like, these grand walls, giving them their true Christian elevation and symmetry ?

Instead of this, *proh pudor!* they are found running away from them, and foremost among an outer world, pointing with glee and derision at that bilging from the perpendicular which could not but arise when these labours were left to *other* than Christian builders.

They have driven forth their old master to take refuge in the house of the stranger, forcing upon him the painful alternative either of abandoning his mission altogether, or else of erecting his edifice upon principles which he most of all men must

We will now hear the learned counsel examine another mystic, one who may be said to have succeeded the above? causing as great a sensation in her line as he did in his; one too who like him, has at this day a party called by her name.

Nº 19.— November 6 1859.— JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

Q. Spirit of Joanna Southcott who died in 1814, will you come and commune with a friend?

A. I have no knowledge of you, but if you are a religious man, I am with you.

Q. You may not doubt it, and it is as such that I ask for you. Indeed what I am doing ought to convince you of it.

A. I am not so sure of that, for the devil * can put on any shape in order to deceive us.

Q. Perhaps so: but what you call the devil can have no hold upon you where you now are; God would not permit it.

A. I know not that.— But you want me?

Q. Yes: a friend of mine with whom I often converse upon good things, has suggested my questioning you upon those phenomena which marked your last days on the earth. Do you object to giving some explanations?

A. I don't know: you must be very unfeeling to recall my errors; for every thing that I said or did at that time was the work of a heated imagination, and if you are a good Spirit, you will spare me.

know to be erroneous.

" Mine old familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which *did eat of my bread*, hath lifted up his heel against me."

* This is Joanna all over. Her works abound with these allusions to Satan; this being in our eyes their greatest blot. In what we may call the good society of Christian life such low language as *devil*, *demon*, *satan*, and the like could never be uttered. " His name," says one of Milton's Angels, " is heard no more in our heaven."



Q. Be of good cheer ; God cannot punish you for an aberration of fancy ; the motive alone constitutes the guilt in His eyes, and never the ravings which arise from disease or ignorance.

A: I am happy ; and I think I alarm myself without reason ; still it seems so wicked to have wished to be like a Virgin (*voulu ressembler à une Vierge*) that I am in fear of being some day punished.

Q. No ; not for this. — Well but it was said that you exhibited all the symptoms of being enceinte.

A. I know not : I was in a state of exaltation from Bible-reading. Meantime I shall feel much behoven to you, if you can yourself tell me why indeed *was* in this condition.

Q. Well, I for my part, who have the little acquaintance with magnetic effects, should put it down as caused by a strong effort of imagination. Still I should have thought

* Our shrewd friend may have here hit the right nail upon the head as to the psychology of the subject, though we doubt if he sees more than the outside of the millstone ; we will put our glasses on presently, and try if we can see deeper.

Every next night's dream gives to us all some sensible proofs of the power which the inner mind or rather body exercises over the outer. These then are *passing* effects ; and it is easy to conceive how this same idealism concentrating itself day and night upon any one point connected with the body would eventually ultimate in those *chronic* anomalies, such for instance as those swellings of the bosom here alluded to, symptoms, we must suppose, sufficiently pronounced, to justify the preparation of the famous silver cradle.

" Sine ullis conjugiiis, vento gravida. "

A French work upon mysticism fell into our hands lately which instanced upwards of two hundred cases of females, principally nuns, who from an intense continued desire of partaking bodily of the Lord's passion, had at length worked out upon their persons the five stigmata. Of course we do not pretend to vouch for the truth of such statements, though we do not think them beyond the pale of possibility.

The same work also states that during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, hundreds, nay thousands of French peasants

that you yourself ought to be the person to know the most on the subject.

A. I have so little learning *, and moreover I have so many reasons for fearing, that I hardly dare to enquire into the matter.

Q. I have just said that you have no cause to fear, and the fact that you are happy proves it.

A. Well perhaps you ought to know better than I: and if I'm now a diseased Spirit, I was much worse upon your earth.

Q. I very much regret that you cannot better define your condition: I should have so much liked to know the truth. (*Bravo, Jack Horner*).

A. I repeat it; I know next to nothing. I can only say for a certainty that I *really was* in the state which was asserted, but *I was not in the family-way*.

I perceive that you are kind; and if you have any influence among the Spirits, get me raised a little higher. It strikes me that I might be more happy than I am.

Q. That's true; but such a high state of bliss must be earned by one's works, and God only can give us the means. Take my advice; pray to Him with faith, and ask for the necessary trials to attain to what you wish.

A. I have not the power to do that; you can do it for me.

had worked themselves up to that excited state — using more-overstimulants and ointments—which enabled them to leave their beds at stated times, not after the manner of somnambulists *with* their bodies, but without them; going forth in this ideal manner to celebrate sabbaths, inverted masses and other abominations much too disgusting and horrible to be here described.

Such then *may* have been the causes of these phenomena in the person of Joanna Southcott though there may also have been others.

* This again has the true ring of the old metal. This plea of ignorance was her never failing coverslute when she (and this was not seldom) slipped into the mud, or when any little error in her writings was pointed out to her.

Q. Yes that's true; but you too ought to ask it, and if your mind is bent upon a good thing, I feel sure that it will be granted.

A. Well I will pray, and you too. You promise*? Now don't break your word; that would be very wrong.

Q. I promise you. Have you any thing else to ask?

A. No. Now let me go, but let me say first that I feel all the happier for what you have said, for God would not permit these communions if we were to be deceived.

The Spirits around bid me not to doubt you, and they are numerous enough to convince me that you are in good hands.

Thank you and au revoir.

Well now is not this too bad, here's that nasty New-

* These repeated beggings for the charity of prayer shew us that such alms have a better currency in the spirit-world than the cold theorists of Protestantism are given to allow; in fact not only in this, but in some other matters which we could instance, the sturdy operators at the Reformation seem to have spilt some good blood while cutting away the proud flesh of a prurient system.

If we look no higher than psychological causes; we may be certain that the *feeling* of being prayed for cannot but infuse hope and life into a languid, stagnant moral frame; even in bodily diseases we know how efficacious the stimulant of hope is, so much so that no physician can afford to tell his patient that he may die, except when the case is hopeless.

Full half the cures (and there are many such) effected at certain modern Siloams are due to the imagination, or to that same faith which, directed towards the Lord, straightened the limbs of the cripple in the porch of the Temple. Much more then would such sanguine aspirations make themselves wings in the impressionable idiosyncrasy of a Spirit. More than this, in these realms of ideality where the smallest mental effort works out to the eye, we can imagine that a prayer—which is a breathing of love in behalf of a fellow-creature—would invest its object with a halo or sphere as though the light of a lantern were shed upon him.

Behold another revelation of Spiritism. Cui bono indeed.

foundland-dog with his long broom of a tail switching over all the ninepins again; there! down goes romance, down mystery, down marvellism. Why this havoc is as bad as that of Sennacherib's hosts who upon getting up in the morning were all dead men.

And so then old Joanna's no heroine, no Messiah, no Goddess after all, only a common-place mortal, and that too as unchanged as our Angel-visitor, or as the sleeping beauty after her hundred years' nap. Here she is with her old wife's tales about Fe-fa-fum, and her pleas of unlearnedness. But beyond this how crest-fallen, how dispirited, and even trembling. How anxious the poor old soul is to catch at any straw, or hide her head behind any bush, in order to evade responsibility, she is like a prisoner pleading insanity in order to stave off judgment. Or these little subterfuges remind us of our friend, of some pages back, old crusty Paterfamilias, who having been upset by his leg of mutton's being singed, has been turning the whole house into a hell from dinner to tea. At length to the joy of children, servants, dog and cat, that good, dear Mama manages to coax him round, thanks to a cup of tea sweetened to a lump, and to her own temper sweeter still, and running over with the cream of loving kindness. Hereupon then the old gentleman bethinks himself that perhaps he has been a *little* cross, so he raises his hand to his temples, saying, "It's all owing to that nasty headach." Mama perhaps titters in her heart, but the naughty laugh stops there, oh no, it mustn't go to the lips, though they quiver ever so much, for if it did, there would be another breeze all the way to supper.—

Neither are *we* going to titter; the more so as we always had a liking for this dear old Exeter-dame; we ever loved her lullaby prattle, her slipshod rhymings, and her bright visions of pretty birds in the glistening trees. Her unlettered muse, nay her tripping grammar had a twang to us of the rustic homestead; it seemed to have been reeled off

from the distaff and the spinning wheel, amid piles of round cheeses, jugs of Devonshire-cream, and rafters hung with bacon. She must have been the Matriarch of a spiritual Arcadia, and no wonder that the simple, the humble and the letterless flocked round her as the bees gather round their queen, for we ourselves could almost have donned the smock-frock, and have driven old Dobbin, in order to be one of them.

Then too she was to be thought the "Woman clothed with the sun." But mum; we must not talk about that little vanity now, 'tis a painful subject. How awfully too that vile swell-mob, the genii of the skittle-grounds, took her in about the clergyman named Pomeroy; they told her — of course in the name of a "Thus saith" — to prosecute him in order to recover certain papers; (if we remember right) and all the country was on tip-toe for the heaven-bidden trial, when lo, the delinquent *died*. Finally came the silver cradle when behold, she died too. A mystery to all and to herself.

"No farther seek her merits to disclose,
Nor draw her frailties from their dread abode,—
For they alike in trembling hope repose —
The bosom of her Father, and her God," *

* We had purposed giving our idea of the *mission* of this remarkable woman; however we doubt whether such deep matters, exceeding even the scope of the spiritual age, are adapted to any but the most advanced Christians. Suffice it to say that we consider her as a sign of the times, and a female Elias or John the Baptist (Joanna) announcing another Woman greater than herself who was to come after her.

Having thus far excited curiosity, we may add — speaking from what we have gathered from a revelation extending through more than twenty years—that this latter Woman is a *second Eve* raised up in order to supply, by means of a final reincarnation, glorified bodies to all the Angels taken from our Planet, who are at present in a state of comparative weakness, having been despoiled of their ultimates.

More than this too, all the perfected saints who during the age to come are translatable, will receive new bodies from the

Nº 20. — December 27, 1859. — JOHN BROWN.

(The medium for this dialogue is not, as the reader will not fail to perceive, our old friend the learned counsel, but his son.)

Q. In the name of God, I pray the Spirit of John Brown, one of the most ardent Apostles of the emancipation of the slaves, and who was lately put to death in America, to commune with me.

A. What a strange thing is life ! What a deception ! One dreams a grand idea ; a noble work. For twenty years in fond, fond hope, one cherishes it ; then down it falls smashed to atoms, thunder-crushed.

And with it falls one's self.

Some few souls devoted to holy things, some men with hearts, give you a thought, and throw a flower on your grave. Then all is said, you've *been* ; you're forgotten ; your friends, your disciples, if such you have, go back in dismay. They fear to fall, like you, into the gulph, the void appals them.

And yet why fear ? What is it ? I myself am in that gulph, that void ; I live in it, and that most cheerily. God

same source, dying indeed as now as to their old flesh and bones, but finding themselves afterwards not, as is at present the case, naked Spirits, like oysters without a shell, but in bodies of new form and substance ; going moreover either into the solar worlds of the Universe, or else into an altogether new creation. " Lo, I create all things new."

Upon the same authority as the above, we may also state that this Woman, born from heaven some sixteen years before, was raised up again in April 1857.

This is the briefest statement that we can make ; meantime we may refer those who take an interest in this resurrection, or setting up anew (*ex-ana-stasis*) of the body, to our last small work entitled the *Solar Paradises of God*. (Hodson, Portugal Street. Price 1s. 6d.)

in His mercy has permitted me to be numbered among his elect. *

My devotedness—if such may be called that act, one straight from the heart—my self-sacrifice, I say, permits me, now that I am shaken out from the turmoil of an earthly world, to take the full measure of what I attempted. What madness in the idea ! Are we advanced enough on this earth for all men to be equal ? Oh no ; let us be content to wait some years, and doubtless the progress of society will sow some new ideas ; and then from the height of my new abode, I shall see the working out of what I wanted to force on and pluck at once. Slavery abolished, mankind free, and walking in fulness of progress. That will be a glorious day for me.

Q. You have just said that you were happy, and indeed what you have written leaves no doubt upon the subject. Nevertheless, John Brown, will you tell us what are your present occupations, and to what order of Spirits you belong ? **

* This is of course not to be understood in the high spiritual sense ; as a natural and worldly man, he knew nothing of this. With this reservation then, no one can dispute John Brown's title to be one of God's chosen ones. That his zeal was without knowledge every one must see, nay he himself admits as much ; but setting aside these errors of judgment, of what grand materials this man was made : right or wrong how he went *through* with his purpose ; there was no yea and nay with him, no halting, no care of the precious self. Well may he stand erect in his generation, for there are few men like him.

" Of the three hundred, one is he
To make a new Thermopylae."

** We need not be told, when we read this curt, disjointed, soulless response, that another hand holds the pencil. Poor John Brown, what a fall he must have had from his seventh heaven, how he must have been crumpled up. We can picture his shrug, then his shiver, then his buttoning up his pea-jacket—if the wore one.

How this wail for the poor negroes would have electrified

A. God has not allotted me any employment. The last days of my life on earth were of such intense moral anguish, that He permitted me to put off my material nature at my leisure. Now however I am loosed from my carnal envelope; so much so indeed that I can hardly realize to myself that I ever was in flesh and bones at all. — I belong to that category of Spirits whom you call, I think, errant. I am roaming through space on all sides until God is pleased to assign me some specific task. *

You just now said that it would take years ere the slave could be emancipated, and before all men could be upon an equality. Will you favor us with your ideas as to the manner by which mankind will attain to this perfection?

A. Does not civilization make rapid strides every day? Spiritism also has its mission, and daily gains ground, slowly indeed, but surely.

Q. You have lived in America, and have therefore been in the midst of this movement. What then is your opinion of it in this connexion? Do you think it more advanced there than in France, or the contrary?

our humanitarian friend. Down would have gone his pencil, up he would have jumped upon the table with his arms outstretched and quivering with emotion; then the grand Ideality would have rushed into his embrace. Round would have swept the two hands hugging *nothing*, and meeting behind, like a man warming himself. Then—for of course this grand scene must take place in a theatre—the whole audience would have blazed up like gunpowder. Up they would have leaped upon *their* benches: hats, caps, handkerchiefs, playbills, even the bonnets of their wives would have gone round and up and about in one common phrenzy of excitement. Bravo, bravo; hurrah, hurrah; no slavery; Brown, Brown, Brown !!!

* This reply is as admirable for its straightforward truthfulness, as for its quiet change of tone in answer to such a bald interrogation.

The oblivion of his flesh-days is also very significant; it conveys a tacit protest against the violence done him at his execution. "They spurned me forth, and I have—forgotten all about it."—A vulgar mind would have resorted to recrimination.

A. In point of intellectuality, American spiritism is behind that in France. For my countrymen do not seek instruction, and this is the only purpose for which God sent it. They aim rather at striking the imagination by real phenomena. In this way there are many more rapping Spirits there than in Europe. Then again a serious obstacle, and one which will always stand in the way of any great and real progress, is the sort of jugglery which surrounds it. Spiritism is followed as a profession : exhibitions take place, so that mediums become mere actors, and Spiritists make gain of it as is done in every thing else. Such a profanation cannot but produce pitiable results.

Too true

Q. Were you a Spiritist ?

A. I believed in a future existence, and so far I was one ; but I never had any thing to do with it.

Q. So then you think it is ordained for grand purposes.

A. Very grand ; immense.

Q. I must now leave you. When may I again speak with you ?

A. Whenever you please. I said that I was disengaged.

Nº 21. — *March* 19, 1859. — A JUDGE.

Q. Having been urged to continue my studies upon the Spirits of my native town, I will now ask for leave to converse with the Spirit of M. — who was formerly a Judge at its tribunals, and who died when I was quite young.

A. I had no idea that such a thing as this was possible : however I can't say that I object to it, as it enables me to revisit this place which I had all but forgotten ; and also to speak of my whereabouts.

Q. I have asked for M. — is it he who speaks ? He was a wise and sensible man in spite of his hot temper (bou-tades). I should wish to have some token of his identity.

A. I have no wish to deceive you, why should I ? It

does not put me out to speak to you. I don't feel disgraced because you are a workman.

So then you've some particular secret of your own that you can summon me from such a distance. I'm much surprised at it, and if I had known it in my days I should have said that you were in league with the devil. But now that I've a greater measure of light, I see what it means, and I don't think the worse of you for it. What means do you use to compel my attendance?

Q. Nothing is more simple, I pray God to permit me to evoke any Spirit, and for reasons which I know not He grants it.

A. Then you've some merit that you enjoy this privilege. What put this into the head of a man of your class?

Q. The less said about merit the better. These kinds of studies are very common now a days, and I'm surprised that you do not know it. *

A. Very common! This strikes me as still more strange, and how it is I know not. There must be some very cogent reasons for granting this faculty to man?

(Of course no answer, Jack don't hear.)

You are surprised at my being so much in the dark, but the fact is that I come from such a distance that I had a very long journey to get here.

(Jack gets a plum at last.)

Q. Well; it seemed to me that you came the moment I asked for you.

A. You think so; but you don't take into account the will of us Spirits. We are as swift as thought.

But all this don't tell me why you have this power.

* This personal allusion must needs provoke an exculpation, and so lead out to some pretty gossip. Jack Horner is waxing sidgetty at his friend's getting all the plums, and feels that it is time to put in his own thumb. The squeezer won't let the lemon suck him any more.

Q. Nor me either * : — as a Spirit you can find out all about it better than a poor human like me. Try and find out the object, and the reasons for it, so as to be able to let me know.

A. I see that you've got your wits about you, and that you want to tap the cask ; well, I'll go and make a few enquiries. **

(A pause here ensues of some four or five minutes during which the medium puts his pencil three or four times to the paper, but it does not move ; at length it starts off.)

I have kept you waiting a little, but I've been questioning several Spirits who were soaring in space (*voltigeaient dans l'espace*), and they told me that everybody can do what you are doing after some study. Then I suppose since you have this faculty you must be looked upon as not quite nobody.

Mankind touches upon a moment of crisis, and they must be prepared to pass into a higher state, or if not they will be destroyed. In order therefore to facilitate this promotion, God wills that they shall receive these Spirit-instructions in order to remove those hindrances which they are now offering by their prejudices and ignorance. ***

* For shame, brother Big-wig, you know very well that the matter's as plain as a pikestaff to you.

** Greek meets Greek. The crafty old lawyer lets his friend see that he is awake to his dodges, and that if he once wore the ermine it was because there was something of the weasel in him. He now tells him that he don't mind climbing the tree, but that he means to have half the cherries.

We would here ask those—for such will not be wanting—who will be saying that these dialogues are human inventions *got up* upon the model of those of Lucian or Dante, whether an uneducated mind, like that of the medium through whom they are promulgated, could hit off these several shades of character? All we can say is that if these conversations come from his own brain, he is one of the first dramatic writers of the day.

*** This statement deserves a place among the hundred and

This is what was told me, and as for me, seeing that I no longer belong to your planet, I did not know it.

This I dare say, surprises you, but you should know that when we die, we are classed in planets of different elevations according to our merit. In this way I was good, but very little enlightened. In consequence, though I am happy in my new planet, I have yet much to do towards my attaining to a more perfect state of bliss.

You seem to doubt this : you are wrong, for though I am in this planet, I am still in the Spirit-condition, and am biding my time till I am incarnated into it. And I rejoice too that this will take place in this world rather than in yours.

one speculations upon the approaching cataclysm. For our own part we have long considered that these Spirit-voices were the promised Eliases or Johns preparing the way for the angelic descent headed by the Lord.

In particular the fitful and partial "revivals" breaking out here and there, seem to us to be samples if not prognostications of the "pouring out of the Spirit upon *all flesh*, or throughout the earth, when evil is summarily choked off. (Rev. 20 2-3.)

Swedenborg, who was one of the greatest psychologists of this, or of any other time, says that a natural man, or one not indwelt by the Holy Spirit, if he were to be suddenly deprived or exorcised of his evil, would fall to the earth like a *sprawling infant*. A not inapt illustration, as it strikes us, of the above "striking down."

"Every nation under heaven" was *federally* or, *in principle* represented at the *spritual* baptism, as indicating that the Jewish monopoly or theocracy was superseded. When therefore the *Celestial* fire-baptism falls, a greater extension still will occur ; in other words this effusion of Love will not be carried out in a germ, or so to say, in a corner, but in the fulness of expansion. The Legion who infested the Gergesene were aware that this hour of torment, and ejection awaited them ; all they then did was to dispute the time.

In this way then these revivals, as a part of the Spirit-movement, have been to us like the "sound of a going on the tree-tops," the first swallows announcing the whole flock of these little immigrants. Signs, in short, for those who have eyes to see.

Q. I do not quite understand all this, nor what you would have me believe.

A. Then you must be a . . . * but no ; I've no right to be angry with you, for you're a good man ; and it can't be helped if you are not up to these things.

I can only repeat what I said, that I am in expectation of being born into another world and that, thank goodness, not yours, for it is a bad one. Even you seem above the average of those in it. Then wait patiently where you are, and be kind towards every one.

* This is in the true "*Quos ego*" style, and it betrays the cholerick old judge rating some prisoner at the bar. Meantime if the unlearned counsel was really as ignorant as he would appear, it must have been that he had not yet been initiated into the mysteries of the reincarnation.

And what, let us ask, has the learned reader to say by this time anent this metempsychosis ? Can not he steer us through the rocks of pros and cons ? For truth to say, we are getting fairly bothered by these reiterated asseverations. The Spirits are as one tipped on the subject as the men of Babel were on theirs. Then they've so many great thinkers of antiquity with them, a whole lineage of giants begotten by Pythagoras, such as Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and many others down to classic Virgil. Also as to the first of these, no one of course supposes that he meant that when men made beasts of themselves they went on all fours afterwards. If he *did* say as much, it could only have been as a *bit of parsley* for the vulgar. We might as soon assume that Herod had a long, red bushy brush because the Lord called him a fox ; or that Nebuchadnezzar was an ox because he ate grass.

It may be well for Milton's Satan to be found "squat like a toad ;" or for Ulysses's companions to be turned into pigs because they behaved as such ; or Ovid may metamorphose his heroes and heroines into stags, laurels, sunflowers, and fountains ; not to mention Queen Schezerade's transformations into black cats, black stones and pomegranate-seeds ; all these then are sparkling conceits, but they are beneath the profound philosopher of Samos.

Of course then in these times of increased knowledge every one will be able to give a reason against this pluralism of existences, and so confute these heathenish Spirits.

(In the next dialogue we shall see the meaning of this last recommendation.)

I came across not a few people during my lifetime, and often have I felt disgust at having had to judge such wretches. But you are nothing of that kind, and God will keep a good place for you. True I don't know you, but you must have been very young when I died.

Men were very much given to folly in my time, and I fear that it's much the same now. Alas, may God forgive them for if they did but know what comes of it they would be less wicked.

Q. Yet they nearly all know that they will be punished, and hell is the punishment which they dread the most.

A. Yes, but they are in error, as I myself was : I too dreaded this, and I was most agreeably surprised at finding that, if there is a hell it is not such a one as they set forth with its horned and bearded devils holding pitchforks, and with caldrons filled with seething stuff (ingredients bouillants) to put us into.

How paltry all this is, and what a dark state you are in. However as for you, you'll see your way through all this nonsense, thanks to what you get from us.

I will now leave you ; for I have been here a long time. Now bear this in mind ; the good will be rewarded and the bad punished.

I don't wish to flatter you, but I take you to be one of the former.

Q: Thank you for coming and answering my questions.

(Thus Johnny Horner manages to get plenty of plums and cherries after all. In fact the profit to be gathered from these conversations depends almost entirely upon the tact, discrimination, and even personal character of the medium. As for ourselves we confess to being very poor hands at this work of extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers.)

Nº 22.—*March 16 1859.*—THE WORLD-SOUL.

Q. I am getting out of heart at not obtaining what I want from these Spirit-communions, and if I may accredit the revelations given in the "*Clé de la Vie*," this is in a great measure to be attributed to the incoherent nature of our globe, made up as this is of four heterogeneous satellites, and which therefore is with difficulty brought under the influence of its WORLD-SOUL.

As being myself one of the children of this Soul, I must needs be connected with her by magnetic or aromal cords. If so then I would crave of her to commune with me; I entreat of her to tell me if am doing what is right; and if I am walking in the straight path. I pray too that she may direct me, shewing me, and that without any reserve, what are my faults, or what vices I have which may keep me from the light of truth.

Have I a right to beg or expect so great a boon?

(Translator, having written out this heading, stops short; thinks for a few moments, then pushes away learned counsel's diary, and gets up in a huff from the desk. This his friend, who happens to be present, reading the last number of the *Revue Spirite*, looks up in surprise, and asks what's the matter, whereupon Translator in high dudgeon breaks out in these terms.)

Translator.—Matter? Why that I don't mean to be put upon any longer. Here because you've been reading all this crazy rhodomontade, and must needs set to, like that fellow in *Der Freyschutz*, raising up some bloody bones, you expect me to play the fiddle to your capering. Why you don't see that the readers of your spirit-gibberish are already gnashing their teeth at me, because you would insist upon my cramming your reincarnation pedantry down their throats; or worse than this, because, when you, like a great baby, set about pinning squibs and crackers to

the Spirits' tails, I have been obliged to put on a long face, and make out that you could not help it.

And now you would have me expound to them one of the most stunning riddles that ever tumbled from the skies. Why rather than run my head into such a hornets' nest of vituperation and ridicule as this cock-and-a-bull-story is sure to stir up, or to expect that one reader out of a hundred will have the least idea of what I'm writing about, I'd rather row a wherry up the Peiho, or hoist a Hottentot over the ass's bridge. Yes; no sooner should I get upon that village-green, where, as I told you, the cocks are always singing the same tune, than I should be set upon by every goose and turkey in the parish, headed by that puffing coxcomb the big gobbler, and close at his heels the gander with his long, straight, white choker hissing at me like a steam-pipe. I should have to bolt as Haynau did from the draymen.

Yes, it's all very well for you to laugh, you who have passed all your life among your ragged infidels, and have never seen a dozen honest Christians in your life; you, I say, have no idea what those English are when they think you're taking liberties with their Dianas; if you were only to bite your thumb at one of their skye-terriers, and they thought you did it to make a Catholic of him, they'd up and lynch you in five minutes; just in the same way as they are now mobbing that clergyman with his singing boys, which I was talking to you about; a matter, by the way, which every body chuckles and wants to laugh at, but daren't.

Learned Counsel.—Well, my very good friend, allowing that all this is as you say, it's rather late in the day to think of it now: you ought to have counted the cost when you undertook these translations; and it strikes me that now you've drawn the cork you must drink the wine. You've had, you say, a couple of peltings already for setting forth what I consider two of the most important facts that Spiritism has brought to light, and surely you can make up

your mind for a third now that your coat is spoilt, especially too as I think the omission of this matter of the World-Soul would be like making a pigeon-pie without the pigeon.

I don't see too why you should make such bones about this question, for it involves no question of doctrine. Did you not say too that Mr. Harris, the American Seer, had already broached the subject in his last work, *the Arcana of Christianity*—one, by the way, that you have so long been promising to read to me in French—surely then you need not be afraid, now that he has taken off the edge of all this nonsense about our wanting to proselytize people, a thing which no Spiritist ever dreams of.—If you are, get behind him.

Translator (hesitating). No, that's not it. It's not exactly that I'm afraid ;—

(Learned counsel holds his lips hard, as did the good Mama some pages back, doubtless he was thinking of the gander chevying Translator over the green : however he was too polite to laugh outwardly.)

but I was doubting whether this history of the World-Soul, and of the five satellites was of of much use, the more so as I much question the truth of this latter revelation.—Well then, out with it. The story will be rather long, let me abridge it ever so much. Two volumes are not to be compressed into a dozen pages.

Learned Counsel.—That's it ; now I'll leave you to your work. I should like to know the upshot of that Ramsgate suicide ; and will go home and evoke the man himself *. So farewell and au revoir.

Some nine or ten years ago when Spiritism was very little thought of, and least of all upon the Continent, a trance-

* He did not succeed. His guide gave him to understand that it was not the business of the Spirits to meddle with such dark affairs ; for if they did, they would be disturbing the common routine of worldly events. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

medium, not to say a Seer, was found in the person of a young man named Michel, the son of a small landed proprietor in the south of France.

Through him, and after his passing thro' some of those "horrors of darkness" which the ancient Seers, such as Abraham, Daniel, Isaiah &c. were wont to experience, was dictated a revelation, though certainly not a divine inspiration, in two octavo volumes entitled "*la Clé de la Vie*," or the Key to life.

* The Spirit who propounded this remarkable work claimed to have been long since dematerialized, and indeed so great is the mental acumen that he displays, such his faculties of penetration, deduction, analysis, and constructiveness, that the reader doubts whether he has not to do with some Galileo, Copernicus, Ptolemæus, Archimedes, or to go yet further back, with one of those Titans of old, the choice Spirits of Babel, who would fain have stormed every arcanum of the Universe, and who in the precipitancy of their headlong career, overvaulted their human barriers, breaking their bones in the dark gulph beyond. *

* As a specimen in limine of these Icarian flights and falls; we will mention that, not content with exploring the different heavenly regions which are discreted off from the heaven of heavens, our Spirit-author, like a Pompey entering into the veil of the Temple, spreads his pinions within this Empyreum itself. This innermost or central Sun, from his report, is indwelt by a perfected order of Angels whom he designates as the eldest sons of God, and who constitute a concrete globe of souls (*des âmes fusionnées en masse*).

So far so well, this description is, we believe, strictly logical, for an Angel who had worked through his finite cycle of mental phases would naturally ultimate, or rather intimate to his primitive germinal form. Naked come he forth from God and naked he would return.

We are now told that it is the mission of these transcendental Beings to go forth periodically as Messiahs into the several worlds of the Universe; each delegate having a globe assigned to him at one with his genius or merit.

Neither will the Bible-reader quarrel with this statement.

The professed object and scope of this work is to give a history of the creation, and though it falls into the error so common in such expositions, of affecting a technical phraseology of its own—a bit of pedantry which makes it by no means the more perspicuous to the reader—nevertheless it claims a place in the same shelf with other cotemporaneous volumes upon the same subject, amongst which we may cite the beautiful revealings of Mr. Harris, and the little less grand cosmogony of Mr. Davis.

Our author then is found giving nothing less than a minute description of every Comet, Planet and Sun in the Universe. Yes, and we can see the amazement, not to say the incredulity, which this assertion will call forth; for such a task, our readers will say, is too heavy even for a Hercules of the other world. These doubts however will disappear when they are told that according to the theory here laid down, one single world will tell of the whole; for these three astral bodies of Comet, Planet and Sun, are to be bracketed together as *one*; their trinal forms being merely different phases or stages of condition, in the same way as the trinity of the caterpillar, chrysalis and butterfly constitute one single insect.

In this way the Comet is a world in its *nascent* and

knowing that to these “flames of fire” belong these ministrations. To whom, if not to such consummated “ardours,” could these highest of all functions be entrusted?

Now however the wax of the bold soarer’s wings melts, and that too while simply working out his own deductions. If, says he, *our planet* is of an inferior order so must have been the Messiah delegated to it.

Here therefore we are to receive the Lord Jesus Christ, not only as a *finite created Angel*! but one moreover of very middling degree!!

Now had but this Dædalian genius condescended to refer to the pages of divine revelation, he would have found that so great was the evil in our world, that God, having *ineffectually* despatched Angels and Prophets to it, as an *extreme and exceptional measure*, sent *His only begotten Son*.

infant - state, the Planet is of the *middle age*, and the Sun a consummated orb in the zenith of *ripe glory*.

Having stated these general premisses, we will now proceed to dot out these three diagrams of a world's progress. In our desire to be understood of all, we shall use throughout the most familiar and even homely language, falling, as some will say, into the opposite extreme of the learned nomenclature above objected to. —

“ Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.”

These lines written hypothetically, have a reality about them which the author of “ *Night thoughts* ” little dreamt of, for if we may believe the above Spirit Copernicus, the pathways or rather the whole area of the heavens is strewn with a bed or an atmosphere of impalpable atoms, such being the dissolved relics, *débris*, or ashes of defunct worlds.

It is then in the midst of these impurities that the Comet is struck as a spark from the anvil of the Creator ; or as a wisp of aroinal substance it is here swept into a ball by the breath of the Almighty, and hurled spinning through a hyperbola attached to some particular solar system, for many million years — What, asks our philosopher, what are such epochs in the calculations of the Eternal ? — It is also amid these aerial pastures that the fiery courser crops its aliment as it bounds along ; here it digests and assimilates its substance like a Leviathan feeding its gross bulk with the small fry which crosses its path.

Here too of course our clever theorist is drawn into a disquisition upon what is vulgarly called the *tail* of the huge monster, though this, he tells us, happens to be just the opposite to a tail being in fact a *snout* or siphon similar in operation to the proboscis of a bee - sphinx, that long hair-trunk which this insect plunges into the depths of a flower, pumping up the honey. Meantime the Sun which

darts its rays through the lens of the diaphanous drinker, enables us to see this process of suction. Perhaps too we may add that it is these solar beams which *push out* this magnetic fire-spout, so enabling it to imbibe the sustenance required. This sucking straw is, as every one knows, in a line *from the Sun*.

After then some millions of years, it must needs happen that this swift erratic body has gathered so much volume as no longer to allow of these sweeping ellipses through the heavens. *

* Amongst some graphic visions of the Spirit-world recorded in Judge Edmonds' book on "*Spiritualism*," occurs one of a comet careering, like a huge locomotive, or a fire-balloon, through space, and which when seen by him, had got off the rails, and was threatening one of those disruptions which have been occasionally witnessed through telescopes; and which have had their share in earning for these bodies that character for excentricity which has always baffled and fooled the staid man of science.

On the present occasion then, a whole host of railway officials of every denomination were observed to be watching the movements of the refractory engine; and to be ineffectually striving to reduce it to order. At the moment then that a catastrophe seemed inevitable, the classical *Deus ex* or rather *pro machina* makes his appearance in the shape of some Spirit-Stevenson or Archimedes, who chariot-borne is driven with the velocity of thought from on high. It now suffices for this master-hand to give one or two directions for everything to return to its place.

We need hardly remark how descriptions such as these open out to us the wheel-in-wheel operations of the Creator, who not only in this instance, but throughout the whole machinery moral as well as physical of His creation, invariably employs subordinate agents, adapted of course to the occasion, to carry out His stupendous conceptions. Blessed be God that He now permits us to have a clearer insight into His glorious operations, for as we have already observed, it is these revelations of Spiritism which tend so much to enlarge and elevate the mind.

We are here too reminded to reply beforehand to a certain class of critics who upon no more solid grounds than a cursory acquaintance with the letter of the Bible, will be inveighing

This then brings us to a halting place, to a railroad-station, for it is now time for the caterpillar to pass on into the nymph; or for the Comet to be promoted into a Planet. That grand pendulum movement which at one beat swept through a whole solar system is here reduced to a small wheel-in-wheel action within the clock. Or the wild untameable courser of the deserts is pulled up and confined to a mill-round, trotting in company with some other hacks round its solar tether once every year.

Of course it is not to be expected that we should here detail the internal progressings of a planetary world. Those of our readers who are ignorant of the number and of the immensity of the epochs required ere such worlds can become places of even vegetive life, and who may wish to see how such subjects are handled by the light of modern revelation cannot do better than study Mr. Davis's "Nature's divine revelations," a treatise which apart from its theological

against descriptions such as the above, and in particular against the sketch of the creation which we are here laying before our readers, alleging that they outrage the narrative given in the inspired book of Genesis.

Our reply then to this will be as brief as it is simple. Let it be true, or let it be false, this little treatise upon the physical creation of the Universe can by no possibility run foul of the first chapter of Genesis, and that for the very good reason that this last does not say one single syllable upon the material or physical creation either of our world or of any other.

Once for all, the divine work of creation detailed in the Word of God, a work developed through six successive epochs of mental progression, refers *exclusively* to man's moral creation and formation, or to his education dating from a "beginning" of barbarism without form and void to a seventh or perfected condition of mental excellence.

This ethical summary is illustrated by figures borrowed from the creation of a material world; but to read it as applying to such a creation, is to totally misapprehend the scope and purpose of Scripture, which from beginning to end, even in the very history itself of the Jewish nation, alludes only to things mental, spiritual or moral.

speculations * has every right to be looked up to as a work of standard appeal.

* How it is to be regretted that works like these, treating and that with so much acumen, of material things, cannot keep to their lasts, but must needs go floundering about on spiritual subjects which are as much out of their domain as of their competence. Is not this like those village-barbers who, because they can hold a man by the nose, think they must needs know all about surgery? Or what would be said of an engineer who having written a work upon bridge or ship-building, added a treatise on botany or astronomy?

This stricture applies even more to Mr. Davis's revealings than to those now before us; for who while reading a work on cosmogony would expect to come across one of the fiercest onslaughts upon the Bible that has been made in modern times? For instance, not to make an unmeaning general charge, the sacred Volume itself is in the first place *nicknamed* in these pages; secondly we are given to understand that the four gospels are stray sheets picked up by chance, when some forty similar biographies of the Lord were scattered to the winds, and lost in the early days of Christianity; thirdly these surviving histories being, as we are told, written in utter ignorance and perversion of their subject, Mr. Davis's oracle proceeds to set matters straight again, and so correct such blunderers as Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. To this end then, we are favored with a pretty, plausible history of some Jewish peasant lad who is supposed to have existed about the same time as the Lord, and who also was named Jesus. The story too is not without a certain merit, and reminded us when we read it, of some such efforts of our own at college, when having to declaim *in favor* of Richard the third, we represented this monarch as such a paragon of virtue that certainly no sugar would have melted in his mouth.

It is then painful to think how fables of this kind, being bound up with such valuable truths on other subjects, tend to make the reader distrust and discredit the whole. At all events such was the painful revulsion which we ourselves experienced; and we, be it said, are none of those who consider a man as an enemy to God and to his fellows, because he dates his opinions from his own standpoint. We could no more quarrel with any one who differed from us in belief, than in an orchestra we could be ill friends with a fellow-musician who did not play on the same instrument as ourselves. All that we would say is that the big drum should not attempt to play the violin-parts.

To come then at once to the close of the planetary period, let us say that when this globe has passed through all its stages of sublimation under the chemical agency of the sun, and other concurrent operations, it is at length brought up to a luminous state similar to that of its solar transfigurer.

This then of course announces the end of the second act of a world's life, and when the curtain rises for the third time we behold the gorgeous butterfly, for the ex-planet has now flaked out its wings as a young solar orb. Some new or else vacated spot in the Universe has been provided for it, and it now forms a centre of its own, receiving in its turn a goodly family of commencing Planets.

The grand scale upon which a solar world rotates round its axis, and orbits round the central luminary of the whole heavens, a circuit which has been computed by some astronomers as occupying eighteen million years, is more or less familiar to every one; and we fear that the reader must content himself here with this outside view of a solar world. In our last work indeed, we offered a few general suggestions upon the internal economy, substantiation and inhabitation of these worlds, but the arguments there used are not of sufficient weight to be transcribed into these pages, and all that we can here do is to hurry at once to the close of the existence of a solar world. Indeed we are free to confess that the very fact that these worlds *could* have had a termination, is what we had not contemplated when we wrote these rough details; we had considered them as places of rest *for ever*, and the future residences of glorified saints, a view which of course must be entirely remodified if this new theory is to be accepted.

Now therefore it is not the pretty curtain between the acts of a play which is about to be let down, but what in our own days of the elder Kean, Young and O'Neil was a dark, sombre roll of coarse, green baize, one which used to say to us, Now, Johnny my boy, put on your great coat

and your cap; mind and don't let go of Papa's hand, and be sure and learn your hic, hæc, hoc lay him on the block, to morrow morning.—Or perhaps we shall better describe this sidereal extinction by referring the reader to one of those penny-shews at a fair where *Hot-hell-O* is acted *by time*, and where the shew-man without whispers to the corked face within, Now, Jack, commit the murder; time's up.

Yes alas, time is up, and our solar Desdemona, even the light of this flaming minister must be quenched for ever. In plain words, this world, used up like every thing else in nature, must be gathered to its fathers, and that at the fine patriarchal age of some hundred million years; crumbling back once more to dust and strewing with its bones and ashes the broad cemetery of the skies whence it had originally collected its primitive elements. *

“ Let not a monument give you nor me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.”

So much then for a cursory outline of this Spirit-dictated theory, one probably which will be received, as coming from this Galilee, with “ scientific horror ” by our wise academicians, but which not the less, we believe, has sufficient stamina to endure in company with the best scholastic hypotheses of the present day.

Meantime too we entreat our old college friends — forgetting us alas, and we them for so many years — not to suppose that we are here flaunting the oriflamb of spiritism in their faces; on the contrary, as we have just said, we

* Our author states that those aerolithes or blocks of ore which are constantly falling upon the earth, or to speak more correctly, with which this latter is ever coming in contact, are made up of the atoms of that *débris*, the relics of dispersed worlds, of which we spake. These missiles, he adds, are the most frequent during storms, when the electric fluid sweeps and fuses these particles into lumps of metal.

The primary subsidence of a Comet when it is cooled down into a planet is *metallic*, as we shall endeavour to shew presently.

are ourselves unfortunately among its slain. This new theory, like that terrible dog so often alluded to already, has been rolling over our own ninepins; it has rudely disconcerted some of our fondest imaginings, and these too ideas to which — a fearful discomfiture at all times — we had committed ourselves *in print* — Let us in this connexion give another instance how this happened ere we pass on to the remainder of our present tale.

When we penned our last little *brochure*, somehow or other we had been hair-cropped by the nebular hypothesis, as it is called, of Laplace; more than this we had gone so far as to deck this fair Dalilah with a few trinkets out of our own casket; a piece of gallantry to which, now that we are off from our old love, we confess with a blush.

This popular theory is probably too familiar to most of our readers to be here dwelt upon; however in order to refresh their memory, we will just say that it supposes a period anterior to the existence of the planets of our system, when the Sun, not yet concentrated into a focus, spread itself out as an attenuated, gaseous vapour over the whole area now occupied by these revolving bodies. This sheet of light became — to use the words of Mantell the geologist — “contracted by cooling,” and as it retreated shredded off flakes or zones of oxygens, hydrogens etc. which when left by themselves were reeled off into spherical bodies assuming when condensed the form of lodes, coils or strata of metalry in a state of perpetual fusion, and arranged in order according to their relative degrees of purity, and density; so that gold — with platina perhaps as its hard axis — would be found to be the generic centre of a planet, the yolk of the egg, and others such as silver, brass, iron &c. (according to the analogy of Nebuchadnezzar’s image representing the four great human ages) would be englobed round this, occupying the place of the white. *

* The *mineral* tail of this “*mulier formosa*” is hammered out upon our own anvil. This however is not owing to any

Well then, the supplementary ear-ring which we ourselves took the liberty of offering to this smiling daughter

pedantry of our own, but because we are here left in the lurch by Geology. This science refuses to "consider the origin of the globe" (see Philips' treatise) and uses such shallow tools—hammers and rakes—contenting itself with scratching the back of the earth, and telling us that because the crust of the pie is made of baked dough, so also are the pigeons within it;—that all the dirty work is left to us nonprofessionals, and we have nothing for it but to take off our coat, and go down deep, black, winding shafts of induction, analysis, and even analogy of spiritual things, in order to see what these entrails of our planet are made of, and how they twirl about one another, as all orthodox bowels are bound to do.

Now before the above wisdom—and all honour be to it, though we thus speak—tells us that we know nothing at all about what we are writing, we pray to put a question or two.

Has not all earthy matter, whatever may have been its transformations, such as by calcination, petrification, crystallization, vegetation or any other ation, has not all earth, we ask, a *metallic base*? Or we will put the question in another shape, Is not earth the oxyde, secretion, or decomposition, in plain English: the *rust* of divers metals all of which, not excepting gold, are corrodible?

If then the crusts of a planet are the product of metal, unless the child comes before its parent, it is, we think, proved that this planet was *primarily* a metallic globe—a conclusion by the way which our friend Copernicus also arrives at, though without entering into particulars—and the present condition of our world may be compared to a *shell filled with liquid bullion, and corrugated at the surface*.

Meantime if this reasoning is thought not conclusive enough, we will look elsewhere.

The aggregate gravity of our globe is usually put down at *five* times that of water; but if Mantell's assertion that "half this globe consists of imponderable oxygen gas" is to be admitted, it follows that the real intrinsic gravity of the earth's solids is *ten* times that of water; a ratio which coming as it does *between* the specific weight of gold and water, fairly represents the average of the whole metallic mass. What substance besides metal will furnish this degree of density?

According then to this theory, platina, which is the least fusible, as also the heaviest of all the metals, is the vertebral rod or spit of a planet, extending from pole to pole, and acting as the general conductor of its magnetic currents; then gold and

of the great French savant, was this. Having been contracted by cooling it was to be expected in the common reaction or oscillation of all temporal things, that these solar worlds would ultimately be reexpanded by heat, and consequently that this flowing tide of gas would once more swell out to its ancient limits, submerging and devouring its planetary offspring, and by a general coalition of all the other suns of the Universe, turning the whole of the heavens into one broad expanse of light.

We are of course ready to pay forfeit for this pert little conceit, and to let those who will, have their laugh at us; meanwhile we have faced this, in order to confront these two very dissimilar systems of cosmogony, leaving the reader the option of choosing between them. For our own part, the Spirit-born theory is in our eyes so much more in harmony with the universal law of birth, growth and decay, placing the visible and therefore temporal heavenly bodies under such precisely similar conditions as those governing the whole of animate nature, that we could not resist its logic.

" Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit. "

Having then given an outside sketch of these heavenly mansions, it is now time to walk in, and see if there's any one at home to receive us. The Princes in the dear old Arabian nights' tales, who made similar subterraneous explorations, invariably came across a beautiful Princess sleeping, like a Venus, in her *muscle-shell*: Virgil too, Milton, Dante and others have wasted much good verse upon Elysiums and Pandemoniums. But not for us, how-

silver—both of these being "perfect metals" suffering no waste from being in a state of perpetual solution—constitute the *nave* lubricating this long axis; and the globe is thus found to be diamanded upon an imperishable centre.

Finally we will solicit an answer to the following question, as one which will determine the validity of this metallic foundation of our, and indeed of every planet in the Universe.

Nil patriâ, nil patre caret.—*Quo fonte metalla?*

beit that our theme too soars mid the mystical and the unknown, to shake out these gauzy, gaudy wings of the ideal, for we would indite of verities, grand indeed and beautiful, but weighted by the real.

When the planets, giddy after their long rollings through space as comets, have at last settled down into their homely duties; or in other words when they have purged off their crude, gross humours, and have attained to puberty, so as to be able to aliment life in all its degrees, then, we are told, they receive a SOUL, or a vitalizing principle, if not a person—though not one of the human order—who, like the Queen-bee of a hive, holds her court in the very innermost parts of these globes.

“Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.”

Difficult of course as it will be for a material mind to comprehend such an incarceration, and that too, as we have just said, in the midst of a seething caldron of metalry; still such barriers, as belonging to the world of locality, offer no obstruction, nay have no existence to the apprehensions of a Spirit;

“Hard to exclude spirit with corporeal bar.”

Where the thought can go, there the Spirits themselves can go. In fact the granite ribs and bars of our world of sense exist no more for them than their ideal surroundings do to us. Jonah breathes freely within the belly of a whale, and the seven times heated furnace singes no hair of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

Just in the same way too should we fall into a gross illogicism if we attempted to draw any portrait of the purely spiritual Being of whom we are now discoursing, for she, in common with every Spirit in the Universe, will not sit before our canvass; if she chose to visible herself, her appearance would but present some passing, shifting shape of the moment, some outline the most adapted to the occasion, like the “divers forms” of the Lord.

In this way then, whereas at the mention of this World-Soul, every reader, and in particular our fair ones—if we find such—will have flocked round us exclaiming, Oh do, there's a good man, tell us all about this wonderful personage; what is she like? Has she blue eyes? Does she wear ringlets or crinoline? Can she speak English? What does she eat for dinner, &c., &c? Alas then, dear friends, we are, as just said, sorry romancists; we have no Venus for you, no Helen, no Beatrice. You must form your own ideal of an ideality; give her any personal presence you will, think of her under whatever shape you like, always provided that you do not commit that monstrous barbarism of all painters, who will persist in turning their Angels into winged birds with human bodies.

This then is the best glimpse we can give of that arch-mystical Being whom that peeping Tom the learned counsel must needs be prying at, acting, we suppose, upon the principle that a cat may look at a king.

GLENDOWER.—I can call Spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR.—But will they come, when you do call for them?

Such that vitalizing but inscrutable power which radiating from its earthy centre by means of a network of magnetic or aro-mal rayons sustains the whole aggregate of life throughout its world, dating, let us say, from the blade of grass up to the soul of man*.

* This Soul of our Planet is at present the channel through which the evil principle from without (of which in due time) infiltrates its virus. Consequently it would suffice to choke off this contaminating influence, in order to at once restore this ailing world to health. The desert would then literally blossom as a rose.

While we are fully aware that the times and seasons are known and ordained of God, we are equally positive that if the Lord's people did but understand and *act up to* the principles of their calling, they would have the remedy in their own hands. It would suffice for any human unit upon this earth to attain to the standard of a man in Christ, and so of course to follow the

We have felt overtaken, and may have failed to give the general reader any very definite idea of this grand meditative agent in the hands of God the Creator, His instrument to impart physical life. We think however that such readers as have at all followed our scant describings, and are given to look into cause and effect, will see at once that a world *not* animated by this inner soul would be a mere corpse, (is it not a truism?) or a barren log and caput mortuum, one which, like a cannon-ball left to itself, could not even grow a tuft of moss upon its surface, and must needs crumble into dust; or it would resemble a tree from whose roots no sap ascended; a steam-engine without fire, &c., &c.

What is called spontaneous germination has at all times been the stiffest problem, the hard nut, the crux of naturalists; and most of all when they have been investigating the *first* teemings of animal life upon our planet. In this way while proclaiming the great axiom of "*omne ex ovo*," they have perforce been compelled to look for a *male* parent for this larva of the monad, the mite and the maggot; and having no higher motive power at hand, they have pressed into their service the rough action of electricity, which in conjunction with the solar rays they have put forth as that.

"Male and female light which animate the world."

More than this, having raised this brutum fulmen to the seat of the patriarch, it became necessary to invest *him* with reasoning faculties! such being another of those broad, gaping inductions which, as we have already seen, are ever ready to rush through a wedge-point of insufficient premisses.

Amid then such loud disputings upon these natural phenomena, there was a God-sent power, an unknown demi-

Lord in the resurrection of the body, to oust this Apollyon. The question is not one of *time*, but of *faith*.

We shall not lay down our pen without giving this subject the prominence it demands.



deity who was working in secret, an occult mysterious agent of physical life, piercing its way through infinitesimal needle-eyes where the electric camel could not pass, one so nicely hair-strung between mind and matter that it appears to us humans impossible to place her or it under either category. This then is the *Anima Mundi* or WORLD SOUL.

Finally if the philosophic and enquiring reader gets up hungry from our humble caterings on this subject, we must fain take refuge, as was suggested by our counselling friend, behind the broad folds of Mr. Harris' sculptuary. In the "Arcana of Christianity" he will find this fascinating theme not only expounded at length, but enhaloed with that iris of florid colouring which the poet-revelator ever loves to throw round his subjects, a garniture of idealism which must not be expected from such prosers as ourselves.

We come then now, and that right gladly, to our tale of the Satellites, an after-piece which will bring relief to our readers wearied and strained as they must be by this long, tedious tragedy of Desdemonas slain by that jealous Ogre the "*edax rerum*." And here too we have a mythe of a thousand, one of those legends of antiquity so nicely balanced between truth and fiction that the reader will be hanging in doubt to the last whether he has not lighted upon a fine old slab dug up from the ruins of some Herculeaneum, or rather of some antediluvian Nineveh; or whether after all this story which makes such a saucy appeal to truth, and is supported by so much circumstantial evidence is not a "*Bill-Sykes-his-mark*" We can even believe that the very historian himself, if he invented this sparkling fiction, came at length to believe it to be true. —

Once upon a time — Aye you may well say that, Copernicus, for in all conscience this *once* of yours dates back so far that no living creature that ever walked our world was born at the time. In short in order to have any idea of this ancestral, antepimeval *once*, we must illustrate it

by a London that *was*, and a London that *is*; let us then go back to that epoch in the history of the great metropolis, when people knew what Temple-bar was erected for, and what is more, when it might have been of some use. We will select too the days of Queen Bess, a period in our English annals which always, and we hardly know why, appears to us to stand out in relief, aye and as a relief amid many a flat dull page of chronicleings. Every thing at this period was so quaint, and angular. All England seemed crimped in the starch of its Queen's ruffles, frill and bodice, or all, even to the ogive windows, was peaked like her stomacher, cap, nose and even temper.

We will picture then her gaunt Majesty at these times, issuing forth from the above barrier-gate, riding cock-horse to Charing cros; — which place too was then a village of the far west, with its sign of the cat and bagpipes; and this of course with its frothing tap within doors, and its mossy, slimy water-trough without, not forgetting the smooth-thatched Bill with arm well trussed, as though he and the hay had been cut from the same rick. —

Here then her angular Majesty will halt, and let her horse dip its nose among the tadpoles, not mindless to slake her own thirst from the tap within, for after her dusty ride from the above gate, between hedges and startled black-birds, she needs to cool her throat; the more so as her present mission being to open parliament, she may need to scorch her tongue while *spicing* her speech with some hot expletives, ejaculations not put into it by Lord Chancellor.

This royal progress then is meant to recall days ere London proper was built, and as such may faintly help the reader back to the Copernican *once*, for *his* history dates from an epoch before this our modern Planet whether proper or improper had any existence.

It appears then that at this early hour in the morning, long before our sluggard world was thinking of getting up,

an Orb of grand proportions had for many an age been rolling through the oval circuit in our solar system where now gyrates its wee descendant. *

Neither here only must our pale world hide its diminished glory, for whereas this latter goes forth with but one outrider in a white livery. This sumptuous Phaeton swept along with a cortège of no less than twelve satellites, —An excess of illumination, as it struck us when we read of it, and which suggested certain processions where

* This statement can call its witnesses as to character, and these too from the grave ranks of science. Modern astronomers agree that a star *has* disappeared from this firmament, though they say not when, where nor how. Also we know not whether among their data for coming to this conclusion they have considered the *smallness* of our world when strung together with its adjacent planets; for instance, whereas Venus on one side, as the smaller adjoining bead of the necklace, is within a fraction of the Earth's diameter (7,800 miles to 7,926) Uranus, the next in size on the other, is full four times greater, or 34,500. Thus, though of course the scale of ascent in the other planets is anything but uniform, there is ample room for our globe to be full twice as large as it is.

A second witness is to be found in the rival though evidently independent revelation of The American Seer. True the history of the "*lost orb*" which is one of the most salient parts of Mr. Harris' work, differs materially from the one before us, but this only strengthens the presumption that they are both hinged upon the same *fact*. An annal of such immeasurable antiquity must needs, like a coin long in circulation, have lost all its edges, and some latitude of interpretation must be permitted to those who attempt to decipher it.

The report of this cracking world must have boomed through the heavens during many an age, and now that the tongues of the natural and spiritual worlds are untied, there seems to be a race between the Johns and the Peters as to which shall outrun the other, and so tell us first this thrilling news, and that of course in the dialect peculiar to each,

We shall endeavour to find room for the heads of Peter's version in order that the reader may be enabled to collate it with that above of John; in the same way as in the preceding exposition we confronted the two rival creation-schemes, so giving him the choice between Lydia and Chloë.

tapers are carried by day-light. Such a number of torch-bearers may be called for in remote planets, like Jupiter or Saturn, where the sun is perspectived off to the dimensions of a pea, but not in one which lies in the broad glare of this solar orb.

To heighten this picture still more, we are told that at the period when this gorgeous astrality came to an untimely end, it had attained to that refined, mellowed condition which, as we have already shewn, culminates to a crisis. In a word it was about to pass from planetism into sundom.

Meantime if this orb was like a ripe pear ready to fall from the tree, so ought also these satellites, like little jargonels blossoming at the same time as the matronly beurrée, to have ripened also. But as says our philosopher, accidents will happen in great things as in small, in planet-holds as in house holds : these parts of God's creation are not of that consummate and proof excellence which belongs to the higher regions of nature. Thus in these checkered rudimental sub-worlds, outbreaks of disorder, disordered in their very outbreaks, must ever occur : one gooseberry-bush gets devoured of caterpillars, another, two yards off, escapes ; one oak is blasted by the bolts of heaven, its neighbour lives on unseathed ; the bullet that strikes the soldier will hit the General. All this must needs be amid the wear and tear of creating, and these inequalities, instead of impugning the beauty of the divine disposings, merely manifest different relative standards of perfection, common vicissitudes inalienable from things of time.

Having thus shewn himself to be a first-rate logician, for these reflections are stamped with the highest mint-mark of sound, unalloyed truth, our author now proceeds in earnest to describe the ruin and confusion which here ensued. He does this, as we have already said, in terms of extra-technicality, but here, inasmuch as for one learned

reader that we may obtain, we may expect fifty unlearned—we mean non-professionals—we shall prefer adopting a simple, homely form of description, one which, if perhaps not starched and quilted up to the stiffness and gravity of the subject, will commend itself to the easy apprehension of the big children in the nursery, as well as of those out of it.

The good World-soul then of this transitizing Planet—whom we shall now take the liberty of mythologizing into a human Materfamilias about to depart with her family of twelve grown up daughters, in order to take possession of some grand inheritance far away from the scenes of her early life—having packed up all her own goods and chattels—having too previously sent word to her maidens to do the same, bidding them meet her on board the good ship which was to take them to their El Dorado—this happy Matron then, full of hope and spirits—for the day anticipated during many a long century or rather milliennary, had come at last—was already standing on the poop of the Indiaman; and, knotted round her, as gleeful and laughing as herself, were *seven* fair daughters.

But why do the other five tarry so? 'Tis very strange; the official starting-time is past by a full hour; the kind, bluff captain has even been careless to hurry matters, in order to please the good lady—Well; still no comers; and by this time Mama gets seriously alarmed; no laughings now, no chattings about winds and tides, nor wonderings whether the sea will be rough, but anxiety, deep suspense, twitchings of the fingers down to the toes, nervous hurrying about the deck to catch a better look along that quay so crowded, a whole world but one without *them*: then curt ejaculations, what *can* be the matter? What must have happened? How *very* odd! What *is* to be done? Then the veil is drawn over the face to cry the freer; and finally a last imploring prayer to wait only five minutes longer, is addressed to the captain, who has now lost his

temper, and is turned to stone ; “ Can’t do it, Marm, got my orders, waited too long already, tide wunt wait for me. Now, Bill, look alive, heave over the rope ” — Down falls the sullen hemp slashing the water at the bows, and the ship is free. “ Then I’ll stop behind,” and taking a desperate leap, the poor Mother springs ashore ; —

“ Good bye, dear girls ; God bless you, my own darlings ; my sweet dears, God almighty bless you ; I’m going back to those naughty husseys : they can’t be left all by themselves.”

’Twas a bad time for all, one of those crushing moments — few happily — when all the blood goes from the heart, and we gasp out or rather in, “ I wish I never had to live.”

This part of Michel’s narrative is, we must confess, of exceeding beauty and pathos, and even now while paraphrasing it from memory, our eyes are so dim that we can’t see the paper before us. Call her Worldsoul, woman, or ought else, the self-sacrifice, and devotedness of this fond parent is nothing less than sublime.

Having at length after ages of aching toil brought up her world to glory, and when on the point of entering upon her well earned rest ; she returns once more to recommence these labours, and that under circumstances the most blank and disheartening. Her loved ones are gone from her for ever, and she is left with those who have but a sorry claim upon her affection.

It will hardly be required of us, as just said, in this little popular treatise, to here string together a long array of hieroglyphical cosines and tangents, in order to shew what would be the orthodox movements of five small worlds segregated from their mother planet, and left by themselves pitching, whirling, eddying along their orbit. Neither will we shew by algebraical process how these stragglers finally coalesced by *mutual attraction*, like drops of oil upon water. We offer here a pretty problem to the man of science, who will doubtless be curious to know whether the

result here announced by our learned Spirit-writer will stand—as we think it will—the test of dynamics. Let us then resume our nursery-form of familiar illustration.

Before however that we follow the footsteps back again, of that best and dearest of all good Mamas the *Anima Mundi*, it behoves us to say that her substance or personal effects, being left on board the emigrant ship without any direct owner, were lost ; or rather -- and such is another question for the learned—this infant solar world was still-born. Being desouled, like a body losing all centripetal force, it fell asunder and was dispersed into its primitive elements. As for the seven glorified satellites they arrived at their destination, forming either a joint or composite sun, or else separate systems at their appointed sites in the Universe. This said, we resume.

And must the eye be dimmed again as we accompany the weeping, disconsolate, lone mother to her empty home ; all her dear ones gone, all her bright hopes vanished ; nay her home itself departed like the baseless fabric of a dream, an Aladdin's palace swept away by ruthless hand of Geni ? To shorten then such harrowing details, let us suppose her lecturing, rating, and so wasting much good breath upon her five slatterns. Let us say too that the result of this family council was that henceforth all parties were to keep house together, and Mama was to do for the whole. "I have shewn what I can do in this way, and you too, and it strikes me that the more you keep your fingers henceforth out of the pie, leaving me to make the crust, the better."

The five young ladies, who were still in their curl-papers, slipshod, and with their stockings in wrinkles, suggesting the top-boots of Sir Richard's coachman—but these with the lower parts of *one yellow* with the tops — the whole five, we say, jumped at this proposal ; to do all the eating, and none of the rolling-pin-work was capital ; so they went off snapping their fingers, and singing in chorus, "We wont go home till morning, when daylight don't appear."

At this stage of his narrative our illustrious Savant comes out more superbly than ever. To hear him describe how these five worlds were blocked, welded, fused, soldered, cemented, dovetailed and even ingrafted into each other, one would take him for a universal genius, and imagine that Bezaleel, Euclid, Linnæus, Cuvier, Brunel and Whitworth, were rolled up in his one person. And truth to say, nothing less than diagrams taken from all the departments of the arts, crafts and sciences would suffice to illustrate so stupendous a process.

Well then, doubtless the reader thinks that now that these straggling sheets of a grand folio have been folded anew as best they might, and bound up into a patched duodecimo—a “rudis, indigestaque moles” after Ovid’s own heart—he may imagine then, that the mischief caused by these laggard, dawdling worlds is repaired; if so he is too much in a hurry, the chapter of accidents is not yet over.

As among the five times ten daughters of Danaus there was a glorious exception, so among these five Miss World-souls there was one virgin preeminently ignoble, a slut of sluts, a black ewe, a devil among the twelve, or let us say a crossgrained stump of apple-wood such as no carpenter’s plane would ever go over.

Thus then it happened that at the last critical moment when Copernicus’ piece of cabinet-work was being put together, with the glue hot upon the joints, one board of the pentagon would not fit. — Those who, like ourselves, have made turning and dovetailing their hobby, will appreciate the full extent of this hitch at such a moment. Angry, mortified, disgusted, with tears in their eyes, have they not felt tempted to pitch the whole thing, their labour perhaps of months, out at the window, and themselves after it? Have they not eventually huddled together the dislocated parts with no other object than to get them as soon as possible out of their sight?

So then of this ill-starred patchwork. Originally thrown together as gnarled and knotted lumber, the refuse of the workshop, a last mishap now awaits it. One board of the five must be left out, and the cornerings shaped for *five* angles, must fall together, as best they may, at *four*. No wonder then that the cube thus hurriedly compacted is a loose, rickety abortion, gaping at the joints, mismatched and grossgrained.

“Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?”

We now pause to ask the reader if he is in the secret of this mysterious history; has he guessed the riddle?—*Who are these five satellites?*—In order to give him time to think, we will write the answer topsy turvy.—

The fifth is the Moon.

The first four are Europe, Asia, Africa and America;

Now readers all, learned and unlearned, great guns and little guns, Greek, Jew and Gentile, we put it to you, isn't this clever? Were we wrong in calling this one of the smartest, dapperest, sauciest *stories* that you ever read? Why it's a gem like the kohinoor that only turns up once in a thousand years. For our parts, when we lighted on it we fairly clapped our hands with delight; aye, and we could have sworn that we saw that old rogue Copernicus standing on the other side of the table with his arms' ends in his pockets, chuckling, and enjoying our surprise; thinking of course, the big villain, that we took the whole in or rather that this took us in as gospel-truth. “What do you think of *that* now? Ain't it a discovery? Ain't it as clear as distilled diamonds? And to think too—here he laughs till he cries—to think that you people living for ages upon the Planet itself have never found it out, and that I have had to come and feed you out of your own plate—another horrid burst of laughter.—Why you'll be wanting next to be told where your nose is, or perhaps it will run away to see where your eyes have got to—ha, ha; he, he. Oh dear me.

And now, how he comes down upon us with his evidences; why Paley's a child to him, Grotius, an ass, and Milner who put down controversy for ever, an idiot.

But in order that the world should not die in this ignorance of itself, without having had the benefit of these crushing arguments, we will give the heads of his reasoning. Instead however of his being supposed to throw away his oratory so "*splendidè mendax*" upon such a poor audience as our humble selves, we will find a rostrum for him at some renowned seat of wisdom. Let us for instance, select the Athenæum, for surely in a temple thus named, Minerva must needs rear her shrine.

Have you never noticed, begins our Demosthenes, never pondered upon the distinctness, more than this, the inveterate antagonism of those four types of humanity which are lost together upon your composite Planet? Have you never collated their respective idiosyncrasies, their genii, their mental and bodily structures, habits, languages, religions and traditions? * If you can shew that because

* Not content with this general allusion, the learned ethnologist here proceeds to shew that the Asiatic Satellite, including the Chinese and Hindoos, was the most intellectually advanced at the time of this collapse: so much so that but for this disturbance, the egg, or rather, using our previous figure, the nymph would have been hatched and transformed ere this. This petty world had already, he says, received its second Messiah, and was in expectation of its third and final Envoy. As a consequence of this halt, these nations, he observes, appear like giants whose growth has been suddenly arrested, and thrust back again, until they have become as clumped, gnarled and deformed as the roots of a tree wedged within a heap of fallen rocks. It is in vain, he continues, that the Christian schoolmaster puts his modern primars and creeds into such effete hands, these people are in their second, not their first childhood, and cannot return to their early theology. No sap rises from these old mossy stumps, so that the grafts of a more recent faith cannot be made to strike into them.

In this connexion it may perhaps interest some of our readers to know that all the French Spirits, not to mention Swedenborg and latterly Mr. Harris, are unanimous in proclaiming the Pla-

Romulus and Remus sucked the same dugs, they were

net Jupiter to be at the head of the little starry family which composes our solar system. The reports in particular of this patriarch-world which from time to time have been published in the *Revue Spirite* leave us to infer that its promotion into the sun-estate cannot be very far off: We are told, for instance, that its physical atmospheres, keeping pace of course with the moral refinement of the indigenes, admit of the formation of electro-magnetic strata which float mid air, overhanging and festooning with their peculiar vegetation, like the pendent gardens of Babylon, the terra firma below: and which are the choice habitations of the aristocracy—meaning of course those the most elevated intellectually.—More than this we are informed that even the lower classes who dwell upon the surface of this earth, are too advanced morally to descend to manual labour, consequently the animal orders, such as the simial or equine tribes, are raised up to that height of intelligence which can be controlled by magnetic influence, and in this way be made to perform by themselves all the ruder work of husbandry house-building and the like. Jupiter rejoices in a metropolis named Julnius, a description of which is given in the Parisian periodical; and it is the seventh heaven of the French Spirits, who one and all covet to be translated into it. Mozart, Cagliostro and some other names of mark are among those from our planet who have been thus promoted.

We are of course prepared for the usual smiles of incredulity attendant upon such transcendentalisms, and the above will not but be called a romance, a Spirit-hoax, or a leaf torn from Gulliver's visit to Laputa. Without caring however to set our seal to small details, we can accept the general statement as being too logical, and as representing too fairly the legitimate stages of planetary progression to be put down by the shrug or nod of any bigwig of worldly wisdom. Viewed from the low standpoint of our laggard planet, *any* description of a superior world will always read strangely. Half of those even who dwell upon our earth know not how the other half live; more than this, whole empires, as seen upon the western continent, have existed and perished unknown to the eastern hemisphere. Much more may we be in ignorance of a fellow-world, and be prepared for pictures of these much more singular in our eyes than the foregoing.

Amidst all this too, we doubt whether the scriptural prophecies, if read in their fulness, do not announce transformations upon our own globe (its outward nature waiting upon the in-

whelped of the same fosterdam, then we may believe that the woollen-headed African, and the silken-haired Chinese were woven out of one fleece, or spun from one web.

Secondly, from the human plane he descends to the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, setting up comparisons between the different specimens of lions, elephants, deer, sheep, goats, birds, trees, plants, and soils. All these he bids us examine side by side, and then pronounce whether they had one common origin within one world, or distinct parallel beginnings in their respective satellites.

In the third place a map of the world is unrolled * before the Athenian audience, who are now found rubbing their eyes like the learned counsel's Spirits, and saying, Have we been asleep all this time?

Can you suppose, he asks, that God, but for some accident — foreseen of course, and accepted, like all evil, amid the rough hewings and shapings of the creative axe—would the great Wisdom have left uncalked that great seam in the Earth's sides which you call the *Pacific Ocean*; a dreary waste of waters rolling between and parting the glad embrace of civilization? No. Thank yon lunar Orb, to whom it was assigned to fill in this fifth rib of the Earth, for this gaping chasm. **

ner) quite as startling as any of the above. Neither for our own parts, are we so infatuated with the present passing condition of this world of ours, as not to see that the margin for improvement is wider than the printed type. We should have no objection to the humanity upon our planet resigning not only the plough and the hod, but many other little things which are much more befitting the beast than themselves.

* While arguing for his quadripartite globe, the ingenious special pleader overlooks one fact which is certainly as striking as any of the above. Our Earth happens to be nearly *four* times larger than the Moon, (3.69 to 1). As for the fraction wanting to complete the exact cube, he might have urged that this was the amount of waste incurred during the process of fusion.

** Here too he might have pointed to the characteristics of

The occasion furnished by these *physical* deformities of

the nomad islanders who are scattered over this vast Archipelago; all of whom, from their speaking a language less diverse than the dialects of any smaller *land*-continent upon our globe, must evidently have been at some period sprinkled out from the same dredger. Has any palæethnologist ever accounted for this phenomenon? For our own parts—though we speak here with the greatest reserve—believing as we do that the black edition of humanity—one begotten by *divine impregnation* from a female of the most advanced species of the monkey tribe, such for instance as the Chimpanzee—inasmuch then as the primitive savage necessarily preceded the white man—and that by many thousand years—so also must that catastrophe or else gradual rising of the sea which submerged the Goodwin sands of the Pacific Ocean. This continent therefore during the chaotic preadamite era, while the human heaven and earth of our planet was as yet unhewn and shapeless, must have been tenanted by one common black race who, retreating to their mountain-tops when the waters swamped or flooded the valleys, now constitute that homogeneous human concrete which, like ink-spots from one ink-stand, dots over this broad sheet of water.

We will just add, though here too we write with equal diffidence, that we have always considered the *white* man, not the black, to be the scion of the Adam or celestial order alluded to in Genesis; a hypothesis all but confirmed by the relative intellects of these two races. The six stages of purification which the Church or chosen people of those most primeval times underwent while working their way up from crude blank barbarism, must have had the effect not only of blanching the outward skin of the aboriginal mulatto, but must have brought it up to lucidity. The faces of this grand type of humanity—one, like Moses on Sinai, in constant close communion with the Lord—must have shone forth in dazzling radiancy. Subsequently in measure as head-knowledges quenched these heart-glowings, or when religion which ought or be an instinct, became a profession—is it not this at the present day?—these bodies “full of light” lost their diaphaneity, and the posterity of this bright ancestry passed out into those opaque, sodden lumps of sallow flesh which now walk the earth,

“Lanterns held so high—without a light.”

We must not close this note without disabusing those who fondly imagine that these glorified bodies will again walk this

our globe is too grand for our accomplished orator not to introduce a thrilling analogy of its *moral* disorders. Blending the two with such skill that he appals his audience, working them up, like old Timotheus, until they think of judgment days and of roofs falling in ; he talks of down-crushing thunders and upcrushing earthquakes, mad collisions, quoths he, like two brute trains rushing into each other, and strewing the earth with mangled flesh, and shrieking maniacs. Strifes of staggering drunkards turning God's fair creation into a saturnale of frothing passion ; rolling man back to beasthood and that mad.

And whence, he asks after a pause, whence these creakings and groanings of your wretched world, but from its loosely screwed heterogeneity ? Your ears, oh ye earthlings, like those of the miller mid his grindings, may sleep perhaps through all this din and clatter, but not so mine, accustomed to the well oiled rotundity of homogeneous worlds.

And now, whether from his indignation at the Moon, who is the cause of all this mischief, or from the Moon, stung by his invectives, being indignant with *him*, and striking him with madness, he now then boils up to the Python-pitch. Snatching a poker from the fire-irons, he rushes out

earth. As we have said ere this, and we cannot too often repeat it, this old tabernacle is a condemned hull ; Ichabod is written on it ; it has become a Nehushtan, and instead of restoring it to its pristine beauty — which would be a retrogression, or like putting new wine into old bottles — God will *supersede* it. —

“With second thoughts reforming what is old ;

For what God after better worse would build ? ”

When, for instance, the redlived celestial man appears once more upon the earth — as constituting the new Jerusalem — his grand privilege upon putting off his present covering of flesh will be to be *clothed upon* with a house from heaven, one like, indeed begotten from the body of the Lord, and one therefore which no eye of Angel, Spirit nor Man hath ever yet seen. More on this anon.

into the street, and all his audience, as excited and phrenzied as himself, scramble helter-skelter after him. A scene reminding one of the trusty and well beloved Commons in full cry after the mace and Speaker, in order to be in for the brush—the Queen's speech.

See him now in Pallmall at midnight with his bright iron hard levelled at the yet brighter Moon, Look, he cries, look at yonder gleaming, silvered death's head ; mark its cragged, jagged cheekbones, its cavernous jaws, and gouged sockets. Oh the bleak, cold desolation ! (here a shiver goes through the whole party) heatless to turn its wheel of life, no rotation ; heatless to breathe the breath of life, no atmosphere : a dead charred log, a hollow, burnt out crater.

Like a colour-sergeant first up, and striking his flagstaff in triumph upon the summit of Gibraltar, so has our Demosthenes now reached *his* climax, and the time has come for this bolt of declamation driven home, and coming out at the backs of his hearers, to be clenched and rivetted by the classic classical quotation. —

" Fuit Ilium et *engines* " — all out. — Oh fie, Copernicus.

After this, seeing that our soldier, however grandly topping a prostrate world, cannot stop for ever upon this proud eminence, he must needs come down again. So too does the orator, and that's not all, but from his moon-capped heights, he nows descends to the very beach at the foot of the rock. 'Twas a startling transition, an antithesis such as genius only can achieve, a stroke of rhetorical art which raps the breath out of the hearer's bosom, leaving him all agape, agog, aghast. Thus then the hands, from straining in quivering tension upwards, drop to a languid, spent, dead inertia downwards, and of course the poker, a world too heavy for those listless fingers, rolls down ringing upon the pavement. Down too drops the voice, down, down, till from a shrill tenor it descends to a sepul-

chral base, a hollow sound which seems to come rather from the depths of a cask than of a chest, and which, it may be, is for this reason called by the French *le tonneau* or tone O. Lastly the presto of rapid utterance passes into an *adagio*, a dirge of measured sound which goes through one like muffled drum-beatings and groaning trombones. Ere he speaks, his head is seen to move three times down and three times up ; and so deep seated is the emotion thus exhibited, that half the hearers are crying beforehand ere they know why. The following then are the words thus solemnly preluded.

“ And thou, O World-Soul, fond, devoted Parent, beautiful Maternity ; thou who with unwearied, never exhausted love, hast through good and evil—and little alas that good—watched over the weak, tottering steps of yon poor child—Yes : when the glad constant Sun, thy genial, tutelary Angel, pours his golden beams into thy bosom, dost thou not dispatch aye day by day, hour by hour, the moiety of thy wealth to that pale, haggard wanderer ? And she the unhappy negative, what gives she back to thee, the ingrate ? What but the blight, the ague, and the mad fit ? ”

But here we must step in, like some churlish marplot, some sour old kill-joy, or like those two bangs on the big drum which at a guard-relief at St. James' Palace chop off in the middle some flowing melody ; here, we say, we must put a stop to this bewitching and seductive fable. Fearful indeed are we already that the fair siren may have led captive the reason of some of our readers, so sweetly cadenced is her song, so fair-seeming her words. At starting however, we qualified this pretty mythe, shewing that the ring of the true metal was not in it ; a judgment which we presumed not to pass upon any poor interpreting of our own, but because we could not get it through the narrow till-gauge of Scripture.

If this last had, as we have said ere this, been *silent* upon the subject, this fourfold derivation of the humanity of our

planet, might have invited consideration. The inspired history however finedraws all these races through one original eyelet-hole. Telling us how mankind starting from a beginning of brute animality, void, dark and formless, surged up to the highest excellence then attainable, it proceeds to describe how this culminating wave of heavenliness rolled back again, spreading its thickening waters over the whole earth.

If too in his desire to reconcile such conflicting annals of the long long past, the reader is tempted to trace back the legend to an epoch *previous* to the Genesis "beginning", he is here met by the author himself who in the only instance where he *does* appeal to the Word of God, represents the *deluge* therein recorded as being that very cataclysm of which he writes !

This gross, glaring blunder at once removes all lingering doubt as to the real character of this figment, for, to look no farther, this flood of waters, as every sciolist in bible-wisdom knows, has only a *moral* signification, and consequently the great physical convulsion which the above writer presses into his service, *never had any existence*, and was a mere allegory.

Incidentally with the pleasant tattle of the dialogues here presented to our Spiritist brethren, this legend is inserted as a brilliant specimen of pneumatology, a shewy display of tinsel well worked together for stage effect ; and while we may smile, and applaud the wit of this clever knight of the buskin, we find that when he comes down from the footlights he becomes a sallow, wrinkled mortal cast in our own mould, and one having about as much claim to assume to himself an authority as we may happen to have ourselves.

If we are to treat such works more seriously, we must perforce, and in honesty confess that we know nothing of these pretentious, upstart effusions. Irresponsible, unaccredited, trustless, falling—how we know not—from the skies, and flashing across our path, these meteors of fancy are

no more lamps to our feet than those *ignes fatui* which, flickering over the bog and the pitfall, give a negative indication of where the safe path *is not*.

Truth, whether in things moral or physical is a circle which has only one centre; and God—a Being discreted off from the creature by an impassable degree—occupies this acmical centre; consequently no created intelligence whether of Angel, Spirit, Man or of any one else, if such there be, ever has, can, may, shall or will pitch his compass from this high-seated top of Truth. So palpable is this mathematical fact that any one who entertains such a project is seen at once to be a fool, a madman or a blasphemer.

Meantime the Bible is the mouth-piece of this inaccessible Truth, or the highest utterance of it that God has been pleased to vouchsafe to His creatures. Its pages are a register of the divers measures of supernal light given to mankind from the earliest dawn of human intelligence upon our planet—and therefore more or less so upon every other world, for these beginnings must be much the same elsewhere; “*ex uno disce omnes.*” — Consequently these records inspired, supervised and watched over by their divine Author as to their smallest comma, must remain for ever in the archives of the Universe as the one grand Book of reference and authority, a Magna Charta which not only men on the earth, but the Angels in heaven desire to look into. This too is the more the case with the Bible of our Planet inasmuch as this is enriched with the sayings and doings of God Himself personated in the incarnate Word, a distinction which, as we have already said, belongs to no other world in the universe. *

* We have already said that the case of our particular earth was desperate, and exceptional to that of any other world, necessarily therefore the divine practice, if we may so write, in our ward of the grand hospital of the creation, attracts above

The most then that any revelation at the present day can pretend to, is to walk in the light of this divine canon ; and

all others the attention of the students of therapeutics throughout the Universe.

Our Planet was fairly wasted down and at its last gasp for air—all ventilation from the heavens being intercepted by the stifling incubation and malaria of foul Spirits—when the divine Physician made His appearance, and He only saved it by opening His own veins and infusing a new life-blood into its clotted arteries.

If meanwhile the disease is so great, so too must be the cure, the one must predicate of the other, nay the evil must be *exceeded* by the good, — hence too, as all will see, the motive for all this disorder. — Those for instance, who have been *fully* crucified with the Lord, or who, having undergone the amputation of their *entire* mortified old man, have *wholly* followed the Lord as regenerated beings, these we say, in virtue of this new birth (one which must be not spiritual only, but perfected and embracing the three human degrees inclusive of the new body) will necessarily constitute a generation or order in advance and discredited off from the finite Angels and Spirits reared and raised up from any other world. As for these latter, their milder ailments, limited to the simple teeth-cuttings of infant life, have called forth none of these desperate measures ; consequently *without* being genused anew, upon *one plane*, or—to use the consecrated expression of those upon our Planet who would fain imitate them — by “progressive development,” these can attain to the highest perfection possible to the finite *human* estate, but one which can never as such pass out into the *divine* order seeing that there is an impassable degree between the two. To none in short except to those upon our Planet who have been *wholly* born again can it be said “Ye are Gods,” for necessarily these only are *sons* (no longer *creatures*) of God and joint-heirs with Christ. There is a greater distinction between the *divine* order and the *human*, than there is between this last and that of the beast.

In this way it will be seen that if on one hand the Lord's people upon our asthmatic Planet have had a bad time of it, on the other they will bring with them, when *fully* and *wholly* reconstituted, such sheaves as no other world will be able to shew. As the most lost they will be the most found, as the most sinning they will be the most forgiven, as the most forgiven they will be the most loving, and as the most loving they

any one which does not adopt this principle as a rule, can never be any thing else than a jumble of loose, wild, fantastic guess-work.

will be the most loved in return. Is it not written that the Lord will make the *place of His feet* glorious, namely those heel-parts or lower grades of earth into which, coming from the highest heaven, he descended?

We pray the reader, especially if he claims—who does not?—to be a *spiritual* Christian, or one having the Spirit of *adoption* as an earnest of his eventual incorporation into the divine nature—we ask him then to duly note the great stress put upon the words *wholly* and *fully* in the above exposition; for our purpose is to draw the very broadest line possible between this his birth by spirit and water, and that crowning and perfecting resurrection which *ought* to succeed it.

These preachings are now imperative, for upon us the ends of the spiritual age are come, and the new teachings peculiar to a celestial dispensation are demanded. The old manna stinks; the saving symbol of yesterday is the Nehushtan of to day; spirituality ready to vanish away, is now Judaism.

That glorious day seen even of Abraham, that resurrection of the dead so coveted but never grasped by the Apostle—circumscribed as he was, and impatiently chafing the wings of his aspirations against the wires of a transitory dispensation, an age of silver re-ushering in the pristine age of gold—this then the grand, magnificent consummation of all Christian hope and ambition hangs like a glittering prize dangling by a hair before the eyes of all Christendom; and not one hand is stretched out to seize it!

Alas, alas, the sum total of human salvation and redemption, the ascension *with Christ* in a glorified body, that restitution of all things which God has spoken by the mouth of all His prophets since the world began; all this, we say, is either ignored or explained away—as is the case with the disciples of the Swedish Seer—and this, we must assume is one of those short-seesings to which we have seen this latter confess—or else it is crystallized into the creeds of the old stagnant churches, as an event of the far far future, to dream of which at the present day is folly, madness and presumption.

“Rusticus expectat tacitus dum defluat amnis.”

It is time to here confess that the title of “Spirit dialogues” affixed to our little tract, is a decoy-whistle, a stalking horse

God speed then those orderly revelations which speak according to the law and testimony, and which from time to time, and particularly at periods of age-transition, crop up as beautiful flowers above the dead level of a weedy world. Like the pharal lights which dot the coast at midnight, and so, like mundane stars, apprise the straining eye of Palinurus of his whereabouts, so are these concentrated supernal illuminations the answer which God gives to those who, anxious and impatient upon their watch-towers are asking, "what of the night?" They are the periodical summings up of a centenary of work, and the givings out of orders for the century to come. As expositions also and elucidations of the Word of God — and here

enabling us to approach a shy flock of wild geese, or as jam getting our readers to swallow some tough crusty truths—for we too, like the Apostle and the Spirits, are crafty, catching our fish with minnows of tin and flies of worsted; neither is Spiritism our vocation nor mission, our sole office for many years being to preach and carry out the above resurrection. — Well then ere our purpose in publishing these smart, captivating bits and baits of Spirit-gossip is accomplished, we mean to have a word of remonstrance with the above non-resurrectionists, putting this question—the most important one in all the world—so clearly and unmistakably before them that they will no longer have the excuse of ignorance, and will have nothing for it but to give up their loud professions of advanced *believing* Christians, or else as a part of their faith to attain to the resurrection of the dead and to the change of their vile body.

In particular too we shall have to take our *spiritist* friends to task; for *their* responsibility is by so much increased as by reason of the extra supernal illumination which they enjoy, their place *ought* to be in the van of the hosts militant; they should act as the fuglemen giving posture and position to their less practised comrades. Thus we shall have to ask them—and we are hereby giving them time to answer, like those who put questions on paper in our well ordered senate-houses—whether *they* are walking up to their calling, and travelling the *whole distance* into God, or whether, like all the other *carpet-believers* of the day, they are booking themselves for the first stage only, meaning to get out at the *spiritual* station.

we ourselves, who think that we have the Spirit of the Lord to guide us, can speak from experience—they will turn to darkness the highest efforts of ordinary intellects. There is a whole stratum of mind between these two Bible interpretations, as indeed any candid mind will perceive who has contrasted the rival attempts to solve the arcana of such chapters for instance as those which are at the beginning and at the end of the sacred volume.

In the course of these dialogues we have heard a great Seer claiming to have done all biblists right good service, and for our parts at least we cordially and gratefully acknowledge it.

As for all self-derived or independent revealings, though these, like any other works of fiction, may beguile a flagging hour, tickling the fancy, like the bells and rattles which make the babe dance and chirrup in its nurse's arms, we are not going to read by these flint-sparks when the light of God's Sun is streaming in through the windows. What are these productions but

Ideal bubbles puffed and spirted forth,
Exaggerations of a world of froth ;
More evanescent than a grain of dust,
Created only to ascend —and burst ?

Never has the Bible been so severely tested as since the revival of Spiritism. During the last decade, it has had to wrestle with the thew and muscle of the giants of all ages who however at variance upon all else, have clubbed together as a single Briareus in order by one concentrated effort to break its bands asunder and cast away its cords from them.

In this way these sensuous Spirits, with a view to depreciate, debase and oust the Christian currency, have never ceased issuing and holding up as a contrast to its time-worn and honored gold and silver, their spick and span, shiny tokens of brass and tin. Meantime these flashy counterfeits when rung and weighted by the standard coin,

have only served to bring out the more the genuine sterling worth of the scripture-metal.—

• “ Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes, animumque ferro.” *

Having now taken the measure of Michel's story from the standpoint of Holy Writ, the reader will understand why old Squaretoes stepped in, and broke up such a pleasant entertainment, stopping the lecturer in the midst of his apostrophe, and while his head was at full swing to and fro like the pendulum of a clock turned topsy turvy, or rather, like a Mandarin in a tea-shop. We may however console the disappointed audience by telling them that they did not lose much; they had had all the best cuts out

* The two arguments the most in vogue among antibiblical Spiritists are that the Bible is an antiquated, used-up relic of the past; or a Nebushtan which has lost its virtue, and become an incubus upon society, depressing and detoning its mental habit (which, being translated, means preventing the world's rushing out into open licentiousness),

The second cavil is that its inspirations have never dated from a higher source than that now obtained from modern Spirits.

It will suffice here to meet the first objection with one text of Matthew, Mark, and Luke “ Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.”

As for the second assertion, we must own that it reads more as a satire and a keen bit of irony than a serious statement, for while comparing the revelations of the Bible with those of the Spirits, there is nothing more startling than the unity of the one, and the disunity of the others. The whole of God's Book one in design, thought, style, language, and symbolry, though given through a hundred scribes and mouths during some thousands of years, reminds one of a fine piece of music begun by Moses, and ended by John.

The Spirit-revelations on the other hand recall to mind a certain saying that wherever there are two Polanders there are three opinions. *Quot homines plures sententie.*

We must confess that the antibiblist seems here to have made a bad choice of his war-horses. Perhaps however he had none better at hand.

of this joint, and nothing remained but some hard, bony discourings upon the physical condition of our planet placed as this is in equipoise between the sun which feeds it on one side and the moon which drains it on the other. The lunar orb is, it appears, a bad neighbour, being little better than a great mausoleum full of dead bones, the reflection of which upon our atmosphere, like a cemetery intra-muros poisoning a whole city, spreads a malaria over the whole earth's surface, making this last the poor pinched weezy and wizened world that it is. Hard and unpalatable as such home-truths may be — for at all events there is no mistake about this part of his history — thanks to the bold Stoic who tells them. They give us the right measure not only of our globe, but of ourselves who dwell upon it, bidding us think a little more soberly of both.

Not content with drumming us all out of Palace-Yard, the cross old puritan now insists upon our giving the American version of this legend; he says it will alkalize all the above acid. The Gallic chanticleer, he adds, should not be allowed to have all the crowing to himself. While doing this then we will use the utmost brevity possible, for this secondary subject is overrunning its borders.

In Mr. Harris's as well as in Michel's revelation the ancient planet of which we have been writing—which too in a subsequent work of the former and in his usual poetical vein has been decked with the name of Oriona, one whose quaint derivation, as Ovid remarks, has been kindly concealed by one of its vowels * — this world then is said by both its historians to have attained to a goodly stature at the period when it came to grief. Consequently, in common with every other world of its time, it had shot forth its top-boughs of great men, great of course in the only sense that all worlds save ours understand greatness, namely as prophets, revelators, seers, hierarchs or hierophants; men specially

* "Perdidit antiquum littera prima sonum."

endowed by God for the grand mission of leading their fellow men inward, onward and upward, such again being the one business of life in all other planets except this excentric, crotchety globe of ours.

Now up to the time of the present history, such a thing as disobedience to God, much less disaffection, alienation or independence of a divine Being, had never so much as entered the brain of any creature in all the Universe. The idea was too absurd, preposterous, monstrous. Every one knew and felt that God was the vital principle discreted indeed, but oned into their being, and they would as soon have thought of walking without their heads—as King Charles did—as of moving without God in them. Another exception again from us singular Earthlanders.

Amidst this state of universal harmony and subjection to the divine Maker,—a state which we are happy to say exists down to the present day, except of course in our neer-doweel Planet; and well does Copernicus describe this as a tailed-off heap of *fag-ends* swept up into a corner. *—Here-upon then arose an Achan to trouble Israel.

* As a consequence of this harmonial order, *bodily death* does not enter into any of these worlds—unless indeed by exception, for none of these rudimental states are perfect.—The bodies therefore of the elect in all such, being uncorrupted and unvitiated by any of those disorders which have turned those upon our earth into such a mass of wounds, bruises and putrifying sores, that, as we have said ere this, crucifixion and amputation became a necessity, these healthy systems, we say, contain none of those depraved elements which intercept their being, in the uniform course of development, alchymized and etherized, and so ascending into the higher spheres of materialization.

The dwellers upon our dying Planet are so accustomed to being *skinned*, that like the eels, they seem to take pleasure in it;—

“ Strange to tell! .

In quiet they have learn'd to dwell—

Their very chains and they grow friends. ”

Such is the force of habit that they have come to consider

In the planet *Urina*, among the privileged, illuminated class above mentioned, was found a giant of giants, one who,

this sloughing of their mortal coil to be an ordinance of God, instead of its being a gross anomaly revolting to the laws of creation, a scandal and an outrage which were protested against by the Lord Himself when, not suffering *His* flesh and bones to see corruption, He sublimated and glorified them.

How is it, we must here ask—and our voice waxes hoarse while shouting these things year after year to the deaf and dull — how is it that those who call themselves believers in the Lord, and who profess to be following in His footsteps, never turn their minds to doing as He did, and overcoming as He overcame? How is it that they are found tamely acquiescing in an unnatural spoliation, bowing down before a grinding, blasting tyranny? Why not put on sackcloth, and roll in ashes, lie on their faces day and night, weep, cry, wrestle, wring from the Lord a removal of this foul opprobrium? Why not make it the sole aim and ambition of a life, stepping out from the stick-fast ranks of routine, and classified religion (what good have these coagulations ever done?) to devote themselves body and soul to obtaining this deliverance, and that not for themselves but for all more or less upon this moribund planet? Can any Christian be satisfied with himself, much less talk of personal perfection—as is the manner of some—or of winning the race, while the resurrection of the body is in abeyance? Is not this like a horse claiming the prize who *has broken down midway*; or like an army marching out of a fortress *without arms and baggage*, and then shouting Victory? Does not the Apostle couple this setting up anew or in fullness (*exanastasis* Phil. 3, 11–15 and 21) with perfection, and represent the *change* of the vile body as the *prize* of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, the one grand object of Christian attainment, and an event which he expected would come off even in his own time? (“We who are alive and remain.”)

Nay we must cry out; for shortly the stones themselves—in behalf of a creation groaning for deliverance—will be lifting up their voices; we are amazed, ashamed, appalled, indignant at this pusillanimous, abject, God-dishonouring subjection to a *false domination*. We can't understand, never since we opened our Bible, have we understood this slavish prostration. Our planet must be the common reproach and grief of the Universe, and the jeer of those out of it. So far from upbraiding and rejecting petitions of this kind, based as they are upon the promises of scripture, (“I will raise him up at the last day”

like Virgil's Turnus, towered above his peers humerically, if not by a whole half stature, a nine feet to six. With an

or state) the Lord says "Prove me." More than this, not only is He pledged to "disannul this covenant with death, and this agreement with hell," but to give back, as in the case of Job, a surplus of twice as much as was had before, or more even than this to create in the stead of the old body—one which, as we have already said, was condemned and abrogated on Calvary—to beget, we say, from His own loins a "body like unto His own glorious body," one of new flesh and bones or of *divine* form and substance; one which of course is as yet only an abstract embryo, an unhatched mystery which no creature in the universe has ever seen; a substance as yet imperfect, but written in God's book and fashioned while there is none of it.

Meantime how can these glorious transcendental promises be realized till they are believed, understood and prayed for? can the good things of God be *forced* upon men without their so much as putting forth their hands to take them? Fie then we say, a thousand times fie upon this grovelling, base and cringing inertia; shame upon this gross stupidity—for we must call things by their right names—an ignorance, worse than the ox who knows his owner, and the ass who knows his master's crib; an ignorance to be expected of the world, but disgraceful in those who call upon the name of the Lord, and talk of faith. Faith indeed! required the motive power of this faith.

Said we not—though perhaps it may matter little to know *how* this bodily restitution is to be carried out—that the Lord's hour to have to do with Woman was come, and that the new Wife and Mother was prepared and raised up? We now ask where are the *children* of this resurrection? Where are the *sons of God* who are to be manifested? Or rather we will put this question in the words of the first prophecy we ever heard; one which was delivered in 1837 in the midst of a certain small assembly ere this mentioned. This utterance then, after declaring that Melchizedec had set one foot upon the earth, was in these words, the question at the end being repeated at least a dozen times.—

"The new Jerusalem is coming down, but *where are the inhabitants?*"

We are the more anxious to append this supernal authority, as it will enforce any boldness of speech—too great perhaps

intellect of diamond as compared with the common glass of ordinary men, and with this moreover illustrated from on

for any human unit—which we may have used. If too the bodily resurrection, as here set forth, will be a novelty to many readers, we pray them to bear in mind that these teachings, as indeed the whole of our little volume, are addressed not to negative minds who have made up the creeds in which they mean to live and die, but to *spiritist* Christians who believe all things and hold fast that which is good; and who are therefore the most advanced believers of the day, setting no limits to their aspirations.

At all events freely and fearlessly have we spoken, and it now remains with our brethren, if their minds have not yet been led in this direction, *to act and carry out*, in company with ourselves if they will accept us—for *we* have been grappling with “the last enemy” ever since we knew the Lord—to carry out, we say, a mighty and magnificent principle, to achieve the greatest victory of Christian warfare; and in this way—need we say it?—To emancipate a whole creation from the thralldom of corruption.

The manifestation of any one son of God, or the translation—after the manner shewn some pages back—of any single human unit would of itself be the signal for a general resurrection, or for an anastasis, raising up or promotion throughout the Universe. “If one member be honoured all the members rejoice with it.”

“Earth felt the *blow*, and Nature from her seat,
Smiling through all her works, gave sings of *joy*
That all was *gained*.”

Lastly, in reply to those who may object that the times and seasons for these things are known and ordained only of God—what is there that is not so?—We must repeat that the above is not a question of time but of *faith*; and that man is not made for time, but time for man. More than this, any one who is cognizant of the first principles of the Christian faith must know that mankind, in the exercise of their freewill, are required not only to consent but to cooperate with God in order to appropriate any blessing which this latter is pleased to give them; consequently it is *morally impossible* that this resurrection can ever be attained to so long as they preserve the passive, fatalist attitude which this subjection to time enjoins. These petty higgling objections bring to mind the doubtings and strainings of a certain ten men who were once sent out to explore a pro-

high, this Colossus held in his grasp every truth in the heavens which, as we said just now, can come within reach of a created intelligence. Happily, as we also said, there is a region where the creature entereth not, else this brawny fist, as we shall now see, would have clutched this too.

Knowledge is everywhere power, and knowledge too, as says the Apostle, puffeth up. Thus then, our Titan, who must now be introduced to the reader—supposing that the parties are not already old friends—under the name of Lucifer, had no sooner gravitated to the throne of empire over his own Planet, than, like Alexander, he began to think it too narrow for his burly person.

And here too we may pause to observe that this brilliant popinjay, amid all his knowledge, did not know one thing, namely that he himself was a considerable fool. *This* truth at all events had escaped him. Indeed the portraiture here given has certainly this to commend it over those of Milton and of other angelifiers of Satan, that it clips him down to the very logical proportions of a *man* of flesh and blood. We say *logical*, because this prince of darkness is here minimized to the nearest possible conditions of a cipher, of that all but mystical thing which is and yet is not, namely to that given point well known to the algebraist, which is

mised country. These vallant heroes being negatively minded, and with their hearts evidently not in the work—for where there's awill there's always a way—saw nothing but Anaks, bugbears and hobgoblins in everything. And these things, as says the Apostle, are written as ensamples and warnings to us; aye and they are practically illustrated too, seeing that the carcasses of the doughty Christians of the nineteenth century fall in the wilderness just in the same way as theirs did. "Your fathers did eat manna, and are dead"; — so are they.

"To whom sware he that they should not enter into his rest, but to them that *believed not*. So we see they could not enter in *because of unbelief*." Heb. 3. 18, 19.

To call them *doughty* must be wrong.—You're out:
For that is *doubty* which is full of *doubt*.

required as the starting figure of a problem, one travelling from a *supposed* known quantity to an unknown. Or we have here a negative predicating of an affirmative, a vacuum the antithesis to a plenum. Man the naught as opposed to God the integral. God is Spirit, and Satan is Spirit, but there is a whole heaven between the twain.

In this way then, while casting himself up, and finding that his sum total attained to the goodly figure of a petty god of a petty world, this aspiring human unit was found making the following very notable and sagacious reflections, like a fond Narcissus conversing with himself in the water.

"Why stop here? If Lord of one world, why not of two, three, of *all*? Why stop here? Who knows? who *can* know till he tries? If the prize is great so must be the emprise. The chick cannot get out of the egg without chipping the shell. On. Lucifer, on."

Once in motion down this fearful declivity, the steps of the bold pretender to universal dominion could only gather swiftness; each bound of the rolling stone became greater, faster, deeper; falling at last where? Merciful God, where?

To dislike God's rule, break fealty, disdain subjection, rival, usurp and ignore the Deity, believing at length in his own unbelief*, were but the successive phases of the eclipse,

* The arch sceptic, we are told, ended in fully confirming himself in the non-existence of a God. He believes himself even to the present day to be engaged—and that with every prospect of success—in a struggle of wits with the Lord, whom he considers—measuring Him by his own bushel—as a man like himself, and one equally ambitious and self-seeking, who is working out *his* project of universal empire; each party having his own system, the one preaching gratification and the other abnegation of self.

This atheism or pantheism—for after all, these two are the same thing; what else but godlessness can that creed be which deifies the human self?—this repudiation, we say, of a divine Being on the part of a master-intellect unscrupulously compassing its ends, unsubdued and daring all, appears to us much more consistent and true to nature than the picture drawn by

the plunges of the wild steed rushing along the desert. There was no halting now, no bethinking, no looking back; the great, dark, blank unknown was before the rider, and there he must go.

What crowds of such daring sprites rush across our mind as we write; foremost come Milton's discomfited heroes, rolling nine days at a stretch from heaven, then Phaeton, Icarus, Enceladus, Jehu, Quintus Curtius, Mæzeppa and Johnny Gilpin. We pray the reader to roll all these furious drivers into one, and to suffer us to proceed.

Meanwhile then this was but the beginning of sorrows, the letting out of the first drop of water, for the mischief could not stop here. The fatal influence of such an example, like the broad, black shadow of a Upas whose boughs spread over a whole hemisphere, could not but darken every mind around it. Human nature is constitutionally weak, and therefore gregarious, imitative, never self-reliant; men walk the earth like a string of wild geese who thread the skies with their spooned bills on their neighbour's tails; one gander pointing the V of the serried ranks. In this way therefore in measure as the great bell-wether jumped aloft, or butted the air, or spun on his heels, like a griggy dervis, so capered the whole flock: or when the bloated toad swelled himself then the whole small fry of tadpoles took in fresh draughts of wind. If this Planet Oriona had been represented or symbolized at this time

Milton who brings up *his* Satan and Co. as deists, baffled indeed and grinding their teeth in impotent rage, but still acknowledging a God.

Our own experience of human nature tells us that *desperate* sinners invariably find it the most convenient to get rid of God altogether. In this way when the French revolution sounded its bottom, it dethroned the deity, and set up that poor miserable apology for wisdom called human reason. Need we tell the reader how this same leaven is at work in all the independent, strutting coxcombry upon our planet. Are these Jackdaws going to acknowledge any God beside themselves? Not they.

in the Spirit world, the classical land of correspondences, we can imagine its being turned into a vast flight of bubble balloons, all of them "asserting their indisputable right to dance," and performing a series never dreamt of at Willis's, of polkas, mazurkas, cotillons, and Irish flings.

In short, no less than half of this world, says the American Seer—for he too is to be accepted as one of this high caste"—half the stars of this firmament were drawn into the

* That in our eyes has always appeared a very questionable wisdom which looks at the sun only to detect the spots. Negative, suspicious and prejudiced minds which are ever disbelieving, carping, cavilling and rejecting in limine every new thing that surges up before them, are only quarreling with their own bread and butter, and they deserve to be as lean as they shew themselves to be. We fear too that the gall of jealousy and envy—those poor feelings which growl at any honor put upon another, and will not "go in to the dancing"—has often as much to do with such criticisms as an honest love and quest of truth. "*Invidia rumpuntur ilia.*"

So far then from questioning the claims to seership put forth by Mr. Harris, or wishing that they may prove illusory, we greet them with effusion; and as for any flaws, shortviewings or laxities of poetical license, which may or may not be found in his works—angularities which the rub of time will remove—we are fully prepared for them, knowing that no utterance not dating from "I the Lord" can ever be *the* truth.

These illuminations or inner sightings assuming for themselves no infinity, and announcing that in due time their own span of wisdom will be overstepped, profess to be carrying on the equally finite revealings of Swedenborg. This is perfectly logical, much also to be desired, and we know nothing of this last honest and self-renouncing servant of God, if he—any less than the Apostle—would deny to others the right of "building upon his foundation;" more than this, if he would not be the first to wish to see corrected some of those things "in which he was not right." What can be more galling to him than to hear it said—as it often is—that "*all he wrote must be true*"? Save me from my friends.

Also as to any *private* failings of such "ministers by whom we believe", what have these to do with their *public* mission? Does not history tell us of a man after God's own heart and who fulfilled all His will, who having committed adul-

wake of the leviathan, and openly ranged themselves against God.

And now burst forth the winds, the Eurus, Notus and Africus of loose, ungovernable passion; now the Fury crew, upsteamed from the blood of internecine strife, war, massacre and universal anarchy — certain attendants upon outlawed godlessness — leaped up with their torches lit, yelling and lashing on the bloodhounds of mad, frothing blasphemy against that half of this world which remained steadfast, keeping their first estate; and who in the very nature of their peaceful, passive calling, could only go to the wall, and be stamped underfoot in any encounter of brute physical violence. The sword too of persecution fresh-forged had at this period all the keen edge and rough temper of a first outbreak. As for the fratricidal butcheries got up in after times upon the petty boards of our mimic world, such are, like all imitations, pale servile copies; riots of drunken menials tossing about the broken cups left by their drunker masters. —

But our pen too glib on other subjects, here halts repugnant; suffice it then to say that this state of things hurled along by its own brute momentum, like a huge bulk of waters swept by the storm from pole to pole, could but culminate at last and tower in dispersion. Accordingly, no less as a measure of mercy to this miserable world, than of safety to others, it became a necessity to quench it altogether, to crush out the envenomed scorpion.

tery in his heart, only saved himself from the act by circumventing the death of the husband of the object? Or do we not read of another man specially gifted with wisdom, who rushed out into the grossest concubinage and idolatry? "Who then is Paul and who is Apollos? "Who Swedenborg, Southcott, Irving, Harris, &c., &c.?"

"And Jesus said, Forbid him not, for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me."

We lack space to tell how this premundane Sodom was overthrown ; let it suffice to say that the good as well as the bad necessarily perished bodily in the common catastrophe ; the former being gathered to their heaven, where they are still found mourning over the untimely destruction of their globe ; and the latter being consigned to a place or rather to a state hitherto unknown in the Universe, one of inverted order where everything is found in conditions of negation, reaction, and antagonism to God. —

“ Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things.” *

* In spite of this amputation of a mortified limb, the pestilence was not so effectually choked off, but that it spread, and overran our world.

To understand this, the reader must be told that this planet of ours is morally at the *bottom* of the hierarchy of worlds ; it is the *heel* of the astral corporation, or let us say that it is the *back-door* of the human house, and consequently the *only* entrance or outlet by which any one ejected from the social body can come back again. In other words, it is the only medium which could *take* this inoculation. “ *Proximus ardet.*”

Here then will be found the reason why our world was the first — and happily the only one — to be overflowed with all this hell-scum ; or why it was in this outlying purlieu, or border-planet that the spirit of disorder, ejected bodily from his own world, sought to recover his footing ; and that too by contaminating the World-soul, the earthy maternal principle, in the same way as in the Word, he is represented as seducing the celestial maternity.

It is not for us to tell our biblical readers how the Lord from heaven, or the Spirit of order scotched the head of the trailing viper as it was wedging its way through this hinder wicket into the Universe. Nor how the heel-parts of this Former—meaning either His outer man, or this earth, the ultimate of His creation—were bruised, and abraded in the act of stamping back the reptile to its den. “ *Garments rolled in blood.*”

Neither do we need prophecy, nor the march of events, nor the straight finger of moral induction, to tell us how these sores of our world—wounded like Achilles in the heel—are being healed over, or how these back gates are being inch by inch closed against the inroads of these predatory hands. The final

Here then burns out the flickering night-lamp which we have been holding up along these dark galleries of the living dead. All that now remains is to hope that these our little labours of cicerone may not be altogether fruitless. Our main object, as we have said ere this, in publishing these Spirit-dialogues, is to edge in some seasonable truths which are either stowed away or dropped on the road by those calling themselves believers in Him who is the resurrection; truths — need we say it? — actually of life and death, truths which earnestly, honestly, and with a will received, digested and assimilated during a whole life, will raise the believer to such an eminence in the heavens as makes us giddy to contemplate. Passing through the waiting rooms of the Spirit, nay of the Angel-worlds—all which states — inasmuch as they are no farther based upon the terra firma of nature than as extracts or aro-mal emanations — are not permanent realities, but idealities projected and held in form by mental tension—shooting, we say, while he is in the flesh, through all these road-side stations erected for the nonce, the traveller Godward will not halt till he is out of the human country, or till he has reached the grand

exit of the would-be-God—a matter only of time—will be like the dropping off of a scab from a cicatrized wound, the blazing out of a man of straw, or the bursting of a bubble.

The reason why these petty rebellions were permitted, and allowed to work out to their legitimate results, is plain enough, namely to shew what comes of all this nonsense. To this effect then, God set apart a little remote world as a theatre for these exhibitions, and as a spectacle to all men, and Angels elsewhere. When too the burlesque—for we find it hard to treat such things seriously; does not the Lord laugh and have such mock gods in derision? — When, we say, this very edifying comedy has run through its five acts, the dramatis personæ, amidst a general shout of ridicule, may be allowed to drop their stage-swagger, and putting off their tinsel-crowns and paper-mitres, to become again much like the rest of the world.

“Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away.”

terminus of divinity.—“I said, ye are *Gods*, and all of you *children* of the most High.”

Thus then we have a higher object in view than to amuse a few idlers with some Spirit tattlings; and we pray God to be with our poor labours, giving increase to our ministrations, and suffering us in His mercy to be unprofitable servants of our dear brethren as well as of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Q. Evocation of the World-Soul continued. (See the heading at page 105)

A. Your idea is not a bad one; but it will not avail you yet awhile. You are too small a personage (*trop peu*) to speak face to face with so great a power (*une si grande puissance*.)

Q. And pray who are you? And what do you know about the matter, that you speak with such authority? I've a right to ask the question in order to prevent any misunderstanding.

A. You are right; I like this way of speaking. If we were always addressed in this straightforward manner, we should be forced to speak out or else decamp.

Q. Well spoken too. Then let me hear what you have got to say for yourself. Now speak out and let us have no nonsense. *

* The learned counsel is evidently out of humour, having recently been made the sport of the swell-mob who had been trying it on, as he says in his prefatory address. He thinks that he has now trapped another of these vermin. This time however he is out in his reckoning, for the Spirit here delegated by her subterranean Majesty, is perhaps one of the highest among those who figure in our Macbeth-glass, and our friend soon finds himself obliged to draw in his horns, and change his tone of brusquerie into one of respectful attention.—

“Chapeau bas, chapeau bas,
C'est le Marquis de Carabas.”

A. Well said again; that's the stuff we want for our fellow-labourers to reform and regenerate mankind. — You want to know who I am ?

Q. Yes.

A. Short again, and sweet.—Well, I'm a stranger to you, but one sent by our Mother who begs you to be somewhat more mild and forbearing towards those about you. *

* Any one acquainted with our good friend would recognise the force of this rebuke. He being one "*cui non risere parentes*" — and who therefore has through life had pretty-much to make his own bed—when contrasting his own moral and intellectual standing with that of many others of his own degree, who with greater facilities have lagged far behind him; this then often leads him to play the school-master over these dunces; his fingers, as he says, being ever on the stretch to shake their stolid loutishness out of them. This then is that impatience of character which his present Mentor bids him reform.

If we must speak out, all this is but the rough overcoating of the natural marble, ere the veins and polish have been brought out by the sandings and pumicings of spiritual regeneration. There is a refinement, a delicacy of outline, a softness and yet firmness of character about the man of the *Lord*, which no one only of *God* will ever arrive at. It is the old story of the silk-purse and the sow's ear. The idiosyncrasy of the black man will never compete with that of the white.

"Among them that are born of women there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he."

We must once more remark, ere we close for good these our sketches of comparative anatomy, that if there is this marked featurings between the natural and spiritual generations, still greater will be that between these last—meaning those born of spirit and water — and the forthcoming celestial order, meaning those whose inmost parts will be opened to God, and who, as said ere this, will constitute the new Jerusalem, that virgin ethical polity or mental constitution which the Apostle John foresighted as superseding the spiritual mentalism inaugurated at Pentecost.

Having in our last work dwelt at some length upon these three degrees of human elevation or rather interation, we will not repeat what is there stated beyond saying generally that this last and crowning regeneration being a change of *heart*, a rend-

Q. Very good : — What next? You say well.

A. It is not that you may not have cause for your irri-

ing of the *inmost* veil of the human temple, such will come with even less observation than did the spiritual and more external kingdom of heaven. In this way, not only will this new Adam have none of that outward irradiancy which, as we have said ere this, surrounded the first Adamity, but it may be well doubted whether his inward perfections will not be as unrecognised, and that too even by these spirituals themselves—will a lower state ever comprehend a higher?—as these in their turn have ever been by the natural generation below them. We fear too that this recognition will be made none the easier inasmuch as it will involve the judgment and abolition of the whole spiritual dynasty; ("He taketh away the first that he may establish the second.") a consummation which, though written by the Apostle as the great climacteric of his vision, and supported by the precedents of all the different churches which have ever existed upon the earth, has never—such is the blinding power of self-glorification—been seen by any church, sect, system or party in all the world, unless indeed as affecting all of these *except themselves*.

Beautiful, adorable, all but divine as will be this primitive celestial character—one governed entirely by the affections, and therefore loving everybody impulsively, too heart-ruled to wait for head-counsel or second thoughts, all genius and instinct, uncalculating, unreasoning, undoctinated because intuitive of truth: more too than all this, as being *actually born of a divine Eve*, (the female God made flesh) infused with the *feminine element*, soft-minded almost to infantility, and therefore alluded to in scripture as the *Lamb*, innocent and simplistic, guileless, chaste, holy and pure—well, we say, this lily of the heavens, this pomp of unearthly graces, so far from bringing mankind, *as these now are*, to its feet, will be found without form or comeliness, and with no beauty to be desired *by them*.

Not, we say, for this heavenliness so retreating and retired, in the present jejune and earthy condition of society, aye even though a general baptism unto repentance intervenes and paves the way for its reception, not we repeat it for holiness such as this to go forth garishly into the market-places and there disrobe the exquisite proportions of the *inmost* man. The breath of the moral as of the physical world is as yet by many, many degrees too rough for an exotic of this tender growth, and for many a year it will have to be kept *within doors*.

tations, but that does not alter the matter. You must learn to control yourself ere you can teach others. Now, for

Once already when our world lay at its last gasp, or when as a corpse drained of heavenly life it was handing itself over to the worm of carnalism, hither then, even into this lazar-house of putrefying flesh, the mercy of God, mindful only of the rescue of its creature, sent forth this beauty of holiness pure and limpid from its own bright heavens. In this world, O horrible! this exquisite nakedness of heart, this virginity of the skies, cowering within a thin veil of human flesh, with shame covering its face, was gloated over by the ribald eye of lust and drunkenness. In this world it was put to grief, mocked, spit upon, bruised, tortured, and put to a felon's death. Enough then, we say, enough, too much in the annals of a creation was this sacrifice once for all. The hosts of heaven, after eighteen centuries, are still pale, still sick at heart, still staggering under this stunning shock—for the blow shook the entire creation off its seat and necessitated a new one—the whole Universe, we say, still trembles aghast, and however jubilant over this triumphal redemption, it would fain pour out this water bought at the price of this blood.

In conclusion, and preceding ourselves in all humility upon apostolic example, we will now come to "*revelations of the Lord.*" The few brief sentences which we shall select—the first being uttered *more* than "fourteen years ago"—are those which have been our sextant wherewith we have all along taken our observations of the bearings of the great ship of society. As such, and perhaps as a tonic or rather an alterative for those who may read them, we shall think that we have done right in unlocking the casket wherein—for reasons which many will understand—we have long treasured up these gracious sayings of our God. Even now it costs us a severe struggle to take out only these few pearls, and we trust that our spiritist friends will prove themselves equal to the confidence which we thus place in them, and respond to the efforts we are making to see them raised above all the hierarchies, principalities, powers, mights and dominions of the old heavens.—

During those three years when a certain individual already presented to the reader was in nightly conclave with one or two lowly ones, *things* as weak and foolish as he was himself, when too the Lord, faithful to His promise and in His mercy, was in their midst, and that too in moving from time to time one of these brethren to speak directly from Himself. At this

instance, can you expect to be an ensample to others, if you cannot put up with the rubs of life? To do this you must be a pattern of all the kindly virtues. You have these, I know, but you are too hasty if people don't see the right side of a thing in a moment. I know too that you yourself condemn your own heat of temper, but that again is not enough, you must learn to subdue it.

Q. This is what I call speaking to the purpose. I like it, and fully agree with you. Why don't you always reason in this way instead of passing off stupid tricks upon us? I say again you have hit the nail on the head.

A. I give you credit for saying so, for such home-truths may be a trifle hard to the ear. On the other hand, amid not a few hitches (travers) we are glad to recognise many good qualities in you.

(Here follow some very pertinent counsels as to the ordering of some of his domestic affairs; and in particular, he is enjoined to use gentleness and long suffering towards his wife; who, be it said, is a Mical, "despising him in her heart" for his spiritist predilections.)

period then, this said individual—still warm with the love of his espousals, and with his heart moreover burning within him while Jesus thus talked with them by the way—had fondly and eagerly thought that the rod of this great Melchizedec would incontinently be stretched out over the heavenly Jordan, and that the present church—for at this time he too believed in the continuity of this spiritual system—was on the point of passing through the divided waters.—Hereupon then as a check upon his sanguine impatience the following words were delivered to him.

"The heart of my people is as the core of an apple before it is fully ripe; *I cannot enter therein.*"

Subsequently some twelve years later—

"The Queen-bee is prepared, but the bees must be gathered within the hive."

A year or two after this it was said that the "harvest was coming" and at a later period, shortly before the raising up, as said already, of the second Eve—this word being the last that has reached him—

"My glory will come through the Woman."

So much then for that personal advice which you asked for. Now I presume you would like me to come to those faulty communications of which you complained.

- Q. Above all things ; nothing could please me more. I only hope you will end as you have begun.

A. You have the good sense to think that you are not the cleverest person in the world, consequently I can speak without offence.

High Spirits cannot come and commune with you men by reason of your inferiority, so that you only have to do with those upon your own level. In this way, you were yesterday asking for Socrates, but you ought to have known that this Spirit is far above your mark, and could not have been expected to leave his planet for the purpose of schooling you upon such small things as are within your competence. But on the other hand, you have had Spirits who have answered your questions satisfactorily. Then keep on in the same way, and don't suffer yourself to be taken in. Stand no nonsense with bad Spirits, and exchange as few words with them as possible.

You often need to be strengthened in your faith in us, but that does not trouble us because we know that your good sense will carry you through. And seeing that you can be of use to us in catering for more partisans, we are always willing to instruct you at your desire.

You will ere long be carried up higher, and we will give you greater powers in order to strike the minds and eyes of those who resort to you.

You are competent to turn our lessons to account, so do not be rebuffed by a few jolts on the road ; the more so as these are not unfrequently of use.

We wish you to better acquaint yourself with Magnetism, in order not only to do good to your fellow-creatures, but to perform some of those miracles which will throw their lustre round Spiritism ; for the one, as you know, is the

handmaid of the other. Your patient... * will be here presently, and you must persevere in your efforts to cure him;

* The individual here alluded to, who at this period was undergoing a course of mesmeric treatment at the hands of the learned physician—for we may not in such a connexion call him counsel—was originally a man of strong intellect, and distinguished as the patenter of more than one discovery in mechanics, chemistry and the like. As it often happens, these worldly knowledges had so engrossed his mind as to starve out any higher wisdom, and this seeker of many inventions had not discovered, because not caring, whether there was such a one as a God in the Universe.

While then on the vault of some grand feat of ingenuity which was to outspan all his previous performances, one of those bolts of heaven which laid the Assyrian braggart low, struck him down, such too was the violence of the shock, that paralyzed in mind as much as in body, and feeling that he had become a burden to himself and to others, he was employing what remained of his inventive powers in seeking out some mode of self-destruction which was to be a perfect imitation carried out in his own person, of natural death.

Before however testing this grand device which was destined to revolutionize all the arts not of living in this world but of leaving it, this poor fallen angel placed himself in his agony under the hands of our friend Doctor Cornelius.

The result of some three months of these manipulations, aided or rather headed by that looking up to God which, as the reader must have often noticed, is such a marked characteristic of the magnetizer; the effect then is that at the moment while we are writing, the patient is so far restored that he has resumed his old avocations, being in fact more actively engaged than ever in pushing forward a new patented system of panification, one which by some simple chemical evolution has been proved to develope the gluten, and thereby increase the produce and nutrition of the flour full twenty per cent more than any process of bread-making now practised; and which therefore amounts to adding a fifth to every year's harvest. Moreover as a new feature in the career of this practical savant, a large tithe, we are given to understand, of his future earnings, is to be devoted, as an offering to God, to the relief of suffering humanity.

In common fairness then we cannot but admit that the provisions of the Spirit in the above dialogue have been fully realized; more than this, the Æsculapius by whom this signal

and that not only for his sake but also that the world may be struck by this miracle, if I may so call it.

Such then is the message with which I was entrusted by our Mother. Now tell me if you are satisfied.

Q. Most fully so. Its good sense is patent; and all that you say highly possible: I will await patiently the fulfilment of your promises. Before you depart, I pray you to make yourself known for I would fain keep you in my remembrance.

A. I am not at the disposal of any one in your planet. It was because you appealed to our Mother that I was dispatched to you, for she loves all her children, and she knows from your fluid that you are not one to listen to any one without good reason.

Nevertheless though you may not know what I am, you have a right to know my name which is VALAI, and I lived during the first days of the Christian era in Palestine: and having been among those who first embraced Christianity, I was among its earliest martyrs. Since then I have not been incarnated, for God judged that I deserved a happier life than is to be found in your planet. I have however been at times on mission here, in the same way as to night; and when you may need my advice, you may ask for me, I shall be obliged to come and speak with you, but that only in connexion with what relates to the Spirit-cause.

You now know my name and life, and I need not add anything more to night. Farewell, Friend, and at your service.

cure has been effected, has done more than lies at his fingers' ends, having hit off the body and soul at one throw.

Those clever Canutes who are expending so much muscle and whipcord while flogging back the tide of Spiritism, will do well to ponder upon eases such as these. Where, let us ask them, would this drowning soul now be but for the Spirit-life-boat launched upon these waters? What other arm would have been long enough to reach him? — Dost thou well to be angry?

Q. I shall not fail to take note of what you say. Au revoir.

Nº 23.—*July 9 1859.* — A CHILD. *

Q. For a long time Mr. who is present, has ardently wished to call for the Spirit of his daughter who died in 1855 at a tender age. In the name of God who knows the feelings and the object which prompt this desire, we beg this Spirit to answer to our summons.

A. I am here; and I am sensible that you have long desired my coming.

Q. If so, you ought to understand the emotion of him who was your father: he is too agitated to address any question to you. Can you not of yourself speak to him?

A. Let me bid him hope, for I shall see him again, and that perhaps soon. Nevertheless he must not suppose that I am warning him that he is going to die.

Q. Will you tell us what was the disorder which caused your death?

A. I know not, God saw fit to call me to Himself, and I could only obey. But this is not worth notice; (peu inté-

* We had intended to drop the green baize-curtain after this grand display of World-Souls and worlds sold; of devildom, and martyrdom; meaning that this should be our finale of squibs, crackers and blue fires sending the audience home highly lighted and delighted. However the incidental introduction of the individual alluded to in the preceding foot-note induces us to throw in a dialogue in which he is concerned. Our readers will not, we think, have to regret keeping their seats, inasmuch as, considered as a sample of Spirit didascalism—contrasted with the human school of tuition—this little after-piece is as suggestive as any of those given in these pages.

What will the slayers of the innocents, the preachers of infant-annihilation, say to this dialogue? That horrible long-tailed dog has got among the ninepins again.

ressant) we must live our appointed time, and that often to fulfil some particular mission, or to bring a trial upon those who belong to us. *

* This reply is pregnant with meaning. We have already said that this child's father had lived in total ignorance and indifference to God. The loss then of this daughter to whom he was tenderly attached, was one of those stunning blows which the *mercy* of God at times resorts to in order to hew down the high ones, and humble the haughty. How this succeeded and the state of prostration to which it brought the sufferer is already known to the reader.

Lessons such as these are as beautiful as they are edifying. Indeed this single case is a key to the whole aggregate of suffering which has at all times more or less afflicted this world of ours. It is cheering too to know that in measure as mankind upon it amends, so necessarily must this amount of pain decrease. The history of the Jews is crowded with alternations of rest and disquiet which were ruled solely by their obedience or disobedience to God. In this way if the incoming celestial age is, as we have surmised, to be ushered or forced in by what may be called a general panic, ("men's hearts failing them for fear") this common "revival" or moral reformation—and more still than this, the hidden and silent regeneration of heart occurring here and there in God's new elect, those inscribed, as shewn already, with the life of agnine simplicity—these two great *mental* revolutions then cannot but be attended with a similar reduction to order of the *physical* elements. The Spirit of evil cast out and forced for a season to loosen his gripe of the heart of man, must needs at the same time suspend his magnetic action upon the World-soul, and these lungs of the earth will be free to transmit their full vitality to the whole of animate nature upon it. In other words in measure as evil recedes so will good advance, (is not this a truism?) and this planet which at present is outlying at such a distance from God that it can be reached only by his *general* providences, will be indrawn within the circle of His *special* orderings. Not only therefore in such case will the early and latter rains fall at their appointed hours, but the whole elementation within and without this globe will undergo a complete remodification. If the whole of nature upon our planet, sailing (if we may so write) in the same boat with man, has been dragged down by his fall, and brought under its present yoke of corruption, so,

Q. You think then that your death was a necessity?

A. Yes : — and *I was an instrument to promote my father's welfare, for he suffered intensely owing to this*

vice versâ, will it rise again with his resurrection. (Is not this too a truism?)

"Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni."

Neither withal in the event of there being *no* such epidemical crisis — as will be insisted upon by many, for there is a certain class of minds which look with horror upon all divine special interpositions, and put them to the ban, even though in doing so they must sponge off half the Bible :—

De par moi, défense à Dieu,
De faire miracle en ce lieu,—

if then the crusts of the earthy mind are *not* to be broken up in this way, this will in nothing affect the above result. The only practical effect of this preliminary baptism unto repentance—one, as said above, totally distinct from the calling out or rather in of the new Jerusalem—would be to "shorten these days", consequently the fruit whether forced on by artificial heat, or left to the slow normal action of the outdoors elements will ripen all the same.

Amidst all this we must remind the *Christian* that these millennial renovations, be they what they may, are *of the earth*, and therefore belong to the earthy. *He has nothing to do with them.* Never under any circumstances can this or any other planet—i. e. "*wandering star*," (*aster planetes*) a world lying in the outskirts of a solar system—never can this rudimentary nursery, or to quote words not our own, these "weak and beggarly elements of the world" become the rest or home of a disciple of Jesus Christ. Like one sent to school in order to get wisdom and be instructed into the kingdom of heaven, the scholar's only business is to work his way up and out of these boy's forms, getting back again as fast as he can to the paternal roof.

Also let the worldling—less advanced than this latter, and still in the callow infancy of his humanism—let, we say, the crowing babe, lusty as a young Hercules, rock, toss and disport itself as it may in its earth-cradle; let it jingle its wicker-rattle to the air of "There's a good time coming"; let it deck out and beribbon its satin-baby-house and bespangle the smug dolls within, detecting itself as the lord to whom all this glory is delivered, still amid all this, *death*, that ghastly

death. I am convinced that his illness was caused by his grief.

bubblejock, will persist in sitting at these dainty feasts, like the Spartan skeleton, reminding it that all this bravery, and itself the bravest of all, will pass away and perish in the using, and that

"All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

It is in no spirit of detraction, nor as a crabbed kill-joy that we draw this homely picture of the coming millennium, one sobering down those vivid dazzling colorings which many sanguine spirits love to throw round these anticipated landscapes of a new dispensation. If, like that eternal Newfoundland with his three hundred fox-power of tail, we lay low these ninepins of hyperbolism, it is because they give a wrong direction, or hold out false lights to the Christian mariner, leading him, little buoyant as he is already, and much as he hugs the earth, to anchor still harder in the stiff bottoms of this clay-bound world.

Also in support of this our hard, unpoetical view, we think we may appeal to those small "revivals," or rather "refreshings"—first swallows, as we have said, of the Saturnian spring—which have rippled over one or two Siloam-pools upon our earth. These faint preludings have pretty well given us the key-note or measure of what will happen when that wind which blows as it lists sweeps over the whole earth, causing a lurch of water which will roll from pole to pole. For instance as the big ship of society heels over, there will of course be a great breakage of chattels in the holds, much tumbling about of the crew and passengers, considerable screaming, then kneeling, compunction, repenting and vowing to turn over a new leaf and to begin life again, (pledges in some cases, we fear, to be loosely kept). Amidst all this the good craft will right herself again, and thereupon the damages will be being repaired, white ware will replace the blue, and sandal-wood perhaps the mahogany; in a word the whole of these cabins will be emptied, swept and regarnished, whereupon, amid fairer skies and fewer icebergs, the trim and taut three decker will sail, steam, paddle or screw along much as she did before;—

"*Pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis*".

In conclusion then—and we repeat it at the risk of being

Q. Your father then must have been guilty of some great sin in order to be thus punished of God ?

A. It is not for me to say ; and I must confine myself to what I have said. Still I am permitted to say that these premature deaths must not always be looked upon as a punishment to others, for the days of all whether long or short are numbered.

Q. You were removed when only an infant three years old, consequently your life here can have been but of little probationary use to you . What then are we to think as to the purpose of your life here ? How did it profit you ?

A. You think that I had not previously existed : you are in error ; I have passed through several existences ; and many more are yet before me, for I am still next to nothing (*bien peu*) : Nevertheless I am happy, and much more so than I was before ; so that I do not regret having died, the more so as I know that my good father is now in the right path. You ought to know that though but a child, I am a matured Spirit who had the appearance only of childhood from being within an infant's body.

Q. But you do not tell us what advantage you derived from so short a life. (*No immediate answer.*)

thought monotonous — the advanced Christian, so far from settling down on this earth—eating, drinking and on the morrow dying—will be girding himself to altogether escape from the death-pit around and *within* him. Refusing to submit to an abnormal infirmity — and herein walking in the legitimate groove of his humanity, carrying out and putting honor upon the laws of his Creator and Father—in prayer without ceasing, in fastings ever, setting the Lord always before him, in humble but confident reliance upon His faithfulness and power to save to the uttermost, he will not be satisfied till he awakes in His likeness, or till he attains to the exanastasis, reconstruction, and rebirth of his body, soul, spirit and mind.

"I am the resurrection and the life, He that believeth (or trusteth) in me, even if he may die (*kan apothane*) he shall live ; and everyone *living* (*zon*) and believing in me, *cannot die at all* throughout eternity". (*ou me apothane eis ton alona*).



So you cannot account for ~~that~~ ^{the} life that your life was to you. Do you recollect anything about it? Has it left any happy impressions with you?

A. I remember nothing; I was too young; neither do I recollect whether I was happy or not. I ought to tell you that Spirits who die young retain hardly any remembrance of their previous lives. That is easy to understand, for in order to remember anything one ought to be impressed with it, and one who dies at three years and a few months cannot have experienced anything.

Q. So you cannot say what your life was previous to this.

A. I may not do so. Neither am I permitted to tell what world I am now in.

Q. We are sorry for this; for it would have been greatly to our edification.

Your father again enquires whether he has committed any grievous sin for God to have so chastised him by the loss of his child. He is ready to repent of it, and to beg pardon of God. Will you tell him?

A. I am not competent to take the responsibility upon myself. Still he may be tried, and not punished, which is a very different thing. And it is my conviction that if he had not had this trial, he would not be so advanced as he now is.

Q. How do you make that out?

A. I mean to say that if one remains always happy, one knows nothing of the sufferings of others.

Q. Yet your father has always been an advocate of progress, and more than once he has groaned over the evil condition of society, neither has he been backward in tendering such moral and physical aid as was in his power.

A. I know it; but that was not enough for him; and what he has endured was for his good; and he ought not to complain.

Q. Neither does he: still everyone wishes to be happy;

and few people can afford to desire such cruel trials as he has gone through.

A. I am forbidden to tell all that I know, and I cannot go beyond what I have said. Some day perhaps I may tell this, but at present I may not utter more than I am allowed to do.

Spiritism has many secrets which can only be divulged by degrees. You must await this patiently.

Q. Thanks all the same for your information, with which we must be satisfied in the absence of more. — We hope that you yourself are not else than pleased at having been with us to night, and that you will not refuse to come another time.

A. I am always glad to converse with such men as you, and shall be always at your disposal.

I will not go without saying that you have done me good, and that I feel well when near you. Be always kind to us. Good night, dear friends. —

This conversation so suggestive upon more than one head, affords in particular an illustration of that gentleness, delicacy and tact which, as we have so often said, distinguishes Spirit-ministrations from human practice.

When we ourselves read these sayings of the ex-infant, we could hardly separate these tender handlings of a wounded and shattered mental frame from a surgical operation upon some broken limb. It was as though we saw the man of science with his coat off, and his shirt-sleeves tucked up, kneeling at the foot of the stool where the poor ailing leg was cushioned. However painful then that the subject be, we will pray the reader to accompany us through the train of thought "likening spiritual to corporeal things" which was thus suggesting itself.

First then as to the doctor himself, he is presented to us

as firm indeed and fully self-possessed, but yet not so much so but that there is a certain nervous twitching of the fingers while softly inch by inch he unrolls those long strips stained linen — fragments of vesture never meant for such a purpose—which swathe the splintered bone. At times, too he passes his bandana over his face, and this, as the casual observer will say, is to dry a damp forehead:—you're wrong, my friend, for I who stood nearer, could see the dew gathering about the eye so as to dim his sight; and he did not want it to go farther, for it might if seen, unman the patient who needed, God knows, all his nerve without being unstrung by him.

Somewhat too, we suppose, for this same purpose—for otherwise it seemed rather odd—amidst all these doings, he keeps up an incessant rattle of small talk, and that upon subjects a hundred miles off from the matter he's engaged in. First there's the weather—ever blowing, raining, shining, overclouding when it ought to do the opposite; this brings in the bad crops, the rise in breadstuffs, and an impending famine; this leads out to politics—the religion of the earthy—which are of course all wrong like the weather; next in order comes the last new murder with its hidden mysteries of poisons which he alone of course knows all about. In short, to hear him, he must be the village-gossip, a cobbler who is taking measure for a pair of high-lows. Or these two quidnuncs are cronies piping it together at the Checkers, and fisting the tables about those parliwoo Cun'les with their big bounce, and their I-wish-they-may-get-it-in-way-shon; or about that rum chap Boney who is taking in all the world except them.

Odd then as was all this tongue-clatter at such a moment, an odder fancy was running in our head while we listened: for the life of us we could not help thinking that all this twaddle was rough doggerel set to nurse Betty's lullaby of "Hushaby baby upon the tree top." It seemed to move up and down with the cradle which the old rogue with her

parsley was rocking when we broke into the nursery.

Well then, the last coil of shirting is at length off, and now comes another little surprise, for whereas our own flesh was creeping at the sight of the livid, suppurated wound, the eyes of the doctor on the contrary, erst so leaden and sunken, seem to glisten and come to the surface of their sockets, one would have thought that he had found a diamond and that its sparkle had lit up his whole face ; He looks his patient now for the first time in the face, "All right, old boy." *The wound was healing*

And now we have the basin of tepid water and wrincings of sponges, and the hand not only free in its movements, but with graceful touches glancing over the cakings round the skin. The doctor now seems to have been turned into a Titian enamoured of his beautiful Venus, wishing he could kiss her ; and then giving her one dimple more, or one lip only to that single lash, to bring it up to the length of the line of long, dark floss which tempers the flash of those killing eyes.

Lastly the whole process of bandaging, like the winding of a boy's top, must be gone over again. Yes but this time it's quite another thing ; all is changed : no haltings now, no handkerchiefs, no idle talkings : all is changed, spirits, hope, linen. Even the weather, and the government, and the Emperor (not Bonéy now) with his Jack Brags, may not be so bad after all. As for the patient, so cheery, and cosy-like does he feel about the legs, that he's already thinking about eggs and bacon, just to make a little backy with a glass of grog and the paper go down afterwards. For doctor says that there will be no call for *himpulations*, hardly even crutches ; and that in a *fortnight* or so he'll be about again.

Oh that doctor's fortnight ; its something like Uncle Toby's "by...", a thumping oath which loud as it is, somehow or other never finds its way to God's ears.

In this way then, thus comforted as he is by that gam-

moning Dr. Swedenborg, the poor man seems so happy that we might almost believe that a broken leg was an enviable luxury. *

This then is the way that Spirits handle us humans. Now let us come to the opposite wing of the hospital, where doctors of flesh are operating upon their fellow flesh.

We are not going through the *physical* details again ; these may be easily imagined under the *mutatis mutandis* conditions ; the words of the operator—which we subjoin—must be a corollary upon his acts. Neither let it be supposed that because the hand was rough, there was any lack of skill, nor that any *unnecessary* pain was inflicted.

“ Well now, how in the name of common sense could you ever have been such a thundering donkey as to go and take that blind leap into that pit which people call Atheism ? You might have known that there was an ugly fall on the other side of the bank ; for that’s where the quarries are, where they get those great blocks of stone which are afterwards hewn, chipped and sawed into squares to build churches with.

And you, to shew off what a fine, devil-may-care rider you were, must needs go jumping over it. That’s what I call stupidity ; it aint pluck.

Serves you right, and I’m glad you had a good smash ; it’s only a pity that you did not break both legs instead of one, for it’s flying in God’s face. If He mounted you upon

* Are we exaggerating here ? Did not the mouth of the suckling , amidst all its delicacy not to charge its parent with folly—for everyone will see that this was what motivated its reserve — tell him that he would bless the day when it was taken from him ? We regret that we cannot convey as we would the exquisite feeling which underlies the whole of this communication. It is from revelations such as these that we can faintly appreciate what must be the tender mercies of the Lord over us poor erring creatures of every condition upon the earth, and elsewhere.



that fine bit of bone (*Intellect*, I think you called him) which poor fellow, you all but dashed to shivers, you ought to have used him for better purposes, and have done more Christian service with him.

And there's that friend of yours too, who is soaping you over with one of his socialist dish-clouts, making you out to be a suffering philanthropist, and all such stuff; as if a man could help his fellow-creatures with one hand while he's shaking his fist at God with the other: why that's like chucking them red-hot ha'pennies, and making them burn their fingers before they can feed their bellies.

Serves you right, I say, and I hope you'll be laid up for six months; that's to say if you don't make a die of it before then, for after all, the wound looks mighty-queer, and as we Sandies say, its *gang-green*. " —

Well, what's to be said of these two lines of practice? Which is best?

" Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic. "
One's right, and t'other's not wrong.
